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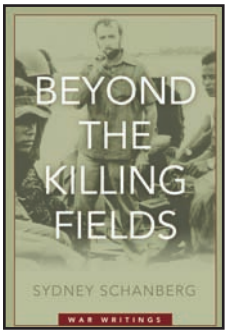

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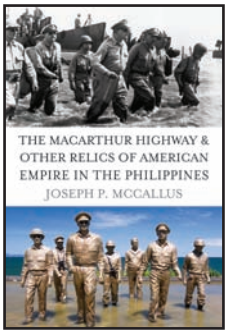

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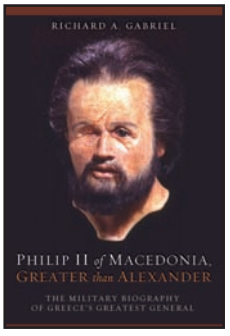

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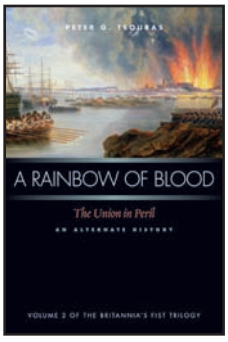

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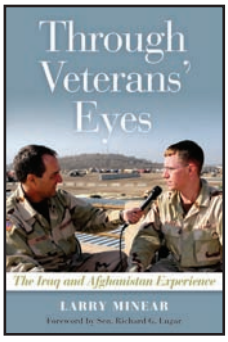

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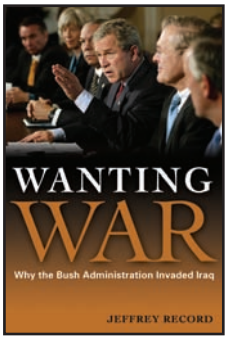

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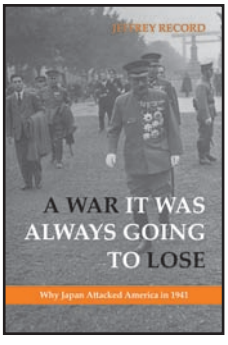

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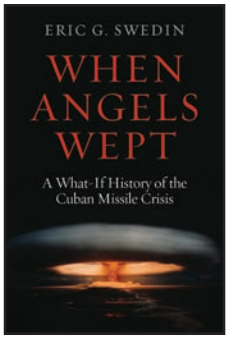

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August 2010

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COVER: A Confederate standard bearer embodies the defiant fighting spirit of the South in Steady on the Colors *by Don Troiani. © Historical Art Prints, www.historicalartprints.com.*

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editorial

The 1st and 2nd Cavalry regiments, known as "Jeff Davis's Pets," served on the western frontier in the half-decade preceding the Civil War.

IT IS AN IRONY OF WAR THAT THE MODEL 1857 GUN-HOWITZER that Union artillerists used to help turn the tide at Gettysburg was the brainchild of Confederate President Jefferson Davis, who championed the development of the new field piece while serving as secretary of war under Franklin Pierce. For once, backward-looking critics of the controversial southerner could not allege that he had abused his cabinet post to further the military and political aims of his native region, far in advance of the Civil War.

Another Davis innovation did spark such complaints. The 1st and 2nd Cavalry Regiments, known throughout the Army as "Jeff Davis's Pets," were so stocked with southern officers that many critics saw the regiments' creation as a Machiavellian plot by Davis to give his co-regionalists valuable experience in the upcoming war. As was often the case with Davis, his enemies gave him too little credit for good intentions—and far too much credit for sheer deviousness.

In his cabinet post, Davis had lobbied long and hard for the creation of an expanded cavalry presence on the southwestern frontier. Such a force was badly needed. Following the successful conclusion of the war with Mexico in 1848, the U.S. Army had reverted to its congressionally mandated peacetime size of 13,821 men, despite the fact that the nation had increased by more than one million square miles in three years' time. In June 1853, the Army had fewer than 7,000 men on active duty in the West—124 soldiers for each of its 54 western outposts.

In his annual report to Congress in 1854, Davis complained: "We have a sea-board and foreign frontier of more than 10,000 miles, an Indian frontier and routes through Indian country requiring a constant protection of more than 8,000 miles, and an Indian population of more than 400,000, of whom probably 40,000 warriors are inimical and only want the opportunity to become active enemies."

Opponents in Congress, led by Senators Sam Houston of Texas and Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, fought any increase in the size of the military, warning that such an army would be southern-dominated at a time when the winds of secession were just beginning to blow. Ironically, Houston and Benton came from southern states themselves, but both were dedicated nationalists who bitterly opposed any potential separation of the regions.

Despite the senators' opposition, Congress in March 1855 approved four new Army regiments, two infantry and two cavalry. Davis set to work filling the officer vacancies. Command of the 1st Regiment went, through seniority, to Colonel Edwin V. Sumner. Selected to lead the 2nd Regiment was Davis's old friend, Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, a veteran Indian fighter from Texas. Lieutenant colonelcies went to Joseph E. Johnston and Robert E. Lee, then serving as superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point. Lee, in particular, was not thrilled by his new assignment, which meant a forced separation from his family.

Critics of Davis, then and later, had a field day. Of the 25 officers chosen for the 2nd Cavalry, 17 were southern-born, and numbered among the two regiments were five future Confederate full generals—Robert E. Lee, A.S. Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, John Bell Hood, and Edmund Kirby Smith. Confederate major generals included J.E.B. Stuart, William Hardee, Earl Van Dorn, Fitzhugh Lee, and Charles Field.

At the same time, future Union Army stalwarts who served in the frontier regiments included George B. McClellan, Edwin Sumner, George H. Thomas, John Sedgwick, Samuel Sturgis, George Stoneman, David S. Stanley, Thomas J. Wood, and Richard W. Johnson, the last of whom disputed Davis's myriad critics. "This was six years before the beginning of the war," said Johnson, "and a little too early for one to predict with any degree of certainty the supreme folly of a war between the sections."

When that supreme folly did come, the 1st and 2nd Regiments were decimated by the massive resignations of southern officers heading home to fight for the Confederacy—beginning with the South's first and only president, Jefferson Davis.

Roy Morris Jr.

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By Gustav Person

The Model 1857 12-pounder gun-howitzer became a mainstay of the Union artillery during the Civil War, proving its worth at Gettysburg.

AMONG THE HISTORIC INVENTORY OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY'S artillery weapons, few pieces have enjoyed a more predominant role or reputation than the Model 1857 12-pounder gun-howitzer, which became a mainstay of the Federal artillery during the Civil War. Its development grew directly out of the Mexican War a decade earlier. During the Mexican War, the Army field artillery consisted of 6-and 12-pounder guns, the 12-pounder mountain howitzer, the Model 1841 12-pounder field howitzer, the 24- and 32-pounder howitzers, and 8- and 10-inch mortars. However, by the early years of the next decade, the Ordnance Department had resolved to take advantage of significant advances in technology and tactics. Artillerists had long felt the need for a gun that was somewhat bigger than the 6-pounder, but not as heavy as the standard Model 1841 12-pounder.

Secretary of War Jefferson Davis decided to increase American awareness of artillery developments in Europe, and he was primarily responsible in 1854 for sending a three-man commission to observe the Crimean War and European armies in general. Upon their return, Major Alfred Mordecai, an Ordnance officer, presented the commission's views on artillery and recommended that the new French cannon be obtained for testing. It became known variously as the "Gun-Howitzer," the "Light 12-pounder" and the "12-pounder.Gun, Model 1857," but was more commonly called the "Napoleon."

Like so many other military organizations in the 1850s, the U.S. Army copied liberally from the French Army, which was generally considered to be the epitome of efficiency, innovation, and success. The new 12-pounder had been invented by Louis Napoleon, the nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte, himself a notable gunner. While in exile after

The 9th Massachusetts Battery fights a desperate rear-guard action near the Trostle Farm at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Painting by Don Troiani.

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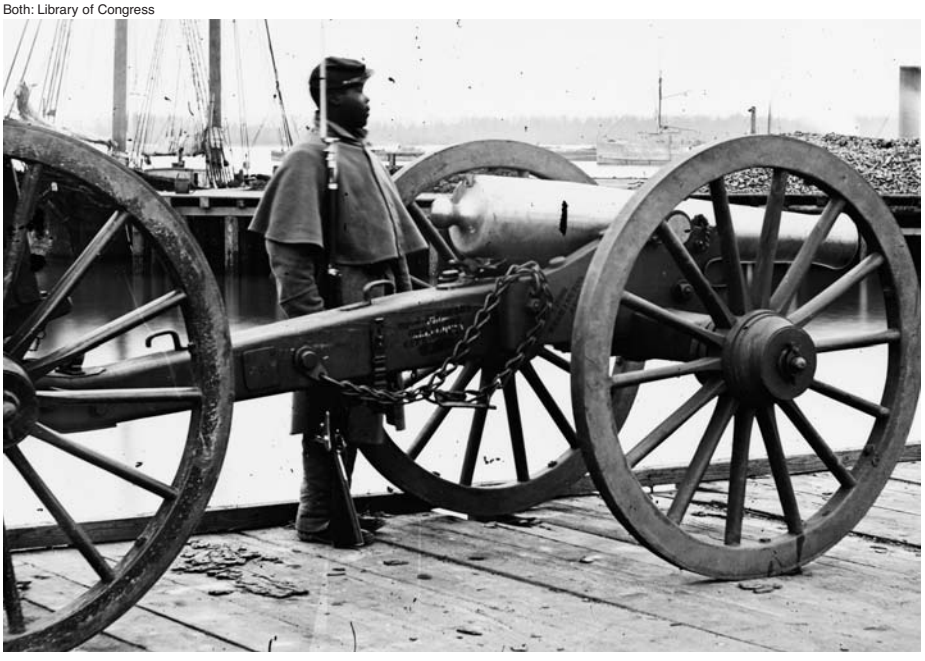

ABOVE: An African American soldier stands watch over a Union 12-pounder during the Civil War. RIGHT: Union Captain Hubert "Leatherbreeches" Dilger.

Napoleon's downfall, Louis was schooled as a military engineer from his 15th year while serving in the Swiss Army. He had chosen the soldier's path to power and quickly made a name for himself. While still a captain, he began to compile an artillery manual to bring himself to the attention of French authorities. He labored on this manual, *Études sur le Passé et l'Avenir de l'Artillerie,* a monumental four-volume work, between 1846 and 1863.

As pretender to the throne of France, Louis's path to power was checkered but persistent. After imprisonment, exile, and other difficulties, he finally reached his goal by toppling the Bourbon dynasty with a coup d'état that later made him emperor of France. In 1853, Louis Napoleon designed the excellent muzzle-loading bronze smoothbore field gun that was given his name. This piece, which combined the properties of both gun and howitzer, was called a *canon-obusier,* or gun-howitzer. It first saw action in the Crimean War and would remain a mainstay of the French Army until being totally outgunned during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 by the formidable Krupp steel breech-loading guns.

The U.S. Army's renewed use of bronze as the metal for field guns had followed a rocky course since the iron models of 1818 had proved undependable. A Board of Ordnance, appointed by Secretary of War Lewis Cass, recommended in 1835 that iron be rejected in favor of bronze. Bronze was finally approved as the Army standard in 1841. The new bronze pieces (commonly called brass at the time) consisted of 90 parts copper and 10 parts tin. Bronze pieces were found to be harder than iron, less susceptible to oxidation, and much less ductile than either of their components. The principle foundries for bronze cannons were at Cyrus Alger & Company in South Boston, the Ames Manufacturing Company in Chicopee, Massachusetts, Henry N. Hooper & Company in Boston, Miles Greenwood & Company in Cincinnati, and the Revere Copper Company in Boston.

The new Model 1857 had a 4.62-inch diameter of bore. It was 72.15 inches long and weighed 1,227 pounds—about 500 pounds less than its bronze predecessor, the Model 1841—with a carriage weighing 1,218 pounds. The total weight of the gun, carriage, limber, and implements was 3,865 pounds. The solid spherical projectile weighed 12.30 pounds and had a muzzle velocity of 1,440 feet per second. The maximum effective range at five-degree elevation, with a powder charge of 2.5 pounds, was about 1,620 yards.

The United States had adopted the French Gribeauval system of artillery carriages in 1809, about the time when it was becoming obsolete. The 1765 system featured the split-trail carriage. In the 1770s, British artillery designers had begun to experiment with a carriage boasting a single sturdy trail that offered several advantages. The new trail, called a stock, was at least as strong as or stronger than the split-trail. It was also simpler to produce and afforded a shorter turning radius, thus offering greater maneuverability.

American experiments with the new carriage began in 1830, and Secretary Cass approved the new system in 1836. Full production did not begin until 1840. Generally, the stock-trail carriages came in three sizes. The new Model 1857 gun was mounted on a modified 24-pounder howitzer carriage that was painted an olive drab color. Each Napoleon gun was hitched to a two-wheeled limber and pulled by a six-horse team, disposed in double file. Mounted on each limber was a chest containing a variety of ammunition. Four types of projectiles were used in field service: solid shot, canister, shell, and case shot. Each projectile and powder cartridge was attached to a block of wood called a sabot. The solid shot was spherical, and its weight in pounds was used to designate the caliber of gun to which it belonged.

Canister consisted of a tin cylinder attached to a sabot and filled with 27 cast-iron balls. The ends were sealed with sheet-iron covers. The shot was packed in sawdust in four tiers. Maximum range for canister, the prime antipersonnel ammunition, was normally 400 yards. Double and triple charges of canister could be fired in emergencies, but the powder charge was knocked off all but the first round. The metal cylinder disintegrated upon leaving the muzzle, and gunners attempted to fire canister at the ground in front of the gun to create a ricochet effect. Enemy soldiers on the receiving end often described the waves of dust thrown up by the shot striking the ground repeatedly as it sped in their direction.

Shell was hollow shot, with thicknesses of metal to enable it to penetrate earthworks and wooden buildings without breaking or exploding. It was filled with powder and ignited by a primitive fuse inserted in a hole through which

the powder was introduced. Spherical case-shot, also known as shrapnel after the British Army artillery colonel who invented it, was a hollow, thin, cast-iron shot filled with about 80 musket balls. Melted sulfur or resin was poured in to fill the interstices and secure the balls in place. After solidification, a portion of the contents was bored out and the cylindrical opening filled with a fuse to create air bursts.

Every gun was supported by two caissons, each bearing two ammunition chests. Each caisson was pulled by a limber, and gun crews could normally count on drawing ammunition from seven readily available ammunition chests carrying a basic load of 238 rounds per gun. A typical Napoleon battery consisted of six guns divided into three sections. A captain commanded the battery assisted by three lieutenants, each of whom commanded a section of two guns. A fourth lieutenant normally commanded the caisson line.

One gun, with an accompanying caisson and its crew of nine cannoneers in a mounted battery formed a platoon. All cannoneers in a mounted battery were on foot. In a horse artillery battery, each detachment of cannoneers numbered 11 men. Since all were mounted, two men had to be detailed as horse-holders when the guns were unlimbered and placed into battery. The number of horses required depended on the type of battery; for example, a 12-pounder mounted battery normally required at least 149 horses. Each battery also included a wheeled forge and a battery wagon.

The first Napoleon gun was cast in America early in 1857. Besides being made originally with handles (called dolphins) above the trunions, it proved to have some additional drawbacks, and it was redesigned slightly. Four more were cast, and these guns remained the only ones in Army service until 1861, when production began in earnest. Soon after reaching its new post at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in September 1857, Company M, 2nd U.S. Artillery was the first to receive the four spanking-new bronze 12-pounder Napoleons.

The company (at that time artillery batteries were still designated as companies) was commanded by Captain Henry Hunt, who during the Civil War rose to the rank of brigadier general of volunteers and chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac. Hunt was probably the foremost artillerist of his time. He and his gunners were very impressed with the new weapon, which combined the features of the gun with some of the howitzer, and proved capable of the long range and accuracy of the former and the high-angled fire of the latter. It could fire all types of projectiles with ease and it was an especially deadly weapon when hurling canister at close ranges.

A 12-pounder Napoleon at the Best Farm, Monocacy National Battlefield, Maryland.

By the beginning of the third year of the war, Hunt had effective control of no fewer than 346 cannons in the Army of the Potomac. Commanding General Ulysses S. Grant's Overland Campaign coincided with a move to alter the ratio of Napoleons to rifles in the Army of the Potomac, a ratio that since the early days of the war had meant rifle dominance by a wide margin. By March 1864, rifled cannons still outnumbered the smoothbore gun-howitzer that Hunt preferred, but only by a small margin: 154 rifles against 120 Napoleons. The Confederates used Napoleons in great numbers during the war as well. In fact, after the heavy fighting in 1862, General Robert E. Lee recommended that the many obsolete 6-pounders and older Model 1841 12-pounders be melted down and recast into Napoleons.

The employment and versatility of the Napoleon gun-howitzer can be illustrated by examining the operations of one Federal battery and its audacious commander. At the beginning of the war, Hubert Dilger, known to his associates as "Leatherbreeches" because of his unorthodox leg wear, was appointed to command Battery I, 1st Ohio Light Artillery. A recent German emigrant and professional soldier, Dilger had learned his trade as an officer in the horse artillery of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

Dilger's battery first made a name for itself at the Battle of Second Bull Run in late August 1862, where its six Napoleons covered the withdrawal of the Federal army on the third day of the battle and forced the Confederates to keep their distance. By Chancellorsville, nine months later, Dilger had transformed his unit into the best of five batteries in the XI Corps of the Army of the Potomac. Formed on the right flank of the Federal army, the corps stood directly in the path of Stonewall Jackson's famed flank attack on the late afternoon of May 2, 1863. The battery was forced to withdraw when the Confederates threatened to envelop its flanks. One gun was lost to the enemy when three horses were shot down in a snarl of tangled harness and traces. For more than 30 minutes, Dilger single-handedly held up the Confederate advance, continuing to direct fire until his horse was hit and fell on him, injuring his leg. Dilger limped painfully until his orderly galloped up, heaved the captain onto his horse, and made good thier escape.

After its service at Chancellorsville, Dilger's battery marched north in June with the 3rd Division, XI Corps, to what would prove to be its best day of the war. The gunners arrived at the town of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, around 10 AM on July 1, the first day of the battle. I Corps was already in action west of the town, and XI Corps was ordered to bolster its right flank and advance toward Oak Hill. Dilger committed one section under Lieutenant Clark Scripture to a position west of the Carlisle Road just north of town, while the rest of the battery remained behind with the corps reserve on Cemetery Hill.

As enemy pressure mounted, the remaining guns drove through town between columns of Federal infantry and came into play to support the infantry skirmishers. The sections were then compelled to begin counterbattery fire against a Confederate four-gun battery at a range of 1,400 yards. During the heavy artillery duel, the Confederates were reenforced to eight pieces. Dilger was finally able to silence this battery after disabling five of their carriages and driving off the remainder. In this action, the Confederates sustained two killed, two mortally wounded, 26 other wounded, and lost 17 horses to Dilger's accurate fire.

Shortly thereafter, another Confederate rifled battery opened fire, but Dilger had been reenforced by Lieutenant William Wheeler's 3-inch rifles of the 13th Battery, New York Light Artillery. Dilger took command of both batteries and was able to neutralize the Rebel guns.

Dilger quickly redeployed Wiedman's section of Napoleons about 600 yards to the east of the Carlisle Road to get a better angle of fire on the Confederate guns. He then limbered up his remaining four guns, moving them forward about 400 yards into a green wheat field. The movement was effected under the covering fire of Wheeler's guns. Wheeler was delayed in moving forward while Battery I came under heavy counterbattery fire from Oak Hill, and from Confederate Lt. Col. Hilary Jones's artillery battalion east of Rock Creek, which delivered converging fire from two directions. The combat

Continued on page 66

By Joseph M. Horodyski

Underrated British General Sir Claude Auchinleck won two major battles against supposedly unbeatable Marshal Erwin Rommel in North Africa.

BRITISH FIELD MARSHAL SIR BERNARD MONTGOMERY HAS GONE down in history as the victor of El Alamein and the relent less nemesis of Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, Nazi Germany's famed "Desert Fox." But Monty's feat was merely a repeat of that of the British general who preceded him, a general who defeated Rommel not once, but twice. General Sir Claude Auchinleck met the best that Rommel had to offer and came out victorious time and again. Yet today, the less colorful Auchinleck remains little known outside of Great Britain, while Montgomery has entered the pantheon of World War II heroes.

Auchinleck was born into a military family in 1884 and later attended Sandhurst Military Academy. He served for a time in India, earning the respect of the native population. In World War I, he successfully defended the Suez Canal from an attack by the Turks. He later saw service on the Tigris River, where nearly half his regiment became casualties, and he fought throughout all stages of the Mesopotamian campaign. In peacetime, he served for two years as an instructor at the Royal Staff College, and he worked his way through the ranks holding various staff appointments. He later saw action in Afghanistan and was promoted to deputy chief of the General Staff in India.

When war again broke out in 1939, Auchinleck was pulled from India and ordered back to England, where he was given command of the 4th Corps, then earmarked for France. In late May 1940, he handled the evacuation of all British forces from northern Norway. Returning to England, he was given command of defensive forces in the south, where he was responsible for organizing the Home Guard. In November, when the threat of invasion had passed, Auchinleck returned to India as a full general and commander in chief. During this period, he dispatched troops to quell a rebellion in Iraq, bringing him to the favorable attention of Prime Minister Winston Churchill, who was always on the lookout for a successful general.

In the fall of 1940, after Italy's entry into the war, Benito Mussolini sent his forces over the Libyan border in an attempted invasion of Egypt. This prompted a British response under General Archibald Wavell, whose forces succeeded in pushing an Italian force three times their own size back across the Libyan frontier. Wavell's offensive came to a halt when the British forces were diverted for various sideshows in Greece and Crete in the spring of 1941. The British success, however, led Adolf Hitler to send a small mobile panzer force to the desert to save his Italian ally from further disaster. Erwin Rommel and his newly named Afrika Korps totally destroyed the British Western Desert Force and regained all the ground the Italians had lost.

A British Crusader tank zips by a burning German Panzer Mk IV tank during the well-named Operation Crusader, November 27, 1941.

All photos: Imperial War Museum

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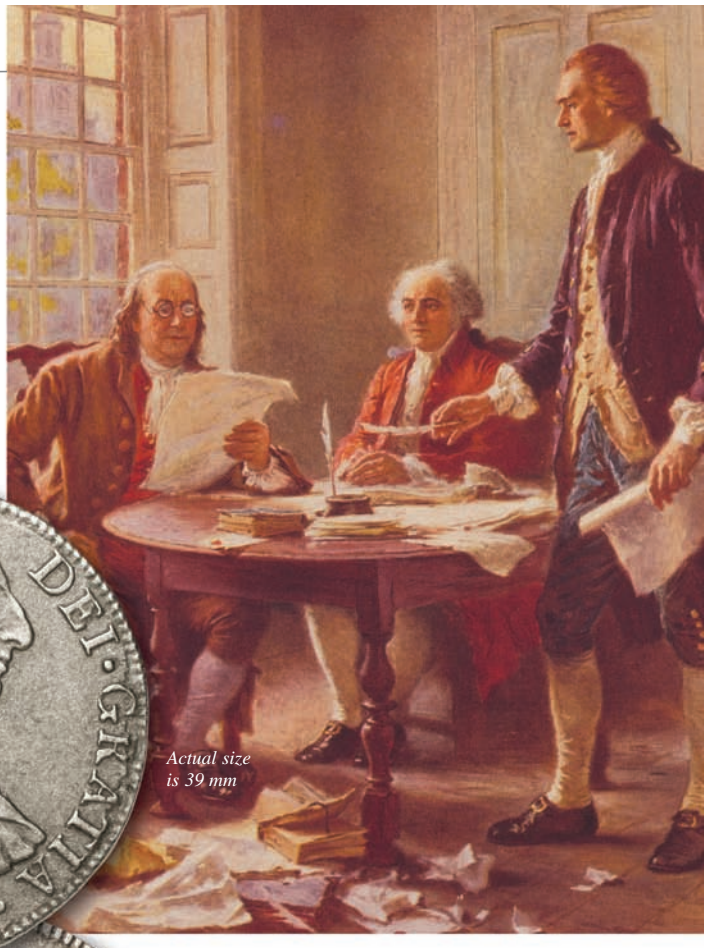

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General Auchinleck, farthest from camera, stands atop a Grant tank to observe target practice in northern Africa in February 1942.

The only bright spot was the defense of Tobruk, a small Libyan port that was surrounded and cut off from resupply. The outnumbered garrison grimly hung on month after month, preventing Rommel from advancing any farther into Egypt. Wavell then launched "Battleaxe," an ill-conceived, half-hearted attempt to relieve Tobruk and push the Germans back into Libya. Once again the Germans outmaneuvered and outfought their opponents. Wavell was relieved and Churchill began casting about for a fighting general who could take on the Afrika Korps. He settled on Auchinleck, who arrived in Cairo on June 22, 1941. At the same time, the Western Desert Force was officially renamed the British Eighth Army.

No sooner than Auchinleck had taken the reins than he began being badgered by Churchill in London for an immediate offensive to erase the reverses of the previous months. But Auchinleck knew that to face off with a foe as experienced as Rommel before they were properly prepared would be to court disaster; he resisted the prime minister's pressure and insisted that he would not move until he felt the troops were ready.

Operation Crusader, the planned reconquest of Cyrenaica, was finally launched in the early morning hours of November 18. For the first two days all went well. By the third day, however, Rommel fell on the advancing British armor with a vengeance around Sidi Rezegh, catching it out in the open. He took on one British unit after another, mauling or utterly destroying it before hurling his massed panzers at the next. Nearly every British formation took heavy punishment. Auchinleck's confidence, however, was not shaken. He cabled the prime minister that "prospects of achieving our immediate object, namely the destruction of the German armored forces, seem good."

At this point, Auchinleck's subordinate commander, Lt. Gen. Sir Alan Cunningham, lost his nerve. He halted the offensive and wired Auchinleck for permission to withdraw into Egypt. Auchinleck flew out to Eighth Army headquarters to assess the situation for himself. "I thought Rommel was probably in as bad a shape as we were," he correctly concluded, "and I ordered the offensive to continue. I was in no doubt myself at any time as to the right course." He ordered Cunningham to "attack the enemy relentlessly using all your resources, even to the last tank."

Auchinleck's decision was soon proven correct. British armor hammered Rommel's panzers to a standstill. Low on supplies, the hard-pressed Afrika Korps was forced to abandon the attack and retreat westward. Auchinleck, back in Cairo, faced a difficult decision. Interpreting Cunningham's indecision as timidity bordering on panic, he relieved Cunningham from command. He chose as a replacement his deputy chief of staff, Maj. Gen. Neil M. Ritchie, who at 44 was Britain's youngest general.

By now, Auchinleck was virtually running the battle himself; the new Eighth Army commander merely functioned as his deputy. Like Rommel, Auchinleck knew the importance of leading from the front. He flew out to where the fighting was on December 1 and stayed 10 days among his men, sharing the same spartan conditions, restoring confidence, and slowly turning Crusader from near disaster into an unequivocal triumph. "We will get this stinker down where he belongs before long, I hope," he told a member of his staff.

Rommel was still capable of working his magic. Escaping the trap Auchinleck had worked so hard to set for him, the Desert Fox conducted an orderly retreat across the same ground he had advanced over barely a month before. The British relieved the overjoyed defenders of Tobruk, taking 33,000 Axis prisoners and destroying 300 enemy tanks, and pushed the Afrika Korps clear across Cyrenaica to the same positions it had occupied 10 months before. Auchinleck had done the impossible: with virtually equal forces; he had out-generaled Rommel by sheer force of will.

But forces beyond Auchinleck's control would change his destiny yet again. Japan's entry into the war forced the British to send many of their North African troops to stave off disaster in the Pacific; Auchinleck's command was denuded of the very troops who had helped make his victory possible. Rommel sensed the British weakness and relentlessly struck back. The British were taken entirely by surprise at the speed with which the Germans were able to recover. The Germans retook Benghazi and were soon knocking again at Tobruk's door.

Throughout the spring of 1942, both sides rested and resupplied, gathering strength for the contest to come. Churchill continued heaping abuse on his desert commander, pressuring Auchinleck to mount an immediate offensive—"Now, if not sooner." "When there is some chance of it being a success," Auchinleck fired back. He was not about to risk the piecemeal destruction of his forces before they were ready.

By this time, Rommel's uncanny knack for survival and unerring talent for victory had grown to mythic proportions, and he began to be regarded as invincible. To combat this perception, Auchinleck issued a proclamation that became legendary: "There exists a real danger that our friend Rommel is becoming a kind of magician or bogey-man to our troops, who are talking far too much about him. He is by no means a superman, although he is undoubtedly very energetic and able. I wish you to dispel by all possible means the idea that Rommel represents something more than an ordinary German general."

Rommel struck first, on May 26. His plan was to use his infantry in holding attacks against the northern part of the Gazala line, while taking his armor on a long sweep to the south, outflanking the British forces and rolling them up one after another. He soon ran into a nasty surprise: Auchinleck's new, heavier Grant tanks from the United States were far superior to anything the Germans had yet faced in Africa. Within two days of determined, incessant slogging matches, the Afrika Korps had lost a third of its panzers and were stopped cold. "Well done, Eighth Army," Auchinleck jubilantly cabled from Cairo, "Keep it up!"

