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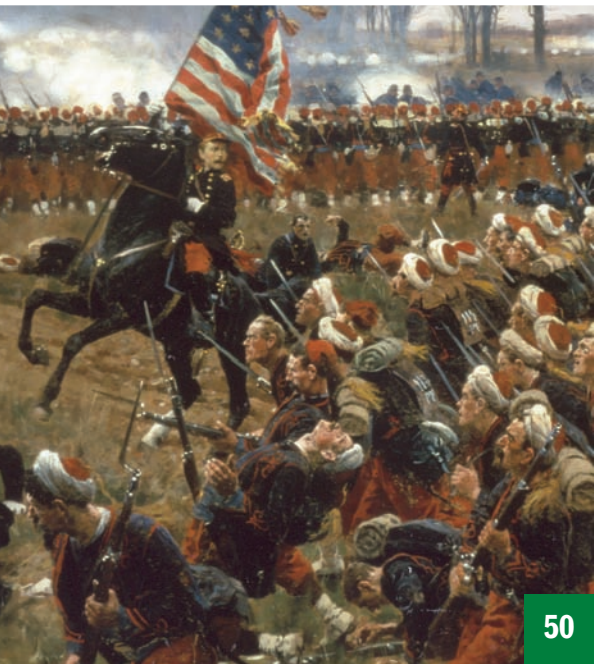

MILITARY HERITAGE

Summer 2010

features

columns

COVER: General George Patton watches military exercises in 1942. Patton experienced combat for the first time as part of the Punitive Expedition to Mexico in 1916. Story page 41. Photo: © Bettman / CORBIS

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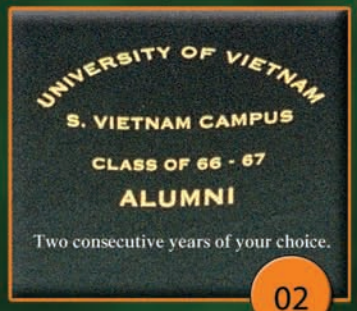

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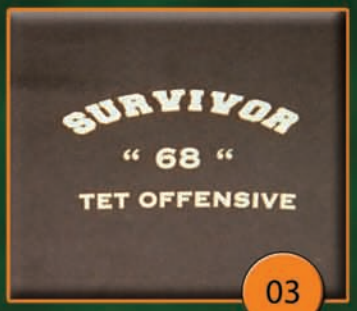

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The one crime that pancho Villa almost certainly did not commit was the murder of American writer Ambrose Bierce. In fact, he never met him.

BESIDES HIS MANY PROVEN CRIMES, MEXICAN GUERRILLA leader Pancho Villa was also accused in some circles of being responsible for one of the most celebrated disappearances in American history—the vanishing of controversial author-journalist Ambrose Bierce in December 1913. But though Bierce had announced publicly that he was going to Mexico to observe the fighting, there is no evidence tying Villa to his disappearance. Indeed, there is no evidence that Bierce ever went to Mexico at all. It may well have been his last morbid practical joke in a life filled with them.

Serving in the Union Army in the Civil War, "Bitter Bierce" probably saw more combat than any other American writer, before or after. A native of Indiana, he enlisted at the beginning of the war and served with General George McClellan in West Virginia before being transferred to the western theater of the war. There, he fought with the 9th Indiana Infantry in one major battle after another—Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Stones River, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge, before being shot in the head and nearly killed at Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia. He returned to duty in time to participate in the closing battles at Franklin and Nashville, and was honorably discharged in January 1865.

Bierce's inarguably heroic war record did not make him a lifelong patriot—much the opposite. Patriotism, he said, was not "the last refuge of a scoundrel," as Samuel Johnson had famously defined it. "I beg to submit that it is the first." Among the many twisted definitions Bierce produced for his most famous work, *The Devil's Dictionary,* he defined patriot as "the dupe of statesmen and the tool of conquerors," and patriotism as "combustible rubbish ready to the torch of anyone ambitious to illuminate his name." History itself was "an account mostly false, of events mostly unimportant, which are brought about by rulers mostly knaves, and soldiers mostly fools."

For the next four decades, Bierce honed his rapier wit as a newspaper columnist in San Francisco, where he observed with tart dissatisfaction the daily doings of "that immortal ass, the average man." The various targets of his printed abuse ranged from the mightiest and most rapacious robber baron to the meekest and least-offensive female poet. He wrote with such force and authority that when he signed his columns with his first two initials, "AG," one rival journalist joked, many people simply assumed that the letters stood for "Almighty God."

When the Mexican revolution worsened in 1913, Bierce was 71 years old and openly bored with life. "This fighting in Mexico interests me," he told a friend. "I want to go down and see if these Mexicans can shoot straight." To his niece, Lora, he bade a characteristically cryptic farewell: "Good-bye—if you hear of me being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to rags please know that I think that a pretty good way to depart this life. It beats old age, disease, or falling down the cellar stairs. To be a Gringo in Mexico—ah, that is euthanasia!"

After Bierce permanently failed to reappear, rumors swirled that he had been killed by Pancho Villa himself, or by a Villa henchman. Villa denied it; he had never even met Ambrose Bierce, he said. Given the fact that Villa was perhaps the most famous person in the world in late 1913, it is highly unlikely that he would have been able to shoot down one of the most prominent American journalists of the time without someone in his large press contingent noticing it. As it was, none of the dozens of experienced war reporters attached to Villa's camp ever saw Bierce, either.

For once, Villa seems to have been telling the truth. Given the complete lack of any Bierce sightings in Mexico, it is more likely that the old scamp simply followed through on another of his boasts, that he would kill himself in the Grand Canyon with his German-made revolver, and that "nobody will ever find my bones." To date, no one has.

Roy Morris Jr.

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By Scott A. Richardson

Gaius Suetonius Paulinus was the epitome of the highly competent professional officers who led the Roman Legions in their foreign conflicts.

THE NAME GAIUS SUETONIUS PAULINUS DOESN'T RING ACROSS THE centuries from the annals of Roman military history like the names of Julius Caesar, Tiberius Nero, or Scipio Africanus. But Suetonius represents the great majority of military commanders throughout history who consistently accomplish their missions yet never succeed so sensationally or blunder so wildly as to be remembered by the general public. Suetonius should be remembered, however, as the perfect example of proper military leadership in the moment of crisis, using ingrained military skills rather than raw emotion and making difficult but necessary decisions in the heat of battle.

When remembered at all, Suetonius is best known for his action against the rebelling Britons led by Queen Boudicca in AD 60, but he had led a successful career as a typical mid-level Roman officer prior to that. In AD 42, he was dispatched to Mauretania with the rank of *praetor* to suppress a rebellion; he was soon promoted to the rank of *legatus legionis* due to the success of his operation. He had the distinction of being the first Roman to cross the Atlas Mountains, and he wrote a description so vivid and detailed that it was later used by other Roman writers in recounting the event. Finally, in AD 59, he received command of Roman Army units stationed in Britain when he was made governor-general of the islands.

It was in this position that Suetonius took the actions that would make him a model of command and control. One of his duties was to quell the continued disquiet among the indigenous Celtic peoples and make the province a peaceful, wealth-generating part of the empire. As part of the ongoing campaign to control the Celts, Suetonius launched a campaign against their spiritual leaders, the Druids, on the Island of Anglesey in northern Wales. Although the expedition succeeded in eliminating the Druids—Suetonius had them slaughtered and their holy groves of oak trees chopped down and uprooted, in the typical Roman style of conflict resolution—the action unfortunately placed him on the western side of the island just as new trouble was breaking out in the east.

At the same time Suetonius was quelling one rebellion on Anglesey, Roman bureaucrat Catus Decianus was starting another in the area of modern Norfolk. The Iceni, a tribe indigenous to the area, had been allowed to remain autonomous following an earlier failed rebellion in AD 47. Under the complaisant rule of their king, Prasutagus, the Iceni had maintained reasonably peaceful coexistence with the Romans since then, a nominally independent Celtic island surrounded by an increasingly hostile Roman sea.

All that changed upon the death

Roman troops under Governor-General Gaius Suetonius Paulinus massacre Druid priests at Anglesey, Wales, in AD 60.

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of Prasutagus in AD 60. Prior to his death, Prasutagus had prepared a will in which he made the Roman emperor co-heir along with his two daughters, in an apparent attempt to maintain both his family line and the Iceni's autonomy. Whatever his motives, the attempt failed. Catus decided to utterly ignore Prasutagus's will and change the Iceni from an independent ally to a client tribe. The Romans confiscated Iceni lands and goods, removed nobles from their lands, and ravaged the area as they saw fit. Catus levied heavy taxes against the Iceni, and private Roman financiers chose this moment to call in Iceni loans. Failure to pay the loans resulted in additional confiscation, depredation, and subjugation of the Iceni and their lands.

When Boudicca, now queen of the Iceni, publicly objected to Catus over his rapacious treatment of her people, he punished her in the most brutal manner possible: she was stripped naked and flogged in front of her own people while her two daughters were systematically raped by Roman soldiers.

Catus's choice may have been motivated by Roman chauvinism and a desire to see barbarian people subjugated, by simple greed, or by a political calculation that two young women and a queen could never challenge the rule of Rome, no matter how despicable their treatment. Whatever the motivation of his choice, Catus created a large mess for Suetonius to clean up.

Filled with understandable rage and indignation, Boudicca marshaled the Iceni and Trinovante, another grieved Celtic tribe that had suffered under Roman rule, in a campaign of retribution. Her army marched first to Camulodunum (modern-day Colchester) and massacred the civilian inhabitants there, some of whom were burned alive in the Temple of Claudius, then burned the entire city to the ground. When the commander of the nearby Legio IX Hispana was informed of the destruction of Camulodunum, he reacted by sending what forces he could to contain the rampaging Celts. The Roman column was ambushed and decimated while en route.

Suetonius, still on Anglesey, got news of the Iceni revolt. He reacted swiftly to meet the threat. He immediately went to Londinium (London) with a small detachment from his own command, the Legio XIV Gemina, anticipating that it would be the next target of the rampaging Celts. Meanwhile, he ordered the rest of the Legio Gemina to meet him there, and he ordered Hispana, Legio XX Valeria Victrix, and Legio II Augusta to converge with him at Londinium, not knowing that the Legio Hispana had already been defeated by the Celts.

Along the way, Suetonius received one piece of bad news after another. He planned on using superior numbers in his attack against the Iceni, but he was soon informed that a sizable portion of the Legio Hispana had met disaster while en route and would not be able to join in the operation. Then he was informed that the prefect of Augusta, Poenius Postumus, was ignoring the order and refusing to move his unit toward Londinium. Once Suetonius arrived there, he discovered that Catus, the civilian author of all the military woes, had summarily fled the island.

Suetonius was left alone with a small detachment of one legion to face the thousands of the Boudiccan horde. He made the only decision he could: he chose to abandon Londinium to its fate and to trade space for time by falling back toward the advancing Legio Gemina. He ordered all civilians who could move to escape with his unit; those who could not were massacred by the Celts with the same level of ferocity as those in Camulodunum.

Suetonius's detachment united with the rest of the Legio Gemina and continued falling back in a northwesterly direction along the Watling Road, the direction from which they had come. Suetonius knew that he was vastly outnumbered—there were perhaps 100,000 Celts arrayed against approximately 20,000 Romans—but he had no choice but to stand and fight. It was clear by now that the Celts would not stop until the Romans were entirely pushed off the island. The question was how to do so in a way that nullified the Celts' superior numbers.

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Celtic Queen Boudicca, with her two daughters beside her, harangues her forces prior to battle.

As he marched along the Watling Road, Suetonius looked for the right location for battle and finally found it. He chose a defile that was well wooded on two sides and the rear. The clear space, which essentially made up three sides of a rectangle, was large enough for him to deploy his legion across it, while denying the Celts the chance to flank him or to take his position from the rear. Best of all, the defile would act as a choke point, squeezing the vast numbers of Celts into the same frontage that the Romans occupied, thereby eliminating their manpower advantage.

Suetonius arrayed his forces and waited for Boudicca and her Celtic forces to arrive for battle. Given his tactical training and experience, the outcome of the battle was almost a foregone conclusion. Boudicca may have been an inspirational leader, but she was no military genius, and, while the Celts were ferocious warriors in personal combat, they typically acted less as a cohesive unit than as a collection of surly individuals looking for a fight. Their only military tactic was the frontal assault, a fact that Suetonius knew well and was prepared to use against them.

True to their nature, the Celts rushed the

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After her followers were overwhelmed by the Romans, Boudicca poisoned herself rather than face a new round of torture and captivity.

Romans with a wild yell, but the Romans, with the discipline that had already won them an empire, stood rock-still until the decisive moment. Hard military training proved its superiority over sheer enthusiasm and emotion, as the Romans waited for the Celts to rush into range of their *pila*, the specially designed throwing spear used by Roman infantrymen. At approximately 40 yards, the soldiers of the Legio Gemina threw their *pila* into the onrushing Celtic hordes, causing devastating casualties. The *pilum* was designed to be a deadly spear capable of impaling a man—especially one like a Celt who wore no armor. The first row of attacking Celts fell like chaff before a scythe.

When the next wave of Celts closed within stabbing distance, the Romans utilized their training and weaponry to obliterate their foe, each soldier acting not as an individual but as a small cog in a great military machine. When he sensed the Celts were close to exhaustion and ready to be counterattacked, Suetonius ordered his legion into a series of connected wedges like the teeth of a saw. The Romans began pushing forward with their shields and stabbing with their short but deadly swords. The Celts had foolishly left their wagon train behind them, blocking the only open escape from the killing box. Inexorably, the Romans forced more and more Celts into an ever shrinking space.

The Romans pushed and stabbed the Celts all the way back to the train, which completely blocked any further movement. The remaining Celtic warriors, women, and children were trapped on the wagons and killed with a merciless fury equal to that shown by the Celts themselves at Camulodunum and Londinium. An estimated 80,000 Celts were killed, compared with fewer than 1,000 Romans. Boudicca and her daughters, no doubt remembering their previous handling by the Romans, killed themselves with poison to avoid a repeat of their suffering.

Suetonius's actions stand as a model for leadership under the worst possible circumstances. First, he acted swiftly and resolutely when he learned of the rebellion. Despite having just come off a campaign, he immediately ordered his legion back into action, while ordering other legions to converge at Londinium. He knew that delay and procrastination would only lead to more dead Romans, encourage Boudicca, and swell the ranks of her insurgent army.

Second, Suetonius reacted appropriately when confronted by the military maxim that "plans are a list of things that can go wrong." He had planned to rush to Londinium with his detachment and link up with the Hispana, Augustus, and Valeria Victrix legions, then meet the Celts in battle before they reached the city. When the plan quickly went awry, Suetonius adapted to the situation at hand; rather than focusing on his original plan, he executed a new plan on the fly.

Suetonius knew that he couldn't simply fling his legions at the Celts and hope for the best, nor could he afford to assume that the Celts were simply a rabble that would flee at the first sight of the Roman eagles. They had, after all, already sacked two Roman cities and mangled half a Roman legion. He had to use all his military knowledge and training, as well as what he knew about the enemy. Rather than panic, he fell back along the Watling Road, knowing that his fleet-footed legionaries could easily stay ahead of the plodding Celts, allowing him time to carefully reconnoiter the battlefield.

Finally, Suetonius understood that the military objective had to be to fully defeat the Celtic army in the field, even if he had to sacrifice Roman civilians at Londinium. There must have been a strong temptation on his part to do something to thwart the Celts before they could reach Londinium. A lesser tactician might have attempted such a maneuver, which no doubt would have ended in disaster. Suetonius knew instinctively that he had to put enough distance between himself and the enemy to find the perfect spot to give battle. He sacrificed the city to win the war.

From George Washington's elusive maneuvering across Long Island to Robert E. Lee's fighting retreat turned offensive during the Peninsula Campaign, from the Russians' sacrifice of Moscow to strand Napoleon deep within enemy territory to France's stubborn defense of Paris in the Franco-Prussian War, the shadow of Suetonius's decisions at Watling Road can be seen across the centuries. He clearly deserves to be remembered as the model of effective military leadership under extreme pressure. □

By John Protasio

British passenger liners were pressed into service in World War I to help break the German stranglehold on Allied shipping.

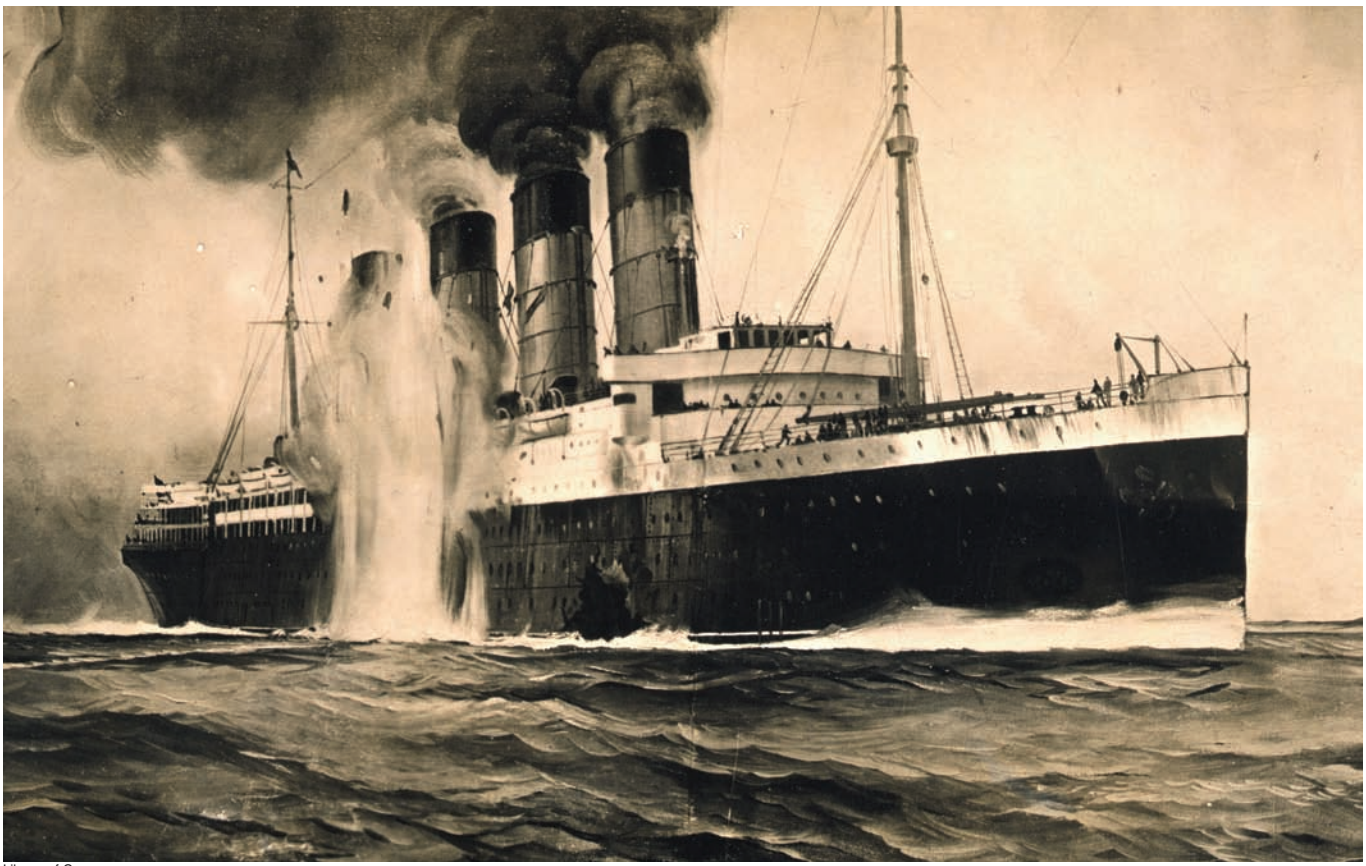
WORLD WAR I WAS A TOTAL WAR; NEARLY EVERY PERSON AND resource was caught up in the conflict. The war at sea would be crucial—the British were not self-sufficient in food and resources. Much of their food and matériel came overseas from the United States and Latin America. Manpower from Canada and later the United States had to cross the ocean as well.

The British merchant marine would play a critical role in the war. Among the ships that would take part in the war were passenger liners. In the years immediately before the war, the Atlantic passenger trade had skyrocketed and by 1905, the immigration tide to the United States exceeded one million a year. To handle these trends, numerous passenger liners were constructed, some of exceeding 30,000 tons in weight.

Some liners were pulled out of civilian service almost immediately after the war began. One of the first was the Cunard liner, *Carmania*, which left New York City with a load of passengers shortly after hostilities got under way. When she arrived in Liverpool, the British government took her into service. Armored plates were riveted onto the ship, sand and coal bags were placed strategically for protection, and her hull was painted a military gray. Eight 4.7-inch guns were placed on deck. She was ready for war.

Carmania was sent to Halifax for patrol duty, but one day out she was

A second torpedo from German submarine *U-20* strikes *Lusitania* on May 7, 1915, off the Head of Kinsale, Ireland. She sank 18 minutes later.



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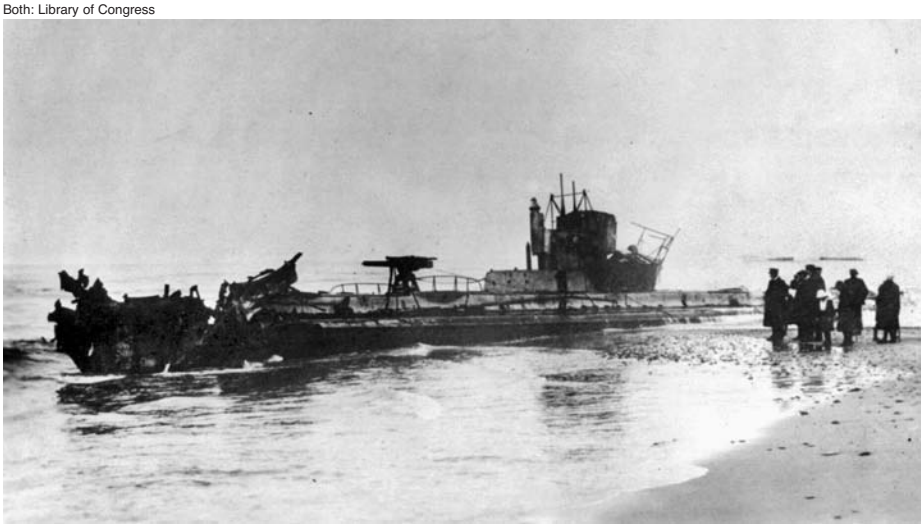

***Lusitania*'s destroyer, *U-20*, ran aground on the Danish coast in November 1916. Her crew scuttled her beyond repair.**

reassigned to Admiral Christopher Craddock's fleet in the South Atlantic. She arrived in Bermuda on August 23, 1914, and took on coal. Shortly after joining Craddock's squadron, the liner was sent to search out secret depots the Germans established in the South Atlantic. Three weeks later, *Carmania* came upon Trinidad Island, 700 miles east of Brazil, where her officers and lookouts spotted *Cap Trafalgar* of Germany's Hamburg-Amerika Line. She had been armed with two 4-inch guns and six pom-poms, as well as machine guns. The liner was disguised as a Castle Line ship.

The crew of the German liner saw the British at about the same time as the Britons saw *Cap Trafalgar*. The German ship began to pick up speed in an effort to engage the enemy. The British liner raced to the Teutonic vessel at 16 knots. The battle began at 12:10 and lasted about 80 minutes, with *Cap Trafalgar* getting the worst of it. The German liner began to list and burn out of control. Her captain headed for land in hopes of beaching his command, but it was too late. The ship sank before she could reach the shallow waters. According to one of the crew of *Carmania,* the British sailors cheered.

The liners that were allowed to continue serving as passenger-carrying vessels were sometimes caught up in the war. On March 28, 1915, the British steamer *Falaba* was en route to West Africa from Liverpool. One day out, she encountered the German submarine *U-28,* commanded by Baron von Forstner. The sub signaled *Falaba* to "stop and abandon ship." Falaba attempted to flee, but the faster U-boat caught up with her. There is some conflict as to what happened next. The Germans claimed the British crew began transmitting wireless distress calls and shooting up rockets. Von Forstner decided that he could wait no longer and fired a torpedo. *Falaba* sank and 104 people, including an American, Leon Thrasher, perished.

The Germans publicly warned that they would sink passenger ships they suspected of carrying arms and supplies to Great Britain. They even published a newspaper advertisement insisting that passengers using British ships "do so at their own risk." On May 1, 1915, the Cunard liner *Lusitania* departed from New York City, bound for Liverpool with 1,257 passengers (197 Americans) and a crew of 702. Among the items stored in her cargo were cheese, lard, bacon, oysters, and sheet metal as well as 42,000 cases of rifle ammunition and 100 cases of empty shrapnel shells.

By May 7, *Lusitania* was a few hours from Liverpool. She received numerous wireless reports of enemy submarines in the area, including one that read, "Make sure *Lusitania* gets this." Later that day, the liner was off Old Head of Kinsale. To be certain of his navigation, the ship's captain, William Turner, began to conduct a four-point bearing. Not far away, Captain-Lieutenant Walther Schwieger, the commanding officer of *U-20,* was scanning the horizon for prey. He spotted the Cunarder, dived, and came within 700 meters of the luxury liner. At 2:10 PM, Schwieger gave the fateful order to fire.

The torpedo struck *Lusitania* on the starboard side and exploded. A split second later, a second explosion rocked the liner and she

Australian War Memorial

ABOVE: Hospital ship *Aquitania,* left, and transport *Olympic* lie at anchor in the Dardanelles in 1915. *Aquitania* is taking on wounded soldiers for transport to England. BELOW: High-spirited Australian aviators on board the hospital ship *Mauretania* in 1918. The ship carried 232 medical personnel.

Library of Congress

immediately developed an ominous list to the starboard. Passenger Oliver P. Bernard saw it coming. He was seated in a deck chair when he noticed the sub's periscope, then he observed a long, white streak of foam making its way to the ship. Realizing that it was a torpedo, Bernard covered his eyes.

Dr. Ralph McCready was on deck when he heard "a terrific explosion." He hurried to his cabin and put on his life belt, then returned to the boat deck. Two sisters, Agnes and Evelyn Wild, who were eating in the dining room when they heard the explosion, rushed outside and clung to each other, "determined not to be separated," Agnes recalled. Members of the crew assisted the passengers. Eighteen minutes after the torpedo struck, *Lusitania* sank. Of the 1,959 people on board, 1,201 were lost, including 124 Americans.

There was an immediate worldwide uproar over the incident. Many people in both Britain and the United States blasted Germany. "It is a deed for which a Hun would blush, a Turk be ashamed, and a Barbary pirate apologize." editorialized one newspaper. American President Woodrow Wilson was also outraged. He dispatched no fewer than three notes over the incident, warning that future attacks on passenger ships would be viewed as a "deliberately unfriendly act."

The German government responded by claiming that *Lusitania* was armed and carrying munitions on her final voyage. Oceanic explorer Robert Ballard, who examined the wreck in the mid-1990s, found no guns on board *Lusitania.* The vessel was, however, carrying 42,000 cases of rifle ammunition, which could be considered military cargo. Ballard concluded that the second explosion was the result of coal dust igniting after the first blast.

As for the charge that the British deliberately allowed the ship to be torpedoed in order to embroil the United States in the war, the absence of armed escorts is cited by German apologists as part of the evidence. However, there were only so many warships in the British Navy, so some ships had to be left on their own. *Lustiania,* with her superior speed, was viewed as being immune from submarine attack. Furthermore, the British Admiralty had gone out of its way to warn the liner before her demise.

On August 19, 1915, another passenger ship, the White Star liner *Arabic,* was torpedoed and sunk several hours out from Liverpool. Her captain, William Finch, had been concerned for his command in the wake of the discovery of two sticks of dynamite in one of the staterooms during a previous voyage. The culprit was not found, but German saboteurs could not be ruled out.

Unlike Captain Turner of *Lusitania,* Finch took the U-boat menace seriously. He avoided headlands and steered a mid-Channel course. The captain traveled at top speed (16 knots) and zigzagged. Then, at 9:15 on the morning of August 9, Finch and his men saw the British steamer *Dunsley.* Finch could tell that something was amiss—two of *Dunsley*'s lifeboats were waterborne. She was under attack by German submarine *U-24.*

Suddenly, Finch saw an object underwater coming straight for his command. There was no doubt in his mind that it was a torpedo. The captain ordered the engines stopped and put astern, but it was too late. The torpedo struck the liner. In the next instant, Finch heard a "terrible explosion, so loud I never heard anything like it." Immediately, the ship developed a frightening list.

Arabic's crew sprang into action, filling and lowering lifeboats. Finch was determined to go

down with his ship. From a lifeboat, passenger J. Edward Usher noticed the captain: "His face was calm and pale as if he was facing death with the grim resolve not to desert his post." As *Arabic* began to sink, lifeboats tore from their fastening and floated away. Usher heard "a sizzing roar." Nine minutes after the torpedo struck, the liner sank. Rescuers picked up 379 survivors, including the captain. Forty-four people were lost in the attack, two of them Americans.

Some British liners were converted into hospital ships. The war effort in the Mediterranean was resulting in thousands of men being wounded. The Admiralty employed passenger ships from the Union Castle Line. Typical ships were 6,000 to 8,000 tons, however, and could not carry many wounded. Consequently, the Admiralty took over the larger passenger ships *Aquatania, Mauretania,* and *Britannic.*

The ornate grand stairway on SS *Olympic,* the most famous troop transport in World War I. Olympic survived four submarine encounters.

Mauretania was under the command of Arthur Rostron, who in 1912 had become famous for rescuing the survivors of *Titanic. Mauretania,* sister ship of the ill-fated *Lusitania,* was painted with red crosses. Unlike other ships, which traveled at night with few lights, the ship would be ablaze with lights at night so that her red crosses could be seen. The hospital ship carried 40 medical officers, 72 nurses, and 120 orderlies. There was an X-ray room and an operating theater.

On the way to war, *Mauretania* stopped off at then-neutral Italy. While there, Rostron invited Germans and neutrals aboard to inspect the ship to make certain that his command was a bona fide hospital ship. Every crew member aboard was called forth for inspection and packages were opened. Rostron went as far as to allow his guests free access to visit any part of his ship and to ask any questions. It worked. *Mauretania* was not attacked.

By far the most famous hospital ship in this war was the White Star liner *Britannic.* Launched in February 1914, she was also a sister ship of *Titanic. Britannic* had accommodations for 3,000 patients. The liner had made five complete voyages as a hospital ship, then, in November 1916, she began her sixth voyage. She had on board 22 surgeons, 77 nurses, and 290 orderlies, along with 1,065 passengers.

Her captain, Charles Bartlett, could not be certain if the Germans would respect the *Britannic*'s status as a hospital ship. His fears proved well founded. At 8:12 on the morning of November 21, there was a great explosion. *Britannic* shook and began to list dangerously. Bartlett tried to beach the ship, but the steering gear failed. The crew directed their efforts to abandoning ship. Lifeboats were lowered, but unfortunately the ship's propellers were still turning. Three boats came too close to the rotating screws and were smashed.

