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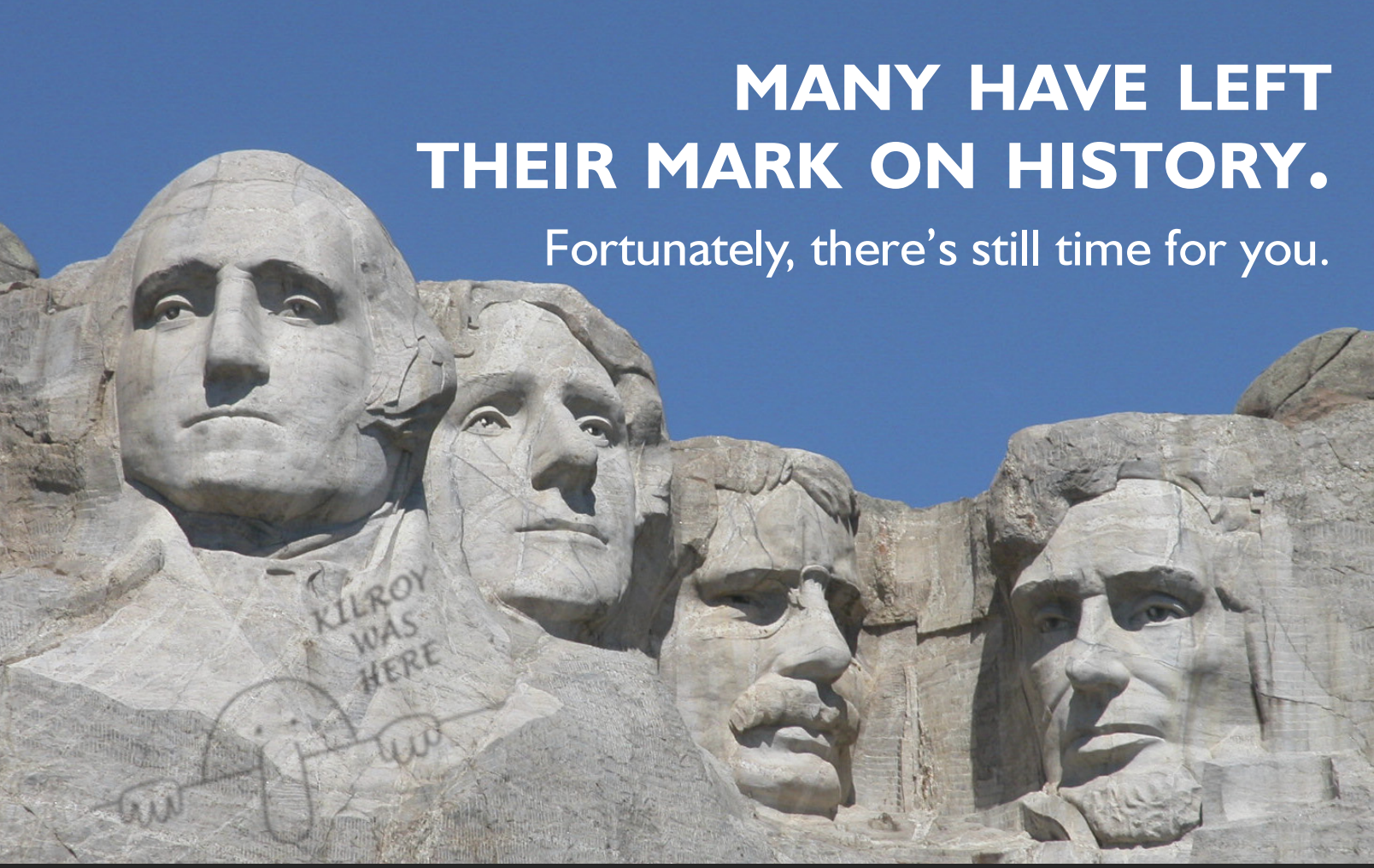

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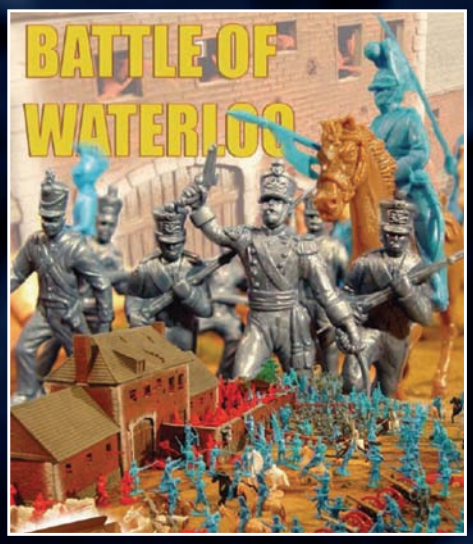

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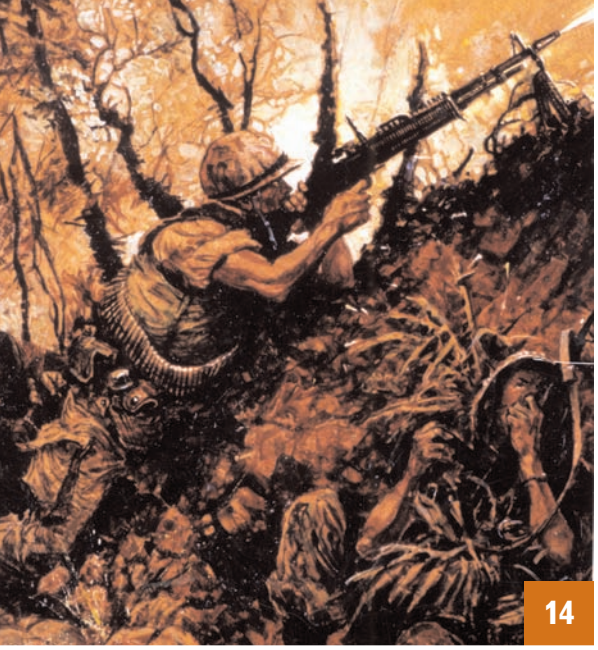

MILITARY HERITAGE

December 2009

features

columns

COVER: Two German machine gunners wearing gas masks are ready for attack in France, 1916.
© Hulton-Deutsch Collection/CORBIS

Military Heritage (ISSN 1524-8666) is published bimonthly by Sovereign Media, 453-B Carlisle Drive, Herndon, VA 20170. (703) 964-0361. Periodical postage PAID at Herndon, VA, and additional mailing offices. Military Heritage, Volume 11, Number 3 ***Subscription Services, back issues, and Information:*** **1(800) 219-1187** *or* write to Military Heritage **Circulation, Military Heritage, P.O. Box 1644, Williamsport, PA 17703.** Single copies: $4.99, plus $3 for postage. Yearly subscription in U.S.A.: $16.95; Canada and Overseas: $21.95 (U.S.). Editorial Office: Send editorial mail to Military Heritage, 453-B Carlisle Drive, Herndon, VA 20170. Military Heritage welcomes editorial submissions but assumes no responsibility for the loss or damage of unsolicited material. Material to be returned should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. We suggest that you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a copy of our author's guidelines.
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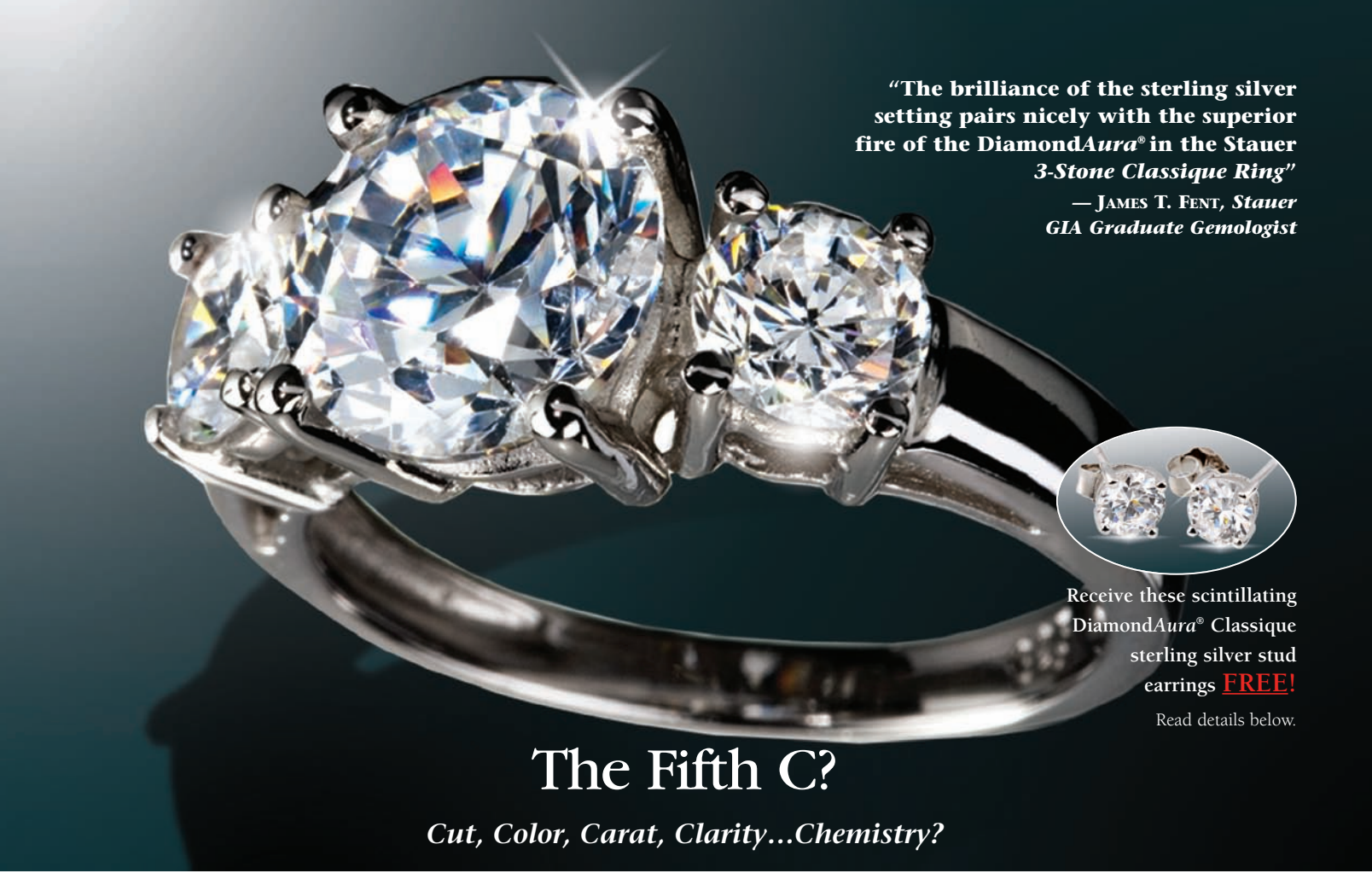

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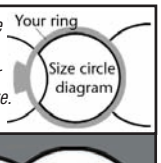

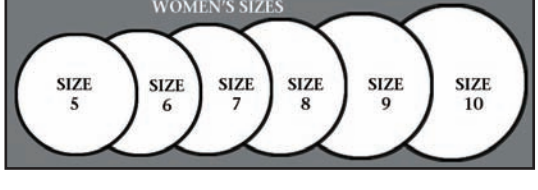

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Future *Robinson Crusoe* author Daniel Defoe narrowly escaped prison, slavery, or the gallows after the misbegotten Battle of Sedgemoor.

WHEN THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH BEGAN HIS doomed, quixotic march across southern England in the summer of 1685, one of the few volunteers to join him from royal-dominated London was a 24-year-old hosiery merchant and trader named Daniel Defoe. The son of a nonconformist Protestant family named Foe, Defoe changed his name to a more refined version after he married a wealthy young woman, Mary Tuffley, more or less for her dowry (Defoe himself is believed to have been homosexual).

As Monmouth made his way toward London, Defoe slipped away to join the rebel forces, possibly in the company of three former schoolmates from Morton's Academy, a Protestant hotbed of learning in northern London. For the rest of his life, Defoe maintained a discreet silence about his actions that summer, although he once remarked disgustedly: "I remember how boldly abundance of men talked for the Duke of Monmouth when he first landed; but if half of them had as boldly joined him sword in hand, he had never been routed."

Two decades later, touring the area of Monmouth's disastrous defeat at Sedgemoor, Defoe attributed the defeat to the duke's failure to cross the impassable ditch at Langmoor Rhine and the accidental discharge of a pistol by one of the duke's men. "Had not these accidents conspired to his defeat," Defoe wrote, "he had certainly cut the Lord Feversham's army all to pieces, but by these circumstances, he was brought to a battle on unequal terms, and defeated. The rest I need not mention."

Somehow, Defoe evaded capture after the battle. His job as a merchant gave him a plausible excuse for riding about the countryside, and he may have taken refuge from royal pursuers in a darkened churchyard. (A popular legend that he saw the name "Robinson Crusoe" on one of the tombstones has never been proven.) His old classmates—remembered only by their last names of Battiscombe, Jenkyns, and Hewlett—were not as fortunate. They were rounded up and sent to the gallows along with another 330 rebels in the kangaroo court proceedings known as the Bloody Assizes.

Defoe hid out for the next two years in Scotland and possibly on the Continent before being pardoned by King James II in a general amnesty of "all fugitives and persons fled from our justice of our into parts beyond the seas or out of this our realm." The pardon did not make Defoe noticeably grateful. A few months later he published his first political pamphlet, *A Letter to a Dissenter, from His Friend at The Hague,* in which he characterized the king's mercy as an attempt "to wheedle unthinking people and to catch them with a very inviting bait." And when William of Orange came over from the Netherlands a year later and overthrew the Catholic monarch in what fellow Protestants called the Glorious Revolution, Defoe was one of the first to ride out to greet the new king upon his arrival in London.

Defoe's experience at Sedgemoor would influence the writing of his great novel *Robinson Crusoe,* whose shipwrecked hero was based in part on the adventures of Dr. Henry Pitman, a Monmouth supporter who had been exiled to the Caribbean during the Bloody Assizes and later escaped to the island of Salt Tortuga off the coast of Venezuela. Author Tim Severin has made a persuasive case that Defoe met Pitman either at the time of Sedgemoor or years later at the office of Defoe's publisher, whose own father had published Pitman's memoir, *A Relation of the Great Suffering and Strange Adventures of Henry Pitman, Surgeon.* Either way, it must have been uncomfortably apparent to Defoe how close he had come to sharing a similar fate. No wonder he felt like a castaway on a desert island.

Roy Morris Jr.

MILITARY HERITAGE

VOLUME 11, NUMBER 3

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By Gregory Peduto

Fearsome New York City gangster Monk Eastman transformed himself into an unlikely hero in the muddy trenches of World War I.

A HUSHED AWE FELL OVER THE ARMY MEDICAL INSPECTORS AT New York's National Guard Armory when William Delaney's clothing hit the white tiled floor. Veterans often had scars, but this was ridiculous. Delaney's long list of visible injuries included a busted nose, two cauliflower ears, a patchwork quilt of knife and razor scars beginning at his ankles, and two scabby old bullet holes blasted though his bulging torso. When the examining physicians wondered aloud about the origin of the wounds, Delaney spat the answer through a mouth full of gold teeth. "A lot of little wars around New York," he said.

Little did the doctors know, but William Delaney was actually Monk Eastman, one of the toughest goons ever to swing a lead pipe on Manhattan's Lower East Side. With much-dented brass knuckles and blazing revolvers, Eastman and his Jewish mob had wreaked havoc from the Bowery to the shores of the East River for the better part of two decades. Now, fresh out of prison, the 44-year-old gangster had enlisted in New York's 27th Infantry Division to bring his own brand of terror to the trenches of World War I. Eastman and his feats of courage eventually would set the New York newspapers aflame, but to Monk the war in Europe was just another rumble in a life strewn with conflict.

American Doughboys on a raid through enemy lines. Monk Eastman led many such high-risk incursions.

National Archives

Because Eastman had over 20 known aliases, separating fact from fiction in his early life can be a daunting task. The 1880 federal census reveals that Monk's true name was Edward Osterman. Raised in a devout Jewish household, Edward's first arrest followed shortly after his father's death, and the courts cast the youth into the fires of New York's Blackwell's Island Penitentiary.

With quick wits and even quicker fists, Eastman emerged from prison with a gangland reputation that earned the hoodlum a job as the bouncer at the New Irving Hall. A vicious den of iniquity, the New Irving often played host to members of New York's corrupt political machine, Tammany Hall, and its raucous fund-raising parties known as "rackets." Tammany hoodlums forced shopkeepers to purchase tickets to the galas, and the practice became known as "racketeering." Eastman immediately proved to be an awe-inspiring character, prowling the dangerous events wearing a derby two sizes too small on his enormous head.

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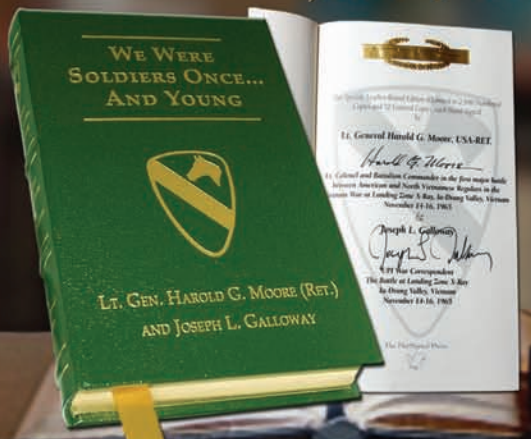

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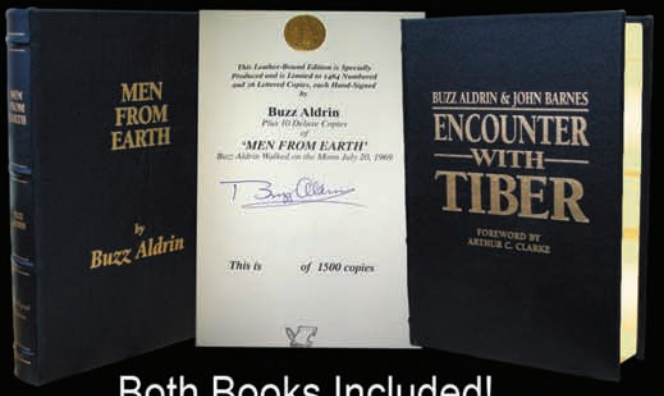

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Edward "Monk" Eastman.

In his back pocket, the hoodlum habitually carried a blackjack. Over his fists Eastman wore studded brass knuckles. In a pinch, he could wield a broken bottle like a surgeon and a pool cue like Home Run Baker. Within a few years' time, the bouncer had fractured so many skulls at New Irving that ambulance drivers jokingly renamed the Bellevue Hospital emergency room the Eastman Pavilion.

Using his hard-earned notoriety, Monk retired from bouncing and went into business for himself, building a private army of over 1,000 street fighters, gunmen, and burglars that dominated the Lower East Side. His antics caught the eye of Tammany's ward heelers, and a diabolical alliance was born. In exchange for protection from the police, the toughs put their fists to work campaigning for Tammany Hall. Eastman and his boys raided polling booths, intimidated voters, and stuffed ballot boxes to ensure that the Tammany-backed candidates came out ahead in the polls.

Doing Tammany's dirty work, the mobster amassed more than 30 arrests, but thanks to the Hall's lawyers, he was never convicted. Inspired by this aura of untouchability, the hood led forays into enemy territory with a hands-on style that would bode well for his future in the Great War. Whatever the crime, from simple robbery to roaring shootouts, Monk Eastman was always in the thick of the action. To the east, the Eastman gang encroached upon the Brooklyn Bridge enclave of ex-pugilist Yakey Yake Brady. To the north, the Eastman mob raided the graveyard hangout of Humpty Jackson, a hunchbacked ex-con

known for packing a revolver under his hump and a volume of Voltaire in his pocket.

Monk's first taste of lead came shortly after his territorial expansions into Paul Kelly's notorious Five Points kingdom. Kelly, whose real name was Paolo Vaccarelli, was the only gangster who rivaled Eastman in power. Another Tammany shoulder hitter, Kelly controlled everything west of the Bowery. War erupted when the Eastmans spilled over the border. In response, two Five Points gunmen tracked Eastman to Silver Dollar Smith's Saloon, stuffed a .45 into his gut, and fired twice. Another shot grazed the mobster's face, but the wounded kingpin fought off his assailants with his ham-sized fists.

Eastman emerged from the hospital and quickly sought revenge by killing a Five Pointer. For months, battles raged across the slums with fists, brickbats, and guns. The hostilities reached an apogee of destruction on a balmy September night in 1903. The day before, an election day, Eastman and some of his henchmen were out repeat voting when they had a run-in with Kelly's men. Around 9 PM the next day, Eastman and three of his most trusted torpedoes—Lollie Meyers, Isidor Bernstein, and Henry Lewis—dashed into Livingston's Saloon, a Five Point redoubt, with their revolvers bucking. An hour later, the hoods encountered Peggy Donovan, the same man who had shot Monk a year earlier, and put a bullet though his throat.

Kelly roused his troops and led a force of 30 gangsters to the intersection of Rivington and Allen Streets to smash the Eastmans. There the Five Pointers found Monk and his crew of 30 men waiting under the elevated train tracks. In an instant, the Battle of Rivington Street commenced. For nearly an hour, the Eastmans and the Five Pointers shot it out, bobbing and weaving under the steel train pillars. Two patrolmen sprinted to the scene, and the warring gangsters met them with a volley of fire. It eventually took a team of 50 police officers armed with repeating rifles to break up the fracas. When the smoke cleared, three men lay dead and a score were wounded. The police arrested Monk under his alias, William Delaney.

As usual, Tammany Hall lawyers beat the charges, but the vote-seining organization began to distance itself from its uncontrollable gorilla after the political bosses realized that the bad press they were receiving far outweighed whatever votes the gangster collected. Less than two weeks later, Eastman was in the news again. This time, he was accused of stabbing the former chauffeur of a prominent securities broker. For the last time, Tammany rallied to the gangster's defense and Monk was acquitted, but from then on he was on his own.

A few months later, the mob boss was embroiled in another shootout. On February 2, 1904, Eastman stalked the drunken son of C.W. Wetmore, president of the LaClede Gas Light Company. Luckily for the younger Wetmore, two Pinkerton detectives were following him. When Eastman thrust a pistol into the staggering youth's face, the hoodlum was met with a burst of gunfire. He returned fire. When Monk ran out of ammunition, the Pinkertons appre-

Soldiers of the 30th Infantry Division with German prisoners following the capture of Bellicourt, France, in September 1918.

Imperial War Museum

hended the gangster. This time, there was no Tammany Hall coming to the rescue.

The court sentenced Eastman to 10 years in Sing Sing, the notorious prison in upstate New York. Paroled five years later, the mobster emerged to find himself a king without a kingdom. While he was away, gang leaders had evolved into labor racketeers who no longer brawled in the streets. Lacking the mind for more complicated swindles, Monk fell into a spiral of petty crime and opium addiction. Between the years of 1909 and 1917, Eastman went back to jail three more times. Time was running out for the middle-aged gangster. He needed to turn his life around.

The day after his final release in 1917, the ex-con trekked up to Yonkers, New York, and enlisted in the 106th Regiment of the 27th Infantry Division of the New York National Guard, a force aptly named O'Ryan's Roughnecks after its commander, Maj. Gen. Frank O'Ryan. No one knows exactly what drove the 44-year-old gangster to join the Army. Perhaps Eastman was following the example of his father, Samuel, who had fought for the North in the Battle of Bull Run. Some historians suppose that Monk just wanted to turn his life around and kick his opium habit, but the most plausible reason was Monk's lifelong lust for excitement and danger.

On August 30, 1917, Eastman and the 27th shipped out to trench warfare school at Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina. During their training, recruits faced diluted chlorine gas, trench-clearing drills, and other trappings of the Great War in Europe. Platoon Sergeant Hank Miller recalled that the men teased Eastman, calling him "Pop" because of his advanced age, but in basic training the elderly doughboy amazed his much-younger comrades by outrunning everyone in the unit. When Eastman hit a bayoneting dummy, he nearly tore it in half. His secret identity eventually came out, and the taunting abruptly ended—Pop Delaney was really Monk Eastman, infamous Bowery desperado.

The prospect of fighting at the side of New York City's deadliest brawler thrilled the young recruits, and the gangster obligingly instructed his comrades in the Eastman school of no-holds-barred gutter fighting. By now, Eastman served as the linchpin of the 106th's regimental morale. His mere presence inspired the men to unthinkable acts of courage.

On July 9, Eastman and the 106th marched into line with the rest of the 27th Division in the Ypres Salient to put a stop to the rampaging forces of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. Generally regarded as the best German royal commander, Rupprecht and his Sturmtruppen

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TOP: Victorious American soldiers parade down Fifth Avenue in New York City following World War I. ABOVE: The body of Monk Eastman passes through an honor guard, December 1920.

(assault troops) had helped recapture all of the territories lost to the Allies since 1916. Rupprecht aimed to end the war by taking the port cities of Dunkirk and Calais.

Allied high command charged the Roughnecks with holding the line against the prince's seasoned troops. Eastman and his comrades dug in under the shadow of Mont Kemmel and Vierstraat Ridge, two German strongholds bristling with heavy artillery, and waited. For several days and nights, shells and shrapnel rained down on the regiment's position, but Eastman sat unperturbed. When the other soldiers asked the former hoodlum what he thought of the war, Eastman curled his lip and said that he had already fought the Battle of New York.

After the barrage tore holes through the unit, the first waves of elite Sturmtruppen came over the top and engaged Monk's unit in deadly hand-to-hand combat. It was during this bitter defense that the first tales of Eastman's surprising heroism began to circulate. At night, Monk led forays into no-man's-land to take scalps. When the Germans nearly overran the trenches, the seasoned Bowery alley fighter met the Kaiser's finest with his tattooed knuckles. While rescuing a fallen comrade he suffered a rifle round through the hand, but he simply wrapped the wound and fought on.

German commanders halted Rupprecht's drive to the sea to reinforce their attack on Chateau-Thierry in the south. Before withdrawing, the prince left an impregnable chain of machine-gun emplacements designed to thwart any Allied counteroffensive—or so he thought. When O'Ryan got wind of the German withdrawal, the Roughnecks geared up for an assault of their own. O'Ryan ordered Colonel Franklin Ward, commander of the 106th Regiment, to seize heavily fortified Vierstraat Ridge.