The Germans dug in, withdrawing into a 100-mile perimeter surrounded by minefields and British armor. Here was the moment all England had been waiting for. Never would there be a better chance to destroy Rommel and his army once and for all. Auchinleck, eager to close the trap, urged Ritchie to take the offensive immediately, adding, "We must be ready to move at once, whichever way the cat jumps."

But Ritchie hesitated. For two precious days, while he deliberated, Rommel regrouped his forces and smashed through the British troops encircling him, destroying more than 100 tanks, inflicting at least 10,000 casualties, and taking 3,000 British prisoners in the process.

General Sir Claude Auchinleck, photographed as commander in chief of the Indian Army in 1944.

Having escaped the trap, the Desert Fox turned his attention back to the prize that had eluded him the year before: Tobruk.

This was not the formidable Tobruk of 1941. Most of its defenses had been stripped to meet British commitments elsewhere, and the city was a mere shell of its former self. Aware of its weakness, Auchinleck knew it could not be held. On June 20, the enemy struck, with the Luftwaffe flying 580 sorties in a single day. Dive-bombing attacks threw up towering clouds of dust and smoke, while German and Italian artillery joined in, their combined effect leaving Tobruk's defenders dazed and in shock. Once a path was cleared through the protective minefields, the Axis infantry swarmed in, engaging in hand-to-hand fighting, with the panzers rolling in to mop up any remaining resistance. The Libyan port that had gone down in history as defying all the Germans could throw at it for nine months fell in less than a day. To Churchill, it was the bitterest blow of the entire war, a "shattering and grievous loss."

Within a week, the Afrika Korps was pushing into Egypt, driving halfway to Alexandria and the Suez Canal. Panic set in. A pall of smoke hung over Alexandria as British officials hastily burned their records. Automobiles and trucks clogged the roads leading out of the city, and fleeing refugees packed the trains. Barclays Bank paid out one million pounds cash in a single day to customers who feared the bank

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By Chuck Lyons

A long-simmering rebellion by Canadians against British rule in the 1830s almost embroiled the United States in a third war with Great Britain.

IN DECEMBER 1837, 400 MEN ARMED WITH MUSKETS, PITCHFORKS, AND staves marched against the city of Toronto and the British government. Intercepted by pickets, the undisciplined and ill-trained farmers, shopkeepers and students were driven back at gunpoint. One man was killed and the rest fled. The rebellion spread from the Toronto streets all the way to an island in the Niagara River and on to the St. Lawrence River, with periodic raids launched from American soil against Canadian authorities. Before the rebellion ended, a wellspring of sentiment had arisen in the United States in favor of the Canadian rebels, reawakening memories of the War of 1812 and bringing the American government perilously close to the third war in 70 years with Great Britain.

The leader of the nascent revolt was Scottish-born William Lyon Mackenzie, who settled in Canada with his mother in 1820. Originally a merchant, Mackenzie responded to general dissatisfaction in the province in 1824 by founding a newspaper, the *Colonial Advocate,* which launched numerous printed attacks against the British colonial administration. At the time, Canada was ruled by administrative officials appointed by the Crown who had the power to overrule the elected Assembly and were in effect a ruling oligarchy. This group, known as "the Family Compact," was able to maintain power through the appointment of government officials such as post masters and judges. Critic Robert Thorpe referred to the group as a "shopkeeper aristocracy."

Dissatisfaction simmered over the fact that the ruling clique had strong ties to the Church of England, which managed to limit religious freedom in the colony, and to assorted business and professional leaders. A great deal of Canada's unsettled land also was held in Crown and clergy reserves that were not open to settlement or under Assembly control, further inflaming public discontent.

Mackenzie was elected to the legislature of Upper Canada in 1828, but was expelled because of his anti-government stance. He was elected and expelled again, finally being elected and expelled five times before the government refused to recognize any representative from what was then York. In 1834, he was elected the first mayor of the renamed York, now called Toronto, and in October 1834, when the Reform Party took power, he was again elected to the legislature, this time to stay. Mackenzie was defeated for re-election in 1836, however, when the Tory Party swept his Reform Party from power.

Embittered by that electoral defeat, Mackenzie began advocating open rebellion. The province was divided into sectors and subdivisions, where local societies were established. A chain of command was established and secret military training began. Arms and ammunition gathered in the United States

Some of the 800 armed Canadian insurgents march down Yonge Street to attack Toronto in December 1837.

The Granger Collection, New York

were brought to Canada and stockpiled. Samuel Lout's blacksmith shop in Holland Landing began working night and day turning out pike heads.

In December 1837, when rebellion flared in Lower Canada (present-day Quebec), British troops were send east to put it down. Mackenzie decided to strike. On December 4, he raised a mob at Montgomery's Tavern on Gallows Hill, north of Toronto, with the intent of establishing a provisional government. That night, the first blood of the Upper Canada rebellion was shed when a group of riders rushed Mackenzie's guards and galloped through to the city spreading word of the uprising. Meanwhile, a rebel patrol commanded by Anthony Anderson captured two prisoners, including City Alderman John Powell. During the patrol's return, Powell pulled a hidden pistol and shot Anderson, killing him instantly and depriving the rebels of the raid's intended leader.

The next morning, Mackenzie gathered the 800 men and informed them he would be their new commander. A few of the men were armed with muskets and rifles. Others carried pikes, farm implements, and clubs. About noon, they marched toward the city. Because of the rebellion in Lower Canada, there were no British soldiers available to oppose them, but 200 men from the Compact families shouldered muskets and gathered in the marketplace to meet Mackenzie's attack.

At 2 PM, the rebel force paused near the top of Gallows Hill to form into two columns a half mile apart. There they encountered a delegation from the governor promising the men full amnesty if they dispersed immediately. The delegation was sent back to bring its offer in writing while Mackenzie's force agreed to proceed no farther than the Red Lion Inn and the Bloor Street tollgate to the city. They were now within a mile or so of the city. Meanwhile, hearing that militia was on its way to reinforce the Compact defenders, the government withdrew its amnesty offer.

In the December twilight, the column moved into the city three abreast, with riflemen leading the way. Behind them, 200 pikemen marched down Yonge Street, followed by men armed with muskets and whatever else they could find. Mackenzie, mounted on a white pony, darted to and fro.

After marching a half mile, the leading ranks came on an advance picket of 27 men under Sheriff William Botsford Jarvis crouching in a vegetable garden near the corner of Maitland Street. The pickets fired, dropped their muskets, and scattered. The rebel vanguard returned fire and then dropped to the ground to allow those behind them to fire. Their action, however, was interpreted by the undisciplined and untrained rebels behind them as meaning that the lead ranks had been shot down. A general rout followed. Despite Mackenzie's frantic yelling, the panicked men ran back to the Bloor Street gate.

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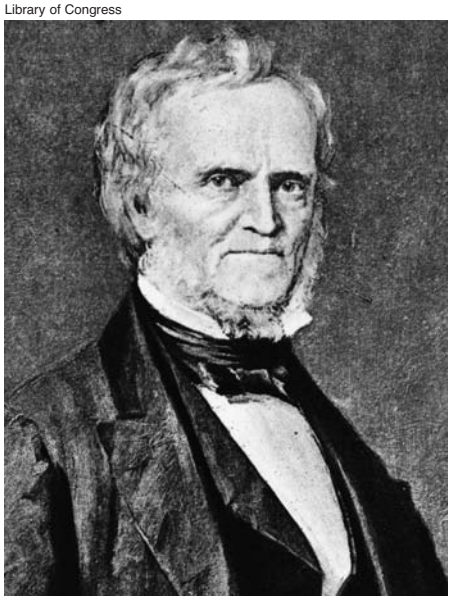


ABOVE: William Lyon Mackenzie. OPPOSITE: Canadian loyalists set fire to the rebel steamer *Caroline* and send her drifting toward Niagara Falls.

One rebel, a cooper and former British soldier, was killed. A few days later, two others died; the force had shrunk to about 500 men. At the same time, the government had been reinforced by 60 men of the Gore militia under Colonel Allen McNabe, who was put in charge of Toronto's defense. Small bands of Loyalists began slipping into the city from the countryside. The rebels meanwhile were expecting Colonel Anthony Van Egmond, who had fought in the Napoleonic wars, to take charge of the rebel force.

On December 7, the government counterattacked with a force that had grown to 1,100 men. Dragging two cannons and followed by two military bands, the 1,100 marched north on Yonge Street while flag-waving city residents cheered them on from windows and rooftops. Van Egmond arrived from Lake Huron to take command. Alerted to the approaching government force, he sent 150 rebels south to a small wood west of Yonge Street and several dozen more to take cover off the road to the east. The rest of Mackenzie's force, without arms, remained at the tavern.

As the government forces approached, they were fired on by Van Egmond's men. The main government force of 600 men spread out and continued to advance covered by their two cannons firing into the woods. The cannon fire did little real damage but unsettled the inexperienced rebels. One of two additional government detachments, each made up of about 200 troops, set out on the flanks of the main force, then closed on the right of the rebel position, routing the rebels. The government force continued its advance, and its cannons began firing on the tavern. Mackenzie and his men scattered.

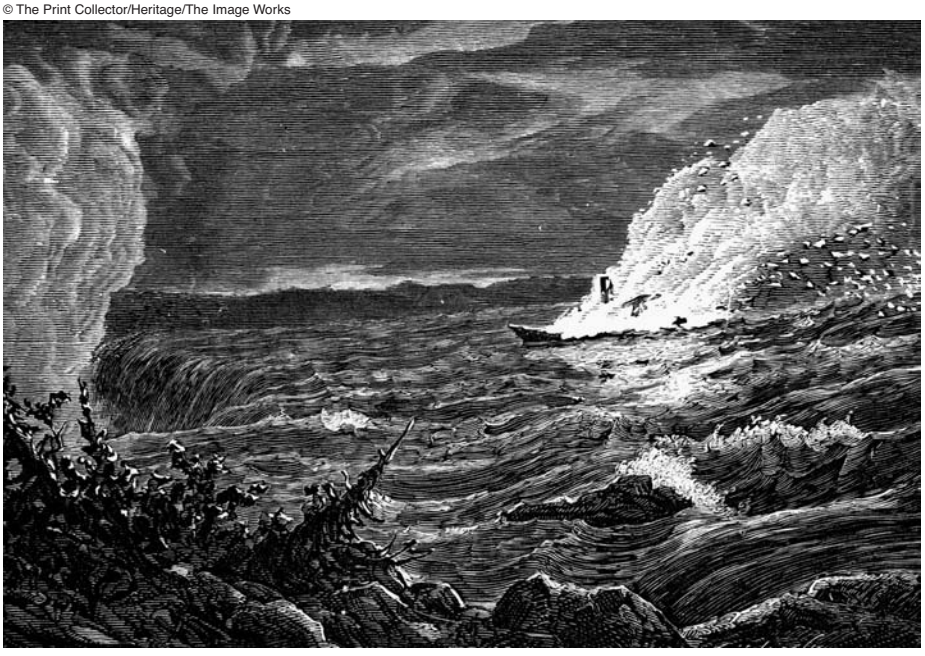
Montgomery Tavern was burned. One rebel, Ludwig Widerman, was killed at the tavern and several more were wounded. The Loyalist forces had taken no casualties at all. Van Egmond was captured and died several days later from an illness contracted in the Toronto jail.

Mackenzie escaped and fled toward the United States with a 1,000-pound bounty on his head. Aided by supporters, Mackenzie finally crossed the Niagara River by rowboat and landed on United States territory at Grand Island, a large island between Buffalo and the famous falls. From there he traveled to Buffalo, arriving on December 11. In Buffalo, where resentments against the British still smoldered over the burning of the city in the War of 1812, he spoke to 1,500 people, the largest crowd ever gathered in Buffalo, and enrolled some 97 men who swore allegiance to the rebel cause.

Around this time, a man with the unlikely name of Rensselaer Van Rensselaer appeared on the scene and represented himself as a cadet at West Point, which was not true, and as having fought with Simon Bolivar in South America, which was also not true. The son of Stephan Van Rensselaer, who had commanded American troops in the War of 1812 and served in the U.S. Congress, Van Rensselaer was named by Mackenzie to command the new force.

On December 14, Mackenzie and his bogus new commander moved on Navy Island, an island in Canadian territory between Grand Island and the Canadian mainland, three miles south of the brink of the falls. They seized the island, expelled the one family that was residing there, and began fortifying the place with the intent of using it as an assembly point for a renewed assault on Toronto. Mackenzie declared the island the seat of the provisional government of Upper Canada, with himself as chairman pro tem.

Meanwhile, emotional and practical support continued to grow inside the United States for Mackenzie and his "Patriots," as they were now called. Rallies were held in communities all along Lake Ontario and in western and southern New York and northern Pennsylvania. Volunteers and supplies flowed onto the small island. Supporters broke into the United States arsenal at Buffalo and stole 200 muskets.



Local police recovered 130 of them at Black Rock, but the remainder are assumed to have gone to Navy Island. Food, blankets and medical supplies poured into the small island.

By the end of December, the force of the island had grown to 200 men. The Canadian government, aware of the activities on Navy Island, sent an estimated 2,500 regular soldiers and volunteers to the riverbank across from Navy Island. The show of force was intended to keep the rebels from invading the mainland but officials hoped to resolve the situation through negotiation and the troops to hold their fire.

Estimates of the rebel forces on the island vary widely from 450 to 2,500 men. The rebels had nine cannons and two iron guns mounted on logs on the island. A mud redoubt featured a six-pounder field piece, while another six-pounder was mounted behind a large breastwork and a third in a log building. There were also several pieces of ordnance located in a clearing in the center of the island, where a blockhouse was surrounded by a stockade, abatis, and ditch.

It soon became apparent to the rebels that the small boats being used to supply the island were insufficient for the task. Something larger was needed, and the rebels contracted with William Walsh of Buffalo to use his paddle-wheel steamboat, *Caroline*, a 46-ton vessel, 71 feet long with a 21-foot beam and a shallow draft. *Caroline* arrived at Navy Island on December 28 and was immediately put into service under Captain Gilman Appleby. Alarmed government forces observed cannons and other war materials being unloaded from the vessel.

Colonel MacNab now commanded on the Canadian shore and dispatched Captain Andrew Drew to deal with the new threat. Drew and 50 men in seven longboats pushed off from the Canadian shore after dark to attack *Caroline*, which was moored at Schlosser Dock on the American side of the river, a spot about three miles above the falls. Armed with pistols and cutlasses, the Canadians quickly stormed and secured the ship.

Drew considered taking *Caroline* back to the Canadian side of the river, but realized that it would take too much time to get up sufficient steam and instead ordered the ship burned. A number of fires were started aboard ship, and she was towed into the river current and set free to float north toward the falls. The burning ship ran aground after floating downriver for about half a mile. Despite lurid newspaper sketches of the ship being swept over Niagara Falls with all aboard, there was no one left on *Caroline* when she was set adrift, and she never reached the falls.

Nevertheless, the incident created a sensation in the United States, in whose waters *Caroline* had been moored when attacked. The attack enflamed memories of British burnings during the War of 1812, further ratcheting up support for the rebels. Durfee became a hero and martyr, his body displayed in the plaza of Buffalo's city hall. The United States demanded immediate redress from the British, while President Martin Van Buren issued two neutrality proclamations and sent General Winfield Scott to the Niagara frontier to see that they were obeyed. The possibility loomed of another war with Great Britain.

In a message to Congress, Van Buren called the incident "an outrage of the most aggravated character … accompanied by a hostile but temporary invasion of our territory." The president demanded an explanation from the British, who in turn defended the attack as justified since the ship was being used to support an armed insurrection.

By now, the Canadian government had given up hope of a negotiated settlement and began bombarding rebel positions on the island. The Patriots returned fire, and two Canadians and one rebel were killed. The increased bombardment, the bitter winter conditions on the island, and the arrival of General Scott to enforce American neutrality convinced Van Rensselaer to abandon the island.

After dark on January 14, 1838, the Patriots retreated from the island, taking their ammunition and whatever else they could carry with them. Scott's men rounded up the rest and transported them to Buffalo, where they were documented and released.

The following June, Mackenzie was indicted for violation of U.S. neutrality laws. He was convicted in a trial held at Canandaigua, New York, and was sentenced to 18 months imprisonment and fined $10. Van Rensselaer was also indicted for violating neutrality laws and released on bail, at which point he traveled north to join Patriot forces along the St. Lawrence River and then disappeared from the scene. Meanwhile, agitation and anger at the British spread.

In March at Lockport, New York, a group calling itself the Hunter's Lodge was formed to aid Canadian refugees who had fled to the United States. A part of the group soon went underground and spun off numerous other lodges that mounted secret raids into Canada. The lodges adopted the motto, "Remember the *Caroline*," playing on anti-British sentiment and beginning an undeclared war against Canada. Raids were carried out at Short Hills, near Niagara Falls; at St. Clair, near Detroit; and at Prescott and Windsor in Upper Canada.

The raid at Prescott brought the border situation to a crisis. The incursion began on November 12, 1838. A large group of Hunter's Lodge men gathered at Sackett's Harbor, New York, intending to attack downriver from Kingston. The force was commanded by a senior Hunter Lodge man, John Birge.

Early that day, a force of about 250 men attempted to land at Prescott, but the British, having been warned of the impending attack, were ready to receive them. Without the element of surprise, the raiders abandoned their plans and retreated downriver two miles to a promontory known as Windmill Point. There they occupied the hamlet of Newport, with its prominent

Continued on page 65

By Peter Suciu

The Athens War Museum chronicles Greece's long and proud military history from the classical age to modern times.

WHILE NOT A MAJOR MILITARY POWER TODAY, FROM THE time of the classical age through the Middle Ages, Greece was the center of several major military dynasties. Much of this history can be traced at the Athens War Museum, a comparative secret among European military museums but a hidden gem for the serious student of war and its practioners.

The city of Athens is notable in many ways. Not only is it the capital of the modern state of Greece, but it was also one of the most dominant and powerful of the classical era's Greek city-states. From its earliest origins through the Roman era, Athens was the home of proud warrior peoples, yet modern residents of the southern Greek city aren't obsessed by their military prowess. Here the concept of democracy was first born and the first modern Olympic Games were held in 1896. Athens is a fascinating city, where visitors can see the sights of ancient Greece on the Acropolis (the High City), which served as a fortress that helped defend the surrounding area, as well as the latest modern improvements, including the city's recently completed subway system.

The city is also home to a very fine and little-known military museum. The Athens War Museum is located about a mile from the Acropolis and just blocks from Olympic Stadium, at the junction of Vasilissis Sofias Avenue and Rizari Street in the city's historic district. Other nearby locations include the presidential palace and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. At each of these locations, visitors can see the daily changing of the guards. For the proper historical perspective of Greece through the ages, from its ancient beginnings to the Roman and Byzantine eras, its liberation from the Turks, through two world wars and a bitter civil war, a visit to the Athens War Museum is a must.

One of the most interesting facts about the Athens War Museum, which is today run by the Greek Ministry of Defense, is that it isn't really all that old, considering the long and colorful history of Greece. In fact, the museum was established only in 1975. But in fairness, given the struggle for independence from the Turks, numerous Balkan wars, and a bloody civil war, followed by a turbulent period of the Cold War, it is safe to say that the Greeks may have been preoccupied with other things. However, for 35 years the Athens War Museum has remained a comparative secret, even for longtime travelers to Greece. For the military history buff, it is truly a museum beyond compare in southern Europe.

The history of the museum is almost as colorful as the land around it. In 1964, the Greek government sought to build a war museum to honor those who had fought for the country and its freedom. The plot of land the museum now occupies was originally intended for the building of a national art gallery, but it was later claimed as part of a military campus in the interwar years. During

The nonclassical building that houses the Athens War Museum stands out in the traditionally classical Greek capital.

Author's Collection

Public Domain

A German-made Krupp Schuman mobile gun carriage.

General Nikoloas Plastiras's attempted coup prior to World War II, the campus suffered serious damage, and it was abandoned by the Greek military after the war.

The decision to build an art gallery was revived, but it took nearly 30 years before a museum building was finally completed. Instead of an art gallery, it became the home of a museum devoted to Greece's military heritage. From the outside, the modern-looking building doesn't actually look like a traditional military museum—at least not when compared to the more famous Imperial War Museum in London or the Musee de L'Armee in Paris—but as it is surrounded by various 20th-century military vehicles and aircraft, it is easy to recognize the chief purpose of the Athens War Museum. The building itself is not of classical design; it has a more late-modern style to it. The result is a piquant contrast to the city's ancient past that also provides ample space for a remarkable historical collection.

A team headed by Professor Thoukidides Valentis of the National Technical University of Athens undertook the design, and on July 18, 1975, Greek President Constantine Tsatsos and Minister of National Defense Evangelos Averof-Tositsas oversaw the inauguration of the Athens War Museum and its mission to operate as a place for research, study and education. Today, entry to the museum is free of charge.

The square building, which features a center courtyard, offers ample light and gives a good sense of space to allow visitors to admire the artifacts without feeling that they are being rushed through a maze or a retail showroom. This makes for a pleasant journey through time.

Most visitors would probably expect to take their museum journey through the years by beginning at the pre-classical era. Instead, the museum's ground floor features items from modern Greek conflicts, including World War

Author's Collection

ABOVE: A small part of the P.Z. Saroglas Weaponry Collection, which features armor and arms from around the world. BELOW: A collection of long-barreled pistols used during the Greek revolution.

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II, the Korean War, and the conflict in Cyprus. To get to the more distant past, visitors must go up a level. There, the museum features 17 linear exhibits that chronicle the history of Greece, from antiquity through the era of Alexander the Great and the Middle Ages. There is an eclectic mix of original pieces, including early Bronze Age Grecian helmets and swords, along with replicas. Many of the latter pieces are quite well crafted, as should be expected from a region that has for centuries been routinely plundered of its historical treasures. Models and illustrations help put into proper context the history and artifacts on display.

The core of the Athens War Museum is found in the exhibits that focus on the National Revolution, the 1821 Greek war of independence, the new Hellenistic state (1821-1911), the Macedonian struggle (1904-1908) and the Balkan wars (1912-1913). The struggle for independence after four centuries of Ottoman occupation is displayed in numerous artifacts, paintings, and sculptures that showcase the battles on land and sea. These provide a narrative of key historical events, which the collection underscores with a wide selection of manuscripts, firearms, scimitars, and other blades showcasing the liberation of the Greek people.

Here, visitors can take in late-19th-century uniforms worn by the Klephts, the formidable mountain bandits and anti-Turk warriors. These people lived in the mountains and maintained the Greek religion and culture from the fall of Athens in 1458 through the 19th century. Most of the bands fought in the Greek war of independence and later became the backbone of the liberation army. The men wore the kilt-like garment known as the *fustanella,* and one theory is that it evolved from the Roman toga. It is made up of 400 pleats, to commemorate 400 years of Ottoman occupation.

The galleries for World War I, the Asia Minor campaign (1919-1922), the Greek-Italian war (1940-1941), the German invasion, World War II and the occupation-resistance-liberation movement feature some outstanding collections of Greek military uniforms as well as some captured enemy equipment, although some of the German invasion items appear to be postwar replicas. Most impressively, this section of the museum includes a major section devoted to the 1940-1941 war with Italy. This includes an amusing propaganda film of the period that pokes fun at Italian dictator Benito Mussolini and the Italian Army, although it probably won't appeal to some Italian visitors.

What is especially impressive about the modern galleries is that many of the firearms are actually displayed in roped-off sections instead of being kept completely behind glass. While visitors shouldn't actually touch any of the items, the ability to see them up close (and in some cases still smell the gun oil) gives viewers a perspective that can't be experienced at many other military museums. The mix of firearms includes U.S.-made .30-caliber machine guns as well as a Soviet DP-28 light machine gun and a French-made World War I-era Chauchat—possibly the worst machine gun ever made.

Part of the museum's permanent collection includes maps and prints that depict historic accounts of Greek military history. These include scenes from Greek mythology through the modern day. The museum also houses the P.Z. Saroglas Weaponry Collection, a full gallery on the ground floor that is devoted to military artifacts from around the globe, including firearms from the Greek revolution. This collection includes diverse pieces from far-off lands, including ancient Chinese and medieval Japanese arms and armor. There is an impressive collection of Japanese samurai swords and *tsuba* (the hand guards from the swords), possibly one of the largest such collections in Europe. The gallery is further filled with ceremonial armor, wheel-lock and flintlock firearms and other notable pieces from the late Middle Ages to the 19th century. Included are 15th-century Persian armor, an Imperial Russian Guard du Corps helmet and breastplate, and a collection of bolt-action rifles from around the world.

Outside the museum is an exhibition area that features a variety of artillery that was used by the Greek military during different historical periods, as well as vehicles and aircraft from the Hellenic Navy and Air Force. Among the notable aircraft are a Bell OH-13S Sioux, a Canadair CL-

13 Mk. 2 Sabre, a Farman MF-7, a Lockheed F-104G Starfighter, a North American T-6G Harvard, a Northrop F5A Freedomfighter, and a Republic F-84F Thunderstreak.

In addition to what is on display, the Athens War Museum features a modern amphitheater for lectures and other programs as well as a conference room and reception area. Fittingly, the museum's library is the largest in the world on the subject of Greek military history, and it also houses an archive of more than 20,000 photographs on the history of the Greek armed forces.

It is hard to sum up a nation's entire military history in a single museum. While the Athens branch is the largest in size and permanent collection, the Greek Ministry of Defense currently maintains four other branches—in the cities of Nafplion and Tripolis on the Peloponnese, Chania on the island of Crete, and one in Thessaloniki.

The Nafplion branch of the War Museum is housed in a building that served as nation's first military academy (1828-1934). It features a large collection of weapons and other historical items that are relevant to the Greek war of independence through the modern day. It is also near the Bourtzi island fortress, the Akronafplia fortress and Palamidi Castle, offering visitors plenty of other historic sites to explore.

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Warrior's head unearthed at the Athena Alea temple in Tegea, from a Trojan War scene by the sculptor Scopas.

North of Athens, in the small Peloponnese city of Tripolis, is the Tripolis branch, which was founded in 2000 and is housed in a building formerly belonging to the Malliaropoulious legacy that was donated to the museum. As the region was at the center of the Greek war of independence, the highlight of this museum is the permanent collection devoted to this conflict as well as the later Balkan wars. The city is also notable as the home of the two largest armed forces boot camps in Greece, one for the Hellenic Army and one for the Hellenic Air Force.

The Chania branch, which was founded in 1995, is housed in a building that dates to the 1870s and later served as an Italian camp during World War II. The permanent collection includes artifacts from various periods in Greek military history with an emphasis on the Battle of Crete and the subsequent German occupation of the island.

The most recent branch is the one in Thessaloniki, which was founded in late 2000. Located in the second-largest city in Greece, the War Museum of Thessaloniki is housed in a building dated to 1902, which was formerly used by the Army's III Corps. It features a multipurpose hall, along with a library and small amphitheater. It has a permanent collection as well as a special hall for temporary exhibits focusing on various times in Greek history. The official website for the Athens War Museum is: http://www.warmuseum.gr/english. □

HANNIBAL AND THE FAILURE

BY STEVEN WEINGARTNER

ALTHOUGH HANNIBAL BARCA has rightly been hailed as one of history's greatest military commanders, his reputation for greatness is based largely on his performance in the first three years (218-202 BC) of the 16-year conflict known as the Second Punic War. But his achievements in that period, while nothing short of astounding, did not produce decisive results. His superior gifts as a practitioner of military art and his brilliance as a tactician enabled Hannibal to outmarch, outmaneuver, and outfight the Romans wherever he met them. But all his achievements ultimately were to no avail. He could defeat the Roman armies; he could not defeat Rome itself. Nor did he achieve any significant success in the years that followed. After Cannae in 216 he did not fight—much less win—any major battles on Italian soil, even though he remained in Italy for the better part of 14 years. His next big battle, fought in North Africa (at Zama in 202), was also his last, and he lost it as well, thereby losing the war. Ultimately, therefore, Hannibal must be judged a great military commander who was nonetheless a great failure. Why was this so?

The answer to this question can be found in his abilities—or, rather, his lack thereof—as a strategist. Hannibal was a native of Carthage, a city-state located near modern-day Tunis. Founded in the ninth century BC by Phoenician settlers from Tyre, Carthage became a military and economic power in the western Mediterranean and, eventually, the chief rival of the region's other ascendant power, Rome. During the second and third centuries BC, Carthage and Rome engaged in three separate conflicts collectively known as the Punic Wars (after the Latin word Poeni, or Phoenicians, which is what the Romans called the people of Carthage). The First Punic War (264-241) was fought mainly at sea and ended with Carthage relinquishing Sicily to Rome. Carthage was also vanquished in the Second Punic War (218-202), but not before Hannibal brought Rome to the brink of collapse. In the Third Punic War (149-146), the Romans finally captured Carthage and destroyed it.

Hannibal was the eldest son of Hamilcar Barca, leader of Carthage's prominent Barcid family and the commanding admiral of the Carthaginian navy. In 237 BC, nine-year-old Hannibal accompanied his father to the Temple of Melquart, the chief Carthaginian god, and placed his hand on the sacrificial altar. Hamilcar ordered his son to swear an oath that he would never be a friend to Rome. It was a promise he would always keep. For the next several years, Hannibal learned the art of war from the ground up in his father's camps in Iberia (Spain), where Hamilcar conducted an effective guerrilla war against the Romans' Spanish allies. With the help of local recruits, Hamilcar established new trading centers at New Carthage (Cartagena) and Barca's Town (Barcelona) before being killed in battle against Spanish tribesmen in 228 BC.