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By Peter Kross

Seventy-one-year-old George Matthews was an unlikely point man for covert American efforts to annex Florida in the early 1800s.

ALMOST A DECADE AFTER WINNING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR against Great Britain, the youthful United States was determined to expand its territorial boundaries and become a truly continental nation. President Thomas Jefferson made the first move by purchasing the vast Louisiana Territory from France, giving the United States expanded commercial interests along the vital Mississippi River. Jefferson's successor, James Madison, continued the expansionist efforts, setting his sights on gaining control of East Florida, then administrated by Spain.

Florida was teeming with Americans, as well as a large number of African American slaves who had made their way south seeking their freedom. Madison's goal was to check Spanish territorial expansion and add Florida to the American union. To that effect, he put in motion a large-scale covert operation much like those undertaken by the Central Intelligence Agency 200 years later. The operation involved U.S. military support for the indigenous rebels who had "invited" the Americans to come to their rescue. The person who was to serve as the point man in this covert mission was George Matthews, a former Revolutionary War veteran, governor of Georgia, and member of Congress.

Matthews, born into a wealthy Virginia family, served in the Virginia Militia during the Revolutionary War, seeing action in both Georgia and South Carolina, and was captured by British forces in December 1781. After the war ended, Matthews turned to politics and served as governor of Georgia in 1787-1788. He later served in the House of Representatives before returning to private life. During his own political career, Madison had followed Matthews's rise to prominence. When it came time to send an emissary to East Florida to scout the political landscape, he chose the 71-year-old Matthews as his emissary.

Madison got his first inkling that something was about to change in East Florida when he received a letter from Samuel Fulton on April 20, 1810. Fulton was adjutant general of West Florida, ostensibly on the payroll of the Spanish. He wrote to Madison suggesting that East Florida was ripe for insurrection and that the

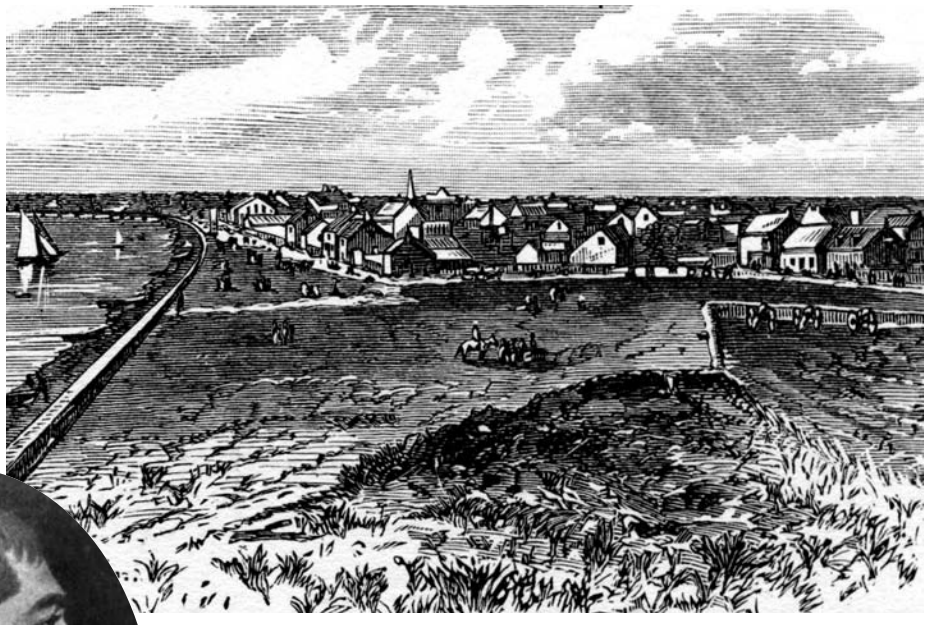
BELOW: An 1804 political cartoon lampoons President Thomas Jefferson for his unsuccessful attempt to include West Florida in the Louisiana Purchase.

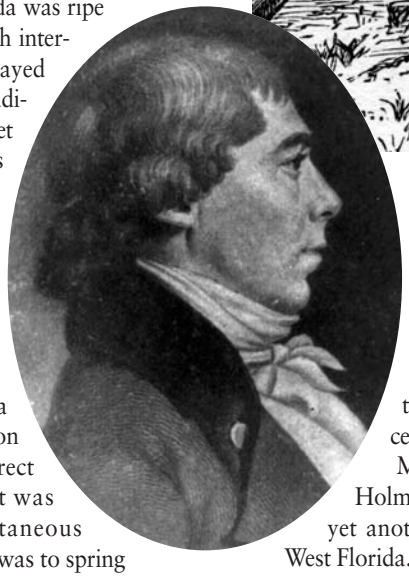
RIGHT: President James Madison officially annexed West Florida in 1811.

All photos: Library of Congress

United States should not stand idly by and let the Spanish control the territory. Fulton worked for Vincente Floch, governor of West Florida, who was the man to see in the neighborhood. Fulton offered his services to the president in whatever capacity he chose.

Another participant in the early talks was William Claiborne, a former governor of Mississippi who was now in that same position in New Orleans. Floch went to meet with Claiborne in New Orleans in April 1809 and they discussed the Florida situation. Floch told Claiborne that the Spanish-American colonies would continue to be part of Spain as long as the French were kept out of the area. If this did not happen, then Florida was ripe for either U.S. or British intervention. Claiborne relayed this information to Madison, who immediately set into motion Matthews's covert mission to East Florida.





ABOVE: An early 19th-century view of prosperous, Spanish-controlled St. Augustine, Florida. LEFT: Mississippi Territorial Governor David Holmes led covert efforts to destabilize Florida.

Claiborne met with Madison in Washington to begin strategic planning. It was decided that an overt U.S. invasion of Florida was out of the question and that a more indirect policy was needed. It was decided that a spontaneous "Patriotic movement" was to spring up in Florida, with residents declaring their independence from Spain. The Florida Patriots would then ask for official U.S. help and the Madison administration would have no choice but to act in their defense.

Madison chose William Wykoff, a member of the Executive Council of New Orleans, to get the ball rolling. He met with various leaders among the Patriot groups and passed on their demands for U.S. assistance. With Wyckoff's news in hand, Madison sent Matthews as his personal agent to go to East Florida to assess the political and military situation on the ground.

At 71, Matthews was not the most physically fit man in the world to take on such an arduous task, but in the summer of 1810 he departed for Mobile and Pensacola to begin preliminary talks with his Spanish contacts. To relay his messages to Washington, Matthews used the services of Senator William Crawford of Georgia. Matthews met with Floch in Mobile and reiterated Madison's offer to support any Spanish rebellion against French rule. Matthews offered to pay for ammunition and other essentials for Floch if that would cement a deal.

Madison sent Governor David Holmes of Mississippi Territory as yet another one of his emissaries to West Florida. Holmes reported to Madison on a convention in West Florida by "dissidents" that was the beginning of an insurrection against Spain. A group of soldiers of fortune next attacked a Spanish garrison, doing little damage. However, the message was clear—the United States was going after Florida.

Much to Madison's liking, the Florida convention called for a declaration of independence for West Florida and asked for help from the United States. On October 10, 1810, Holmes sent the independence message to Washington with his sign of approval. On October 27, 1810, Madison issued a proclamation in Washington giving Claiborne the go-ahead to take possession of West Florida as part of the New Orleans territory. The proclamation read in part: "Now it is known. That I, James Madison, President of the U.S. of America, in pursuance of these weighty and urgent considerations, have deemed it right and requisite that possession should be taken of the said territory in the name and on behalf of the United States."

French reaction to the president's annexation announcement was swift. General Louis Turreau, the French ambassador to the United States, called in Secretary of State Robert Smith for urgent talks, but Smith smoothly denied any U.S. participation. Madison's covert operation to annex East Florida came without the consent or knowledge of Congress. Like many other such missions during the 20th century, the East Florida expedition was on a need-to-know basis, and Congress was not kept in the loop. It wasn't until many months later that Madison informed Congress about his secret machinations in Florida.

With all the dominoes in place, Madison met with Matthews in Washington in January 1811 to give him his final instructions. Colonel John McKee, who served as an Indian agent, also took part in the East Florida mission. On January 26, 1811, Madison relayed his written instructions to both McKee and Matthews. Exactly what the president wrote to both men is long gone, and it is almost impossible to discern just what their orders were. Secretary of State Smith wrote to Matthews saying that he should "repair to that quarter [Florida] with all possible expedition, concealing from the general observation the trust committed to you, with that discretion with the delicacy and importance of the undertaking require."

Both Matthews and McKee met with Floch, who rebuffed their interest in acquiring West

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By Peter Suciu

Copies and replicas aren't so bad, unless they are passed off as the real thing. Then things get a little complicated.

FOR COLLECTORS, FINDING OUT THAT AN ITEM BELIEVED TO BE authentic is actually a fake can feel like being punched in the stomach. Even the most advanced collectors will tell you that they have been duped over the years, and most say that they look back on it as a learning experience. That's easy to say after time has healed the wounds, but discovering that an item is fake is never welcome news.

Why are some items of militaria so widely faked? The answer is simple: because there is money to be made. Even items that seem low cost by American standards are copied in surprisingly large numbers in eastern Europe and the Middle East. In much of the developing world, there are plenty of skilled craftsmen who can create near-perfect copies in a short amount of time, and some of these fetch high prices.

Another frequently asked question is why, with so many replicas on the market, they aren't better marked to distinguish them from the real thing. Here, it is necessary to distinguish between what is a replica and what is a fake. The terms are often used interchangeably, but that's neither accurate nor fair. A replica is only a fake when it is passed off as an original item to an unsuspecting party. If it is clearly bought or sold as a replica, it is just that—a replica.

Replicas go by other names, including reproductions or copies. These are sometimes used to fill holes in collections or called into service in museums when a real item isn't available. This isn't to say that all collectors agree that replicas are a good thing. Plenty of them take the approach that if you can't own the real thing, you shouldn't bother owning a copy.

Of course, for some items this is complete nonsense. It would be impossible for a museum to display any complete tanks or airplanes without doing some restoration work. Even if there were still original paint for a tank from World War II, it still wouldn't be completely original to a particular vehicle. But is restoring a tank to look as it did in World War II anything but a restoration job? That would seem to blur the line between original and fake. After all, the paint is new. The same could be asked of vintage trucks, Jeeps, and planes. While it is possible to get a truck running with mostly original parts from the era, no one expects a vintage airplane to take flight with original parts that could be decades old.

For the private collector, too, there are times when lines must be blurred. Alex Cranmer, vice president of International Military Antiques (IMA) notes that non-guns are a way to fill a hole in a collection. "For many collectors, a display gun is the only option they have," he says. "They probably couldn't get a

A World War II reenactor depicts an action later in the war. While sold for the living history market, today's replica uniforms are getting better and after some "time in the field" can be passed off as the real deal.

All photos: Author's Collection

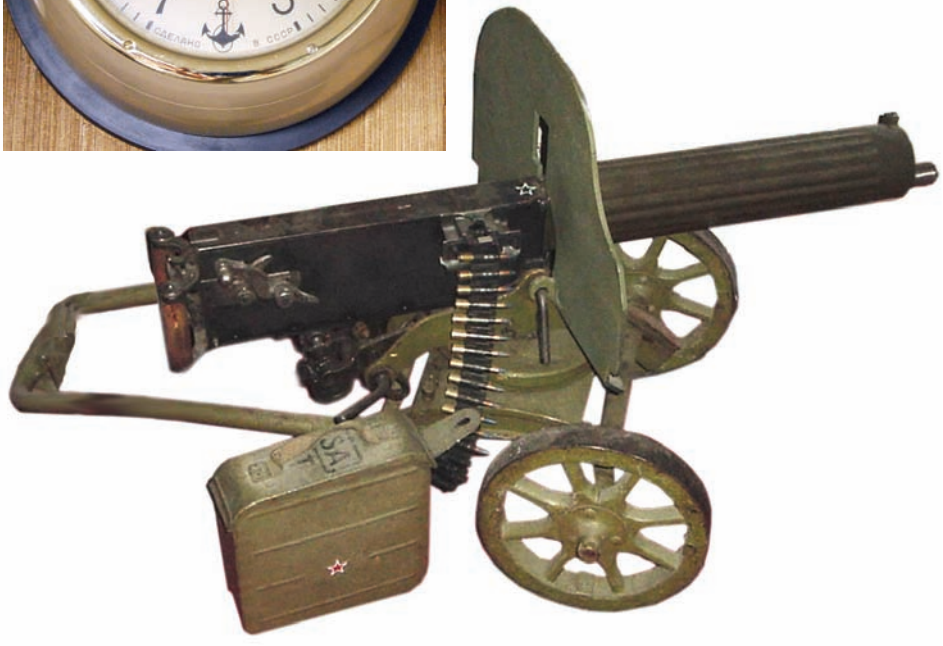
license for it anyway. You really can't tell until you go to see if the action moves. What I like to say is that we're selling Model T Fords with solid engine blocks. That's the difference between replica guns and a display gun. The display is 90 percent original parts."

Some collectors can opt to go a bit further with firearms for displays, relying on modern-made display copies. These are similar to non-guns except that none of the parts are real, but from a distance they look good.

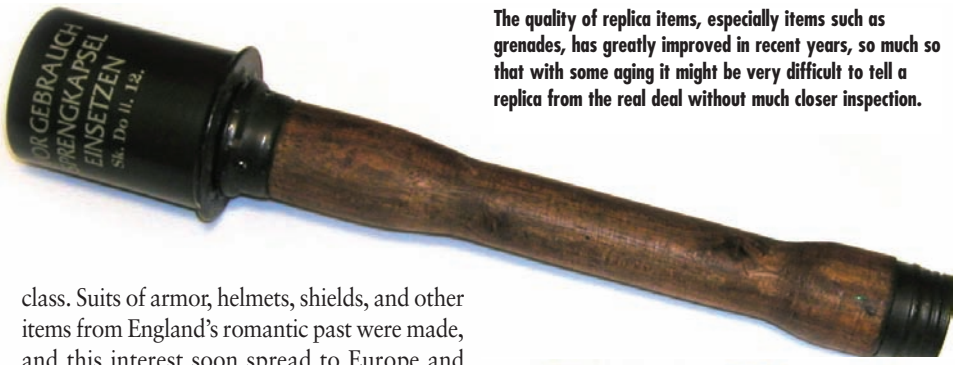
Another common misconception about reproductions is that they are essentially a new development. This is far from the truth; historical replicas date back to the Victorian era. While it is likely that there were some copies of even earlier items, it was during the Industrial Revolution that there was a sudden, new interest in the past. As a result of that interest, copies of old items, notably arms and armor, began to be made for the burgeoning English middle class. Suits of armor, helmets, shields, and other items from England's romantic past were made, and this interest soon spread to Europe and North America.

Today, these Victorian copies are quite rare and can be very valuable in their own right. While not fetching the price of an original item from the more distant past, Victorian copies have shot upward in price over time. They also have a certain character that is often missing from today's mail-order catalog and website versions.

More recently, many museums have looked to recreate old uniforms for display, and sometimes those can throw off even the experienced eye. "As a curator, it's the convincing older replicas I encounter that can be daunting," says Owen Connor, curator of uniforms and heraldry at the National Museum of the Marine Corps. "Specifically, we have numerous examples of 1950s-era Marine Corps 'pageant' uniforms that are quite good. With their accompanying age and craftsmanship—these often were made by uniform makers of the period and not outsourced to costume shops as we see today—it can be rather scary to determine authenticity."



ABOVE: Owning an operable Maxim machine gun is beyond most collectors' means but companies including IMA-USA.com offer surprisingly good "nonfiring versions," such as this example. It looks good, and is generally legal to own (but check your local laws to be safe). TOP: This Soviet "Submarine" clock was sold in the 1990s through a common surplus catalogue. While supposedly a Cold War relic, most of these were made up for export specifically for the catalogue!



The quality of replica items, especially items such as grenades, has greatly improved in recent years, so much so that with some aging it might be very difficult to tell a replica from the real deal without much closer inspection.

At first glance, these badges would pass inspection, but each of these supposedly original German World War II badges is a high-quality fake.

Likewise, old movie props often show up for sale as real items. From the outside, these look quite convincing, but anyone who understands the real item can easily tell the difference. To further complicate matters, many movies made before World War II used vintage uniforms and equipment, and many early postwar films also relied on actual gear. Prop houses often bought up military surplus, resulting in a mixture of movie props and real items, and today it is still possible to see prop labels on real items.

Some items that date to the actual period were simply period fakes. Two notable examples are the fake "blood chits" that pilots carried or wore to ask Chinese civilians for help if a pilot was shot down, and the "samurai" swords made by Australian troops and sold to gullible American Marines. In the former case, the fake chits seem to have originated in India, and the message was nonsensical and wasn't actually written in Chinese. (We can only hope that no pilot was shot down while wearing one of them.) The latter items were fake Japanese

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BATTLE OF THE SCHELDT ESTUARY

BY ALLYN VANNOY

AFTER THE DISASTROUS FAILURE OF OPERATION MARKET GARDEN, ALLIED FORCES MOUNTED A DETERMINED EFFORT TO OPEN THE BELGIAN PORT OF ANTWERP BY DRIVING GERMAN OCCUPIERS FROM THE LOW-LYING SCHELDT ESTUARY.

National Archives

AS THE ALLIED ARMIES advanced across Western Europe in the summer of 1944, the First Canadian Army undertook the task of clearing the coastal areas and opening the Channel ports. Fighting on the left flank of the Allied forces, the Canadians pushed rapidly eastward through France toward Belgium. The II Canadian Corps reached Ostend, Bruges, and Ghent in the middle of September.

After Allied forces landed in France on D-Day, June 6, the British Second Army pushed forward into the Low Countries and captured Brussels and Antwerp, the latter with its excellent port facilities intact. But the British advance halted with the Germans still controlling the Scheldt Estuary, a waterway running 50 miles from the North Sea to Antwerp. By September, it had become urgent for the Allies to open Antwerp to shipping in order to ease logistical burdens on their supply lines, which now stretched hundreds of miles back into Normandy.

American General Omar Bradley urged Allied commander in chief General Dwight D. Eisenhower to pressure the British. "All plans for future operations always lead back to the fact that in order to supply an operation of any size beyond the Rhine, the port of Antwerp is essential." Eisenhower agreed, telling British commander General Bernard Montgomery: "I insist upon the importance of Antwerp. As I have told you I am prepared to give you everything for the capture of the approaches to

Manning his Bren Gun, an Canadian soldier prepares to advance during the Scheldt Estuary offensive in October 1944.

Antwerp, including all the air forces and anything else you can support."

The British XXX Corps, after taking Antwerp, could have easily driven the additional 20 miles north and cut off German positions along the inlet to the port. The estuary itself was lined with German forces, including heavy coastal batteries on Walcheren Island that prevented Allied ships from approaching the Scheldt. During the first three weeks of September, however, the German Fifteenth Army withdrew, pulling off something of a minor miracle by extricating nearly 86,000 troops from possible encirclement south of the estuary, using boats and rafts to evacuate them northward across the Scheldt.

The Allies did nothing to open the port of Antwerp during September, instead allocating most of their resources to Operation Market Garden, an ambitious plan to mount a lightning thrust into the heart of the German homeland. The ensuing battle at Arnhem resulted in the near destruction of the British 1st Airborne Division after relief forces from British XXX Corps failed to reach them before heavy counterattacks by German armored units threatened annihilation. Market Garden was a disastrous failure.

At the same time, First Canadian Army completed the clearing of French and Belgian Channel ports by October 1. The force, under the temporary command of Lt. Gen. Guy Simonds, included

National Archives

ABOVE: German soldiers dug in on top of a dike in the so-called Breskens Pocket south of the Scheldt Estuary. Allied delays allowed the Germans to prepare a typically stout defense. OPPOSITE TOP: English, Canadian, and Polish forces mounted a complex, three-pronged assault on German occupiers of the Dutch lowlands to clear the Belgian port of Antwerp in 1944. OPPOSITE BOTTOM: Delivery of much-needed supplies by British engineers is hindered by heavy flooding of the River Maas near the village of Maeseyk.

the II Canadian Corps, the Polish 1st Armored Division, and the British 49th and 52nd Infantry Divisions under Maj. Gen. E.H. Smith. After Market Garden failed, the often stubborn Montgomery was more inclined to listen to American advice. The First Canadian Army was dispatched to bring the Scheldt Estuary under its control. But the remaining German defenders were prepared as always to fight an effective delaying action. Complicated by waterlogged terrain, the ensuing Battle of the Scheldt would prove to be an especially grueling campaign.

North of the estuary lay the island of South Beveland, which was joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus. Beyond South Beveland, to the west, was the island of Walcheren, a fortified German stronghold. Much of the area was below sea level, comprising polder land that had been reclaimed from the sea. Large raised embankments kept the waters from flooding the low-lying land. The German defenders skillfully exploited these conditions. In addition, the Germans constructed bunkers in the steep rear slopes of the dikes and located much-feared Nebelwerfer rocket launchers immediately behind them.

The plan for opening the Scheldt Estuary involved a succession of operations. The first task was to clear the eastern approaches to the Scheldt River north of Antwerp as far as the village of Woensdrecht. This would isolate the German forces on South Beveland from the Dutch mainland. Next step was to eliminate German positions north of the Leopold Canal and south of the estuary—the so-called Breskens Pocket. The capture of 19-mile-long South Beveland was to follow. The final phase of ground combat would be the capture of Walcheren Island, after which Royal Navy minesweepers could undertake operations to clear German mines from the waterway and enable Allied supply ships to pass safely through the estuary to Antwerp.

As a prelude to the coming battle, the Polish 1st Armored Division advanced northeast from Ghent in late September. Against stiffening resistance the division reached the coast on September 20, occupying the town of Terneuzen and clearing the south bank of the Scheldt east to Antwerp. On September 21, the 4th Canadian Armored Division moved north roughly along the line of the Ghent-Terneuzen Canal, with orders to clear the south shore of the Scheldt around the town of Breskens. The division advanced from a hard-won bridgehead over the Ghent Canal at Moerbrugge, becoming the first Allied troops to confront the formidable obstacle of the Leopold and Dérivation de la Lys Canals.

The Algonquin Regiment of the 10th Infantry Brigade, from North Bay, Ontario, mounted a night attack across the Leopold Canal on the Belgian-Dutch border in the vicinity of Moekerke, but the assault force was nearly wiped out in a German counterattack. Those who survived swam back to the Belgian side of the canal and were placed in reserve.

The Germans placed a priority on holding Woensdrecht, thus controlling access to South Beveland and Walcheren Island. Infanterie Division 346, under General Erich Diestel (replaced on October 16 by General Walter Steinmüller), was in line north of Antwerp. The division had taken a beating during Operation Goodwood on July 18, coming under intense aerial bombardment. It then had avoided encirclement in the Falaise pocket, retreating across France and Belgium into Holland with only a few howitzers and 2,500 men. Elements of Sturmgeschütz Brigade 280, equipped with heavy assault guns, provided support for the division.

The German high command ordered the Army reserve, Infanterie Division 85, under General Kurt Chill, to bar access to Walcheren by holding Woensdrecht. The division consisted of remnants of two grenadier regiments, elements of Parachute Regiments 2 and 6, and Training and Replacement Regiment Hermann Göring. It was reinforced by remnants of Army Assault Gun Brigades 244 and 667. The Germans had established positions on the little available high ground, Woensdrecht ridge and the railway dike passing through Beveland to Walcheren Island. German guns and paratroopers had dug in along the top of the dike road.

On October 2, the 2nd Canadian Division began its advance north from Antwerp to clear the choke point of the South Beveland peninsula. For the first four days the division made good progress, advancing nine miles to capture Putte, with the base of the peninsula just five miles distant. The 4th Canadian Armored Division moved up to cover 2nd Division's eastern flank, freeing forces for a renewed drive toward the base of the peninsula. During the next 10 days, the Canadians managed to secure a tenuous foothold on the peninsula west of Woensdrecht.

For the Canadians, attacking the German positions with understrength infantry regiments, a squadron of tanks, and artillery regiments that had to ration ammunition was not an inviting prospect. The operation, code-named Angus, called for 5th Brigade to employ one regiment to seize the railway embankment, with two others passing through to seal off the route to Walcheren Island. The first phase of the assault was to be undertaken by the understrength Black

Watch Regiment in a daylight assault.

Heavy casualties resulted as the Canadians attacked over open, flooded ground. Driving rain, booby traps, and enemy land mines made the advance even more difficult. For the Black Watch, October 13, became known as "Black Friday," the second-worst single-day disaster in the history of the regiment. In an unsuccessful assault on a topographical feature known ominously as "the Coffin," 56 Black Watch soldiers were killed and another 27 were taken prisoner. All four company commanders were killed, and one company of 90 men was reduced to just four survivors.

After the debacle of Black Friday, Canadian commanders decided that a night attack was needed. The Royal Hamilton Light Infantry was selected to assault Woensdrecht on October 16. The unit was blessed with seasoned company commanders and veteran noncommissioned officers, and the attack had the support of three field and two medium artillery regiments. By noon on October 17, the Royal Hamilton Infantry had captured the village and the high ground beyond, but German defenders launched repeated counterattacks. Bitter fighting raged for five days, costing the Royal Hamiltons 21 killed and 146 wounded. The Canadians held on to their hard-won gains.

While Simonds concentrated his forces at the neck of the South Beveland peninsula, the 4th Canadian Armored Division moved north and took Bergen-op-Zoom on the Dutch shoreline, further protecting the flank of the 2nd Division. To the south of the Scheldt, German Infanterie Division 64 held a 25-mile sector that ran west along the Leopold Canal from the Braakman Inlet to the historic town of Zeebrugge. The division, formed as an emergency measure after the collapse of German forces in Normandy, consisted mainly of men on leave from the Eastern Front. Thrown into the line in August 1944, it fought in the subsequent battle for the Albert Canal and was isolated when the Fifteenth Army was forced to withdraw.

On October 2, the German division commander, General Kurt Eberding, with 2,350 infantry plus 8,500 support and service personnel and six coastal artillery pieces, prepared to meet the Canadian assault. The Germans had deliberately breached the dikes, and the ensuing flooding channeled the Canadian advance onto the area's few raised dike roads and polder land.

The next day, Maj. Gen. D.C. Spry's 3rd Canadian Infantry Division initiated the second phase of the Scheldt campaign, code-named Operation Switchback, to reduce the Breskens

National Archives

Pocket. The 3rd Division encountered tenacious German resistance as it fought to cross the Leopold Canal. It was decided that the best place for an assault would be immediately east of where the Leopold and Dérivation de la Lys Canals split—a narrow strip of dry ground only a few hundred yards wide at its base beyond the Leopold Canal. The plan was for the Canadians to cross the canal, drive straight north to the coast, eliminate the key German gun battery at Cadzand, capture the port of Breskens, and move east, eliminating German gun batteries there.

On the night of October 5, the North Shore (New Brunswick) Regiment of the 8th Brigade brought forward canvas assault boats, carrying them over the fields and placing them along the slope of the dike to their front. When the signal came, they could grab the assault boats, carry them over the top of the dike, and throw them into the water.

The next morning the assault commenced, with the 3rd Division's 7th Brigade, along with the North Shore Regiment, making the initial assault across the canal near the town of Eede. German positions in the area included concrete bunkers reinforced with logs, with good fields of fire across the canal. Roads leading north from the rear of the German positions were covered by machine-gun fire.

The assault of the 7th Brigade was supported by artillery and Canadian-built Wasp troop carriers, which were equipped with flamethrowers to deliver a barrage of flame across the Leopold Canal. With screaming Germans lit up like torches running into the trees on the opposite shore, the attackers scrambled up the steep banks and launched their assault boats.

National Archives

ABOVE: Canadian artillerymen open fire on a German position during the Allied advance two miles from the Scheldt Estuary. RIGHT TOP: RAF bombs explode on the Walcheren dike on October 3, 1944. The Allies controlled the air over Western Europe. RIGHT BOTTOM: Canadian armored cars race through the Belgian-Dutch border town of Putte on October 11, 1944. OPPOSITE: British armored forces move to attack north of Antwerp on the Bailey Bridge over the Antwerp-Turnhout Canal.

Only half of the troops made it to the far side and established two precarious footholds. The Germans, dug in on the rear slope, managed to recover from the shock of the flamethrowers and counterattacked repeatedly for the next 48 hours, but they were unable to drive the Canadians from their vulnerable bridgeheads. The Canadian infantry soon discovered that they could not dig foxholes more than a foot deep before the holes filled with water. Adding to their problems, close air support was hampered by poor weather. By October 9, however the gap between the bridgeheads was closed.

The flooded polder land beyond the dike made maneuvering extremely difficult. Any movement along the roads leading north came under intense enemy fire. After six days of fighting, the Canadian commanders, having suffered nearly 600 casualties, realized that they needed to find another way to get to the coast. Orders were given to withdraw. Meanwhile, the 9th Infantry Brigade mounted an amphibious attack on the coastal side of the pocket, sweeping west of the mile-wide Braakman Inlet. The brigade used Terrapin and Buffalo amphibious vehicles, crewed by the British 5th and 6th Assault Regiments of the Royal Engineers, to carry them across the mouth of the inlet to land in the vicinity of Hoofdplaat and exert pressure from two directions on the German defenders along the inlet. Mortars laid down a heavy smoke screen as the Canadians made their way across marshland and over dikes.

The Canadians took the German defenders by surprise and quickly established a bridgehead. Once again, the Germans recovered quickly and counterattacked with ferocity, but they were slowly forced back. General Spry moved his remaining force, the 8th Brigade, into the bridgehead. Attacking west, the Canadians took Biervliet and Hoofdplaat on the coast. Seeing the eastern flank of their defenses unhinged, the Germans withdrew to a second line of defense that ran from Breskens along the Sluis Canal to Zeebrugge. Meanwhile, RAF Bomber Command mounted heavy strikes against German gun batteries at Breskens and Flushing.

The second phase of Operation Switchback started on October 21 with a successful assault on Breskens. The 9th Brigade cleared German troops from the towns of Schoondijke, Oostburg and Zuidzande. The coastal bastion of Fort Frederik Hendrik held out for three more days before its garrison surrendered. Cadzand, where the Germans had their largest gun emplacement along the southern side of the Scheldt, fell on October 27. The 3rd Division completed Operation Switchback two days later, overwhelming the last German resistance in the Belgian coastal towns of Knocke and Zeebrugge, southwest of the pocket. Some 29 days of fighting had cost the Canadian division 2,077 casualties. During the fighting, some remnants of Infanterie Division 64 managed to escape north across the estuary to South Beveland.