The Germans met Ward's charge with a staccato burst of machine-gun fire that soon pinned down the entire regiment, but Eastman broke the stalemate with a fistful of Mills bombs. In the attack, bullets shredded Eastman's backpack and shrapnel sliced through his leg, but he managed to put the gun out of commission, allowing the 106th to take the ridge. In three days' time, the division captured much territory and hundreds of prisoners, but Monk Eastman was not there to celebrate—he was laid up in an Army field hospital nursing his wounds. On September 4, the 27th moved to the rear to prepare for one of the greatest battles in the war, the taking of the supposedly impregnable Hindenburg Line.

When Monk got wind of the plans, he stole away into the night, fleeing the hospital half-naked and barefoot. Equipping himself from a nearby salvage dump, he rejoined his company and went back into action. The German position consisted of three concrete trenches surrounded by three belts of barbed wire, mines, and machine-gun nests. The task of cracking this impressive nut fell to the 106th, and Eastman's regiment served as the battering ram that led the first charge.

On the morning of September 27, the 106th stormed though a hail of machine-gun and artillery fire to capture a precarious foothold from which to mount the main assault. Over the course of the day, the position was lost and

regained four more times before the 106th finally broke the Germans. Amid the carnage, Eastman showed an unexpectedly tender side. When the 106th seized a group of German prisoners, including a cocky teenager, one of the Americans threatened to ram a bayonet though the arrogant boy's chest. Monk stopped the soldier with a few words. "Let him alone," said Eastman. "He's only a kid." By now, the troops knew not to argue with the gangster.

With the position secure, the 106th withdrew to the rear, but Monk begged the head surgeon for permission to remain as a stretcher bearer. While the rest of the men in his company were resting, Eastman served in the frontline trench, carrying back wounded men. A few days later, the 27th and other Allied units broke the Hindenburg Line. The war was over.

On March 25, 1919, the 27th marched down Fifth Avenue as heroes, but Eastman's wartime feats of heroism remained largely unknown to the public. Monk's officers, however, had prepared a surprise for the old street fighter. Colonel Ward, Major Scott Burton, Captain James Conroy, and Lieutenant Joseph Kerrigan presented more than 100 letters and signatures to Governor Alfred E. Smith asking for Eastman's pardon. On May 8, 1919, the governor, himself a Tammany Hall veteran, forgave Monk's past crimes.

New York newspapers sang the mobster's praises and spoke of the power of reform. Unfortunately, Monk soon returned to his old tricks, working as an enforcer for gambler Arnold Rothstein, the man who single-handedly fixed the 1919 World Series between the Chicago White Sox and the Cincinnati Reds. The gangster-turned-doughboy did not live to see the age of 50. On December 26, 1920, Eastman and Jerry Bohan, a corrupt Prohibition agent, strolled into an East Side speakeasy called the Bluebird Café. In the early morning hours, an argument erupted between the two. Bohan drew a pistol and shot Eastman through the hand, elbow, and heart. The old hooligan managed to sprint across the street before he collapsed and died near the 14th Street subway entrance. Bohan was later convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to three years in prison.

Thousands of mourners, including his longtime gangster cronies and his newfound friends from the Great War, turned out for Monk's military sendoff. After the playing of taps and a 21-gun salute, Private Edward Eastman, the Bowery's greatest villain and the 106th's greatest hero, was lowered into the ground at Brooklyn's Cypress Hills Cemetery, decked out in his beloved Army uniform. A storied era in gangland history had come to an end. □

By Blaine Taylor

The versatile, quick-firing M60 machine gun became one of the iconic weapons of the Vietnam War.

THE TIME WAS EARLY 1967, THE PLACE A CROWDED SQUARE OVER a body of water on a narrow bridge in downtown Saigon. A 19-year-old American Army gun jeep commander in the 199th Light Infantry Brigade stood at his post in the rear of the vehicle. Both he and the driver wore .45-caliber pistols and carried M16 rifles. Besides the pistols and rifles, the Americans also had an M79 grenade launcher on the floorboards of the jeep, covered with heavy sandbags in case the vehicle hit a Vietcong landmine.

The jeep's principal weaponry that day was the deadly United States Army standard-issue M60 machine gun, which—like the M16 rifle—fired the basic NATO round of 7.62mm ammunition. With the exception of the 1911-introduced .45, the other three weapons had been brought into the NATO arsenal at about the same time, in the early 1960s. The reason was simple, to ensure that all NATO armies were armed with the same weaponry and ammunition for ease of common supply in case a land war erupted in Europe with the Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact allies: Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Romania, East Germany, Bulgaria, and Albania.

A Marine mans his M60 machine gun in this sketch by Marine Corps artist Colonel Charles Waterhouse.

Instead of Warsaw Pact soldiers, however, American weapons that day were being employed against two Communist armies on the other side of the world in Southeast Asia: the North Vietnamese Regular Army and the South Vietnamese civilian guerrilla forces, the Vietcong. As combat military policemen, the Americans in the jeep had been assigned to road convoy duty, getting infantry into and out of the field under fire. The young lieutenant was somewhat alarmed to be surrounded by a sea of swarming humanity, their intentions unknown. On the other hand, he knew that he was armed with one of the best machine guns in the world, mounted on a cast-iron swivel just under his right armpit. If he and his men had to fight their way out, they were ready. As it happened, they were in luck; the Vietnamese allowed them to pass unharmed.

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The M60 machine gun was what the military called a "crew-served weapon," requiring a team of three soldiers to transport, load, and fire it. It was capable of several types of fire: grazing, plunging, flanking, oblique, and enfilading. Aside from vehicular-mounted fire, it could be fired from the shoulder (kneeling and standing) and from a prone position as well. Its available ammunition consisted of ball (for use against light materials and personnel and for range training); armor-piercing (for use against lightly armored targets); tracer (for observation of fire, incendiary effects, signaling, and training); dummy (for use during mechanical training); and blanks (for use during training when simulated fire was desired; a blank firing attachment was required to fire this ammunition).

DefenseImagery.mil

National Archives

ABOVE: A Vietnam-era soldier is locked and loaded with a full belt of M60 ammo. LEFT: A U.S. Navy SEAL with his M60, on maneuvers in Kuwait, March 1998.

In any modality, the M60 machine gun was a fearsome weapon of great potency. Like other weapons in the American military inventory, the M60 general purpose machine gun (GPMG) began its evolution at the end of World War II. The Allies had been impressed with the flexibility provided by the German GPMGs, and the American M60 incorporated a modified feed mechanism based on that of the German MG42, with the operating mechanism of the FG42 assault rifle. The initial version of the M60 was officially adopted by the U.S. Army in 1957.

Eventually, the M60 would go on to replace both the Browning light and heavy machine guns in the American arsenal, with its initial prototype being the T44. Its feed mechanism was bettered with two more variants until the T161 was produced and was introduced into the U.S. armory as the M60 GPMG. It could be used in both a bipod configuration for rapidly advancing infantry on the move or for defense when mounted on a M112 tripod as a heavy machine gun.

The M60 was 42 inches long and weighed a little over 23 pounds. It was gas operated, with a 50-round link belt of 7.62mm ammunition and a muzzle velocity of 2,800 feet per second. Its maximum effective range was 1,200 yards with the bipod and an additional 329 feet when the tripod was added. Optimal operating range was about 3,900 feet. Moving away from the recoil mechanism of the Browning machine guns, the M60 was designed as a gas-operated weapon. As the first round traveled down the barrel, it pushed gas into the gas cylinder through a hole in the bore. The pressure in the cylinder then forced a piston down the chamber, moving back the bolt and chambering the next round into place. The cycle could be repeated for as long as the trigger was depressed.

With no gas regulator on the gun, however, there were drawbacks to the mechanism. Accumulated dirt or dust could slow down the piston and result in the M60 jamming or "running away"—continuing to fire even when the finger was removed from the trigger. This could prove unnerving during the heat of battle, when the assistant M60 gunner would be forced to hold onto the ammunition belt manually to stop it from feeding. One distinctive feature of the M60 was the chromium-plated barrel and satellite liners for the first six inches along the muzzle from the chamber. The nonferrous lining considerably increased the lifespan of each barrel although there were complaints that the barrel was heavy.

The M60 was used in every conceivable role for a machine gun: mounted on trucks, jeeps, armored personnel carriers, and other vehicles; on tripods inside fortifications; on aircraft and boats. The M60 saw its widest use with American infantry forces on the ground in Vietnam. An infantry machine-gun section officially consisted of three soldiers: the gunner, the assistant gunner, and the ammunition carrier. In practice, all members of a patrol carried extra machine-gun ammunition, which was passed up to the gun crew when needed. American infantrymen carried belts of ammunition draped around their bodies. This was the easiest way to carry the heavy load, and it left the soldiers' hands free to use other weapons.

The most common complaint about the M60 was that it was heavy, particularly when humping through the Southeast Asian jungle. It was also prone to jamming, especially when dirty. The safety was awkward to operate and worked opposite the M16 rifle, requiring an upward movement of the thumb to free the safety and make the gun ready to fire. Fired cartridges could also become torn and required extra time to remove an empty case—a less than ideal situation in combat. Marine units in particular resisted using the M60, preferring their longtime BARs.

The weapon had a sustained rate of fire of 100 rounds per minute, with a recommended barrel change every 10 minutes. It could also rapid fire at a rate of 200 rounds per minute with two or three seconds between bursts and

a barrel change recommended every two minutes, and at the cyclic rate of approximately 550 rounds per minute, with a barrel change every single minute. The M60 had a bandolier capacity of 100 rounds, with a tracer round burnout of approximately 3,300 feet.

The M60 operator's manual recommended that soldiers not open ammunition containers until the ammunition was to be used, noting that ammunition removed from the airtight containers, particularly in damp climates, was likely to corrode. The manual further directed: "Do not expose the ammunition to the direct rays of the sun. If the powder is hot, excessive heat may be developed when the gun is fired. Do not oil or grease ammunition. Dust and other abrasives collecting on oiled or greased ammunition will damage the operating parts of the gun, and oil on cartridges will produce excessive chamber pressure."

Variants of the M60 included the short-lived M60B, which was designed to be fired by hand from helicopters. The B model had no bipod and featured a different rear stock than the regular model; it retained its pistol grips. The M60C lacked pistol grips, but its main difference was the electronic control system and hydraulic swivel system, which allowed it to be fired from

Blaine Taylor Archives

Blaine Taylor Archives

ABOVE LEFT: The author with his jeep-mounted M60 machine gun at Binh Chanh, South Vietnam, 1967. ABOVE RIGHT: The author's M60 machine gun, with bipod in folded position beneath the front sight.

cockpits on OH-13 Sioux, OH-23 Raven, UH-1B Huey, and Ov-10 Bronco helicopters.

The M60D, a mounted version of the standard M60, weighed 25 pounds and was 43 1/2 inches long. Its maximum effective range was approximately 4,100 feet, with the same tracer burnout as the M60 itself. The M60D's sustained, rapid, and cyclic rates of fire and related statistics were the same as the M60. The rear sight consisted of a range scale, aperture, scale- retaining adjusting screw, elevating and windage knobs, and scale. The M60D was specially fitted with a rear trigger mechanism and spade-grip handles for use by helicopter door gunners inserting or evacuating ground troops under hostile fire

The M60E1 differed from the original M60 in a number of respects, including the attachment of a bipod to the rear of the gas

Continued on page 73

By William McPeak

Nazi military planners left nothing to chance—not even the weather. A special weather reconnaissance unit, the Wekusta, monitored conditions in brutal Arctic locales.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PILLARS OF WAR—STRATEGY AND TACTICS—inevitably depend on an imponderable and uncontrollable factor: the weather. With the increasing sophistication of weather data gathering, analysis, and forecasting in the early 20th century, predicting the weather became an integral part of World War II. Just how integral such predictions were was brought home to Germany after its initial thrusts at the beginning of the war in 1939.

The Allies launched a concerted effort to keep comprehensive weather data from the Nazis by blacking out the international exchange of weather data through open radio transmission. For Europe, the most important geographical area for data gathering was the wintry expanse of the Arctic, from which location stormy weather moved east and south. The vital data from Arctic stations, extending from Greenland to the Siberian Sea via Svalbard and Franz Josef Land, were almost completely cut off after these stations were progressively blacked out and deactivated by the Allies. The British went a step further, broadcasting bogus weather data into Germany.

Germany needed to act aggressively to defeat the data-gathering war. In January 1940, the German Naval Meteorological Service took the first steps in laying down a data grid network of its own to provide regular weather observations. Various trawlers and sealers were converted into weather observation ships to collect and transmit accurate weather data from Iceland northward to the east coast of Greenland and on to Spitzbergen. The Allies quickly realized what the ships were doing and attacked them mercilessly.

The Luftwaffe decided on its own course of action, establishing long-range weather reconnaissance flights and manned and automatic weather stations in the Arctic regions. Both

Rudolf Schütze and his Wekusta 5 flight crew with an He-111 on the ice of Advent Fjord, circa 1943.

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Helmut Rau, left, in the observer seat, taking weather readings in an He-111 in the summer of 1941.

naval and air force plans came under the grander strategy of securing continental Europe by the Third Reich. The refusal of a nonaggression pact by Denmark and Norway sealed their eventual fate. They were too militarily and meteorologically strategic, especially the long western coastline of Norway, to be left to their own devices. On April 9, 1940, German air and sea forces descended on both Scandinavian countries. Denmark was taken quickly, but the Norwegian rough terrain required further logistics. Despite the delays provided by the valiant Norwegian resistance, by late April Norway was secured, and the Nazis began constructing defenses along the fjord-clogged western Norwegian coastline.

The most efficient means of gathering weather data over the North Atlantic and Arctic expanses was through air reconnaissance. The Weather Service of the Luftwaffe prepared a special weather reconnaissance unit to collect weather data, the Grossraum Wettererkundungsstaffel—Wekusta for short. With the progression of the war, Wekusta squadrons would branch out along German borders, a total of 12 squadrons with nearly 1,000 flight crews.

The demands on long-range weather recon programs were significant. To begin with, data gathering required reliable twin-engine planes. Prior to the war, the production of the German twin-engine bomber class had been cloaked behind designs for passenger planes and mail and cargo planes. German airplane manufacturers built planes that could be easily converted to bombers. By the mid-1930s, leading German airframe makers were developing three such twin-engine, low-wing planes: the Dornier Do-17, the Heinkel He-111, and the Junkers Ju-88.

The Luftwaffe converted all three from medium-range bombers into photo and other recon applications. All had structured metal that provided some armor protection for withstanding light machine-gun fire, along with self-sealing fuel tanks for long-range missions. The Do-17 carried a tightly fitted three-man crew, while the larger Ju-88 carried four crewmen and the He-111 carried five. Since the reconnaissance planes worked alone, defensive weaponry was essential. The Wekusta planes had progressively better models of machine guns placed in the nose and rear cockpit, along the sides, and the ventral underneath.

Wekusta airstrips began appearing along the northern German coastline. By February 1940, a Wekusta base had opened at Oldenburg, near the port of Bremen, with a He-111 H-2 and a Do-17Z. With Norway already secured, another Wekusta base opened at Bad Zwischenahn in May 1940. Initially, it had a lone He-111, but the Heinkel was joined by a Ju-88. As the most recently designed reconnaissance aircraft, the Ju-88 had an increased wingspan and lengthened ailerons for better control. Junkers could not mass produce its powerful 211J engines (1,340 hp) until late 1940, so the new airframe had to rely on 211B-1 engines (1,210 hp). The interim model was designated as the Ju-88 A-5 and was quickly put into mass production.

By later April 1940, routine Luftwaffe weather reconnaissance was under way in Norway from the farthest western base at Stavanger, southwest of Oslo. Norway was the essential springboard for gathering North Atlantic and Arctic meteorological data. Wekusta flights were considered of the utmost importance, scheduled for the same time every day, even in bad weather, to keep a continuous record of weather analysis.

Other Wekusta planes flew out of Oldenburg, Germany, on a scheduled daily nine-hour trip northwest to the Faeroe Islands, passing near Fair Isle off the Scottish coast and between the Orkney and Shetland Islands. With the expansion of British radar sites, these flights flew low to avoid radar and hostile encounters—standard altitude was only 30 to 50 feet above the ocean. Taking basic weather readings (pressure, wind, and temperature), they reached the Faeroes, then climbed to about 22,000 feet to take a vertical cross-section of weather data for transmission over shortwave radio during the return trip. The squadron's insignia was a profile of Fair Isle with a rainbow overhead.

Wekusta crews were a game lot, singularly dedicated to manning lone planes and flying over thousands of miles of cold northern ocean. Crew size depended on the plane, but there was always a pilot and a meteorologist with radio experience to transmit data if a radioman was not along. Usually there was a gunner-mechanic as well. The larger He-111 would often carry an additional backup radioman—such was the vital importance of transmitting the data. One of the meteorologists was Werner Schwerdtfeger, who had received his doctorate at the University of Leipzig's Geophysical Institute in 1931. Schwerdtfeger was no stranger to collecting aerial weather data. Between 1932 and 1934, he manned a balloon with an instrument-filled gondola, frequently drifting up to 8,000 feet in altitude. Schwerdtfeger's interest in polar weather turned him to the military, and he trained in weather reconnaissance for Wekusta between 1936 and 1940.

Schwerdtfeger soon moved on to an even more essential weather squadron, Wekusta 5, which was activated in May 1940 at Trondheim, Norway, 300 miles north of Stavanger. Trondheim would be the primary base for all weather recon flights westward and northwest. Auxiliary airstrips opened 600 miles farther north at Banak in November 1941. The new route took an initial leg to the Faeroe Islands, then headed west to the southern tip of Iceland. A second route flew northwest to the Jan Mayen Islands and due east to Banak. The various auxiliary strips could mean life or death for Wekusta flights returning from the Arctic and all its perils.

Eventually Wekusta 5 would total 142 flight personnel, and Schwerdtfeger was not the only Ph.D. in meteorology. Of the 43 crew members classified as meteorologists, 15 were doctors of science. The men of Wekusta 5 adopted a rather comical winged leaping frog as their squadron badge. They had an interesting initial mix of early planes: He-111, Do-17, Ju-88, and some oddities including two Ju-52s (an older three-engine cargo plane) and a He-60 two-seat biwing seaplane for shorter reconnaissance trips.

By late 1940 and early 1941 recon losses had increased dramatically. The regular flights of "Weather Willies," as locals nicknamed the Wekusta units, were quickly recognized by British intelligence. On January 12, 1941, a Do-215 crashed with all aboard on a small island off Scotland after being intercepted by members of the British Hurricane Squadron No. 3 posted to Sumburgh in the Shetlands. Three

days later, one of the few Ju-88s (A-5) allotted to Wekusta was intercepted 10 miles north of Fair Isle but managed to escape, aided by its faster speed.

Two days later, an He-111 H-2 was caught by two Hurricanes near Fair Isle. The H-2 pilot, Lieutenant Karl Heinz Thurz, just 21 years old, had been fighting snow flurries across the North Sea at the usual wave-skipping height when increased snowfall forced him to climb to 8,000 feet. British radar immediately picked him up at that time, and Thurz spotted Hurricanes below him as he headed for the clouds. The British followed, strafing the length of Thurz's fuselage and hitting the engines. Thurz climbed into the clouds and lost them, but his problems had just begun. Turning east to attempt a return to Norway, Thurz's starboard and port engines began to smoke—there was no going home. He headed for a crash landing on Fair Isle. He came in too fast, bounced on the rough terrain, and forced the reluctant ship down by a hard rudder maneuver. The tail section broke apart at impact, throwing crewmen Leo Gburek and Georg Nentwig to their deaths. The three other crewmen escaped the wreckage before the engines caught fire, but were taken as POWs by island residents.

More casualties were to come. Three days later, an H-5 had to make an emergency landing in the Storskarvan Mountains near Vaernes, with injuries to the pilot and meteorologist. Two weeks later, on February 8, another Wekusta H-5 was mistakenly strafed by a Luftwaffe Bf-110 fighter, wounding one crew member.

A German Do-17 Weather Recon unit at Frankfurt Airport in 1940.

The expansion of Wekusta flights became essential after the Allies destroyed Arctic coal mines and installations on the Svalbard

Continued on page 72

By Peter Suciu

The American aircraft carrier *Intrepid* is back on the Hudson River in New York City after extensive repairs and renovations.

DURING WORLD WAR II, THE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER USS *Intrepid* (CVS-11) was known as "the Ghost Ship" to the Japanese Imperial Navy because every time they thought they had sunk her, "the Fighting I" came back for more. *Intrepid* subsequently fought through World War II, Korea, and Vietnam and even did her part following the 9/11 terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center before almost losing another battle—namely, to time and the elements.

Launched during World War II, serving throughout the Cold War, and even as a base of operations during the 9/11 tragedy, the USS *Intrepid* is now part of the Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum.

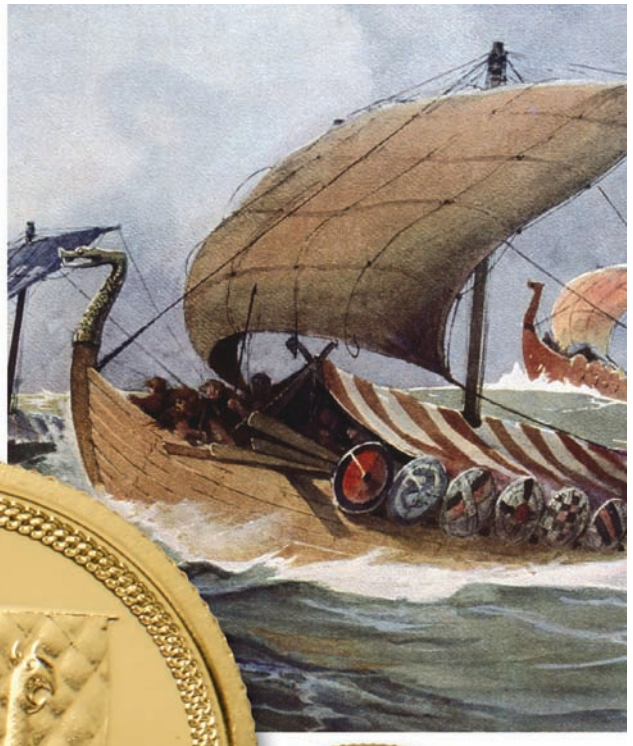
On December 5, 2006, the ship, which was the centerpiece of the Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum, was towed to Bayonne Dry Dock & Repair in New Jersey. There, the ship underwent $60 million worth of necessary repairs to ensure that she would be around for many more years to come. And while New York tourists were unable to visit the ship during the interim, it was well worth missing her for two years, even if the waterfront on Manhattan's West Side just wasn't the same.

"By taking the ship away, it allowed the *Intrepid* to go to dry dock," said John Zukowsky, chief curator of the museum. Zukowsky explained that the repairs were not required solely for the ship. "The pier was half closed, so the pier itself needed a complete rebuild." This gave the museum the opportunity to repair the ship and redo the exhibits. Said Zukowsky, "It was easier to do with the ship completely closed."

The recent renovations were not the first time the 912-foot-long ship had been forced to undergo repairs. During her career, *Intrepid*, one of 24 Essex-class carriers, saw a great deal of action. (The ship's keel was laid down just six days before the

Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum

How I Found The Gold Coin That Never Was



And how readers can take advantage of my major gold discovery!

by Nick Bruyer

Actual size is 15 mm

Over a thousand years ago my Viking Warrior ancestors raided the coast of England in their great longships, striking terror into the hearts of their victims. But some of them stayed and settled on the Isle of Man, situated between England, Ireland and Scotland. It was during a visit to this ancient Isle that I stumbled onto something amazing—a precious piece of history that you can own and pass down through generations of your own family as a gold treasure of lasting value.

The Gold Coin That Never Was
As president of an international coin distributor, GovMint.com, I knew that the Isle of Man has its own legal tender coins. So I made a journey to the mint to meet the Mint Master. I was lamenting the fact that there was no gold coin commemorating their Viking heritage, when he told me that such a coin had been authorized, but never minted. The Twentieth Noble was to be struck in 99.99% fine gold. When I asked why it had never been minted, he didn't know. The Mint's official archives did not give a reason, but they revealed a startling fact.

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Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum

A U.S. Naval TBM-3E Avenger, the standard American torpedo bomber of World War II. This was the type of plane flown by former President George H.W. Bush

attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941.) After completion in 1943, she headed to the Pacific, where she was greeted by a quick baptism of fire, taking part in the invasion of the Marshall Islands in early 1944. Damaged during the fighting, the ship returned to Pearl Harbor for repairs and then headed back into action. In October 1944, *Intrepid* took part in the Battle of Leyte Gulf, and planes from the carrier helped sink the Japanese battleship *Musashi.*

Following the battle, one of the major turning points of World War II, *Intrepid* suffered her first kamikaze hit, and in November she was hit two more times by the suicide pilots. In March 1945, a bomb exploded just off the ship's bow, but *Intrepid* remained in action and helped sink the Japanese battleship *Yamato* a few weeks later. Before the end of the war, the ship was struck a fourth time by kamikaze attack. The attacks earned the nickname "the Ghost Ship" by the Japanese, who could not believe that *Intrepid* had not been sunk by then. In all, *Intrepid* lost a total of 270 sailors during the war.

After seeing action in every major American naval campaign in the Pacific during the last two years of the war, *Intrepid* supported the American occupation of Japan, then returned to California in 1952, where she was decommissioned and joined the Pacific Reserve Fleet. From 1952 to 1954, the ship underwent a modernization program that included the installation of new steam catapults, enclosed bow, and reinforced flight deck for a new generation of jet aircraft. In June 1954, *Intrepid* was recommissioned as an attack aircraft carrier (CVA).

During the Cold War, *Intrepid* took part in NATO's Operation Strikeback, the largest peacetime naval operation to that time, and later took part in multiple space mission recoveries for NASA, including the Mercury 7 space capsule and the Gemini 3. *Intrepid* also served three tours in Vietnam before being decommissioned in 1974. She later saw duty as an exhibit ship at the U.S. Navy and Marine Corps bicentennial celebrations in Philadelphia in 1975-1976. Only three other Essex-class aircraft carriers have survived the ravages of time: the USS *Yorktown,* USS *Hornet,* and USS *Lexington.* All are now in museums.