Hamilcar was succeeded by his son-in-law, Hasdrubal the Fair, who assumed command of the Carthaginian army in Spain, a post he held until his assassination in 221. Shortly thereafter, the army elected the 26-year-old Hannibal as its commander and, true to his temple oath, he promptly began preparing for a renewal of hostilities with Rome. A dispute soon arose over control of the Greek outpost of Saguntum in Spain, where the Romans had instigated a coup d'etat and installed a government hostile to Carthage. Hannibal subsequently invested the city, which he captured after an eight-month siege, provoking a formal declaration of war from Rome in 218. It didn't matter to the Romans that Saguntum was south of the Ebro River,

Réunion des Musées Nationaux/Art Resource, NY

Hannibal's strategy for defeating Rome was based on the idea of winning enough battles to force Rome to seek a negotiated peace. This approach was repeated by the Germans in World War I and the Japanese in World War II—with the same disastrous results.

OF SUCCESS

Hannibal leads his Carthaginian army, mounted on elephants, against the Romans in this 16th-century painting.

the dividing line between Roman and Carthaginian territory. They considered Hannibal an untried and untested leader, and doubted that he could mount and effective challenge to the Roman Empire. They were mistaken.

That same year, Hannibal took his army on an epic overland march across the Alps and through Gaul into northern Italy, where he hoped to exploit unrest among the Celtic tribes of the region. The Romans did not at first consider Hannibal's invasion a serious threat, believing it was impossible for anyone to make the mountainous crossing. Hannibal proved them wrong, but not before losing nearly half his men and most of his colorful troop transports—elephants—to the wintry weather. Hannibal and his multiethnic, polyglot army, with a sizable mercenary contingent, began a 1,000-mile trek from Spain over the Pyrenees, across southern France, and finally across the Alps and down into the Po Valley. In France, at the Rhone River, he sidestepped Publius Scipio's Roman army. Along the way, he intermittently battled local tribes. He took his army over the Alps in late autumn, after winter weather had descended on the high passes, and through it all he held his army together, which alone was a remarkable achievement.

HANNIBAL'S INVASION of Italy was one of the great military feats of the age, at once a masterpiece of operational maneuver, a textbook case of leadership in adversity, and a triumph of mental and physical endurance. But the fact that Hannibal had to make the journey was also evidence of a profound weakness in Carthage's war-waging capabilities—namely the lack of an effective navy to provide seaborne support for its overseas armies. The Carthaginian navy, under Hannibal's father, had been largely destroyed in the First Punic War, and in the 23 years that followed, the city's oligarchy had given shipbuilding priority to merchant vessels over war galleys. In the meantime, the Roman navy had grown to dominate the seas. Hannibal took the land route to Italy because Rome and Carthage's elite left him no other choice.

Rome's control of the western Mediterranean prevented Hannibal from receiving meaningful reinforcements from either Spain, his primary source of fighting men, or North Africa. He tried to make good his losses by recruiting among the Celtic tribes of northern Italy, and to some extent he was successful in this endeavor. However, there were never enough Celts willing to join him and always too many Italians eager to oppose him. As a result, Hannibal suffered serious manpower shortages and always fought outnumbered.

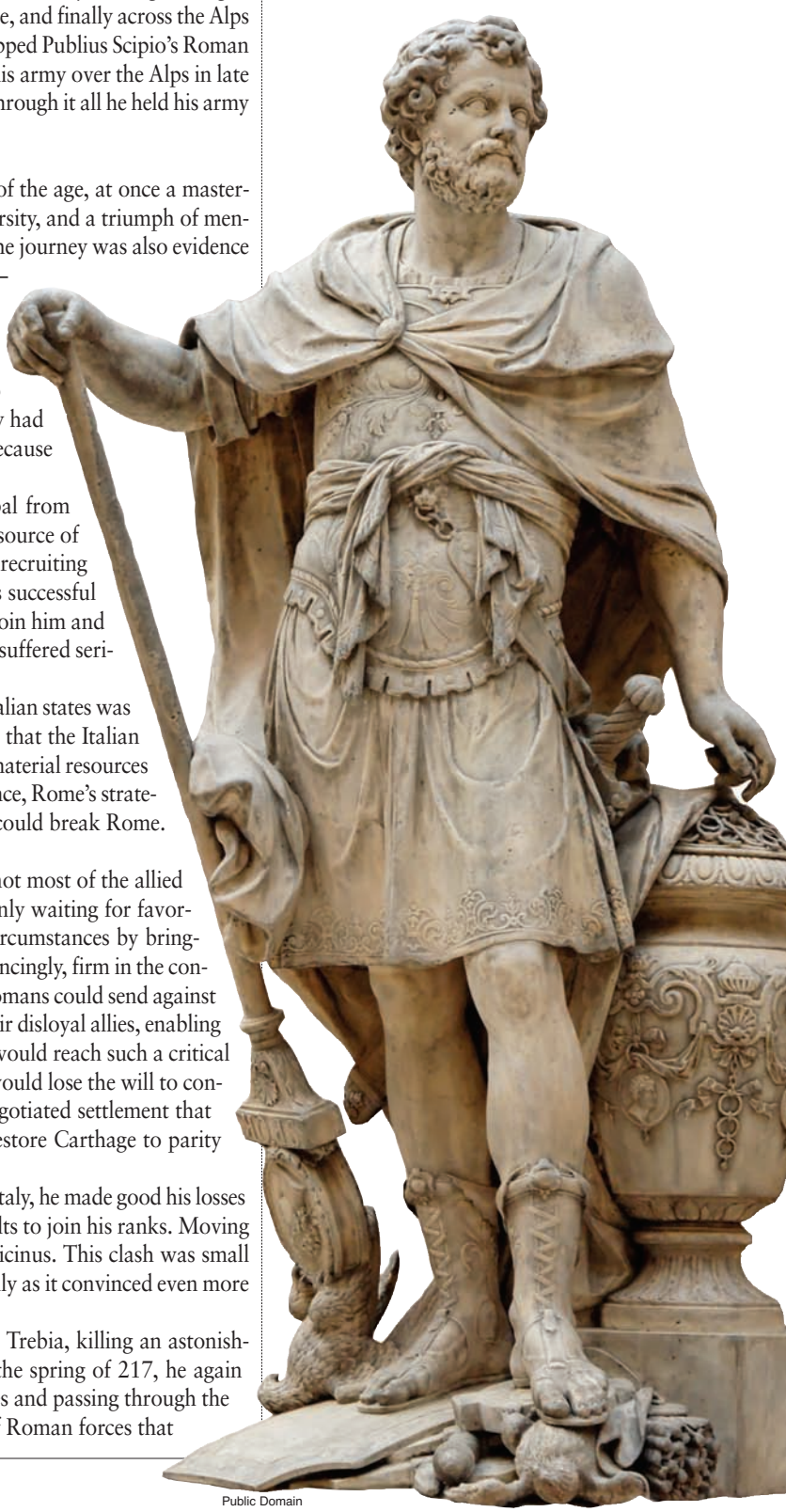
Striking at the system of alliances that Rome had built with other Italian states was the cornerstone of Hannibal's strategic formulations. He recognized that the Italian confederation provided Rome with the vast manpower reserves and material resources it needed for a prolonged war with Carthage. It was, in modern parlance, Rome's strategic center of gravity. If Hannibal could break the confederation, he could break Rome. It was a long shot, but the best shot he had.

Hannibal felt it was an attainable goal. He believed that many if not most of the allied states wished to be free of Roman domination and that they were only waiting for favorable circumstances to break away. He determined to create those circumstances by bringing Rome to battle early and often and by winning those battles convincingly, firm in the conviction that his own army was more than a match for any force the Romans could send against it. His victories would leave Rome too battered to retaliate against their disloyal allies, enabling them to defect to the Carthaginian cause. Eventually the defections would reach such a critical mass that Rome would be weakened beyond repair and its citizens would lose the will to continue the war. The Romans would then sue for peace, and in the negotiated settlement that would follow, the Carthaginians would impose terms that would restore Carthage to parity with Rome.

Hannibal enjoyed initial success in his war-making efforts. Once in Italy, he made good his losses suffered in the march across the Alps by persuading thousands of Celts to join his ranks. Moving south with his army, he fought a cavalry engagement at the River Ticinus. This clash was small in scale, hardly more than a skirmish, but it was important strategically as it convinced even more Celts to cast their lot with the Carthaginians.

Shortly thereafter, Hannibal smashed a Roman army at the River Trebia, killing an astonishing 30,000 of the 40,000 Roman troops deployed against him. In the spring of 217, he again exhibited his gift for operational maneuver by crossing the Apennines and passing through the Arnus marshes, interposing his army between Rome and the bulk of Roman forces that were supposed to defend it in the north. The Romans' northern force hastened south, and Hannibal ambushed and virtually annihilated it on the shore of Lake Trasimene, killing another 30,000 legionaries.

In the aftermath of the Lake Trasimene disaster, the Roman Senate appointed Q. Fabius Maximus as temporary dictator, putting him in charge of Rome's armies. Fabius avoided



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ABOVE: The battlefield at Cannae, where Hannibal in 216 BC inflicted the greatest defeat ever suffered by a Roman army. LEFT: A victorious Hannibal counts the rings of dead Romans in this heroic sculpture by Sebastien Soldtz.

open battle with Hannibal. Instead, he implemented a strategy of mobile containment, attrition, and delay (hence his moniker, Cunctator, Latin for Delayer), whereby his forces shadowed the Carthaginian army, conducting fighting withdrawals and otherwise harrying the enemy's rear and flanks. According to Plutarch, Fabius opposed Hannibal "not with intention to fight him, but with the purpose of wearing out and wasting the vigor of his arms by lapse of time, of meeting his want of resources by superior means, by large numbers the smallness of his forces. With this design, he always encamped on the highest grounds, where the enemy's horse could have no access to him. Still he kept pace with them; when they marched he followed them; when they encamped he did the same, but at such a distance as not to be compelled to an engagement and always keeping upon the hills, free from the insults of their horse; by which means he gave them no rest, but kept them in a continual alarm."

The so-called Fabian strategy prevented Hannibal from inflicting further crushing defeats on Roman armies, but it did not stop him from ravaging the countryside, and thus he was unpopular with the Romans being ravaged. In the spring of 216, after Hannibal's army marched from its winter quarters at Gerunium, the Romans sacked Fabius, replaced him with two generals, Lucius Aemilius Paulus and Gaius Terentius Varro, who were more eager to fight,. The senate gave them a mighty army numbering around 86,000 men and a clear mandate to destroy the invaders. Instead, at the Battle of Cannae, near the Adriatic Coast, Hannibal maneuvered his outnumbered forces to execute a double envelopment of the Roman army. The result was a catastrophe for the Romans. In several hours of ferocious combat, the force caught in the envelopment, numbering about 45,000 legionaries, was virtually annihilated.

Hannibal did not follow up on his victory by marching on Rome. According to the Roman historian Livy, he paused for a day and a night to allow his troops, exhausted by the effort required to slaughter so many Romans, to rest. Marhabal, the Carthaginian cavalry commander, had urged Hannibal to seize the moment and attack the capital. When Hannibal refused, Marhabal reproached his commander: "You know how to win victory, Hannibal, you do not know how to use it." It was a complaint repeated many centuries later by Confederate cavalry leader Nathan Bedford Forrest, who wondered why General Braxton Bragg had not followed up his stunning victory at Chickamauga by immediately capturing Chattanooga. "What does he fight battles for?" Forrest wondered.

MARHABAL'S CRITICISM was both unfair and erroneous. Hannibal surely knew how to "use" victory. But Hannibal also knew that moving on Rome would entail a lengthy siege, and his army had no siege equipment. Nor did it have enough men to garrison its conquests in Italy while investing the Eternal City. A naval task force from Carthage or Spain might have delivered both the men and equipment Hannibal needed. But the Carthaginian navy was virtually defunct, and Rome ruled the sea. In any event, Hannibal did not attack Rome directly. Instead, he continued to pursue his previous strategic course, hoping that Cannae would induce more of Rome's allies to come over to the Carthaginian cause. A number of allied states, notably Capua and Tarentum, did indeed defect, but overall the alliance held and Rome and its citizens remained stalwart in their prosecution of the war.

Fabius Maximus was restored to command of Roman forces in Italy and, as before, continued to avoid open battle: "Fabius adhered to his former principles," wrote Plutarch, "still persuaded that, by following close and not fighting him, Hannibal and his army would at last be tired out

and consumed, like a wrestler in too high condition, whose very excess of strength makes him the more likely suddenly to give way and lose it."

Eventually, Hannibal and his army proved Plutarch right. They remained bogged down in southern Italy, an irritant but not a threat to Rome, for the next 14 years. Meanwhile, the Romans, content with containing Hannibal in the south, focused their efforts on the conquest of Spain. It was clear to Hannibal that his grand strategy had failed, and in 202 he returned to North Africa, there to preside over Carthage's downfall. Later that year, he was defeated by Roman general Publius Cornelius Scipio at the Battle of Zama, and Carthage sued for peace shortly thereafter. Hannibal spent his final years living in exile in Bithynia, eventually committing suicide at age 64 upon learning that Roman agents were seeking his arrest. "It is time now to end the great anxiety of the Romans who have grown weary of waiting for the death of a hated old man," he said, drinking poisoned wine.

IF IT IS TRUE, as Appian says, that Hannibal ranked Alexander the Great and Pyrrhus of Epirus as the world's first and second greatest generals (he ranked himself third), then it is safe to say that they had a major influence on his development and performance as a general, which was only to be expected: Hannibal was a man of his times, and in his time all soldiers looked up to Alexander and Pyrrhus as military paragons. Hannibal was no different, and the imprint of their thinking is clearly discernible in his generalship and battle craft. All three men lived in an age when heavy infantry was an army's primary combat arm, its arm of decision. Cavalry, while important, was used principally in a supporting role, as a facilitator for the main event, the clash of opposing infantry formations. To that end, mounted formations would literally shape the battlefield for the infantry by sweeping in from the wings and conducting exploitation and pursuit operations. Cavalry was not used in shock charges against infantry because the infantry of the time was too strong and was generally capable of withstanding and beating any and all cavalry attacks.

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Hannibal worked within a tactical framework that had been around in some form or other since the development of cavalry in the early centuries of the first millennium BC. He was also circumscribed by the emerging technology of edged-weapon warfare. He saw no need to alter it. His brilliance, at least as a tactician, was his ability to adapt his army to the circumstances of the battlefield and to create a battlefield that was suitable to his army. He was a master of manipulating prebattle events so that when battle was finally joined, it was on ground that maximized his army's strengths and minimized its weaknesses. Later generations of military theorists would call this talent "coup d'oeil." Coined by Frederick the Great, the Prussian king who spoke French as his language of choice, the term translates literally as "eye to the ground." Prussian military planner Karl von Clausewitz defined it as a quality of intellect, possessed by superior generals, which "even in the darkest hour retains some glimmerings of the inner light which leads to truth" and that enables them to identify the "relationship between warfare and terrain" and use it to their advantage. More simply put, Hannibal, like other great commanders, had "guts." He didn't panic in the extremely fluid conditions of battle. He could keep his head, as Rudyard Kipling would say, while others around him were losing theirs—sometimes literally.

That said, it is revealing that Hannibal should have held Pyrrhus, in particular, in such high esteem. Like Hannibal, Pyrrhus fought and won numerous battles against the Romans—and, also like Hannibal, he eventually lost his war with Rome. As Robert E. Lee would discover in the U.S. Civil War, winning battles did not always translate into winning wars. Indeed, the two endeavors were sometimes at cross purposes. While Lee was fighting and winning battles—at least until Gettysburg—his great Union counterpart, Ulysses S. Grant, was devising a different strategy. Grant proposed, with deceptive simplicity, to attack Lee simultaneously and on all fronts, keeping him off balance with unremitting pressure. President Abraham Lincoln assured Grant that he would have all the men he needed for the job, which amounted to the simple arithmetic of subtraction, one by one, of Lee's dwindling defenders. When enough Confederates had been subtracted, the North would win. That was Grant's plan. It worked beautifully—except for the thousands of soldiers, Union and Confederate, who were subtracted by it.

The Battle of Cannae was Hannibal's crowning achievement. In the modern age, it has mesmerized military theorists and commanders, who regard his tactic of double envelopment as a textbook example of how to fight and win decisively on the battlefield against a numerically superior force. The Germans were particularly taken with the perceived efficacy of fighting a "battle of annihilation" (*Vernichtungsschlacht*) as a means of solving their perennial problem of waging war on multiple fronts. Writing in *On War,* Clausewitz asserted that the goal of land war was to destroy the enemy army. In the late 19th century, Count Alfred von Schlieffen, chief of the German general staff, became convinced that Cannae provided the perfect model for destruction, a conclusion he reached after reading Hans Delbrück's account of the battle. Schlieffen himself penned a treatise on the subject, *Cannae,* calling it "the perfect battle," and commissioned the historical section of the general staff to produce a series of essays known as *Cannae Studies* that analyzed and extolled the virtues of the annihilating encirclement battle.

Somehow it escaped Schlieffen's notice that a strategy predicated on winning battles decisively did not necessarily produce a quick, decisive victory in war. Hannibal's experience should have been instructive in the same way that his victory at Cannae had been inspirational, but Schlieffen and his many disciples managed to ignore it—at their own peril. The form of battle became more important than the aim. Victory and battle became one and the same, and the technique of fighting a battle became all important. The Cannae concept would have a profound influence on German operational and strategic planning in both World War I and World War II and would be

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ABOVE: Roman general Scipio defeats Hannibal at the Battle of Zama in 202 BC. Hannibal committed suicide a few years later. OPPOSITE TOP: Friedrich von Bernhardi. OPPOSITE BOTTOM: Count Alfred von Schlieffen.

directly responsible for the development of blitzkrieg style of warfare that the Wehrmacht used repeatedly and with great success in the first three years of World War II.

The battle-centric approach to warfare, with its Cannae-style battle of annihilation as its centerpiece, was not without its critics. Of these, the most prolific and articulate was Friedrich von Bernhardi, a German general and military theorist. Bernhardi was particularly critical of Schlieffen's belief that the encirclement battle of annihilation should become every army commander's overweening goal in every battle, to the exclusion of other methods, including penetration and breakthrough tactics.

IN THE OPENING round of World War I, Germany attempted to deliver a knockout blow against France with a vast turning movement (or single envelopment) conducted by enormous armies attacking through Belgium into northern France and then wheeling south toward Paris. The German scheme of maneuver was based on Schlieffen's Cannae-inspired formulations and bore his name, but the "Schlieffen Plan" failed to produce the decisive victory envisioned by its creator. Defeated almost miraculously at the Battle of the Marne in September 1914, the Germans found themselves without a winning strategy, much less the means to implement it, and the long war of attrition that ensued in the freezing trenches of the Western Front led inevitably to Germany's defeat in November 1918.

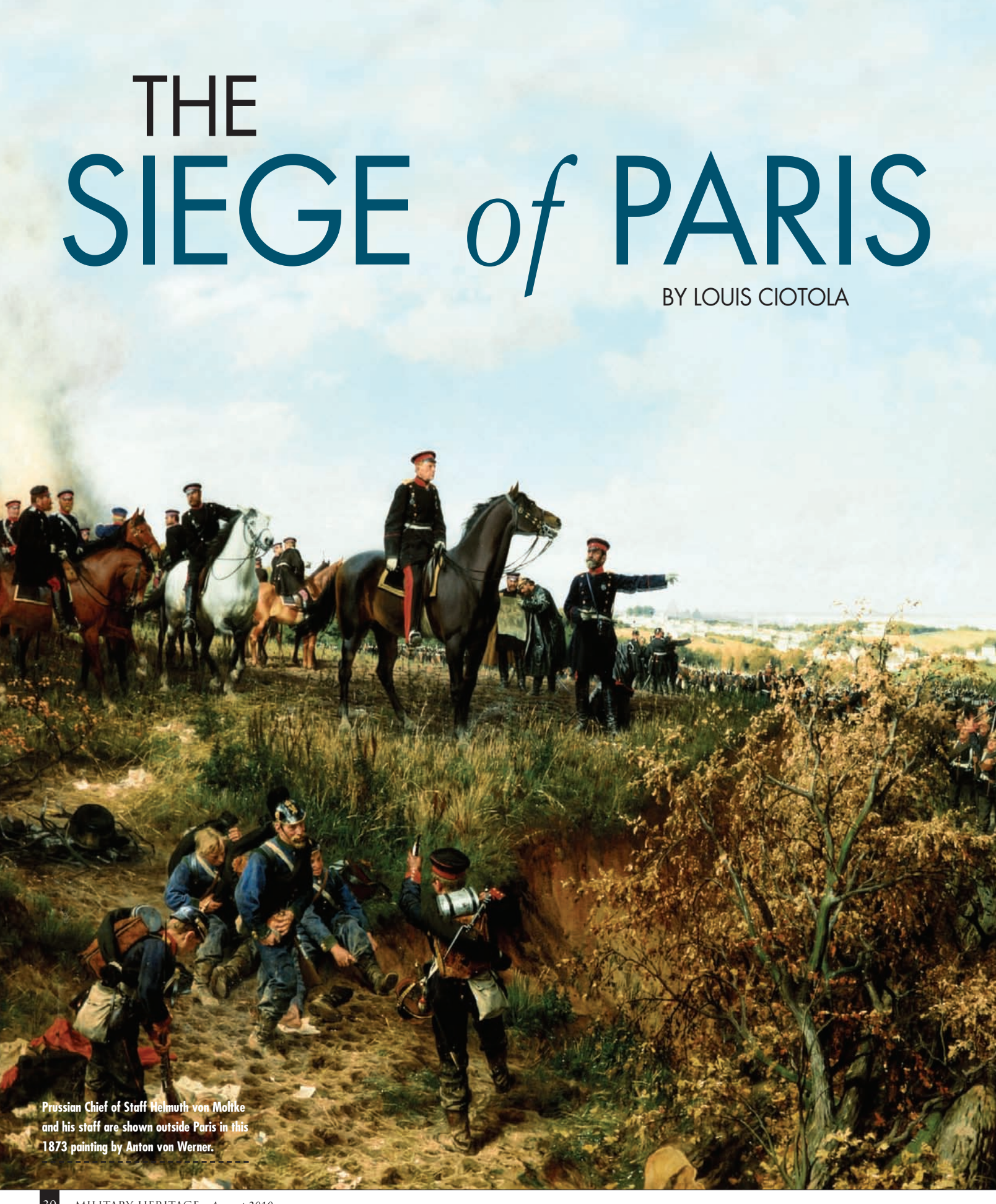
In World War II, both Germany and Japan proved adept, like Hannibal, at winning battles, only to lose the war. Especially notable are the battles that the Wehrmacht won in summer 1941 as part of Operation Barbarossa, the invasion of Russia. In the course of Barbarossa, the German army executed the greatest encirclement and annihilation battles of all time: for example, in the encirclement battles at Minsk and Smolensk (mid-July), Kiev (August 21-September 26), and Vyazma (September 30-October 7) the Germans bagged over 1.7 million prisoners, to say nothing of the millions of Soviet soldiers killed in those battles. Nonetheless, the Wehrmacht failed to capture Moscow and Leningrad, its key strategic goals, and by early December the Red Army launched a massive counteroffensive that came within in ace of destroying the Wehrmacht outright and left it permanently weakened for the rest of the war.

Similarly, the forces of Japan quickly overran much of Asia and the Pacific, but the victories in China, Singapore, Burma, and the Philippines—most infamously at Corregidor—overstretched Japanese supply lines and enabled the United States and its allies to hold steady, then roll back Japanese advances. The Japanese sneak attack at Pearl Harbor, intended to put the U.S. Navy completely out the war, narrowly failed to do so, and the subsequent U.S. naval victories at the Coral Sea and Midway paved the way for the bloody but decisive island-hopping campaign by U.S. Marines and soldiers across the Pacific. Like Hannibal, the Japanese learned the hard way about the loss of sea power to a determined and resourceful enemy.

Perhaps the most trenchant commentary on the pitfalls of the battle-centric strategy was delivered by a North Vietnamese colonel named Tu in a conversation with U.S. Army Colonel Harry Summers during the Summer's 1974 trip to Hanoi to discuss the status of U.S. prisoners of war. Summers told Tu, "You know, you never beat us on the battlefield." To which Tu replied, "That may be so, but it is also irrelevant." Less than a year later, in April 1975, North Vietnamese tanks rolled through Saigon, and the war in which U.S. forces had lost no major battles ended in total victory for North Vietnam. Hannibal would have understood. □

THE SIEGE *of* PARIS

BY LOUIS CIOTOLA



Prussian Chief of Staff Helmuth von Moltke and his staff are shown outside Paris in this 1873 painting by Anton von Werner.

Despite the debacle at Sedan, French honor dictated that the nation continue fighting as long as the city of Paris held out against Prussian invaders. A pitiless siege ensued for the City of Light.

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THE FINAL OUTCOME of the Franco-Prussian War was decided on September 2, 1870. On that day, more than 100,000 French troops, including Emperor Napoleon III, surrendered to the Prussian Army at Sedan. But despite the crushing German victory and the crippling loss of their head of state, the French were not prepared to admit defeat. The heart of their nation, the city of Paris, had yet to fall, and honor dictated that until it did France must fight on. The Prussian leadership understood this as well, knowing that to finish the war victoriously they would have to take the French capital, a city they considered a den of iniquity and mockingly branded the new Babylon. Neither side had any misconceptions regarding the long and grueling struggle that lay ahead. It would be a bitter test of national pride and human perseverance.

The moment affairs were settled at Sedan, the Prussian military leadership, helmed by Chief of the General Staff Helmuth von Moltke and Minister of War Albrecht von Roon, sent their armies racing toward Paris. With one French army freshly wiped out, another under siege at Metz, and no new ones prepared to do battle, the road to the capital was wide open. Moltke and Roon ordered most of their forces to Paris, leaving only elements of the First and Second Armies under Prince Frederick-Charles of Prussia to continue the investment of Metz and Strasbourg. Nothing could prevent a siege of Paris. For France, it was only a matter of how long the war could be dragged out, in the slender hope that such resistance would wear down the German alliance or attract outside intervention.

Parisians learned of the disaster at Sedan on September 3, and cries went up immediately to overthrow Napoleon. Most prominent among the voices was that of Jules Favre, a Parisian deputy who had fiercely opposed the war. Favre made a parliamentary motion calling for Napoleon's abdication, and the following day a mob of 60,000 Parisians chanting "Death to the Bonapartes!" and "Long live the nation!" massed in support of a republic. Favre and his chief compatriot, Assemblyman Leon Gambetta, along with other notable Parisian leaders, were swept up by the mob and taken to the Hôtel de Ville, where French republics traditionally were proclaimed.

Favre and Gambetta were unprepared to proclaim anything more than a provisional government, and on September 4 they formed the Government of National Defense, the first governing body of the Third French Republic. General Louis Trochu was named president, Favre became vice president and minister of foreign affairs, and Gambetta was appointed minister of the interior. The new government was dominated by moderates, but leftists were also present in the political lineup. The leftists, or "Reds," pushed for a communal style of government and demanded that the war against Prussia continue to the bitter end. Others, like Favre, hoped that France's change of regime would prompt Prussian chancellor Otto von Bismarck to call for an armistice.

With an immediate armistice unlikely, Paris prepared to endure a lengthy siege. Between 1840 and 1870, the French government had spent more than 140 million francs upgrading the capital's defenses. The result was a truly modern fortress of epic proportions that would be virtually impossible for the Germans to take by storm. A 30-foot wall surrounded the city, behind which lay a moat crowded with a flotilla of gunboats and a series of 16 external forts. The total perimeter of the fortifications was 38 miles, meaning that an enemy army would have to create a front at least 50 miles long to effectively invest Paris. Such a prospect meant that the besieging army would be spread dangerously thin. Paris's 3,000 cannons made the

task before the Germans even more daunting. With 450 shells per artillery piece, the French were equipped to give as good as they got.

Trochu wasted no time putting his men to work bolstering the existing defenses; as far as manpower was concerned, there was no shortage. XIII Corps under General Joseph Vinoy, having failed to reach Sedan in time, fell back to defend Paris following the battle. Combined with additional stragglers, 60,000 regular army personnel now manned the city's defenses. They were supplemented by 13,000 naval veterans and more than 100,000 volunteer soldiers, known as Mobiles, from the provinces. Behind them was the 350,000-man National Guard, or Garde Sedentaire. Although massive in number, the Mobiles and the Garde, which was essentially the people of Paris in arms, were poorly trained and lacked experience. Trochu conceded, "We have many men, but few soldiers."

NEVERTHELESS, PARIS MADE a monumental effort to prepare for the siege. The entire city was virtually transformed overnight into a gigantic arsenal. Factories were converted to manufacture war matériel, the Louvre museum became an armament shop, Orleans Station produced balloons for communicating with the provinces, and Gaité Theatre made uniforms. Hospitals sprang up to take care of the anticipated sick and wounded, and bivouacs were set up to house the soldiers. The greatest fear among defenders was the prospect of disease and famine that a long siege inevitably would bring. Eighty days' worth of flour, grain, and fuel were procured for the estimated two million people of Paris, not including the hundreds of thousands of troops. Soldiers herded livestock from the surrounding countryside into the city and began digging graves to stave off epidemics.