With the Breskens Pocket cleared, the Allies could now use it as a staging area for the attack on Walcheren. Amphibious vehicles landed at the port of Breskens, and the Allies positioned supporting artillery in the low-lying area to the south. The 2nd Division began its westward advance down the South Beveland peninsula from its hard-earned gains at Woensdrecht. After a heavy artillery bombardment, the 4th Canadian Infantry Brigade began to fight its way west. By dawn the following day, it had advanced three miles to capture Rilland.

Both: Imperial War Museum

Throughout the remainder of the day, the brigade closed on the town of Krabbendijke. The Canadians hoped to advance rapidly, bypassing opposition and seizing bridgeheads over the Beveland ship canal, which bisected the peninsula, but they were slowed by mines, mud, and strong enemy defenses.

In support, other Allied forces launched Operation Vitality II to outflank German defenses at the eastern end of the peninsula. A Royal Navy landing craft, supplemented by Buffalo and Terrapin amphibious vehicles, carried elements of the British 52nd (Lowland) Division across the Scheldt. Sailing from Terneuzen, the amphibians of the 1st Assault Brigade, Royal Engineers, advanced eight miles across the estuary to South Beveland, west of

the ship canal. Spearheaded by amphibious DD (Duplex Drive) Shermans from the Staffordshire Yeomanry, the force established a beachhead near Hoedekenskerke.

On October 26, the 6th Canadian Infantry Brigade began a frontal attack on the canal head in assault boats. Engineers were able to bridge the canal along the main east-west road. By October 29, the Canadians had captured the town of Goes and linked up with the 52nd Division. With the canal line cleared, German resistance crumbled on South Beveland. Remnants of some German units managed to withdraw to Walcheren Island. The final phase of the Battle of the Scheldt was about to begin.

The enemy defenses on Walcheren Island were extremely strong, with heavy coastal batteries posted on the western and southern coasts. The coastline itself had been fortified against amphibious assaults, and a landward-facing defensive perimeter had been built around the town of Vlissingen to defend its port facilities should an Allied landing on Walcheren succeed. The only land approach was the Sloeda, or Walcheren, Causeway—a thin strip of ground a few yards wide joining South Beveland to Walcheren Island over the Sloe Channel. The causeway was little more than a raised two-lane road. To make matters even more difficult for attackers, the flats that surrounded the causeway were too saturated with sea water for movement on foot or in vehicles, but were too shallow for assault boats. The defenses had been attacked by Bomber Command and 2nd Tactical Air Force in September, but poor weather and heavy antiaircraft fire had reduced the effectiveness of the air strikes.

Walcheren Island was garrisoned by Infanterie Division 70, under 60-year-old Lt. Gen. Wilhelm Daser. The unit was a "white bread" or magen (stomach) division made up of men with special dietary needs. Some were recovering from stomach wounds, others had digestive problems such as ulcers and could not tolerate the normal, heavy German flour. The Germans had grouped the sufferers together in August 1944 and assigned the division to safeguard the Dutch coast at Zeeland. Despite their shortcomings, the ailing soldiers performed surprisingly well. Also on Walcheren Island were naval personnel of the 202nd Marine Artillery Battalion.

DURING THE APPROACH TO THE BEACHES AT LEAST ONE LCT WAS DISABLED AND A ROCKET SUPPORT LAUNCH WAS HIT THAT SET OFF AN AMAZING FIREWORKS DISPLAY THAT DAMAGED SEVERAL OTHER CRAFT.

To weaken the German defenses, Allied bombers mounted five separate attacks involving some 494 sorties against the island's perimeter dike. The bombing breached the dike in four places, and the sea poured into the interior of the low-lying island, flooding four-fifths of the area. Between October 28 and 30, Bomber Command mounted a further 745 sorties against German defenses, dropping more than 4,000 tons of bombs and destroying 11 of the enemy's 28 artillery batteries.

The island was to be attacked from three directions—from the east, across the Scheldt from the south, and by sea from the west. It was hoped that the German defenders would not be able to respond effectively to these multiple assaults. The 2nd Canadian Infantry Division's already bloodied 5th Brigade attacked the causeway from South Beveland on October 31. The initial attack by the Black Watch was rebuffed. The Calgary Highlanders then sent a company, which was also stopped halfway down the causeway.

An attack by the Highlanders on the morning of November 1 managed to gain a precarious foothold, but a subsequent German counterattack drove the Canadians back onto the causeway. A day of fighting followed, with the Highlanders relieved by Le Regiment de Maisonneuve, which

National Archives

Both: Imperial War Museum

ABOVE: Men of the 4th Special Service Brigade wade ashore near Flushing to complete the occupation of strategically key Walcheren Island. TOP: A Sherman Crab flail tank comes ashore during the Allied invasion of Walcheren Island on November 1, 1944.

struggled to maintain the bridgehead. The "Maisies" withdrew onto the causeway on November 2 and were relieved by a battalion of the Glasgow Highlanders of the British 52nd Division.

On November 3, other lowland units crossed the Sloe Channel south of the causeway in boats to outflank the German defenses. Within 24 hours the division had established a sizable bridgehead along the island's unflooded eastern fringes.

The second element of the assault on the island began shortly after midnight on November 1, as landing craft and amphibious vehicles, part of Force T, departed Ostend and headed northeast. Carrying troops from 4th Special Service Brigade under Brig. Gen. G.W. Leicester, Royal Marines, the landing force was to launch an amphibious assault on the westernmost point of Walcheren at Westkapelle.

Meanwhile, the third assault component, with landing craft and amphibious vehicles, under cover from a bombardment of artillery around Breskens, departed Breskens for Flushing—code-named "Uncle Beach." This was Operation Infatuate I and consisted mainly of infantry of the British 155th Infantry Brigade—4th and 5th Battalions, King's Own Scottish Borderers; 7/9 Battalion, Royal Scots; and the No. 4 Commando. At 5:40 AM, the commandos assaulted the heart of Flushing's harbor area, with troops of the 4th King's Own Scottish Borderers landing at 7:30. Within the town, Dutch resistance groups also began to attack German positions supported by artillery and Typhoon fighter-bombers. British troops, along with French commandos, gradually fought their way through the town.

The next day, the Allied troops pushed their way to the northern edge of Flushing, again aided by artillery and Typhoons. That night the 7/9 Royal Scots attacked the Hotel Britannia, a center of German resistance southwest of the town. Despite finding themselves wading through water five feet deep in the dark, the Royal Scots pressed home the attack. When the 600 defenders surrendered around noon on November 3, Flushing was finally cleared of enemy forces.

The force destined for Westkapelle—Operation Infatuate II—had moved northeast during the early hours of November 1. At 8 AM, the German coastal batteries engaged the landing force, with the battleship HMS *Warspite* and the monitors HMS *Roberts* and *Erebus* returning fire. At 8:45, Allied artillery from Breskens added its weight to the bombardment.

During the approach to the beaches, at least one LCT was disabled and a rocket support launch was hit and set off an amazing fireworks display that damaged several other craft. Lt. Col. J.B. Hillsman of the 8th Surgical Unit observed the sinking of one of his unit's craft. "We were getting close in now and the landing craft tank in front of us turned out of line to further back," Hillsman recalled. "As it passed us, it struck a sea mine. There was tremendous explosion and the ship was hurled into the air. It settled rapidly. Men jumped into the sea. Some were picked up by the following craft. Others floated face down in their life belts."

The first assault troops of the 4th Special Service Brigade landed at 9:59 AM. Within 30 minutes, the bulk of No. 41 (Royal Marines) Commando was ashore, as were elements from No. 10 (Inter-Allied) Commando, which consisted mainly of Belgian and Norwegian troops, and No. 48 (Royal Marines) Commando, supported by specialized armored vehicles—amphibious transports, mine-clearing tanks, and bulldoz-

ers—of the 79th Armored Division. These forces landed at Red and White Beaches, respectively, located to the north and south of the breached dike just to the south of Westkapelle.

To ensure that the landing would be successful, 27 armed landing craft of the Support Squadron Eastern Flank engaged the German batteries in the area, seeking to divert their fire from the assault troops. They achieved hard-won success, but only seven of the craft survived undamaged and another 370 casualties was suffered by the squadron's sailors and marines.

During that morning, the commandos fought their way through Westkapelle in the face of fierce resistance. Subsequently, No. 41 Commando advanced north along the narrow, unflooded coastal strip toward Domburg, which was secured before dusk. Meanwhile, No. 48 Commando had advanced southeast toward Zoutelande, with No. 47 Commando landing later that day. By nightfall, the 4th Brigade had secured a six-mile strip of coast and now had three complete Commandos, plus two French troops of No. 10 (Inter-Allied) Commando ashore.

On the morning of November 2, No. 48 Commando captured Zoutelande, taking 150 prisoners in the process. Two days later No. 47 Commando linked up with No. 4 Commando advancing northwest from Flushing. Three days later, the 11th Royal Tank Regiment, along with the Royal Scots, advanced northeast through the island's flooded interior to Middelburg, using their remaining 11 operational Buffaloes. Simultaneously, the 5th's Calgary Highlanders struck west from the bridgehead secured on the unflooded eastern flank of Walcheren by the 52nd Division. The German defenders were taken by some surprise. General Daser, the German commander, was reported to be considering surrendering, but only to an armored force.

As it was impossible to reach the water-logged town with tanks, a calculated gamble was made to drive amphibious Buffaloes into Middelburg. Faced with the heavy Allied armament, Daser relented, and in the hours that followed the small British force found itself guarding a much larger number of disarmed Germans. Later that day, Veere, in the northeastern corner of the island, surrendered to the 158th Brigade, but enemy forces continued to hold out along the northern coast. By November 7, however, No. 41 Commando and French Commandos overwhelmed the last pocket of enemy resistance.

In the final stage of operations to open Antwerp, a large-scale minesweeping operation of the estuary—Operation Calendar—was undertaken from November 3 to 25, collecting 267 mines. Thus cleared, the first Allied ship, the Canadian-built freighter *Fort Cataraqui,* arrived in Antwerp on November 28. The Battle of the Scheldt Estuary was over.

ABOVE: Scottish commandos of the 52nd Lowland Division take cover from German fire at the foot of an enormous dockside crane at Flushing. BELOW: Members of the King's Own Scottish Borderers advance warily down a rubble-strewn Flushing street. The Germans defended building by building.

Both: National Archives

In the course of five weeks of often savage fighting, the First Canadian Army took 41,043 Germans prisoner, while suffering 12,873 casualties, 6,367 of whom were Canadians; the remainder were from British and Polish units. The 2nd Canadian Division alone lost 3,650 men in 33 days of intense battle across the isthmus and west to Walcheren Island. The importance of the port was made apparent when the Germans selected it as a key objective in the coming winter offensive known as the Battle of the Bulge. According to one estimate, the two-month delay in opening Antwerp cost the Allies some 2.4 million tons of additional matériel—supplies that were sorely missed during the autumn fighting across northern France and Germany. □

A BLOODY SPORT

Image courtesy Graham Turner © 2010 / www.studio88.co.uk

INDEED

The medieval jousting tournament began as a valuable teaching tool for knights, but soon evolved into a public event for the purpose of displaying wealth and entertaining the masses.

Graham Turner's painting depicts the moment of lance-shattering impact as two knights clash in the lists at a late 15th-century joust.

BY CAROLE BUTCHER

ONE OF THE MOST ENDURING IMAGES of the Middle Ages is the tournament, with its knights in shining armor, heraldic devices on shields, fair damsels watching from the stands, and brightly colored banners flying in the breeze. At their onset, such tournaments served as a useful training tool for heavy cavalry. But by the Tudor Age, they had evolved into public events held for the purpose of displaying wealth and demonstrating power, an idealized form of combat that had little to do with true warfare.

The tournaments were fought by well-trained, nobly born knights. In France, they were known as *chevaliers*. In Italy, they were called *cavalieres*. In Spain they were *caballeros,* and in Germany they were *Ritters,* from the word meaning "to ride." In each case, the name for the knight came from the native word for "horse." The knightly code of chivalry itself derived from the French word *cheval,* for "horse." From the very beginning, the knight was closely identified with his horse and inextricably bound to it. Dom Duarte, the king of Portugal, wrote in the 15th century, "Always to have good horses, to know them well and how to take care of them is worth more than knowing any other art imperfectly."

Geoffroi de Charny gave a detailed description of a knighting ceremony that underlined the importance of the bond between the knight and his horse. While a young man knelt before his liege lord in the knighting ceremony, the lord handed a pair of gilded spurs to two knights. These knights then fastened the spurs to the feet of their new colleague. When the young man was dubbed on the shoulders with the flat of a sword and told to stand before all as a true knight, he was said to have "won his spurs." The knighting ceremony was solemn and filled with symbolism, and the spurs were an important aspect of this symbolism. According to 13th-century knight Ramon Lull, "The spurs are given to a knight to signify diligence and swiftness. For likewise as with the spurs does he prick his horse causing it to hasten to rein, right so does diligence hasten the knight to do his duty."

Breeding and training warhorses was an expensive undertaking. From the time of classical Greece and Imperial Rome, the mounted warrior came from the upper strata of society. The aristocratic classes of *hippeus* in Greece and *equites* in Rome drew their names from the words for "horse." Because of the expense involved for armor, weapons, and well-trained warhorses, knights usually came from the land-owning class. As a rule, a knight was the son of a knight. While knighthood was not guaranteed for the child of a knight, it was nearly impossible for a child without chivalric connections to become a knight.

Renowned medieval knights such as Ramon Lull and Geoffroi de Charny charted a logical progression that would lead to a successful career as a knight. Prepared from childhood for a knightly vocation, young men trained in the martial arts and chivalry required of a knight. The youngest boys played with wooden swords. Older boys became familiar with armor, weapons, and the handling of horses by assisting knights. When in their early teens, aspiring knights began to wear armor and learn to ride a horse while handling lance, sword, and shield. This included engaging in games such as the quintain and jousting at rings. Jousts and tournaments were the next step that would lead to real combat. And it was in real combat that the true glory of knighthood was to be won, with the greatest honor reserved for those who took up the Cross and went on crusade.

Matthew Paris, a monk who wrote in the 13th century, called tournaments "a bloody sport indeed." And such they were, particularly in their earliest form. Injury and death were risks for both the knight and his horse. A German chronicler recorded in 1241 that a staggering 80 knights and squires were killed in a tournament. In his first tournament, Robert of Clermont, brother of the king of France, suffered severe head injuries that left him permanently impaired. Since chroniclers routinely reported only the noblest and most famous casualties, it is quite likely that the true casualty list of any tournament was much longer.

It is difficult to determine the origin of the tournament. The earliest written mention comes in

a chronicle of 1066 from the abbey of St. Martin at Tours, France, that describes the death of a knight in a tournament. It is probable that tournaments originated on the European continent. Gerald of Wales referred to "tournaments of the French sort." Matthew Paris called tournaments "conflictus gallicus" and "batailles francaises." William of Newburgh, who wrote in 1197, asserted that the first tournaments in England were held in the mid-12th century.

The early tournament consisted of the melee, in which teams of knights faced off against each other in mock battle. The marshal in charge of the tournament divided the knights into teams, often on geographical grounds but with an effort to keep the teams fairly even in number. Some knights formed themselves into teams, such as one led by the renowned English knight, William Marshal, and they traveled the tourney circuit together.

The team system in and of itself often became a cause for serious conflict. In 1251, the English team at Rochester held a grudge against a team of foreigners over the results of a previous tournament. The melee developed into a full-scale battle, with the English squires finally chasing the visiting team into the village and beating them with staves. Two years later, the Earl of Gloucester took his team to the Continent for a tournament and received such rough treatment there that they required medical attention before they could return to England.

The knights involved in a melee used the same weapons, armor, and horses that they used for war. There were no blunted weapons, and mock combat could result in real fatalities. In 1273, a tournament held near Chalons turned deadly when the Duke of Burgundy tried to pull King Edward I off his horse. Considering this to be unchivalrous, Edward lost his temper and galloped away with the duke still clinging to him and dragging the ground. Foot soldiers of both sides then entered the melee, shooting crossbow bolts at one another. The tournament became known as the Little Battle of Chalons, and both participants and spectators were killed in the fighting.

A melee could range over several square miles, with designated areas set aside for knights to go and rest themselves and their mounts before returning to the fray. Melees often started early in the day and lasted until dark. It was a golden opportunity for novice knights to learn how to handle their horses and weapons under combat conditions and to develop the necessary stamina. Since the melee was a team sport, knights learned how to function together as a unit. This was particularly useful since, just as in real warfare, knights might find themselves fighting shoulder to shoulder with complete strangers and they might have to learn in short order how to function together as a cohesive unit.

In the early form of tournament, there were virtually no rules in place for the protection of man or beast. They were violent free-for-alls, with little to distinguish them from the actual battlefield. Illuminated manuscripts give a glimpse into the chaos of a melee. The 14th-century manuscript *The Romance of Guiron le Courtois* provides a vivid depiction of just such a tournament, showing numerous knights in a confusing melee battling each other with lances. Other knights have been knocked from their horses, and in some cases their horses have fallen on them. All the while, admiring ladies watch from the stands.

Rene, Duke of Anjou and King of Jerusalem and Sicily, used illustrations of a melee in his manual on tournament fighting. In the first image, two large groups of knights face off against each other with the marshal separating them. This is the moment before mayhem breaks loose. Knights

"THEY EARN MEN PRAISE AND ESTEEM FOR THEY REQUIRE A GREAT DEAL OF WEALTH, EQUIPMENT AND EXPENDITURE, PHYSICAL HARDSHIP, CRUSHING AND WOUNDING, AND SOMETIMES DANGER OF DEATH."

are crowded closely together, with each team consisting of four rows. Heraldic banners identify some of the well-known knights. A double barrier of two wooden fences separates the participants from the spectators. In the second image, knights armed with swords and accompanied by foot soldiers engage in a melee. Some of the knights have crashed through the wooden barrier and continued their fighting outside the list. Admiring ladies observe the contest from raised stands shaded from the sun.

The Catholic Church consistently opposed tournaments and attempted to ban them on numerous occasions on the grounds that they encouraged such vices as pride, anger, and lust as well as the tendency to cause public disorder. Tournaments were denounced from the pulpit, the clergy even citing the trampling of harvests as the knights charged each other and the high taxes imposed on peasants so that the knights could afford to participate. There was also the possibility of committing murder during the course of a tournament, since in the violence of the ostensibly friendly competition it was easy to pursue personal feuds. The gluttony and debauchery of the feasts that followed the spectacle were also offensive to the Church. An early 14th-century illumination depicts a melee in which knights are using sharpened swords. Devils hover over the altercation, ready to snatch the unfortunate soul of any knight killed during the melee.

Despite religious reservations, the tournament remained a popular pastime for participants and spectators alike. Banning tournaments proved to be impossible. William of Newburgh observed, "Knights were keen to acquire military fame and the favour of kings so they treated the Church's prohibitions with contempt." Pope Celestine III's edict prohibiting the holding of tournaments was virtually ignored. Even the threat of excommunication or withholding church burial for those killed in tournaments was not enough to discourage knights from testing their skill and bravery on the field.

Richard I disregarded Celestine's edict entirely and immediately granted licenses to hold tournaments. Recognizing the value of the tournament as a training tool, the king licensed five locations as official tournament sites. According to William of Newburgh, "The famous king Richard, observing that the extra training of the French knights made them more fearsome in war, decided that English knights should be able to learn from tourneying the art and customs of real war so that the French would no longer be able to insult them as crude and lacking in skill."

Spiritual leaders were not the only ones who sought to ban tournaments. Secular leaders, too, had grounds for objections. The Church was concerned for the eternal soul of the knight, while the monarch was far more concerned with the knight's body and his ability to answer the call to war. Knights were all too often killed or injured on the tournament circuit. In addition, knights who carried grudges against each other were known to carry the fighting beyond the bounds of the tournament field. Matthew Paris wrote in his *Chronicles* of several instances when King Henry III of England attempted to enforce a ban on tournaments, including one scheduled tournament that was to pit the Earl of Gloucester against Guy, son of the Earl of La Marche, in 1247. "The king," wrote Paris, "who favored his brother Guy and his other Poitevin followers

Knights in their finery take part in a royal tournament at St. Inglevert, France, in the 15th century.

more than his natural English subjects, was very much afraid that, if the tournament took place, his brother and his supporters would be cut to pieces. So he strictly prohibited the tournament on penalty of disinheritance."

This was not the only instance of a king prohibiting a tournament. Another incident also involved the Earl of Gloucester. The king had publicly granted permission to the earl to hold a tournament. The announced intent of the tournament was "so that William [the king's half brother] and his fellow novices could gain experience in the arts of chivalry." Once again, the English knights would be pitted against the king's Poitevin supporters. "But because it was feared that the arrogant boasting of these people and other foreigners might cause quarrelling and fighting, and that bloody swords might strike after the spears had been broken, the lord king forbade the tournament." The threatened penalty was royal disinheritance.

In the 13th century, Ramon Lull wrote his *Book of Knighthood and Chivalry* as an instruction manual on what it meant to be a knight. Lull's handbook is a clear representation of the chivalric code. In discussing what they must do to maintain themselves, Lull urged knights to "undertake such sports as to make themselves strong in prowess, yet not forget their duties." He admonished them "to hunt harts [deer], bears, and other wild beasts, for in doing these things the knights exercise themselves to arms and thus maintain the order of knighthood." In particular, he noted that "knights ought to take coursers [warhorses] to joust and go to tourneys."

While the tournament was a way for the novice to gain experience in warfare, by the 13th-century knights began to realize that there was the potential for substantial profit on the tourney circuit. William Marshal, perhaps the greatest English knight to take the field, made his fortune in just such a manner. A victorious knight was given a prize at the end of the tournament, but the real profit was to be made in ransom. The horse and armor of a defeated knight immediately became the property of the knight who had bested him. There was a substantial cost involved for the loser to regain his goods. While an advantageous marriage didn't hurt Marshal's finances, he made his real fortune—and his reputation—on the tournament circuit. In his very first tournament he defeated four knights and shared a defeat with another, leaving the field with a considerable amount of booty for one day's work.

Rules for the tournament began to appear in the 13th century and gradually became consistent. Participants who broke the rules were not only in danger of losing their horse and armor, but were threatened with imprisonment or disinheritance as well. England's Edward I drew up a formal rule book, the *Statuta Armorum,* in 1292. This was the first time that sanctioned tournaments required the use of "rebated" weapons—swords and lances that had not been sharpened and had blunt tips. There were also restrictions on the number of men who could accompany a knight, and those men had to be unarmed.

A knight's squires and men-at-arms were required to wear his colors so that they could be easily identified in the event they engaged in disorderly conduct outside of the tournament field. The field itself became more defined. Rather than ranging across the countryside, the tournament was confined to a definite space called the list. The list was surrounded by wooden walls to keep spectators from harm. Contests between individual knights became more common. It was also at this time that a blunted tip for the lance came into use. Called a "coronel," it was a metal tip with three blunt prongs that spread out the force of the blow and prevented penetration of an opponent's armor. It was used to preclude serious injury to an opponent or his horse.

Charny wrote *A Knight's Own Book of Chivalry* in the 14th century as a detailed treatise on the rights and responsibilities of knighthood. He included a broad range of topics, from the responsibilities of a knight to instructions on how a lady should behave when she saw her knight honored by others. Tournaments, naturally, were a major topic in this discussion. Charny valued the knight who demonstrated his prowess in combat more highly than one who only fought in tournaments, believing that the "truest and most perfect form" of the practice of arms was to be found on the battlefield. But notwithstanding the high esteem in which he held the knight seasoned on the battlefield, Charny also had great respect for the tournament knight. He wrote of tournaments: "They earn men praise and esteem for they require a great deal of wealth, equipment and expenditure, physical hardship, crushing and wounding, and sometimes danger of death." He went on to note that tournaments required "physical strength, skill, and agility." He recognized tournaments as the logical starting point for a man-at-arms who was striving to become a knight.

The tourney circuit was a valuable training ground for young knights, but experience was gained at a cost—both physical and financial—and it was not an easy road. A famous anecdote about William Marshal illustrates the hazards faced by a knight on the circuit. After one tournament, the herald sought out Marshal to present him with the prize. He found Marshal at a blacksmith shop, head on an anvil while the blacksmith hammered Marshal's helmet back into shape in order to remove it from the knight's head. Matthew Paris also described the dangers of the tourney for William of Valence, half brother of England's King Henry III, when the young man participated in a tournament as a novice. William's skill apparently did not measure up to his enthusiasm, and his royal connections in no way exempted him from rough treatment. "But his tender age and imperfect strength not allowing him to resist the impetus of hardened and warlike knights," wrote Paris, "he was prostrated and, as an initiation to knighthood, thoroughly beaten."

But while acknowledging that there was a financial burden and physical danger involved in pursuing the chivalric arts, knights who wrote about their experiences invariably reinforced the idea that knighthood was well worth the cost: "While the cowards have a great desire to live and a great fear of dying," wrote one knight, "it is quite the contrary for the men of worth who do not mind whether they live or die, provided that their life be good enough for them to die with honor. God is gracious toward those who find their life of such quality that death is honorable; for the said men of worth teach you that it is better to die than to live basely."

Charny believed that a young man's aspiration to become a knight was bred into him, and that such a determined young man would not let anyone dissuade him from attaining his goal. According to Charny, the desire to be a knight was embodied in the "nature and instinct" of a young man destined to be a knight, and that desire was demonstrated from an early age. Charny counseled such young men to learn all they could from experienced fighters, watching them and listening to them, and to bear arms themselves at the earliest opportunity.

Tournaments became much more formalized by the 14th century. The *criee,* or call to arms, preceded a tournament. Such an announcement laid out the terms of the tournament and typically gave the identity of the home team and the form of combat, specified whether only knights could participate or squires would also be welcome, and listed restrictions on weapons and prizes to be awarded. Sometimes penalties for breaking the rules were enumerated. At a tournament in London held in 1390, anyone who did not adhere to the rules "will neither carry away nor be given any manner of prize or degree. And whoever jousts with a lance without an appropriate coronel will lose their horse and their harness."

Charny's 14th-century treatise, *Questions on the Joust and the Tourney,* illustrates the main areas of concern regarding tournament rules. Most of the questions concerned horses. If no rules were announced, "Will he who knocks the other to the ground win the other's horse?" If knights were jousting in an informal match, "Will he who knocked the other down win the horse?" And if the pickup fight involved squires instead of knights, would the winner take the loser's horse? This treatise also demonstrated great concern with the question of responsibility for injuries to a horse. If a knight sponsored squires to joust with him and some of their horses were injured, was the knight obliged to pay compensation to the squires? If a knight's horse was injured but he chose to finish the tourney on that mount, was the horse deemed to be injured enough for the knight to demand compensation? It is to be noted that Charny expressed no concerns about injuries to knights or squires. But a warhorse was a considerable investment. A comfortably well-off peasant family could expect to bring in three pounds over the course of a year, while an average warhorse cost five pounds, with some exceptional animals going for as much as 100 pounds.

Developments in the 15th century indicated that the tournament was falling away from its original purpose as a training tool and was becoming nothing more than a game—albeit a dangerous one. Monarchs used tournaments as opportunities to show off their wealth and power. The melee became less popular and the joust replaced it as the highlighted contest at most tournaments. The "tilt" appeared in the 15th century. A barrier that ran the length of the list, the tilt was originally a rope with a piece of cloth thrown over it. Eventually it became a wooden barricade four to five feet tall. Each knight ran his course on his own side of the tilt. This ensured that, even at the point of impact, there would be no collision between the two horses. It was an inno-

The jousting armor of Emperor Maximilian I is preserved in the Neue Burg Collection of Arms and Armour in Vienna.

Public Domain

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Mounted knights engage in a tournament in a courtyard, with spectators watching from the ground and the balconies.

vation designed to improve the safety for both the knight and his mount.

Also at this time, armor was developed strictly for tournament fighting and differed significantly from armor used for war. The "frog-mouthed" helm was totally closed in the front, with a very narrow opening for sight and heavy padding. It was bolted to the body armor to keep it in place while jousting. The eye slot was placed in such a way that a knight held his head down in order to see his opponent during his run and, just prior to the moment of collision, lifted his head so that no lance or splinters could pierce the eye slot. This helm was in no way practical for warfare and was useful only for jousting. It also indicated the decreasing popularity of the melee, since it was useful only for the straight-line charge of the joust.

Popular myths to the contrary, a knight never had to be hoisted onto his horse with a pulley. A knight had to be agile in case he was unhorsed in combat. A knight who was unable to mount his horse in full armor without the use of stirrups would have been considered a very poor knight indeed. But during the 15th century, the weight of tournament armor increased in the interest of safety until it was not practical for combat. Tournament armor was designed for riding only. Some suits of armor were heavily reinforced only on the left side, where the knight would take a blow from his opponent's lance, and it was no longer necessary for the tournament knight to carry a shield. The right side was fitted with a rest for the lance to keep it steady during the charge and the resulting collision.

Horse armor for the tournament was also improved during the 15th century, providing increased protection for the horse during the contest. A horse's chest was protected by padding that flared out to protect the knight's legs. The *chamfron* covering the horse's face was often fitted with blinders to prevent the animal from being distracted from the straight run parallel to the tilt that was required in the joust. In some cases, a knight chose to ride with a "blind chamfron" that completely covered the horse's eyes and was designed to prevent the horse from shying at the point of impact. Intricate articulated armor covered the horse's neck, allowing the neck to move freely while also providing substantial protection.

As the weight of the armor increased, so did the size of the tournament horse. While warhorses were about the size of today's standard riding horse, larger horses were bred and trained expressly for the tournament. Just as the tournament knight functioned as an individual rather than as a member of a cohesive combat unit, so too did his horse. A tournament horse was trained to run straight along the tilt, not veering at the moment of collision. A warhorse, by contrast, was trained to charge in a unit of heavy cavalry and was also trained to bite and kick at opponents during a battle.

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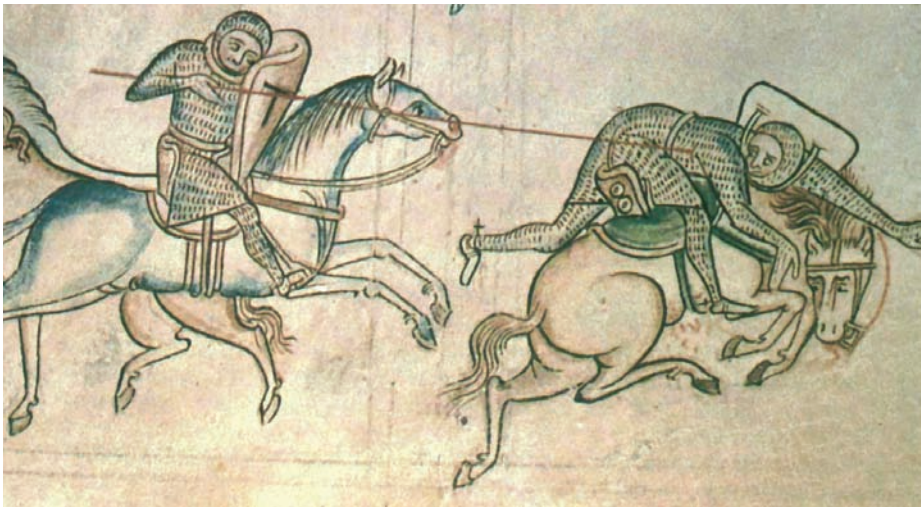
Public Domain



ABOVE: The great English knight William Marshal unhorses his opponent, Baldwin Guisnes. OPPOSITE: A French knight, right, sports the royal fleur-de-lis in a 15th-century illuminated manuscript.