When the possibility arose that *Intrepid* would be scrapped, a New York real estate developer saw the potential for a floating museum and saved the Fighting I from the scrap yard. The late Zachary Fisher founded the Intrepid Museum Foundation in 1979, and the Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum opened to the public on August 3, 1982, at Pier 86, 46th Street and 12th Avenue, on Manhattan's West Side. The museum, which has welcomed some 10 million visitors, has been the site of numerous celebrations and notable occasions, and *Intrepid* was called upon to serve a role in the greatest tragedy in New York City's history. On September 11, 2001, the ship became a temporary headquarters for the FBI following the 9/11 attacks.

Despite surviving four attacks during World War II, *Intrepid* was slowly succumbing to New York's harsh winters and to the ravages of time. In 2006, it was decided that the ship would need to undergo extensive repairs. Additionally, the pier needed repair and renovation, while the ship's smaller submarine companion, the USS *Growler,* also badly needed a trip to dry dock. It was planned to tow the ship down the Hudson to Bayonne, New Jersey, but *Intrepid* proved as stubborn to move as she had been to sink during World War II. She became stuck on the mud in the Hudson River, only 15 feet from the pier, canceling a full-blown welcoming ceremony, before finally making it successfully to dry dock.

After a trip to Staten Island for interior refurbishment and the installation of new museum exhibits, *Intrepid* was ready to come home. She returned in October 2008 and officially reopened on Veterans Day, November 11. Astronauts Scott Carpenter and Buzz Aldrin joined a crowd of politicians and military brass in welcoming her back. At the close of ceremonies, there was another bit of stubbornness, this time from a champagne bottle that failed to break. It was an echo of the first time *Intrepid* was commissioned into service, in 1943, when the champagne bottle wielded by Helen Smith Hoover, wife of Admiral John Howard Hoover, also failed to break. This was seen as a happy coincidence when the same thing happened as Sally Hoover Casale, granddaughter of Admiral and Mrs. Hoover, rechristened the ship as the Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum.

Intrepid is the centerpiece of the museum, which also displays more than 30 aircraft along with interactive exhibits for all ages and plenty of attractions that serve as a reminder of the courage and sacrifice of the men who served aboard *Intrepid.* A special highlight is the A-6F Intruder cockpit simulator. Visitors can also tour *Growler*, a diesel-powered submarine and one of the few open to the public that has actually fired a nuclear weapon. Visitors get an up-close look at *Growler*'s once top-secret missile command center.

For those who may have visited the ship before, there will be many new improvements, including greater access to areas that were previously not open to the public. Most importantly, said Zukowsky, the collection of artifacts is more in line with and appropriate to both the eras in which the ship served and to that of a military aircraft carrier. "The exhibits are more in line with the types of aircraft that were used by the ship, as well as those that were used from World War II to the Cold War."

One notable change, which should be immediately apparent to anyone who has previously visited the museum, is the long display case inside the ship's hangar deck. Here are numerous artifacts, including small items such as personal diaries and pilot logs. The plan, says the

Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum

After heading to dry dock in the fall of 2006, the ship returned to the West Side of Manhattan in late 2008.

museum staff, is to continually rotate what is on display. Zukowsky said the displays have already encouraged many of those who had served or had family who served on the famous ship to come forward to donate items for future displays. "It is very heartening to see that the public has come forward the way that it has," he said.

The other significant addition on the hangar deck is the new Piasecki HUP/UH-25 Retriever helicopter, the same type that was utilized by the ship's crew at the height of the Cold War. This is one of the new highlights of the museum's aviation collection. Currently that collection includes 30 aircraft as well as other unique items such as both the original commissioning and decommissioning bells and a half-sized replica of a Mercury space capsule. Visitors may notice that some "old friends" from the museum are missing, notably a U.S. Army Patton tank, which has since been returned to the Army and is now at Fort Hamilton, and a T-72 Soviet-made tank used by the Iraqi Army during the first Gulf War in 1991. That tank was returned to the United States Marine Corps and transferred to a location in New Jersey.

Zukowsky explained that the refocusing of the collection was much more specific and less broad than it had been. "We revised the collection policy and want the museum to contain those more appropriate items," he pointed out. "We're focusing on aircraft that cover the history of *Intrepid* through World War II to the Cold War." As a result, many other artifacts have been returned to private lenders, such as the section of the former Berlin Wall belonging to artist Peter Max.

The museum is not strictly dedicated to U.S. naval aviation. One of the old favorites is the A-12 "Blackbird" spy plane. Of course, that black beauty never flew off any aircraft carrier, but it was an important part of the Cold War and remains a significant part of the collection. "That is a real crowd pleaser," said Zukowsky. "It is one of the great symbols of the Cold War, and only 50 were made and only 25 are in museums. Ours is very special too, because it is actually number two off the assembly line."

The museum has a number of aircraft that were especially important in the Cold War era, particularly those of international origin. "We have a number of planes that never flew off the flight deck," said Zukowsky, "but these include foreign aircraft as well. I can say that we have one of the finest collections of Cold War aircraft, and that is probably better than having the odd tank." Among those planes are a MiG-15 from the Korean War, a MiG-17 of the type used by North Vietnam in the 1960s, and a MiG-21 PFM formerly used by the Polish Air Force.

Other planes include a British Royal Navy Supermarine F1 Scimitar and a French-made Dassault Etendard IV. These are accompanied by such American planes as a U.S. Navy TBM-3E Avenger, the standard American torpedo bomber of World War II, and a Douglas A-4B Skyhawk, the type of aircraft flown during the Vietnam War. Other significant planes include a North American Aviation FJ-3 Fury from the late 1950s, a version of the U.S. Navy's first jet aircraft, a Grumman F-14 Tomcat, and a Grumman A-6F Intruder. There are also a Marine Corps AV-8 Harrier, two Vietnam-era UH-1 Huey helicopters, and two AH-1 Cobra gunships: a Marine Corps AH-1J Sea Cobra and a fully restored U.S. Army AH-1 Cobra. Armored fighting vehicles captured from Iraq during the first Gulf War are also on display. A British Airways Concorde has an exhibit space on the pier.

Of course no collection, even those in a museum, is ever really complete. To that end, Zukowsky said, there are other aircraft he would like to see in the future. "There are dreams of having other World War II aircraft including aggressor planes, but the one everyone would like to see is for us to get a Corsair." At present, the museum has a fine replica of the Corsair. Other planes on the wish list include a naval version of FA-18 Hornet to complement the Army model in the collection, as well as a Skyraider.

Museum hours are Monday-Friday, 10 AM to 5 PM, and Saturday-Sunday, 10 AM to 6 PM, from April 1 to September 30; and Tuesday-Sunday, 10 AM to 5 PM, from October 1 to March 31. For more information, contact Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum, West 46th Street and 12th Avenue, New York, NY 10036, (212) 245-0072, www.intrepid musem.org. □

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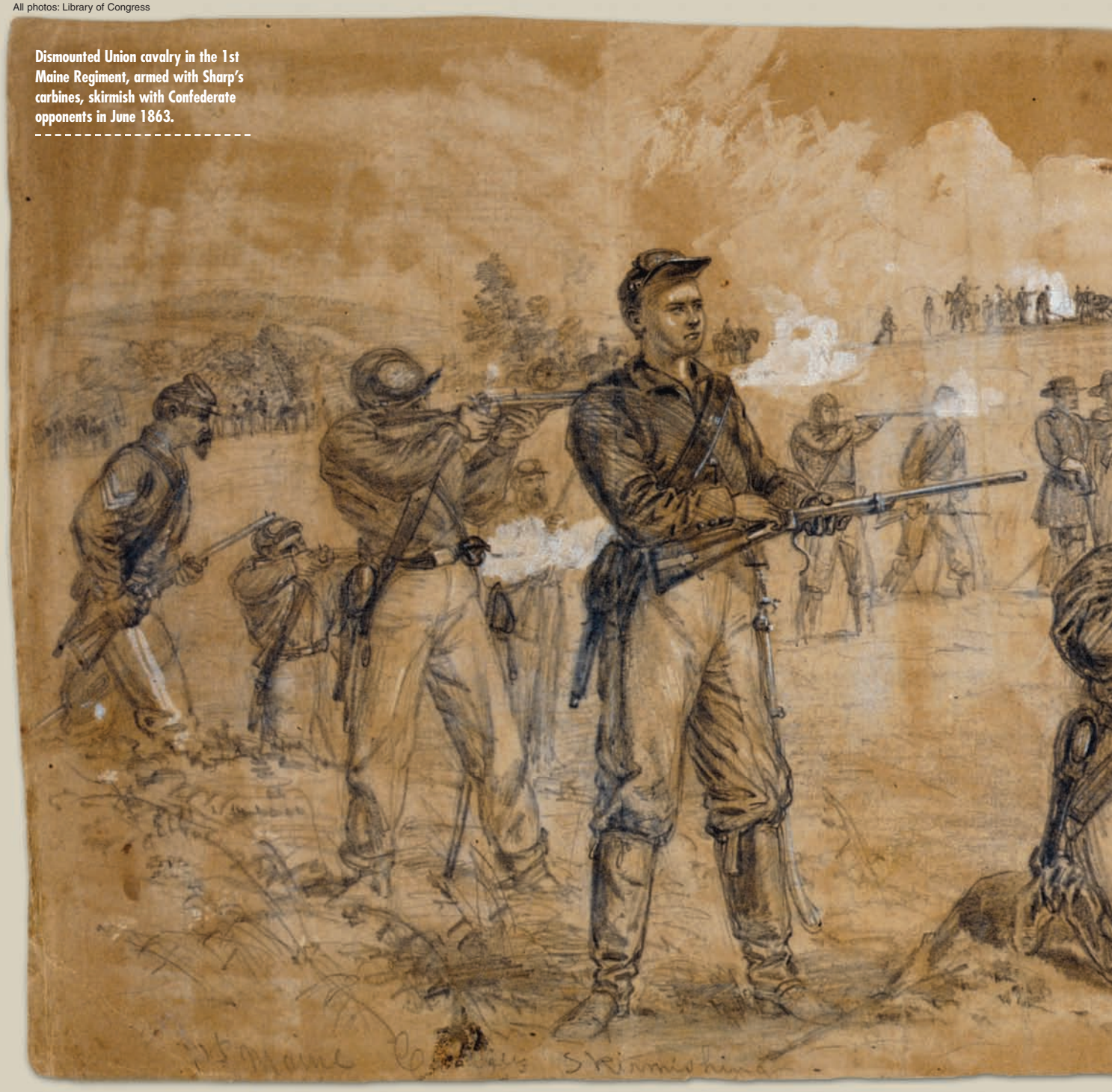
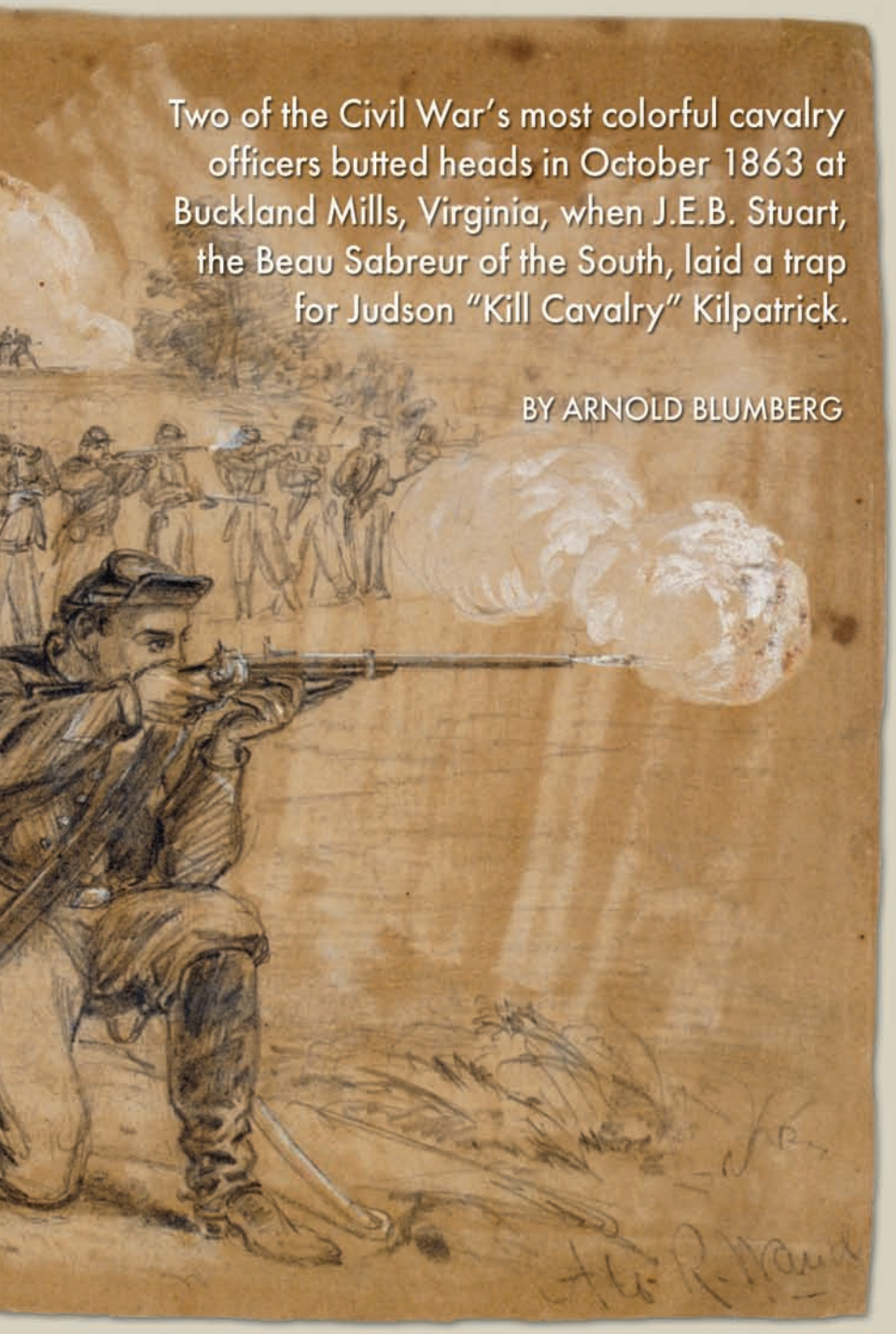


Dismounted Union cavalry in the 1st Maine Regiment, armed with Sharp's carbines, skirmish with Confederate opponents in June 1863.

BEAU SABREUR

For the Federal government at Washington, D.C., the news from Tennessee was grim in late September 1863. The Union Army of the Cumberland, under Maj. Gen. William S. Rosecrans, had been surprised and defeated at the Battle of Chickamauga and bottled up inside the city of Chattanooga, facing starvation and ultimate capitulation. Reacting to this severe and unexpected military setback, Abraham Lincoln on September 24 transferred part of the Army of the Potomac (about 20,000 men) by rail to aid the beleaguered Federals in southeast Tennessee.

It was not until October 1 that General Robert E. Lee, commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, was able to confirm the suspected transfer of sizable enemy forces from Virginia to Tennessee. Eager to go back on the offensive after his shattering defeat at Gettys-



Two of the Civil War's most colorful cavalry officers butted heads in October 1863 at Buckland Mills, Virginia, when J.E.B. Stuart, the Beau Sabreur of the South, laid a trap for Judson "Kill Cavalry" Kilpatrick.

BY ARNOLD BLUMBERG

AND KILL CAVALRY

burg three months earlier, the Confederate leader was determined to do so even though his effective force of 46,000 men was greatly outnumbered by Maj. Gen. George G. Meade's 85,000-man Army of the Potomac. By attacking, Lee hoped to prevent the transfer of additional Federal troops to the West and force another battle on his opponent at better advantage than the misbegotten three days at Gettysburg.

If Lee was keen to move forward, his chief of cavalry, Maj. Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart, was virtually obsessive about it. His controversial role in the Gettysburg campaign had seriously tarnished the "Bold Dragoon's" reputation as an effective mounted commander. More and more, the opinion of the public, the government, and the army itself was that Stuart's failure to provide adequate cavalry support during the battle was the root cause of the Confederate defeat at Gettysburg. Without saying it in so many words, Lee seemed to subscribe to the same viewpoint. He reorganized the army's cavalry, expanding the mounted arm from a single division to a corps of two divisions under Maj. Gens. Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee.

Officially, the overhaul was said to promote efficiency by providing better command and control, but unofficially it was designed to reduce Stuart's control by allowing senior cavalry officers such as Hampton and Lee to exercise more initiative during operations. The fact that Hampton and Lee were elevated to major general and Stuart was not made a lieutenant general—the normal rank for a corps commander—underscored the real reasons for the reorganization and the degree of disfavor into which Stuart had fallen.

The politically canny Stuart, who had gloried in his nickname "the Beau Sabreur" since his famous "Ride Around McClellan" in 1862, was well aware of the real reasons for the changes to his command. He wanted to show to everyone—beginning with the revered Robert E. Lee—that he was not past his prime as a leader of men or a combat tactician. Stuart eagerly embraced Lee's plan for an assault on Meade as a way to restore confidence in both himself and his troopers.

Lee intended to advance from Madison Court House around his opponent's right flank, gain his rear, and force Meade to attack the Confederates on ground of Lee's choosing. The plan was essentially a rehash of the one Lee had attempted to carry out during the summer of the previous year. Then the Union Army of Virginia, under the boastful Maj. Gen. John Pope, had been positioned between the Rapidan and Rappahannock Rivers. On that occasion, the design was wrecked when Pope pulled back across the Rappahannock at the last minute to avoid Lee's trap. Now Meade was in almost the same position that Pope had occupied. The Bristoe Station campaign began.

While 7,000 Confederates (two infantry and three cavalry brigades) pinned down approximately 25,000 Union troops along the northern bank of the Rapidan, Lee hurled the rest of his army against the Federal right upstream. Leading the advance was Stuart, personally leading

Camp of the 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry at Brandy Station, Virginia, site of the largest cavalry clash of the Civil War.

Hampton's 2,500-man cavalry division. (Hampton was absent from the army recovering from injuries sustained during the Gettysburg campaign.) The rest of Stuart's troopers, under Fitzhugh Lee, carried out a diversionary assignment along the south shore of the Rapidan.

Fitz Lee, a nephew of the army chief, was a 37-year-old graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, class of 1856. After service on the Indian frontier after graduation, Lee had been appointed an assistant instructor of tactics at the academy. He joined the Confederate mounted arm in 1861, and by August 1863 he had advanced to the rank of major general. At Stuart's side during almost every cavalry enterprise Stuart conducted, Lee was regarded as one of the best leaders of horse in the Army of Northern Virginia. His bravery, skill, and ability to act independently made him an outstanding battlefield officer.

Stuart's mission was twofold: to move ahead of the infantry columns of Lt. Gens. Richard S. Ewell and Ambrose P. Hill, screening their advance and keeping tabs on enemy strength, movements, and dispositions. Alert Federal scouting parties had detected Confederate preparations for just such a turning maneuver by October 7. In response, Meade had strengthened his northern flank with cavalry supported by infantry, a total of more than 9,000 men.

The Confederate offensive commenced at dawn on a chilly October 10, with Stuart's force marching northeast of Madison Court House. Facing Stuart during the first days of the campaign were Brig. Gen. H. Judson Kilpatrick and his 3rd Cavalry Division, which had been given the tasks of delaying the Rebel advance and discovering their true intentions. Kilpatrick was a 27-year-old native of New Jersey and graduate of the United States Military Academy, class of 1861. After beginning his service as an infantry officer, he moved to the cavalry branch in 1862 as lieutenant colonel of the 2nd New York Volunteer Cavalry Regiment. Kilpatrick participated in several successful mounted raids in northern Virginia and was instrumental in safeguarding the retreat of Pope's defeated army after the Battle of Second Manassas. His pursuit of Lee's retreating army after the Battle of Gettysburg was both vigorous and well conducted.

While recognized as a bold leader of horsemen, Kilpatrick elicited not so flattering opinions about his personality. A Confederate recorded that he had a "weasel face and a cruel and vile disposition." One of Meade's aides described the young brigadier as a "spare, nervous, jerky man." Others commented on his womanizing, penchant for self-promotion (he had a newspaper reporter permanently assigned to his staff to record his exploits), and utter recklessness in the presence of the enemy. Indeed, Kilpatrick's insouciance over losses among his men and horses had earned him the less-than-fond sobriquet, "Kill Cavalry."

The initial Confederate advance fell on outposts manned by troops in Kilpatrick's 1st Brigade under the command of Brig. Gen. Henry E. Davies. Educated at Harvard and Columbia, Davies at the commencement of the conflict had been practicing law in New York City. He had commanded the 2nd New York Volunteer Cavalry, and then on Kilpatrick's recommendation had been given charge of 1st Brigade, 3rd Cavalry Division. When Davies was promoted to brigadier general, he was one of the few nonprofessional soldiers to obtain that rank in the Union cavalry corps. The former attorney was eager to prove his worth as a commander of horse soldiers and did so by mirroring his patron Kilpatrick's careless, brash ways. Davies seemed capable enough when closely supervised by his superiors, but on his own he tended to act on impulse and not clearly evaluate situations—unfortunate traits for any military commander.

After crossing Robertson's River, Stuart's men held the attention of the Union pickets of Davies's brigade, supported by infantry, while more Confederate cavalry gained their rear, capturing 90 enemy soldiers and forcing Davies to retreat. The next day, Kilpatrick also retreated to the outskirts of Culpeper Court House, closely followed by Stuart. Meanwhile, the infantry of the Army of the Potomac fell back across the Rappahannock River. To the southeast, the Union 1st Cavalry Division, under the capable Brig. Gen. John Buford, moved to link up with Kilpatrick, closely followed by 12 mounted regiments under Fitzhugh Lee.

Facing Kilpatrick's 3,500 troopers with only 1,500 men, Stuart eschewed a frontal assault on his numerically superior opponent and instead raced hard to turn his enemy's right flank in the vicinity of Fleetwood Heights, the scene of the climactic cavalry fight at Brandy Station on June 9. Quickly deducing Stuart's purpose, Kilpatrick swung his regiments around to the rear and made for Fleetwood Heights. For the next 20 minutes, the commands of Stuart and Kilpatrick, in plain sight of each other, pounded up converging roads toward the same destination. Meanwhile, Fitz Lee directed his brigades to change direction and attempt to get behind Kilpatrick and cut him off from escaping across the Rappahannock River.

As Kilpatrick and Stuart hurtled toward the heights, their men delivered a number of saber charges and countercharges. This allowed Buford to reach Fleetwood Heights first, closely trailed by Brig. Gen. Thomas Rosser's Confederate brigade, which positioned itself to block Kilpatrick's juncture with Buford. Colonel E.B. Sawyer, leading the 1st Vermont Volunteer Cav-


LEFT: A young Captain Fitzhugh Lee. RIGHT: Brigadier General John Buford

alry, later reported: "The scene began to grow interesting. We were not only flanked on both right and left, and closely pressed in the rear, but right across the road we desired to travel we were confronted by a strong force. We were surrounded."

Kilpatrick's division approached Brandy Station, with the 2nd Brigade under Brig. Gen. George Armstrong Custer in the lead. The 23-year-old Custer was also a graduate of West Point, class of 1861. Although he had been the class goat, he had proven himself a brave and active staff officer and found favor with the commander of the army's cavalry force, Maj. Gen. Alfred Pleasonton. On June 29, 1863, on Pleasonton's recommendation, Custer had been promoted from brevet captain to brevet brigadier general, taking charge of the 2nd Brigade, also known as the Michigan Brigade because it comprised the 1st, 5th, 6th, and 7th Michigan Regiments.

The elevation to brigade leader had seemed justified when Custer performed capably during the Gettysburg campaign and the numerous cavalry contests waged along the Rappahannock River during the subsequent summer and fall. Although he reveled in mounted saber charges, usually leading them himself, Custer also demonstrated unexpected skills in dismounted tactics, using his troopers' seven-shot carbines and rifles to deadly effect. Exceedingly brave if oddly attired, Custer looked, said one bemused observer, "like a crazy circus rider." Unlike Kilpatrick, however, he was also generally careful of his soldiers' welfare. They, in return, idolized him.

Approaching Brandy Station, Custer ordered his troopers to punch through the enemy cordon and link up with Buford. As the brigade band struck up "Yankee Doodle," Custer led the 1st and 5th Michigan into the attack (the 6th and 7th were detailed to ward off the Confederates who were pressing the brigade's rear). After four furious mounted assaults, he broke through, enabling the 3rd Division to join Buford on the heights. While Custer was achieving his success, Davies, on Custer's right, was fending off a determined Confederate attack on the division's left.

Meanwhile, Buford exhibited his well-known steadfastness, unflappability, and hard fighting by resisting all efforts to drive him off Fleetwood Heights. In a calculated and well-timed move, Buford sent one of his brigades under Colonel Thomas C. Devin to strike Fitzhugh Lee and relieve some of the pressure on Kilpatrick. (Not surprisingly, the official reports later submitted by Kilpatrick, Davies, and Custer make no mention of the aid Buford's actions rendered in making the breakthrough by the 3rd Division possible.) Fighting continued for two more hours, with regiments and squadrons attacking and being attacked from all directions. Although surrounded by Stuart's graybacks, the Federals held Fleetwood Heights until 7 PM, when they slipped back over the Rappahannock to safety.

The two sides had lost approximately 400 men killed, wounded, captured, or missing. But while the Federals could take great satisfaction in the way they concentrated their commands and stood

Brigadier General George Armstrong Custer and his cavalry lead two regiments of Union infantry in the field.

ABOVE: Major General Gouverneur K. Warren's II Corps fighting at Bristoe Station in October 1863. RIGHT: Brigadier General Judson "Kill Cavalry" Kilpatrick.

firm on Fleetwood Heights, the same could not be said for their opponents. Stuart was quite frustrated that, after hours of pursuit and battle against a surrounded enemy, his prey had gotten clean away. He had missed a golden opportunity to eliminate two-thirds of the Army of the Potomac's cavalry in one fell swoop. The fight on Fleetwood Heights was another in a string of defeats and humiliations suffered by the Southern horsemen throughout the summer and fall of 1863.