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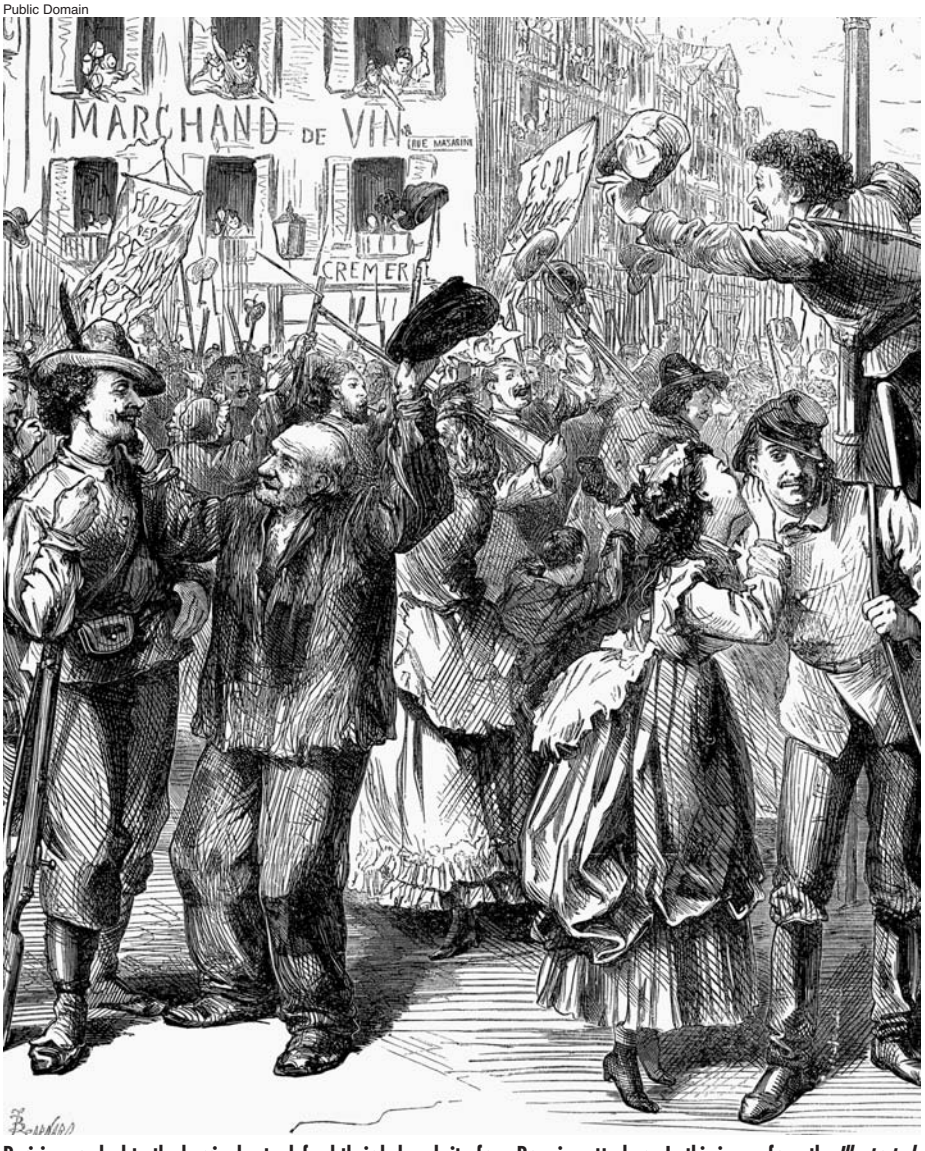

Parisians rushed to the barricades to defend their beloved city from Prussian attackers. In this image from the *Illustrated London News,* students join the ranks.

Despite the grim prospect of starvation and disease, the people of Paris remained almost naively upbeat, trusting fully in their defenses. Their spirit was infectious and convinced numerous foreign observers that Paris would fight to the death. The crown prince of Prussia, Frederick-William, was not convinced. He wrote in his diary on September 16 that the people of Paris did not share the enthusiasm of their newspapers. Only two days earlier, Trochu had led a massive military parade through the city and publicly declared, "Never has any general had before his eyes such a spectacle as you have just given me." Privately, however, he was more realistic, calling the siege "a heroic folly which we will commit to save the national honor when all else is lost."

The Germans gave the Parisians little time to increase their confidence. On September 17, they began encircling maneuvers. The Army of the Meuse under Albert, crown prince of Saxony, moved to the north of Paris, while Frederick-William veered the Third Army to the south. In all, some 122,000 German infantry and 24,000 cavalry snaked their way around the city. Moltke's men found the surrounding countryside stripped bare, with all roads, bridges, canals, and railroads destroyed. The result was an even greater dependency on growing supply lines, which Moltke was forced to defend with more and more men. Never far from his mind was the fear that the French could mass their forces to exploit Prussian weaknesses and possibly even break out from the besieged city.

The French were not about to allow the encirclement of Paris without a fight. One of the fieriest generals, Auguste-Alexandre Ducrot, demanded immediate action, and on September 19, with Trochu's consent, he struck the Prussians along the Versailles road. His goal was to secure the Châtillon Heights, but Ducrot was able to capture only one redoubt. The French ranks, packed tightly together, were sitting ducks for the Prussian artillery. Ducrot withdrew when he realized the endeavor had become pointless.

The Prussians chose not to pursue their foe into the southern fortifications, a decision that indicated clearly their planned strategy of siege over attack. The following day, the siege began officially when cavalry patrols from Albert's and Frederick-William's armies met at St. Germain-en-Laye, cutting off the last road from Paris. The Germans then began to settle in,

All: Public Domain

comfortably inhabiting the surrounding villages, most of which had been abandoned by their former residents. In striking contrast, the French survivors of Châtillon returned to Paris and received harsh ridicule that almost descended into a riot.

By the end of September, the number of German troops surrounding Paris had grown to over 200,000. General Leonhard von Blumenthal, chief of staff to Frederick-William, voiced lingering concerns. "Our lines are so weakly held that, if the enemy should attack at one point with the whole of his force concentrated, we must be beaten back and have our line cut through," he said. "Fortunately, he does not understand his business, and wastes his strength striking out blindly in all directions."

By early October, the French defenders realized that the Germans had no intention of storming the city. The siege bogged down into little more than minor artillery duels. As a result, both soldiers and civilians grew increasingly bored—a potentially dangerous development for the new republic. Political agitation on the left was beginning to stir. Balloons leaving Paris regularly took news to the provinces, but information reached the capital much more sporadically. The city was rife with rumors that the Prussians were retreating, a patent falsehood that only served to increase civil unrest.

Boredom was beginning to demoralize the German soldiers as well, but Bismarck remained obstinate regarding the war. Meeting with Favre, the Prussian chancellor pushed demands for Alsace and the German-speaking portion of Lorraine. Negotiations went nowhere. Meanwhile, morale in Paris received a slight boost with Gambetta's successful balloon flight out of the city. A large crowd gathered to watch as the minister soared out of sight, determined to keep the war effort going in the provinces.

The French spent October testing the German perimeter and fine-tuning their tactics in preparation for a future breakout. Minor sorties against L'Hay and Châtillon failed to gain ground, but they did yield valuable experience for the untested soldiers on how to advance with covering fire. On October 21, Trochu ordered his men to attack the Sannois Plateau, the anticipated target for a future massive sortie. A total of 8,000 troops participated in the attack, suffering 500 casualties and capturing nothing. Trochu, however, viewed the sorties as a success, convincing him that a breakout was within the realm of possibility. Unfortunately for civilian morale, Parisians mistook the minor assaults for fully committed attacks and grew increasingly resentful with each withdrawal.

LEFT: Chancellor Otto von Bismarck (top); Crown Prince Albert of Saxony (bottom left); General Auguste-Alexandre Ducrot (bottom right). BELOW: Prussian Battery No. 8, the Crown Prince Battery, with captured French guns during the siege of Paris.

On the night of October 27, a more serious attack took place on Le Bourget, a fortified town in German hands just north of the investment line. Ambitious French commander Carey de Bellemare, ignoring the fact that the town was surrounded by heights occupied by German artillery, commenced a daring night assault with 250 of the most aggressive soldiers in Paris. As he had anticipated, French victory was swift.

Proud of his accomplishment, de Bellemare met with Trochu to ask for both reinforcements and a promotion, spurred on by Parisian newspapers praising the rare victory. Trochu did not share in the excitement, but rather was outraged by de Bellemare's impetuousness. Le Bourget, Trochu said, was indefensible, and its capture merely increased the death toll for no good reason. Even the typically aggressive Ducrot backed his commander's position on the matter. De Bellemare continued to press his case, but Trochu refused to reinforce the town.

MEANWHILE, THE GERMANS were also hotly debating the value of Le Bourget. Many among them, most prominently Moltke, thought the position as precarious as Trochu did. Frederick-William, for one, considered the fort not worth retaking. The commander in the sector, Crown Prince Albert, however, took its recapture as a matter of pride. On October 29, he ordered a strong reconnaissance of the new enemy position with every intention of attacking in force as soon as possible.

As soon as the reconnaissance force returned, Prussian artillery opened fire on Le Bourget from the surrounding heights. At 8 AM on the 30th, 6,000 soldiers of the Prussian Guard swarmed for-

ward, utilizing the new tactic of spread-out skirmish lines to reduce the impact of the French guns. Before long, the Prussians were inside the town, battling tenacious defenders house to house. The Prussian surge became irresistible; the French withdrew after the loss of another 1,200 men. Although the Prussian loss was a mere 477, the victory did nothing to alter the opinion of many in the Prussian leadership that the entire incident had been completely pointless.

As the fighting raged in Le Bourget, Parisians were getting word of a worse catastrophe. News arrived that 173,000 French soldiers had surrendered at Metz. As at Sedan, an entire army had been lost. Frederick-Charles was free to either aid in the siege of Paris or advance on Tours in order to halt Gambetta's efforts to forge a new provincial army. Then came the last straw. In what was impeccably bad timing, eminent statesman Adolphe Thiers returned to Paris bearing the news that

The crushing of the Army of the Loire came while survivors of the great sortie trudged despondently back to Paris and desperate French soldiers combed the battlefield in search of meat from dead horses.

his attempts to procure outside help for France had proven fruitless. Thiers urged the government to accept Prussian terms for an armistice. The radical left accused the government of treason. Having believed government propaganda that victory was still possible, Parisians were shocked by Theirs's revelations. With spirits at a new low, the situation was ripe for an uprising.

Within hours, tensions came to a boil. What began as left-wing demonstrations quickly turned into a coup. The Reds invaded the Hôtel de Ville, taking the government hostage and declaring a commune. Hours later, however, the insurgents lost their nerve when a battalion of Mobiles entered the basement of the building. The communards fled, some escaping while others were arrested. Their indecisiveness cost them their revolution, and the incident convinced Bismarck that peace talks with the unstable French were pointless.

The new French republic was saved, but morale remained low as conditions within the city continued to deteriorate. Fuel reserves were slowly disappearing, and winter was just around the corner. Food supplies were becoming scarce, and the weakened population became increasingly susceptible to smallpox. Then, as if part of some wonderful dream, magnificent news arrived in Paris. On November 9, Gambetta's new Army of the Loire won a great victory over the Prussians at Coulmiers and triumphantly reentered Orleans. For the first time in the war, France had a victory of substance to celebrate. Trochu and Ducrot had renewed reason to attempt a massive breakout.

Throughout October, Ducrot planned a giant attack in the northwest toward the Sannois Plateau. The point of assault was Gennevilliers, where a small peninsula was formed by the Seine and German defenses were weakest. Upon breaking out, the French army would head for the channel coast where, with the assistance of the navy, it could organize resistance with the provinces. The pessimistic Trochu had little faith in the plan but felt compelled to allow it to go forward. He demanded, however, that Ducrot change the point of attack to the Châtillon Heights and attempt a linkup with Gambetta advancing out of Orleans.

THE CHANGE IN PLANS required moving tens of thousands of men and nearly 400 guns laboriously across Paris to the new target area. Trochu compromised with a plan to attack southeast across the Marne and a swing west to merge with the Army of the Loire. The revised strategy offered the chance to cut off the Prussian headquarters at Versailles from the principal German railhead at Lagny and sever supplies south of Paris.

The changes left little time to revise the plan, and things went sour from the start. The balloon carrying word of the new plan to Gambetta failed to reach its intended target, sailing off course for 15 hours and eventually landing in Norway. Meanwhile, Prussian intelligence had advance word of the planned sortie, and Moltke ordered the southern front reinforced. On the morning of November 29, the French government issued a proclamation announcing the sortie to the people of Paris. Ducrot boldly declared: "I swear before you and the entire nation; I shall only reenter Paris dead or victorious." Inspired by such words, Paris overflowed with confidence. Unfortunately, other French commanders did not share those sentiments.

Things began badly. Heavy rain from the previous few days had left the Marne dangerously swollen. Debris from blown bridges clogged the river, and it was not until daybreak that pontoons were in place. Ducrot began to panic, but fear of a riot in Paris precluded any notion of canceling the attack. Trochu agreed to postpone the primary assault until the following day, but he neglected to call off the diversionary assaults. As a result, attacks by Vinoy on Choisy-le-Roi and L'Hay went unsupported and cost 1,300 needless casualties. A second assault at Malmaison was equally disastrous. Meanwhile, Moltke calmly reinforced the threatened sector with a division of Saxons as Parisians celebrated prematurely in the streets.

Early on November 30, the French established bridgeheads over the Marne at Champigny and Brie and, with the aid of artillery, easily secured the towns. The next objective was to prove more difficult. Ascending the Villiers Plateau, the French were met by heavy fire from the defending Württem-

French soldiers hastily prepare a defensive position inside the walls of a country villa during the Battle of Champigny-sur-Marne.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

burgers. Well dug in and shielded by a stone wall, the Württemburgers were relatively safe from artillery and rifle fire while being free to unload upon the enemy. Nevertheless, the French charged fearlessly, surging forward three times but failing to dislodge the enemy. Their dead littered the field.

Ducrot was the most fearless among them. He rode his white horse into the face of enemy fire as if intending to die as his proclamation the day before had promised. Seeing the offensive stalled, he ordered III Corps to launch a flanking attack against the Villiers Plateau by way of Neuilly and Noisy-le-Grand. Due to a shortage of pontoons, the corps did not move until afternoon. Meanwhile, Ducrot initially mistook newly arriving Saxon troops for III Corps. Fortunately for him, he was able to amend the error with quick thinking. Ordering his men to lay prostrate, Ducrot surprised the Saxons at close range and sent them scrambling away.

Ducrot's improvisation successfully gave III Corps more time, but it soon proved to be in vain. When the first division arrived under de Bellemare—of all people—it marched in the wrong direction, uselessly advancing on Brie rather than Noisy-le-Grand. At the same time, the Germans wrecked another flanking attack at Coeuilly. Ducrot made up his mind that the sortie had failed, but retreat was impossible—Paris would explode. His only option was to go on the defensive. By nightfall, only Champigny, Brie and a tiny fraction of the Villiers Plateau remained in French hands. Almost nothing had been gained, at the cost of an additional 5,200 men. The Germans lost half as many.

Defeat turned into disaster when Gambetta, misinformed by Favre via balloon message that the sortie was a success, divided his army and marched on Fontainbleau. Frederick-Charles was ready—the result was a foregone conclusion. The crushing of the Army of the Loire came while survivors of the great sortie trudged despondently back into Paris and desperate French soldiers combed the battlefield in search of meat from dead horses.

DUCROT REQUESTED a 24-hour truce in order to collect his wounded, a proposal the Prussians eagerly accepted since it gave them time to prepare a counteroffensive. On the morning of December 2 the Prussian guns opened fire. The bombardment was fierce, but the French stubbornly bore its deadly brunt. When the Germans charged forward, the defenders refused to budge. The attack nearly broke through at Champigny, but the French fought tenaciously and eventually forced the enemy to pull back. By the end of the day there was barely any change in the front.

The French resistance had been so potent that Moltke feared a counterassault. Ducrot thought otherwise. Although depressed by the prospect of reentering Paris in defeat, he could not sanction renewing the sortie. In all, 12,000 French soldiers had been lost, along with all hope of vic-

tory. The next morning he ordered his men back across the Marne and offered his resignation, determined to die as a common soldier in the ranks. Trochu refused.

Parisians scarcely reacted to news that the sortie had failed. More pressing concerns preoccupied their minds. Hunger was now the biggest issue. Political agitation took a backseat as the population used all its energy to simply stay alive. The price of food had skyrocketed, and what food remained was far from the typical Parisian diet. Horse meat was consumed regularly by citizens and soldiers, along with cats and dogs. Not surprisingly, the one-time pets developed an acute fear of humans, as did the hardy rats, which also became a hot commodity. Citizens even raided the zoos, making meals of everything from elephants to kangaroos. Only the lions, tigers, and monkeys were spared.

ALTHOUGH BETTER SUPPLIED and less miserable than their French counterparts, the German soldiers were also growing tired of the stalemate around Paris. The German public was tired as well. Bismarck, keenly attuned to such sentiments, feared that the war was taking too long and favored bombarding Paris into submission. Prior to the siege he had brazenly remarked that "eight days without café au lait" would break Parisian spirits. Now he feared that the continuing resistance would tempt foreign powers to intervene against Prussia, especially Great Britain, where public sentiment was sympathetic to the Parisians' plight.

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French president Leon Gambetta's balloon prepares to escape from Paris.

Moltke, however, opposed the strategy as counterproductive, arguing that the earlier bombardment of Strasbourg had increased French resolve rather than shattering it. Bombing Paris, he warned, would be a waste of ammunition and a logistical nightmare. Becoming increasingly impatient with the generals, Bismarck threatened his king, William, with political turmoil in Berlin should the bombardment not occur.

The French refused to sit idly by while the Prussians pondered whether or not to bombard the capital. Yet another sortie was launched against Le Bourget. What transpired on December 21 was the most pathetic French debacle to date. The Prussians greeted their assailants with heavy artillery fire. French marines charged forward through the freezing cold into a deathtrap. Sheer perseverance alone enabled them to reach Le Bourget, but exhaustion prevented them from maintaining the house-to-house combat that followed. The French troops failed to even reach Le Bourget, their dense ranks annihilated by Prussian artillery.

Meanwhile, a subsequent offensive under Vinoy met equally disastrous results at Villie-Evrard. Having successfully taken the town, Vinoy's men were surprised hours later when the German defenders, who had taken refuge in cellars, suddenly emerged from their hiding places. Shocked, the French evacuated the village in complete disorder. In all, the two sorties cost the French another 2,000 casualties.

At a council of war on December 17, Prussian leaders concluded at last that Paris must be bombarded into submission. "The men are freezing and falling sick," cried Bismarck, "the war is dragging out, the neutrals are interfering in our affairs, and France is arming." Moltke relented. Only Frederick-William voiced objections, citing humanitarian reasons against shelling civilians. The king sided with Bismarck, ordering the bombardment of Paris to commence as soon as possible.

On January 5, 1871, the heavy guns opened fire on Paris. In the space of four or five hours each day, usually beginning around 10 PM, Prussian artillery heaved between 300 and 400 shells into the French capital. There was little accuracy. Anything could be hit. Overall, the bombardment did very little damage. The casualty rate, which totaled only 97 dead and 278 wounded, was low enough that Parisians could go about their daily lives as usual. Morale remained unchanged; in fact, some Parisians took heart in the belief that the bombardment was a sign of Prussian desperation. Ironically, more Germans were dying as a result of the bombardment than French; their gun crews were painfully close to the front line and exposed to snipers.

Cold and hunger remained the true killers in Paris along with a new threat, typhoid fever, caused by the necessity of drinking unfiltered water from the filthy Seine. Particularly horrible were the frequent scenes of malnourished children wandering the streets in search of food and eating the bark from trees lining the Champs-Elysees.

Hope ran out. On January 15, the French government began to seriously debate capitulation. The Mobiles protested that the National Guard had not yet shed blood for the nation; the Guardsmen were eager to prove them wrong. With his men pining for another sortie, Trochu could hardly refuse without risking open rebellion. On January 16, he decided to make one last strike toward Versailles, the strongest sector in the German line. Trochu ordered Vinoy on the left to attack Montretout, while de Bellemare in the center moved against Buzenval, and Ducrot on the right stormed Malmaison. Such a complicated plan invited catastrophe.

The sortie was set to commence at dawn on the 19th, but Ducrot's column, impeded by mud and fog, did not arrive at its staging area at the appointed time, compelling Trochu to delay the attack. Finally, fearful of losing what little tactical surprise he had, he ordered the sortie to begin at 10 AM without the right column. Almost miraculously, things started well for the French. Vinoy reached St. Cloud while de Bellemare's troops ascended the Garches-La-Bergeria Plateau.

By noon, Prussian worries subsided as both Vinoy and de Bellemare ran out of steam and ground to a halt. When Ducrot finally arrived that afternoon, he could not get his troops to advance, despite his usual heroics on his white horse. The National Guard, which the day before had boasted about its military prowess,

The Art Archive/Musée de L'Armée Paris/Gianni Dagli Orti

French soldiers attack the Longboyau Gate at Buzenval, France, in January 1871.

fought horrendously, inflicting almost as many casualties on each other as the enemy. Fed up, Trochu ordered a withdrawal early the next morning.

Trochu wasted no time informing the government that he refused to assume the responsibility for any new operations. It did not matter. Fairly or not, the government was through with him anyway, and relieved him of duty. Vinoy assumed command of the French forces in Paris. The rest of the government prepared to pursue peace with the Germans and appointed Favre to reopen negotiations with Bismarck.

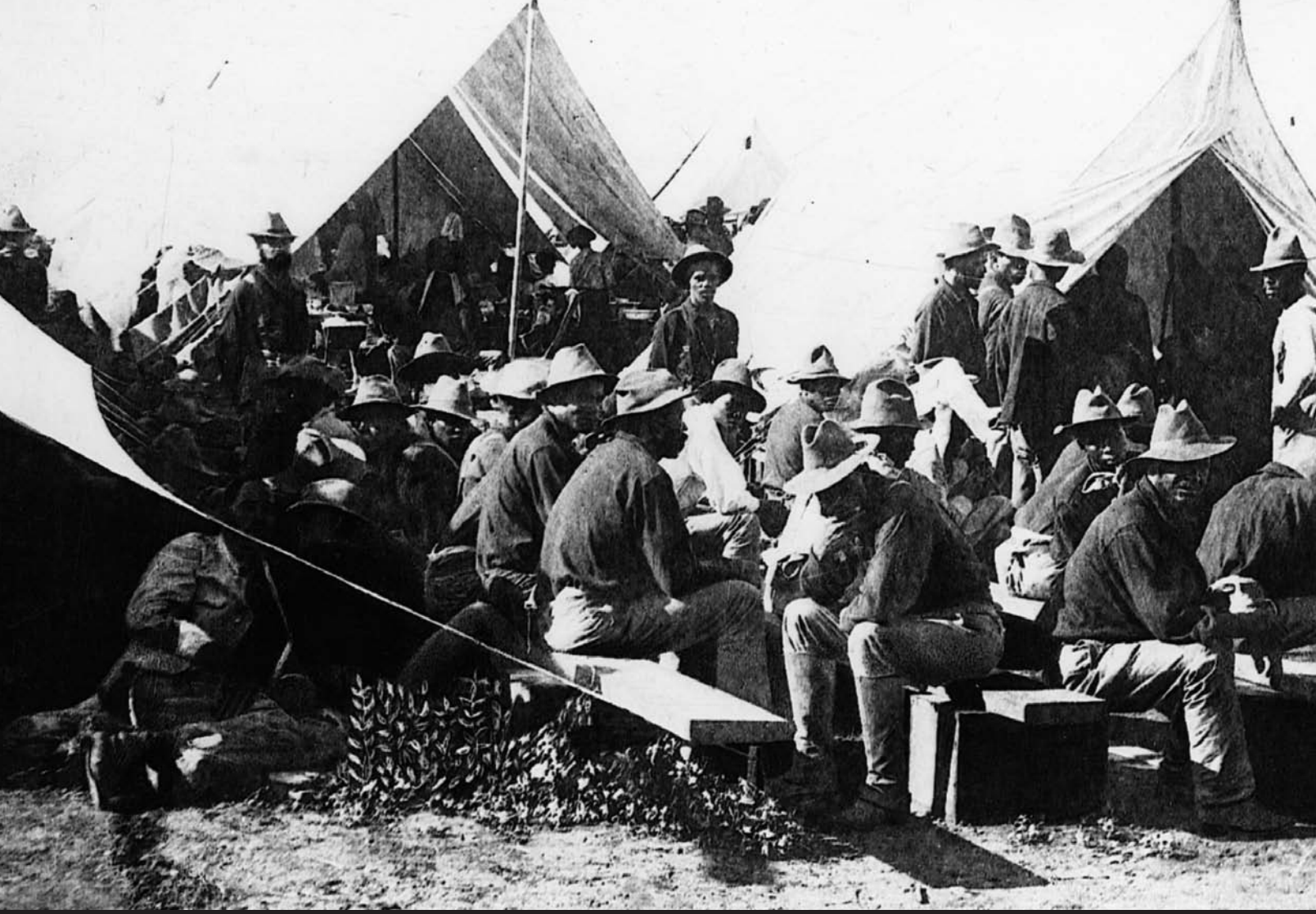
IN RESPONSE, encouraged by anarchists and communists, Red elements within the Guard rose against the republic on January 22. Unlike October, the coup did not end peacefully. Fighting erupted between the Guard and the Mobiles outside the Hôtel de Ville. Only the timely arrival of Vinoy with reinforcements sent the Guard fleeing and prevented the disorder from spreading. Conditions within Paris had become intolerable. Rations were down to nine ounces per citizen. Unless the situation improved soon, revolution was imminent. Favre warned, "Civil war is a few yards away, famine a few hours."

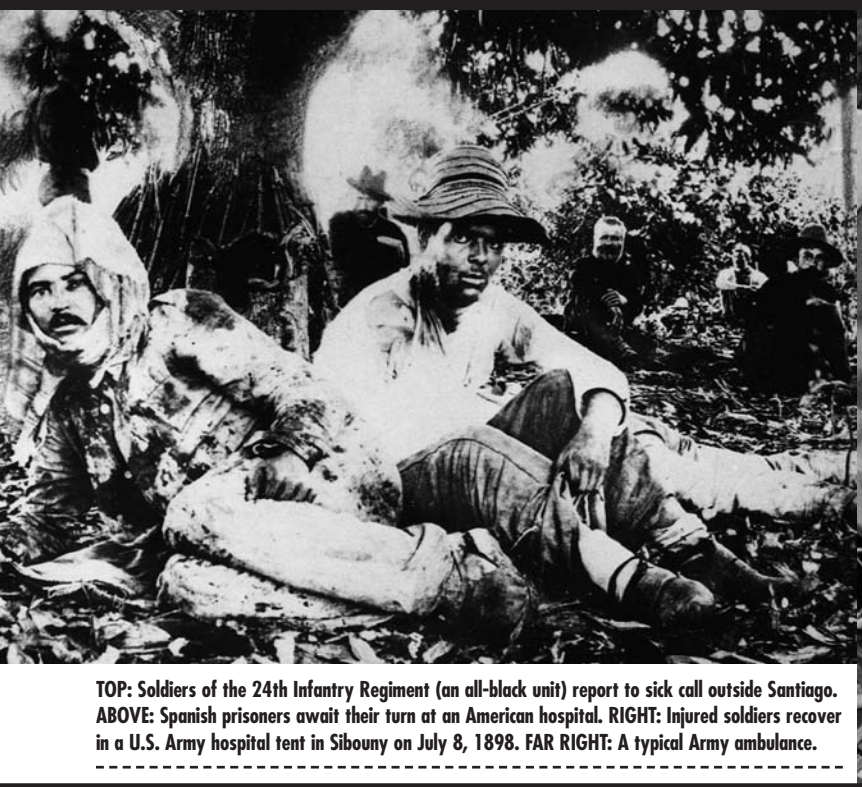
Two days later, Favre began negotiations with Bismarck. The major point of contention involved how many French soldiers could remain under arms. Bismarck demanded that all but two army regiments be disarmed, while Favre begged that the National Guard be permitted to retain its arms, fearful that a new rebellion would ensue should the government attempt to confiscate their rifles. Ever the realist, Bismarck warned Favre that the Guard would likely rise anyway, saying it would be in France's best interests to keep more loyal soldiers armed to deal with the threat. Favre continued to insist. Bismarck relented, allowing the Guard to maintain its arms, but only one army regiment. Favre was satisfied. It was a diplomatic victory for which Paris would pay dearly.

According to the armistice terms, the French would pay a 200 million franc indemnity and surrender Paris's perimeter fortresses. Signed on January 27, the stipulations took effect the following day, ending the siege of Paris. In total, the French had suffered an estimated 28,450 military and 6,251 civilian casualties, along with another 4,800 infant and elderly deaths. It was a bitter precursor of 20th-century total war.

As a final gesture, Bismarck granted Favre's wish that Paris fire the final shot of the siege. On March 1, the German army triumphantly paraded through the city.