In 1466, John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, created rules that became standard practice for English jousts. The best jouster was one who unhorsed his opponent but, judging from period descriptions, this was very difficult and not all that usual. The most common winner was the fighter who broke the most lances. The breaking of a lance earned an *attaint* or point, with a break on the helm worth two breaks on the body.

The tournament in the 16th century became a pageant, with elaborate set pieces and costumes. A monarch might construct an entire forest in the list field, complete with animals and damsels in distress. Some tournaments portrayed the siege of a castle. Jousts were even held in the great hall of a castle at Lille, with horses shod with felt to prevent slipping on the marble floors. The tournament had always been a substantial expense for competing knights, but it now became increasingly costly to sponsor one. In 1511, Henry VIII spent 4,000 pounds to present a single tournament at Westminster. At the time, that was roughly twice the cost of building and equipping a warship. Nine years later, Henry met Francis I of France at the aptly named Field of the Cloth of Gold, where each monarch tried to outdo the other in sponsoring a lavish tournament. Extravagant costumes were covered in gold, hence the name of the gathering.

Heavier armor and safety precautions notwithstanding, the tournament remained a dangerous sport. In 1501, five participants were killed in a tournament in Rome. In 1524, Henry VIII was nearly killed in a tournament when the visor of his helm came open and he was hit in the face by splinters from a broken lance. In 1559, Henri II of France was less fortunate after he decided to take one more run at the end of a tournament. The Constable de Montgomeri shattered his lance on the king's shield. In an accident eerily reminiscent of the one that had nearly killed Henry VIII, a splinter from the broken lance entered the king's visor and fatally wounded him.

About this time, the tournament took yet another step away from combat training with the introduction of the *bourdonass*, a hollow lance designed to break instantly upon impact. Other contests made their way into the tournament, including the carrousel, which consisted of teams of knights using padded clubs to knock the crests off the helms of the other team. Other athletic contests were added, including archery, wrestling, and casting the bar, which was similar to the Scottish tossing of the caber.

But in spite of the fact that the tournament had evolved into a lavish pageant that had little to do with the skills required by a knight in combat, it remained an important component in the chivalric culture of the Middle Ages. The tournament still provided an opportunity to display the qualities most prized in a knight: prowess in combat, chivalry to opponents, courtesy to ladies, and generosity to underlings.

THE JOUSTING ARTIST

BY GRAHAM TURNER

One of my early childhood memories is of a birthday outing to see a joust back in the 1970s, the sort of very entertaining choreographed stunt show where you boo the black knight, knights fall off and are dragged by their horses, and damsels in distress are rescued. It's all exciting stuff, skilfully done, but more Hollywood than history, and as my passion—obsession—is with trying to recreate a past as real as possible in my paintings, my introduction to "Destrier" was one of those life-changing moments.

It all began at an exhibition of my work, where a conversation about details such as the positioning of rivets on the armor in one of my paintings, and an admission that, although rusty, I had learned to ride as a child, led to an invitation to go to a Destrier training session—to "come along and play." My first sight of a "proper" suit of reproduction 15th-century armor, and the realization that there were other people out there who shared my passions and were committed to bringing the past to life, has had a profound influence on my life and work.

Central to jousting are, of course, riding ability and a suit of armor, armor that is capable of protecting you from injury when you're hit by a wooden lance with the combined force of a galloping horse and armored rider behind it. By the mid- to late 15th-century, armor had fully developed to fulfil this requirement, so it makes sense that following what was done then as closely as possible is the best route to take when trying to recreate this medieval "extreme sport."

Graham Turner (left) displays his skill at riding a horse in full armor as he clashes with his opponent at a competitive jousting tournament.

Another type of joust, while not used as training for warfare, required all the skill and ability of a knight in combat. This was the trial by combat, which was literally a life-or-death matter. It was possible for one man to challenge another in a duel to resolve a disagreement or redress a slight. The medieval chronicle *Tales from Froissart* includes the story of one such duel between James le Gris and John de Carogne. In 1386, while Carogne was away, le Gris came to his castle and raped his wife. Upon returning home and learning of the incident, Carogne told his wife, "I forgive you, but the squire shall die." Le Gris denied the charge and Carogne took his case to the parliament.

Unable to come to a decision because it was the lady's word against his, the parliament judged that the matter should be decided in the tilt-yard by a duel. It was life or death for the lady as well, since if her lord lost the bout, it would be assumed that she had lied and she would be burned at the stake. The two opponents fought with lances, then dismounted to fight with swords. Carogne was wounded, but he prevailed and killed le Gris—much to his wife's relief. This was the last documented tournament as trial by combat.

While individual jousts during warfare were not common, they were not unknown. Perhaps the most famous occurred just prior to the Battle of Bannockburn. Robert the Bruce, who was labeled by none other than Edward I as the "finest knight in Christendom," squared off against the English knight Sir Henry de Bohun in an impromptu joust. As the English prepared for

The Granger Collection, New York

their cavalry charge, Bohun caught sight of the Bruce. The English knight, attempting to finish the battle with one swift blow, couched his lance and spurred his great warhorse directly at the king of the Scots. Armed only with a battle-ax and mounted on a small Highland pony, the king waited patiently until Bohun was nearly upon him. Then, the Bruce sidestepped his opponent, stood in his stirrups, and neatly split Bohun's skull with a single blow. Bohun was dead before he hit the ground.

The tournament never truly lost its popularity or its place in the public's imagination, and as late as 1839 the Earl of Eglington attempted to revive the sport by organizing a tournament. The popular 2001 movie, *A Knight's Tale,* starring the late Heath Ledger, portrayed knights on the tournament circuit as medieval sports heroes, and that may not have been far from the truth. Renaissance fairs remain popular today, with thousands of visitors attending events each year. While visitors enjoy the food, shopping, magicians, and troubadours, by far the most popular attraction is the joust. It should be noted, however, that such jousts are carefully choreographed, and lances are designed to shatter easily. The medieval tournament has embedded itself in the modern imagination, and it holds a permanent place in Western culture. □

This need for museum-quality reproduction armor has allowed a few very talented people to rediscover the armorers' art, and I was fortunate that William West joined Destrier at the same time as I did, when he was on the point of devoting himself full time to armor-making under the name "The Englyshe Plate Armourie." The armor he created for me is based on an English tomb effigy and is the type of harness that would have been seen on the battlefields of the Wars of the Roses, a style distinctly different from the Italian or German armors that survive in museums today. To make it more suitable for the joust, I have more recently had a new helmet made, a great bascinet with "frog mouth" jousting visor, and this is just the sort of change that would have been made during the period to adapt armor for different uses.

Riding in armor takes some getting used to. You become rather top heavy, so balance is even more critical than usual, and you have less feel on the horse's sides when your legs are encased in steel. In addition, once you're strapped into a helmet such as mine you can't turn your head, and vision is limited to a very small slit. Lance-handling skills are vital, and being able to hit the small shield on your opponent's chest is hard enough without the restrictions the armor imposes, so a lot of practice and training are required to be able to control a lance consistently and safely. Riding skills, the ability to control your tension and excitement and keep you and your horse as calm as possible, timing your run against your opponent so that you meet in the middle of the tilt—these are also crucial. There's a lot more to it than riding up and down in a straight line!

It took me two years of training before I made my jousting debut in 2004, and since then I have been privileged to joust at venues such as the Royal Armouries Museum, the Tower of London, the Historisches Museum in Bern, Switzerland, and many English Heritage castles. The jousts I take part in are competitive events and are scored as they used to be, with the aim being to break your lance on your opponent's chest.

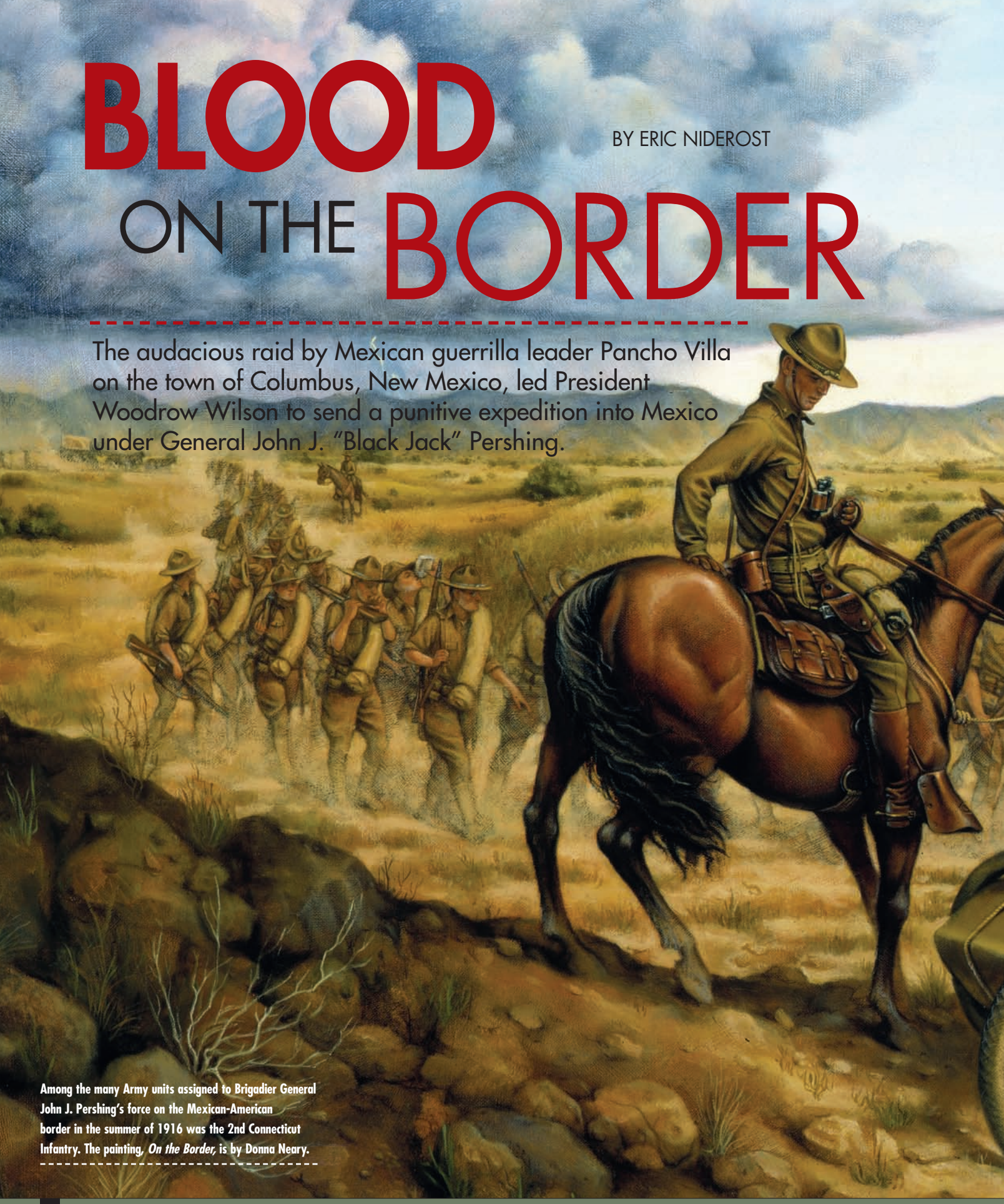
Obviously, my involvement in jousting has had a big effect on my work, and I hope the experiences and knowledge I have gained help make my depictions of the past all the more convincing. Knowing what it is like to wear armor, to ride a horse in it, to appreciate what you can and can't do all help me to imagine myself back in time and into the scenes I am painting. After receiving (and returning!) some really big impacts while jousting at the Tower of London in 2006, I knew I had to create a painting that conveyed something of this to the viewer, and I have just completed the canvas that I think goes some way toward achieving this aim.

Graham Turner's work—paintings, prints, and cards—can be seen at www.studio88.co.uk, where you can also find out more about his involvement in jousting and the work that goes into his medieval canvases.

BLOOD ON THE BORDER

BY ERIC NIDEROST

The audacious raid by Mexican guerrilla leader Pancho Villa on the town of Columbus, New Mexico, led President Woodrow Wilson to send a punitive expedition into Mexico under General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing.



Among the many Army units assigned to Brigadier General John J. Pershing's force on the Mexican-American border in the summer of 1916 was the 2nd Connecticut Infantry. The painting, *On the Border,* is by Donna Neary.

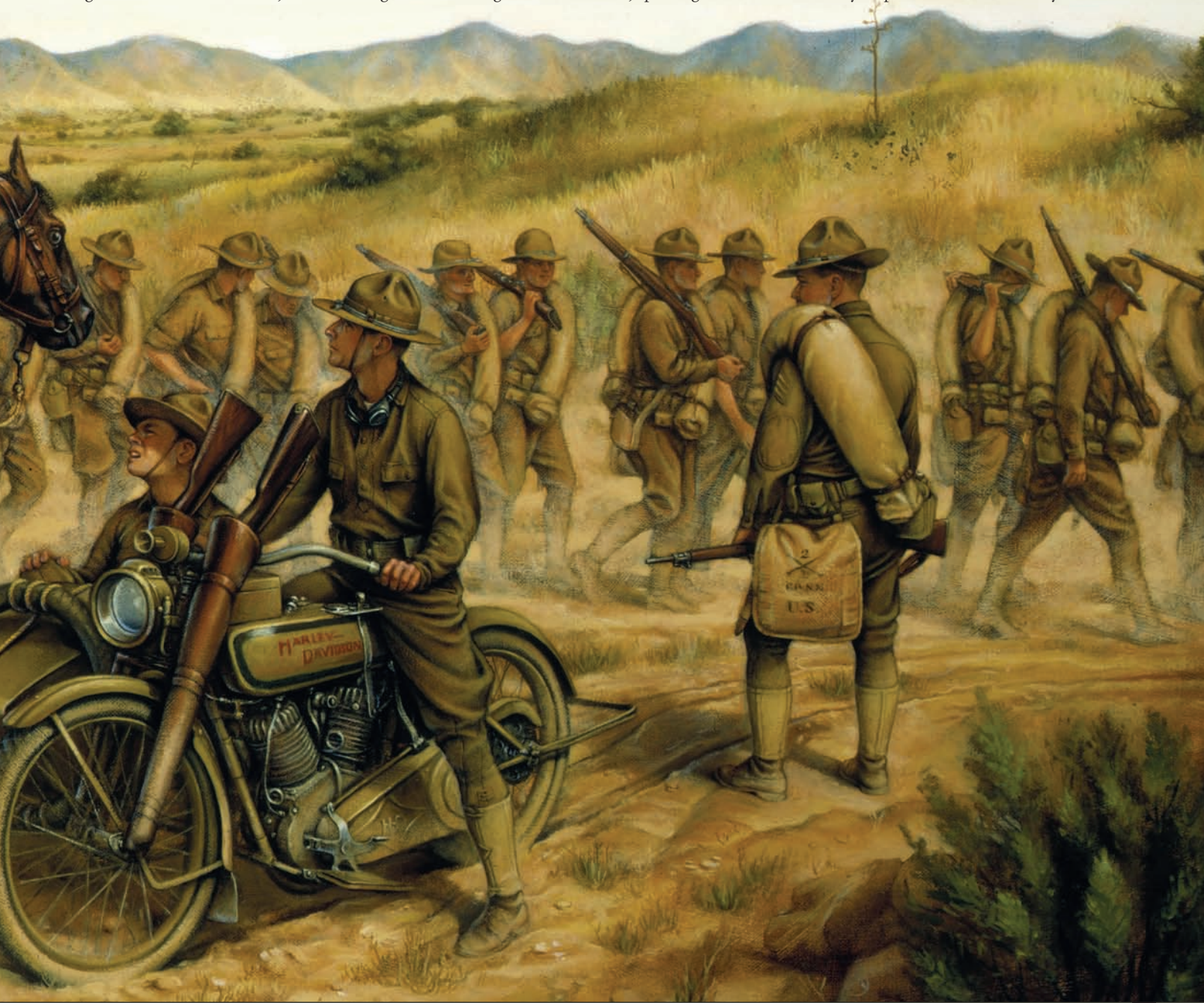
LIEUTENANT JOHN P. LUCAS of the 13th U.S. Cavalry was sound asleep in a small adobe shack in Columbus, New Mexico, on the night of March 9, 1916, when he was abruptly awakened by the unmistakable sounds of men and horses passing outside his window. It was 4:30 AM in the small desert town three miles from the Mexican border. Mexico was in the throes of a bloody revolution, and the 13th Cavalry was there to make sure that the violence did not spill over into the United States.

Lucas quickly rose, stumbling in the darkness, and peered through the window into the inky void. His sleepy eyes confirmed what he had heard—a large number of horsemen were coming into town. It was still dark, but Lucas caught sight of one of the horsemen, who was wearing a black sombrero. There was no doubt in the lieutenant's mind that the intruders were Pancho Villa's men, and that Columbus was under attack.

The lieutenant groped blindly for his pistol, moving into the middle of the room facing the door. Adrenaline coursing through his veins, Lucas fully expected the approaching Villistas to break in and finish him off. He was determined not to go down without a fight. With luck, he could take one or two with him.

A nearby commotion saved the lieutenant's life. As the raiders approached Post No. 3, not far from the 13th Cavalry headquarters at Camp Furlong, they were challenged by the sentry on duty, Private Fred Griffin of Troop K. In answer, a Villista shot Griffin in the stomach, mortally wounding him. Staggered by the blow, Griffin raised his 1903 Model Springfield rifle and killed three raiders before dying himself.

There was now no need for secrecy. Someone in the darkness cried, "*Vayanse adelante, muchachos!*" In response, the raiders spurred their horses forward with shouts of "Viva Villa!" and "*Muerte a los gringos!*" The Columbus raid had begun. Although small in scale, the predawn raid was to loom large in the troubled history of relations between the United States and its tumultuous neighbor to the south, sparking an American military response that would nearly lead to



National Guard Collection

ABOVE: Smoking ruins at Columbus, New Mexico, in the aftermath of an unprovoked raid on the town by Mexican bandits led by Francisco "Pancho" Villa on March 9, 1916. BELOW: Mexican forces loyal to Venustiano Carranza fire on government troops commanded by General Victoriano Huerta in 1914.

All photos: Library of Congress

war between the two nations.

Pancho Villa, whose real name was Doroteo Arango, was the central figure in the drama, and the raid and subsequent events cannot be fully understood without an exploration of Villa's character. Villa was a larger-than-life figure whose legend resonates in both countries to this day. But Villa the man is hard to separate from Villa the myth—a myth partly based on fact but also, ironically, the product of American newspapers and motion pictures.

American attitudes toward Mexico were an uneasy mixture of idealism and condescension. Bad relations between the two nations dated as far back as the 1830s and 1840s, when Texas rebelled against Mexico, instigating the Mexican War and resulting in the loss of a sizable chunk of the latter's territory to the United States. Antagonism continued into the 20th century as a string of impotent Mexican leaders failed to bring order to their fractious nation.

In 1910, rebels led by Francisco Madero ended the 30-year-long dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz, commencing a new period of unrest and uncertainty as different political factions jockeyed for power. Three years later, General Victoriano Huerta ousted Madero in a coup, killing his rival in the process. Huerta was scant improvement over his predecessor; flagrant corruption continued to plague the country. Rebel forces rallied around charismatic leaders such as Emiliano Zapata in the south and Alvaro Obregon, Venustiano Carranza, and Pancho Villa in the north.

President William Howard Taft closely monitored the chaotic situation in Mexico, sending 16,000 troops to the border in 1911 to safeguard American citizens (and American business interests). When Woodrow Wilson succeeded Taft as president in March 1913, he refused to recognize Huerta's government. Instead, he dispatched additional naval forces to Tampico and Veracruz to protect American interests there and prevent weapons from flooding into the country from abroad. Mexicans understandably saw Wilson's actions as blatant meddling in their internal affairs. Anti-American hostility increased.

Tensions reached a boiling point on April 9, 1914, in Tampico, when a group of American sailors from the USS *Dolphin* were seized by Mexican authorities after they mistakenly entered a restricted area in search of supplies. Although an embarrassed Huerta swiftly ordered their release and issued a formal apology to the United States, Wilson reacted by sending additional naval forces to the Mexican coast to monitor the worsening situation.

Two weeks later, a German ship loaded with arms for Huerta approached Veracruz. Wilson immediately ordered Marines to occupy the port city. Some 800 American Marines and sailors stormed ashore and fought their way into the center of town. Bitter street fighting continued throughout the day, claiming 17 American lives and another 61 wounded, while nearly 200 defenders were killed, further inflaming hostility toward the United States throughout Mexico and the rest of Latin America.

In July 1914, Huerta resigned. Four months later, Wilson pulled his forces out of Veracruz and threw his support behind the opposition Carranza government. But Carranza faced continued opposition from his top subordinates—Zapata, Obregon, and Pancho Villa. Zapata and Villa soon broke with each other over the proper conduct of the war, and by 1915, Villa and Obregon were mortal enemies as well. It looked at first as though Villa, the fabled Centaur of the North, held all the cards. But Obregon threw his support behind Carranza and decisively defeated Villa at Celaya that April.

Although Carranza often filled his speeches with anti-American rhetoric, he seemed a more stable choice than the discredited bandit chief, and in October 1915 the United States officially recognized Carranza and his regime as the legitimate rulers of Mexico. The Wilson administration materially aided Carranza by allowing Mexican troops to use American railroads and cross through U.S. territory to reinforce the government outpost at Agua Prieta. The additional reinforcements tipped the balance in favor of government forces. Villa launched three waves of attacks on Agua Prieta, only to be repulsed each time with heavy losses.

The once-proud Division of the North was virtually destroyed. Most survivors either surrendered or simply drifted home. Pancho Villa still remained at large, hiding in the hills with a few hundred hard-core followers. When Villa heard that Wilson had recognized Carranza, he flew into a towering rage, swearing revenge. Incidents along the border increased to the point that some

American hotels began advertising that their establishments were bulletproof.

Meanwhile, American border states—particularly Texas—grew more and more alarmed at the increasing violence along their southern boundaries. Mexican bandits—some Villistas, some not—regularly crossed into the United States to rob, assault, and kill American citizens. From July 1915 to June 1916, there were some 38 such raids, resulting in the deaths of 37 Americans. In response, Americans along the border formed vigilante groups that preyed on unoffending Mexican Americans. One group shot 14 Mexican Americans and placed their bodies along the roadway as a warning. Some of the fabled Texas Rangers were also guilty of random atrocities. To stop both the border raids and the escalating violence of both sides, President Wilson and Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan ordered General Frederick Funston, head of the Army's Southern Department, to dispatch more troops to the border.

There were numerous silver and copper mines in Sonora and Chihuahua, most of them owned and operated by American concerns. These mines, crucial to the Mexican economy, had been shut down due to revolutionary violence. As a sign that they were firmly in control, Carranza and Obregon declared Sonora and Chihuahua pacified and encouraged residents and foreign workers to return. Taking them at their word, the American Smelting and Refining Company dispatched engineers to reopen the Cixi Mine in Chihuahua.

On January 9, 1916, 17 mining officials and engineers aboard a train on the Mexico North Western Railway were stopped by Villa's men near Santa Ysabel. The bandits took the Americans off the train, lined them up, and shot them in the head one by one. One Texan feigned death, crawled into a patch of mesquite bushes, and managed to escape. News of the slaughter so enraged citizens in El Paso that Army commanders had to declare martial law to prevent American vigilantes from crossing into Mexico and extracting revenge.

But Villa was not done with the gringos he felt had betrayed him. He started to plan for a raid on a border town, although at first Columbus, New Mexico, was just one of many possible targets. According to some accounts, his intelligence was faulty. His spies told him Columbus had only 30 American soldiers in it—the number was closer to 350. Villa's

THE 1ST AERO SQUADRON

While the Punitive Expedition grabbed headlines on the ground, the adventures of the 1st Aero Squadron were largely ignored by the newspapers of the time. Even today, these pioneering pilots are the unsung heroes of the campaign. Whatever the hard-riding cavalry troopers endured, at least they were literally and figuratively on familiar ground. The pilots were flying a relatively new technology, using equipment that was unsuited for the mountainous terrain and antiquated even for the period.

The 1st Aero Squadron arrived in Columbus, New Mexico, on March 15, 1916, ready for their great adventure. America's first operational air unit was about to experience combat conditions on active service for the first time. There were eight JN-3s in the squadron, serving 82 enlisted men and 11 pilots. A short time later, orders arrived for the squadron to fly to Casas Grandes, Mexico, 90 miles south of the border.

Pilots Edgar Gorrell and Herbert Dargue of the 1st Aero Squadron in Mexico.

The JN-3 "Jennies" were designed by aircraft pioneer Glenn Curtis. The JN-3 was an improvement over the unstable JN-2, but other problems soon surfaced. The aircraft's 100-horsepower engine was quite heavy, which reduced the plane's operational ceiling, yet at the same time was too weak and underpowered to tackle the 12,000-foot-high Sierra Madre mountains.

Squadron commander Captain Benjamin Foulois was a seasoned pilot, having learned the new art from Orville Wright himself. Unfortunately, one of Foulois's first command decisions was a bad one. He ordered the squadron to leave for Casas Grandes in the afternoon, which guaranteed that they would reach their destination after nightfall.

The pilots had no maps or instruments, and most had only a vague idea where Casas Grandes was. Only one pilot had ever even flown at night; the majority would be flying blind. The crude airfield at Casas Grandes was to be illuminated by fires—provided they could find it.

No airplane made it to Casas Grandes that night. One developed engine problems and had to turn back, while the rest landed at various scattered locations. One plane was damaged on landing; another crashed. No pilots were hurt, but two of the eight planes were too badly damaged to continue the mission.

It was an unfortunate debut, but Foulois and his men persevered. The planes had bomb and machine-gun mounts, but no weapons were ever put on the Jennies. For the most part, the 1st Aero Squadron spent its time delivering messages to scattered Army units. High winds buffeted the flimsy machines, and the open cockpits offered no protection from hail, snow, or drenching rain. Wheels often bogged down in deep sand, and propellers delaminated in the dry desert heat. Metal propellers were too heavy for the underpowered engines. As a stopgap solution, spare propellers were stored in humidity-controlled boxes and strapped to the sides of the fuselage.

Missions were hazardous in the extreme. Lieutenant Herbert Dargue's adventures were typical. Dargue and his observer, Captain R.E. Willis, were on a reconnaissance mission when engine troubles forced them down. Dargue was unhurt, but Willis was trapped when the plane overturned. He managed to get free but was badly bruised. The two aviators burned the ruined Jenny, then started a 65-mile march across the desert with no food or water.

On another occasion, Dargue was just taking off when four Mexican policemen began firing at him, peppering the air with Winchester rifle shot in the first recorded attack on an American military plane. In another incident, Dargue's Jenny was damaged by flying rocks from a hostile Mexican crowd as he took off. There was nothing left to do but land again—and face the tender mercies of the Mexican mob. The Mexicans surrounded Dargue and his battered Jenny.

Just when death seemed certain, a Mexican photographer started taking pictures, which Dargue encouraged to buy time. The crowd politely made room, waiting patiently for the impromptu photo session to end before unleashing their fury on the gringo pilot. At the last minute government cavalry appeared, saving the shaken pilot. In spite of such harrowing adventures, Dargue set a long-distance flying record—415 miles with only two stops.

The 1st Aero Squadron collectively flew 540 missions between March 15, 1916, and August 15, 1916. They performed well under trying circumstances, and the pilots gained experience that would stand them in good stead in World War I. The squadron's proud tradition has been maintained for over 90 years and continues today as the Air Force's 1st Reconnaissance Squadron. □

motives have been endlessly debated, but probably he wanted to provoke a war between the United States and Mexico that ultimately would lead to Carranza's downfall. If his men could get their hands on some loot, weapons, and a few horses, so much the better.

Columbus was a small border town of around 350 souls, described by Lieutenant John Lucas as "a cluster of adobe houses, a hotel, a few stores and streets knee deep in sand, combined with mesquite, cactus, and rattlesnakes." The El Paso and Southwestern Railroad ran roughly east-west along the borders of the town. Camp Furlong, the military base, was just over the tracks. Along the southwest edge of town there was a cactus-studded knoll known to locals as Cootes Hill.

Villa and his men crossed the border at about 2:30 on the morning of March 9, 1916. He divided his main force into five groups. Two groups would swing left and circle the town from the north, while a third would attack Camp Furlong from the south and west. Villa would remain in the vicinity of Cootes Hill with two reserve groups. The Villistas were confident that they had achieved the element of surprise.

Once the American sentry was shot down, however, all hell broke loose. Villa's raiders poured into the town's small commercial district, the sandy streets and adobe buildings echoing and reechoing with the sounds of shouting men, flailing hoofbeats, and the sharp crack of rifles. The raiders dismounted and rushed into the Commercial Hotel, where they seized several male guests, dragged them outside, and killed them without mercy. William T. Richie, proprietor of the hotel, had just enough time to hide his wife and three daughters on the top floor before the bandits headed up the stairs. Captured, he willingly went down to the first floor, no doubt relieved that his family had not been discovered. He had little time to savor his good fortune; he too was quickly gunned down.

The raiders spent much of their time breaking into shops and homes and looting everything they could lay their hands on. They set fire to a store across the street from the Commercial Hotel, and soon the hostelry itself was alight. The hotel went up like a torch, the crackling flames leaping high out of every window. The Richie women were rescued from the conflagration by a young man improbably named Jolly Gardner and a Mexican American, Juan Favela.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Lucas made the most of his reprieve from death. Since the Mexicans were not going to burst in, Lucas used the cover of darkness to try and make his way to Camp Furlong's barracks. The lieutenant somehow managed to evade the raiders, but in the excitement he had failed to put on his boots. It took a month for him to remove all the burrs and thistles from the soles of his feet.

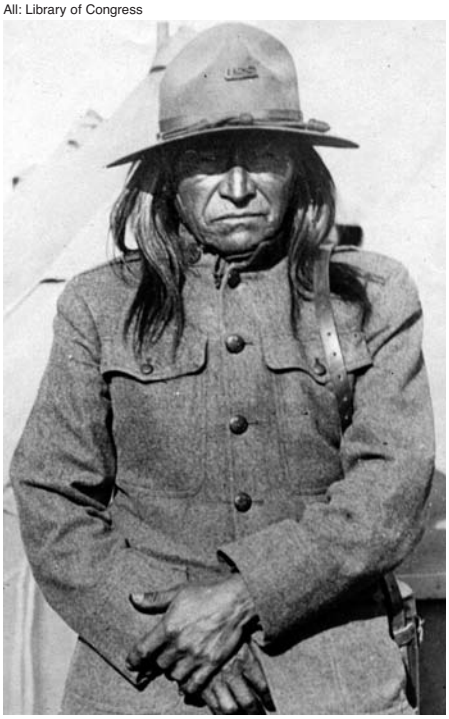
In another part of the encampment, Officer of the Day Lieutenant James C. Castleman was reading a book when the commotion started. As he came out the door, the American was confronted by a bandit aiming his rifle at him. The Mexican fired but missed, giving Castleman his opportunity. The lieutenant shot back with his .45-caliber automatic, the heavy slug blowing off a good part of the Villista's skull.