Over the next several days, Union reconnaissance uncovered Robert E. Lee's move to flank the Army of the Potomac and reach the town of Warrenton in the Union rear. Meade reacted by pulling his entire army back 30 miles to Centreville, taking up a strong defensive position. The 14th saw the only pitched battle involving opposing infantry of the Bristoe Station campaign when the Confederate III Corps under Ambrose Powell Hill made a piecemeal attack against Maj. Gen. Gouverneur K. Warren's II Corps. Hill was forced to retreat after losing 1,500 men to the Federals' 500.

By October 18, Meade was entrenched north of Bull Run Creek, while Lee's army concentrated around Manassas Junction. Strain on the Confederate logistical situation forced Lee to pull back toward the Rappahannock to be nearer his base of supply. Learning of the Confederate retreat, Meade ordered a pursuit to start the next day. At the time, Stuart was closest to the Union army, having camped at Gainesville. Fitzhugh Lee was about five miles to the southwest at the village of Auburn. Kilpatrick's command had skirmished with Stuart throughout most of the 18th in the vicinity of Groveton and Gainesville and farther north at Haymarket. The day ended with both sides facing each other in front of Gainesville.

At dawn on October 19, Kilpatrick received orders to move as quickly as possible toward Warrenton, 12 miles to the west. Pleasonton admonished his subordinate to send out patrols to locate the enemy, but strangely did not make the same demand for reconnaissance parties on Kilpatrick's southern wing. Furthermore, only Kilpatrick's division was directed to pursue the Confederates; Buford and Brig. Gen. David M. Gregg were issued no orders to probe for the retiring foe. Instead, they were directed to look after the army's wagon trains near Bull Run Creek. Pleasonton assumed that any Confederate horsemen would be preoccupied with guarding the passage of the infantry over the river.

Kilpatrick apparently shared his superior's opinion of the situation. He sent out a few small scouting parties to locate Stuart, but these failed to find the main force, which had moved before dawn from Gainesville to the west bank of the rain-swollen Broad Run at Buckland Mills, four miles to the west. The sloppy performance by the Union scouts was aided and abetted by the heavy rain that fell throughout the early morning hours, the ankle-deep mud making mounted movements slow and difficult.

Stuart, for his part, planned to keep Kilpatrick's force in check long enough for Fitz Lee to come north and join him on the Broad Run. Custer's troops pushed back pickets in Brig. Gen. Pierce M.B. Young's brigade, but failed to force a passage at Broad Run. Brig. Gen. James B. Gordon's North Carolina brigade dismounted and skillfully delivered effective small-arms fire at their adversaries from the south bank of the creek. In response, Custer dis-

mounted three regiments of his own command, keeping the 1st Michigan mounted and ready to exploit any breakthrough.

As the two sides blazed away at each other, Custer rode with his staff to a position in the road where his men—and the Confederates—could see him. His effort was rewarded by a well-placed Confederate artillery shot that exploded in their midst. Custer's famous luck held—no one in the party was killed or wounded. Taking the hint, Custer and his group moved off to a less-exposed spot.

Seeing that the Tarheels could not be dislodged, Custer changed tactics, moving around the Confederate flank. About noon, he managed to pass over to the south shore.

Stuart was not concerned about Custer's belated success. He now had an alternative plan

to hold the Broad Run position. During the fighting, he had received a reply from Fitzhugh Lee to Stuart's request that Lee come north to support him. Lee countered with a more imaginative idea: he suggested that Stuart intentionally withdraw slowly, thus allowing Lee to head north and strike the Federals in the flank and rear. Lee calculated that Kilpatrick's well-known impetuosity would aid in the success of the ambush. Stuart agreed and moved his brigades toward Warrenton at a leisurely pace. When Stuart heard Lee attack the Federals, he would quickly reverse direction and assault the enemy frontally.

Stuart led Gordon's, Young's, and Rosser's units along the broad Warrenton and Alexandria Turnpike until they reached a range of slightly rising ground known locally as Chestnut Hill, 2 1/2 miles northeast of Warrenton. Stuart arrayed his columns behind the high ground. Young's and Rosser's men remained in the road, while Gordon had his troopers dismount and file into fields adjacent to the highway. A thin line of mounted skirmishers took up positions on the forward slopes of Chestnut Hill to guard the deployment. Gordon joined Stuart, and the Confederates waited for their Union counterparts to appear.

Around noon, Davies, accompanied by Kilpatrick, arrived at Buckland Mills. Founded by Samuel Love in 1774, the crossroads village soon became a trading post and added a woolen factory, wheelwright, and shoemaker. To accommodate travelers, two taverns were opened. By 1835, the town was thriving as a stagecoach stop and the site of two productive flour mills, an inn, and distillery. Located on the main road connecting Alexandria and Warrenton, the local population had as yet avoided the hard hand of war.

After Davies entered the town, he was ordered to pass through Custer's men and take the lead in the chase of Stuart. Custer was told to follow Davies. Kilpatrick then set off with the 1st Brigade, expecting the 2nd Brigade to follow shortly. The division commander was intent on overtaking the enemy and seemed unconcerned with what lay ahead. In his haste, Kilpatrick took only the most perfunctory precautions to secure his flanks and rear as he hurried after Stuart.

With Kilpatrick gone, Custer ignored his directive to move out along the road to Warrenton. Instead, he had his command unsaddle their mounts and feed them as well as themselves. He later explained that he had done so because his brigade had been marching and fighting all morning and had not had time to eat or rest. Perhaps the Boy General had a premonition of the trouble that would soon descend on Kilpatrick's command and wanted to avoid it. Whatever the reason, Custer's reluctance to join the hunt for an allegedly fleeing enemy was distinctly out of character.

While Custer stood down his command, Davies's advance stumbled upon Confederate scouts a mile west of Buckland Mills. He pushed them back two miles to the crossroad at New Baltimore. There, on instructions from Kilpatrick, Davies left a holding force and pressed on to Warrenton. Approaching Chestnut Hill about 3:30 PM, Davies heard artillery fire coming from the direction of Buckland Mills. He quickly surmised that Custer might be in trouble.

Davies was right. Custer had been attacked by Fitzhugh Lee, who had come up from Auburn like a thunderbolt. After Kilpatrick and Davies left, Custer had ordered his men to prepare, rather leisurely, to follow the rest of the 3rd Division. Fortunately for him, Custer had also taken the precaution of sending the 7th Michigan toward the hamlet of Greenwich to the south and placing the 6th Michigan to guard the stone bridge over Broad Run. After making these arrangements, Custer finally moved out, taking with him the 1st and 5th Michigan, the 1st Vermont, and the horse artillery. He left the 6th and 7th Michigan behind where he had placed them.

No sooner had Custer left Buckland than the men in the 6th Michigan noticed Rebel riders moving through the woods to the south. Captain Don G. Lovell, riding alongside Major James Kidd, shouted, "Major, there is a mounted man in the edge of the woods yonder!" A puff of smoke appeared from the man's pistol, and a bullet buried itself in the chest of one of Kidd's horses. He immediately ordered his men to dismount and take cover behind a stone fence bordering the turnpike. The attackers were from Colonel Thomas H. Owen's brigade, which had slipped by unnoticed by the scouts sent out from the 7th Michigan.

Hearing the exchange of gunfire between the 6th Michigan and Owen's Virginians, Custer turned back to Buckland Mills. Upon arrival, he formed his regiments in a line facing south near

The Army of the Potomac crosses Broad Run during the precipitate Union retreat from Culpeper.

the bridge over Broad Run. The 1st Vermont formed the left of the line, with the 5th and 7th Michigan falling in on the right. The 1st Michigan acted as a mounted reserve and supported Lieutenant Alexander C.M. Pennington's battery of six 3-inch rifled guns. The 6th Michigan was thrown out ahead as skirmishers.

Facing Custer was Fitzhugh Lee's entire division, whose own battle line overlapped the Union position. Many of the Confederates were carrying infantry rifles, thus leading Custer to report later that he had been attacked by infantry. As the Southerners advanced, they were aided by the fire of a friendly artillery unit, Captain James Breathed's 1st Horse Artillery, which quickly caught the attention of Pennington's gunners, who returned fire over the heads of their comrades in the 6th Michigan. As the firefight intensified, the Confederate line extended across the turnpike, cut-

"AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD REACH THEIR COLUMN OF SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED CAVALRY WAS MARCHING ON WITH FLAGS FLUTTERING AND ARMS GLITTERING IN THE BRIGHT AUTUMN SUNSHINE."

ting off any aid that might have been forthcoming from Davies's column, three miles to the west.

The spirited engagement lasted about an hour before enemy pressure and threat of encirclement convinced Custer to retreat. Covered by the 1st Michigan, the rest of the brigade broke east over the Buckland Mills bridge. Pennington limbered up and raced off just as the Confederates came within 20 yards of his pieces. The 1st Vermont followed in the battery's wake. In the hasty retreat, Custer lost his headquarters wagon containing his personal papers, some of which were published—much to his embarrassment—in Richmond newspapers.

A dismounted battalion from the 5th Michigan under Major John Clark was unable to reach the bridge before it was overtaken by the Confederates. He and a part of his unit were captured, while others in the regiment managed to escape by plunging their horses across Broad Run under heavy fire. Fitzhugh Lee pursued Custer as far east as Gainesville before both sides went into bivouac for the night.

While Custer fought against overwhelming odds at Buckland Mills, Davies had to deal with his own crisis. His command had pushed on toward Chestnut Hill, and according to one Confederate eyewitness, it was a sight to behold: "As far as the eye could reach their column of splendidly equipped cavalry was marching on with flags fluttering and arms glittering in the bright autumn sunshine." The Federals had reached a point 200 yards from the Confederate defenders when the boom of artillery rolled across the countryside from the direction of Buckland Mills. This was the signal that Stuart and his men had been waiting for. Gordon's brigade immediately formed on the turnpike and moved toward the enemy.

Spearheading the Southern assault was 41-year-old James B. Gordon of North Carolina. Gordon, a college-educated merchant, farmer, and politician, had entered the conflict as an enlisted man, rapidly rising in rank to colonel of the 1st North Carolina Volunteer Cavalry and then to brigadier general of the North Carolina Cavalry Brigade. A protégé and kindred spirit of Stuart, Gordon was a born soldier: competent, aggressive, full of nervous energy, and widely admired by his men and the rest of the army.

Taking its place in the pike, Gordon's unit was flanked on the left and right by Young's and Rosser's brigades. Sabers were drawn. Mounted skirmishers on both wings were exchanging fire with the Federals, who appeared ready to charge. Stuart, standing next to Gordon, told him to advance quickly along the turnpike and strike the enemy before they could attack. Gordon rode to the front of his column, found Major Rufus Barringer, commanding the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, and ordered him to hit the Federals in his front.

Union artillery shells pursue Confederates in this eyewitness view of the Buckland Mills fighting from the nearby Hutton House.

"Major Barringer," he said, "charge that Yankee line and break it."

Barringer obeyed at once and led his regiment, first at a trot and then at a gallop, down the road. As the pace quickened and the bugles sounded the charge, the men let go a loud Rebel yell. The sound of pounding hooves and Confederate artillery was deafening as the Tarheels closed to within 50 yards of their target. They met scattered mounted pistol and carbine fire from the 2nd New York Regiment, which now formed the rear guard of Davies's column while the balance of the force headed back east toward Buckland Mills. The 2nd New York did little harm to the onrushing Rebs. They did not attempt to countercharge—a fatal mistake for cavalry being attacked by other cavalry—and soon were fleeing in all directions before the Confederates could close with them at sabers' reach.

Reforming his lines, Barringer continued the chase, encountering broken groups of the enemy a mile outside New Baltimore. Barringer went into the Federals with a vengeance, and according to Gordon broke them in "great confusion and pursued for several miles with unrelenting fury."

With the situation deteriorating rapidly, Kilpatrick ordered Davies to reinforce the 2nd New York with the 1st West Virginia Cavalry and hold off Stuart while the rest of the brigade headed northeast for Haymarket via Thoroughfare Gap. With the 2nd New York running, the 1st West Virginia could do little by itself to stem the gray tide. After Kilpatrick had his horse, Lively, shot from under him, Davies told every man to save himself. With that, all order in the Federal regiments dissolved and the mad dash for Broad Run began.

As the Federals fled, the Confederates passed through New Baltimore (where Barringer was thrown by his horse) and Haymarket, routing the 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry and gathering up retreating bluecoats by the dozens as they went. The pursuit did not halt until the Confederate horsemen encountered Union infantry under Colonel Edward L. Dana of the 143rd Pennsylvania Regiment near Haymarket.

Kilpatrick, riding a borrowed horse, galloped back to Gainesville, where he reunited with Custer. That night, a somewhat chastened Kill Cavalry invited his officers to headquarters, where he "made a sorry attempt at merrymaking which did not serve to take away the bad taste left by the affair, especially among the officers of the 1st Brigade." Kilpatrick later conceded that he suffered a setback, "the only cavalry victory the enemy can boast over my command."

A delighted Stuart was quick to make that boast, reporting the capture of 377 Union prisoners on October 19. His own losses did not exceed 60. "The rout of the enemy at Buckland," he said with some exaggeration, "was the most signal and complete that any cavalry has suffered during the war." Davies counted his brigade's losses at 102 killed, wounded, or missing. Custer reported losses of 214 men (and uncounted letters).

The engagement at Buckland Mills was instantly dubbed the "Buckland Races" by delighted Southerners, who termed it a true Virginia steeplechase. It was the last battle of the Bristoe Station campaign, and, although no one realized at the time, it was also the last victory J.E.B. Stuart would gain over the Union cavalry before his death at Yellow Tavern, Virginia, seven months later. □

DESPERATE GAMBLE AT SEDGEMOOR

The fate of a Protestant rebellion to unseat Catholic King James II hung in the balance when rebels launched a night attack across the mist-shrouded English moors.

BY WILLIAM WELSH

The Duke of Monmouth's rebel army marched briskly out of Bridgwater into the dark of night on July 6, 1685. Earlier that day, rebel scouts reported seeing troops of King James II's army, camped a short distance away at Westonzoyland, stumbling about drunkenly with little regard for military demeanor or security. Feeling cornered by the king's troops, Monmouth believed that the last chance for his Protestant rebellion to succeed lay in launching an audacious night attack on the poorly guarded royal encampment.

Led by a local guide, the rebels planned to march five miles in a wide-ranging arc and fall on the rear of the royalist army. A seasoned commander, Monmouth sent word through the ranks that any man who made a sound alerting the enemy to their approach would be struck down immediately by his comrades. Cloaked in darkness and enshrouded by a thick mist that clung to the moors like moss to a rock, the rebels tramped off to meet their destiny.

James II had inherited the throne upon the death of his brother, Charles II, who had died exactly five months earlier, on February 6, 1685. Because Charles's wife, Catherine of Braganza, had been barren, Charles left behind no legitimate heirs. Both his brother, James, Duke of York, and his son James Scott, Duke of Monmouth, the eldest of Charles's illegitimate children, had jockeyed for the throne in the years immediately preceding the king's death. Although Charles bestowed numerous titles and honors on his eldest son, he supported his Catholic brother as his rightful successor. The opposition to James, which consisted of religious nonconformists who recognized neither the Roman Catholic Church nor the Church of England, saw in Monmouth a Protestant alternative to James and championed him as the true successor to the throne.

James Scott, who took his surname from his wife Anna Scott, Countess of Buccleuch, was living at the time of Charles's death in the United Provinces (Holland) with his mistress, Henrietta Wentworth. He held a number of titles as a result of his marriage and his father's generosity, the highest of which was Duke of Monmouth. His popularity in England had reached such a point in the years preceding his father's death that Charles had requested that he leave the country temporarily—if not for good.

Monmouth's military qualifications were impressive. In earlier days when he enjoyed his father's favor, he had served as an apprentice to his Uncle James, who then held the position of Lord Admiral. Not long after Charles and France's King Louis XIV entered into a secret pact in June 1670, Monmouth moved to the Continent, where he was given command of the 6,000-man English expeditionary force. When Charles later joined an alliance with the Dutch against the French, Monmouth was given command of the Anglo-Dutch brigade and subsequently distinguished himself at the Battle of St. Denis, in the waning days of the Franco-Dutch War. He later helped quash the so-called Covenanter Rebellion in 1679.

After his uncle ascended the throne in 1685, Monmouth seemed content to pursue a leisurely life in exile. Not sharing his contentment, however, was a vocal band of exiled Protestant Englishmen and Scotsmen who hungered to see the new Catholic king overthrown.

James Scott, the Duke of Monmouth, was the eldest and most troublesome of the late King Charles II's various illegitimate children. Painting by Jan van Wyck.

The malcontents held a meeting in Rotterdam in April 1685 to decide what course of action to take. A leading proponent of forceful overthrow was Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyle. King James, when he was still the Duke of York, had driven Argyle into exile on rather weak grounds in the wake of the Covenanter Rebellion. Other conspirators fell into several categories, including former Cromwellian officers, dissident English officers serving with the Dutch, and religious noncomformists from the West Country. All assured Monmouth that he would receive immediate support from London, the West Country, and Cheshire. His supporters told him that 10,000 troops could be expected in London alone. Letting his pride and ambition outrun his common sense, Monmouth fell in with the plotters.

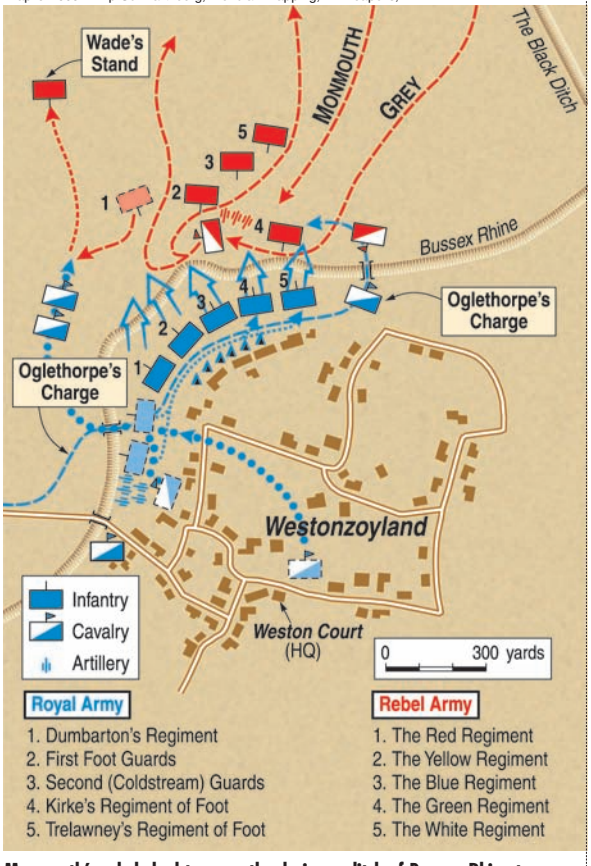
The Dutch monarch, William, Prince of Orange, turned a blind eye to the rebels plotting in Rotterdam. He was married to Mary, James's eldest daughter, and therefore was James II's son-in-law as well as his cousin. By plotting in William's backyard, Monmouth and his band were placing the Dutch ruler in an awkward position. When James made a strong request that his son-in-law

halt the purchase of arms and stores for the expedition, William pretended to issue orders to prevent such sales, but in fact did little or nothing to interfere with the plot.

The rebels planned two separate landings. Argyle would sail to the western highlands of Scotland, where he would raise troops to support the rebellion, while Monmouth would land in Dorset, in southwestern England. Once he landed, Monmouth planned to march to Bristol and recruit supporters from towns and villages along the way. As the second wealthiest city in England, Bristol would provide a solid base from which Monmouth could receive arms and supplies from the Continent and transfer recruits by sea from Scotland and Cheshire.

Argyle raised £9,000 from estates he owned in Friesland and purchased three ships to carry him and a small group of men to Scotland. He sailed on May 2, but financial difficulties and bad weather conspired to keep Monmouth stranded in the United Provinces for most of the month. When Monmouth sent a request to his supporters in London asking them to forward him £6,000 for his expedition, they replied that they could not raise such a sum without risking the king's wrath. They warned Monmouth that the timing was not right for a rebellion.

Failing to heed their advice, Monmouth implored his Dutch supporters to provide funds to finance his expedition. They provided him with £3,000—less than half of what he needed to purchase the necessary transport and arms. Undeterred, Monmouth and his mistress pawned their jewels to raise an additional £4,000. With the money they had raised, Monmouth leased the *Helderenberg*, a fifth-rate Dutch frigate with 32 guns, to oppose any of the king's warships that might contest his cross-Channel passage. He also purchased two fishing vessels to haul equipment and gunpowder, including four light guns and 1,500 cavalry breastplates. A detachment of Dutch gunners signed on with the expedition to work the four-gun field battery. The duke's tiny invasion force, which numbered fewer than 100 men, boarded the vessels on May 24, but it would be another week before the weather permitted them to leave the sanctuary of the Texel River for the open seas.



Monmouth's rebels had to cross the drainage ditch of Bussex Rhine to attack the Royalist camp at Sedgemoor marsh.

Bevil Skelton, the English envoy in Holland, tracked the progress of the rebel preparations for James II. He advised the king that the main landing would occur in Dorset and that a diversionary landing would take place in either Ireland or Scotland. The king immediately issued orders to crush any seditious actions and prepared to repel the invaders. He sent a terse message to the far corners of the realm, ordering local officials to round up all suspected rebel leaders.

On June 1, *Helderenberg* sailed into open waters bound for the Dorset coast, 400 miles away. Heavy winds buffeted the ships as they sailed across the English Channel toward their destination. Because of the blustery weather, it took Monmouth's ships 10 days to make the crossing. By some miracle, the rebel fleet failed to encounter one of at least a dozen heavily armed English warships patrolling in the area. A few hours after sunrise on June 11, a messenger informed Gregory Alford, the mayor of Lyme Regis, that three suspicious vessels showing no flags had been spotted heading toward the town. The mayor, who had been in the midst of a summer game of bowls atop the cliffs, hurried off dispatches to the Duke of Albermarle in Exeter and James II in London.

Helderenberg's crew launched seven small boats at sunset that carried the first wave of invaders onto the beach. The duke knelt and prayed on the beach and then marched into town under a green-and-gold standard that bore the words "Fear Nothing but God." Monmouth spent the following day putting the finishing touches on a proclamation in which he declared himself to be the legitimate son of Charles II and branded James a usurper to the throne. While the duke labored over the legally questionable document, his men unloaded the artillery, gunpowder, and supplies to make the declaration a fait accompli.

Although England as a whole was not ready to revolt against James, the West Country was a wise choice for the landing. At the time of the invasion, the region served as England's major industrial area. It was populated by a large number of miners, textile workers, and tradesmen who were suffering from the adverse effects of an economic recession. These men, together with struggling freehold farmers, would swell the ranks of Monmouth's army in the days following his landing. The rebel duke raised 800 men on the first day alone and nearly doubled that number on the second day of the invasion. The first rebel recruits from the counties of Dorset and Devon were mustered into Red and Green Regiments led by Colonels Samuel Venner and Abraham Holmes, respectively. During his advance inland, the duke would add three more regiments—White, Yellow, and Blue—to his invasion force.

Dawn on the second day brought no word from either Cheshire or Scotland. What it did bring was news that the militias of Dorset and Somerset were remaining loyal to the crown and mustering to oppose the duke. The next day, Monmouth instructed Venner to take 400 foot soldiers and 40 horsemen and launch a preemptive attack on the 1,300-strong Dorset militia in Bridgport. The attack failed. Venner was wounded in the encounter, and Lord Grey, the Earl of Warke, could not control the untrained rebel cavalry, which fled as soon as the firing began. Disaster seemed in the making, but Colonel Nathaniel Wade, the son of a Cromwellian officer, took command of the situation and conducted a disciplined withdrawal back to Lyme Regis. On the basis of his performance, Monmouth put Wade in command of the Red Regiment.

To suppress the rebellion, James II had at his disposal a small, well-trained army of 3,000 professional soldiers that he had inherited from his brother. When awakened from a deep slum-

ber at 4 AM on June 13 and informed that the rebels had landed in Dorset, the king immediately began issuing orders to mobilize his forces to suppress the rebellion and capture Monmouth. One such order went to Maj. Gen. John Churchill, later to become the Duke of Marlborough, to take four troops from the Earl of Oxford's Regiment of Horse (nicknamed the Blues), two companies of Royal Dragoons, and five companies of Colonel Piercy Kirke's Regiment of Foot and march to Dorset. Altogether, Churchill's force totaled about 400 cavalry and

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ABOVE: Louis Duras, the Earl of Feversham, led the Royalist forces against Monmouth. RIGHT: James Scott, Duke of Monmouth and Protestant claimant to the English throne. TOP RIGHT: John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, was Winston Churchill's direct ancestor.

dragoons and 300 infantry. He was instructed to shadow the rebel army as it marched but not to bring on a general engagement until he was reinforced.

Another order was sent to ordnance specialists at the Tower of London, instructing them to prepare a 16-gun artillery train with heavy guns for duty in the West Country. Similarly, the king ordered a smaller, 10-gun artillery train assembled at Portsmouth and sent to the royal army in the field. When James appealed to his supporters in Parliament to condemn Monmouth, they dutifully charged the duke with being a criminal and approved substantial funds to stamp out the rebellion.

Monmouth marched his army, which now numbered about 3,000 untrained recruits, north toward Taunton on June 15. Churchill, at the head of his horse troopers, arrived in Bridgport two days later. Before he left London, the general issued orders for Kirke's regiment to catch up as fast as it could. Churchill shifted north to Chard on June 19 and waited for Kirke's regiment, which arrived two days later. Word also came to the royal vanguard that the artillery train had departed London and that additional cavalry forces were on the way.

The first blow to Churchill came not from the rebels but rather in the form of news from London. Instead of entrusting overall command to Churchill, James chose instead to make Louis Duras, Earl of Feversham, the commander in chief of all royal forces. Feversham, a French Huguenot who had become a naturalized citizen and peer of the realm, was a long-trusted comrade of the king. The appointment was a bitter pill for Churchill to swallow. "My Lord Feversham has sole command here," he complained. "I see plainly that the trouble is mine, and the honor will be another's." Nevertheless, when Monmouth's army turned west toward Taunton on June 18, Churchill broke off his close pursuit and marched the royal vanguard north to join forces with Feversham.