Bismarck's prediction came true 18 days later, when the French left rose against the government and established the Paris Commune. During the ensuing two months, more Frenchmen would die in the political infighting than had perished during the entire siege of Paris. It was a bitterly ironic conclusion to the heroic, if doomed, defense of the City of Light by patriotic citizens at both ends of the political spectrum. □





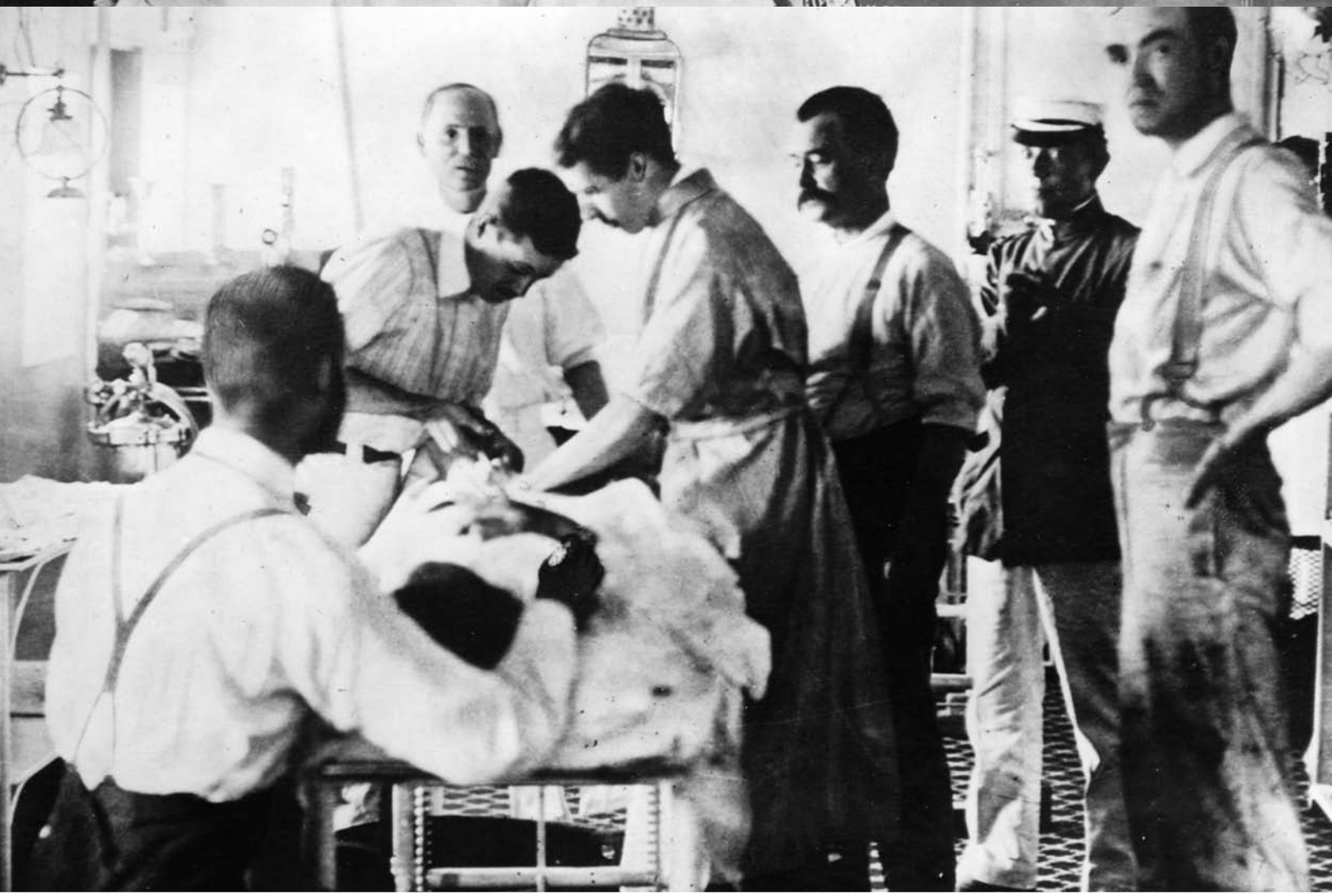
TOP: Soldiers of the 24th Infantry Regiment (an all-black unit) report to sick call outside Santiago. ABOVE: Spanish prisoners await their turn at an American hospital. RIGHT: Injured soldiers recover in a U.S. Army hospital tent in Sibouny on July 8, 1898. FAR RIGHT: A typical Army ambulance.

THE U.S. MEDICAL CORPS SAVED MANY LIVES DURING THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR BUT FACED OBSTACLES FROM WITHIN THE RANKS.

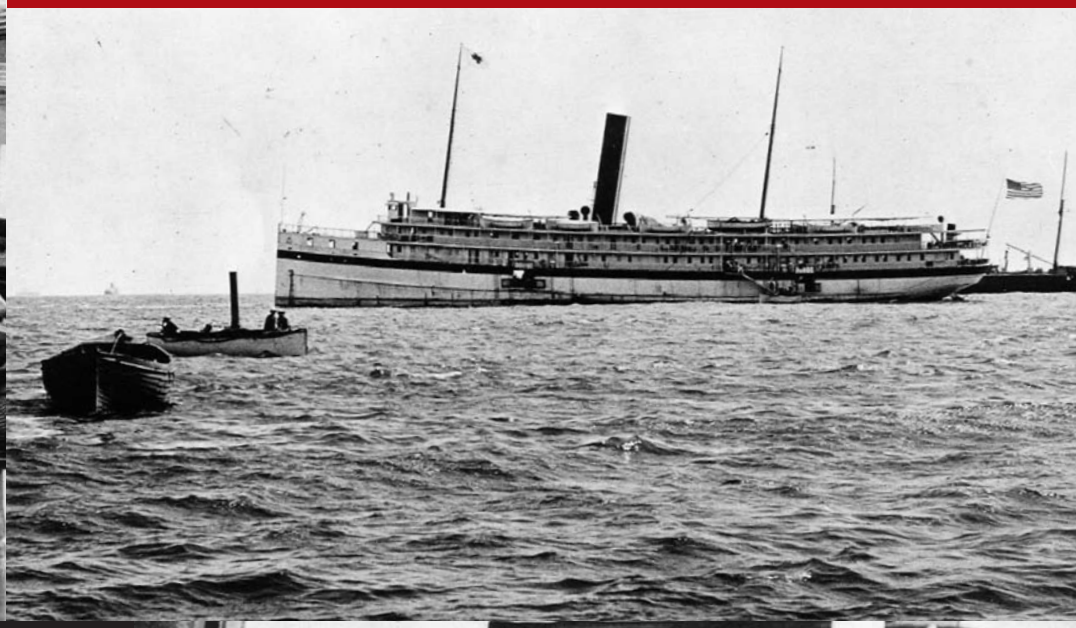
Healing the WOUNDED IN CUBA

BY KEVIN M. HYMEL

THE KHAKI-CLAD SOLDIERS wounded in the steaming jungles of Cuba during the Spanish-American War had distinct advantages over their Civil War brethren. Soldiers of the Blue and Gray suffered through amputations performed with unwashed instruments. Thirty-three years later, modern medicine had caught up to the battlefield. X-ray machines enabled doctors to extract bullets and shrapnel without digging around in their patients; aseptic surgery reduced infections; and sanitation systems prevented diseases from spreading in tightly packed camps.



TOP LEFT: Nurses on board a hospital ship await the next batch of wounded. TOP CENTER: The interior of a hospital ship shows the vast capacity to deal with wounded soldiers. TOP RIGHT: The hospital ship *Relief* waits off shore for the wounded to arrive. The small ships near the water's edge brought the men aboard. BOTTOM LEFT: Surgeons operate on a soldier onboard a hospital ship. BOTTOM RIGHT: A doctor takes an X-ray photo on the hospital ship *Relief* off the coast of Siboney.



But the system was not perfect. For all the advances in medicine there was one obstacle the doctors could not overcome: American officers. Commanders, accustomed to the rampant disease of the Civil War, accepted sickness as part of war. They refused to listen to camp doctors who insisted on keeping camps clean. By the officers' logic, the doctors' job was to treat patients brought to their hospitals, not to tell the officers how to run their camps. To make matters worse, the worst men in the Army, usually the laziest or problem soldiers, were assigned as nurses, while women were barred from military hospitals. Male nurses tended to spread disease by ignoring their patients, dumping out bedpans in front of the disease wards, and generally obstructing doctors more than helping them.

But the Army learned from its mistakes. Medical boards were convened for each problem that arose, from tainted meat to yellow fever. No diseases were ever found in canned meat—soldiers, it turned out, just enjoyed complaining about their rations. Women were included in the services to act as nurses. By the end of the war 1,563 women served as nurses.

After the war the Army continued to act on the lessons learned for the battlefield. West Point began teaching military hygiene in 1906. The causes of yellow fever were identified by Major Walter Reed and treated. Inoculations against typhoid fever became mandatory in the U.S. Army in 1911.

During the "Splendid Little War" of 1898 medicine had come a long way from the Civil War, but Army medicine still had a long way to go in keeping soldiers alive and healthy. □

BY CHRISTOPHER G. MARQUIS

RECKONING AT HORSESHOE BEND

Andrew Jackson and his hard-bitten Tennessee militia were determined to avenge the Creek Indian massacre at Fort Mims. They would inflict a deadly retribution at Horseshoe Bend.

IN THE LATE SUMMER OF 1813, some 550 men, women, and children took refuge within a small wilderness outpost and waited for the worst. The stockade surrounding the house and sheds of Samuel Mims lay roughly 30 miles north of Mobile in Mississippi Territory (comprising the modern states of Mississippi and Alabama). Following months of attacks and reprisals between the Creek Indians and white settlers, many civilians decided to seek safety in numbers, bringing their families and slaves to the apparent security of Fort Mims. They were joined by a few friendly Indians.

Major Daniel Beasley, ordered by Governor William Claiborne of Louisiana to defend the settlers, arrived at the fort with 175 militiamen. After several days of relative inaction, complacency set in. The gates remained open, and the occupants went about their daily routines. When a slave reported having seen the approach of Creek warriors, Beasley had him flogged for spreading rumors.

The following day, August 30, a sharp war cry arose from outside the gates. A thousand Creek Indians, or "Red Sticks" as they were called for their crimson-painted war clubs, descended on the fort. Beasley was among the first killed, tomahawked as he attempted to close the gate. His subordinate, Captain Dixon Bailey, rallied his men for a spirited defense inside the buildings. They resisted until 3 PM, when a Red Stick chief, Red Eagle, rode up to the fort on a black horse. He ordered his warriors to set fire to the structures and drive out the resisters.

A terrible slaughter ensued. The Red Sticks made no distinction between combatants and noncombatants. Red Eagle tried to spare the women and children, but his warriors were beyond his control. When a rescue party arrived at Fort Mims 10 days later, they found a grotesque scene. About 400 corpses of men, women, and children had been scalped and abandoned to the dogs. The survivors consisted of about a dozen militiamen who had managed to escape and some less fortunate blacks who were seized by the Red Sticks and kept as slaves. Bailey had somehow fought his way out of the fort, but he soon bled to death from his wounds.

News of the massacre spread terror and out-

Creek Indians massacre white soldiers, women, and children at Fort Mims, Alabama, in August 1813.

rage throughout the western and southern states, but for President James Madison it was just another disaster in the never-ending nightmare of the War of 1812. Madison had signed the war declaration against Great Britain on June 18, 1812. The reasons given for the war primarily involved outrages committed by the Royal Navy against American vessels (including the impressment of civilian sailors), as well as British incitement of Indian tribes against American settlers. Even so, the war vote was very close—four switched votes in the Senate could have stopped it—and the nation was far from united in favor of hostilities.

The leading political advocates for war, the War Hawks, hoped to use the conflict as an excuse to quickly invade and annex Canada while the British were busy battling Napoleon's armies in Spain and blockading European ports with their massive navy. The War Hawks' schemes quickly

The Granger Collection, New York

went awry. The three-pronged attack on Canada, designed by General Henry Dearborn, turned into a threefold disaster. In August, Brig. Gen. William Hull surrendered Detroit to the British. On the Niagara frontier, 300 Americans were killed or wounded, and another 950 were taken prisoner at the Battle of Queenston Heights. The small American Navy did manage to score a handful of victories over the vaunted Royal Navy, but these were exceptions to the seemingly irreversible trend of humiliations and defeats.

The British were not the Americans' only problem. The extraordinary Shawnee Indian chief, Tecumseh, had worked for years to assemble an alliance of Indian tribes to halt white encroachments on native land. In October 1811, he traveled south into Creek country, where he delivered an incendiary talk. "They seize your lands," he told the tribesmen. "They corrupt your women. They trample on the ashes of your dead. Back, whence they came, upon a trail of blood they must be driven. Back! Back! Ay, into the great water whose accursed waves brought them to our shores! Burn their dwellings! Destroy their stock! Slay their wives and children! The Red Man owns the country. War now! War forever! War upon the living! War upon the dead! Dig their very corpses from the grave. Our country must give no rest to the white man's bones."

TECUMSEH AND HIS FOLLOWERS, seizing upon the War of 1812 as a golden opportunity to thwart the Americans, became valuable allies to the British. They ambushed the Americans withdrawing from Fort Dearborn, killing most of the 93 soldiers. On January 21, 1813, they again surprised a large American contingent at the Raisin River, killing almost 300 troopers. On June 23, 1813, 575 cavalry and infantry were surrounded by a smaller force of Caughnowaga and Mohawk Indians and forced to surrender at the Battle of Beaver Dams. The mere threat of Indian attack had caused Hull to surrender his 2,000-man garrison at Detroit.

Among those won over by Tecumseh's passion was Chief Red Eagle. Born William Weatherford, Red Eagle could claim only one-eighth Indian blood. His great-grandmother was a member of the legendary Creek "Clan of the Wind." Otherwise he was of French, English, and Scottish descent. Ironically, his white adversaries Samuel Mims and Daniel Beasley each had more Indian blood than he did. In 1813, Red Eagle was 33, with a tall, straight frame and piercing eyes. He had lived among both the whites and the Indians, and he had chosen to tie his fate to the latter. The more peaceable Creeks saw him as an interloper and a threat, but he commanded a majority of their warriors, 4,000 Red Sticks.

In Tennessee, the massacre at Fort Mims enraged and galvanized the citizenry. On September 25, 1813, the state legislature empowered Governor William Blount to recruit 3,500 volunteers to march into Creek country and destroy the threat. The perfect man to lead the offensive was widely known. Unfortunately, he was lying in bed at home just then, in agony over two gunshot wounds in his left arm. His name was Andrew Jackson.

This would not be Jackson's first military campaign. He had set out at the head of his division the previous year to help head off a possible British landing on the Gulf of Mexico. On January 7, 1813, 1,400 Tennessee miltiamen had boarded flat-bottom boats to float down the Cumberland, Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers to Natchez. Jackson's 600-man cavalry was led overland by Colonel John Coffee.

The Red Sticks took the bait and soon found themselves in a veritable shooting gallery, surrounded by dead-shot frontiersmen on all sides. Seven hundred Creek warriors managed to fight their way out, but only after losing another 300 killed.

Upon arriving in Natchez, Jackson had received a note ordering him to halt until further notice. The next month, the newly appointed secretary of war, John Armstrong, ordered him to dismiss his force and hand over his equipment to Brig. Gen. James Wilkinson, the military commander in New Orleans. Appalled at the thought of abandoning his division so far from home, Jackson instead marched the troops 800 miles back to Nashville. It was on this march that Jackson's sheer willpower led his men to nickname him "Old Hickory" for his toughness. Upon reaching home, Jackson dismissed the troops and resumed life at his mansion, the Hermitage.

During this idle time, Jackson became involved in a dispute between Captain (later Colonel) William Carroll and Jesse Benton, brother of Lt. Col. Thomas Benton, Jackson's aide-de-camp. Jackson attempted to arrange a reconciliation between the two parties, but failing that, he agreed to serve as Carroll's second. In the duel, Benton shot Carroll in the thumb, while Carroll shot Benton in the buttocks. (While firing, Benton had contorted his body in such a way as to leave his backside vulnerable.)

Thomas Benton was outraged at his brother's humiliation. He publicly denounced Jackson, and Jackson in turn vowed to horsewhip him. He saw his chance on September 4, when the Bentons were staying at the City Hotel in Nashville. Jackson was in town with Stockley Hays, his nephew. When he passed Thomas Benton standing in the doorway of the City Hotel, Jackson brandished a horsewhip and charged him. In the ensuing brawl, Jackson was seriously injured when Jesse Benton, hiding inside the hotel, shot him in the shoulder and upper left arm at point-blank range. Jackson almost lost the arm, but he ordered his doctors not to amputate.

Tennessee officials found Jackson in a debilitated state when they arrived to request his services for a new campaign against the hostile Creeks. Like many American military leaders of the time, Jackson had no formal military training and had attained his position through political ties. Unlike other commanders, however, he possessed an iron will that amazed friends and foes and compelled others to follow him against the most daunting challenges.

Jackson's strong determination contrasted with his comparatively fragile physique. In September 1813, he was 46 years old, six feet, one inch tall, and weighed 145 pounds. His face bore the scar of a British officer's sword strike, received when Jackson was a 13-year-old prisoner of war and had refused to shine the Englishman's boots. A bullet from another recent duel remained lodged in his chest, along with two broken ribs and an abscessed lung. His left arm was still in a sling when he rendezvoused with his division on October 7 at Fayetteville, Tennessee.

The strategy for the Creek War, drawn up by Maj. Gen. Thomas Pinckney, commander of the southern district, involved a three-pronged invasion. Militia and volunteers from Tennessee would move south, while militia from Georgia and regulars from Louisiana advanced on either side. The Tennessee forces were divided into two divisions. Maj. Gen. John Cocke was to lead his East Tennessee division down from Knoxville, while Jackson moved south from Middle Tennessee. When the two forces combined, Jackson would have seniority and take command.

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Creek warriors armed with hatchets, bows, and arrows rush to defend their village from well-disciplined American soldiers in this contemporary engraving.

Jackson's division contained three brigades totaling 3,000 men. His brigade commanders were Brig. Gen. William Hall of the volunteer infantry, Brig. Gen. Isaac Roberts of the militia, and Colonel John Coffee of the cavalry. Among Jackson's staff were Colonel William Carroll, of the infamous Benton duel; Major John Reid, Jackson's personal aide; and Major William Lewis, the division quartermaster.

Recognizing the recent example of Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia, Jackson wanted to take all possible precautions regarding supplies. He obtained promises from private contractors that they would deliver regular shipments (10 wagonloads per day) to his intended base on the Coosa River. Even so, a winter campaign deep in the hostile wilderness was inherently risky.

Once in motion, Jackson's army moved swiftly, marching first to Huntsville, then across the Tennessee River and southeast to Thompson's Creek. There, the troops began to build Fort Deposit to serve as a depot for the expected supply train. Jackson then led his men over Raccoon and Lookout Mountains to the Coosa River. On November 1, he arrived at the Ten Islands, where he halted to construct his theater headquarters, Fort Strother.

The men of the army, like their commander, were hardy frontiersmen. They possessed a strong sense of fraternity and bravery, but also a streak of stubborn independence that, if left unchecked, could have a deleterious effect on military order and disciple. One of the young adventurers was a 27-year-old bear hunter named David Crockett, who had enlisted following the massacre at Fort Mims. Crockett had a deep personal investment in the campaign—his grandparents had been murdered by Creeks in their home several years before. Crockett rode in Coffee's cavalry and was well-liked for his storytelling talent and charitable disposition.

Jackson dispatched Coffee's brigade to subdue the Red Stick village of Tallussahatchee, 13 miles east of Fort Strother. A small force of Creek warriors, sent out to meet the invaders, fell into a trap set by Coffee and was obliged to retreat into the village. The cavalry surrounded the huts and was preparing to take prisoners when one of the women inside the village shot and killed a young Tennessean. This so enraged the men that they launched an all-out assault on the village. "We shot them like dogs," Crockett recalled. A house occupied by 46 warriors was burned to the ground, and all the occupants inside died from flames, smoke, or bullets.

IN THE FIRST BATTLE of the Creek War since Fort Mims, 200 Red Sticks were killed and 84 women and children were taken prisoner. The Tennesseans lost five killed and 31 wounded. It was an auspicious beginning and suggested that the campaign would be short and easy. One of the survivors of the battle was a 10-month-old infant, found lying in the arms of his deceased mother. Back at camp, the baby was handed over to Jackson. Old Hickory attempted to give him to the Creek women for safekeeping, but they had no wish to raise the orphan. Having been orphaned himself at age 13, Jackson showed uncharacteristic compassion for the child. He fed the boy, named him Lyncoya, and sent him back to his wife, Rachel, at the Hermitage to be raised as their own.

A few days later, news arrived that a friendly Creek village, Talladega, was under siege by 1,000 Red Sticks. Jackson decided to lead the relief himself, leaving behind a small garrison to receive the anticipated supplies. At Talladega, Jackson's force was double that of the Red Sticks. As Coffee had done at Tallussahatchee, Jackson encircled the enemy and then lured them into the trap with a weak feint.

The Red Sticks took the bait and soon found themselves in a veritable shooting gallery, surrounded by dead-shot frontiersmen on all sides. Seven hundred Creek warriors managed to fight their way out, but only after losing another 300 killed. The Tennesseans lost 15 killed and 85 wounded. It was

another lopsided victory, but the elusive Red Sticks would live to fight another day.

Disappointed, Jackson returned to Fort Strother to gather new provisions. It would be more than two months before the Tennesseans were able to launch another offensive. Upon returning to Fort Strother, Jackson discovered that the brigade that was supposed to be guarding the fort under Brig. Gen. James White had departed to rejoin Cocke's division. The fort had remained undefended except for veterans recovering from wounds sustained at Tallussahatchee. More disturbing was the news that no supplies had arrived.

The contractors insisted that the rivers and streams in Tennessee were too low for the shipment of supplies. Jackson suspected the contractors were purposefully delaying delivery to increase their bargaining power. Whatever the reason, Jackson realized the seriousness of the situation. He ordered his private stores distributed among the men and the remaining cattle butchered, with the wounded receiving the first share of rations.

AS NOVEMBER WORE on and no supplies arrived, Jackson sent letters urging the contractors to deliver on their promises. "We have been starving for several days, and it will not do to continue so much longer," he wrote. "Hire wagons and purchase supplies at any price rather than defeat the expedition." Still, the promised supplies did not arrive. Order and disciple began to break down. Soldiers who would bravely charge a band of Red Sticks became dispirited by weeks of sparse rations. Even so, no one could claim that their commander did not suffer with them. When one private approached Jackson complaining of the lack of food, the general offered to share the contents of his own pockets and produced a handful of acorns.

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Andrew Jackson exhorts his troops at the Battle of Emucfau beside the Tallapoosa River in January 1814.

Jackson held his command together through strength of will. One tactic he used was to play the different brigades against each other. One day, the militia determined to quit the campaign and march off as a unit. Jackson placed the volunteers in their way. The militia yielded and returned to their posts. The next day, the volunteers attempted to leave, and this time the militia stood in their way, happy to return the previous day's favor. Even so, Jackson realized that the situation was becoming desperate. To avoid all-out mutiny, he promised the officers that if no supplies arrived in the next two days, he would lead the troops back to Fort Deposit.

On the appointed day, Jackson kept his word. Leaving 200 men to garrison Fort Strother, he commenced the march north. They had scarcely gone a dozen miles when they met one of the contractors, driving a herd of 150 cattle. Overjoyed, the army commenced to slaughter, cook and eat the cattle where they fell. Jackson was certain that the newly nourished soldiers would return to Fort Strother, but the troops were emboldened to give up the campaign and return to their homes. In spite of their officers' pleas, the troops formed up to resume their march north. A lone figure on horseback stood in their way. Jackson, his left arm still in a sling, leveled a musket at the men, promising to shoot the first man who moved. No one did. Coffee and Reid joined their commander. Soon, a few loyal troops lined up behind them. After several tense minutes, the troops stood down and agreed to return to Fort Strother.

Jackson could not rely on other commanders to assist him. After Tallussahatchee and Talladega, the Red Sticks' power seemed on the verge of collapse. One Creek tribe, the Hillibees, offered to make peace. Unfortunately, Cocke and his East Tennessee division were unaware of the offer. They attacked numerous Hillibee villages, killing 60 warriors and leaving their women and children homeless. The Hillibees understandably withdrew their peace proposal and threw their support to the Red Sticks.

The regular troops advancing from Louisiana moved too slowly to do much good. In one engagement, they had a chance to capture Red Eagle, but he leapt his magnificent black horse from a height of 80 feet into the Alabama River. He emerged from the river, still atop of his horse and grasping his rifle. Meanwhile, Georgia militia advancing from the east were checked by the Red Sticks at Autosee.

Back at Fort Strother, starvation was no longer a worry, but the limits of a volunteer army became all too evident. Most of Jackson's volunteers had signed up for a one-year term of service on December 10, 1812. They considered December 10, 1813, the end of their obligation. Jackson interpreted the agreement to mean one year of active service. They had been inactive following the Natchez expedition until mustering again after the Fort Mims massacre. He dated their renewed service from then. The volunteers, convinced that their interpretation was correct, prepared to march out on the night of December 9. Jackson again placed himself in their way. This time, he enlisted the support of two artillery pieces. He implored the men to maintain the dignity they had earned, but he warned that he would fire on them if necessary. The officers consented to remain until they could reach a mutually agreeable solution.

This bought Jackson time, but he realized that he needed relief soon. Within a couple of days, Cocke arrived with his division, and Jackson dismissed the volunteers, who returned to Tennessee with bitter tales of Old Hickory's heavy-handed leadership. Shortly after their departure, Cocke informed Jackson that most of his troops had only 10 days left in their terms of service. Battling his rage, Jackson ordered

Cocke to return to Tennessee with his troops and recruit a new army immediately.

More bad news arrived. Coffee, who had left to acquire supplies for his horses, returned to Fort Strother to report that the cavalry had joined the dismissed volunteers and returned to Tennessee. The militia, whose commitment was not explicitly stated, insisted that a three-month term was the precedent for serving outside of their home state. This meant that January 4, 1814, would conclude their obligations. Jackson referred the matter to Governor Blount, hoping to keep the army from further disintegration. In the meantime, General Pinckney, unaware of any problems, urged Jackson to hold his position.

The volunteers and militia had strong reasons for wanting to return home. Being citizen soldiers, they had left behind families that needed to be fed, clothed, and protected against the numerous dangers of frontier life. As farmers, they had already made a great sacrifice of time to participate in the fighting. They feared ruin if they missed the upcoming planting season. At no time, however, did any of the near mutinies become violent, and only rarely did an individual desert.

Near the end of December, Jackson received the much-anticipated response from Blount. While the governor sided with Jackson in the matter, he believed that it was useless to hold the militia against its will. He advised Jackson to dismiss the militia and abandon the campaign until a new army could be raised. Jackson informed the militia of the governor's decision, told them that it was their choice to stay or go, and implored them not to turn their backs on the campaign. To the general's chagrin, the militia wasted no time in forming up and marching out of Fort Strother. As the new year commenced, the entire American army in the Creek campaign consisted of a single regiment.

Jackson would not return to Tennessee without victory. "I will perish first," he wrote to Blount. "I will hold the posts I have established, until ordered to abandon them by the commanding general, or die in the struggle; long since have I determined not to seek the preservation of life at the sacrifice of reputation." The remaining regiment was due for dismissal on January 14, 1814. Jackson's attempts to play on their patriotism were largely unsuccessful. On the day of their scheduled departure, General Roberts and Colonel Carroll returned from Tennessee at the head of 800 new recruits. This sudden fluke of good fortune led Jackson to decide to renew the campaign while morale was still high.

The new army advanced toward the capital

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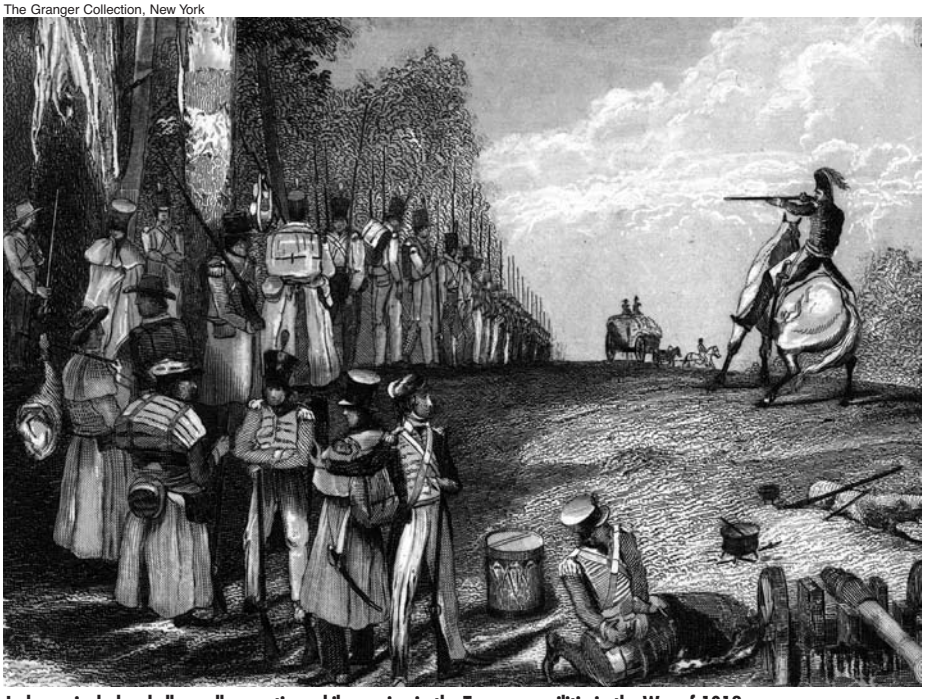


Jackson single-handedly quells a mutiny while serving in the Tennessee militia in the War of 1812.

of the Red Sticks, Tohopeka, also known as Horseshoe Bend. The village sat on about 100 acres of land within one of the bends of the Tallapoosa. The river provided a natural barrier on three sides, with a narrow "neck" on the northern side. Jackson's army drew within three miles of the village before night fell. Spies informed Jackson that the Red Sticks knew of their approach and would attack soon. Before dawn on January 21, the Creeks charged Jackson's left flank. The new recruits held the line and pushed them back.