Castleman met Sergeant Michael Fody, who had rallied the lieutenant's F Troop. Without hesitating, Castleman led F Troop toward the town, where the situation seemed to be most critical. Lucas was also active, joining his machine-gun troop and breaking out all available weapons. The French-made Benet-Mercier machine guns, fed by 30-round stock clips, had a nasty habit of jamming at inopportune moments. Lucas and his men began firing into the darkness, the raiders' muzzle flashes their only clue to where the enemy might be. The noise of machine guns joined the sharp crack of Springfields and the bark of Mausers. Many raiders were cut down by the machine guns, which fired some 20,000 rounds before the fight was over.

Back in the town, the invaders soon had cause to regret their arson. The burning hotel and stores lit up the area better than a probing searchlight. Rampaging raiders were silhouetted, backlit by the roaring flames, and the doughboys' Springfields quickly dispatched dozens of Villa's men. After about two hours, the raiders began to retreat. Major Frank Tompkins gathered some 56 men from F and H Troops, mounted up, and went off in hot pursuit, chasing his quarry 15 miles into Mexico before low ammunition forced him to call a halt to the pursuit.

The Columbus raid was over. Nine American civilians and eight soldiers lay dead. In practical terms, Villa's raid was a fiasco for the former bandit chief. A total of 67 Villistas had been killed at Columbus. Counting the men lost during Tompkins's pursuit, well over 100 of increas-

All: Library of Congress



ABOVE: General Pershing leads his troops across the Santa Maria River in northern Mexico.
TOP: Apache Indian scout Es-ki-ben-de served with the American forces during the Punitive Expedition.
LEFT: A well-dressed Pancho Villa at the height of his power and influence.

ingly scarce command were dead—some estimates say as high as 200. But if Villa's main objective was to provoke American intervention in Mexico, then he succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. Woodrow Wilson could not tolerate such a brazen invasion of U.S. soil, particularly in an election year. After a flurry of diplomatic exchanges between Wilson and Carranza, the latter reluctantly agreed to permit an American incursion. The assent was ambiguous and couched in such a way that it could be repudiated quickly for domestic political reasons.

Not one to linger over diplomatic niceties, Wilson organized what he called the "Punitive Expedition." The expedition would be commanded by 55-year-old Brig. Gen. John J. Pershing, a veteran officer who was well liked within the Army, but who had the reputation of being hard-nosed and efficient. He would be given two cavalry brigades and one infantry brigade to complete his mission: Nicknamed "Black Jack" Pershing after commanding the all-black 10th Cavalry Regiment, the veteran of Indian wars in the West and fighting in the Philippines quickly gained the respect of soldiers and civilians in his Texas post.

But political exigencies soon altered the goal of the mission. Originally, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker gave orders for Pershing to cross the border in pursuit of the Mexican band that had raided Columbus. But Wilson, eager to assuage the Carranza government's concerns of a general American invasion, changed the emphasis. The Army was to enter Mexico with the sole objective of capturing Villa himself. Speaking for many, one Army officer had little confidence in the outcome. "All military men," he said, "know that under the orders [Pershing] received he had as much chance to get Villa as to find a needle in a haystack."

Pershing's task was an unenviable one. The Chihuahua terrain is shrub desert, dry, desolate, and remote. Much of the desiccated, cactus- and mesquite-studded terrain is a high plateau, with altitudes upward of 5,000 feet. That makes for searing heat in the day and bone-chilling cold at night. The western part of Chihuahua is mountainous, with the jagged peaks of the Sierra Madre Occidental thrusting up to the sky like a giant's backbone.

Even worse, there were no roads to speak of, just desert tracks that were dusty in summer and quickly became muddy quagmires when it rained. The soldiers managed to use some of the Mexican railroads, but access was deliberately limited by the Carranza government. Reliable intelligence on Villa's whereabouts was also limited, and rumors, half-truths, and deliberate lies were rife. Most Mexicans, whatever their actual politics, resented Americans meddling in their country's affairs. They were unwilling to cooperate.

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ABOVE: U.S. Army trucks ferry troops across the forbidding Mexican countryside. Much of the terrain was too mountainous for vehicles. BELOW: Indians armed with bows and arrows join Pancho Villa's guerrillas in combat with Mexican government troops in 1914.

The Granger Collection, New York

Pershing's command was largely composed of regular Army troops, professional and inured to hardship. The First Provisional Cavalry Brigade consisted of the 11th and 13th Cavalry and a battery from the 6th Field Artillery. The Second Provisional Cavalry Brigade contained the 7th and 10th Cavalry and another battery of the 6th Artillery. The 7th and 10th were among the most famous regiments in the Army. The 7th Cavalry, or "Garry Owens," were best remembered for Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer's ill-fated fight at the Little Bighorn against the Sioux and Cheyenne in June 1876. They took their name from Custer's favorite marching song. The 10th Cavalry came from the legendary "Buffalo Soldiers," an all-black unit that had also gained fame in the Indian wars. The 2nd Provisional was rounded out by another battery of the 6th Artillery. The 1st Provisional Infantry Brigade was made up of soldiers of the 6th and 16th Infantry Regiments and support troops.

Pershing's plan was simple. The main body would cross the border at Columbus, while the rest would cross at Culbertson's Ranch, 80 miles to the west at Hachita. The columns were to converge at Casas Grandes. It was hoped that Villa would be trapped between the two units. The march to Casas Grandes was one of the fastest and most grueling in the annals of the U.S. Cavalry. Pershing's weary command arrived at Casas Grandes at 8 PM on the evening of March 17,

having traveled 68 miles in two days. The march had been an ordeal for man and beast alike. The scissoring hooves had kicked up choking clouds of alkali dust, and once the sun slipped behind the rose-colored cliffs, the temperatures dropped to near freezing,

Casas Grandes and the nearby Mormon community of Colonia Dublan would serve as main bases for the punitive forces. Some supplies were sent by rail, including building materials, wood, sugar, potatoes, and onions. But some of the slack was taken up by motor transport, a new concept. Truck convoys hauled supplies over dusty, deeply rutted tracks. Some of the terrain was so rough and primitive that the expedition had to rely on the time-honored, stubborn charms of the Army mule for supply. A vehicle-maintenance base operated out of Columbus for the duration.

Pershing, headquartered at Casas Grandes, received information that Villa was some 50 miles to the south. The bandit had escaped his net, but Pershing was still hopeful. The general dispatched three parallel columns from Colonia Dublan, hoping they would get behind Villa and cut off his escape. Once the rest of his command arrived on March 20, Pershing sent out smaller flying squadrons to scour the areas not covered by the three main columns.

In the meantime, Villa attacked a Carranza garrison at Guerrero. He took the town easily but was accidentally wounded by one of his own men. By this time, Villa was press-ganging local villagers into joining his band. It was said that the bullet that shattered Villa's shinbone was fired by a disgruntled draftee. Whatever the case, Villa was badly wounded—but ironically, the wound proved his salvation. Villa, literally crying and cursing with pain, left Guerrero around midnight on March 29, carried in a litter and guarded by 150 followers.

At that very moment, Colonel George F. Dodd and the 7th Cavalry were heading for Guerrero. The 7th mounted up at Bachiniva, but the guide was unsure of the way. When the locals proved uncooperative, Dodd was forced to use a circuitous route that delayed his arrival. Dodd and the 7th Cavalry finally reached Guerrero at 6 AM, six hours after Villa's departure. The Americans would never again get so close to capturing their elusive foe.

Dodd still had a job to do, and he attacked at once. The 63-year-old colonel led the charge with a .45-caliber pistol in his hand. The troopers followed, spurring their horses forward in spite of the grueling all-night march over forbidding terrain. The remaining Villistas were soon on the run, retreating after 56 were killed and 35 wounded. The Americans had only five wounded and none killed.

Pershing took enormous personal risks during the campaign, often doing his own reconnaissance deep in enemy territory. His peripatetic headquarters was simple in the extreme. Staff consisted of his aide, Lieutenant George S. Patton, Jr., four escort guards, three drivers, and the general's cook, an African American named Booker. The official caravan consisted of four Dodge touring cars. Riding directly behind in broken-down Model Ts were correspondents from the *New York Tribune, Chicago Tribune,* and the Associated Press.

Villa hid out in a cave called the Cueva de Cozcomate. In great pain and unable to walk, the bandit leader stayed literally underground for two months while he recuperated. The mouth of the cave was camouflaged by branches and leaves. Relatives bought him food since no one else could be trusted with the secret. From his lair, the wounded Centaur of the North watched one day as an American cavalry patrol rode by.

Apache scouts were used on the campaign, some of them old warriors who had hunted down Geronimo in the 1880s. One of the most outstanding Apache scouts went by the unlikely name of Sergeant Chicken. His real name was Eskehwadestah, almost unpronounceable to whites. The Indians served the Punitive Expedition with relish since Apache-Mexican enmity dated back to the 18th century.

Villa had split his command into four groups, scattering them to avoid destruction. Those who went to Durango emerged from the Punitive Expedition relatively unscathed, but the ones who remained in Chihuahua were decimated by American forces. Two of Villa's most trusted commanders, Candelario Cervantes and Julio Cardenas, were killed during the campaign. The latter's demise was part of a hair-raising adventure that George Patton would recall—and lengthily recount—for the rest of his life (see the following article).

Although the soldiers weren't aware of it at the time, the Punitive Expedition's high-water mark came about a month before Patton's adventure. On the morning of April 12, Major Frank Tompkins and K and M Troops of the 13th Cavalry entered Parral, 516 miles from the border. It would be the deepest any American soldier ever got into the Mexican heartland. A local Carranista general told Tompkins to leave, which he did without incident, but just outside town the government forces began firing on the American column. It ignited a running firefight in which the Americans, although

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outnumbered, managed to inflict heavy casualties on their attackers. Eventually, Tompkins and his men made a stand at Santa Cruz de Velegas, eight miles from Parral, before being rescued by elements of the 10th Cavalry under Major Charles Young, one of the few African American officers in the service.

When Pershing heard of the incident he was outraged, but the Mexican authorities refused to apologize. For safety's sake, the general decided to consolidate his forces. His advance headquarters would be in Namiquipa, about 180 miles north of Parral and 90 miles south of his main base at Colonia Dublan.

The Punitive Expedition had one final moment of glory, this time at a place called Ojos Azules. Major Robert L. Howze of the 11th Cavalry received a message from the townspeople that they were being threatened by Villistas. Howze responded with alacrity, pressing forward with 370 troopers. Howze found Villa's men at Ojos Azules and launched an attack at dawn on May 5. Thirty Apache scouts led the way, dismounting and blazing away at the surprised bandits, many of whom had just been rudely awakened. Lieutenant A.M. Graham of Troop A, 11th Cavalry, gave the order, "Draw pistols," and each trooper took his Colt Browning from his holster. The bugler sounded "Charge" and the 11th went forward at the gallop.

Panicky Villistas swarmed out of a cluster of buildings, trying to get to their horses. Another 30 or 40 climbed onto roofs to pour a hail of lead down on the horsemen. Graham took his horse over a fence and shot one bandit out of the saddle at point-blank range. Some Villistas tried to make a stand near some pine trees, but the troopers dismounted and returned fire. The battle was over in 20 minutes, with Villa's men either dead or in full flight. Some 60 bandits were killed at Ojos Azules. Amazingly, there were no American casualties, even though the firing had been heavy. The last cavalry charge on the North American continent was an undeniable U.S. triumph.

In hindsight, the Punitive Expedition should have withdrawn after Ojos Azules. Tensions were rising, and the longer the Americans stayed on Mexican soil, the greater was the possibility that an incident would trigger a full-scale war between the two angry countries. In June, just such an incident pushed the two countries to the very brink of war. Pershing found himself vastly outnumbered by gathering Carrancista forces, his 100-mile-long line of communication in danger of being cut. He dispatched Captain Charles C. Boyd and C Troop of the 10th Cavalry to reconnoiter.

Boyd wanted to ride through Carrizal, but

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ABOVE: Bayonet-wielding soldiers in the 24th Infantry man a bristling trench line, although it was unlikely the wily guerrillas would attack them head-on. OPPOSITE: Machine-gun units of the 10th U.S. Cavalry race into action during the Punitive Expedition of 1916.

Mexican General Felix Gomez told the American soldiers to fall back. "Tell the son of a bitch," Boyd declared, "that we are going through." It was a fatal error of judgment. Fighting soon broke out, and this time the Americans were defeated. The Buffalo Soldiers lost cohesion when most of their officers were killed or wounded. The action at Carrizal was a Mexican victory, although something of a Pyrrhic one, since 74 Mexican soldiers lay dead, including General Gomez. American losses were also heavy—12 troopers dead on the field, including Boyd, 10 wounded, and 24 captured. A neutral fact-finding commission later blamed the incident solely on Boyd.

Huge anti-American demonstrations erupted in Mexican cities, and American newspapers joined a swelling chorus for war. Wilson and Carranza kept their heads. Carranza knew that Villa's original plan was to get him in a war with the United States, and the white-bearded old politician was too canny for that. Wilson, increasingly concerned with German successes in the ongoing world war in Europe, had no wish to become bogged down in Mexico. Both sides pulled back, tensions cooled, and war was averted.

Pershing pulled back to Colonia Dublan, where he remained in camp for six months while the two governments worked out a mutually face-saving solution. To counteract boredom and a concomitant lack of discipline, Pershing ordered intensive training for the men, but the ceaseless Mexican windstorms took their toll on the soldiers' morale. "We are all rapidly going crazy from lack of occupation and there is no help in sight," Patton wrote his father in July. American public opinion reversed itself. "Through no fault of his own the 'Pershing punitive expedition' has become as much a farce from the American standpoint as it is an eyesore to the Mexican people," declared the *New York Herald*. "Each day adds to the burden of its cost to the American people and to the ignominy of its position. General Pershing and his command should be recalled without further delay."

The Punitive Expedition finally withdrew in February 1917. The soldiers may not have captured Pancho Villa, but they decimated his forces and gained combat experience under grueling conditions. A few months later, Pershing went on to become commander in chief of the American Expeditionary Force in World War I, leaving the dishonor of the Mexican campaign far behind.

The Columbus raid was the beginning of the end for Pancho Villa. He enjoyed a brief resurgence of popularity after the Americans went home, but the comeback was short-lived—as was Villa himself. Bought off by the Carranza government with land and a large hacienda so that he could retire in style, the wily old bandit could not escape his political enemies. On July 20, 1923, seven gunmen pumped 150 shots into Villa's car as he drove through Parral. Sixteen bullets struck Villa's body and another four hit him in the head, leaving Villa as dead as any of his long-ago victims in Columbus. It was a fitting end to an inglorious career. □

SHOOTOUT AT RUBIO RANCH

BY KEVIN M. HYMEL

When a young Army lieutenant named Patton traded bullets with rebel Mexicans in the spring of 1916, it was the beginning of a legendary career.

WHEN BRIG. GEN. JOHN S. PERSHING began assembling a force of 10,000 infantry and cavalry for a punitive incursion into Mexico in the spring of 1916, almost every soldier in the U.S. Army was eager to take part in the nation's first major military campaign since the Philippine-American War. One of the most eager was Lieutenant George S. Patton, Jr., a 31-year-old graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point. Patton, a career cavalryman, expert swordsman, and Olympic athlete, viewed the expedition as a golden chance to see his first hostile action.

Both: National Archives

A dashing Lieutenant George S. Patton of the 8th U.S. Cavalry on duty in northern Mexico, May 1916.

Since his unit was not slated to join the expeditionary force, Patton applied for a personal position on Pershing's staff, even though there were no vacancies. Pershing heard about Patton's application and called him, promising to see what he could do. Unsatisfied, Patton visited the general's quarters one night, offering to do any task, no matter how menial, just to be included in the campaign. Said Pershing: "Everyone wants to go. Why should I favor you?" Patton immediately replied, "Because I want to go more than anyone else." Impressed by the young officer's frankness, if nothing else, Pershing made Patton one of his aides.

The Punitive Expedition to capture and punish Mexican rebel Pancho Villa and his men met with little initial success. The forbidding terrain was unfamiliar, and the rugged mountains of northwest Mexico provided ample hiding spots for Villa and his bandits. At the beginning of April, however, Pershing received reports that one of Villa's most trusted commanders was in the area. General Julio Cardenas, head of Villa's personal bodyguard—the Dorados, or "Golden Ones"—was considered a prime catch. Patton was privy to the same field reports as Pershing, and he pestered the general with request after request to join the hunt for Cardenas. Pershing relented and temporarily assigned Patton to Troop C of the 13th Cavalry.

The search for Cardenas already had produced some results before Patton joined the hunt. In early April, troopers from the 16th Cavalry discovered Cadenas's wife and baby at a San Miguelito ranch. A follow-up search by Patton and his troopers revealed Cardenas's uncle. The Americans hammered him for information. "The uncle was a very brave man," Patton reported, "and nearly died before he could tell me anything." On May 10, Patton searched another location, Rubio Ranch, but came up empty.

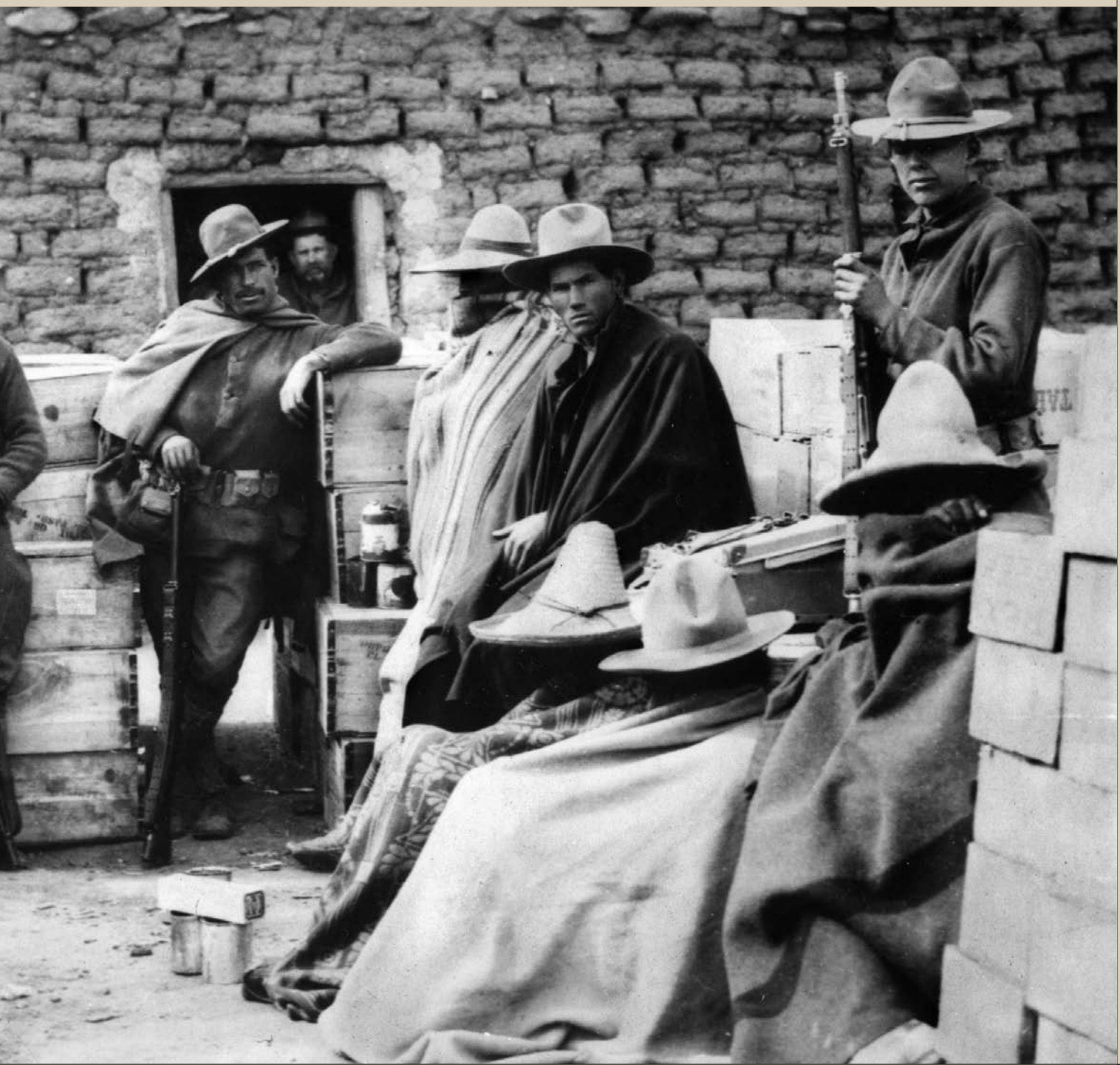
Patton's next opportunity came four days later when Pershing sent him on an errand to obtain corn. Patton saw this as a chance to search the area again for Cardenas. His assets on the small

trek were three automobiles and 10 infantrymen, including two civilian scouts and two civilian drivers. They drove five to a car. The soldiers were armed with bolt-action Springfield rifles, while Patton carried an ivory-handled Colt 1873 Peacemaker, a single-action .45-caliber revolver. He kept only five shells in the six-chambered barrel to prevent an accidental discharge.

After purchasing corn at the Coyote and Rubio Ranches, Patton spied 50 or 60 men who, although unarmed, seemed to him to be "a bad lot." Some of the men were recognized by one of his guides who had previously been a rebel soldier. Patton suspected that Cardenas was in the area and decided to search Rubio again, but he knew he would have to do it quickly if he wanted to surprise the cagey Villista.

Patton was familiar with the layout of the ranch from his previous inspections. It was a simple design of two buildings. The thatched-roof main house surrounded a large courtyard; an arched gate on the east side served as an entrance. A few yards to the northwest stood a horse corral. The ranch was bordered on the east by two lakes and a stream and to the south by a wooden

American troops guard dangerous-looking Mexican bandits captured in the mountains near Namiquipa. The bandits were among those who raided Columbus, New Mexico, with guerrilla leader Francisco "Pancho" Villa.



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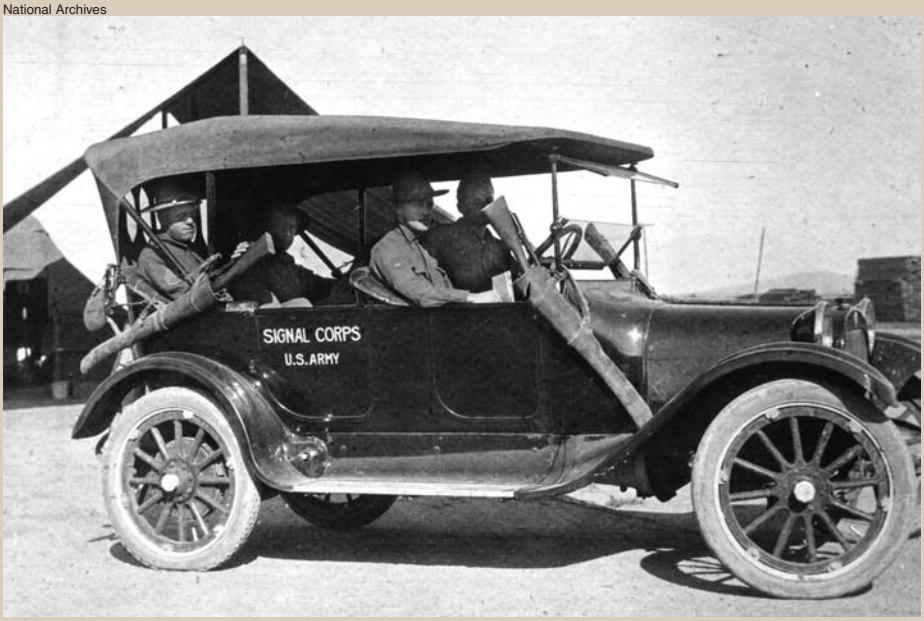

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ABOVE: Patton used three vehicles like this one to assault the Rubio Ranch in the first motorized attack in U.S. history. RIGHT: American troops inspect the body of a dead bandit killed during the audacious raid on Columbus, New Mexico.

fence that ran parallel to the house and intersected a stone wall that ran along the river. The only way out for horsemen was through the arched gate.

After leaving the ranch, Patton gathered his men and explained his plan. They would drive up to the ranch from the south. Patton's car would stop just past the corral, and Patton and three other soldiers would run east to cut off any escape route. The other two cars would stop short of the wooden fence, and three men from each car would charge out, link up with Patton, and begin searching the buildings. Those left at the cars would block anyone escaping west.

The three cars raced for the ranch over undulating ground that prevented them from being spotted until they were right on top of their target. As Patton's car sped past the ranch, he noticed a group of men skinning a cow near the lakes. One of the men ran to the house before returning to his work. Patton's car screeched to a halt as he and his fellows jumped out and ran across the northern yard. Patton, clutching a rifle, led the way, closely followed by his unarmed scout, Healon Lunt. They reached the court and circled back to the arched entrance. The other two cars then arrived at their destinations, unloading more men to link up with Patton. Because they were unfamiliar with the ranch layout, they took longer to reach the eastern side.

Suddenly, three Mexicans on horseback, wielding rifles and pistols, charged through the arched gate. They spotted Patton and wheeled around to the right to escape. Patton drew his pistol but held his fire, waiting to see what the riders would do and trying to pick out Cardenas. Pershing's rules of engagement prevented American soldiers from firing on anyone until hostile intent was verified. "Halt!" Patton shouted, but the men galloped on. When they saw Patton's reinforcements charging toward

PATTON'S CAVALRY EXPLOITS ON DISPLAY

The legend of George S. Patton Jr. continues to be as strong today as it did following the Rubio Ranch incident that first brought him to national attention as a Wild West-style gunslinger and the very epitome of the modern cavalryman.

The General Patton Museum will be sharing part of that legend with an exhibit of Patton's cavalry exploits at the 2010 FEI World Equestrian Games, in Lexington, Kentucky. The games, which are usually held in Europe, are considered the horse-world equivalent of the Olympics. They will take place for two weeks between September 25 and October 10 at the Kentucky Horse Park.

The exhibit will detail Patton's lifelong love of horses and equestrian activities. Artifacts on display will include Julio Cardenas's silver s addle, one of Patton's riding sweaters from the 1912 Olympics, and a Model 1913 Patton cavalry saber. Photos will further highlight Patton's equestrian activities in the United States and Mexico, and show how his time in the cavalry influenced his style of leadership and warfare.

The exhibit, created by the museum's staff and containing some of the museum's permanent artifacts, is appropriately titled "General Patton and Horses." It is part of the Kentucky Experience, a showcase of the state's various unique attributes and tourist attractions that is being hosted by the Commonwealth of Kentucky. To see the complete collection of Patton materials, including his ivory-handled pistols and four-starred helmet, people are invited to visit the Patton Museum at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

"Many people associate General Patton with his armored exploits during the Second World War," said Chris Kolakowski, director of the Patton Museum. "But it is easy to miss that Patton started out in the horse cavalry and always thought like a cavalry trooper. To truly understand General Patton, you need to appreciate how he interacted with horses. "□

General George Patton Museum

The George S. Patton Museum's artifacts include Julio Cardenas's silver saddle.

For further information on the World Equestrian Games, go to www.alltechfeigames.com.

them, they reined in their horses, turned around, and charged east, leveling their weapons at Patton and Lunt and opening fire.

Patton stood his ground, his .45-caliber revolver cocked, as the three armed Mexican rebels charged him and his scout. "The guns seemed pointed right at me," Patton recalled. The riders opened fire at a distance of 15 yards. Patton did not hear the passing bullets, but he returned fire, snapping off a shot.

Bullets kicked up the gravel at Patton's feet. He responded by emptying his revolver—all five shots—at the riders. Two bullets hit home, breaking the arm of one man and wounding his horse. Just then, the Americans arriving from the west caught up with Patton and Lunt and opened fire as well. Patton ducked and ran over to the house to get out of their line of fire, calling for Lunt to follow. The Mexicans, now clearly identified as Villistas, swiveled around in their saddles and returned fire. Several bullets struck the wall above Patton's head as he reloaded, showering him with adobe dust. Momentarily blinded, he could not see the first horseman, who peeled away from the other riders and charged back toward the house beneath the archway.

Patton looked up from reloading and saw a Villista charging. Knowing that he had a better chance of wounding the horse than the rider, Patton aimed low and fired a shot into the animal's hip, breaking it. The horse rode a few yards and went down. When the dust cleared, the horse lay on the ground, the rider pinned beneath. Patton held his fire as the man extricated himself from the horse and struggled to rise, gun in hand. He was immediately riddled by gunfire from Patton, two soldiers, and one of the guides. The man crumpled over and died.

With one bandit down, the Americans shifted their attention to the other two. One of the escaping men had gotten almost 100 yards away before Patton pulled his rifle to his shoulder and fired three times. The troopers around him joined in the deadly chorus, and the man went down. Two of Patton's men went to check on him and shouted back that the third man was escaping south, running alongside the stone wall 300 yards away. They raised their rifles again and fired.

The man went down, and one of the scouts, E.L. Holmdahl, ran over to him. The wounded man raised his left hand to surrender—his right arm had been broken by Patton's original fusillade. Holmdahl thought he was accepting the man's surrender, but as Holmdahl got within 20 feet, the man raised his pistol and fired. The shot missed and

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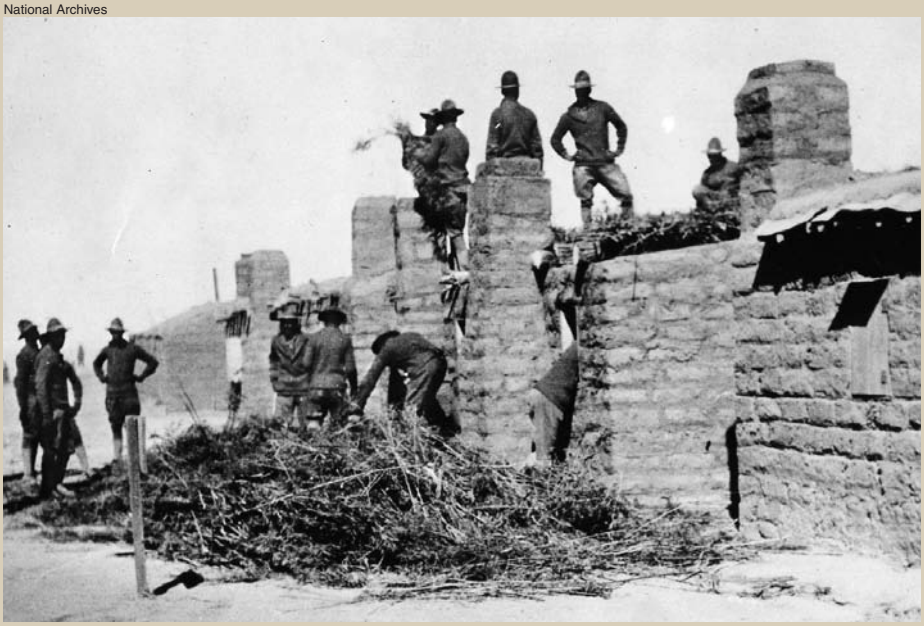


ABOVE: Patton fell through the thatched roof of the Rubio Ranch, much like this one being constructed by U.S. soldiers. BELOW: Villa's men fighting government troops. It seemed that they were always fighting someone.