Meanwhile, to accommodate a large number of additional recruits in Taunton, Monmouth created a new unit, the Blue Regiment, under the command of Colonel Richard Bovet. The landed gentry, however, remained conspicuously aloof and noncommittal. Despite their lack of support, Monmouth resolved to advance on Bristol.

The rebel army, some 5,000 strong by this point, struck out for Bristol on June 21. The day before, Feversham had left London for the West Country, escorted by 300 cavalry. The rebels marched by way of Bridgwater and Glastonbury, arriving at the small town of Keynsham, on the south bank of the Avon River, three days later. Monmouth and his staff rode forward to scout the approaches to Bristol, but heavy downpours forced the rebel army to retire to Keynsham, where an increasingly worried Monmouth pondered his next move.

Without warning, Feversham's cavalry struck the rebels in Keynsham from two sides. Although casualties on both sides were light, it became painfully clear to Monmouth and his officers that the lack of experienced cavalry left the rebels vulnerable to harassment from the well-trained royal horse. With the cavalry blocking his advance on Bristol, Monmouth turned east toward Bath. After the townspeople of Bath declined to allow the rebels to enter their town, Monmouth continued south, arriving at Norton St. Philip on June 26.

With the royal army hot on his heels, Monmouth ordered a barricade erected on the north end of town. The following morning, Feversham probed the position held by the rebel rear guard. Monmouth, who had continued his march south, turned back to extract the rear guard from the skirmish. Sending one regiment to the right and another to the left, Monmouth managed to outflank the enemy. The 550 foot soldiers who constituted the royal force soon found themselves assailed on three sides. The rebels chased the small force through the fields, but halted their pursuit when they bumped into Feversham's main line. The king's army lost 80 men, while the rebels lost only 18.

Before he could celebrate his small triumph, word reached Monmouth that Argyle's Scottish uprising had been crushed, and thus no reinforcements could be expected from Scotland or Cheshire. At a dispirited council of war, Monmouth suggested that the rebel army disperse and that he escape from England by boat. Grey argued that such an act would place his followers in extreme danger, and Monmouth agreed reluctantly to continue the rebellion. When the rebels

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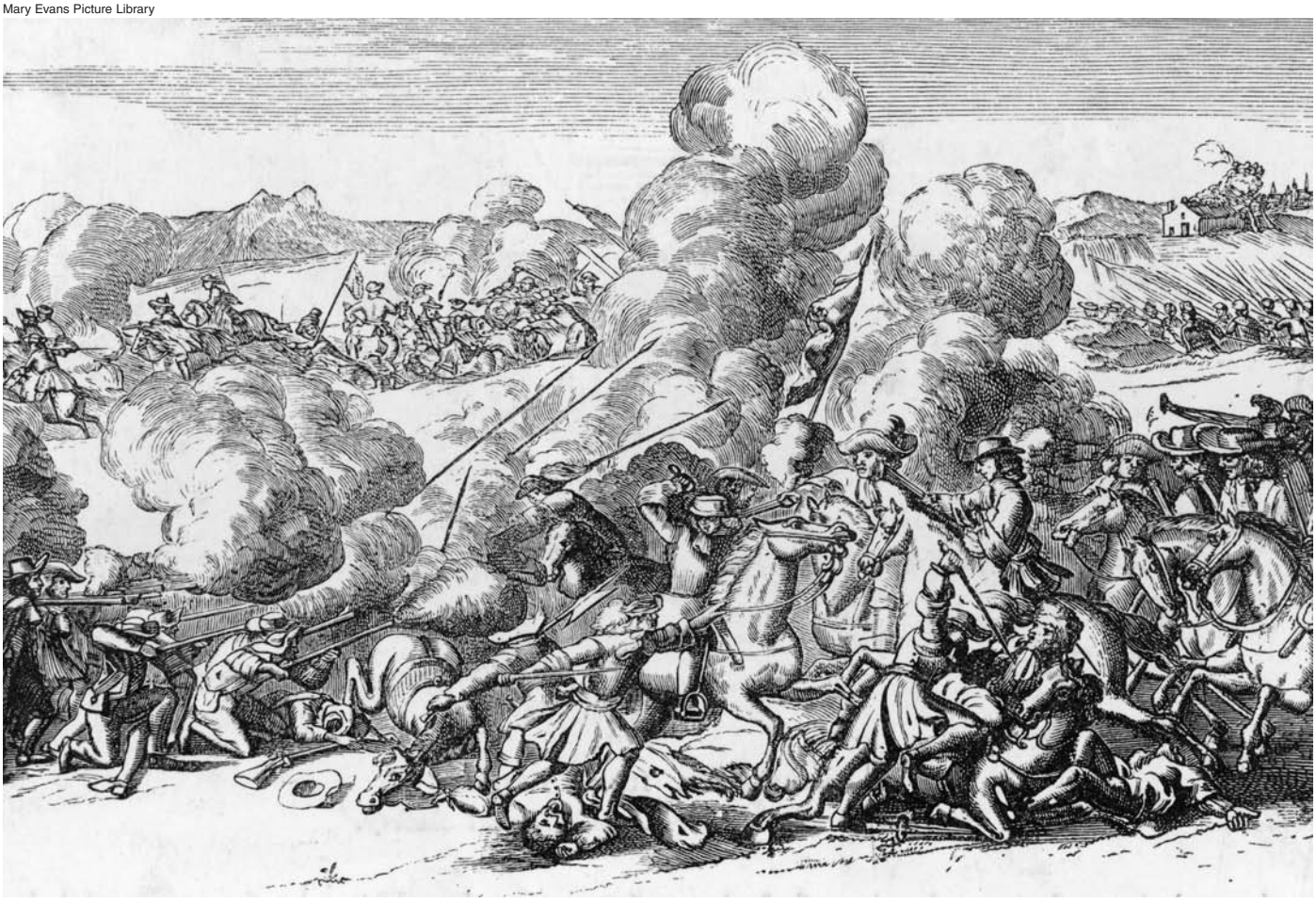

The Duke of Marlborough's royal dragoons encounter severe musket fire from rebel musketeers at the climax of the Battle of Sedgemoor.

learned that the king's army had blocked the roads east, they returned to Bridgwater on July 3.

The king's army pursued the rebels as they retreated. By that time, Feversham had assembled some 1,900 foot soldiers, 700 horsemen and dragoons, and 24 guns. The backbone of his army was the five foot regiments. The horse troopers were spread among the 1st Horse Guards, Oxford's Blues, and the King's Royal Dragoons. The royal horse and foot were likely to stand firm in a close fight unless the enemy should chance upon some significant advantage.

As the campaign dragged on with the chance of a rebel success diminishing with each passing day, Monmouth tried to think of a way out of the affair, either by departing England or by gathering more strength from adjacent regions. The beleaguered duke had intended to leave Bridgwater the following day, but the royal army was too close for him to steal a march. Willing to consider anything by that point, Monmouth hoped to slip across the Avon with his most zealous followers and find safe haven in Wales or Cheshire. When the king's army took up positions three miles outside of Bridgwater at Westonzoyland on July 5, Monmouth had no choice but to fight or endure a siege.

Feversham ordered his men to pitch their tents on the northwest side of Westonzoyland, 100 yards behind a shallow drainage canal known locally as the Bussex Rhine, which lay on the southern fringe of a low-lying, marshy area called Sedgemoor. In selecting the position, Feversham judged that the canal, which ran alongside the west side of town, would provide a handy protective barrier if the rebels sallied forth to strike the king's army. The royal camp, which was set 100 yards away from the ditch, was laid out in clearly marked regimental and company areas so that the infantry could form quickly in the open space between the ditch and the canal in the event of an attack.

The royal cavalry boarded their horses in several stables around town and billeted with the townspeople. In further preparation for a possible rebel attack, Feversham placed the majority of his guns on the southwestern edge of town to cover the Bridgwater road. The royal line stretched from the road for half a mile to a ford north of town called the Upper Plungeon. To provide early warning of an attack or to prevent the rebels from slipping away undetected, Feversham sent a force of about 50 cavalry and dragoons under Captain Sir Francis Compton to Chedzoy, a village midway between the two armies. At the same time, he instructed Colonel Theophilus Oglethorpe to lead 200 Blues on a long-range patrol to ensure that rebels did not march again for Bristol.

Monmouth's troops were already formed into columns to march north toward the Avon when the duke received word that the king's troops were close at hand and that cavalry patrols were blocking the roads leading out of Bridgwater. A local supporter named William Sparke sent his servant, called Godfrey, to assist Monmouth in navigating the local roads and fields.

After a quick council of war, Monmouth made a bold decision. He would risk everything in a night attack on the royalist encampment. Under cover of darkness, he hoped to slip past the enemy horse patrols, get around Feversham's right flank, and attack him from behind. But first, he needed information on the enemy troop dispositions. He sent Godfrey with an escort to

reconnoiter the enemy positions before dusk. Godfrey reported back that the royal troops had not begun strengthening their position by entrenching, but instead were stumbling about drunkenly. It was true, but only to a point. Most of the royal troops were well in hand, waiting grimly for the coming day of battle.

Monmouth was fully aware that it was extremely difficult for any troops—much less raw recruits—to carry out a successful night attack, but with his numbers dwindling daily due to desertions, he felt that he had no other choice. If he should win, he would have an open road to London and a notable victory that might draw the gentry to his cause. Rather than attacking directly east into the teeth of the enemy's guns on the south end of Westonzoyland, Monmouth would rely on Godfrey to lead his men north on a circuitous five-mile march.

The route over which Godfrey intended to take the rebels around the enemy's right flank would start on solid road for about two miles, then thread its way between the villages of Bawdrip and Chedzoy alongside a drainage canal known as the Black Ditch. As the rebels drew closer to Westonzoyland, they would have to cross yet another ditch, the Langmoor Rhine, before their final advance on Westonzoyland. At that point, Grey and his horsemen were to seize the Upper Plungeon and charge into Westonzoyland, creating havoc in the enemy rear. Fifteen minutes after Grey left for the ford, Monmouth would lead his men across Sedgemoor, through the dry bed of the Bussex Rhine and straight into the enemy camp.

That evening, the rebels prepared for their march, sharpening edged weapons, measuring powder for their muskets, and double-checking their guns. At 11 PM, Wade led the vanguard through the northern gate of Bridgwater and away into the night. With 5,000 infantry and 600 horsemen, Monmouth's army outnumbered their better-trained opponents. As they tramped north along the Old Bristol Road, a thick mist rose from the surrounding moors, restricting their ability to see for more than a few yards. Monmouth rode behind the army to prevent straggling.

Leaving nearly all of their wagons on the main road, the rebels turned right onto Bradney Lane and then immediately left onto Marsh Lane to reach the Black Ditch. As the path grew narrower, Monmouth left two ammunition carts near the Peasy Farm to keep them from slowing the advance. As the rebels were preparing to march south along the Black Ditch, they suddenly heard a long, low rumble much like that of an approaching thunderstorm, indicating that a column of enemy horsemen was approaching. The rebels halted and sought cover as best they could. Oglethorpe's 200-man-strong column pounded past them on the opposite side of the Black Ditch without detecting their presence.

Once the enemy cavalry had safely passed, Godfrey led his men southward along the Black Ditch in the direction of the Langmoor Rhine, which they would have to cross before they could march the last mile to the Bussex Rhine. The army was marching in one long column sandwiched between the ditch to the east and the cornfields south of Chedzoy to the west. Another mile of marching brought them to the Langmoor Rhine, an eight-foot-deep ditch filled with enough water to require using a ford, which Godfrey had told the duke was marked by a group of rocks known as the Langmoor Stone.

The heavy mist made scouting difficult, and even Godfrey was stumped by his surroundings. The scout strode back and forth along the canal, searching in desperation for the crossing. The column's sudden halt created great confusion as the poorly trained horsemen collided with each other in the darkness, causing equipment to rattle like pots and pans in a country kitchen. The clumsiness and bungling gave rise to muffled curses as the horsemen began to lose their patience during the tense moments that followed the column's halt.

About 2 AM, a pistol shot rang through the misty night in the vicinity of the Langmoor Rhine. A captain in the Blues stationed in the cornfields south of Chedzoy had heard the commotion and fired a warning shot to alert his fellow troopers to the danger. Dashing as fast as possible to where Compton was stationed, the trooper reined his horse and informed his superior of what he had heard. Compton hastily assembled his command and instructed the alert trooper to ride to the Bussex Rhine and sound the alarm among the royal foot.

The Bridgeman Art Library

Royalist horsemen rout their rebel counterparts at Sedgemoor.

Reaching the north bank of the Bussex in a matter of minutes, the unnamed trooper shouted: "Beat your drums, the enemy is come! For the Lord's sake, beat your drums!" He kept repeating the warning until he heard the sound of drumbeats in the distance calling the foot soldiers to arms. While the royal horse north of the Bussex were falling back, Godfrey at last found the Langmoor Stone, and the rebel cavalry splashed through the ford and onto the moors south of Langmoor. Monmouth, who had heard the warning shot and knew that the presence of his army had been detected, had no choice but to press his attack with the greatest speed possible.

As planned, the rebel horsemen under Grey rode hard for the Upper Plungeon over the Bussex Rhine. That crossing would prove no easier to find than the previous one. In the darkness, the rebel horsemen ran headlong into Compton's troops, who were racing to reach the Upper Plungeon before the rebels. Shouts and pistol shots rang out as each side sought to distinguish friend from foe in the darkness. Compton was struck in the belly by a rebel bullet, and Captain Edwin Sandys took over his command.

Desperate to get across before the royal troops had time to fortify the crossing, Grey divided his force, taking 400 horsemen and riding west along the Bussex to find the Upper Plungeon, while Captain John Jones led the remaining 200 horsemen east. Jones eventually found the crossing, but Sandys's men had managed to reach it first. Riding around in the darkness, Grey led his 400 horsemen along the Bussex opposite the royal encampment. When a few of the Royal Scots asked the horsemen to identify themselves, Grey responded that he was leading militia sent to reinforce Feversham. Proceeding west along the canal, he was similarly challenged by an officer of the First Foot, who demanded, "Who are you for?" "For the King!" replied Grey. "What King?" "King Monmouth and God with us!" replied Grey, who had finally decided to give up his ruse. "Then take this with you!" cried the royalist officer, whose men poured a deadly volley into the rebel horse. The weight of fire proved too much for the untrained rebel cavalrymen, whose horses bolted for the rear.

Realizing that the element of surprise had been lost, Monmouth urged his colonels to lead their

regiments forward as quickly as possible. Although the Blue and White regiments had not yet crossed the Langmoor Rhine, the Red, Yellow, and Green Regiments were already across and preparing to advance. These three regiments raced at the double-quick across the moor toward a sea of glowing matchlocks that marked the battle line of the royal foot. Their orderly advance was disrupted when Grey's horsemen chose to retreat directly through the ranks of their own infantry. The chaos was considerable as Grey's horsemen knocked down foot soldiers and opened large gaps in the rebel foot formations. Meanwhile, the demoralized rebel horse fled the field, encouraging the crews of the ammunition wagons to abandon the field when they incorrectly informed them that the attack had been rebuffed.

Upon reaching the Bussex, Wade's Red Regiment stopped and formed itself into a line of battle on the rebel right flank. Taking its cue from the vanguard, the Yellow Regiment also halted short of the ditch and moved into position next to Wade's regiment. Holmes's Green Regiment aligned itself with the other two regiments on the left. In the darkness, the regimental commanders were unaware that they were literally astride the royal right flank and, as a result, could bring to bear far greater firepower than the king's force, since many of the royal regiments were deployed far-

Mary Evans Picture Library

ther west where there was no rebel threat. The Blue and White Regiments lagged considerably behind the first three regiments.

A steady roll of drums had brought the five regiments of royal infantry quickly out of their tents and onto the south side of the Bussex. Many were only partially dressed, but each had his musket and substantial powder for the fight that was unfolding in the predawn darkness. The British line ran in a southwest-to-northeast line before turning sharply east above Westonzoyland. The three rebel regiments greatly outnumbered the Royal Scots, who occupied the royal right opposite them.

The musketeers of the Red and Yellow Regiments were able to bring their muskets to bear on Dumbarton's regiment at close range. As if a hail of musket balls were not enough, the Scots also stood well within range of the rebel battery manned by experienced Dutch gunners. The Scots' line wavered but held.

Churchill, who appeared on the front lines around 3 AM to take control of the situation, immediately sought to secure the flanks of the royal army. Since the reserve horsemen billeted in the town were not immediately at hand, Churchill dispatched the dragoons from his own command to support the foot. He sent one troop of dragoons to take up position on the left flank and two troops of dragoons to shore up the right flank. The 100 dragoons dispatched to the royal right flank were soon hotly engaged with the musketeers of Holmes's Green Regiment occupying the rebel left flank, which outnumbered them nearly 6-to-1.

The fighting between Holmes's musketeers and the dragoons was a confused affair. A lieutenant with the dragoons rode forward at one point and, in a clever ruse, shouted to the rebel artillerymen to stop firing on their fellow soldiers. The Dutch gunners, unsure of their target, held their fire until they could confirm that they were not shelling friendly troops. Holmes, annoyed by the temporary cease-fire, rode forward to straighten things out. "Who are you for?" shouted the lieutenant of the dragoons. "For who but Monmouth?" replied Holmes. No sooner had he spoken than a musket ball toppled him from his horse. Pinned beneath his horse in agony, Holmes eventually was captured and led away by the king's men.

With the royal right flank in danger of collapse, Churchill ordered two regiments of foot—Kirke's and Trelawney's—to march from the left flank through the royal camp and deploy in a manner that would extend the royal right flank. By redeploying the two regiments of foot, Churchill was able to even the odds and relieve the pressure on the Scots and dragoons. The near collapse of the royal right flank would later turn out to be the high-water mark of the battle for the rebels, the only time that Monmouth's ragged army of volunteers came close to doing any serious damage.

Meanwhile, the royal artillerymen were trying to locate horses to haul guns to where they could be brought into action on the right flank. The civilian drivers had removed the horses to stalls in Westonzoyland, and the only horses available belonged to Peter Mews, the bishop of Winchester, who had arrived earlier that day to share his knowledge of the local terrain and population with Feversham. As the fighting raged on the royal right flank, the artillerymen used brute force and the bishop's team of horses

to drag half a dozen guns from one side of the battle line to the other. They positioned three behind the Guards to shell the Red Regiment, and a similar number behind the Scots Regiment to bombard the Yellow Regiment.

With the royal right flank reinforced with additional foot and a full battery of guns, the tide shifted rapidly to the king's army. When the royal guns went into action, they blasted large gaps in the rebel ranks that produced panic among the unsteady recruits. The guns not only punished the rebels already in line of battle, but also disrupted the men of the White Regiment who were advancing from the Langmoor Rhine to reinforce their comrades already in action.

Feversham's absence for the first hour of battle was due to a sleep disorder that made it difficult to rouse him from a deep slumber. After a protracted effort, aides managed to wake the royal commander in chief about 3 AM, and Feversham arrived at the front about an hour later, issuing an immediate order forbidding the infantry to cross the Bussex until daylight for fear the royal musketeers might fire into each other. He also ordered the deployment of the remaining 450 horsemen still dispersed at billets inside Westonzoyland. By the time Feversham arrived, most of the additional cavalrymen had assembled in formation and were anxiously awaiting orders. The commander in chief dispatched 200 horsemen to the left flank and another 250 to the right.

About that time, Oglethorpe's 200-man command thundered back to the royal camp via the Bridgwater Road, having ridden in a complete circuit around the rebel army without ever discovering its true location. When Oglethorpe reported to Feversham, the commander ordered his men to continue riding until they reached the Upper Plungeon. Once at that location, Oglethorpe's Blues were to force a crossing and disperse any rebels guarding the ford on the opposite bank. The Blues brushed aside the rebel cavalry and continued advancing until they ran headlong into enemy foot soldiers, a number of whom wielded nasty-looking scythes that intimidated Oglethorpe's troopers. Losing their way in the darkness, many of the Blues failed to return to the Upper Plungeon and were forced to ride west across the battlefront while being fired upon by both friend and foe.

Throughout the fighting, Monmouth strode back and forth behind his infantry holding aloft a half pike and encouraging the men to stand fast. As the fighting grew more intense, the duke sought out his regimental commanders to consult with them on the battle's progress. Without cavalry support and lacking ammunition, the rebel foot had nothing with which to sustain its attack. As the initiative shifted to the king's army, Monmouth turned to Grey, who had remained at his side, and said of his own infantry: "All the world cannot stop those fellows. They will run presently."

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

ABOVE: Despite his abject pleas to his uncle, King James II, Monmouth was beheaded outside the Tower of London.
OPPOSITE: Disguised as a shepherd, a disheveled Monmouth is captured in a ditch near Poole.

The rebel commander was not the only one who realized that the battle was lost. By dawn, the men in the ranks realized that they would not triumph on the field that day and began preparing to retreat. In addition to the Blues harassing their left flank, some royal dragoons had crossed the Bussex and were probing the rebel right flank as well. With the royal cavalry nipping at their unprotected flanks, the rebels broke off their attack and began streaming toward the rear.

The withdrawal of the rebel pike blocks—whose men were responsible for protecting the musketeers in their regiment from enemy cavalry—served as a signal to Feversham to switch to the offensive. With trumpets sounding a general advance, the royal cavalry crossed the Bussex and reformed on the north bank. The cavalry troops began to advance in closely packed ranks. The Blues on the rebel left rallied and were heavily reinforced. Rather than riding after the retreating battle line, they circled into the enemy rear, where they disrupted the ranks of the Blue and White Regiments. The Dutch gunners made a heroic effort to try to withdraw their guns, but they were butchered by royal sabers.

Once his cavalry advanced, Feversham gave the signal for the foot soldiers to cross the Bussex and join the pursuit. The red-coated soldiers marched through the nearly dry Bussex and, like the horsemen before them, reformed on the opposite bank. The musketeers inserted plug bayonets into their muskets, while the pikes lowered their staffs. With a shout, the infantry began its advance toward the Langmoor. A few brave rebels tried to make a stand in the face of the overwhelming assault, but they were swept away by the advancing royal tide.

Rather than surrender to his fate, Monmouth resolved to escape, with the forlorn hope of continuing the Protestant cause from outside the country. As his army crumbled around him, he quickly shed his armor to make himself less conspicuous and rode north with Grey and a small group of supporters who also hoped to escape with their lives.

Meanwhile, Monmouth's leaderless men fled for their lives across Sedgemoor, pursued by companies of crack grenadiers dispatched from the various foot regiments. The desperate rebels sought shelter individually or in small groups, but the pursuit by the grenadiers, supported by the royal horse, was relentless, and the majority of the rebel infantrymen were either killed or captured. The Scots, who had suffered the most among the royal foot engaged that day, exacted revenge by rounding up a large number of rebel prisoners on their own, taking two guns and seizing five flags.

The king's army lost about 300 men that morning, while the rebels lost upward of 1,000 killed or wounded. Feversham's men and local militia combed through the prisoners and scoured the countryside in a quest to apprehend Monmouth and bring him before the king. Monmouth, Grey, and the others first made their way to the Mendip Hills, south of Bristol, before turning south

Continued on page 73




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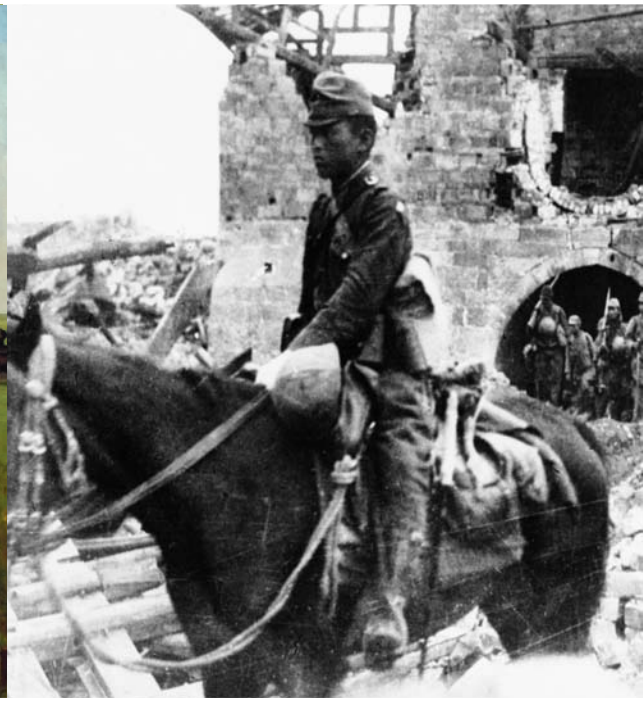

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Under intense Japanese fire, American Marines storm a hill at Tarawa Atoll in November 1943.

ISLAND-HOPPING

AT TARAWA

BY JOHN WALKER

Rear Admiral Keiji Shibasaki, commander of the elite Japanese garrison entrenched on tiny Betio Island in the central Pacific Ocean, boasted in mid-1943 that his heavily fortified island redoubt could hold out "against a million Americans for a thousand years." The United States Navy, in contrast, believed that its planned amphibious assault upon Betio, one of a collection of small islands surrounded by coral reefs that made up Tarawa Atoll, stood an excellent chance of success. New techniques in naval bombardment, Navy tacticians believed, would practically annihilate any defensive forces on the island. Indeed, the admirals commanding the warships supporting the landing forces assured senior U.S. Marine Corps officers that Betio would be pounded into coral dust before the landings even began.

Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet, envisioned a limited, two-division offensive starting with an invasion of the Japanese-held Gilbert Islands to develop airfields and facilities to support future American operations against the strategic Marshall Islands. Nimitz established the Central Pacific Force under the command of Rear Admiral Raymond Spruance. It consisted of three major subordinate components: the Fifth Amphibious Force commanded by Vice Admiral Richmond K. Turner, with a ground force, the V Amphibious Corps, under Marine Maj. Gen. Holland M. "Howlin' Mad" Smith; the carrier force; and the air force.