The Red Sticks then attacked the right flank. Coffee, on the left, attempted to encircle the enemy, but the lack of discipline among the Tennesseans became evident. Only 53 men followed him. A Red Stick counterattack on the left threatened to encircle the men. Coffee was wounded and Major Alexander Donelson, Jackson's brother-in-law, was killed. Two hundred Indian allies, Cherokees and Creeks, came to Coffee's aid and forced the Red Sticks to withdraw, ending the battle. Along with Donelson, three other Americans were killed, compared to 45 killed or wounded Red Sticks.

Casualties were light, but Jackson's recruits were insufficient in numbers and training to attack Tohopeka. Once again, Jackson headed back to Fort Strother. The Red Sticks were a tenacious foe. Although they had received the worst of it in three conflicts with Jackson, they pursued him to instigate a fourth. They realized that this was an adversary who would never stop until he or they were destroyed. They hated but respected Jackson, calling him "Sharp Knife."

AS THE TENNESSEANS CROSSED Enotachapco Creek, the Red Sticks descended upon them. The rear guard gave way, leaving Carroll and 25 men to face the bulk of the enemy. The cannons were still in midstream when the attack commenced. Artillery Lieutenant John Armstrong ordered his men to rush to Carroll's aid while he helped push the six-pounder into position. After blasting the first round of case shot into the Red Sticks, Armstrong fell wounded. "My brave fellows," he said, "some of you may fall, but you must save the cannon." Other troops crossed back to assist Carroll and Armstrong. The Red Sticks retreated, leaving behind 200 dead. The Tennesseans suffered 20 killed and 75 wounded. It was their costliest victory yet, but the frontiersmen were able to return to Fort Strother without further harassment.

Shortly after returning to the fort, Jackson began to receive a steady stream of good news. Governor Blount, stung by Jackson's earlier chastisement, had called for a new set of volunteers. Some 2,000 East Tennessee volunteers, then 2,000 West Tennessee volunteers, reported for service and were sent south to Fort Strother. On February 6, 600 men of the 39th U.S. Infantry Regiment arrived, commanded by Colonel John Williams. After dealing with militia and volunteers for so long, Jackson was thankful for a core of full-time professionals to set a standard of discipline. Among the 39th's ranks was a young ensign, Sam Houston. Like Red Eagle, Houston had lived among both whites and Indians. As a teenager, he had run away from his Tennessee home to live

with the Cherokee. They named him "Raven," and he remained with them until war broke out and he sought new adventures fighting the Creeks.

Following the arrival of the new army—Jackson's third of the campaign—he set about building a cohesive, disciplined force to deliver the final blow to the Red Sticks' rebellion. He became increasingly intolerant of any failure, even among his officers. Cocke was arrested when his volunteers refused to honor their six-month commitments—they were envious of the three-month commitments offered by Blount. Cocke was court-martialed and acquitted, but the ongoing controversy denied him a share of the glory in the final victory in the Creek War.

BACK AT FORT STROTHER, an 18-year-old recruit named John Woods suffered an even worse fate. Woods was a member of a unit that had become infamous for insubordination, although the reputation had been earned before Woods volunteered for service. Early one morning, following a night on watch duty, Woods received permission to return to his tent for something to eat. While doing so, he was interrupted by an officer who brusquely ordered him back to duty. Perturbed and hungry, Woods kept eating. The war of words intensified until Woods leveled his rifle at the officer. Friends calmed him down, and he lowered the weapon.

Jackson, informed that nothing less than a mutiny was under way, ordered Woods arrested and tried. A court-martial found him guilty and sentenced him to death by firing squad. Most expected the general to commute the sentence; usually only regular army commanders, not volunteer or militia commanders, imposed capital punishment. However, Jackson ordered the execution carried out. Woods's death would be used in future political campaigns by Jackson's opponents to claim that he was a merciless, tyrannical chieftain.

Woods died on March 14, 1814. That same day, the Tennesseans departed Fort Strother and headed to Tohopeka for a final showdown with the Red Sticks. The enemy had been busy at Horseshoe Bend. Across the narrow neck of the enclosure they had constructed a breastwork of logs and earth, varying from five to eight feet in height. The wall had a number of portholes, ideal for firing by the defenders. It was an extraordinarily complex structure for an Indian tribe to build and suggested that a European influence was at work—possibly English spies.

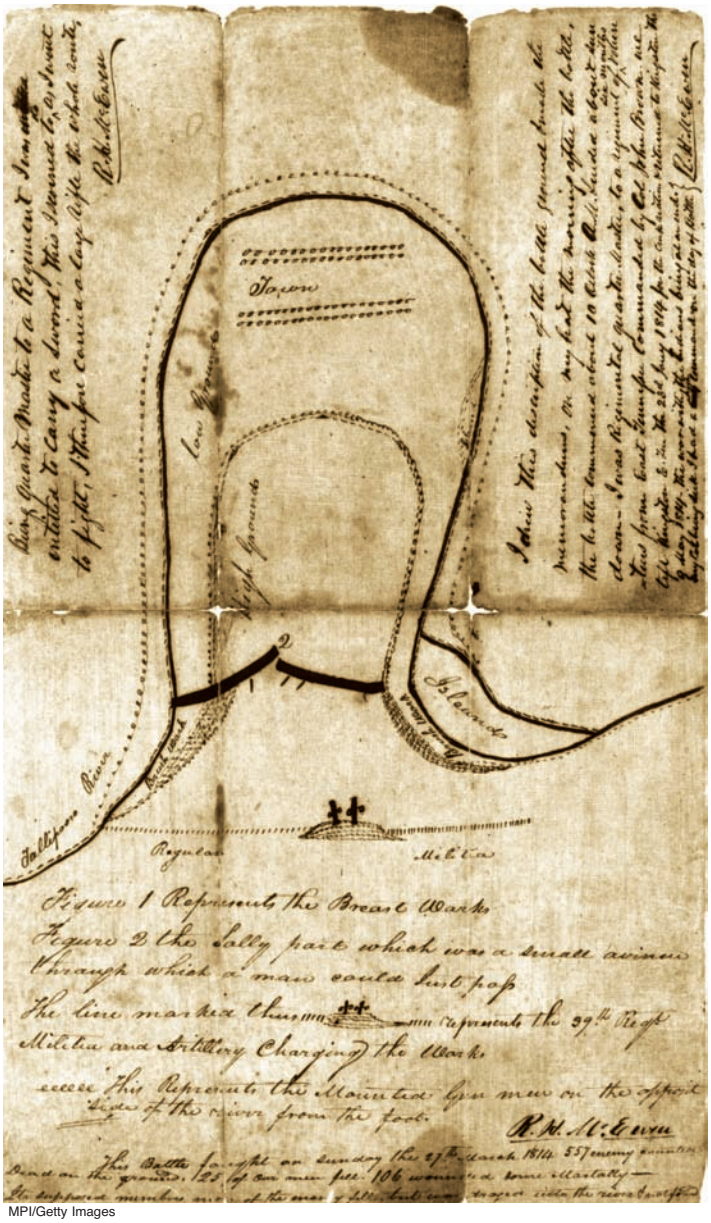
Jackson sent Colonel Williams south to establish an outpost while he and about 4,000 men, including Creek and Cherokee allies, moved southeast toward Tohopeka. On the morning of March 27 they arrived north of the village. Estimates placed the Red Sticks' strength at 1,000 warriors, with another 300 women and children living among them.

At 10 AM, Jackson ordered Coffee to cross the river with his cavalry, Indian allies, and scouts. Somehow they made the crossing without the Red Sticks taking notice. Jackson positioned his two artillery pieces (a three-pounder and a six-pounder) 80 yards from the breastwork. At 10:30, they commenced firing. The cannons weren't meant for this type of mission, and their light balls bounced harmlessly off the wall, prompting the Red Sticks to taunt the invaders. Meanwhile, their prophets danced on the roofs of the huts, proclaiming their invincibility and the impotence of their adversaries.

For two hours, the two sides fought to a stalemate. To the south of the village, across the river, Coffee and his men lay in wait. Cherokee swimmers crossed the river, cut free the canoes floating there, and used them to ferry the force across. Once over the river, the troops began to set fire to the huts. Jackson, from his position in front of the breastwork, spotted the smoke. Immedately, he gave the order to charge. The men of the 39th Infantry stormed the breastwork. Major Lemuel Montgomery was the first to make it to the top; he was killed instantly by a shot to the head. Ensign Houston took his place and received a barbed arrow in the thigh for his troubles. It didn't stop him, and he leapt down into the fortification, establishing a much-needed foothold for the others.

The Red Sticks were fighting for their homes. Once they realized they were surrounded, the fighting became increasingly desperate. They would not surrender or ask for mercy; the Tallapoosa soon swelled with corpses. Menewa, Red Eagle's lieutenant, sustained seven wounds, but survived and made his way to safety. A stalwart few barricaded themselves in some brush by the breastwork. From there, they resisted until night, when the Tennesseans set the brush on fire and picked off the final holdouts as they attempted to escape the flames. "The carnage was dreadful," Jackson later wrote to Rachel. Some 557 Red Sticks were killed on the ground, with another 300 dead in the river. Almost all the women and children survived, having been moved to safety before the battle. The victory was complete except for one important detail: Red Eagle was missing.

The Tennesseans and friendly Indians lost 65 killed and 206 wounded. Sam Houston, already wounded in his thigh, suffered two additional gunshot wounds to his right shoulder. So terri-



MPI/Getty Images

ble was his appearance that the medic performing triage at the scene classified him as lost. He was placed on a litter and moved 60 miles to Fort Williams, without medical aid. Two months later, when he finally returned to his mother's house, she could only recognize him by his eyes.

Jackson resupplied his force at Fort Williams. He then moved on the Hickory Ground, the sacred land of the Creeks. He occupied the old French fort, Toulouse, renamed Fort Jackson, near the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa Rivers. There, Red Stick chiefs came to surrender. One day, a lone Creek entered Fort Jackson, leading a black horse with a recently killed deer strapped to it. He was pointed to Jackson's tent. Upon seeing Jackson, he identified himself as Bill Weatherford. "How dare you ride up to my tent after having murdered the women and children at Fort Mims?" Jackson thundered. Weatherford insisted that he had attempted to save the women and children at Fort Mims. He had come not on his own behalf, he said, but to beg for mercy for the women and children.

Jackson was impressed and invited Weatherford into his tent to discuss it further. He made it clear that Weatherford must consent to all peace terms. Weatherford replied: "Once I could animate my warriors to battle, but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice: their bones are at Talladega, Tallussahatchee, Emuckfaw and Tohopeka. While there were chances of success, I never left my post, nor supplicated peace, but your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man. I rely upon your generosity."

Having sworn off further warfare, Red Eagle once again became Bill Weatherford. He retired to plantation life, but he was obliged to relocate several times to avoid retribution at the hands of relatives of the Fort Mims victims.

Next for Jackson came the business of peace. The War Department had originally intended for General Pinckney or Colonel Benjamin Hawkins, an old Indian hand, to draw up the terms, but Jackson's allies lobbied successfully to give him the honor. That summer Jackson revealed the proposed treaty to a collection of friendly Creek chiefs. Most of the terms were reasonable: turning over those prophets responsible for inciting hostilities, allowing the United States to establish roads through Creek country, and ending all communications with British and Spanish agents. The government would provide sustenance for the Creeks whose land was destroyed or confiscated. The most shocking demand was for 23 million acres of land—fully half the original Creek domain. Not only would the rebellious Red Sticks be punished, but also those Creek tribes that had sided with Jackson and fought alongside the Tennesseans.

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ABOVE: General Jackson accepts the surrender of William Weatherford, Chief Red Eagle, after the Creek defeat at Horseshoe Bend. OPPOSITE: A diagram of the Battle of Horseshoe Bend by Quartermaster R.H. McEwen, who was there that day.

His Indian allies complained, but Jackson was in no mood to negotiate. However, the proud Creek chiefs made one request: of the land to be turned over, three square miles should go to Jackson—not as a prize of war, but as a gift of gratitude from the Creeks for his valiant defense of their homes. To conclude the treaty expeditiously, Jackson accepted. With the signing of the Treaty of Fort Jackson, the Creek War came to an end—and none too soon. Napoleon had lost his empire and had taken up residency on Elba the previous May. The British Empire could now focus all its power on the American war. The 7th Military District, containing Louisiana and the Mississippi Territory, required a new commander. Jackson received the title and a commission as a major general in the regular army. Affairs on the Gulf Coast demanded his immediate attention. He and his troops headed south.

Jackson's victory in the Creek War ended the threat of a united Indian force in the War of 1812 (Tecumseh had been killed the previous year at the Battle of the Thames). With the Mississippi Territory cleared of hostile Indian attacks, the path was clear to move troops swiftly from the north to the Gulf Coast, starting with Jackson himself. If the British wanted a foothold on the southern coast of the United States, they were going to have to fight Old Hickory for it. In the end, as they discovered at the Battle of New Orleans a few months later, it would prove to be an uneven fight. □

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SOVIET INVASION

REELING FROM TWO ATOMIC BOMBS IN THREE DAYS, THE JAPANESE WERE PHYSICALLY AND PSYCHOLOGICALLY UNPREPARED FOR A MASSIVE INVASION FROM COMMUNIST RUSSIA. UNFORTUNATELY FOR THEM, THAT WAS PRECISELY WHAT THEY GOT.

OF MANCHURIA

The Granger Collection, New York

AT 11:02 AM ON AUGUST 9, 1945, an American warplane dropped an atomic device nicknamed "Fat Man" onto the city of Nagasaki, Japan. The bomb, generating the explosive power of 22,000 tons of TNT, killed at least 30,000 people instantly. It was the second of two atomic bombs dropped in three days' time on Japan by an American government intent on forcing the aggressor nation's unconditional surrender and hastening an end to World War II.

Since the previous midnight, Soviet armies numbering over a million men, backed by armored, air, and naval forces, had begun sweeping into Manchuria—the Japanese puppet state on the East Asian mainland that the occupiers called Manchukuo—in what would be the last great military operation of World War II. The Soviet assault, a classic double-pincer movement with attacks from the west, north, and east, extended across water and land fronts some 2,730 miles from the Mongolian desert to the densely forested coast of the Sea of Japan.

After bewildered Japanese units on the Manchurian border were hit with heavy shelling and massive ground assaults in the early morning hours of August 9, Japan's Imperial headquarters issued an emergency announcement reporting that the Soviet Union had declared war on Japan and had begun entering Manchurian territory, but added absurdly, "The scale of these attacks is not large." In reality, the first elements of a 1.5-million-man Soviet host, backed by small cavalry units of its ally, Outer Mongolia, were already in motion. Infantry, tank, horse cavalry, and mounted infantry, supported by river flotillas, air fleets, and 4,300 Soviet planes, would commence the invasion by striking Japanese convoys and cities in Manchuria and North Korea.

The Soviet Pacific Fleet stood ready to carry the invasion to the islands north of Japan—Sakhalin and the Kurils—which czarist Russia had lost to the Japanese 40 years earlier, along with the lease to the strategic warm-water port of Port Arthur, at the end of the Russo-Japanese War in 1905. For Soviet leader Joseph Stalin, the time had come to gather as much Asian booty as possible, while also erasing some of the stain remaining from the devastating, unexpected 1905 defeat—the first time an emerging Asian power had defeated a European power in the modern era.

As Nazi Germany's continuing conquests in Europe threatened to spread the war to other continents and turn the conflict into another true global war, the Japanese and Russians in April 1941 concluded a five-year neutrality pact that served the interests of both nations well.

BY JOHN WALKER

Japan's expansionist ambitions lay to the south and east, and it needed to guard against a threat from the rear. Russia, even before Japan found itself in a life-and-death struggle along with Nazi Germany, desired no complications in Asia. When the Germans invaded Russia in June 1941, Stalin, assured his eastern flank was secure, safely threw all his resources into the war in the West. Indeed, until August 8, 1945, Soviet neutrality in the East was so scrupulously preserved that American B-29 bombers that force-landed on Russian territory during raids on Japan had to remain there.

Although peace on the Russian-Manchurian border continued to suit the two neighbors well, by 1944 it no longer suited the United States. There were more than a million Japanese soldiers in Manchuria and eastern China who could be redeployed against the Allies at any time. An invasion of Manchuria by the Russians was the obvious means of deflecting such a threat. In December 1944, after almost three years of massive efforts by the United States, including the employment of a quarter-million Americans on the Asian mainland supplying and advising Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Army in its futile operations against the Japanese, U.S. commanders concluded that Japan's forces in Asia could not be defeated by the Chinese.

Japanese cavalry troops on maneuvers along the Amur River in Manchuria, before the Soviets declared war on Japan on August 8, 1945.

The Granger Collection, New York

Japanese reinforcements depart for the Manchurian front following the Russian invasion, which came several months before expected.

Neither Chiang's Kuomintang Army, nor Mao Zedong's Communist guerrilla forces mounted even the most minimal opposition to Japanese occupiers. Both organizations were clearly more interested in what would happen after the war ended and the Japanese were driven from the Asian mainland. Washington therefore turned to the only other power capable of defeating the Japanese—the Soviet Union. Throughout the winter of 1944-1945, with increasing urgency, Washington solicited Russian participation in the war against Japan. American field commanders wanted all the help they could get to diminish the numbers of Japanese they would have to confront in the climactic battles in the Pacific Theater. Great Britain's prime minister, Winston Churchill, and American President Franklin D. Roosevelt were heartened by Stalin's promise to launch 60 Soviet divisions against Japan within three months of Germany's collapse. Washington realized that the Russians wouldn't fight unless they received tangible rewards for doing so. To destroy the Nazis, the Soviets had already contributed 25 times the human sacrifice made by all the other Allies combined. At a conference at Yalta in early February 1945, Stalin presented his demands for an eastern commitment: the Kuril Islands (a mostly uninhabited chain that ran from Russia's Kamchatka Peninsula to the northernmost tip of the Japanese home island of Hokkaido), southern Sakhalin Island, the lease of Port Arthur, access to Dalian as a free port, control of the southern Manchurian railway, and recognition of Soviet suzerainty over Outer Mongolia. On February 8, the fifth day at Yalta, Roosevelt agreed to Stalin's terms; by doing so, he made important Chinese territorial commitments without first consulting the Chinese. The agreements were nominally subject to Chiang Kai-shek's endorsement, in return for which Moscow pledged to recognize the Nationalists as China's sole legitimate rulers.

BY JUNE 1945, after a three-month bloodbath secured the island of Okinawa—the final stepping-stone to a land invasion of Japan—American commanders welcomed any alternative that would avert the necessity of a ground assault. The prospect of using atomic weapons against the Japanese didn't yet loom in their minds; their hopes of achieving victory without launching an amphibious invasion of Japan rested upon blockade, incendiary aerial bombardment, and Russian entry into the war. In the weeks to come, the successful testing of an atomic weapon on July 16 made the new American president, Harry Truman, far less enthusiastic about Russian intervention and expansionism in Asia.

Japan was slowly being strangled by an economic blockade that had brought her war-making capacity almost to a halt. In addition, beginning with the horrific firebombing of Tokyo on March 9, General Curtis LeMay's conventional bomber force was in the process of virtually destroying Japan. B-29 bombers flying from the Mariana Islands had already leveled most of Japan's major cities, killing some 200,000 civilians. By mid-1945, all these factors rendered an Allied invasion of the Japanese mainland increasingly unnecessary, and to some American political leaders the Soviet invasion of Manchuria seemed superfluous. Stalin had his own agenda, however, and Soviet participation in the Far East, agreed upon at Yalta, was at the top of his list.

Their initial response to the August 9 invasion showed once again that the Japanese were either grossly unaware, or simply refused to accept, the direness of their predicament. Even those in Tokyo who had accepted that Stalin was "waiting for the ripe persimmon to fall," and who had been repeatedly warned of Soviet troop movements eastward, had concluded that the Russians wouldn't be ready to attack in Manchuria until autumn or the spring of 1946.

Inside Manchuria, Japan's Kwangtung Army, commanded by General Otozo Yamada, was nowhere near operational readiness; its best units had been sent to Okinawa and Kyushu months earlier. Few demolition charges had been laid, air support was negligible, and some senior commanders were absent from their posts. In the early months of 1945, tens of thousands of refugees from the Japanese home

islands had moved to Manchuria with all their possessions, believing the colony to be a safe haven. Incredibly, no steps were taken to evacuate these Japanese civilians, on the grounds that such precautions would promote defeatism. Stalin's objective was massive territorial gain, and he was prepared to pay heavily for it. For the Manchurian invasion, the Soviets made medical provisions for 540,000 casualties, including 160,000 dead (a forecast predicated on an assessment of Japan's paper strength). Stalin had for years maintained 40 divisions on the Manchurian border, and in the spring of 1945 he doubled his forces there. Between May and June, some 3,000 locomotives labored tirelessly along the Trans-Siberian rail link, transferring an additional 40 Soviet divisions on a month-long journey eastward to the Mongolian and Manchurian borders.

After traveling 6,000 miles from Europe by rail, Soviet units marched the last 200 miles to the Manchurian border across the treeless Mongolian desert in blazing heat. As part of Stalin's agreement with the Allies, the United States helped feed and arm the Soviet host; some 500 new Sherman tanks were offloaded at Russian ports. As Russian troops approached the frontier, elaborate camouflage and deception schemes were adopted; senior Soviet officers traveled under false names and didn't wear rank insignia. The 6th Guards Tank Army left all its tanks, self-propelled artillery, and vehicles in Czechoslovakia, picking up new equipment manufactured by the Soviet Ural factories.

For the first time in the war, the Soviets created a full-fledged separate theater of operations. The Soviet Far East Command's plan, implemented by its commander, Marshal Aleksandr Vasilevsky, was simple but massive, calling for envelopment of the Japanese defenses on three axes, followed by the capture of Sakhalin and the Kuril Islands and, possibly, even northern Hokkaido. The pincer movement would be carried out on the west by the 654,000-man Trans-Baikal Front, commanded by Marshal Rodion Malinovsky, while the 1st Far East Front, commanded by Marshal K.A. Meretskov and numbering 586,589 soldiers, attacked from the east. In the northeast, General M.A. Purkayev's 2nd Far Eastern Front, comprising 337,096 men, would launch supporting attacks against the center of the pocket. This was to be a blitzkrieg offensive, relying on speed to preempt Japanese responses. Japan's Kwangtung Army—estimated by Moscow to number over a million men but with an actual strength of 713,724 second-line troops organized into 24 infantry divisions, nine infantry brigades, and two tank brigades—was to be denied any respite to form new defensive lines. The so-called Manchukuo Army, raised from local Chinese collaborators, numbered 170,000 men but possessed neither the will nor the means to give much combat support to the Japanese. Also aiding the Japanese were 44,000 cavalry troops in Inner Mongolia. Elsewhere in the theater—in Korea, Sakhalin, and the Kurils—the Japanese forces numbered 289,000 men. Most of the remaining divisions of the Kwangtung Army were newly formed from reservists, conscripts, and troops cannibalized from other units. Training was extremely limited in all units, and equipment and material shortages plagued the army at every level. The most vital of the Soviet elements arrayed against the Japanese were the quantity and quality of its armored vehicles: a total of 3,704 tanks and 1,852 self-propelled guns. To offset the steep decline in combat efficiency of the Kwangtung Army, new plans called for delaying actions at the borders by a fraction of the army while the main Japanese forces gathered to hold a mere quarter of southeast Manchuria in the Tunghua area. The Japanese hoped the raw terrain, vast distances, and determined resistance would exhaust the Soviets before they reached the Tunghua area. Final plans, however, were not completed until June—too late to complete all the required redeployments and new fortifications. Even worse, lower echelon Japanese commanders remained ignorant of the plans, and millions of civilians in Manchuria were not warned that they would largely be abandoned to the Soviet invaders.

THE JAPANESE DEFENDERS possessed 1,155 armored vehicles (mostly armored cars and light tanks), 5,360 artillery pieces, and 1,800 aircraft, of which only 50 were legitimate first-line planes. The Imperial Japanese Navy contributed nothing to the defense of Manchuria, the occupation of which it had always opposed on strategic grounds. Most of the Kwangtung Army's heavy military equipment and best armored and elite infantry units had been transferred to the Pacific Theater over the previous three years. By 1945 the Kwangtung Army, with limited mobility and experience and almost no modern antitank weaponry, had only enough ammunition to issue its riflemen a meager 100 rounds apiece.

The Japanese military made several other grave miscalculations. Believing the western approaches from Mongolia were impassable due to the vast Mongolian desert and the natural

New recruits of the Japanese-trained Manchukuo Army blaze away at rifle practice before being sent to the Siberian border in July 1945.

barrier formed by the Grand Khingan Mountains, they assumed that any attack coming from the west would have to follow the old railroad line to either Hailar or Solun from the eastern tip of Mongolia. The Soviets did attack along these routes, but their main attack went through the supposedly impassable Grand Khingan range south of Solun into the center of Manchuria. Japanese military intelligence also failed to determine how many soldiers the Soviets were actually transferring to the Siberian front. Marshal Vasilevsky's original orders called for his forces to attack on the morning of August 11. When news of the American bombing of Hiroshima arrived, he was told to advance his timetable by two days. It was clear to the Russians that Japan's surrender was imminent, and the need to physically occupy territory and ensure its subsequent jurisdiction became tantamount. Advance units of the Trans-Baikal Front crossed the border into Inner Mongolia and Manchuria at 12:10 AM on the morning of August 9 without artillery or air

preparation. The 6th Guards Tank Army, spearheading the front's offensive, advanced in two columns of corps 45 miles apart.

By nightfall, Russian reconnaissance units, forward detachments, and advanced guard units had reached the foothills of the Grand Khingan Mountains, 93 miles into Manchuria. Due to the rapid Soviet advance and ongoing Japanese redeployments, the only significant resistance came on the left flank, where the Soviet 36th Army's assault route traversed fortified border installations. Meanwhile, Soviet and Mongolian mechanized cavalry and tank brigades on the right flank advanced in two huge columns and penetrated 55 miles into the arid wastes of Inner Mongolia, sweeping aside small detachments of Inner Mongolian cavalry. On the evening of August 9, in the absence of any notable Japanese reaction, the commander of the 6th Tank Guards Army made final plans for securing the mountain passes and beginning the difficult passage through them.

PROGRESS OF THE 6TH GUARDS Tank Army continued to be spectacular, although the task of resupplying its armored vehicles quickly became a problem. The advance corps began receiving airlifted shipments of fuel beginning on August 11. By August 14, the Trans-Baikal Front had crossed the Grand Khingan Mountains in all sectors and continued its advance, moving to secure the ultimate objectives of the campaign, the cities of Mukden and Changchun. On the northern flank, the 36th Army continued its siege of the Hailar fortifications in northwest Manchuria.

National Archives

A Soviet motorized column moves up to forward positions in the steppes of Manchuria on the morning of August 9, 1945, in one of the last military operations of World War II.

Bypassed and isolated by the Soviet first echelon, the defenders at Hailar put up a fierce but losing battle. Although rated only 15 percent combat effective, the Japanese 80th Independent Mixed Brigade required the combined might of two Soviet divisions and an imposing arsenal of artillery to pound it into submission. On August 18, the surviving 3,827 defenders at Hailar surrendered.

On August 15, the Soviet-Mongolian Cavalry-Mechanized Group, advancing in two columns, ran into heavy opposition from the Inner Mongolian 3rd, 5th, and 7th Cavalry Divisions at Kanbao. After two days of fighting, General I.S. Pliyev's southern column defeated the Inner Mongolians, took 1,634 prisoners, and occupied the city. On August 18, the Soviet-Mongolian units reached the outskirts of Kalgan. Although the Japanese High Command already had announced the capitulation of the Kwangtung Army, the defenders of the fortified region northwest of Kalgan didn't end their resistance until August 21. With that accomplished, the Soviet-Mongolian Group crossed the Great Wall of China and proceeded toward Beijing, uniting on the march with units of the Chinese Communist 8th Route Army. Also on August 15, the 6th Guards Tank Army resumed its advance, opposed by decaying elements of the 63rd and 117th Japanese Infantry divisions and Mongolian cavalry forces. The Soviet 7th Guards Mechanized Corps moved east toward Chanchun, while the 9th Guards Mechanized Corps and the 5th Guards Tank Corps moved southeast toward Mukden. On the 19th, the main Soviet forces approached both cities, and two days later the united 6th Guards Tank Army occupied both Mukden and Chanchun, followed by the arrival of Soviet airborne detachments at both locations. Because of fuel shortages, further movement of the 6th Guards Tank Army to Port Arthur and Dalian was by rail.

The Trans-Baikal Front had now achieved its objectives well ahead of schedule; for all practical purposes, organized resistance ceased after August 18. Activity from that time on involved collecting prisoners, disarming Japanese units, and making administrative moves to occupy the remaining areas of central and southern Manchuria. Japanese units that had withdrawn into central Manchuria when the Soviet offensive began, such as the 117th Infantry Division or those units already deployed in central Manchuria, never significantly opposed the Soviets.