The Granger Collection, New York

Holmdahl quickly fired a round into the man's head. Now, three Villistas were dead.

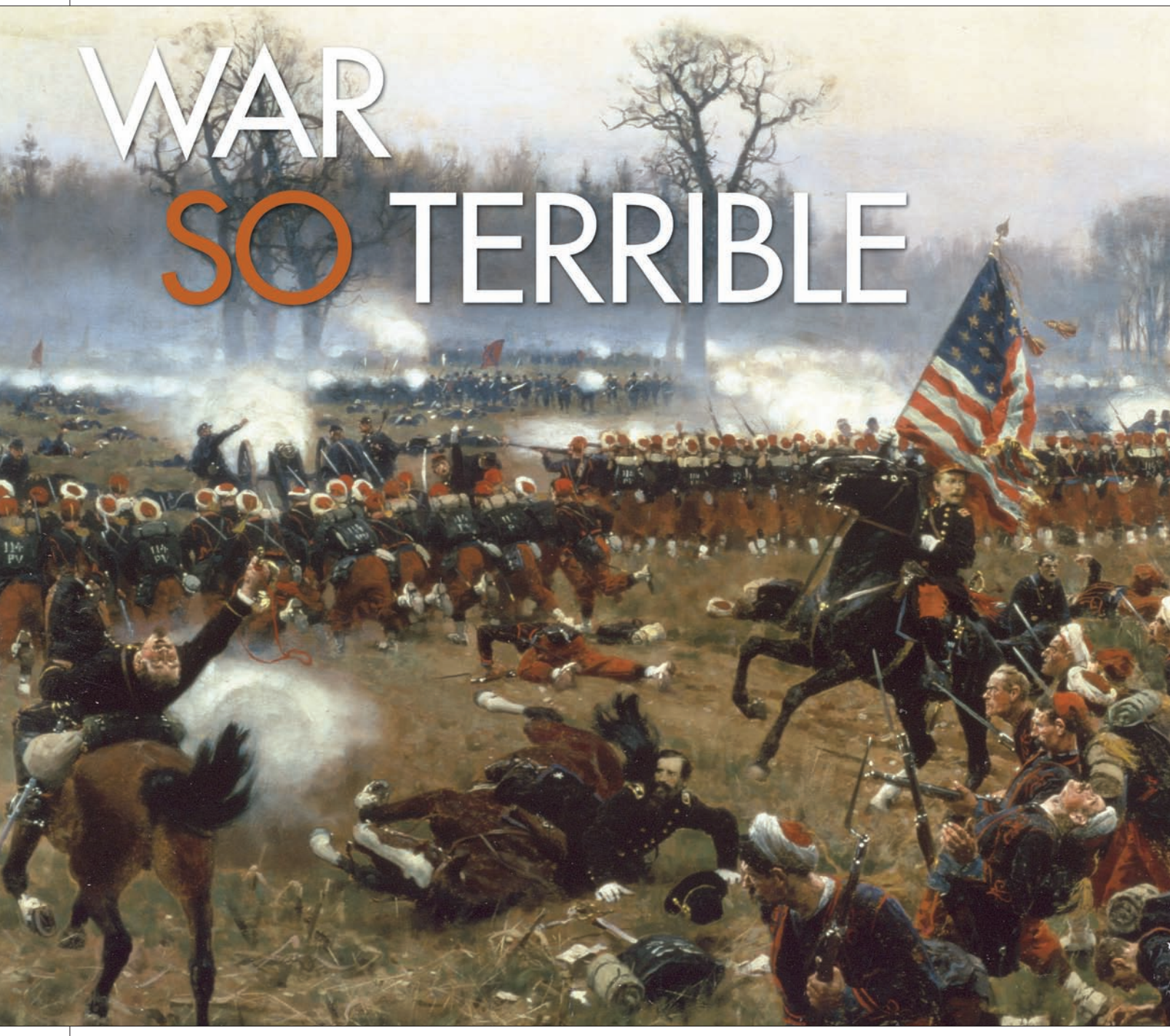
Patton knew that Cardenas commanded approximately 35 men, and he was concerned about their immediate retribution. To ensure no surprises, he had his men lean a dead tree against the side of the house and climbed to the thatched roof. Almost comically, he immediately fell through to his armpits. If anyone had been in the house, they could have easily shot Patton while his feet dangled helplessly in the air. Patton extricated himself and made a quick scan of the area. He saw nothing except the men skinning the cow. "They never looked at us at all," he reported.

With the exterior secure, it was time to check out the house. Patton summoned the cow skinners. "We each got behind a Mex and went in." Patton did not mention if his "volunteers" walked into the house at gunpoint, but they definitely led the way. Inside, Patton found a blood trail and followed it to a riderless horse with a silver saddle and saber. The Mexican with the broken arm had ridden back into the house, dismounted, and jumped out a window to reach the stone wall.

Upon inspecting the rest of the house, the men found mostly women and old men, including Cardenas's wife, mother, and baby. Everyone remained silent as the Americans poked around. They may have kept silent to protect a hiding Villista. In 1963, an old, gray-haired general from the

Continued on page 64

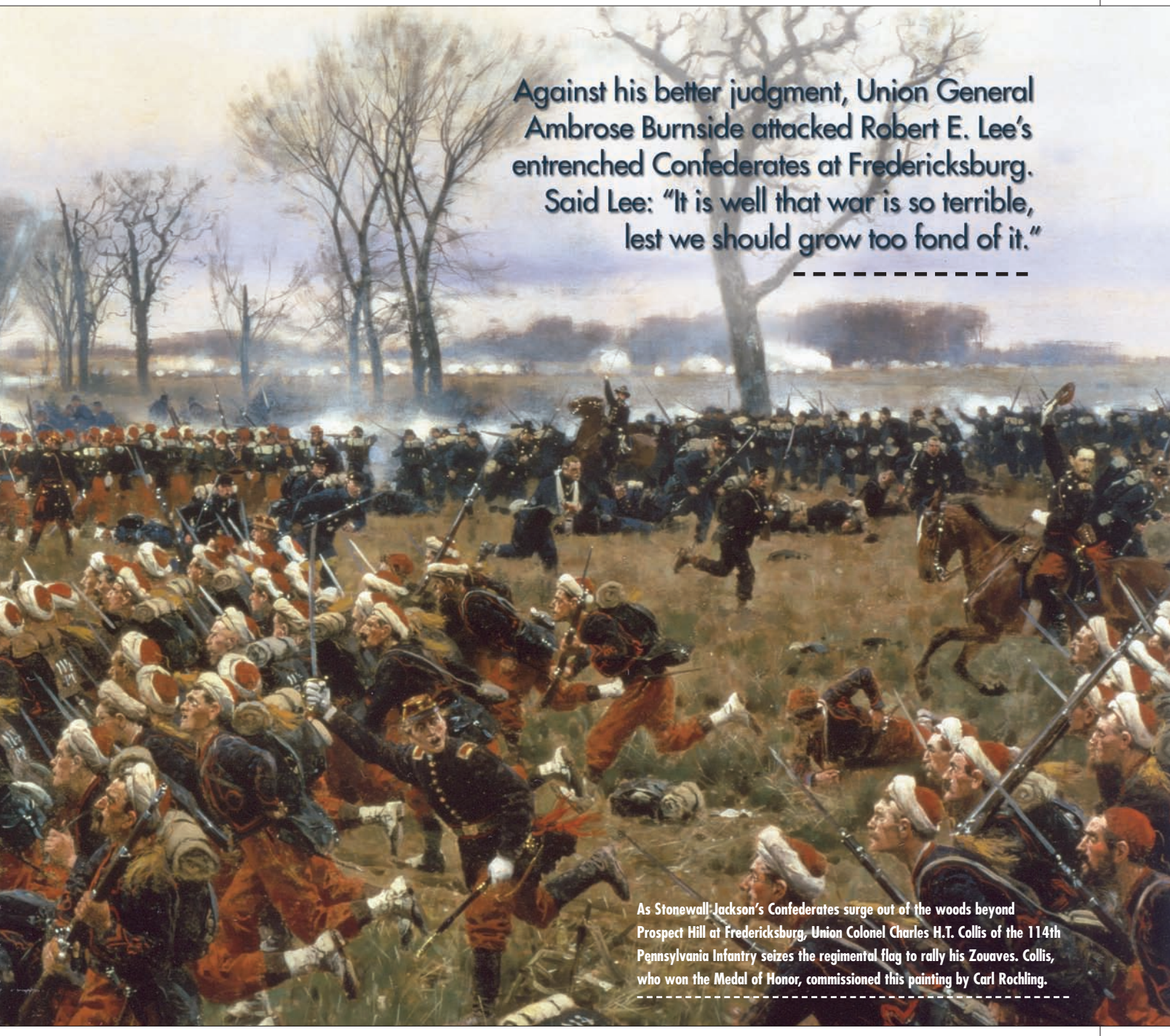
WAR SO TERRIBLE



BY ARNOLD BLUMBERG

WORD SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE through the camps of the Army of the Potomac during the second week of November 1862: "Little Mac" was out, "Old Burn" was in. Nestled in numerous bivouacs situated from Snicker's Gap to Warrenton, Virginia, the bombshell news was received by the troops with disbelief and despair, followed by indignation. To many of the officers and enlisted members of the army it was incomprehensible that the beloved organizer and leader of the Federal government's premier field force, Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, was being replaced by the genial but less than charismatic Maj. Gen. Ambrose Burnside. The able brigadier of the Iron Brigade, John Gibbon, spoke for many in the army when he postulated that booting McClellan proved "that the Government has gone mad."

Some men are born to greatness, others have greatness thrust upon them; Ambrose Burnside was neither. Born on May 23, 1824, in Liberty, Indiana, the fourth of nine children, Burnside grew into an imposing six-footer with a large head topped with thin brown hair. After graduating 18th of 38 in the class of 1847 from the United States Military Academy at West Point, he was commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to the 3rd United States Artillery Regiment. Service in the Mexican War was followed by a posting in New Mexico Territory. In 1853, Burnside resigned from the army and moved to Rhode Island to manufacturer a breech-loading carbine of his own design. Failing to sell his weapon system to the army, he took a job as a



As Stonewall Jackson's Confederates surge out of the woods beyond Prospect Hill at Fredericksburg, Union Colonel Charles H.T. Collis of the 114th Pennsylvania Infantry seizes the regimental flag to rally his Zouaves. Collis, who won the Medal of Honor, commissioned this painting by Carl Rochling.

cashier with a railroad company.

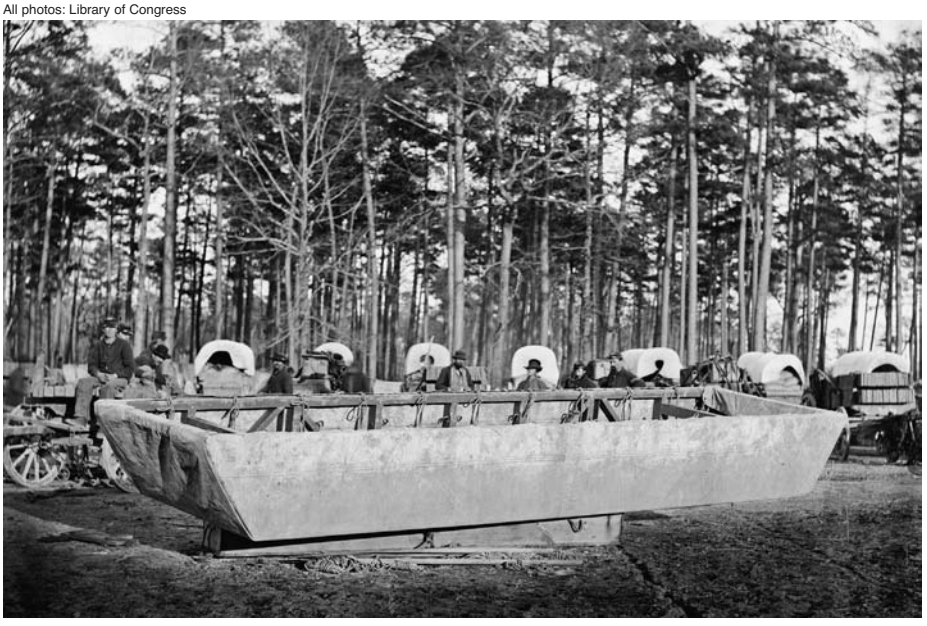
As a graduate of West Point, Burnside rapidly rose from regimental to brigade to corps command during the first two years of the Civil War. His most distinguished achievement was his able handling of an amphibious operation along the North Carolina coast in 1862 against a greatly inferior enemy force. His reward was promotion to major general and an offer from President Abraham Lincoln, after the failure of McClellan's mismanaged Peninsula campaign, to command the Army of the Potomac. Burnside turned down the offer, explaining that he was not up to such an important task. Nevertheless, even after his uninspired performance at the Battle of Antietam, the government prodded him to take charge of the main Union Army in the East. This time the general, known mostly for the massive sideburns that curved around his lips into a full mustache, reluctantly accepted the post.

The choice of the transplanted Rhode Islander was puzzling to many since he clearly did not feel competent to hold the job. Nothing in Burnside's prior service had demonstrated strategic genius or originality. But given his senior rank and the fact that the North's leading politicians had no strong objections to his appointment, "Old Burn" got the top spot almost by default.

Burnside realized that the government wanted a rapid march on Richmond. As a result, his army would not be allowed to go into winter quarters, as was normal in November. He formulated a plan and sent it to Maj. Gen. Henry Halleck, general in chief of the Union Army, on November 9, the same day that he took over command of the Army of the Potomac. Burnside advised Hal-

Philadelphia Museum of Art / Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania National Military Park

All photos: Library of Congress



ABOVE: A canvas pontoon boat manned by the 50th New York Engineers prepares to span the Rappahannock River at Fredericksburg. BELOW: Union troops land and pull up their pontoon bridges behind them in this painting by Alonzo Chappel.

leck that he would take the most direct route to Richmond by moving from Warrenton to Fredericksburg, Virginia, crossing the Rappahannock River near Falmouth and heading straight for the Confederate capital 50 miles farther south. Simultaneous with the advance of the main army, feints would be carried out in the direction of Gordonsville and Culpeper Court House, in the hopes of confusing the enemy as to the real objective of the Union campaign.

On November 14, Burnside received the go-ahead from the president to put his plan into action. Appended to the approval was the cautionary injunction that in Lincoln's view the scheme would only succeed "if you move rapidly; otherwise not."

With the final approval in his pocket, Burnside prepared to go forward. He organized his forces into three grand divisions: the Right Grand Division (II and IX Corps) under Maj. Gen. Edwin V. Sumner; the Left Grand Division (I and VI Corps) under Maj. Gen. William B. Franklin, and the Center Grand Division (III and V Corps) under Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker. XI Corps, under Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel, was designated as reserve. Cavalry and artillery units were scattered among the grand divisions. The new setup made controlling the army more difficult in battle because it placed an additional layer of command that would interfere with communications at critical times between the army leader and his subordinate commanders.

Burnside's division leaders were another weakness. They were, on the whole, a mediocre bunch when it came to military capability. Sumner, although brave in combat, was slow to move and needed constant supervision. Franklin was a good enough engineer and administrator, but no ball of fire on the battlefield. Hooker, the most aggressive of the group as well as a born leader of men, was highly unhappy with Burnside as the leader of the army.

On November 15, the 112,000-man Army of the Potomac began its journey from Warrenton to Fredericksburg. The countryside was mostly forested, with rough, open fields dissected by narrow country lanes whose condition was made worse by fall rains that continued to come down during the march. Slowing the army further were the thousands of cumbersome wagons pulled by horses and mules that made up the army's supply trains. Poor roads, mud, and the high attrition rate of the animals assured that the wagon trains could not keep up with the infantry, who frequently found themselves blocked by the masses of horse-drawn vehicles. Despite the obstacles, however, the trek to Fredericksburg averaged a respectable 15 miles a day.

As the Federals advanced in two main columns southeast from Warrenton, Robert E. Lee had only the slightest inkling of Burnside's intentions. While the Federals made their way toward Fredericksburg, only 35 miles from their starting point, Lee's army was badly divided. Thirty miles to the west at Culpeper Court House was Lt. Gen. James Longstreet's 41,000-man I Corps. In the Shenandoah Valley, 75 miles northwest of Fredericksburg at Winchester, stood Lt. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson's 38,000-strong II Corps. Maj. Gen. James E.B. Stuart's 6,000 cavalrymen screened the countryside along the Rappahannock River. In the event of an enemy attack, Lee would have to unite his forces quickly—a daunting task even for the fast-moving Confederates.

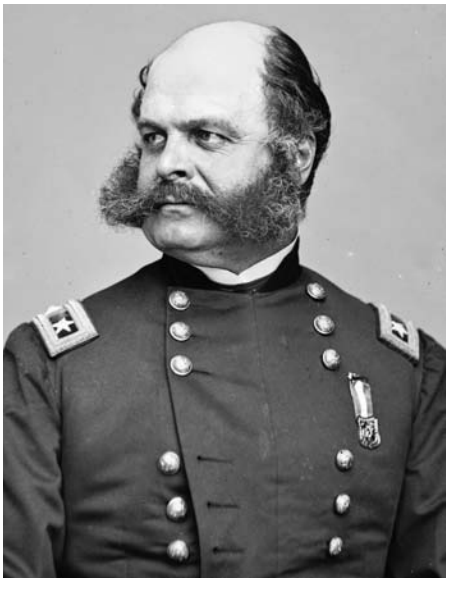
On the 17th, Lee was informed about Sumner's initial move toward Fredericksburg. In response, he ordered two of Longstreet's infantry divisions, under Maj. Gen. Lafayette McLaws and Brig. Gen. Robert Ransom, Jr., to head immediately for the threatened city. By the 20th, he was sure of Burnside's destination and ordered the rest of his I Corps units (the infantry of Richard A. Anderson, George E. Pickett, and John B. Hood) to move swiftly to that location.

As November 23 dawned, nearly 40,000 Confederates were concentrated in the Fredericksburg vicinity. Without the presence of Jackson and his troops, Lee had not decided

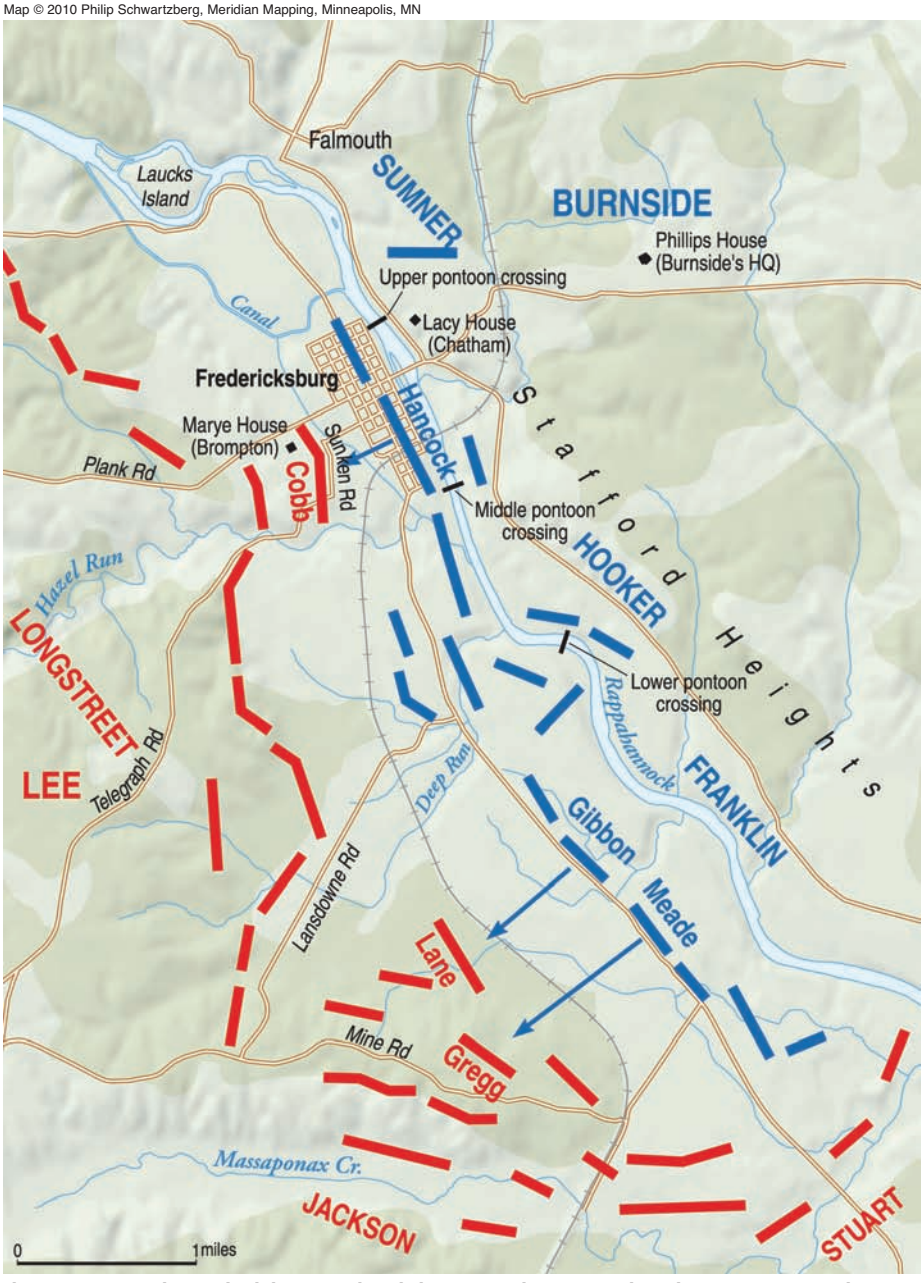
whether to fight or withdraw. He still held out the option of retreating to the North Anna River, where he could take a strong defensive position and then seek an opportunity to launch a counterattack. He decided to wait for the enemy's next move and the arrival of Jackson before making up his mind about which course to pursue.

By then, Sumner's divisions had reached the town of Falmouth, just three miles north of Fredericksburg on the north shore of the Rappahannock. After Burnside arrived, Sumner requested permission to cross the river and occupy Fredericksburg, which appeared to be empty of Southern forces. Burnside, fearful that Sumner's men might become trapped south of the river by rising water, denied the old officer's plea for action. He reasoned that it would be safer to wait for his pontoon train (which was expected to arrive at any time) to ensure a safe crossing and secure communications north of the river. In retrospect, Burnside's decision not to cross immediately was a mistake. The town was still empty of any Confederate troops, and its seizure would have permitted Federal artillery to be stationed on Stafford Heights, just across the river, to safeguard the crossing.

Burnside's entire plan of campaign hinged on the timely arrival of his pontoon train at Fredericksburg. What he did not know was that the train had bogged down completely. A series of



poorly written orders, little initiative or understanding by junior officers of the importance of the boats in the campaign, and lack of needed parts prevented the pontoon train from reaching Falmouth until November 27, even though the original order had been drafted on November 6. The critical delay in the arrival of his



The main Union assault at Fredericksburg came through the city toward Marye's Heights, where Lieutenant General James Longstreet's I Corps held the vital high ground, sheltered behind a low stone wall. LEFT: Major General Ambrose E. Burnside.

pontoons added to uncertainty about the whereabouts of Jackson's corps convinced Burnside not to storm across the river at once.

While the Army of the Potomac dithered on the north bank of the Rappahannock, Lee ordered Jackson to transfer his force from the Shenandoah Valley to Fredericksburg. Starting on November 21, Jackson's "foot cavalry" marched 175 miles in 12 days to reach the rest of the army. With the two armies now facing each other across the Rappahannock River, Lee was mystified by his opponent's inaction. "What the designs of the enemy are I do not know," he said. While Lee tried to decipher the enemies' plans, both sides built winter quarters and suffered alike from cold weather, shortage of supplies, and boredom.

Pressure on Burnside to reignite his campaign continued coming from the Northern press, politicians, his own officers, and even President Lincoln himself. Looking for a way to strike a blow before the full impact of winter halted all military operations, the general considered storming the enemy positions 12 miles downriver from Fredericksburg but scrapped the plan because of the difficulty of achieving the element of surprise while moving the needed number of men and supplies to the point of attack. Meanwhile, the Confederate Army continued preparing defensive

All photos: Library of Congress

ABOVE: Federal soldiers advance under fire through the rubble-strewn streets of Fredericksburg during the initial phase of the two-day battle. BELOW: Battery D, 5th U.S. Artillery, arrayed for battle. Union gunners did yeoman's work at Fredericksburg but could not turn the tide.

positions behind Fredericksburg. Longstreet's corps took up positions at Taylor's Farm, opposite Beck's Island in the Rappahannock, and along the high ground south of town. On the Lansdowne Valley Road, Longstreet's columns linked up with Jackson's corps. Jackson stretched his divisions along the Military Road to Hamilton's Crossing. Stuart's cavalry was posted on Jackson's right to guard the flank and keep watch on the road to Port Royal.

The morning of December 11 saw the temperature stand at a frigid 25 degrees, with dense fog hanging over the area. The Federals planned to cross the 400-foot-wide river that morning by constructing pontoon bridges at three points along a two-mile stretch. The northernmost point would be the site of two parallel pontoon bridges comprising the Upper Bridge, just to the north of Fredericksburg. The 50th New York Engineer Regiment was assigned this task. The second bridge, known as the Middle Bridge, was built by the 15th New York Engineer Regiment. It stood about one mile south of the Upper Bridge and connected with the southern fringe of the town. The southernmost structure, the Lower Bridge, was located a mile south of the Middle Bridge and a quarter of a mile south of Deep Run.

Sumner's Right Grand Division would cross at the Upper Bridge, Hooker's Center Grand Division at the middle span, while Franklin's Left Grand Division debouched from the Lower Bridge. Supporting the crossing were 183 cannons under Brig. Gen. Henry J. Hunt. These guns were placed on the 30- to 50-foot-high bluffs known as Stafford Heights, which ran along the Federal side of the river for five miles. The artillery had three missions: drive the entrenched Confederates from the hills west of town, prevent enemy forces from massing on the plains opposite the Lower Bridge, and suppress enemy opposition to the bridge building and subsequent movement of friendly forces across the river.

Around 6 AM, all the bridges were more than half completed. As the fog began to thin out, Union work details laboring on the pontoon boats in the frigid water became visible to the Confederate riflemen concealed along the riverbank behind fences and breastworks and in cellars, warehouses, and houses on the south shore. These men were from Brig. Gen. William Barksdale's Mississippi Infantry Brigade (13th, 17th, 18th, and 21st Mississippi Volunteer Infantry Regiments, about 1,500 men in all), as well as the attached 8th Florida Infantry Regiment. They had been placed in the town by Lee to slow down any Union crossing of the Rappahannock in order to gain time for the Southern Army to meet the enemy south of the city.

As the engineers labored to finish their task, Barksdale's men poured unrelenting small-arms fire into them. At the Upper Bridge, galling fire was directed at the 50th New York, killing a captain and two enlisted men. Support fire from skirmishers of the 7th Michigan and 19th Massachusetts Infantry Regiments did nothing to drive away enemy riflemen, who were protected by the still considerable fog. The bridge parties had to repeatedly abandon their work and seek cover on the Federal side of the river on account of enemy fire.

At the Middle Bridge, Confederate snipers rushed from their hiding places and were joined by two companies of infantry to fire at the hapless engineers, wounding six and piercing the pontoon boats in many places. Here, too, construction was temporarily suspended. By contrast, the Lower Bridge faced an empty plain with only token opposition, and the structure was completed by 9 AM. However, owing to the delay at the other crossing points, Burnside pushed back Franklin's crossing until 4 PM.

When the Federal infantry failed to dislodge the enemy sharpshooters, the mission was given

to the artillery. Union batteries roared into action and began putting down heavy suppression fire. Whenever the deadly musketry ceased, Union engineers went back to work on the bridges, only to be driven away again by renewed Confederate fire. This went on for most of the day.

With the artillery bombardment a failure, Hunt proposed to Burnside that infantry be sent across the water to root out the murderous Rebel riflemen. Gaining approval of his plan, Hunt collared the first infantry leader he found, Colonel Norman J. Hall, commander of the 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, II Corps, and had little trouble convincing him to take the job. Hall ordered the 7th Michigan Infantry to board pontoons and row to the south bank. Some 70 Wolverines composed the first wave.

Once on the far shore, they formed under the bank and rushed down Water Street, now Sophia Street, to attack the enemy. In the space of a few minutes, 31 Rebel prisoners were captured and a secure lodgment was effected. The rest of the 7th Michigan and 19th Massachusetts crossed the river as well, fanning out to the left and right of the landing site, with the 20th Massachusetts providing support. While the bluecoats consolidated their position, Union artillery blasted away, allowing the engineers to finish placing the Upper Bridge.

With the Upper Bridge completed, the original Union amphibians were joined by the 42nd and 59th New York Infantry and the 127th Pennsylvania. In columns of four, shoulder-to-shoulder, the Federals advanced into Fredericksburg, all the while being fired upon by Confederates hiding in adjacent buildings and alleyways. At the corner of Caroline and Fauquier Streets, the 20th Massachusetts ran into sweeping fire from the 21st Mississippi, which was acting as a rear guard for the Confederate withdrawal from the city. Slowly the Unionists gained ground, but at a huge loss. The 20th Massachusetts incurred 113 killed and wounded out of 335 engaged. By nightfall, the complete withdrawal of Confederate forces from Fredericksburg ended perhaps the bloodiest street fighting of the entire war.

With the coming of night, the Federals controlled Fredericksburg, but any satisfaction they derived was nothing compared with the satisfaction that Lee felt. The delay caused in taking the town had allowed Jackson's divisions to join him on December 12. It appeared that Burnside was determined to attack the entire Southern Army in its well-defended positions just below Fredericksburg. Beginning at sunrise on the 12th, the entire Army of the Potomac started to cross the Rappahannock and deploy to the west and south of town. The passage of the Union troops throughout the day brought a wave of looting and destruction to the once-prosperous city.