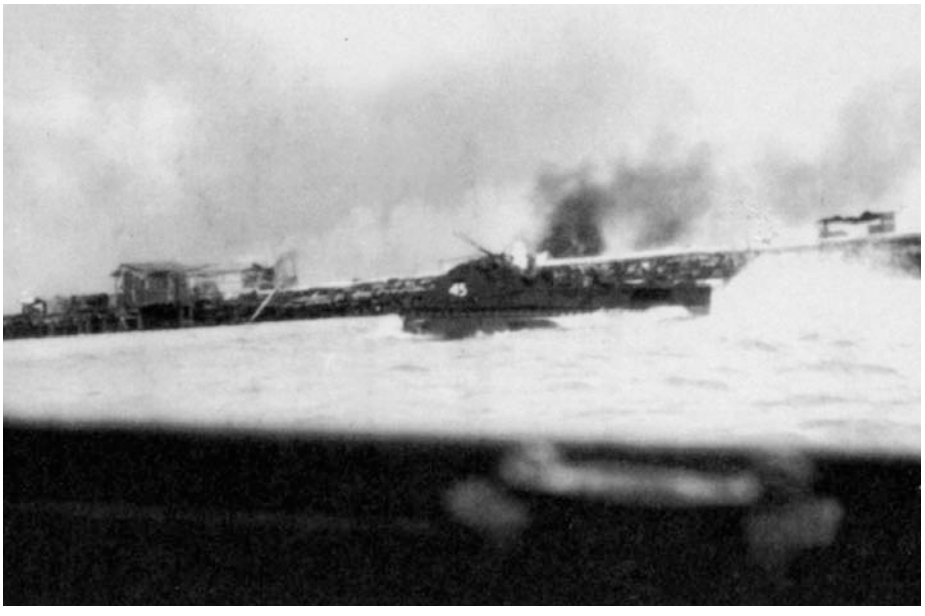
The attack, code-named Operation Galvanic, would be a joint Marine-Army operation and initially involved Tarawa and Apamama in the Gilbert Islands chain, and the island of Nauru, which lay almost 400 miles to the west. The first two would be the 2nd Marine Division's objectives; Nauru would be the Army's first action in the Central Pacific campaign.

AMERICAN SAILORS AND MARINES LAUNCHED A COMBINED ASSAULT ON JAPAN'S OUTERMOST PACIFIC HOLDINGS IN THE GILBERT ISLANDS IN NOVEMBER 1943. THE AMPHIBIOUS LANDING ON TINY, HEAVILY FORTIFIED TARAWA ATOLL WOULD BE MEASURED IN HARD-WON YARDS.

Spruance, however, changed the Army's objective from Nauru, a relatively well-defended objective that would require more troops than there were available transports, to the Japanese seaplane base at Makin Atoll, 140 miles northeast of Tarawa Atoll. The change in objective left the Army little time to prepare for its combat debut. The assault force at Makin would be limited to one regimental combat team, built around the 165th Infantry Regiment and the 3rd Battalion, 105th Infantry Regiment, and would be supported by field artillery and engineer and tank battalions.

The main objective of the 2nd Marine Division attack upon Tarawa would be Betio Island. The attack upon Betio would be the first American amphibious assault against a heavily defended beachhead and, as such, would be a crucial test of Marine Corps amphibious doctrine. Set to begin on November 20, 1943, Operation Galvanic proposed to conquer within five days the atolls of Makin and Tarawa. Flat and sandy over sharp coral bases, these islets, unlike the densely vegetated, mountainous terrain of Guadalcanal and New Guinea, provided no surface cover for defenders or invaders. The Japanese had thus tunneled deeply into the coral to provide themselves with excellent protection against bombs, shells, and small-

All photos: National Archives



ABOVE: American casualties and wrecked landing craft lay strewn across the beach at Tarawa. TOP: Carrying a rifle squad from E Company, 8th Marines, an LVT-45 makes a run in toward the beach at Betio Island.

arms fire. The intelligence about Makin estimated a fairly small garrison, and American strategists believed a massive strike from the air and sea would soften up the defenders sufficiently for a quick victory.

The Americans anticipated a much harder fight at Betio, a 291-acre fortress with a newly built airstrip, girdled by a three-to-five-foot-high seawall and stuffed with concrete and coral emplacements housing numerous antiship guns and troops. The enemy on Betio could bring to bear 14 coastal defense guns, including four Vickers 8-inch naval rifles scattered around the island in concrete bunkers, 14 light tanks, 40 artillery pieces, and infestations of heavy and light machine guns. The seaward approaches bristled with concrete tetrahedrons festooned with mines and barbed wire; trenches connected all sectors of the island, allowing the defenders to move under cover when necessary.

As troubling as the man-made defenses was the coral reef that entirely ringed Betio. The hard, jagged, natural obstacle could hang up landing craft, rip open bottoms, and force attackers to wade through deep water to reach the shore. Experts who had guided ships in the Gilberts predicted five feet of water over the reef at high tide, barely adequate for the Higgins LCVP (landing craft, vehicles and personnel) boats that ordinarily drew four feet. The Pacific Fleet had also begun deploying LVTs (Landing Vehicle, Tracked), amphibious tractors nicknamed "Alligators" that could crawl across a reef if necessary, but only a limited number—50 new LVT-2s and 75 old LVT-1s—were available for Tarawa.

On an ominous note, Major Frank Holland, a New Zealand reserve officer with 15 years of experience sailing the waters off Tarawa, warned that the tides there frequently fell below the norm in November; he begged Marine officers to delay the landings for five weeks until there was no chance of the low "dodging" tides. Although Nimitz and the operations staff fretted over the problem, they were pressured not to postpone operations in order to await more favorable tidal conditions. Allied momentum in the Pacific was quickening and, it was thought, any delay might allow the enemy time to regroup and reinforce its positions. Indeed, a long-range, multiservice amphibious operation the size of Galvanic was almost too complex to alter. Plans and schedules had been worked out months in advance, with cargoes waiting in a dozen ports for the assault ships. Short of cancellation, there was no way to alter the operation.

Questions about tactics also stirred debate, especially in the matter of air and naval bombardment. Maj. Gen. Julian Smith, whose Marines would ride the Alligators and LCVPs to the beaches, wanted a lengthy artillery bombardment from the big guns offshore and from the air. Navy brass worried that this would alert the enemy and bring the ships and planes of the Japanese Combined Fleet down upon the U.S. Fleet. It was a misplaced worry. Heavy aircraft losses and the disabling of four heavy cruisers in the Solomon Islands meant that the Japanese plan to react forcefully to any American thrust in the Gilberts was scrapped, and the garrisons at Tarawa and Makin were left to their fates. The 5,000 defenders on Betio, with no chance of reinforcement or air support and forbidden by Imperial decree to surrender, had no alternative but to fight to the death. They would take many Americans with them.

Betio's reef lay 500 to 800 yards from the beach and averaged 50 yards in width. There was only one boat passage into the lagoon, a narrow cut opposite the center of the island's northernmost beach, about 500 yards from shore. A narrow pier, 500 yards in length, connected the passage with the island. If the tide was too low, almost the entire American assault force would be channeled toward the pier, or else the troops would have to wade through the surf for several hundred yards through withering enemy gunfire to reach the northern beaches.

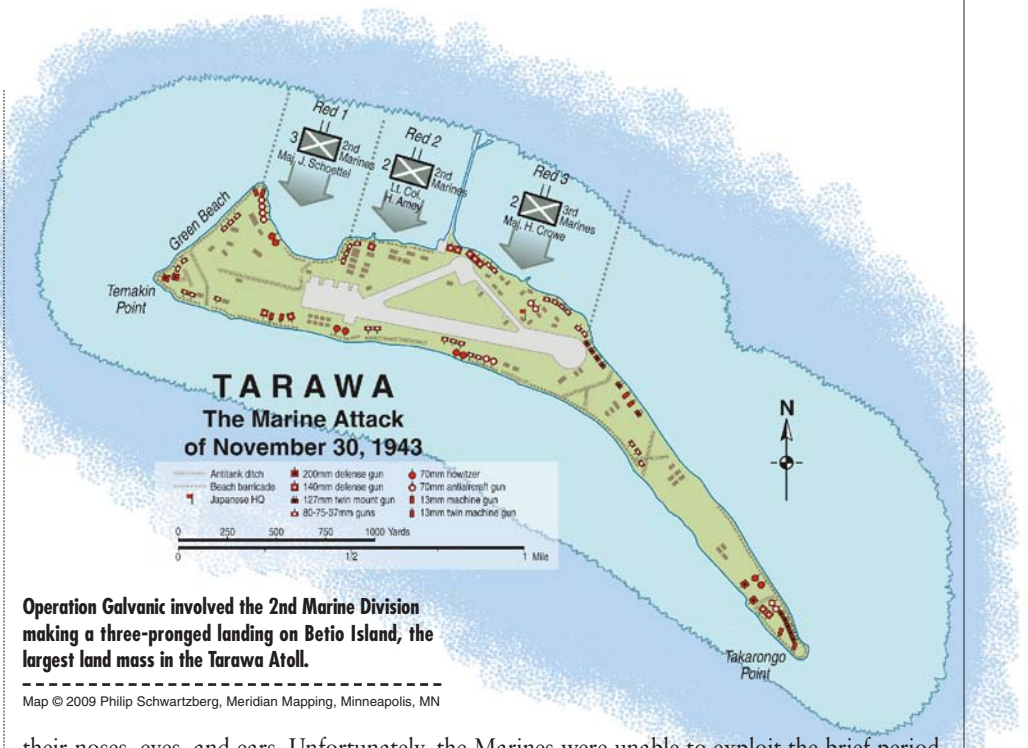
Because of the possibility of low tidal conditions and the barrier reef, the three initial assault waves—six augmented companies of

about 1,500 Marines—would be transported to the beach aboard nearly all the 75 old and 50 new landing boats. If the water was high enough at the reef, subsequent troops, heavy weapons, and supplies would be ferried in aboard light- and medium-weight LCVPs, or Higgins boats. If the water were too low for the boats, tractors would be used to shuttle additional troops ashore. The landing zones were three primary beaches, each about 600 yards in length, on Betio's north shore. The first three battalions to hit the beaches would be the 2nd and 3rd Battalions, 2nd Marine Regiment, and the 2nd Battalion, 8th Marine Regiment. Beaches Red 1 and Red 2 lay to the west of the pier that extended out into the lagoon, and Red 3 lay to the east. Army Air Corps bombers that struck Betio reported weak antiaircraft opposition, raising hopes that most of the Japanese defenders had been evacuated or were dead.

At 4 AM on November 20, the first waves of amphibious tractors loaded with Marines chugged through the channel toward the line of departure, the rendezvous point from which the first three waves would begin making their way toward the beach. Overhead, shells from Japanese shore batteries testified to life and fight on the island. The battleship *Maryland* answered with full-throated roars from its 16-inch cannons. Two other dreadnoughts, four cruisers, and 20 destroyers cascaded 3,000 tons of ordnance upon the island, pausing only long enough to allow carrier planes to swoop in and deliver their own loads of explosives. It was the heaviest bombardment of any invasion beach to date.

Correspondent Robert Sherrod, watching from the deck of the transport *Zeilin,* wrote: "The sky at times was brighter than noontime on the equator. The arching, glowing cinders that were the high-explosive shells sailed through the air as though buckshot were being fired out of many shotguns from all sides of the island. The whole island of Betio seemed to erupt with bright fires that were burning everywhere. They blazed even through the thick wall of smoke that curtained the island. Surely, I thought, if there were any Japs left on the island (which I doubted strongly), they would all be dead by now." Sherrod apparently did not hear the warning issued by Colonel Merritt Edson, chief of staff of the 2nd Marine Division, who predicted, "We cannot count on heavy naval and air bombardment to kill all the Japs on Tarawa, or even a large proportion of them."

The gigantic blasts flung smoke, sand, coral, chunks of wood, concrete, and steel into the air. Concussive effects momentarily stunned the well-shielded defenders, many of whom staggered from their bunkers bleeding from their noses, eyes, and ears. Unfortunately, the Marines were unable to exploit the brief period when the enemy was dazed—the first waves required longer than expected to make it to shore. Smoke and haze from the pre-invasion barrages prevented naval observers (as they had warned) from using their heavy guns to the best advantage; the carrier-based aircraft ended their strafing runs too soon, as well.



Operation Galvanic involved the 2nd Marine Division making a three-pronged landing on Betio Island, the largest land mass in the Tarawa Atoll.

Only the first wave of assault teams neared the beach before the Japanese recovered and commenced to fight. The timetable called for the first wave to hit the assigned beaches—Red 1, 2, and 3 from west to east—at 8:30 AM, but miscalculations of the distances and the rate of speed of the amphibious tractors through the choppy waters, delayed the arrival until 9:13. The offshore bombardment was revived for a few minutes, but the defenders still had almost 20 minutes to recover their senses and man their weapons. Some groups of landing craft met relatively little opposition, but at Beach Red 1 devastating fire from an area called "the Bird's Beak" savaged the Marines of the 3rd Battalion.

The first three waves, shuttled to the beach in 87 Alligators, were unable to move forward off the narrow beach after they made their way ashore; the Japanese defenses were intact and manned by determined foes. Pinned down, the Marines lay at the base of the coconut-log and coral-block seawall, unable to advance or retreat. Within minutes of the start of the assault, the Navy's battle plan had gone awry, and numerous Marine troop leaders had been killed. From pillboxes, machine-gun nests, and bunkers that were camouflaged and invisible to the Marines, the Japanese sent a murderous storm of bullets and shrapnel spewing out across the airstrip toward the reef, where the carcasses of 20 disabled amtracs and a pair of LCVPs loaded with Marine dead and wounded had piled up.

The tide stubbornly refused to rise sufficiently to allow LCVPs loaded with reinforcements, tanks, and artillery to navigate the coral ridge. The heavily laden Marine riflemen aboard the stranded LCVPs had no alternative but to pile out of their boats and begin wading toward shore, 500 long yards away, through a hail of murderously accurate gunfire. Marine Private Clayton Jay, from Lamesa, Texas, was one of the waders. "Our tractor was about 25 yards or so from the beach when the corporal sitting next to me was struck by enemy fire," Jay recalled. "He slumped over on me with half his head gone. The rest of us dove out the back of the tractor, running around the side of it to the seawall. I had a chance to look around. Bodies of Marines were floating in the ocean and on the beach. Behind me I could see Marines wading in rifles, above their heads, being cut down by the Japs' small arms fire. It was awful. Blood from the dead actually turned the water a bright crimson red."

Once ashore, the Marines attacked pillboxes with their small arms, a few flamethrowers, grenades, and blocks of TNT fashioned into pole charges. The 2nd Scout-Sniper Platoon, led by 1st Lieutenant William Hawkins, landed first, wresting the 750-foot-long pier from enemy snipers and machine-gun nests and killing 25 of the defenders. Meanwhile, the first elements of the 3rd

Battalion came in on Beach Red 1. On the left of the beach, at the boundary with Beach Red 2, an enemy strongpoint dubbed "the Pocket" raked the Marines coming in on the west side of Red 1 with withering machine-gun fire. The Marines on Red 1 suffered 35 to 50 percent casualties before they even made it to shore.

The most violently opposed landing was on Beach Red 2. Some of the Marines were driven off course by machine-gun and antiboat fire and were forced to land on Red 1. The remainder, which reached Red 2, managed to carve out a beachhead only 50 yards deep. Company E had five officers killed almost immediately. Staff Sergeant William Bordelon, of San Antonio, Texas, took matters into his own hands. The combat engineer from Company C, 1st Battalion, 18th Marines, personally destroyed four enemy pillboxes, despite being wounded twice. He was heading for a fifth bunker when he was cut down by enemy machine-gun fire. For his bravery, Bordelon was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor.

Red 3 was the next beach reached by the Marines; part of the 2nd Battalion got as far inland as the airstrip before the Japanese defenders recovered from the naval bombardment. Battalion commander Major Henry Crowe led by example. After his landing craft slammed into the reef, he jumped into the water and waded several hundred yards toward shore through knee-deep waves. "Look," he shouted to his men. "The sons of bitches can't hit me! Why do you think they can hit you? Get moving!" With the help of covering firepower from the destroyers *Ringgold* and *Dashiell,* the Marines were able to gain a small foothold on Red 3.

Once the first three waves of Marines were in, two more waves of landing boats were set to follow, carrying additional troops, tanks, and artillery. When their LCVPs were unable to negotiate the reef, the infantry and howitzer crews had to wade ashore with weapons and equipment. These men suffered the worst casualties of D-day; the only cover from enemy machine guns and riflemen was the pier, but many were unable to reach it. Those who did were separated from their units and unable to reach their assigned beaches. At this point, the momentum of the assault bogged down, with the reef effectively barring the LCVPs, the number of amtracs being rapidly reduced, and spotty communications adding to the overall confusion. The fierce fighting taking place ashore prevented the Marines from regrouping, establishing command posts, or moving in supplies. They could not even carry out their wounded.

The LCVPs bearing 37mm cannons could not pass the reef and were forced to wait until nightfall to make their approach. Ten Sherman tanks, disgorged at the outcrop, climbed over the natural barrier through three or four feet of water, rattling onto the beach and adding their firepower to the beleaguered invaders. Although all but two of the tanks were knocked out by day's end, the firepower they unleashed against enemy

pillboxes helped the Marines move their beachhead forward several hundred yards before nightfall. By 12:30 PM, the Marines had successfully taken the beach as far as the first line of Japanese defenses. By 3:30, the line had moved inland in places but was still generally along the first line of enemy defenses. The arrival of tanks started the line moving again on Red 3 and the end of Red 2. By nightfall, the Marine lines were about halfway across the island, only a short distance from the main runway.

The Marines' situation was tenuous at best; about 5,000 Marines were ashore, but 1,500 of them had been killed or wounded in the process. The Marines held a perimeter about 700 yards wide and 300 yards deep at the base of the pier and an area about 150 yards by 500 yards at the northwest tip of the island. While the Marines held their hard-won ground, the first 75mm pack artillery began to land during the night along with medical supplies, water, and ammunition. Much-needed reinforcements straggled in as well.

The Japanese, notoriously skilled at night attacks, might well have been able to eliminate the beachhead, only 300 yards wide at most places, and drive the Marines into the sea had they mounted an all-out counterattack on the first night, as prescribed in Shibasaki's operational orders. The constant barrages from American battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and aircraft, however, along with the small-arms fire and explosives from the landing forces, destroyed the lines of communication between Shibasaki and his units. Half of his own force was dead or wounded.

For Colonel David Shoup, commander of all ground forces coming ashore, the first day had been harrowing and painful. During the three hours after sunrise, his three initial landing teams had been strewn across three beaches, reef, and lagoon. All had fought major, unremitting actions, and there had been little the commander could do to help. Despite being raked in the leg by enemy shrapnel, Shoup had finally made it ashore at noon and established a command post 50 yards in from the pier along the blind side of a large Japanese bunker, still occupied. As the sun rose above Shoup's shell-hole command post on the morning of D-day + 1, the issue remained very much in doubt. He radioed a number of imperative messages, calling for ammunition, water, rations, medical supplies, and evacuation of the wounded. Sherrod, on the scene, reported: "Colonel Shoup is nervous. The telephone shakes in his hand. 'We are in a mighty tight spot,' he is saying. Then he lays down the phone and turns to me. 'Division has just asked me whether we've got enough troops to do the job. I told them no. They are sending the 6th Marines, who will be landing right away.'"

The tactical situation on Betio remained precarious for much of the second day. Throughout the morning, the Marines paid dearly for every attempt to land reserves or advance from their beachheads. With the Marines holding a line on the island, the second day turned into an effort to cut the Japanese forces in two by extending the bulge near the airfield until it reached the southern shore. Meanwhile, the forces on Red 1 were instructed to secure Green Beach, the entire western end of the island. Major Michael P. Ryan, commanding the 3rd Battalion, 2nd Marines, led the effort, calling in naval artillery support to destroy Japanese pillboxes while they advanced.

Operations along Red 2 and Red 3 were considerably more difficult. The Japanese had moved in several new machine-gun nests during the night to slow the Marine assault. By noon, the Marines had brought up their own heavy machine guns and put the Japanese posts out of action. By early afternoon, the Marines had crossed the airstrip and occupied abandoned defensive positions on the island's south side.

ABOVE: Two Marines brave a withering enemy crossfire to rescue a wounded buddy. LEFT: Marines move forward under the shelter of a few ruined palm trees in the early stages of the battle.

Around 12:30 PM, a small number of defenders on the extreme eastern end of the islet began trying to make their way across to the next islet, Bairiki. Portions of the 6th Marine Regiment, under Lt. Col. Ray Murray, landed on Bairiki, blocking the exit, while other 6th Marine units moved onto Green Beach. By the end of the day the entire western end of the island was in Marine control, as was an almost continuous line between Red 2 and Red 3 around the airfield aprons. Another group of Marines moved across the airfield and set up a perimeter on the southern side, up against Black 2 (Betio's southern beach). Before being relieved by "Red Mike" Edson, Shoup sent a memorable message to Maj. Gen. Julian Smith: "Casualties: many. Percentage dead: unknown. Combat efficiency: We are winning." For his stalwart command performance, Shoup would receive the Medal of Honor.

Terrible as the invading Marines' losses were, the defenders could not match the firepower and manpower being thrown at them. Indeed, as Shoup had reported, the tide had turned. Although on the morning of D-day + 1 there had been sufficient reason to doubt the ability of the committed Marine battalions to hold their meager gains, by dusk there was no doubt that the battalions and those reinforcing them would win the battle for Betio. All three battalions of the 2nd Marines had seized their D-day objectives. Three battalions of the 8th Marines were well short of their goals, but each had developed exploitable holdings, and each was in decent enough shape to advance on the morning of D-day + 3.

The third day of the battle for Betio saw the Marines consolidate their existing lines, thus facilitating the movement onshore of additional heavy equipment and tanks. During the morning the forces originally landed on Red 1 made some progress toward Red 2, but at some cost. Meanwhile the units of the 6th Marines on Green Beach, to the south of Red 1, formed up while the remaining battalion of the 6th landed. By the early afternoon of D-day + 3, the 1st Battalion, 6th Marines was sufficiently organized and equipped to take the offensive. At 12:30 PM, they moved out and were soon pursuing the Japanese forces across the southern coast of the island. By late afternoon, they had reached the eastern end of the airfield and formed a continuous line with the forces that had landed on Red 3 two days earlier. By evening, the Marines clearly held the upper hand. The remaining Japanese were either squeezed into the tiny amount of land to the east of the airstrip or were hunkered down in several pockets on Red 1 and Red 2 or near the strip's eastern edge.

Aware of their situation, the Japanese formed up for a counterattack that started at about 7:30 PM. Small units were sent to infiltrate Marine lines in preparation for a full-scale assault but were beaten off by concentrated artillery fire and the assault never took place. That night, having lost Shibasaki to shellfire earlier in the day, the depleted Japanese defenders mounted an all-out counterattack. Screaming their all-too-familiar battle cry, "Banzai!" hundreds of Japanese soldiers charged Companies A and B of the 1st Battalion, 6th Marines. Lieutenant Norman K. "Hard Tom" Thomas, commanding Company B, led the repulse with heavy losses. When it was over, the Marines had suffered 45 dead and 128 wounded; the Japanese lost 325—all killed. Surveying the perimeter the next morning, Thomas said of his Marines: "Every damn one of them is a champion."

At 4 AM, the last Japanese assault finally took place; when the fighting ended about an hour later, another 200 to 300 attackers were found dead in front of the Marine lines, the vast majority killed by artillery fire. The Japanese now had little left for defending the atoll. Aware of impending doom, the last radio message from the garrison said: "Our weapons have been destroyed and from now on everyone

ABOVE: These fallen Japanese defenders were cut down by members of F Company, 8th Marines. LEFT: A pair of quick-firing Marines mans a machine gun amid the wreckage while a third moves up to assist.

is attempting a final charge. May Japan exist for ten thousand years!"

Seventy-five hours after the first Marines waded and crawled onto the thin strip of Red Beach, Betio was declared secure. Some killing continued; last-ditch holdouts, hidden in bunkers or bypassed, potshotted unwary leathernecks before they were eliminated. A number of defenders blew themselves up rather than surrender. Of the 4,836 Japanese troops on Betio before the battle, only 17 Japanese soldiers and 129 Korean laborers were captured; the rest were killed. The Marines lost 990 killed and 2,391 wounded. Conquest of the remaining bits and pieces of coral that composed the Tarawa Atoll brought additional casualties, albeit on a much smaller scale than on Betio. The 2nd Battalion, 6th Marines landed on Bairiki and moved up the remaining islands in the atoll, conducting mopping-up actions until November 28.

The bittersweet taste of victory turned sour less than 24 hours after Betio was declared secure. Because the conquest of Makin Atoll lasted four days instead of one, the naval task force supporting the 27th Infantry Division had remained on station in the nearby waters rather than steaming away from any Japanese submarines that might lurk in the area. In the early morning hours of November 24, the escort carrier *Liscome Bay,* in the company of several other vessels, prowled the area. The thin, four-ship screen around the *Liscome Bay* included the new destroyer *Franks*. When friendly radar detected unidentified aircraft, the admiral in charge dispatched *Franks* to investigate, punching a hole in the protection for the Makin task force's three carriers. Another radio contact registered a surface vessel, but that blip vanished, indicating either the presence of a submarine that had just dived or perhaps a false image.

The convoy started to execute a planned maneuver just as *Franks* spotted a light on the water; an enemy airplane had dropped a floating flare to advise a Japanese submarine of nearby targets. At 5:13 AM, a torpedo ripped into the *Liscome Bay* amidships. From a distance of almost three miles, Michael Bak, on the bridge of *Franks*, saw a gigantic explosion of fire soar into the sky after the initial detonation of the torpedo ignited the aircraft bombs stowed in the carrier's hold. Fragments of steel, clothing, and human flesh showered the deck of the battleship *New Mexico* almost a mile away. Little more than 20 minutes later, the shattered hulk of the *Liscome Bay* sank, taking 642 officers and men down with the carrier, adding substantially to the total casualties suffered in Operation Galvanic.

The total of 687 U.S. Navy personnel killed brought the total American dead for the campaign to 1,677. Among those who perished was Dorie Miller, an African American steward who had shot down a pair of enemy planes at Pearl Harbor. In the segregated Navy, he died while still serving as a food handler. The heavy casualties sparked off a storm of protest in the United States, where the high losses could not be understood for such a tiny and seemingly unimportant island in the middle of nowhere. Nimitz, for his part, had no such doubts. "The capture of Tarawa knocked down the front door to the Japanese defenses in the Central Pacific," he wrote.