Marshal Meretskov's 1st Far East Front faced conditions far different from those of the Trans-Baikal Front. The 435-mile frontage of the 1st Far East Front, running from the Ussuri River town of Iman to the Sea of Japan, was shorter, and the Japanese border districts of eastern Manchuria were more heavily fortified than those in the west. Some of the complexes were large, sophisticated, reinforced concrete structures. With no artillery bombardments except at Hutou, the Soviets advanced all along the front at 1 AM on August 9 in the worst of weather conditions. Many attacks came over terrain the Japanese believed impassable to huge forces.

The Soviet 5th Army—12 divisions and 692 armored vehicles—spearheaded the front's main assault. With three rifle corps abreast, it struck the front and north flank of the Volynsk center of resistance, held by one battalion of the Japanese 124th Infantry Division. Tanks and self-propelled guns supported each rifle division on the main axes of advance. By nightfall, the three corps of the 5th Army had torn a gaping hole 25 miles wide in the Japanese defenses and advanced 15 miles into the Japanese rear. Follow-on units reduced remaining Japanese strongpoints in the Volynsk, Suifenho, and Lumintai sectors. The 1st Far East Front's primary objective was the heavily fortified road junction of Mutanchiang, a crucial communications center and headquarters of the Japanese First Area Army. Impressed with the progress made by his 5th Army, Meretskov ordered the acceleration of the advance upon that city. On the night of August 11, advance units of the 5th Army approached the outer fortifications of Mutanchiang, setting the stage for one of the few multidivision, set-piece battles in the Manchurian campaign. The 1st Red Banner Army supported the attack of the 5th Army by advancing on the right (northern) flank. Opposing the Soviets and waiting behind heav-

ily forested terrain were the Japanese 126th Infantry Division and elements of the 135th Infantry Division.

Soviet divisions were forced to build roads through the forest to advance; many Japanese, never learning that they had been ordered to withdraw, resolved to fight to the death. The battle raged for two full days beginning on August 15 and accounted for half the Soviet casualties in the entire campaign. After Soviet tanks penetrated all the way to the headquarters of the 126th Division, a squad of firemen from a transport unit, each armed with a 15-kilogram explosive, attacked the five lead tanks in a suicide charge, one tank per man, and successfully demolished all five tanks.

After the 1st Red Banner Army finally cleared the city on the night of August 16, it began an advance to the northwest in the direction of Harbin; meanwhile, units of the 5th Army skirted south of the city to continue southwest toward Kirin and Ningan. On August 18, with the final announcement of Japanese capitulation, the 1st Red Banner Army and the 5th Army deployed to receive and process surrendering Japanese units.

On August 20, elements of the 1st Red Banner Army reached Harbin, where they united with Soviet airborne forces and with amphibious forces of the 15th Army, 2nd Far East Front. In the southern sector of the 1st Far East Front's area of operations, meanwhile, combined-arms Soviet armies attacked to the west and southwest; one objective was to cut Japanese communications from Korea to Manchuria. With Japan's surrender pending, rifle units of the Soviet 25th Army, with naval support, staked out claims along the northeastern face of the Korean Peninsula through a series of overland marches and amphibious landings. By the end of August, Red Army units had reached the 38th Parallel, the previously agreed-upon demarcation line for the shared occupation of Korea.

Supporting operations of the 2nd Far East Front took place on a broad front over a wide variety of terrain. Some of the bitterest fighting in the campaign occurred when Japanese units of the 134th and 123rd Infantry Divisions and the 135th Independent Mixed Brigade resisted the Soviet advances. General Purkayev deployed his forces in three separate sectors, each with distinct axes of advance and objectives. The main attack came in the center, where Lt. Gen. S.K. Mamonov's 15th Army—three rifle divisions—crossed the Amur River and overwhelmed the enemy's fortified regions at Fuchin. It then advanced along the Sungari River via a gap in the mountains to Harbin in central Manchuria, where it united with units of the 1st Far East

Swaggering Soviet troops liberate Harbin, Manchuria. The Soviets treated Chinese civilians brutally.

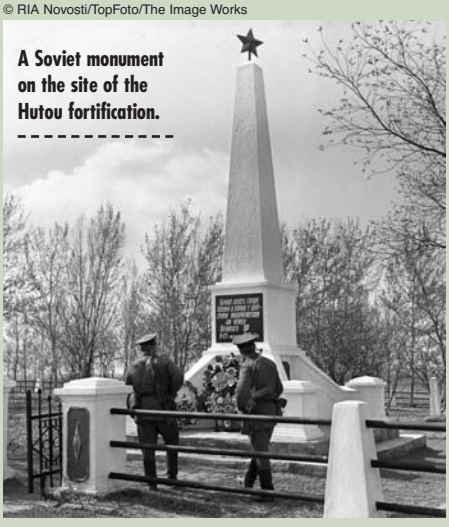
Front. The 2nd Far East Front completed its mission successfully—tying up Japanese forces in northern Manchuria and preventing them from intervening in the main attacks further south—although not without difficulties. The Russians contended with constant bad weather and difficult terrain as well as resistance as formidable as anywhere else in the theater; the difficulties it encountered were due in part to warnings the Japanese had of the attack, and the difficulties the 2nd Red Banner Army experienced moving its forces across the Amur River as it took up positions on the right flank of Mamonov's 15th Army. While Soviet armies completed the occupation of Manchuria after the Japanese surrender, amphibious units were assaulting the Pacific islands promised to Stalin at Yalta. Some 8,000 soldiers were dispatched across 500 nautical miles of sea to the Kurils. The northern Kurils were defended by 25,000 Imperial troops, of which 8,480 were deployed on the northernmost island of Shannshir, 18 miles in length and six feet wide.

On the night of August 14, Shannshir's senior officer, Maj. Gen. Fusaka Tsutsumi, was instructed to listen to the emperor's broadcast the next day. Having done so, Tsutsumi awaited the arrival of an American occupation force, which he had no intention of fighting. Instead, in the early morning hours of August 18, without warning or parley, a Russian division assaulted Shannshir. The Red Army knew little about the difficulties of opposed landings from the sea, and it possessed none of the Allies' inventory of specialized amphibious equipment. As could have been predicted, the Shannshir operation turned chaotic for the landing force, garrison troops without combat experience.

AT 5:30 AM ON AUGUST 18, Japanese shore batteries opened fire on Soviet ships as they made their approach, sinking some and setting others afire. The invaders' communications collapsed as Russian sailors labored under heavy fire to improvise rafts to land guns and tanks. A counterattack by 20 Japanese tanks gained some ground, and what was almost certainly the last kamikaze air attack of the war struck a Soviet destroyer escort. On the morning of August 19, the Soviet commander on Shannshir received orders to hasten the island's capture. Soon afterward, a Japanese delegation arrived at Russian headquarters to arrange a surrender. The next morning, however, some coastal batteries still fired on Soviet ships in the Second Kuril Strait and were heavily bombed in return. Tsutsumi's men finally quit fighting on the night of August 21, having lost 614 men killed. Sakhalin represented a less serious challenge, for its nearest point lay only six miles off the Asian coast and its northern part was Soviet territory. The island was vastly larger, however, 560 miles long and between 19 and 62 miles wide. Japan had held the southern half since 1905, a source of bitter Russian resentment. Sakhalin's terrain was inhospitable: swamp ridden, mountainous, and densely forested. For reasons of pride, the Japanese had lavished precious resources on fortifying the place, and, as a result, the Soviet troops who began the assault on August 11 made scant headway. Only after bitter fighting did the Soviets capture the key strongpoint of Honda, where defenders fought to the last man.

The weather was poor for air support, and many Soviet tanks became bogged, leaving the infantry

HUTOU: THE LAST BATTLE OF WORLD WAR II



A Soviet monument on the site of the Hutou fortification.

The last battle of World War II occurred at a place few westerners had ever heard of: Hutou, which means "tiger's head." In 1945, there were still a few tigers left in the Wanda Mountains, where the town stood alongside the Ussuri River on the eastern frontier of Manchuria. On the Russian shore, forests stretch for miles across flat country; on the Manchurian side, steep bluffs rise from the swamps and railway yard at the waterside. There, beginning in 1933, the Kwangtung Army created the most elaborate defensive system in Asia, a system that its commanders considered their very own Maginot Line.

Hutou featured five forts built on neighboring hills that rise 400 feet above the riverbed. The forts' concrete walls and roofs were nine feet thick, with generators, storerooms, and living quarters sunk deep underground and linked by a maze of tunnels. The entire system was almost five miles wide and four miles in length, supported by some of the heaviest artillery in Asia, including 240mm Krupp guns and a 410mm howitzer.

To the Japanese soldiers, Hutou was an unpopular posting, remote from any pleasures or amenities. It was also chronically unhealthy—moisture dripped off the concrete walls, rusting weapons and spoiling food. In winter, the bunkers were icy cold; in summer stifling hot. During the war years, veteran units were removed from the fortress garrison and replaced by substandard units. Despite evidence of Soviet patrolling and the discovery of pontoons drifting on the Ussuri, Hutou's commander was absent on the night of the initial attack and was unable to return to his post. The defense was conducted by the local artillery commander, Captain Masao Oki.

On August 9, 1945, the inhabitants of Hutou were awakened in the early-morning darkness by the roar of aircraft overhead, the whistle of falling bombs, and the thud of shells. The initial Soviet artillery barrage cut roads and spread terror among the few hundred civilians living behind the Japanese fortress. Some shells fell on the defenses and some on houses, killing five Chinese. After two hours, the shelling abated, and hundreds of villagers ran into the streets. They could see the horizon rippling with gun flashes from the Russian shore of the Ussuri River.

Japanese soldiers ran into town, demanding that all citizens move immediately into the nearby woods. The defenders then exploited a lull in the shelling to move all the garrison's family members and immigrant Japanese farmers into the tunnel system. Some 1,000 Japanese civilians and 600 soldiers took shelter underground. An hour later the shelling resumed, and at 8 AM Soviet infantry began crossing the Ussuri. The Japanese responded with mortar fire, inflicting minimal casualties, and within three hours the Russians had secured a beachhead.

Incredibly, Hutou's biggest artillery pieces remained silent. The garrison was short of gunners, and Captain Oki was preoccupied with directing the infantry defense. All that day and the next, Soviet troops continued shuttling across the river. The local Japanese commander telephoned Hutou on the evening of August 9, instructing Oki to fight to the last. That night, all contact was lost between the defenders and the outside world.

By nightfall of August 10, the surrounding area was securely in the hands of the invaders, but all initial attacks on the bunker system failed. The Soviets soon realized that more subtle tactics were needed against such formidable defenses. Throughout the days that followed, they used artillery to keep down the heads of the defenders while infantry and engineer units dug trenches and inched forward. Soon, the Russians had isolated the individual forts and destroyed Japanese artillery observation posts.

Conditions were grim for the defenders of Hutou. On August 13, utilizing a technique adopted by Marines in the Pacific island battles, the Russians poured gasoline down ventilation inlets and ignited it. Hundreds of the defenders and their dependents died in the conflagrations that ensued. The defenders, however, continued to surprise the Soviets by mounting counterattacks, sometimes dislodging the attackers from newly occupied positions. Hutou's gunners, unable to use their huge weapons, destroyed them with demolition charges and then formed suicide squads. In the heavy fighting that followed, the central heights around the main fortress changed hands nine times.

The besieged defenders knew nothing of the emperor's surrender broadcast of August 15, and they refused all Soviet calls to lay down their arms. On August 17, a five-person party made up of local Chinese citizens and captured Japanese soldiers carrying a white flag was dispatched from the Soviet lines to notify the garrison that the war was over. The officer who received them dismissed the notion with contempt, drew his sword and beheaded the elderly Chinese man bearing the Soviet proposals. As the Soviet siege continued, conditions underground became unbearable; many of those hiding in the tunnels and casemates suffered carbon monoxide poisoning.

On August 19, a large party of Japanese soldiers attempted a break for freedom and was cut down by enemy machine gun fire. By August 22, almost all the underground bunkers had become untenable. Soviet troops probing down the steps were met with a ghastly stench of humanity, cordite, and death. On the 22nd, the Soviets officially declared the Hutou Fortified Region secured, although one isolated Japanese company continued its resistance for four more days. The remnant was finally snuffed out on August 26.

The Russians told the Chinese fugitives in the woods behind the town that it was safe to come out. The villagers drifted uneasily back to their huts to find only ruins and blackened earth. After watching a film about the Russian revolution played for them by Soviet political officers, the locals lingered among the ruins, scrabbling to build shelter and scavenging for food. The task was made more difficult when Soviet soldiers began removing everything edible or of value. Many women were raped in the usual fashion that occurred in areas conquered or "liberated" by Soviet armies, which had become notorious for the massive number of rapes they committed all over Europe during the war.

When the Soviets finally departed, taking with them even the tracks of the local railway, the 1,000 or so desolate people remaining in Hutou found themselves in limbo. For more than two years, no one attempted to exercise authority over them or provide aid of any kind. When the Chinese Communists eventually assumed control over their lives, said one inhabitant, "Things became a little better."

Today, a huge Soviet war memorial on the site declares Hutou to be the scene of the final battle of World War II. There, almost 2,000 Japanese men, women, and children perished in and around the fortress, days after the rest of the world was celebrating peace. Only 46 Japanese are known to have escaped the fortress with their lives. □

to struggle through on foot in an attempt to outflank the Japanese positions. Early on August 16, the Japanese launched human-wave counterattacks, allowing the Russians to inflict massive casualties. The next day, yard by yard, Soviet troops forced passage through the forests, battering the defenders with air attacks and artillery. On the night of August 17, the local Japanese defenders in the frontier defensive zone surrendered. Elsewhere on Sakhalin, scattered garrisons continued their resistance. When the Soviet Northern Pacific Flotilla landed a storming force at the port of Maoka on August 20, they mowed down civilians at the shoreline, after which Japanese troops opened fire. Thick fog hampered gunfire observation, and defend-

ullstein bild / The Granger Collection, New York

Russian sailors hoist the Soviet flag above Port Arthur.

ers had to be painstakingly cleared from the quays and then the city's center. A Soviet account later claimed disingenuously that "Japanese propaganda had successfully imbued the city's inhabitants with fears of 'Russian brutality.'" The result was that much of the population fled into the forests, and some people were evacuated to Hokkaido. Women were especially influenced by the propaganda, which convinced them that arriving Russian troops would shoot them and strangle their children. The Soviets claimed to have killed 300 Japanese in Maoka and taken another 600 prisoners; the rest of the garrison fled inland. Sakhalin was finally secured on August 26, four days behind the Soviet schedule. Stalin harbored more far-reaching designs on Japanese territory. Before the Manchurian assault began, Soviet troops were earmarked to land on the Japanese home island of Hokkaido, and to occupy its northern half as soon as northern Korea was secured. On the evening of August 18, Vasilevsky signaled Moscow, asking permission to proceed with a Hokkaido attack scheduled to last from August 19 to September 1. For 48 hours, Moscow was silent, brooding. After a second request for orders was sent by Vasilevsky on August 20, he was told by Stalin to continue preparations and be ready to attack on the night of August 23. Meanwhile, the Americans considered possible landings in the Kurils and at the mainland port of Dalian to secure bases—in breach of the Yalta agreement—before the Soviets could reach them. Both sides, however, finally backed off. Washington recognized that any attempt to preempt the Soviets from occupying their agreed territories could precipitate an unwanted crisis.

After Truman cabled Moscow, summarily rejecting Stalin's proposal that the Russians should receive the surrender of Japanese forces on north Hokkaido, Moscow on August 22 dispatched new orders to its Far East Command, canceling the proposed Hokkaido landings. The Americans confined themselves to hastening Marine forces to key points on and near the coast of mainland China with orders to hold these until Chiang Kai-shek's forces could assume control. Only a huge American commitment of men and transport aircraft enabled the Nationalists to reestablish themselves in the east during the autumn of 1945. In Manchuria and the island operations, the Soviets claimed to have killed, wounded, or captured 674,000 Japanese troops, at a cost to the Red Army of 12,031 dead and 24,424 sick or wounded. Stalin's Far Eastern conquests thus incurred about the same human cost as the American seizure of Okinawa. Japan claimed 21,000 killed, but the true figure was probably closer to 80,000. Far from the Soviets fulfilling others' fears that they would prolong their presence in Manchuria for imperialistic reasons (Stalin had promised the Allies to recognize Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists as the sole legitimate government in China), Chiang had to beg Stalin's occupying forces to remain long enough to allow the Nationalists time to send their own troops to take possession.

The Soviets withdrew between January and May 1946, having systematically pillaged the region of every scrap of industry. They justified this by claiming that their booty was not Chinese property but Japanese owned and thus represented legitimate war reparations. The victors took home everything they could move; they dismantled steel mills and other industrial plants and used the confiscated Manchurian railway to ship the spoils back to the Soviet Union. Hundreds of thousands of Japanese captives, civilian and military alike, found themselves laboring for the Russians in Siberia for long periods of time, enduring extremely harsh conditions on substandard rations.

Chiang Kai-shek's occupation of Manchuria proved strategically unwise; his forces there found themselves cut off when the Chinese civil war erupted. Vast quantities of American military aid provided to his armies counted for nothing beside the corruption and incompetence of his regime. In 1949, Mao Zedong became master of China, excluding only the island of Formosa, which became Chiang's pocket nation-state, modern-day Taiwan.

The Japanese slogan "Asia for Asians" achieved fulfillment in a fashion undreamed of by those who had coined it. Both within and without Manchuria, the Chinese had received news of Stalin's onslaught with mixed feelings; in the first days, local people greeted the Soviet armies enthusiastically. The days and weeks that followed the Russian occupation, however, came as a brutal shock to the allegedly liberated citizens of many towns and villages. Manchurian women, rejoicing at the defeat of the Japanese, soon became horrified at the conduct of the Russians, as they found themselves facing wholesale rape—a favorite tactic by Russian soldiers across occupied Germany and Eastern Europe.

Communist guerrilla Zuo Yong was among those appalled by the behavior of many members of the Red Army: "The Russians were our allies—we were all in the same boat," he said. "We thought of their soldiers as our brothers. The problem, however, as we discovered, was that they had no respect for our people." Another guerrilla, Jiang De, added with a shrug, "The Russians simply behaved in the same way they did everywhere else." □

By Joseph Luster

Battlefield: Bad Company 2

Breaking down the walls

There's currently a blazing hot war taking place within the very feed of our television advertising spectrum. If you haven't noticed or, better yet, aren't one to waste as much time as me watching TV, this is a head-to-head battle between two larger-than-life war game franchises. The belt may belong to Activision and their long-reigning *Call of Duty* series—pretty much everyone in the world officially plays *Modern Warfare 2* in some capacity—but let's not discount EA's powerful contender in *Battlefield: Bad Company 2*. Though they both skirt very similar territory, *Bad Company 2* has some tricks up its sleeve that makes it unique, and ultimately worthy of addition to any shooter fan's collection.

PUBLISHER
Electronic Arts

SYSTEM(S)
Xbox 360,
Playstation 3, PC

AVAILABLE
Now

The original *Bad Company,* released on multiple platforms in 2008, established it as the more destructive side to the franchise, with environments mostly collapsable, adding a new element to taking out enemies along with your squad of crackshots. The real difference between this and the series proper, however, was the inclusion of a story mode to the single-player content. Rather than fighting bots on your own across the same maps as multiplayer mode (a la *Battlefield 2*), *Bad Company* was more akin to *Call of Duty*'s solo outings, with a great deal of emphasis placed on explosive scenarios and feverish shootouts.

The plot in this sequel has you in the shoes of Private Preston Marlowe, a member of a squad known as "Bad Company." This collection of soldiers is as appropriately ragtag as one would expect, including but not limited to the requisite gung-ho yee-haw muttonchop militant. The order of the day is the retrieval of a top secret weapon known as Aurora, and doing so takes Marlowe from steamy jungles to snow-stacked mountains so cold that staying in the open winds for too long will quickly introduce you to the Game Over screen.

Things even kick off with a World War II flashback mission, so there's no lack of variety in setting. Just don't ask anyone to go into more detail than the above when it comes to the story, because it's as throwaway as almost every other quasi-fictional modern military game out there. At any given moment I wasn't sure if I even cared which nondescript Russian villain I was chasing, or what was at stake should he get the opportunity to trigger the cataclysmic device in question. I can't blame EA for going with safe villains once again, but plots like this are easy to confuse with the story of pretty much every other game out there, including *Call of Duty.*

What does make it special is the utter destructibility of everything on screen. This potential was toyed with in the first *Bad Company,* but it's taken a step further here, with satisfying results. It may seem kind of silly to hinge so much joy on being able to "blow stuff up good," but it really does make a difference in the heat of battle. In fact, I ultimately enjoyed the campaign more than that of *Modern Warfare 2,* and that's saying a lot. Strategies completely change once you're able to take out a group of enemies, not only by blasting rocket-propelled grenades through the walls of whatever structure they're currently holed in, but bringing down the roof itself on top of them, reducing huts and houses to rubble.

This works both for and against you, again making combat especially interesting. One jungle mission had me and one other squad member huddled in a hut, sniping enemy soldiers as they approached through the field beyond. Eventually the stakes were raised with the rumble-rumble of an approaching tank. Cover became scarce in no time as its relentless blasts made swiss cheese out of our hiding spot, adding a nice level of urgency to what might otherwise be a scenario full of idle ducking and waiting. In another stage much closer to the finale, my intended escape by helicopter was cut short when a building full-on collapsed on me. Frustrating? Maybe, but definitely an intense way to go.

There are a few annoyances, and checkpoints tend to be spread fairly far apart, forcing the occasional retry near the tail end of a lengthy firefight—at least there aren't sections of infinitely spawning enemies (ahem). As enjoyable as the single-player campaign is, were it the sole notable feature then *Bad Company 2* would easily be relegated to rental-only status. The blowing up of things and the complete collapsing of buildings is a gas, but with-

out anyone to "ooh" alongside your many "aahs," there's only the predictable story and varying levels of difficulty to fall back on.

This is, naturally, where the multiplayer comes in. To put things simply, one could consider this the big brother to last year's downloadable snack pack, *Battlefield 1943*. Like that and others in the series, *Bad Company 2* puts you in one of two opposing squads, loaded with players from all over, ready to duke it out across a handful of modes that range from Capture the Flag-type stuff (Conquest) to a traditional Squad Deathmatch. The hook here is the variety of means by which you and others on both teams can take to both the land and skies. Hop in a tank and mow over the opposition (perhaps finding yourself quickly blown up in the process) or run and gun it, praying for the best as players of all ages try and snipe at you from afar. There's nothing worse than being mercilessly taunted by a voice many octaves higher than your own.

Like other games of its ilk, multiplayer can at once be both an exercise in frustration and a rousing, fist-pumping tale of glory. Death comes frequently to all but the experts, and while respawning does chew up a bit more time than in *Modern Warfare 2*, it's rarely discouraging enough to dampen the "just one more match" fires. Multiplayer on this scale is incredibly addictive, and it ensures that not one match is going to be the same as the last. On its own, this would be a fairly satisfying main course, but combined with the rest of the package—including DLC that's cleverly targeted to pepper the landscape and keep copies of the game away from Gamestop's used section—*Bad Company 2* comes highly recommended; even if it means putting down *CoD* from time to time. □

UPCOMING BATTLES: AIR AND SEA EDITION

NAVAL ASSAULT: THE KILLING TIDE

PUBLISHER
505 Games

SYSTEM(S)
Xbox 360

AVAILABLE
June 15, 2010

Here's a title that, despite strategic associations that may automatically come with submarine games, is an experience suited for the more arcade-styled crowd. Sure, 505 Games' (*Backbreaker, Naughty Bear*) *Naval Assault* may be full of authentic U.S. subs to control through historically accurate scenarios, but the gameplay is looking to be a much less stringent affair. Be sure to set aside some time to test these arcadey waters on Xbox 360, just in time for summer.

ACE COMBAT: JOINT ASSAULT

PUBLISHER
Namco Bandai

SYSTEM(S)
Playstation Portable

AVAILABLE
Q2, 2010

Namco's storied *Ace Combat* series has a strong and hungry fanbase, and this second portable iteration is set to satisfy that appetite later this year. The name of the game, for those unfamiliar, is feverish dogfighting, and though this addition to the lineup may lack the dynamic visuals of its console big brothers, it's not likely to slouch where it counts.

The inclusion of team-based multiplayer modes, including a co-operative campaign and eight-player versus, should make this both a nice addition to the library of experienced portable pilots, and a varied introduction to those new to the world of *Ace Combat*.

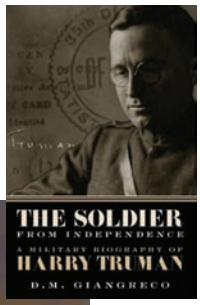
By Al Hemingway

Although Harry Truman ordered the use of atomic weapons to end WWII, his military legacy actually extends to his service in WWI.

WHEN PEOPLE MENTION PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN, THEY instantly think of him as the president who made the monumental decision to drop atomic bombs on Japan. They also have an image of him as a no-holds-barred politician who displayed his famous "The Bucks Stops Here" sign on his desk in the Oval Office. What many Americans do not remember is Truman's time in the military during World War I. As the commanding officer of an artillery battery, Truman made battlefield decisions that would shape his political thinking when he ascended to the nation's highest office.

In his latest book, ***The Soldier From Independence: A Military Biography of Harry Truman*** by D. M. Giangreco (Zenith Press, Minneapolis, MN, 2009, 286 pp., notes, index, photos, $28, hardcover), the author concentrates solely on Truman's military career and how his combat experience in France affected his later decision making after he saw firsthand how idiotic orders resulted in the needless deaths of soldiers.

Truman learned at an early age about his military background. When he first enlisted in the 1st Battalion, Missouri Field Artillery, the young private was justifiably proud of his new blue uniform and went to his grandmother's house to show it to her. Truman did not realize that the ladies of the family, mostly diehard Confederates, were not keen on his enlisting in the United States Army. "Harry, this is the first time since 1863 that a blue uniform has been in this house," his grandmother remarked. "Don't bring it in here again."



Despite his grandmother's disapproval of his choice of uniforms, Truman did exceptionally well in the Army, although he had to memorize the eye chart because of his poor vision. He left the service after six years to help with the family farm and go into the haberdashery business.

At the outset of World War I, Truman managed to slip past the eye exam once again and was appointed a lieutenant. While serving in France, he assumed command of Battery D, 129th Field Artillery, 60th Brigade, 35th Infantry Division. His battery, dubbed "Dizzy D" because many of its members were Irishmen with a penchant for hard drinking and hard fighting, was constantly in trouble. Truman was stern but fair with his men, who quickly realized that he truly cared about their welfare.

During one battle, Truman and several other soldiers from his battery crawled ahead of the lines and

Captain Harry Truman's Battery D, 129th Field Artillery, 35th Division was on the firing line during the Argonne offensive. Before the firing began, Truman told his men that he would "rather be right here than be President of the United States."

National Guard Bureau/*Truman's Battery* by Dominic D'Andrea

You deserve a factual look at . . .

Jerusalem (III)

Should Israel be able to build residences in its capital city?

A great brouhaha has arisen about a mid-level bureaucrat in Israel's Ministry of the Interior releasing a routine notice that 1,600 residences were to be built in Jerusalem. To the surprise of many, this routine announcement was construed as an insult or worse to Vice President Biden, who was visiting in Israel at the time. Mrs. Clinton, the Secretary of State, also was "shocked" and sent a "stern message" of displeasure to Mr. Netanyahu, the Prime Minister of Israel.

What are the facts?

Capital of Israel. Jerusalem is the capital of Israel and will remain that whatever the final accommodation with the Palestinians may be and whatever the "world," including the United States, may desire. That has been understood and recognized by every U.S. administration since the very birth of Israel. Therefore, to be "shocked" by an announcement that Israel will build housing for its citizens in its capital is strange. This is a trumped-up situation and puts the relationship with Israel with one fell swoop on an entirely different level. It is strange because the President himself has stated that Jerusalem should remain undivided as Israel's capital. So has Mrs. Clinton, especially when she was senator of New York and felt to be much dependent on Jewish support. It almost appears as if somebody in the Administration wanted to produce a "crisis" and was looking for an expedient way to accomplish that.

> "Jerusalem is the undivided capital of Israel…there is no reason at all why the Israeli government could not plan and build residences for its citizens…"

The Muslim Palestinians also claim Jerusalem, or at least its eastern part, as their capital. They want the city to be divided – as it was between 1948 when the Jordanians occupied the eastern part of the city – until 1967, when the Israelis liberated it in the Six-Day-War.

The principal basis for the Muslim claim is that Jerusalem does indeed contain an Islamic holy site, namely the Temple Mount (sacred to both Muslims and Jews) with its two mosques, El Aksa and the Dome of the Rock. It is the place from which Mohammed, who never in his life had set foot in the city, is believed to have ascended to heaven. But aware that it was the holy city of Christians and Jews, and wishing to convert them to his new religion, he commanded his followers to build a mosque in Jerusalem. But never in Muslim history did this mosque or this city compare in significance to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina – cities that no "infidel' may visit.

A tenuous Muslim claim. It is on the basis of this religious tradition that the Muslims designated the entire Jewish Temple Mount to be their holy site. The Israeli government, in its constant spirit of accommodation to Muslim sensibilities, has largely acceded to this tradition and has put the area in and around the two mosques entirely under Muslim control. But how would Christians feel if, instead of from the Temple Mount, Muslim tradition had Mohammed ascend from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and if the Muslim Arabs were to claim that site as their property? The Christian world, often ready to consent to Muslim claims against Jews and Israelis, would be greatly astonished and would certainly resist such claim. But Muslim Arab assertiveness doesn't end there. On the tenuous claim of their right to the Temple Mount, they have construed a claim to the entire city of Jerusalem (or at the very least to its eastern part), which they have declared to be their "third holiest city." And, it would be an insult to all Muslims and all Arabs to leave the city in the hands of the "infidel Jews."