Burnside's battle plan for the 13th was to seize the military road running along the Confederate front and split Lee's army in two. Early in the morning, Burnside sent imprecise orders to Franklin that could have been interpreted as an instruction to attack the enemy right or merely to make a diversion toward Prospect Hill, below Hamilton's Crossing. Two of Hooker's divisions were to remain near the Lower Bridge to support Franklin. In the meantime, Sumner was told to take Marye's Heights in the center-left of the opposing line, just to the east of Fredericksburg.

Early on the 13th, Lee's right was still vulnerable; all of Jackson's troops had not yet gotten into position. But by the time Franklin initiated his move, 35,000 Confederate soldiers and 54 artillery pieces covered the open plain, which was difficult to negotiate because of the presence of drainage ditches and muddy fields. One glaring weak point was a 600-yard gap between Brig. Gen. James H. Lane's North Carolina brigade on the left and James Archer's mixed Alabamians, Georgians, and Tennesseans on the right. Maj. Gen. Ambrose P. Hill, the division commander, assumed the swampy and thickly covered undergrowth would deter any Federal attack on that portion of the field. Just in case, he had placed an infantry brigade under Brig. Gen. Maxcy Gregg a quarter of a mile to the rear.

Around 9 AM, the fog that had shrouded the southern portion of the Fredericksburg battlefield began to lift. Its dissipation heralded the Federal attack, which was led by the V Corps division

Deadeye Confederate marksmen under Brigadier Generals Thomas Cobb and Joseph Kershaw pepper Union attackers from behind the stone wall on Marye's Heights.

of Maj. Gen. George G. Meade. Meade felt his lone outfit would be able to take but not hold the area around Prospect Hill. Resigned but determined, Meade's command marched from Smithfield and approached the Richmond Stage Road. As the Federals came closer they were observed by Lee, Longstreet, Jackson, and Stuart. One of the latter's subordinates, Alabama-born Major John Pelham, Stuart's horse artillery leader, got permission from his chief to take a single 12-pounder Napoleon and advance beyond friendly lines to engage the oncoming enemy's left flank.

Moving toward the Union columns, Pelham unleashed shots from his single gun, cutting down dozens of the enemy. Pelham was soon joined by a Blakely rifled piece. In retaliation, five Union batteries zeroed in on the two enemy cannons. Pelham pulled away from the advancing foe but not before his amazing act slowed Meade's advance and forced the entire division of Abner Doubleday to sit out the rest of the battle to guard against similar threats to the Union left. Lee, who had watched Pelham's action, remarked emotionally, "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young."

With the departure of Pelham, Meade's and Gibbon's divisions resumed their movement toward Prospect Hill. They were supported by Federal artillery stationed on both sides of the

Rappahannock, but the fire caused little damage to the Confederates because the Federal pieces could not see their targets. Confederate artillery, meanwhile, was instructed not to fire until the enemy was within 800 yards. With Gibbon on Meade's right, their combined 8,000 infantrymen moved forward. As the bluecoats crossed the railroad, 50 enemy cannons opened up, inflicting terrible losses. The Union advance stalled, with many troops either falling or else running back in the direction they came from. The dueling artillery commenced counterbattery fire, with heavy losses on both sides.

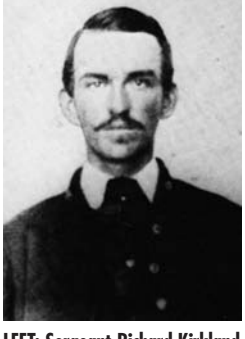
When the opposing artillery fire died down, Meade ordered his men to march over the rail line and attack the Rebel infantry line on Prospect Hill. By chance, Colonel William Sinclair's 1st Brigade of Meade's division stumbled into the gap between the Confederate brigades of Lane and Archer. The difficult terrain caused the brigade to split apart and prevented any coordination between the different regiments. Nevertheless, the disorganized Federals charged into the unprepared position held by Gregg's South Carolinians, sparking savage hand-to-hand fighting. Gregg was mortally wounded at this time.

Meade's men were astride the military road and set to cleave Lee's army in half, as planned by Burnside. The 13th and 2nd Pennsylvania Reserve Regiments reached the crest of Prospect Hill and were in position to flank Archer's command. Caught in a crossfire, Archer's formation was partially destroyed and forced to retreat.

Despite breaching the Confederate line, Meade's assault was losing momentum, and his fragmented regiments were advancing in the face of withering musket fire from Lane's Tarheels, who themselves were being flanked on their right. Fortunately for the Federals, Gibbon's division finally entered the fight. He sent two of his brigades forward, but under effective fire from Lane's men the advance sputtered to a halt. Gibbon then committed his third brigade. This carried the Federals over the railroad and initiated close-quarters fighting, the bayonet being freely employed by both sides. Lane's men were forced back.

Although Meade had pierced the enemy line and Gibbon was pressing the Confederates hard, the tide of battle was about to turn. The unflappable Jackson committed Maj. Gen. Jubal Early's hard-fighting division. Archer's unit was reinforced by Colonel Edward N. Atkinson and Robert F. Hoke's brigade, while the Virginia brigade under Colonel James A. Walker closed the gap left open between Lane and Archer. Earlier that morning, Longstreet had kidded Jackson about the ocean of blue that was massing before them. "Are you not scared by that file of Yankees you have before you down there?" asked Longstreet. The laconic Virginian had replied without a trace of humor, "Wait till they come a little nearer, and they shall either scare me or I'll scare them."

Both: Library of Congress



LEFT: Sergeant Richard Kirkland, "the Angel of Marye's Heights." RIGHT: Major General Lafayette McLaws.

As the Union wave crested and started to recede, Meade begged for reinforcements from Brig. Gen. David Birney's 1st Division, III Corps. Although this division had been sent across the Rappahannock to help in the attack, it would never enter the battle. By 4 PM, all the gains achieved on the Federal left were given up and the tattered remains of the attacking force withdrew to the shelter of the Richmond Road whence the assault had been launched. On this part of the field, the Confederates had lost 2,338 men to the Federals' 3,340.

With encouraging reports about Franklin's apparent success on the Union left, Burnside decided to start an attack on the Confederate left directed at the formidable position on Marye's Heights. The Federal advance would have to travel over mostly open ground along two thoroughfares, the Telegraph and Orange Plank Roads, to reach their objective.

Unknown to the Union commander, Telegraph Road became a sunken road as it wound around the base of Marye's Heights. The four-foot-high stone fences along each side of the road made excellent fortified positions that could conceal 1,000 men. In the area of the roads, as well as on Telegraph Hill and Marye's Heights, the Confederates had placed 37 artillery pieces to cover the approaches to the heights. Making it even more difficult for the attackers, an unfinished railroad cut south of the stone wall guarded the flank. Stationed behind the stone wall was Georgia Brig. Gen. Thomas R.R. Cobb's brigade of McLaws's division. In support, 200 yards behind Marye's Heights were Brig. Gen. John R. Cooke's men of Ransom's division. Ransom's own brigade lay within close proximity, while the rest of McLaws's men held the area south of Hazel Run. Richard Anderson's division anchored the left flank.

Burnside sent orders to Sumner to "push a column of a division or more along the Plank and Telegraph roads, with a view of seizing the heights in the rear of the town." The troops that were tasked to carry out the directive were the men of Brig. Gen. William H. French's 3rd Division and Brig. Gen. Winfield S. Hancock's 1st Division of Maj. Gen. Darius N. Couch's II Corps. The third division of Couch's command, Brig. Gen. Oliver O. Howard's 2nd Division, would stand fast and guard the upper part of Fredericksburg against a possible Confederate incursion.

Around noon, French's men moved out on the designated roads leading to Marye's Heights just as Confederate artillery started lobbing shells into Fredericksburg. Driving Confederate skirmishers before them, Brig. Gen. Nathan Kimball's brigade crossed the canal and reformed under the cover of the west bank, taking heavy losses from the enemy artillery. Kimball's men then charged and reached the swale 100 yards from the stone wall before being ripped apart by rifle fire from Cobb's infantry and projectiles from the Washington Artillery battery. Kimball was wounded and his men could advance no further. Kimball's brigade lost at least one-fourth of its original strength in the attack.

As Kimball advanced, Ransom moved Cooke's men up to Marye's Heights. Another of French's brigades, that of Colonel John W. Andrews, 150 yards behind Kimball's command, was cut to pieces, as was the last of French's units, Colonel Oliver H. Palmer's brigade. Entire Union companies fell at once to the devastating hurricane of fire coming from the Confederate line ahead of them.

As the advance of French's troops stalled, Cobb was mortally wounded in the thigh by a Federal artillery shell or sniper shot. Earlier, he had received a note from Longstreet advising him to fall back if pressed. "Well," said Cobb, "if they wait for me to fall back, they will wait a long time." The Rebels behind the stone wall had little time to mourn their fallen leader—more Yankees from Hancock's division were storming out of Fredericksburg and heading in their direction.

Colonel Samuel K. Zook led Hancock's lead brigade along the railway cut and, despite losing a third of his men, managed to get within

The Granger Collection, New York

Union Lieutenant Frederick Cavada later painted this panoramic view of his comrades' doomed assault on Marye's Heights.

100 yards of the stone wall. Closely following Zook was the Irish Brigade under Brig. Gen. Thomas F. Meagher. The 1,200 Irishmen crossed the millrace at about 12:30 PM while being mauled by the gray artillery. Somehow, a few of the Gaels came within 25 yards of the stone wall and continued trading shots with the Rebels. By that time, three of their five regimental commanders were out of action due to wounds. Lee, watching the determined assault, worried aloud to Longstreet at the strength of the enemy attack. "General," said Longstreet, "if you put every man on the other side of the Potomac on that field to approach me over the same line, and give me plenty of ammunition, I will kill them all before they reach my line."

Hancock's last outfit, Brig. Gen. John C. Caldwell's 2,000-man-strong brigade, followed its brother units into the maelstrom. Soon after it started, Caldwell's advance broke apart, falling precipitously back to Fredericksburg. By late afternoon, the remnants of French's and Hancock's commands found themselves pinned down and unable to go either forward or back due to the intense enemy fire. The only evidence of their gallant assault was three planted stands of colors, drooping unattended in no-man's-land.

To cover the retreat of the battered divisions of French and Hancock, elements of Brig. Gen. Samuel D. Sturgis's 2nd Division, IX Corps, and parts of Howard's division attempted to assail the stone wall from the left and right. Their efforts proved fruitless as well, as were those of Charles Griffin's and Andrew Humphreys's divisions. By 2 PM, Burnside had tried to drive the Confederates off of Marye's Heights using 10 brigades; his only reward was the loss of some 7,000 men. The Confederates lost about 1,398 killed and wounded. The Union dead were stacked three-deep in front of the now infamous stone wall. Several Confederates, most prominently 19-year-old Sergeant Richard Rowland Kirkland of South Carolina, the Angel of Marye's Heights, risked their own lives to take water to the wounded Federals. (Kirkland was fated to die nine months later at Chickamauga.)

Mercifully, the fighting died down as night approached. On the 14th, the troops of both sides remained on the battlefield. The Federals hunkered down in the mud, unable to move because of Confederate rifle fire and occasional artillery rounds. Incredibly, Burnside contemplated renewing the attack on the 15th, but after seeing the condition of his army, he ordered a general withdrawal across the Rappahannock. On the 16th, II Corps led the retreat on the Federal right while V Corps units acted as a rear guard. The operation was completed by 10 PM. The Union fallback was so sudden and stealthy that Lee's army had no opportunity to interfere with it. The ever-pugnacious Jackson lamented the fact that he had strengthened his position and perhaps encouraged the Federals to retreat. "I did not think that a little red earth would have frightened them," he scoffed. "I am sorry that they are gone. I am sorry I fortified."

The Battle of Fredericksburg cost the Union a total of 12,653 casualties; the Confederate lost less than half that amount. As part of its hideous legacy, Fredericksburg sent the morale of the Army of the Potomac to a new low and strained the resolve of the North to carry on the struggle. "It can hardly be in human nature for men to show more valor," reported one northern newspaper, "or generals to manifest less judgment." Burnside's military reputation would never recover, although he retained command of the army for another two months before being replaced by Joseph Hooker.

Surprisingly, the victor of this bloody contest, Robert E. Lee, was criticized by some of his fellow countrymen for not finishing off his opponent before the latter recrossed the Rappahannock. Perhaps Lee had seen enough for one day. "It is well that war is so terrible," he remarked during the height of the battle, "lest we should grow too fond of it." There was no chance of that happening—either now or in the foreseeable future. □

By Joseph Luster

Tom Clancy's Splinter Cell: Conviction

Slinking back into the shadows

PUBLISHER
Ubisoft

SYSTEM(S)
Xbox 360, Playstation 3, PC

AVAILABLE
Now

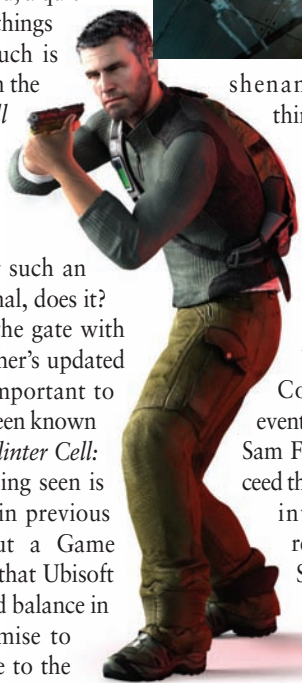
Sam Fisher sits quietly, getting primed for some serious infiltration. Before him: a hallway thick with patrol—professional operatives trained to near robotic perfection, ready to sniff out any enemy intruders. After scoping out the situation, Sam flips on his goggles, steps out into the thick of it and runs like a madman as he triggers a portable EMP device, blacking out electrical signals and confusing all around him. After the brief lapse in communication, the officers question aloud where Sam may be. Unbeknownst to them, he's right behind a desk about 10 feet away from the nearest guard; he couldn't have made it much farther without running into the next patrol gauntlet.

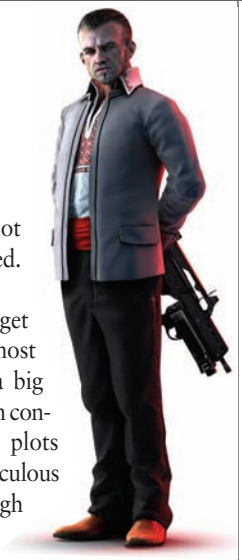
Here comes the fun part. The guards roam the offices and halls, shouting out menacing and profanity-laden warnings to Sam. "Show your face, Fisher!" "Come on, old man, I know you're around here!" They'll never find him, though. Sam can easily pick them off one by one, and even if he's discovered, a quick slip into the shadows will get things back to normal in no time. Such is the nature of stealth gameplay in the latest entry of the *Splinter Cell* series. Pop out, snap some necks, and pop right back into the darkness with the same clumsy-cool slide as before.

Doesn't sound very slick for such an aged and experienced professional, does it?

I hate to come right out of the gate with such a crude attack on Sam Fisher's updated means of espionage, but it's important to note in a series that has always been known for its unforgiving stealth. In *Splinter Cell: Conviction,* punishment for being seen is rare, whereas doing the same in previous games tended to bring about a Game Over situation. It's pretty clear that Ubisoft Montreal was looking for a solid balance in *Conviction,* and they did promise to make this entry more accessible to the masses. While they succeeded in some areas, the very core of the franchise feels slightly broken as a result.

The narrative framework for these stealthy shenanigans makes things personal for Sam, as all good action movie or game follow-ups should. Our gruffer-than-ever hero's tale here is told via flashbacks, as Victor Coste recalls the events that begin with Sam Fisher's reappearance, and proceed through a feverish and emotional investigation into who was responsible for his daughter Sarah's murder. Naturally, through various scenes of infiltration and interrogation, Sam finds this to be a much more labyrinthine plot than he initially suspected. All is not as it seems.





That means things get convoluted quickly, almost comically so. It's not a big deal, because as far as I'm concerned *Splinter Cell*'s plots should be as close to ridiculous as a season of *24*. It's tough to care too deeply about Sam's plight, but the unraveling of the mystery behind his daughter's death is as good a reason as any for Sam to be harsher than ever with his enemies. This new edge is most apparent in interrogation sequences, which have Sam going all Jack Bauer to get information. These actions are mostly relegated to slamming heads onto desks, or just slapping the crap out of someone to get them to squeal, but at least it's more engaging than your typical cutscene.

Despite the aforementioned clunky nature of the game's bread and butter, there are definitely some welcome additions to *Conviction*. Beyond the interrogations and the general aesthetic—which projects mission objectives and other directions slickly onto the surface of walls and obstacles—the two beefiest changes come in the form of Mark & Execute and Last Known Position. The former rewards melee takedowns with the opportunity to "Execute" a small group of enemies. For instance, let's say you've got a couple of guards hanging out and chatting it up, completely oblivious to your presence. By marking each, you can then Execute them simultaneously without risking the alert of others nearby.

The odds of consistently going unseen are against you, but that's where Last Known Position comes into play. Once enemies lose sight of Sam, a ghost-like figure appears showing the player his last known position. With that in sight, you can slink elsewhere and flank them as they zero in on where they think you're hiding. This feature is great, but it also plays into that haphazard stealth that's so easy to pull off. I had the tendency in some situations to draw attention to my position, zip away, then hang outside of nearby windows sniping enemies one by one as they came over to inspect my whereabouts. Sounds sneaky, but it looks more like something out of a parody of the genre. There are times that it does work well, though, and overall it ends up being one of the most handy of Ubisoft's additions.

While these new features are mostly interesting and slickly implemented, *Conviction*'s lengthy delays shine through in what amounts to a confused final product. Even competitive multiplayer—typically a major draw to all the preceding *Splinter Cell* games—isn't as alluring here. Co-op is what ends up saving the online experience, offering up a different angle on the story and unique missions that cater specifically to two players.

Two takes on the campaign adds some significant playtime, but *Conviction* can still be finished in a fairly short period. Considering the ups and downs of the experience—dipping from enjoyable missions to exercises in awkward tedium—most will probably want to rent this one. If Ubisoft can take some of the scattered innovations in *Conviction* and deliver them within the confines of a more interesting and balanced *Splinter Cell* game with the inevitable next entry, then we'll really be cooking. For now, only the true Sam Fisher devotees will stick with this one for the long haul. □

UPCOMING BATTLES:

COMPANY OF HEROES ONLINE

PUBLISHER
THQ

SYSTEM
PC

AVAILABLE
September

Fans of Relic Entertainment's real-time strategy title *Company of Heroes* are in for a treat come this fall, when North Americans finally get their hands on *Company of Heroes Online*. I say "finally" because the free-to-play multiplayer effort has been making the rounds in open beta in Asia—first in China, then Korea—for a while now.

Company of Heroes Online keeps the fight in Europe during World War II, offering a choice between six divisions to go head-to-head with against up to eight players. Its matchmaking feature should help keep you from being immediately pitted against those who have been wading in the beta since last year, and the only other concern right off the bat is how THQ will handle the game's micro-transactions.

I wouldn't be too worried, though. While the game is free, and additional items can be purchased to even the odds, those same items can also be unlocked throughout normal play. Hopefully, they'll stick to that formula and the game won't creep into "deep pocket, big winner" territory. For now, it's looking like a solid option for the strategic- and competitive-minded PC warrior.

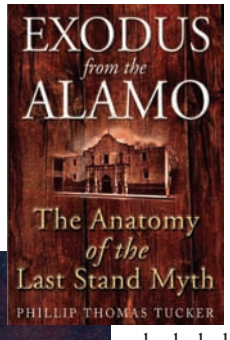
By Al Hemingway

The defenders of the Alamo came to Texas for various reasons to die in a battle that should never have been fought in the first place.

THE ALAMO IN SAN ANTONIO HAS LONG BEEN REFERRED TO AS THE "Cradle of Liberty" for modern-day Texas. Hollywood has portrayed Jim Bowie, William Barret Travis, and Davy Crockett as courageous individuals who banded together to fight the evil Mexican hordes of General Santa Anna, who traveled to Texas to crush the rebellion led by upstart "Texians."

Through the years, however, reliable evidence has surfaced that tells a far different story of what really transpired at the Alamo. Much of this historical information, unfortunately, has received scant attention from American historians because these accounts are from Mexican soldiers who witnessed the massacre firsthand on that cold, wintry day in early March 1836.

Historian Philip Thomas Tucker's new book, ***Exodus From the Alamo: The Anatomy of the Last Stand Myth*** (Casemate, Havertown, PA, 2010, 432 pp., index, notes, photos, $32.95, hardcover), goes into great detail about that fateful day and the events leading up to it. Tucker also explores the political, social, and economic picture that drove thousands of would-be entrepreneurs to Texas in the first place, with dreams of acquiring enormous parcels of land once they drove the Mexican "oppressors" from their land.



Tucker cites two main reasons that Texas real estate was highly sought after: land and slaves. Many "Texians," including Sam Houston and Stephen F. Austin, had visions of a huge plantation-style empire in the Lone Star State. Mexico had abolished the "peculiar institution" in 1829 and outlawed the importation of slaves into Texas. This sent shock waves throughout the territory. Anglo residents were disgusted by the comparatively liberal racial views of Mexicans, who allowed marriages between themselves, blacks, and Native Americans.

Ironically, their racist views of their Mexican foe blurred their view of reality. Most defenders of the Alamo sincerely believed that their racial superiority—and their Kentucky long rifles—could defeat any army that Mexico could field against them. Even Crockett, an antislavery advocate himself, boasted that he "would have Santa Anna's head" before the battle was over.

Tucker points out the stupidity of even attempting to defend the Alamo, a Spanish mission that was originally built, not as a fortress to

Artist Percy Moran's 1912 painting of the Battle of the Alamo is long on drama but short on accuracy. No women took part in the fighting that day.

Library of Congress

keep armies at bay, but as a church and a safe haven for people to escape Indian attacks. A better strategy would have had Travis's men link up with the Texian forces at Goliad, a town of more strategic value, and employ guerrilla-type activities until Houston could recruit and train a larger army to face Santa Anna.

No work was done to shore up the Alamo's inadequate fortifications. Instead the defenders spent much of their time in San Antonio de Bexar drinking, gambling, and discovering the charms of the young female population. They were in short supply of gunpowder and ammunition. Although they had a sizable number of artillery pieces, it would prove virtually useless during the final assault. Most Texians within its walls had little or no military experience, especially as artillerymen.

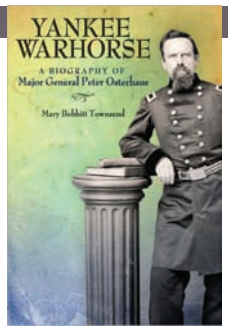
Santa Anna's force, on the other hand, was a very experienced lot. Among his prized units was his cavalry, which would play an important role during the campaign. The wily Mexican general kept the defenders on edge throughout the 13-day siege. His constant artillery bombardment afforded the defenders little sleep, a literally nerve-wracking experience for the increasingly exhausted men.

When the final attack came, it was not (as legend has it) during daylight hours with the riflemen on the parapets taking careful aim and killing swarms of Mexican soldiers. Instead, it came in the predawn hours while most of the defenders were catching what sleep they could manage. The Mexicans easily scaled the north wall and were inside the compound within minutes. What ensued was a wild and confusing confrontation in the inky blackness, with many Mexican infantrymen being mistakenly shot by their own troops.

It is believed that as many as half of the Alamo defenders tried to escape via the south and west section of the old mission. Santa Anna had anticipated this and stationed his cavalry in these areas. As the men raced from the fort, they were systematically cut down by the dreaded lancers. What became of the holy trinity of Crockett, Travis, and Bowie? According to Tucker, there is strong evidence to suggest that Travis actually committed suicide instead of being struck by a Mexican bullet in the first moments of the battle. Bowie had fallen ill with typhoid fever and died in the makeshift hospital. Crockett's demise remains a mystery. He could have been with a large contingent of Tennesseans who attempted to flee and was cut down by lancers. Other accounts have him being shot early in the battle, or captured and executed afterward.

To this day, many historians discount the attempted breakout from the Alamo as fantasy. But when the Mexicans burned the bodies, they were well outside the mission. Why would they drag the remains of their hated enemy hundreds of yards uphill to burn them? The answer is simple, says Tucker. They where burned where they were slain.

Tucker has written a remarkable account of one of America's pivotal military actions. Whatever the truth of their demise, the heroic defenders became instant martyrs, and the cry of "Remember the Alamo!" was on everyone's lips. In reality, it was a battle that should have never been fought at all.



Yankee Warhorse: A Biography of Major General Peter Osterhaus by Mary Bobbitt Townsend, University of Missouri Press, Columbia, 2010, 270 pp., index, notes, photos, $39.95, hardcover.

What makes this biography of German-born Peter Joseph Osterhaus so detailed and intriguing is the fact that his great-great-granddaughter authored it. She had access to his personal papers, which have never been published, to create a three-dimensional portrait of her relative, not just a cardboard character with no human emotion.

Osterhaus had already led an extraordinary life prior to arriving in this country. He took part in the German revolution in 1848-1849 and commanded the rebel troops at Mannheim, Baden. When the uprising collapsed, he was forced to flee his native Germany and make his way to the United States. He settled in Bellville, Illinois, which had a thriving German-speaking community. He quickly acclimated to his new home, and soon was a successful businessman and community leader, with a good command of the English language, although always with a thick German accent.

When the Civil War erupted, Osterhaus enlisted as a private at the age of 38. At the end of just two weeks, people took notice of his military bearing, and he was promoted to major of the 2nd Missouri Volunteer Infantry. He displayed exceptional courage at Wilson's Creek, where he was fascinated with the artillery, which he viewed as essential to obtaining victory on the battlefield. Osterhaus recruited his own regiment, the 12th Missouri Volunteers, and was promoted to colonel by Maj. Gen. John C. Fremont, commander of the Department of the West.

Osterhaus's rapid rise was not due to any political patronage. He was a competent leader who actually cared for the welfare of his men, not sending them on futile frontal assaults unless absolutely necessary. He was soon promoted to major general in Ulysses S. Grant's army, and served during the lengthy Vicksburg campaign as division commander, the only ethnic general to be given a command of nonforeigners.

Osterhaus participated in the Chattanooga campaign at the Battles of Lookout Mountain, Ringgold Gap, and Missionary Ridge. During the subsequent Atlanta campaign, he fought at Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, and Jonesboro. He accompanied Maj. Gen. William T. Sherman on his infamous March to the Sea in 1864 and took part in the fighting at Mobile Bay at war's end.

After the war, Osterhaus was given the difficult assignment of military governor of Mississippi, a post he held for six months. He subsequently was appointed U.S. consul in Lyon, France, where he served for 11 years. He returned to his native land as U.S. vice-consul in Mannheim, Germany.

In January 1917, Osterhaus passed away at the age of 93. It is probably a good thing he died. The shock of seeing his beloved Germany and his adopted homeland of America at war with each other might have killed the old Yankee warhorse, anyway.

The War For Ireland, 1913-1923 by Peter Cottrell, Brendan O'Shea, and Gerry White, Osprey Publishing, New York, 2009, 248 pp., index, photos, maps, $28.50, hardcover.

This account of the bloody struggle for Irish independence was first published in Great Britain late in 2009 and is now for sale in this country. The authors have written an intriguing book that traces the roots of Irish nationalism, beginning in the 12th century and culminating with the terrible civil war that nearly tore the country apart after it had gained partial freedom from England.

Interestingly enough, many Irish were not in favor of having the authority of the Crown completely out of Ireland, but rather wanted to

establish a dual monarchy similar to Austro-Hungarian rule. The Anglo-Irish, on the other hand, wanted to be fully removed from under the boot heel of English dominance.

The book goes into great detail about the Easter Rebellion of 1916, which was led by such Irish legends as Eamon de Valera, Sir Roger Casement, James Connolly, Joseph Plunkett, and Patrick Pearse. The British were completely unaware of what was transpiring. Soon, the rebels had seized two dozen strategic locations within Dublin, including the General Post Office, and established barriers on key city streets and intersections. The British troops, numbering about 2,500 within the city proper, were soon reinforced. In less than a week, the rebellion was crushed, and many of its leaders subsequently were executed. British troops sustained 550 casualties, the rebels only 200. The civilian population, by contrast, suffered 2,500 dead or wounded before the uprising was all over.

After the Easter Rising, Ireland was the scene of horrific guerrilla-style fighting. It also witnessed the increasing popularity of the Irish Republican Army. Spearheaded by the legendary Michael Collins, the IRA organized a hit team to systematically kill British political figures, soldiers, and police. British forces responded with equally harsh tactics that drew severe criticism from other nations, but did not deter the ruthless English.

Ireland finally agreed to negotiate a peace with Great Britain. Unfortunately, those who did not favor the treaty rose up in armed rebellion against their former comrades. For two years, the country was embroiled in a civil war, and Collins himself was assassinated by IRA gunmen. The conflict finally ended in 1923.

Even today, Ireland is still attempting to come to terms with her past. As historian Oliver Knox commented: "There is no such thing as Irish history at all—the past, the present and the future being the same thing, one and indistinguishable."

The Poison King: The Life and Legend of Mithradates, Rome's Deadliest Enemy by Adrienne Mayor, Princeton University Press, Princeton, NJ, 2010, 472 pp., index, notes, maps, illustrations, $29.95, hardcover.

Surprisingly little has been written about Mithradates, one of Rome's bitterest rivals. Born in Pontus, a Hellenistic-state of Persian origin situated on the Black Sea, in present-day Turkey, Mithradates had a hard childhood. His father died when he was quite young, and his jealous and ambitious mother wanted to remain queen, creating plots against her own son's life. He fled from home at an early age and, as legend has it, he supposedly lived in the woods, which hardened him for his future reign over the country.

Mithradates was a natural military genius. At its pinnacle, his kingdom stretched from Europe to Asia. By freeing many of the Greek states and Asian regions, he garnered support against the repressive rule of Rome. He fought three separate wars against the Roman legions and faced some of Rome's top leaders of the era.

Although he ruthlessly massacred an estimated 80,000 Romans who resided within his empire, Mithradates was also a man of some culture. He was a lover of the arts, botany, literature, and music, and even had an opera written about his life by Mozart in 1770. Legend says that he developed an antidote against poison that European royalty eagerly sought many years later.

When he was finally beaten by Rome's legions, Mithradates fell into obscurity. Although his death has been attributed to suicide, it is still shrouded in mystery. When the greatest leaders of the ancient world are discussed, Mithradates's name should definitely be included among them.

This Carnival of Hell: German Combat Experience on the Somme 1916 edited by Richard A. Baumgartner, Blue Acorn Press, Huntington, WV, 2010, 427 pp., index, photos, $39.00, hardcover.

The Battle of the Somme was one of the bloodiest affairs in the annals of warfare. From July to November 1916, British and French forces slugged it out with the German Army on the Western Front during World War I. On the first day of fighting alone, the British suffered 60,000 casualties, including a staggering 20,000 killed. When it was over, an estimated 1.5 million men had been killed or wounded in the battle.