Bloody as it was, Tarawa represented a swift and convincing victory. The hard lessons learned on Betio Island paved the way for continued successful amphibious assaults at pivotal battles such as Iwo Jima and Okinawa, and earned Tarawa a place in Marine Corps annals alongside such storied names as Belleau Wood, Guadalcanal, Inchon, and "Frozen Chosin." □

CLASH OF THE TYRANTS

On the plains of Ankara, Ottoman Sultan Bayezid I, nicknamed the Thunderbolt, confronted a mortal challenger in Mongol leader Tamerlane, who had his own ominous nickname—the Prince of Destruction.

BY LOUIS CIOTOLA

IN THE EARLY 15TH CENTURY, the strongest military powers in the world resided in Asia. Arguably, no two were more powerful than the Ottoman Empire of Bayezid I and the Tartar Empire of Tamerlane (Timur the Lame). During their lifetimes, both men carved out extensive realms of influence in western Asia and southern Europe. But there was a limit to their expansion, and in the rocky terrain of eastern Anatolia the two great empires converged. It was there, on July 20, 1402, that Bayezid and Tamerlane fought a climactic battle for dominance over the Muslim world and beyond.

The younger of the two rivals and the better known to the western world was Bayezid I, fourth sultan of the burgeoning Ottoman Empire. Nicknamed "the Thunderbolt" because of the speed and frequency with which he moved his armies across the land, Bayezid inherited territories in southern Europe and the westernmost portion of Asia, a region known as Anatolia. Initially, the new sultan concentrated on expanding his European realm, which his father Murad I had conquered before him, but when this proved a failure, the sultan turned to a more pressing matter—Constantinople.

Sitting on the strait between Europe and Asia, Constantinople was the capital and nearly the last remaining bastion of the dying Byzantine Empire. In 1394, the Ottoman Turks attempted to capture it, beginning a siege that was to last for the next eight years. Two years into the effort, Bayezid was rudely interrupted by a European army of crusaders summoned by pleas from the Byzantine emperor. In the ensuing Battle of Nicopolis, the Turks, assisted by their Serbian allies, decimated the cream of European chivalry. That triumph against the infidels propelled Bayezid to folk-hero status within the Muslim world and allowed him to continue the process of empire building undisturbed.

Meanwhile, seemingly a world away to the east, another warlord was creating his own empire. Not only was this conqueror more experienced than Bayezid in the ways of war, he was also far more terrifying personally. Claiming moral supremacy in the Muslim world and, conversely, a direct lineage to the great Mongol ruler Genghis Khan, Timur, more commonly known in the West as Tamerlane, had been carving a bloody trail across western and southern Asia for the better part of three decades. His rise to power began among the numerous Tartar tribes of Central Asia, and despite injuries to his right leg, arm, and hand that forever left him branded "the Lame," Tamerlane's rise never relented. From his capital of Samarkand, Tamerlane's Tartar armies butchered their way through the Asian steppes, Persia, the Caucasus, and Russia with ruthless efficiency.

Tamerlane's calling card, the construction of grisly pyramids of human skulls, left no one in doubt of his ferocity. In 1398, he completed his most dazzling triumph yet, a victory in India over the Sultanate of Delhi. Following this, he immediately headed west to deal with rebellious Armenian vassals. It was then that his empire and the empire of Bayezid the Thunderbolt, once so far away from each other, at last came into close proximity. Confrontation was all but inevitable.

Initially, the desire for territory was not the cause of tensions between the two rulers. Rather, it was the refusal of either to recognize the other's supremacy. Such recognition could only come from bowing to certain demands, an idea both rulers found completely abhorrent. Vassal states caught between the Ottomans and Tartars, as well as defeated rulers taking refuge within the rival empires, became flash points of contention. By the spring of 1400, both of these issues were at the forefront of Bayezid's and Tamerlane's increasingly strained relations.

The primary refugee in question was Prince Tahir, son of Sultan Ahmed of Baghdad. Prince Tahir, an insurgent who had assisted the Armenians in their latest rebellion, had escaped his

Captured Ottoman Sultan Bayezid I is brought before a victorious Tamerlane in this AD 1600 Indian manuscript painting.

The Art Archive/British Library

Mary Evans Picture Library

The Granger Collection, New York

ABOVE: A seated Tamerlane, also known as Timur the Lame. TOP: Bajazet accepts ransom money for French Knights captured at the battle of Nicopolis.

Tartar pursuers and fled to sanctuary inside the Ottoman borders. Tamerlane demanded his return and, being the haughty ruler that he was, did so in an insulting manner. In his first letter to Bayezid, Tamerlane wrote: "Be contented with that which Allah has given you and with what you have seized from the unbelievers but give up immediately those provinces which you have stolen from other rulers so that Allah will be gracious to you. If not then I will be the avenger with Allah's assistance."

The Ottoman sultan, who was already upset because Tamerlane had granted protection to the princes of Rum who once controlled lands claimed and conquered by the Turks, was taken aback by the Tartar emperor's audacity. No one could address the sultan in such a way. That Bayezid did not think highly of Tamerlane was clear. The Spanish envoy Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo even claimed that the sultan had never heard of the Tartar warlord, although that was unlikely. Unsurprisingly, in reaction to Tamerlane's letter, Bayezid responded with his own insult, ordering the beards of the Tartar envoys to be shaved and the emissaries returned to their master in disgrace to demonstrate that the Ottoman sultan feared no man. The war of words was on.

Matters were further complicated by Taharten of Erzinjan, a prince in eastern Anatolia who had willingly become a vassal of Tamerlane as a safeguard against the Turks. Taharten's tiny state was blocking Ottoman expansion, and Bayezid demanded that he accept Ottoman authority. Already angered that Taharten had spurned him for Tamerlane, Bayezid was further upset that Tamerlane was advising his new vassal about how to resist a possible Turkish invasion. Meanwhile, Tamerlane was beginning to suspect that the Ottomans were planning a coalition against him with the Mamluks of Egypt. With this in mind, he wrote again to the sultan. "Since the ship of your unfathomable ambition has been shipwrecked in the abyss of self-love," he warned, "it would be wise for you to lower the sails of your rashness and cast the anchor of repentance in the port of sincerity, which is also the port of safety; lest, by the tempest of our vengeance you should perish in the sea of punishment which you deserve."

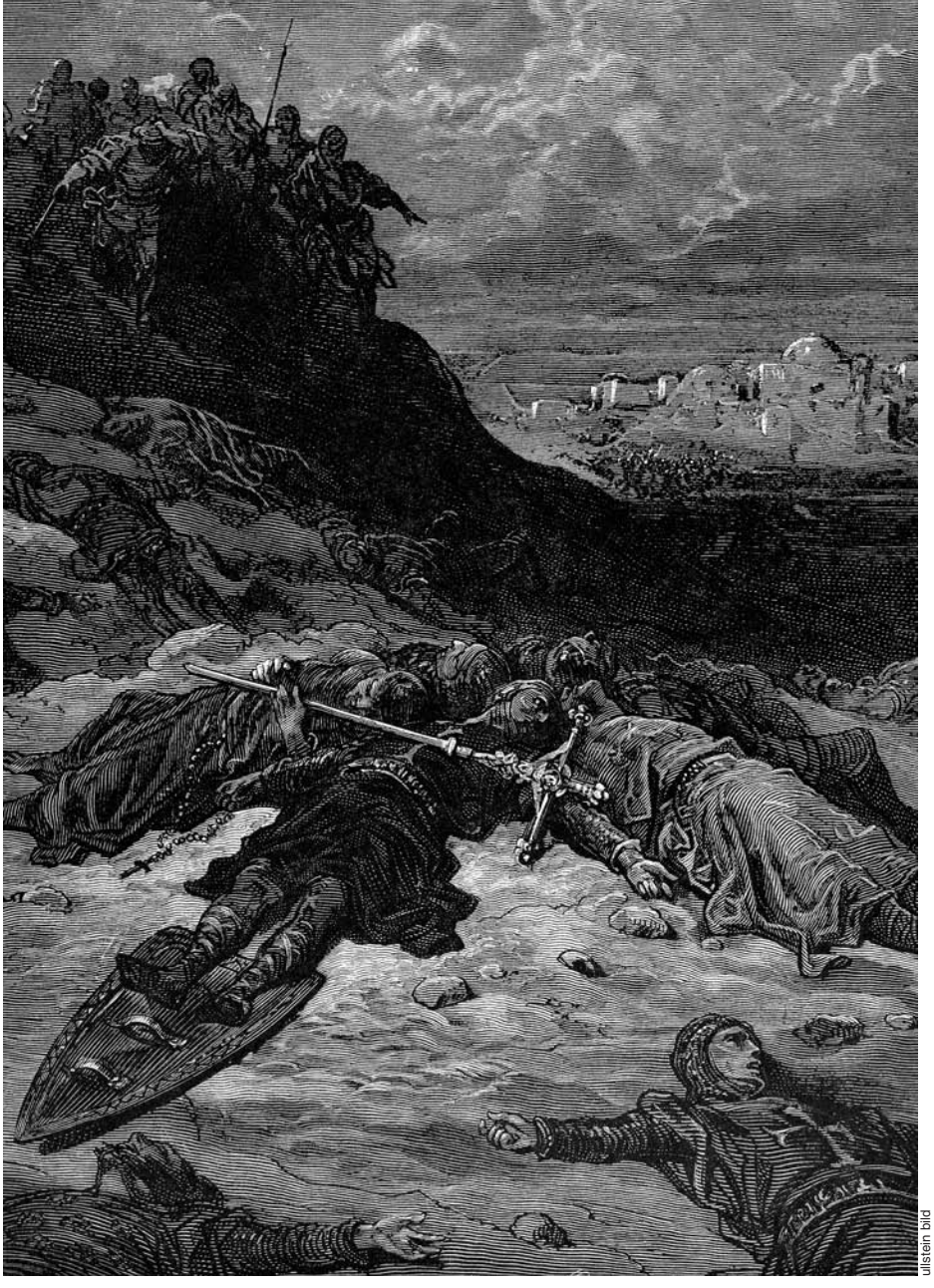
Tamerlane tempered his threats by suggesting that he was willing to leave the Turks in peace due to their valiant campaigns against the Christian infidels. Bayezid was far from appeased. He thundered back: "We will come and seek you out and pursue you as far as Tabriz and Sultaniya. Then we shall see in whose favor heaven will declare and which of us will be raised to victory and which abased by a shameful defeat." Believing more and more that a war was imminent, Tamerlane began taking steps to undermine his rival's standing in the Muslim world.

The cold war turned hot in mid-1400 when Bayezid, busy conducting the siege of Constantinople, dispatched his eldest son Suleiman with a small army to eastern Anatolia to contend with Taharten's ongoing obstinacy. Charged with the task of coercing the prince through force, Suleiman's invasion drove

Taharten out of Sivas, which the Turks then established as a base from which to attack Armenia. Tamerlane reacted swiftly to the challenge. In August, he assembled his army and marched it directly on Sivas. Vastly outnumbered, Suleiman prudently withdrew after only a few minor skirmishes, leaving Sivas and its garrison to fend for itself. The city held out for 18 days against a brutal siege before falling. Tamerlane immediately ordered the garrison butchered. To the chief Ottoman defenders, however, he promised that their noble blood would not be spilled. Instead, the merciless Tartar buried them all alive.

With the capture of Sivas, the rest of Anatolia lay virtually open to invasion by the Tartar horde. Tamerlane wasted little time in attempting to take advantage of his leverage, hoping a display of his military might would be enough to persuade Bayezid to adopt a more conciliatory attitude. He repeated his previous demands and now increased them by insisting on the obeisance of the sultan's many sons. An incensed Bayezid naturally refused. But Bayezid was unable to attack Tamerlane immediately; it would take a substantial amount of time to break off the siege of Constantinople, reorganize his army, and march eastward. For his part, Tamerlane was in no hurry to come to blows. Instead, without fear of an impending Ottoman offensive, he was free to turn on the Egyptian Mamluks and eradicate any possibility of a future coalition against him. Over the course of the next year, Tamerlane sacked Damascus, subdued Egypt, and crushed a rebellion in Baghdad. It was only then that he turned his eyes on the Ottoman juggernaut.

While Tamerlane was away in Baghdad, the next act in the drama unfolded. Once again, Bayezid sent his son Suleiman to chastise Taharten. This time, however, Suleiman's campaign was a disaster. The setback forced the sultan to initiate negotiations with Tamerlane, if only to play for time. With Taharten acting ironically as mediator, the correspondence between the two powerful rulers resumed. As before, Tamerlane offered stiff terms. Since the previous year, the number of refugees hiding inside the Ottoman Empire had grown. Most notorious was a rebellious Turkmen chief named Kara Yusuf. Tamerlane demanded that Yusuf be either turned over or executed, writing, "There is nothing more disagreeable to us than to hear that he [Bayezid] grants protection to Kara Yusuf Turcoman, the greatest robber and villain on earth." This time, the Tartar threatened war if the sultan failed to carry out his demands. Publicly, Bayezid scoffed, but he soon lifted the siege of Constantinople and began mobilizing his massive army for an eastern campaign.



ullstein bild

Christian crusaders lie slain at Nicopolis in 1396. The victory made Bayezid a Muslim hero.

Tamerlane also began preparing for a conflict that was growing more imminent with every angry letter exchanged. Late in 1401, he started pressuring the local Christian states for assistance. Many were more than happy to provide aid against the Turkish foes they had been battling for decades. The regent John of Constantinople eagerly pledged his support to the Tartar emperor, promising men, galleys, and gold. Manuel III of Trebizond, on the other hand, was less enthusiastic about helping the Tartars. Residing farther east, he recognized more clearly the danger the Tartars represented. When Tamerlane threatened Trebizond with devastation, Manuel hastily pledged his support to Tamerlane in the coming war.

By the spring of 1402, Tamerlane was running short on patience. In a letter to Bayezid that April, he demanded that the Turkish fortress of Kamakh be turned over to him. Before he received the expected negative response, he ordered his favorite grandson and heir, Mohammed Sultan, to take Kamakh by force. The act was nothing short of a declaration of war, and Mohammed captured the fortress in just 11 days. Following this, Tamerlane marched to Sivas with the bulk of his army, where he was greeted by Ottoman envoys bearing more insults from the sultan.

Bayezid, sitting with his army outside his capital of Bursa, was determined to avenge Kamakh personally. He planned for a rapid advance and a decisive battle, one that would not only punish Tamerlane but also strike fear into the hearts of the impudent Christians. His newest letter

The Art Archive/Victoria and Albert Museum London/Eileen Tweedy

Tamerlane's victorious Tartars invade Delhi, India, in 1398.

branded Tamerlane "a brigand, a shedder of blood, who violated all that is sacred, broke pacts and obligations, with an eye turned from good to evil." It went on to goad Tamerlane into invading, jeering, "If you should not come, may your wives be condemned to triple divorce." Shocked at the mere reference to women, Tamerlane could only reply, "The son of Othman is mad." This was the abrupt end of the correspondence between the sultan and the emperor. It was time for them to back up their war of words with action.

Tamerlane made one last demonstration before the coming of all-out war, parading his army before the Ottoman envoys, but the emissaries were unimpressed. The emperor sent spies to follow the ambassadors back to Bayezid's camp, tasking them with coaxing the sultan's Tartars into trading allegiances by playing on their ethnic identity. This would be no easy task, according to the Syrian chronicler Ahmed Ibn Arabshah, since the Tartars had joined the Turks willingly. Nor did Tamerlane's generals think the war would be easy. They persuaded an influential emir to convey their doubts to the emperor, but neither the argument that their men were exhausted nor their warnings about the sophistication of the Ottoman army could change Tamerlane's mind. The Ottoman sultan had challenged the mighty conqueror's pride. Now the sultan must pay.

Bayezid moved first. With Tamerlane's men already uncomfortably close to the eastern border of his empire, the sultan and his army left the safety of Bursa for Ankara. There he set up camp, intending to prevent the enemy from advancing into Ottoman Anatolia, a grim prospect that would surely lead to the destruction of his most fertile territories at the hands of the marauding Tartars. Meanwhile, Tamerlane remained at Sivas, waiting for the first opportunity to strike.

The Turks stayed only briefly outside of Ankara. Bayezid was still determined to have his decisive battle and so continued his march, heading for Tuqat, 65 miles northwest of Sivas. There he hoped to lure Tamerlane into attacking. The spot was ideal for defense. The entire area was covered by thick forests, which would largely neutralize Tamerlane's predominantly mounted army. The Tartars, however, were far more cunning than the crusaders, and Tamerlane was much too experienced to fall for Bayezid's obvious ploy. He easily recognized the disadvantages he would face at Tuqat and immediately devised a new strategy to exploit the situation.

Since his army was mostly cavalry, Tamerlane knew that he had the ability to easily outmaneuver the more cumbersome Turkish force. He decided to march south, directly into Bayezid's undefended lands. There would be no way the sultan could catch him or cut him off. Racing along the outside of the Halys River, the Tartars dashed into central Anatolia. With the river shielding their advance, Tamerlane's horsemen seemed to vanish into thin air. Initially, Bayezid foolishly believed that Tamerlane's march was a withdrawal and an indication of weakness, but he soon understood the tactics of steppe warfare as the enemy ravaged his harvest and raided his villages.

Bayezid became nervous and frustrated as he desperately searched for the Tartar invaders. His army was already starting to suffer as it traversed fields laid waste by Tamerlane's merciless horsemen. For his part, Tamerlane was full of confidence, observing with satisfaction, "Their army is mostly infantry, and marching will tire them." The Tartars gained so much ground that they even felt safe to rest along their march, which now was directed at Ankara. Following a 12-day trek and a minor skirmish at Qir Shahr, the Tartar army reached its destination.

Tamerlane's arrival at the former Turkish camp was a shock to Bayezid. When the sultan heard the news, witnesses said, he was "seized with panic as though it were the day of resurrection." Tamerlane had made his rival appear to be an amateur at the art of war, and with his enemy still days away, he was free to choose his ground and besiege Ankara. He chose a spot northeast of the city and immediately ordered the construction of trenches and fortifications. The Tartars also diverted the course of a small river flowing into Ankara in order to deprive the city of fresh water. When the Turkish army arrived three days later, early on the morning of Friday, July 28, Bayezid had already lost some 5,000 men due to the wretched conditions of the land. He now found to his dismay that he also lacked water to quench his army's thirst. Given both the perilous situation in Ankara and the unbearable summer heat, Bayezid had no choice but to offer battle immediately.

The opposing armies were still assembling for battle as dawn broke on the morning of the 28th. The coming contest promised to be a massive affair. Each army totaled as many as 200,000 men, numbers that dwarfed the western standards of the day and created a battlefront of more than 15 miles. The Tartar army, led by its 66-year-old emperor, began the day by emerging from its fortifications in preparation for an offensive battle that would best utilize its massive cavalry forces. Tamerlane's son, Prince Shahrukh, commanded the left with the assistance of one of the emperor's grandsons,

Khalil Sultan, while another grandson, Sultan Husayn, led that wing's advance guard. The setup was identical on the right, where another son, Prince Miranshah, and a grandson, Abubakr, led the advance.

In the center, Tamerlane's beloved heir Sultan Mohammed took command of troops fresh from Samarkand. Behind him with the reserves was the emperor himself. Light cavalry dominated the front ranks, poised to strike the enemy with speed and precision. There were even 30 war elephants captured from Delhi four years earlier. The Tartar standard was crimson, bearing a horsetail and a golden crescent. Those fighting beneath that standard were perhaps the most experienced soldiers in the world, many having fought with little pause for years across the huge expanses of Asia. According to Arabshah, when Tamerlane's army moved, "wild beasts scattered, stars dispersed, tombs overturned, and the earth shook."

Bayezid's army drew up north of the Tartars on the plain of Chibukabad. Despite their recent hardships, the Turks were far from demoralized, as some chroniclers would claim. Furthermore, assertions that the 48-year-old sultan had become lazy in his campaigning were entirely false. Still, given the situation, the Ottoman soldiers had virtually no time to rest between the end of their march and the beginning of battle. The Turkish left was a mixed force of professional cavalry, or Sipahis, and irregulars from Anatolia. The core of the wing was a force of 20,000 Serbian horsemen, fully armored under the summer heat and commanded by Stephen Lazarovic, Bayezid's brother-in-law.

Already menacing in their armor, the Serbs also carried with them deadly Greek fire. Bayezid led the center, which included his 5,000-strong professional infantry corps known as the Janissaries. The Janissaries fortified themselves upon a hill in the middle of the plain screened by Sipahis. The sultan's sons Musa, Isa, and Mustafa joined him in the center, while another son, Mehmed, led the reserves. The most critical part of the Turkish army was its right, commanded by Suleiman, where the sheer number of Bayezid's ethnic Tartars was larger than Tamerlane's entire force.

After both sides offered prayers to Allah in the hope of winning his grace for victory against an enemy of the common faith, the battle began abruptly at 10 AM when the Tartar light cavalry advanced on the Serbs on the Ottoman right. Tamerlane hoped to drive a wedge between the Serbs and the Janissaries, but any illusion concerning Serbian weakness that he may have harbored was quickly dashed. The heavily armed Christians easily repelled the assault and mounted a counterattack of their own. With drums beating and trumpets blasting, Lazarovic's horsemen slammed into the Turkish left flank.

The forces of Prince Shahrukh slowly gave ground, letting loose enough arrows to turn the sky black. The withdrawing Tartars also used Greek fire, but it was all to no avail. The Serbians advanced implacably. Even Tamerlane was impressed, declaring, "The wretches fight like lions!" Bayezid was uneasy, however, worrying that the Serbs had charged too far and risked being encircled. He carelessly surrendered the momentum and ordered Lazarovic to fall back.

This was to prove the height of Ottoman success. On the opposite side of the battlefield, unmitigated disaster soon struck. There, the Tartar advance guard under Abubakr, preceded by a hail of arrows, charged headlong into Suleiman's ranks. The fighting provided the spark that prompted Bayezid's Tartars to cast aside their allegiance and rejoin their own kind in the struggle. Immediately the Tartars turned on the Turks, striking Suleiman's Anatolians and Macedonians from behind.

Suleiman attempted to stand, but the tide had turned inexorably against him and he was compelled to avoid certain destruction by leading an orderly withdrawal. Bayezid's fortunes were beginning to deteriorate. When the Serbs saw what was occurring on the opposite side of the field, they too lost heart and began to retreat, pursued closely by Husayn. As he pulled away, Lazarovic urged the sultan to abandon the fight while there was still time to save the army. Bayezid refused. An Ottoman sultan and the fiercely loyal Janissaries could never surrender with honor.

With only the vastly depleted Turkish center remaining on the field, the battle was all but decided. Eager for glory, Mohammed Sultan approached Tamerlane and requested the honor of delivering the final, fatal charge. Reluctantly the emperor consented, and within moments the ground shook as waves of mounted Tartar warriors stormed forward furiously. With suicidal determination, the Janissaries stood their ground, waiting for the charging horsemen to crash into them. The fighting was ferocious. The Janissaries defended their hill tenaciously, repelling numerous assaults including an attack by the war elephants whose backs bore tiny castles from which the Tartars rained down Greek fire on the Turks.

The Granger Collection, New York

Two Turkish janissaries, members of an elite professional fighting corps.

No one could escape the carnage. Bayezid swung an ax to cut down his enemies. The slaughter continued until nightfall. Finally, with 300 men by his side, the sultan attempted to flee, but a Tartar arrow struck his mount and sent him tumbling to the ground. Tartar soldiers quickly pounced, capturing the illustrious ruler. According to legend, when a bound Bayezid was delivered to Tamerlane during the final moments of the battle, the emperor, who was peacefully engaged in a game of chess, said modestly to his captive, "I smile that God should have given the dominion of the world to a blind man like you and a lame man like me."

Although an accurate estimate of casualties was impossible, one Dominican friar claimed later that at least 40,000 Turks had been killed. The rest fled with Suleiman to Bursa or with Lazarovic to Serbia. Along with Bayezid, his sons Musa and Mustafa also fell into Tartar hands, while Tamerlane's favorite, Mohammed Sultan, was wounded during the battle's bloody final phase.

Following the crushing defeat of the Turkish army, the Tartars easily captured and desolated Ankara. At the same time, Mohammed Sultan, despite his injuries, raced after Suleiman, but Bayezid's son moved quickly, gathering up the city's wealth and fleeing Bursa precipitously. By the time the Tartars reached the Ottoman capital five days after the battle, it was largely stripped of its prizes—with the notable exception of the sultan's wife, Zabina. The disappointing lack of plunder served to further spur the invaders in their traditional atrocities. Bursa became a scene of total destruction.