Jerusalem: Never an Arab capital. The city of Jerusalem – in contrast to Baghdad, Cairo or Damascus – has never played any major role in the political and religious lives of the Muslim Arabs. It was never a political center, never a national, or even a provincial or sub-provincial capital of any country, since Biblical times. It was the site of one Muslim holy place, but otherwise a backwater to the Arabs. The passion for Jerusalem was not discovered by the Muslim Arabs until most recent history.

But Jerusalem has stood at the center of the Jewish people's national life since King David made it his capital in 1000 BCE. After the return from Babylonian exile, Jerusalem again served as the capital of the Jewish people for the next five-and-a-half centuries.

Jews are not the usurpers in Jerusalem. They have been living there since the Biblical era and have been the majority population since the 19th century. Jews have synagogues and other holy sites in most cities of the world. But do they claim sovereignty over those cities because of it? Of course not! It would be preposterous and people wouldn't accept it. Jerusalem is the undivided capital of Israel and will remain so. That is why there is no reason at all that the Israeli government could not plan and build residences for its citizens – Jews and Arabs – in any part of the city. Those who get out of joint about that are either misinformed or looking for a pretext to create a "situation."

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FLAME

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

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observed German howitzers setting up to fire on a neighboring infantry unit. With his phone lines down, Truman took it upon himself to order his battery to fire outside its assigned sector. With a mere 49 shells, "Dizzy D" obliterated the enemy's guns. For his combat decision, Truman was later reprimanded by his commanding officer, Colonel Karl D. Klemm. He probably would have been court-martialed if not for the timely intervention of American Expeditionary Forces commander General John J. Pershing, who commended the young lieutenant for his timely decision and saving the lives of numerous American soldiers.

Giangreco relies heavily on Truman's letters to his future wife, Bess, and the excerpts provide excellent descriptions of his men, the countryside, and the war itself.

"When the moon rises behind those tree trunks I spoke of awhile ago you can imagine that the ghosts of the half-million Frenchmen who were slaughtered here are holding a sorrowful parade over the ruins," he wrote. "Trees that were once most beautiful forest trees are stumps with naked branches sticking out making them look like ghosts. The ground is simply one mass of shell holes."

Truman experienced a great measure of satisfaction leading men in combat. His years in the Army, especially his service in France, would remain with him forever. It weighed heavily on him while he agonized over whether or not to unleash atomic bombs on Japan in August 1945. The vivid memories of American soldiers killed and wounded in the previous war prompted him to give the final order. Nearly 30 years earlier he was castigated for disobeying orders and firing "out of the sector." In a way, he would do so again to save countless American lives and end World War II.

Troubled Water: Race, Mutiny, and Bravery on the USS Kitty Hawk by Gregory A. Freeman, Palgrave Macmillan, New York, 2009, 246 pp., notes, index, photos, $27, hardcover.

In October 1966, as the Vietnam War was heating up, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara decided to assist the underprivileged youth of America by instituting an affirmative action policy in the military. Known as "Project 100,000," prospective recruits who scored lower on their tests were allowed entry into the service, but were assigned to "soft skill jobs" that required minimal training.

By the time the policy ended in December 1971, more than 350,000 men had gained admittance into the military who would have been barred under normal conditions. The program was an unmitigated disaster, and was one of the causes of the racially motivated outbreak of hostilities aboard the aircraft carrier USS *Kitty Hawk* on October 12-13, 1972.

The unpopularity of the Vietnam conflict and the ongoing racial upheaval inside the United States were certainly evident during those years. An aircraft carrier is a floating city with a crew of 5,000 sailors. However, white and black sailors aboard the vessel lived in self-imposed segregation. Trouble had been brewing for months when *Kitty Hawk* did an extended tour of duty on Yankee Station, in the waters off the coast of North Vietnam.

A spark was ignited when three Marines attempted to break up a group of black sailors. The mood turned ugly and racially motivated fighting broke out aboard ship. Commander Benjamin Cloud, *Kitty Hawk*'s executive officer, tried to diffuse the situation by talking to the angry men. Cloud, a rising star in the Navy, was African American himself. In spite of this, many of the rioters did not heed his pleas to stop the violence. Only when Cloud tore off his shirt and dared anyone to beat him into submission did the fighting stop.

Although a congressional investigation was held, the Navy refused to call the riot a mutiny, a serious charge under naval law. Cloud's and Captain Marland Townsend's careers were ruined as a result of the incident. Cloud testified that, although his methods had been "unorthodox and unmilitary," he would have done so again to stop the rioting. He sacrificed his career to save his men—both black and white.

For Country and Corps: The Life of General Oliver P. Smith by Gail B. Shisler, Naval Institute Press, 2009, Annapolis, MD, 2009, 323 pp., notes, index, photos, maps, $39.95, hardcover.

They were known as the "Chosin Few." Any Marine who served in Korea during the brutal winter of 1950 has earned a prestigious place in the Corps' history. After their amazing landing at Inchon, the leathernecks drove the North Koreans from the capital city of Seoul and chased them northward. As their supply lines became increasingly stretched, many top commanders grew worried, including the 1st Marine Division leader, Maj. Gen. Oliver P. Smith.

Born and raised in Texas, Smith was commissioned a second lieutenant during World War I, but instead of duty in France, he was sent to Guam. He saw action in Haiti during the so-called "Banana Wars." He was an assistant division commander of the 1st Marine Division on Peleliu in 1944. On Okinawa in 1945, he was assigned to the staff of the Tenth Army, but he "tread carefully" as a lone Marine in a predominately Army world.

Smith's moment of glory would come during the Korean War. When the Chinese Communists entered the conflict in November 1950, they quickly surrounded the units that had snaked their way to the Chosin Reservoir near the Chinese border. When ordered to destroy all his equipment and retreat toward the coast, Smith quietly assessed the situation and decided to fight his way out with all his dead and wounded—and his equipment. It was the stuff of legend. The Marines made it to the coastal city of Hungnam as a cohesive fighting outfit.

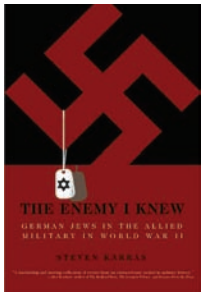
Written by his granddaughter, the book is able to get deep inside the man and allow the reader to gain much insight into Smith's thoughts and actions. The quiet Texan was a person of great moral courage with a strong devotion to duty that endeared him to everyone. Unlike Marine legends "Chesty" Puller and "Red Mike" Edson, Smith is sadly overlooked. As the late author David Halberstam noted: "[Smith] was one of the great, quiet heroes of the Korean War."

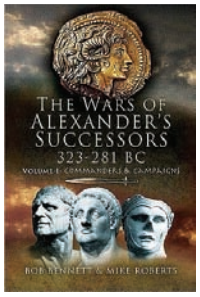
The War of 1812 in the Age of Napoleon by Jeremy Black, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 2009, 286 pp., notes, index, $32.95, hardcover.

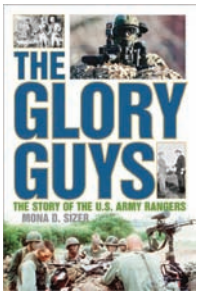
Of all the conflicts that the United States has fought it seems the War of 1812 may be the least understood or remembered. Although it began primarily over the impressments of American merchant seamen by British warships, it was a war of much larger concerns that could—and did—affect world history.

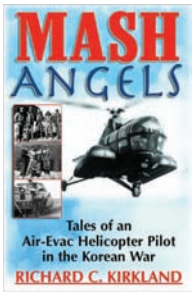
Jeremy Black, a British historian, provides a fresh outlook into the ramifications of the war, not only for the United States, but for Canada as well. Canadian soldiers fought alongside their British counterparts in an effort to halt the radical expansionist views of their southern

neighbor. Many Americans saw "the 'liberation' of Canada as unfinished business from the previous conflict," according to Black. If the United States had conquered Canada, the entire history of the North American continent would have been dramatically altered.









Already embroiled in a war with French emperor Napoleon Bonaparte in Europe, Great Britain was stretched thin. Napoleon, then exiled on the island of Elba after his defeat at Waterloo, told one British visitor that "peace with America should have been made sooner, as it would have given us [British] greater influence in the Congress."

Whether or not the "Little Corporal's" defeat would have shortened the War of 1812 is pure speculation. Black does a masterful job, however, of combining the military, political, and economic aspects of the conflict to paint a truly global picture of a much neglected war.

Orlando M. Poe: Civil War General and Great Lakes Engineer by Paul Taylor, Kent State University Press, Kent, OH, 2009, 354 pp., notes, index, maps, photos, $65, hardcover.

Orlando M. Poe, chief engineer under Maj. Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman during his legendary March to the Sea, was one of the most underrated Union generals of the Civil War. Author Paul Taylor was able to gain access to Poe's personal letters to his wife, Eleanor, and this has enabled him to write an excellent account of Poe's career, both before and after the conflict.

In public Poe was unpretentious, serious, and very professional. In his private life, however, he was the exact opposite—proud, ambitious, and carefree. Although a brigade commander at the Battles of Second Bull Run and Fredericksburg, the Senate failed to confirm his promotion to brigadier general and he reverted to his Regular Army rank of captain of engineers, where his extensive training earned him accolades from the exacting Sherman. His defense of Knoxville was pivotal during the Confederate siege by Lt. Gen. James Longstreet's forces. When Sherman was driving toward Savannah, Poe functioned as his eyes and ears and provided Sherman with accurate and valuable information. At war's end, he was finally appointed brevet brigadier general of Regulars, although it was still an honorary rank.

Taylor's narrative adds a new element to the exemplary career of a fine officer who, despite the severe disappointment of not attaining the rank he so richly deserved, still had an outstanding record. Taylor's first-rate biography of Poe earned him the Library of Michigan's 2010 Notable Books Award.

The Enemy I Knew: German Jews in the Allied Military in World War II by Steven Karras, Zenith Press, Minneapolis, MN, 2009, 320 pp., photos, $28, hardcover.

Imagine fleeing Nazi Germany because of one's Jewish faith and then returning during the war as a member of the Allied forces. Author Steven Karras began interviewing Jewish refugees in 1999 who had fled Nazi persecution because of their religion and come to the United States and Great Britain, only to find themselves being inducted into the military and returning to their homeland.

Following the oral-history format, Karras selected 27 individuals to interview for his book. One became a U.S. commando and actually liberated his own parents from a Nazi concentration camp. Another soldier was assigned to military intelligence and later questioned a former classmate who was serving in the German Army. Each vignette describes the individual's early life in Germany or Austria and his subsequent military service.

"In some small measure, those of us who played a part in all of this can have the satisfaction of knowing that our efforts and sacrifices were not in vain," said Seventh Army veteran Jack Hochwald. Thanks to Karras, their efforts will be remembered.

The Wars of Alexander's Successors, 323-281 B.C., Volume II: Battles and Tactics by Bob Bennett & Mike Roberts, Pen & Sword, England, 2009, 202 pp., notes, map, index, $30, hardcover.

Before Alexander the Great died at the tender age of 33, it is reported that when asked to whom he would leave his enormous empire, he said: "To the strongest." The authors focus their efforts on Alexander's successors, commonly referred to as the Diadochi. Little has been written about the period following Alexander's untimely death. The authors attempt to rectify this wrong by describing the armies, tactics, and battles that took place at that time.

The Diadochi were professional soldiers who honed their craft under Alexander and his father Philip. They enlarged their forces and implemented new strategies to defeat their enemies. Campaigns such as the Lamian War, the Eumenes' War, and Ispus are discussed in great detail and accompanied with maps, allowing the reader to follow the action. Individual chapters are devoted to the daily life of the soldier, weaponry, and siege and naval warfare.

Instead of consolidating their forces and following in Alexander's footsteps, the Diadochi fought among themselves. Their splintered armies were easy prey for other invaders, and the vast empire that Alexander had amassed before he died simply passed into history.

The Glory Guys: The Story of the U.S. Army Rangers by Mona D. Sizer, Taylor Trade Publishing, New York, 2010, 288 pp., index, $24.95, hardcover.

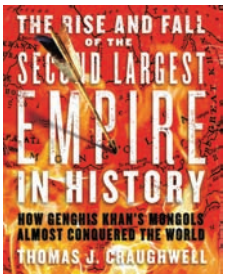
Ask any soldier about the immense pride he felt when he graduated from U.S. Army Ranger School and earned the right to wear the prestigious Ranger Tab on his shoulder. It is a legacy that has been in existence for more than 250 years, ever since Robert Rogers organized the very first Ranger battalion during the French and Indian War.

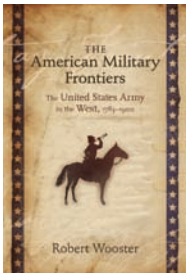
Rogers wrote the "Rules of Discipline" and "Standing Orders" that are still followed in the U.S. Army to this day. Sizer's book does a fine job in highlighting the careers of some of the officers who have left their mark on the venerable organization, men such as Francis "Swamp Fox" Marion, whose hit-and-run tactics in the swamps of South Carolina during the Revolutionary War completely befuddled the British. Confederate Ranger John Mosby, known as "the Gray Ghost," engaged much larger Union forces during the bloody and unforgiving Shenandoah Valley Campaign during the Civil War.

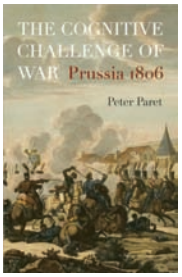
The pride and professionalism demonstrated by U.S. Rangers is still evident today in the global war on terrorism. Robert Rogers would have been proud.

MASH Angels: Tales of an Air-Evac Helicopter Pilot in the Korean War by Richard C. Kirkland, Burford Books, Springfield, NJ, 2009, 288 pp., photos, $18.95, softcover.

World War II and Korean War veteran







Richard Kirkland has authored an incredible account of a subject that is rarely mentioned by military historians: the evolution of the helicopter. When it emerged on the scene during the Korean conflict, some of the top brass referred to it as a "worthless contraption." How wrong they were.

The chopper, as it was immediately called, performed yeoman's duties during the "Forgotten War," rescuing downed airmen and wounded soldiers who might have died or become prisoners of war otherwise. Realizing its value, military commanders quickly did an about-face and changed their opinion. During the Vietnam conflict, the ubiquitous helicopter became an enduring symbol of that war, not only in medical evacuation but also in carrying troops to and from the battlefield.

Taking a cue from the military, civilian authorities saw the tremendous advantage of the helicopter and are using it to transport patients to area hospitals. LIFE STAR, in operation since 1985, has saved countless lives by arriving on the scene with an emergency medical team and getting a person to an emergency room within minutes. Patients who have survived such a harrowing ordeal have men like Richard Kirkland to thank for it.

The Rise and Fall of the Second Largest Empire in History: How Genghis Khan's Mongols Almost Conquered the World by Thomas J. Craughwell, Fair Winds Press, Minneapolis, MN, 2010, 272 pp., index, photos, maps, $19.99, softcover.

Like a huge horde of locusts, the ferocious Mongols emerged from Central Asia in the early 13th century, and before they were finished, they would control nearly one-sixth of the continent and rule more than 100 million inhabitants. Led by their ruthless but pragmatic chieftain, Genghis Khan, the Mongols were both feared and respected.

Genghis Khan realized that the nations he subjugated had numerous citizens well versed in a wide variety of necessary occupational skills. Artisans, engineers, and builders were spared death to instruct the nomadic Mongols in their specific crafts for use in future conquests. The Mongol invasions altered the future of many nations, including China and Russia.

Although it is estimated that 40 million may have died as a result of the Mongol incursions, they unknowingly helped in nation building. "There is no denying the carnage and wholesale destruction wrought by the Mongols," writes Craughwell. "But once the conquest was over, the Mongols set about building a civilization."

I Am Soldier: War Stories from the Ancient World to the 20th Century edited by Robert O'Neill, Osprey Publishing, New York, 2009, 224 pp., index, photos, $19.95, softcover.

Every soldier in every war who has experienced the horrors of combat and lived to talk about it has a story to tell. It does not matter what period of history we are discussing, from ancient times to today's fighting in Iraq and Afghanistan, human emotions and fears remain the same.

The editor of this book has compiled a group of fascinating stories to illustrate this point. One of the most interesting is the tale of Marie Magdelaine Mouron, a young woman who ran away from home and enlisted in the Royal Walloon Regiment. From there she joined the Morsan Regiment as a dragoon. Using the sobriquet of "St. Michel," Mouron saw action in Spain at the siege of Rosas in the summer of 1693. Her secret, however, was revealed when she became embroiled in a fight with another soldier, who inflicted a deep saber wound.

The regimental surgeon quickly discovered her gender, and she was handed over to the wife of an officer. Unfortunately, Marie had been with the dragoons too long. She had lost most of her feminine qualities and was soon arguing with the officer's wife. She deserted and was later captured and spent many years in prison.

I Am Soldier is an intriguing account of how a frontline combatant copes with war. There is no doubt that those who survive such an ordeal undergo a life-changing metamorphosis—good as well as bad.

The American Military Frontiers: The United States Army in the West, 1783-1900 by Robert Wooster, University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 2009, 361 pp., notes, index, photos, maps, $39.95, hardcover.

As territorial gains expanded the original 13 colonies into the burgeoning United States of America, the country's northern and southern borders stretched for thousands of miles. The thankless job of guarding them and protecting the lives and property of American citizens fell to the U.S. Army. As the title indicates, for more than a century infantry and cavalry units patrolled the vast area along the western frontier.

In addition to its role in keeping the peace, the Army was instrumental in fostering national development. Many soldiers were heroic and devoted to their duty. Others, sadly, were cowards and inflicted acts of cruelty on enemies and civilians. Racism, especially toward Native Americans, was prevalent during the period.

Wooster points out that with or without a military presence, settlers, miners, and the like would have traveled westward. Despite the ever-present danger of Indian attacks, reports of gold, silver, and rich farmland fueled the expansion of the nation. Although undermanned, the U.S. Army endured incredible hardship to ensure the safety of its citizens during that expansion.

The Cognitive Challenge of War: Prussia 1806 by Peter Paret, Princeton University Press, Princeton, NJ, 2009, 176 pp., notes, index, maps, illustrations, $22.95, hardcover.

In August 1806, Prussian ruler Friedrich Wilhelm III made the misguided decision to fight Napoleon Bonaparte's Grand Armée without the assistance of Austria and Russia. Wilhelm's forces were soundly defeated at Jena and Auerstadt that October. In just 19 days Napoleon captured Berlin and inflicted thousands of casualties on the Prussians.

The author, a professor emeritus at the Institute for Advanced Study, examines Prussia's disastrous defeat and its impact on warfare in general. This campaign would forever alter how future conflicts would be waged. Eighteenth-century warfare was "limited armed conflict," but it was soon replaced by total war. From the Prussian defeat emerged a new and innovative way of waging war. It also had a profound effect on the civilian population, says the author. Society began to view armed conflict in a different light, involving not just soldiers on a battlefield, but also the civilian residents of the countries involved.

Participating in the fighting was a young Prussian soldier named Carl Von Clausewitz. Taken prisoner, he spent a year in France before returning to his native land. He immediately began to assist in the complete reformation of the Prussian Army, becoming an elite military theorist. His book, *On War,* is still read today and has become the virtual handbook for military strategists around the globe. □

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60-foot stone windmill atop a 30-foot-high bluff. A Swiss immigrant, Nils von Schoultz, took charge at Newport while Birge and other leaders crossed to Ogdensburg, New York, to collect supplies and gather reinforcements.

The next day, a handful of British infantry from the 83rd Regiment and some 600 militiamen surrounded the rebel position and attacked. They were repulsed, with 13 regulars and militiamen killed and another 70 wounded. Eighteen Hunter's Lodge men were also killed and unknown number wounded. Meanwhile, the United State Navy and the British Navy blockaded Ogdensburg to keep rebel supplies and reinforcements bottled up.

With British Navy gunboats blocking their escape on the river, von Schoultz had no choice but to surrender. The rebels were transported to Kingston, where 11 of them, including von Schoultz, were executed and another 60 were sentenced to transportation to Australia. Except for a small raid at Windsor in December, the rebellion was over.

Mackenzie served 10 months of an 18-month sentence, became a newspaper publisher in Rochester, and then moved to New York City to practice law. In 1849, the Reform government of Robert Baldwin passed an amnesty bill pardoning the rebels. Mackenzie was free to return to Toronto. He was elected to the Assembly again in 1851, where he continued to go his own way and criticize the government. He retired from the Assembly in 1858 and died three years later, deeply in debt.

The unsuccessful rebellions in Upper and Lower Canada caused the British government to take seriously the Canadian complaints. In 1838, the Constitution of Lower Canada was suspended, and the Crown sent Lord Durham to investigate the unsettled situation. Durham subsequently recommended the union of the two Canadas, complained of the "petty, corrupt, insolent Tory clique" of Family Compact families, and advised the government to be made more responsible to the electorate. He further urged the creation of a Supreme Court, the abandonment of all clergy reserves, and the institution of land reforms.

Upper and Lower Canada were united in 1841, the strength of the Family Compact was broken, and many of Lord Durham's recommendations were phased in over the ensuing years. Although the rebels had failed militarily at Toronto, Navy Island, and along the border, they had succeeded politically in giving birth to modern-day Canada. □

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was so intense that Dilger had to employ three caissons to bring forward fresh ammunition. Even so, he almost ran out of ammunition twice

Dilger switched to canister to protect the 45th New York Volunteers on the forward skirmish line who were coming under intense Confederate infantry pressure. Then it was Wheeler's turn. Following Dilger's route, the 13th New York battery galloped into the wheat field and unlimbered 50 yards to Dilger's right. The two batteries commenced an effective fire just as Confederate Lt. Gen. Richard Ewell's II Corps divisions pounded down the Carlisle and Harrisburg roads, headed straight for the flank and rear of XI Corps. Shells continued to land in the wheat field, putting one of Dilger's guns out of action, and both batteries continued to take significant casualties.

Once XI Corps began to pull back to Cemetery Hill south of town, Dilger and Wheeler began to leap-frog back to cover their own and the infantry's withdrawal. At the edge of town, Dilger selected one of his own Napoleon sections, and one 3-inch rifled gun section from Wheeler's, and then sent the remaining guns back to Cemetery Hill. With these four remaining guns, Dilger opened a furious covering fire for the retreating infantry. When the last of the Federal units finally passed his position, Dilger waved Wheeler's two 3-inch guns off the field; he considered these rifled guns useless at the point-blank range that now existed. His two smoothbore Napoleons were thus the last of the XI Corps five artillery batteries to leave the field.

After a few more rounds of canister from his two Napoleons, Dilger limbered the guns and galloped back into the streets of town. Unlimbering near the town square, he remained long enough to clear the streets with canister and allow the retreating infantry a few more precious minutes to escape. Dilger found the southbound streets choked with hurrying troop columns, artillery, ambulances, and stragglers, so he swung his column of two guns to the left at the next intersection and galloped completely around the town, finally rejoining the rest of his battery on Cemetery Hill.

Taking stock of his losses, Dilger counted 14 casualties, 24 horses disabled, and one gun out of action. The artillery fight on the first day at Gettysburg legitimatized the Model 1857 gun-howitzer for all time by demonstrating just what a capable commander and brave artillerymen could do with a well-designed piece of ordnance under a variety of difficult battlefield conditions. □

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falling into enemy hands. Government offices were evacuated and a curfew was imposed. "Rommel, Rommel, Rommel!" Churchill moaned. "What else matters but beating him?"

Auchinleck was galvanized into action. He began a long strategic retreat, signaling his troops: "I've never been a good loser. I'm going to win. The enemy hopes to take Egypt by bluff. Show him where he gets off." On June 25, he flew to Ritchie's headquarters at Mersa Matruh, relieved him of command, and took over command of the Eighth Army. He fell back to the small railway stop of El Alamein, 240 miles inside Egypt and barely 60 miles from Alexandria. There, a narrow, 80-mile front presented itself, bordered on the north by the sea and on the south by the escarpments of the Quattara Depression.

The terrain did not lend itself to any of the sweeping moves that had characterized the desert war. Rommel, for his part, was growing weaker by the day. Despite repeated promises and assurances from Berlin, fewer and fewer supplies were getting through the British blockade. Rommel knew that every day he hesitated the British were growing stronger. Realizing that everything depended on one last throw of the dice, he urged his men on to make one final great effort to attain victory and return home in triumph.

For the next six weeks, Auchinleck lived among his men, sleeping out in the open and eating their meager rations. He began to have a calming effect on his demoralized troops. The Eighth Army continually attacked the enemy in an endeavor to recover the initiative and destroy him where he stood. On July 21, Auchinleck went on the offensive along the Ruweisat Ridge south of the Alamein position. He broke through the main German lines, setting to rout a force of newly arrived Italians, who panicked and broke, and took on a last-ditch line of German antitank defenses.

Auchinleck finally called off the fighting to conserve what remained of his command. Almost without knowing it at the time, the Eighth Army had succeeded brilliantly, stopping Rommel's advance to the Nile delta and paving the way for a future offensive of its own. Rommel himself paid his adversary the ultimate tribute when he wrote to his wife that Auchinleck was "handling his forces with very considerable skill. He took the initiative himself and executed his operations with deliberation and noteworthy courage."

On July 30, Auchinleck reluctantly called off all offensive operations due to a shortage of fresh troops; he expected to be able to return to the attack about mid-September. But it was not to be. By the autumn of 1942, Churchill desperately needed a military victory if his government was to survive. Auchinleck had to take the blame for the Eighth Army's losses over the summer and for appointing Ritchie to command in the first place. Churchill sent Sir Ian Jacob to relieve Auchinleck from command. Jacob did his duty, but not without a sense of regret. "I felt," he said, "as if I were going to murder an unsuspecting friend." Jacob brought a letter from Churchill offering Auchinleck a newly created command in the Middle Eastern backwaters of Iraq, Palestine, Syria, and Persia.

At noon on August 9, Auchinleck had a face-to-face interview with Churchill, who was visiting the Egyptian front. What was said at that meeting was not recorded, but Auchinleck refused Churchill's offer to "let him down lightly." The prime minister sent Sir Harold Alexander, a veteran of Dunkirk, to take over the Middle Eastern command in Cairo and Lt. Gen. Bernard Law Montgomery to take over command of the Eighth Army. Auchinleck relinquished command on August 15 and quietly disappeared from the sphere of active operations, disgraced in many eyes.

His strategic genius was confirmed when the new Eighth Army commander accepted his predecessor's plan for the defense of El Alamein virtually unchanged. Auchinleck had proposed to wear down the Axis armor in a battle of attrition, only committing British tanks when the panzers had either been destroyed or run dry by a shortage of gasoline. This is almost exactly what Montgomery later achieved. In an epic three-week battle the Eighth Army, supported by a wealth of supplies and arms that Auchinleck could only dream of, virtually destroyed the Afrika Korps. In the end, the myth of Rommel's invincibility was shattered not by Montgomery, but by Auchinleck's genius before him.

Auchinleck's place in history will forever be linked with Rommel's. In a strange way, they were mirror images of one another. Each was an officer of the old school who preferred to lead from the front, commanded the respect and devotion of their men, exercised a calming effect in times of crisis, and exhibited courage and confidence in times of battle. Each was known for his humanity, decency, and proper treatment of prisoners; each endured the constant pressure of superiors thousands of miles from the battlefront. In Auchinleck, Rommel found a will at least equal to his own. □

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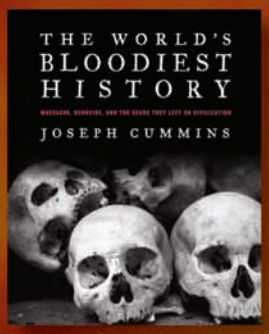

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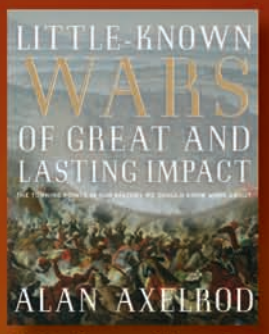

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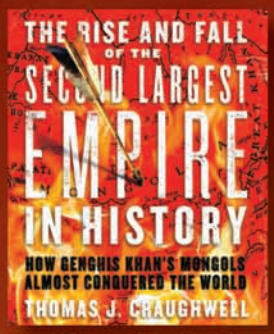

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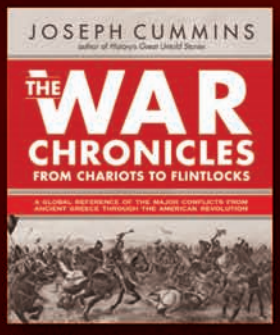

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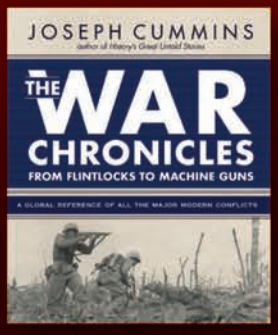

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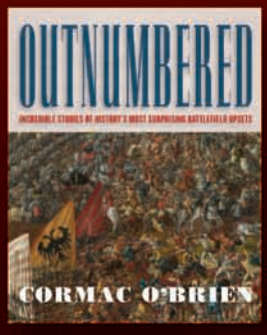

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