Author Richard Baumgartner has a keen interest in World War I and corresponded with numerous German veterans of the Somme campaign in the late 1970s and early 1980s. The Wisconsin native and newspaper journalist has compiled their incredible stories into a highly effective oral history and narrative format.

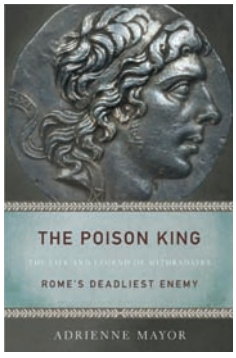
As the battle slowly grinded on, the terrain in the region took on an air of surrealism. Bombed-out villages, landscape filled with craters from exploding shells, and the unforgiving trenches where both sides resided amid the death and squalor, were indelibly etched in the minds of the survivors. "At least a fifth of them died in this small region of France, their lives snuffed out amid horrific scenes wholly unimaginable before the war started in 1914," writes Baumgartner. "Of the survivors, probably very few really emerged unscathed." This is their story.

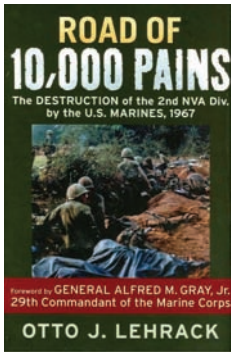
Road of 10,000 Pains: The Destruction of the 2nd NVA Div. by the U.S. Marines, 1967 by Otto J. Lehrack, Zenith Press, Minneapolis, MN, 2010, 320 pp., index, photos, $30.00, hardcover.

The 273-mile expanse of Vietnam's Que Son Valley, situated in Quang Nam Province, is rich, fertile land, ideally suited for harvesting rice and salt, both much-sought after food items. Although peaceful today, for a seven-month period in 1967, it was the scene of a bloody and intense struggle for that important region during the Vietnam War.

Otto Lehrack is a former Marine with two tours of duty in Vietnam under his belt. He has taken the words of more than 100 leathernecks who were veterans of the campaign in the Que Son Valley to tell their story. Numerous operations such as Union, Union II, Swift, and Beaver Cage were conducted to drive the enemy from the vital area. The North Vietnamese desperately wanted to maintain a strong presence to gain access to the food and to recruit as many villagers as they could to join their ranks against the American and South Vietnamese forces.

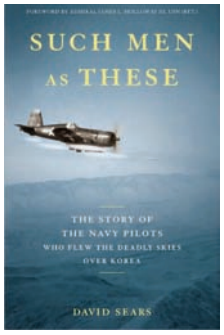
Thanks to the men of the Old Breed, the 1st Marine Division, the enemy never gained a foothold in the valley. The combat was unrelenting, but the leathernecks kept the pressure on. More than 900 Marines and 6,000 NVA soldiers would die in the ensuing campaigns. A host of decorations were awarded that attested to the savagery of the fighting. Five Marines and one U.S. Navy chaplain, Father Richard Capodanno, would receive the Medal of Honor posthumously. An additional 27 Navy Crosses

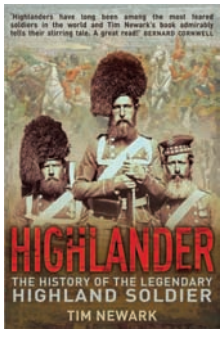




and 84 Silver Stars were given for heroism.

When Lehrack returned to Vietnam and toured the Que Son Valley, former NVA officers confirmed to him that the losses they sustained in the Que Son Valley had a detrimental effect on the major 1968 Tet offensive. This can all be attributed to the infantrymen of the 1st Marine Division.





Such Men as These: The Story of the Navy Pilots Who Flew the Deadly Skies Over Korea by David Sears, DaCapo Press, Cambridge, MA, 2010, 384 pp., notes, index, photos, $25.00, hardcover.

Not nearly enough has been written about the Korean War. Sandwiched between World War II and Vietnam, the "forgotten war" is usually ignored when it comes to historical or literary accounts.

The author gleaned the notes for James Michener's bestselling novel *The Bridges at Toko-Ri* and found the real-life pilots whose aerial exploits were the basis for Michener's novel. Sears's account tells of the harrowing ordeal of going "feet wet" off a carrier off the coast of the Korean peninsula, flying over unforgiving terrain, dropping ordnance, and returning their aircraft. During the country's bitter winter months, high winds in the Sea of Japan and snow and ice-covered decks made landing on ocean-going vessels especially dangerous.

"At a pivotal point in history, America and its free and like-minded allies stood firm and turned back totalitarian aggression," wrote Admiral James L. Holloway III, USN (Ret.) in the foreword of the book. "The contrasting circumstances of democratic South Korea and totalitarian North Korea speak volumes. Korea may well be the 'forgotten win.'"

The Politically Incorrect Guide to the Vietnam War by Phillip Jennings, Regnery Publishing, Washington, D.C., 2010, 244 pp., notes, index, $19.95, softcover.

As author Phillip Jennings accurately points out, it is not politically correct to say that the United States won the Vietnam War. But Jennings, himself a Vietnam veteran, maintains that less than universal opinion.

No matter how much the politicians tried to thwart victory with their misguided attempts at being military strategists, he says, America still emerged the victor on many fronts. The 1968 Tet offensive, proclaimed as a resounding win for North Vietnam, was an unmitigated military disaster for Hanoi. The U.S. press reported the offensive as a resounding success for the communists, making the campaign a political victory for them and turning many Americans against the war.

When left to its own devices after the American withdrawal, South Vietnam lost the war by itself, in a way "that is painful to contemplate," Jennings writes. "No war in American history is in greater need of a politically incorrect—another word for honest—treatment than the Vietnam War." His book is an attempt to meet that self-imposed challenge.

Highlander: The History of the Legendary Highland Soldier by Tim Newark, Skyhorse Publishing, New York, 2010, 320 pp., notes, index, $24.95, hardcover.

From the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie and his Jacobite rebels at the Battle of Culloden in 1746 to the modern-day conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan, the Highlander regiments of the British Army have left their mark.

The Scottish Highlanders lost at Culloden, but another 1,000 Highlanders also fought on the British side because of a long-standing feud between clans. The Duke of Cumberland paid tribute to the hard-fighting Scots when he wrote: "General Hawley had, by the help of our Highlanders, beat down two little stone walls, and came in upon the right flank of their second line."

In March 2006, the British government announced that all Scottish battalions within the newly organized army would no longer wear kilts. Highlander veterans came out in droves to protest the move, but to no avail. Recruitment dropped off accordingly. Despite the end to a very proud tradition, Highlander outfits are stationed in harm's way to this day. While on foot patrol in Afghanistan in 2008, Sergeant Jonathan Matthews was cut down by Taliban insurgents when he charged their position.

"Highlanders have and always will be 'stormers,'" writes Newark, "it is their very nature."

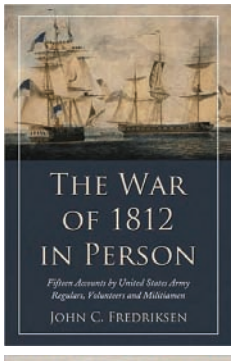
The War of 1812 in Person: Fifteen Accounts by United States Army Regulars, Volunteers and Militiamen edited by John C. Fredriksen, McFarland & Company, Inc., Jefferson, NC, 2010, 324 pp., illustrations, index, $45.00, softcover.

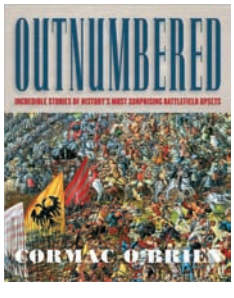
The War of 1812 is perhaps America's least understood conflict. Many Americans felt it was justified because of the unlawful impressment of U.S. seaman and concerns that the British were stirring up various Indian tribes with anti-American sentiments to undermine the fledgling United States and eventually win back the colonies. These and other reasons propelled an ill-prepared American Army to once again face their British counterparts on the battlefield.

This book does not go into the larger scope of the war, but rather concentrates on the soldiers in the field. The editor has collected accounts of 15 soldiers that represent a good cross-section of officers and enlisted men. These vignettes add a personal and human touch to the war, describing their frustration, anger, and sense of abandonment throughout the fighting.

Outnumbered: Incredible Stories of History's Most Surprising Battlefield Upsets by Cormac O'Brien, Fair Winds Press, Beverly, MA, 2010, 273 pp., illustrations, maps, index, $19.99, softcover.

Military history is full of stories of outnumbered troops who, by improvised strategy, weather, and sheer luck, outmaneuvered and outfought much stronger adversaries. Author O'Brien highlights some of the more famous of these lopsided engagements, beginning with the Battle of Salamis in 480 BC, where a handful of Greek ships destroyed 200 Persian vessels that had become bottlenecked within the narrow straits.





Some of the other decisive battles include Chancellorsville in May 1863, when Lt. Gen. Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson's Confederates outflanked Union Maj. Gen. O.O. Howard's Union troops and won a big victory. Ironically, Jackson would be shot and killed by his own troops that night while reconnoitering his lines.

Rorke's Drift in January 1879 is another good example of military discipline. Some 150 British soldiers, armed with the new Martini-Henry rifle, held off 4,000 Zulu warriors after the native victory at Isandlwana. A record 11 Victoria Crosses were awarded by the British govern-

ment for their actions, a record that stands to this day.

O'Brien's book is a testament to the bravery, skill, and sheer audacity of those commanders and soldiers who displayed exceptional courage in the face of overwhelming odds and somehow emerged victorious.

Hero Found: The Greatest POW Escape of the Vietnam War by Bruce Henderson, HarperCollins, New York, 2010, 304 pp., index, notes, photos, $27.99, hardcover.

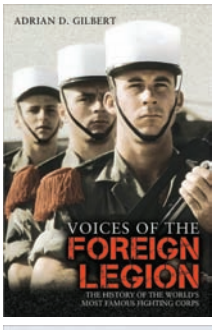
Here is a powerful book about the amazing escape of U.S. Navy pilot Dieter Dengler, who was shot down over Laos in February 1966. The reason the account is so riveting is because the author knew Dengler personally.

Miraculously, the German-born aviator engineered an escape from his jungle hellhole with other Americans, Thais, and Chinese, just months after he was incarcerated. He and another American helicopter pilot named Duane made good their escape. Both men, were wracked with malaria and exhaustion and, at times, thought they would not elude their captors. Dieter did, but Duane was beheaded by a Laotian villager. Dengler was spotted by an A1 Skyraider pilot, who radioed for a rescue helicopter to pull him from the jungle.

After his recovery, Dengler was whisked back to Washington, D.C., to testify before congressional committees. He was promoted and awarded a host of medals, including the Navy Cross.

Sadly, Dengler's life after the war was a not a pleasant one. Several divorces and ALS, or Lou Gehrig's Disease, took their toll, but the affable former POW never lost his love of flying. He married a flight attendant of Japanese descent and appeared to be happier than ever. The illness, unfortunately, was developing at a rapid pace and Dengler realized that the end would be soon.

On February 7, 2000, he placed a pistol into his mouth and pulled the trigger, ending his ordeal. He was buried at Arlington National Cemetery with full military honors. Dengler had made his final escape—from life itself.

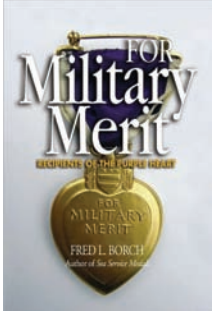


Voices of the Foreign Legion: The French Foreign Legio in Its Own Words by Adrian D. Gilbert, Skyhorse Publishing, New York, 2010, 288 pp., index, notes, $24.95, hardcover.

There has never been a military organization more shrouded in mystique and controversy than the French Foreign Legion. Movies such as *Beau Geste* catapulted this enigmatic fighting group into a romantic force traveling to far-flung areas of the world to do battle.

Realistically, the Legion is anything but romantic. Created in 1831, the unique unit comprised foreign nationals commanded by French officers. It is also open to French citizens, and, by 2007, approximately 24 percent of the Legion were Frenchmen.

Gilbert's book discusses the training, history, and conflicts the Legion has participated in since its inception more than 175 years ago. He also writes about the complex motives that compel men to sign that enlistment paper and pledge five years of their lives to the stringent organization. Whatever their reasons for joining, the men who have served and fought with this illustrious unit have helped make it a legend.



For Military Merit: Recipients of the Purple Heart by Fred L. Borch, Naval Insitute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2010, 360 pp., index, notes, illustrations, $34.95, hardcover.

The Purple Heart medal is America's oldest military decoration. First introduced as the Badge of Military Merit in 1782 by General George Washington, the award was soon forgotten as time elapsed. One hundred and fifty years later, General Douglas MacArthur authorized its use once again.

In the beginning, the Purple Heart was only given to U.S. Army personnel, and not for wounds received in combat. Instead, it was given for an act of "fidelity" or "essential service." It was not until September 1942 that the medal was presented to individuals who were wounded in combat. In December 1942, the U.S. Navy received authorization to give the medal to sailors, Marines, and Coast Guardsmen who were wounded while fighting an enemy of the United States.

The book is full of tidbits of information on the recipients, some of the country's lesser-known conflicts, and the ongoing changes that the medal has undergone since its beginning. □

rubio ranch

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Mexican general staff told one of Patton's daughters that he knew her father well. When she asked how, he told her "I shoot at him many times—from behind walls, from behind haystacks, from behind houses—I was with Pancho Villa!"

Back outside, the Americans questioned the cow skinners and discovered that the last man killed, and the first one Patton shot, was Julio Cardenas. Patton had nailed his target. The men gathered up the all the weapons while Patton snagged Cardenas's silver-tipped saddle and saber for himself. All three dead men wore U.S. Army trousers and possessed Army blankets stenciled "Thirteenth Cavalry." They had obviously been part of the Columbus raid. Two of the dead men were unceremoniously strapped to the hoods of the cars, but before Cardenas could be brought over to the vehicles, a group of 40 Mexicans rode up on the area, firing rifles.

Patton's men were nervous, outnumbered almost 3-to-1, but they stood their ground while Cardenas's corpse was strapped to the hood of the last car. Patton was hesitant to start another fight. No one knew where he was, and no help could be expected. He also worried that "a shot to the gas tanks to the rear of the cars would put them out of action. It was better not to wait." They jumped into the cars and took off in haste. Patton reported officially: "We withdrew gracefully."

Patton made one last tactical decision as they headed back to headquarters. Passing the town of Saltillo, he ordered one of his men to climb a telephone pole and cut down the wires. He did not want anyone warned about what had happened at Rubio. When the locals saw the dead bodies on the cars they began to shout and taunt the Americans, but no one tried to stop the vehicles as they rode by.

The cars rolled into camp to the amazement of the soldiers and reporters, who gathered around to see the bodies strapped over the hoods like hunting trophies. The soldiers teased Patton about not using his saber on his quarry. Pershing ordered a troop of cavalry to ride back to Rubio to see if any more Villistas were in the area. He complimented Patton, saying that he had done more in a day than the entire 13th Cavalry Regiment had done in a week. He allowed Patton to keep Cardenas's saddle and saber. The soldiers buried the bodies as the sun went down, with one old sergeant offering a droll eulogy: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. If Villa won't bury you, Uncle Sam must."

It had been a long day. Patton's party had

taken off for the corn at noon and returned to camp around four. In that time, he had proved his military prowess. He staked out his target, made a quick plan to seal off the area, and brought firepower to bear. He stood his ground and scored hits in the opening round of the firefight that helped kill the bandits. He then conducted an aerial recon, despite falling partially through the roof. Finally, he surmised the larger strategic implications of his actions and had the telephone lines cut to prevent word of his actions from spreading and to prevent anyone from coordinating an ambush along the return journey.

Rubio Ranch was significant for another reason. It was the first time the U.S. Army had used the combustion engine in combat, with automobiles replacing horses in the cavalry-style raid. Within 25 years, horses no longer would play an active role in American war making.

The Punitive Expedition ended in February 1917. It had lasted 10 months and failed in its main objective of capturing Villa. The expedition's greatest success was the wartime experience it gave to a new generation of leaders. Many of the officers would play prominent roles during World War I. Pershing would be promoted to full general and lead an army of four million into the bloody trenches of Europe. Patton would apply his knowledge of motorized vehicles to a new weapon making its debut in France—the tank.

Patton had survived his own version of the gunfight at the O.K. corral, but he did not escape Mexico unscathed. Five months after the Rubio Ranch affair, he was in his tent, pumping kerosene into a lamp, when the lamp exploded. His face and hand caught fire and he ran outside and put out the flames. The burns would eventually heal, but for days Patton was forced to ingest his food through a straw.

The Rubio Ranch incident cemented the image of Patton the fighter. The battle caused a short-lived sensation back in the United States, where people hungered for good news from Mexico. The Army had not had much luck finding bandits before Patton's cars raced to the ranch. Patton completed his new image by cutting two notches into the ivory handle of his Colt .45—even though he could not be sure if he had actually killed anyone.

Throughout the Rubio Ranch gunfight, Patton had remained cool and calculating. In his tent the night after the shootout, Patton wrote to his wife, "I have always expected to be scared [in a fight], but I was not, nor was I excited." He had only one thought in mind the whole time: "I was afraid they would get away." They didn't. □

intelligence

Continued from page 19

Florida. They now turned their attention to East Florida, the main purpose of their trip. Matthews hired an unknown man to be his agent in Pensacola and act as his eyes and ears on the ground. At one point, Matthews traveled to East Florida to find a suitable place in which to build a fort. Over time, Matthews and McKee had secret operatives traveling to Mobile, New Orleans, and Pensacola to collect intelligence.

It was McKee's job to follow any rumors of Spanish intrigue in East Florida, and he sent his reports directly to James Monroe, who had just become secretary of state after Madison fired Smith. Matthews sent his correspondence to Monroe as well, and the two developed a good working relationship. On August 3, 1811, Matthews penned a letter to Monroe asking that his mission be drastically changed. He asked that military supplies and money be sent to him directly for the Patriotic forces that were allied with the United States. "The inhabitants of the province are ripe for revolt," wrote Matthews. "They are however incompetent to effect a thorough revolution without external aid." It was his opinion that if the rebels were provided with sufficient supplies, it might turn the tide of events in America's favor.

While Madison was cagey enough not to tell Congress the whole truth about his Florida operation, he gave the members enough information to induce the representatives to provide him with an almost-blank check to take whatever action he deemed necessary. Part of the congressional message said that the president had the right "under certain circumstances, to take possession of the country lying east of the Perdido River and south of the state of Georgia and the Mississippi Territory and for other purposes." Congress also gave the president authority to use Army and naval forces if he deemed it necessary to carry out the East Florida mission.

Matthews came back from Florida and began to assemble his force. He recruited several soldiers of fortune from local cattle ranchers, adventurers who were looking for action and wealth, slave smugglers, and others of dubious distinction. On March 16, 1812, Matthews and his men arrived at the St. Mary's River, which was the boundary between the United States and East Florida. There they were met by a man named Colonel John McIntosh, who took military control over the so-called Patriotic Army.

McIntosh and his men attacked the town of Fernandina on Amelia Island. U.S. Navy gunboats stood by to render assistance if necessary. McIntosh demanded the surrender of the town from the Spanish authorities, who gave in without a fight. In due course, a new country called the Republic of East Florida was declared, and Matthews and a detachment of soldiers took control of the area and moved in to protect the city. After the successful takeover of East Florida, Matthews sent an urgent dispatch informing Madison of his success.

Madison seemed, however, to have a sudden change of heart regarding the whole East Florida incident. By April 1812, Matthews's men had also seized St. Augustine, but for whatever reason, when Monroe heard of the incident, he promptly chastised Matthews for acting in violation of his orders. The original covert nature of Matthews's mission was drawing too much unwarranted attention in Washington, and the president decided to pull the plug on the entire operation.

In Washington, Spanish and British diplomats as well as an inquiring Congress were demanding answers about just what Matthews and his company were doing in the swamps of East Florida. Plausible deniability was now out of the question, and the East Florida operation was too hot to handle politically. The Madison administration backed quickly if quietly out of the picture.

Infuriated by the deceptive nature of the administration in Washington, Matthews decided to return to Washington and plead his case. He was officially relieved of his duties on April 4, 1812, and made plans to return home. While Matthews was en route to Washington, he suddenly died on the trail. No one knows just how or why Matthews died, but his death conveniently eliminated the one person who could tell the entire story of his secret machinations in East Florida and the roles given to him by Madison and Monroe. It is doubtful that his passing was mourned in the White House.

Madison quickly replaced Matthews with another emissary to East Florida, the governor of Georgia, David Mitchell, who was given more leeway than Matthews. An American military presence in the area was maintained. In 1819, Florida was incorporated into the United States under terms of the Adams-Onis Treaty, by which Spain agreed to sell its Florida possessions to the United States in return for $5 million in damages done during the recent invasion by General Andrew Jackson. By then, George Matthews and his earlier invasion were long since forgotten. □

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For 55 minutes after the explosion, the liner remained afloat while listing badly. Then, at 9:07, the great hospital ship foundered, taking 21 people down with her. At 48,158 tons, she had the dubious distinction of being the largest ship lost during the war.

Britannic may have been the victim of a mine instead of a German U-boat. A search of German archives reveals no record of a submarine attack in the area, but several mines had been set in the vicinity.

Some British liners were converted to troop transports. After her service as a hospital ship, *Mauretania* was made into a troop transport in 1918. Once again, Rostron stood on her bridge. The liner carried about 5,000 troops per voyage—in total about 35,000 American troops to France. By far the most famous troop transport was *Olympic,* which participated in the Dardanelles campaign. During that time, she rescued 34 survivors of *Provincia,* a French ship that had been torpedoed by an Austrian submarine.

During the war, *Olympic* sailed 184,000 miles as a troop transport and carried more than 120,000 troops. She successfully evaded three submarine attacks. Then on May 12, 1918, came her fourth encounter. *Olympic* was in the English Channel to rendezvous with four British destroyers. At 3:55 AM, lookouts spotted a submarine surfacing about a half mile away. The liner, which was armed with two guns, opened fire while ship's captain Bertram Hayes turned toward the U-boat to ram it. There was a thud, and the liner vibrated slightly as she collided with the hapless U-boat. "Well, Thompson," Hayes said to his assistant, "there's forty of the brutes gone to hell." Miraculously, there were survivors, but the submarine, *U-103,* was totally lost.

A few months later the armistice took place. Defeated Germany was handed harsh terms in the settlement on May 7, 1919, ironically the fourth anniversary of *Lusitania*'s sinking. Germany's luxury liners were taken over by the British and Americans. *Imperator* was renamed *Berengaria* and given to the Cunard Line. *Bismarck* was handed over to the White Star Line, where she was renamed *Majestic. Vaterland* was given to the Americans and called *Leviathan.*

During World War II, *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth* would transport thousands of British troops. As late as 1982, *Queen Elizabeth II* would carry troops to the Falklands, continuing to demonstrate the importance of merchant ships, including passenger liners, in time of war. □

Continued from page 21

naval officer swords that, while certainly made in World War II, were never wielded by Japanese officers. These are just two of dozens of types of items that were faked even before the battlefields fell silent.

Reenacting is one facet of the collectibles hobby that is changing what people buy. Reenactors originally were happy to simply look reasonable, but today the more experienced reenactor desires to look as authentic as possible, down to the styles of bullets and fabrics that were used during a particular era. For instance, when Civil War reenactments began, a pair of light-blue United States Postal Service pants and an old blue suit jacket was considered reasonable. No longer. Today, a cottage industry reproduces everything from uniforms and helmets to personal equipment.

This dedication to realism, while great for reenactors, is somewhat disturbing to collectors and those in the museum field. "On a more interesting and intimidating front are the higher-quality repros from WWII we see at the museum," says Owen Connor. "Many of these items from some of the better companies can be quite good." He notes that one supplier makes an outstanding set of the WWII-issue Marine HBT (Herringbone Twill) utility uniform and claims on his website: "The Marine Corps Museum can barely tell the difference." Needless to say, Connor doesn't completely agree. "I was not thrilled with this and am relieved in that this comment pre-dates my time here. For the record, I bought and own this uniform out of intellectual curiosity, and I can tell the difference after lengthy weathering in Jamaica and Key West."

It isn't uncommon to see reenactor gear show up for sale after it's been through a few "campaigns." But most of the time, these still lack some of the small details that experts such as Connor can instantly note. For the collector, it is good that these newly made items are being used. "These are cheaper," says Bernard Delgado, a former reenactor and collector of U.S. Airborne militaria. "There is no anxiety about losing or destroying them in the field."

For those who simply look to display an item, a replica also doesn't typically break the bank. "German World War II helmets, even in poor condition, can cost $300 to $5,000, depending on how it is marked," says Cranmer. "We sell replicas because people might want one without spending that kind of money." He adds that anyone who knows the real deal will know instantly that the ones sold by IMA-USA are copies.

This brings up the issue of how easily a reproduction can be passed off as an original. Many collectors ask why a replica isn't clearly marked as such. "The problem for the collector is that we can't stamp IMA reproduction," says Cranmer, who adds that owners want it to appear as realistic as possible, even if it isn't original. "That just doesn't look right. While we don't produce our replicas with the intention of having people sell it to collectors as real items, we do know this happens."

And this is where the line between reproduction and fake is blurred. Sometimes reproductions are sold as originals, but now a full industry is churning out copies that are meant to deceive. "A fake is meant for that very purpose, to deceive," says Jareth Holub, owner of Ceramic Restorations, an expert in art restoration and an advanced collector of Japanese militaria. He knows how easy it is to add age to an item, and he says greed is a prime motivator. Holub warns that, as replicas get better, they have the chance of someday being passed off as original. "Reproductions of certain items are getting much better," he cautions. "The makers of some items are paying close attention to the details."

To this end, collectors and dealers such as Cranmer and Holub suggest that prospective consumers educate themselves. There are plenty of published books, as well as Internet forums and websites that can help the less experienced collector, and many recommend that you buy only from reputable dealers. One easy-to-follow tip is to invest in tools such as a black light, which can help a user know if the item is period—modern synthetic fibers will glow. At the same time, collectors should heed the advice to see real items in collections. Time treats items differently than artificial means to make something look old.

Another problem with all these items is that quite often buyers are intrigued by the possibility of not only what an item is but where it came from. This is why many dealers and collectors suggest, "Buy the item, not the story." The knowledgeable collector should appreciate not only the individual item but the history of where it was used, even if it isn't possible to tie a particular piece to an actual individual. The best advice is to be part of a like-minded community whenever possible, to get opinions on what you collect, to share information (hoping it isn't shared with fakers), and finally to enjoy what you collect. In the end, keeping the hobby fun is the most important part of any collector's experience. And that's something that can't be faked. □

You deserve a factual look at . . .

Israel: An Apartheid State?

Is there any truth at all in this oft-repeated calumny?

Only a short time ago, many universities, goaded by left-wing professors and students and their substantial Muslim student bodies, "celebrated" Israel Apartheid Week in which divestiture from, boycott of and sanctions against Israel were demanded. Is there any truth, any justification at all in this odious characterization?

What are the facts?

South African Apartheid. "Apartheid," the Dutch-Africaans term for separation, was the social order of the former South Africa. It meant exactly that. The Black majority of the nation and the so-called Colored were kept strictly apart in all aspects of life. White domination over the native population was mandatory. For instance: Non-Whites had to carry a "passbook." Passbook infringement could lead to deportation to one of the Bantu "homelands." Blacks and Coloreds were being kept from a wide array of jobs. Black-White sex was a serious jail-time criminal offense. Hospitals and ambulances were strictly separated. Whites enjoyed free education until graduation. Not so for Blacks, whose education was strictly limited by the oppressive "Bantu Education Act."

> "To call Israel an apartheid state is an expression of ignorance, anti-Semitism, and malice."

By law, no mixed sports were allowed. Park benches, swimming pools, libraries, and movies were strictly separated. Blacks were not allowed to purchase or imbibe alcoholic drinks – etc, etc, etc. And that is only a partial and small list of the many abusive impediments that non-Whites suffered under the South African apartheid regime.

Israeli Equality. To tar Israel with that kind of brush is utterly malicious. The exact opposite is the case. Not one single apartheid practice applies to Israel. Israel is by far the most racially mixed and tolerant nation in the entire Muslim Middle East. Arabs, who are about 20% of Israel's population, enjoy, without any exception, the same rights and opportunities in all fields as their Jewish fellow citizens. The total equality of all Israelis is assured in Israel's founding document. All non-Jews (which means primarily Muslim Arabs) have full voting rights. At present, eleven Arabs sit in Israel's Knesset (parliament): Three Arabs are deputy speakers. Arabs are represented in Israel's diplomatic service all over the world. Arab students may and do study in all Israeli universities. All children in Israel are entitled to subsidized education until graduation, without any restrictions based on color or religions. In short, Muslim Arabs and other non-Jews are allowed everything that Jews are allowed, everything that non-Whites were not allowed in apartheid South Africa.

But, yes, there is one difference: Jewish Israeli men are obligated to a three-year stint in the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and serve in the reserve until they are 50 years old. For Arabs, this service is voluntary. Except for the Druze, hardly any Arabs volunteer to serve in the armed forces.

Israel has granted permanent residence and full citizen rights to a large number of legal and illegal foreign workers and their families – from the Philippines, Eritrea, Colombia, Nigeria, and from many other countries. Nobody, of course, is forced or requested to convert to Judaism as a condition of their being allowed to stay. Israel has accepted a shipload of Vietnamese refugees who had sought asylum. No Arab country has accepted a single one of those refugees. Israel has brought in about 70,000 black Ethiopian Jews, who despite their backwardness have become fully integrated citizens of Israel. Everything that Blacks were not allowed to do in South Africa is totally open to non-Jews in Israel.

The "Apartheid Wall." Another reason for which left-wing zealots and anti-Semites like to refer to Israel as the "apartheid state" is the fence between Israel proper and the territories. This fence (which is indeed a fence and not a wall over most of its length) was constructed at great cost in order to prevent the suicidal attacks that had killed hundreds of Israelis and grievously wounded thousands more. Thankfully, this "wall" is exceptionally successful and has totally prevented any such attacks since its completion. There is little question that this separation fence is the cause of inconvenience for some of the Arab population. But it is an annoyance that they have brought about themselves. And, of course, there are walls for protection all over the world. The Chinese invented it hundreds of years ago. Our own country has a long, high, very sophisticated wall across our border with Mexico. It is a wall, not to keep out criminals who want to kill Americans, but people who want to come here only in search of a better life. To call the Israeli fence an "apartheid wall" is an expression of ignorance and of malevolence.

Israel is a light unto the nations. It has, regrettably, many enemies – all or most of the world's Muslim nations and left-wing ideologues who mostly hate the United States and who consider Israel to be America's cat's-paw in the Middle East. The reality, of course, is that Israel is the exact opposite of an apartheid state. It is a country in which all residents, all citizens, enjoy the same full rights. All other countries in the Middle East are benighted theocracies, ruthless tyrannies, or mostly both. To call Israel an apartheid state is an expression of ignorance, anti-Semitism, and malice.

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Facts and Logic About the Middle East
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Gerardo Joffe, President

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