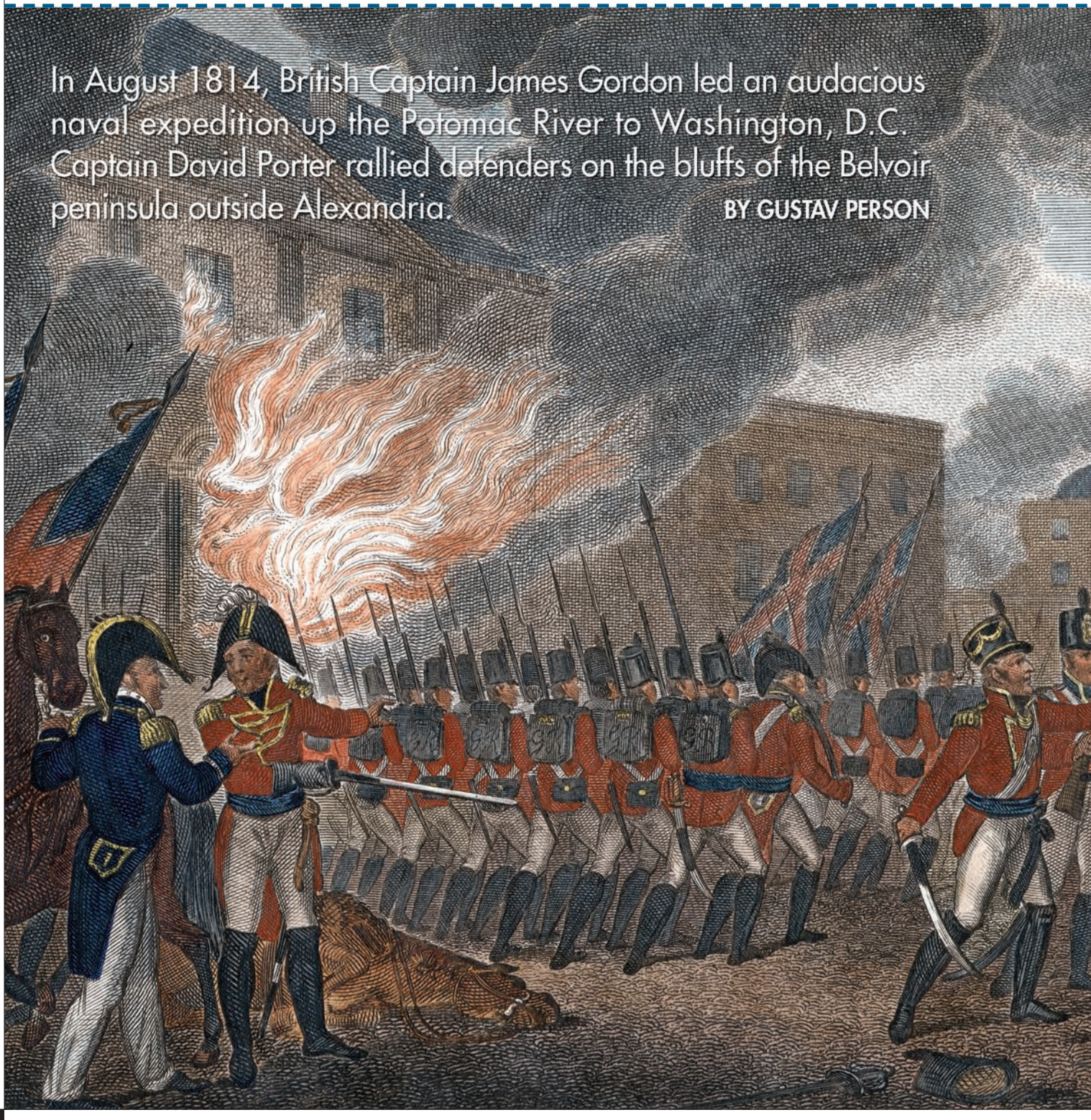
Over the course of the next half year, Tamerlane marched unopposed through Anatolia, subduing one town after another. He forced each to surrender its wealth; those that resisted faced certain massacre. Tamerlane's greatest achievement was the capture of the Christian city of Smyrna.

Continued on page 74

BRITISH RAID UP

In August 1814, British Captain James Gordon led an audacious naval expedition up the Potomac River to Washington, D.C. Captain David Porter rallied defenders on the bluffs of the Belvoir peninsula outside Alexandria.

BY GUSTAV PERSON



THE POTOMAC

Following the collapse of the American militia at the "Bladensburg Races," British forces burned the Capitol and the executive mansion in Washington.

The Granger Collection, New York

In the summer of 1814, the residents of the District of Columbia and surrounding counties in Maryland and Virginia had considerable cause for concern. It was the third year of the War of 1812 between the nascent United States and its former colonial ruler, Great Britain. In August, the British began assembling a large task force off the Maryland coast under the overall command of Vice Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane. An experienced sea dog, Cochrane had been sent to America with explicit instructions to chastise severely the upstart nation, which, as one British naval leader put it, "had declared war against us when our hands were full in Europe and who, by their maritime success, had astonished themselves as much as they had surprised us." Cochrane's raid was intended specifically to avenge the American burning of Upper Canada's capital at York (present-day Toronto).

Cochrane assigned Rear Admiral George Cockburn to command the strike on the American capital in Washington. Cockburn had already had considerable success raiding the Chesapeake Bay area. In April 1813, he attacked and burned Frenchtown, Maryland. The next month, he burned the towns of Havre de Grace, Georgetown, and Fredericktown, all in the upper reaches of the Chesapeake. Cockburn then moved on to Principio, a munitions-manufacturing town in northeastern Maryland, destroying a cannon foundry, and for 12 days the British roamed freely on American soil. A furious member of Congress noted that "Cockburn's name was on every tongue, with various particulars of his incredibly coarse and blackguard misconduct."

On August 19, 1814, Cockburn landed Maj. Gen. Robert Ross and 4,370 veteran troops, fresh from their successes against French forces in Spain and Portugal, along the Patuxent River at Benedict, Maryland. The British then made a five-day march through heat that frequently started the day at 98 degrees. To check them, 7,000 American militia troops under Brig. Gen. William H. Winder were hurried into battle near Bladensburg, Maryland, a few miles northeast of Washington, on August 24. The green American troops quickly broke under the disciplined British attack and fled from the field.

The American flight was so precipitous and headlong that it quickly became known as the "Bladensburg Races." A few hours later, the British advanced into the District of Columbia and put to the torch many public buildings, including the Capitol and the executive mansion. The Washington Navy Yard was burned by its commander rather than let it fall into enemy hands. That night, the British camped on Capitol Hill. In all, the British plunder included 540 barrels of powder, 206 cannons, and 100,000 rounds of cartridges. The next day the invaders departed in the midst of a violent tornado, one of several that struck the Washington area, seemingly in celestial anger at the British effrontery.

Beginning on September 11, Cochrane struck Baltimore with a naval flotilla of 50 ships and a land force under Ross. They chose to punish Baltimore first for its role as the center of a large-scale American privateering campaign. The British were repelled by local forces consisting of regular troops and local volunteers, and a massive rocket and mortar attack against Fort McHenry barely made a dent. Francis Scott Key, a Georgetown attorney, was in Baltimore during the attempted invasion and witnessed the all-night bombardment. On the morning of September 14, he saw the fort's huge flag still flying above the fort and was inspired to write "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

ABOVE: Rear Admiral George Cockburn's British forces burn and plunder Havre de Grace, Maryland, in May 1813.
RIGHT: The American frigate USS *President* mounted 44 guns.

Public Domain

While Ross entered the Patuxent River to start his epic overland march on Washington, one-legged Captain James Alexander Gordon, not yet 30 years old, set out on an equally rigorous waterborne expedition against the American capital. The ambitious and audacious river voyage was aimed at an inland objective 100 miles from the open ocean off the Virginia capes. Many of the officers and seamen under Gordon's command had arrived in the Chesapeake mere days earlier, having shipped on June 2 from the Mediterranean with no home leave after long tours of duty. Gordon's force consisted of some 1,000 weary sailors, and he worried that they were "by no means fit to cope with the picked men of America."

The squadron comprised Gordon's flagship, HMS *Sea Horse*; the 38-gun frigate HMS *Euryalus,* under Captain Charles Napier (Gordon's second in command); the 36-gun frigate HMS *Devastation*, commanded by Captain Thomas Alexander; three bomb vessels—HMS *Aetna* (Captain Richard Kenah), HMS *Meteor* (Captain Samuel Roberts), and HMS *Erebus* (Captain David E. Bartholomew)—the rocket ship HMS *Anna Maria,* and a dispatch boat. In all, Gordon counted a total of 173 guns in his squadron.

The trip up the Potomac River included many hazards. Previously, the 44-gun American frigate, USS *President,* had come downriver from Washington in 42 days, her guns taken off and loaded in small boats in order to float her successfully over the Potomac's extensive shoals. A British frigate had already abandoned, as impossible, similar efforts to effect an upriver passage. If he managed to make it that far, Gordon still had to successfully pass Fort Warburton, six miles below Alexandria and 12 miles below Washington on the Maryland shore.

The British invading fleet entered the Potomac on August 17, the same day that the main British force entered the Patuxent River. The second day brought Gordon above the Wicomico River to the Kettle Bottoms, a series of intricate shoals "composed of oyster banks of various dimensions, some not larger than a boat with passages between them." Admiralty charts dating back to 1776 were little help, said Gordon, since "none of the pilots knew exactly where they lie."

The squadron weighed anchor and proceeded with great caution behind several small warning boats rowed abreast of each other. Despite this maneuver, *Sea Horse* grounded on a sand bank. Anchoring, the frigate sent boats and hawsers to pull her off. No one could tell where she had hung up. She had plenty of water astern, ahead, and all around, but she could not move. A diver later found, to the astonishment of all, that an oyster bank no larger than a small boat was under *Sea Horse*'s keel. After much hard heaving, the frigate was floated off. The remainder of the frigate's crew spent the day gathering provisions from shore. Several other vessels went aground as well, but each got off with more ease.

Finally, on August 19, with a favorable breeze, the British squadron cleared the Kettle Bottoms, only to fall victim to variable tides that further hindered the expedition's progress. Gordon anchored off Maryland Point on August 24, the same day that Ross and Cockburn completed their 50-mile overland thrust and burned Washington. Gordon's officers could plainly see the reflection of the fires from Washington in the skies above. Believing that the flames marked the British withdrawal after the capture of the Amer-

ican capital—Cochrane's stated objective—the Potomac squadron decided nonetheless to proceed toward Washington on its own.

Captain Napier noted the progress. "The enemy gave us no trouble, either with fire vessels or with light troops who might have been stationed in such a manner on both banks of the river as to have rendered the laying out of the anchors totally impossible," he wrote. "But considering we were several hundred miles in the interior of the enemy's country, the utmost precaution was necessary to provide against any unforeseen attack." No further plundering was permitted; the strictest discipline was enforced.

Weighing anchor early on August 25, the squadron was beset by strong winds and squalls. Napier reported that "the squall thickened at a short distance, roaring in a most awful manner and appearing like a tremendous surf." Ever troublesome, *Sea Horse* sprung her mizzenmast and *Meteor,* lying on a bank, was nearly blown over and brought up in deep water. *Euryalus* lost her bowsprit, requiring that a new one be fabricated out of a topmast.

About 5 PM on August 26, George Washington's old home at Mount Vernon appeared in view. The British ships lowered their foretopsails in courtly salute as they passed the "gentleman's residence" and the ships' bands played "Washington's March."

The night before the fiasco at Bladensburg, General Winder had ordered Captain Samuel T. Dyson, the commanding officer at Fort Warburton, in the event of "being taken in the rear of the fort by the enemy, to blow up the fort and retire across the river" with its 57-man garrison. Built in 1808-1809 on the Maryland shore at Digges Point alongside Piscataway Creek, the fort, later renamed Fort Washington, contained a considerable arsenal of heavy ordnance. The fortification included a water battery and rear battery and an octagonal brick blockhouse two stories high.

Anchoring his squadron just outside the fort's range, Gordon sent his bomb vessels to positions where they could cover the frigates in the next day's projected daylight attack. Dyson, however, either misunderstood Winder's orders or was simply a coward. The British bomb vessels fired a few preparatory shells, at which point Dyson blew up the magazine, which contained 3,000 pounds of black powder, and abandoned the fort without firing a single shot, leaving the British at a loss to account for such an extraordinary step. The fort held a good position, and its capture would have cost the British at least 50 men or more, had it been properly defended. Dyson also managed to spike a large number of guns before his withdrawal, including two 32-pounders and eight 24-pounders. Later that year, an Army court-martial found Dyson guilty of all charges and specifications, except for drunkenness (which might at least have explained, if not necessarily excused, his unvalorous actions). He was summarily dismissed from the service.

The British continued their journey upriver toward Alexandria, which earlier had been stripped of troops in the hopes of successfully defending Washington. At 10 AM on Sunday, August 28, Mayor Charles Simms and a group of residents rowed downriver in the direction of the approaching British task force, displaying a flag of truce. Behind them, on the opposite bank, the Washington Navy Yard continued to burn, as if to remind them of the penalty they would incur if they did not surrender. They boarded Gordon's flagship, *Sea Horse,* to ask what fate awaited them. Alexandria's Common Council had already decided to capitulate, on terms that gave Gordon the kind of tribute Ross had hoped fruitlessly to obtain from Washington.

On the following day, an officer from *Sea Horse* delivered to the mayor Gordon's seven written conditions for sparing the city and its inhabitants. The list demanded the immediate surrender of all naval and ordnance stores, as well as the possession of any ships in the vicinity. Vessels sunk a week earlier also had to be surrendered, although only one could be raised and reconditioned. The British plundered warehouses along the river bank of their agricultural produce for the next few days, stuffing 21 prize ships with looted cargo. All told, they stashed away 16,000 barrels of flour, 1,000 hogsheads of tobacco, 150 bales of cotton, and some $5,000 worth of wine, coffee, sugar, and cigars. Even so, the British had to leave behind another 200,000 barrels of produce for want of transport. Meanwhile, the local residents watched indignantly.

Contrary winds delaying his departure, Gordon received bad news from Captain Henry L. Baker, who had sailed the 18-gun brig HMS *Fairy* upriver with dispatches from Admiral Cochrane. Baker reported that the Americans had already begun building artillery batteries along the Potomac to harass the British squadron's downriver withdrawal. Baker could speak from personal experience—his vessel had been exposed to American gunfire as he sailed upriver. Baker presented dispatches from Cochrane ordering Gordon to return to the Chesapeake as soon as possible.

ABOVE: Rear Admiral Sir James Alexander Gordon.
RIGHT: Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Cockburn.

While the British languished at Alexandria, the American government acted to head them off. Having returned to the capital after the British departure, President James Madison immediately named Secretary of State James Monroe as acting secretary of war and commander of the 10th Military District, after the unexpected resignation of the incumbent, General John Armstrong. Monroe's first move was to try to trap the British at Alexandria. To accomplish this, he sent some Virginia militia, several District of Columbia units anxious to redeem themselves after Bladensburg, and senior Navy Commodore John W. Rodgers's "650 picked men" just summoned from Baltimore. Secretary of the Navy William Jones (a sea captain and Philadelphia ship owner) and Commodore Rodgers (who had fired the war's first shot with his own hand on the flagship USS

Library of Congress

Cowering citizens of Alexandria, Virginia, accept a list of "John Bull's" demands in this mocking cartoon.

President) had begun to work out a strategy to counter Gordon's expedition.

Rodgers improvised a force of fireships at the Washington Navy Yard, and with the 650 picked seamen and marines from the USS *Essex* took them down to Alexandria to attack the British from the rear. Meanwhile, Jones met with Brig. Gen. John P. Hungerford, who commanded the 14th Virginia Militia Brigade from the Northern Neck, and Captain David Porter, U.S. Navy, on Shooter's Hill outside Alexandria to plan the next countermoves. Members of the Virginia militia had formed up quickly in their home districts and then arrived on August 23 at the arsenal at Harpers Ferry, where they were issued short rifles. The next morning, the militiamen embarked in flour boats to travel down the Potomac to Alexandria.

Porter, who had managed to assemble a force totaling about 1,500 officers and men, was ordered to erect a gun battery on the high bluffs below George Washington's Mount Vernon home at the White House on the Belvoir peninsula. The White House was a fishing office located on the Virginia shoreline of the Potomac, on property owned by the Fairfax family. In 1737, Colonel William Fairfax had chosen to build his plantation manor on the bluffs and named it Belvoir, literally "beautiful to see." The Fairfax manor house had been severely damaged in a fire in 1783, and had not been occupied since.

Born on February 1, 1780, the 34-year-old Porter had already had a distinguished naval career. He twice had escaped impressment by the British while serving on merchantmen in the West Indies in the 1790s. Porter was on board the USS *Constellation* in 1799 when she captured the French frigate *Insurgente* during the undeclared naval war with France. During the Barbary War with Tripoli, he was twice wounded while gallantly leading landing parties from *Enterprise*. As captain of the USS *Essex* when war was declared against Great Britain in 1812, he captured several merchantmen and seriously crippled British whale shipping in the Pacific. Although he was finally captured by a superior British force in Valparaiso Harbor, Chile, Porter was paroled and returned home in time to participate in the Potomac operations. (He also fathered David Dixon Porter and adopted David Glasgow Farragut, both destined to be distinguished Union Civil War naval officers.)

Porter believed the American forces could use the Belvoir position to shell the enemy squadron when it attempted to pass. The bluffs, 30 to 60 feet high, were so high that it was thought the British would be unable to elevate their guns sufficiently to return fire. The British would also be largely restricted to the shipping channel, close to the Virginia shoreline. A second fort, commanded by Captain Oliver Hazard Perry, hero of the Battle of Lake Erie, was to be constructed five miles below the White House at Indian Head on the Maryland side of the river.

Pursuant to his orders, Porter proceeded down the west bank of the Potomac to the White House with a detachment of seamen and 50 Marine light artillerymen under Captain Alfred Grayson. He was accompanied by Captain John Creighton and several other Navy and Army officers, as well as Ferdinand Fairfax, owner of the Belvoir property, and a number of other civilian volunteers from Alexandria. Porter was met on his arrival by Hungerford, Brig. Gen. Robert Young of the District of Columbia militia, and two companies of Virginia militia riflemen from Jefferson and Richmond Counties. All eagerly awaited the arrival of their assigned artillery, consisting of three long 18-pounder and two 12-pounder guns.

The Virginia militia had already started to clear away the trees along the bluffs for emplacement of the guns and to prepare positions to protect the rear of the battery.

At the moment of their arrival, the British brig HMS *Fairy* with 18 guns was seen coming upriver. Dispatches warning of *Fairy*'s approach arrived from the task force commander at Benedict, Maryland. The Virginia militiamen immediately took their positions and employed two small 4-pounder guns to open a brisk fire on the British. The American guns sent shot and canister smashing into the unsuspecting ship while hidden riflemen poured a murderous volley into the decks, which were crowded with British seamen unguardedly doing their laundry.

***Fairy* was able to pass by under a fine breeze** after firing one broadside as she crossed the American fields of fire. The militia riflemen continued following the ship along the bank and "greatly annoyed him by their well directed fire." Only one American was wounded in the exchange. Porter later conceded to the Navy secretary that the bombardment served no other purpose "than to accustom the militia to the danger." He also noted that the height of the American positions resulted in most of the British shot striking the bluffs harmlessly, well below their breastworks. Baker informed Gordon that he had seen Americans cutting down trees and building additional batteries and warned that they intended to contest the British squadron's downriver passage.

When Gordon learned of the attack on *Fairy*, he promptly began his withdrawal from Alexandria. Within a few hours, he had gathered all the captured merchant ships under the protection of his frigates and bomb ships and set sail down the Potomac. Alexandria's trials had ended when the last of the eight British warships left the port on September 2. The city had been spared destruction. Yet residents remained apprehensive, fearful that any harassment of the enemy on its withdrawal down the Potomac might provoke the British to return and pillage their city. Wary officials did not hoist the American flag. When Rodgers entered Alexandria that Saturday, in preparation for implementing the use of his fireships, he was indignant at not seeing the Stars and Stripes flying over the city. The flag was quickly hoisted, but this did not stop many of Rodgers's officers, and the hard-pressed residents of Washington and Georgetown, from branding the citizens of Alexandria as cowards.

That night the rest of the American artillery arrived, and Porter erected a large flag, emblazoned with the patriotic slogan: "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights." The following morning, September 3, with Cochrane's order to withdraw uppermost in his mind, Gordon sent the British bomb vessel *Aetna* and the rocket ship *Erebus* downriver from Alexandria to spray the battery with a fire of shot, shell, and Congreve rockets, a bombardment that continued throughout the night. Porter also expected additional 32-pounder cannons to arrive from Washington, but when these guns arrived without carriages, he could mount them expediently only on barges. Until then, Porter made do with his five long guns and the eight smaller 4-pounder and 6-pounder pieces of Captain George Griffith's Alexandria artillery. He also built a furnace for heating solid shot.

Gordon was hampered by foul winds and constant groundings. When *Devastation* hung up on a shoal near Fort Warburton shortly after leaving Alexandria, Gordon had to anchor his squadron and prize vessels a few miles downriver at Mount Vernon to give the bomb ships some protection. Whereupon Rodgers floated three fireships downstream toward the British. Unfortunately for the Americans, the wind failed at a critical point, and *Fairy* towed away the fireships and chased the five accompanying barges back up the Potomac.

Throughout September 3, 4, and 5, the British continued to pound the American positions. Both sides traded hundreds of cannonballs with remarkably little effect. The first night, the British sent a cannonball through the house in which General Hungerford's headquarters was located, and the next day the general moved his camp a quarter mile back from the bluffs. A militia officer on the scene noted that "General Hungerford did not lack courage, but he was not a military man and was out of his element when near cannonballs and bombshells." The action log aboard *Erebus* recorded an unusual, if unexplained, moment: "Found one cask of rum shot through … lost 50 gallons."

Finally, on September 5, *Devastation* was freed and joined the rest of the squadron. With a favorable wind, Gordon decided to make a run for it. Around noon, he shifted the ballast of his frigates to port, raising their starboard sides and elevating their gunfire. *Sea Horse* and *Euryalus* led the way, with the 21 prize ships and smaller vessels trailing. Porter had assumed that the larger British ships would be forced to come within 200 yards of shore—well within range of his own guns. Instead, the frigates anchored in line abreast to the Maryland shore, and their guns began pounding the top of the bluffs with redoubled effect. Within 45 minutes, every cannon on the bluffs was silenced.

Library of Congress

U.S. Navy

LEFT: Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, USN. RIGHT: U.S. Captain David Porter.

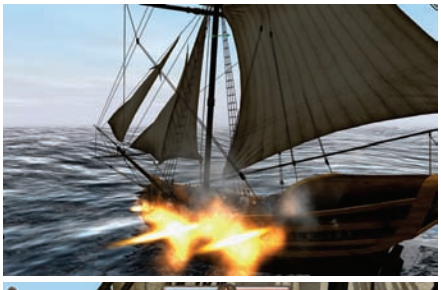
Emboldened, the British bomb vessels discharged their mortars, loaded with musket balls, into the battery and the neighboring woods. Porter's men hung on for as long as possible, but it was a hopeless mismatch, 13 effective American guns against the combined naval broadsides of 63 well-handled British pieces. The Virginia militia riflemen, under the command of Captain George W. Humphreys, did inflict some damage on the British ships from the water's edge, and Captain Napier took a ball in his neck. Unable to stop the enemy, and seeing his own men starting to fall, Porter withdrew after 1 1/2 hours, and Gordon sailed triumphantly past at around 3 PM. Once the smaller

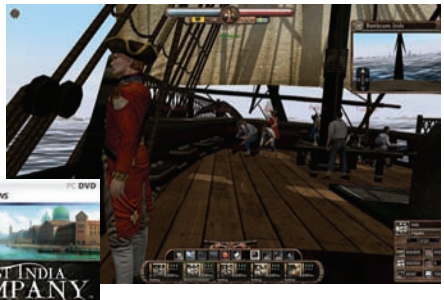
Continued on page 74

By Eric T. Baker and Joseph Luster

If you love fighting sail and the economics of the period 1600 to 1750, you'll enjoy playing *East India Company* from Paradox Interactive.

Not every war is a hot one. ***East India Company*** for the PC from Paradox Interactive is a strategic trading game with tactical combat elements set during the high age of European sail and exploration. The time period is AD 1600 to 1750. There are three smaller campaigns and one grand campaign. There are eight different playable European nations. The map covers the world from Europe to India; the Americas and China are not included. This is not a game of





national armies at war. It is a game of private interests battling with money and cannons.

In the manner of these games, you start with the home port of whichever nation (British, Dutch, French, Danish, Portuguese, Swedish, Spanish, or Holy Roman Empire) you choose and a few ships. There are no special abilities keyed to the nations, so which one you want to manage is mostly cosmetic. You send your ships out, exploring the world, finding ports that have raw goods. The goods are brought home, traded for crafted goods, and the ships go out again. In this manner, the world opens up and your empire expands.

Battles for the ports are done via strategic screens. Battles between ships can be done in a strategic quick resolve method as well, but the game punishes players who use this. Not only will your ships always take more damage with the computer in charge, but the ship's captains don't earn experience in the strategic battles. So you will almost always want to play the tactical battle system, which is also the part of the game that can be played in online multiplayer, although not as part of the campaigns.

What *EIC* does, it does competently, but it doesn't have the polish that would be expected of a bigger budget game. For instance, the 3-D views of the harbors are beautiful, but they take long enough to load that you will probably switch to the 2-D summaries. The tactical ship battles look excellent and are easy to command, but they are a little too realistic in that they contain a lot of time spent just sailing into position or chasing a fleeing prize. Players who love the economics of this period and love fighting sail will enjoy this game, but it won't woo new fans to the period or this genre of games.

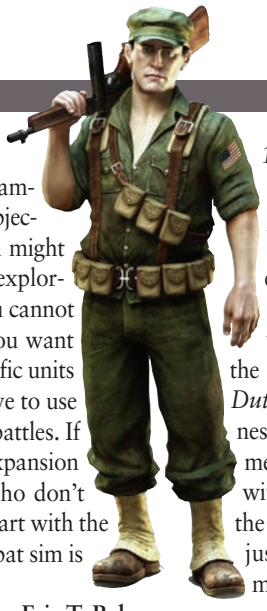
ArmA II Ultimate Military Simulator for the PC from Bohemian Interactive is (largely) a first-person shooting game set in a fictional former Soviet state. Players take the role of one of the U.S. Marines brought in to support the Democratic government against Communist insurgents of various stripes. It

breaks down into five different factions on the 86-square-mile game world, and that is just one of the ways that *ArmA II* is one of the most complex shooters ever created.

To understand *ArmAa II*, you have to envision a game like *Call of Duty* where nothing is scripted. The various units will fight regardless of your presence. The game really does let you solve the objectives however you like, and then is smart enough to change the game world based on what you did. Unfortunately, you have to also envision a game like *CoD* but with so many bugs that you will find yourself wondering how anyone in their right mind could have released it. *ArmA II* provides a better experience of modern combat than any other game on the market, but it requires far too much reloading and patience to be given the high marks that experience would otherwise deserve.

For a real-time strategy take on the modern era there is ***Combat Mission Shock Force*** which has just released its first expansion, ***British Forces***. You will need the full game to play this expansion as it does not stand alone. It does, however, add a modern British fighting force to the hypothetical fight in Syria that was laid out in the main game. The soldiers come with their distinctive L85 rifles and travel in Warriors while being supported by L12A2 mortars and Harrier jump jets.

The main campaign that comes with this expansion follows the High-



landers Battle Group in its fight across Syria. It is a branching campaign that is hurt only by the objectives not being as clear as you might hope. Be prepared to do more exploring. Also, in the campaign, you cannot choose your exact forces. If you want to mix and match and try specific units against each other you will have to use the editor to create your own battles. If you already own *CMSF,* this expansion is worth the price. Players who don't own *CMSF* should probably start with the basic game and see if this combat sim is for them.

Eric T. Baker

Battlefield 1943, for all its back-to-the-shores World War II familiarity, is the type of online-only game that remains relevant well past its July debut. The entire release is a potent example of the proliferation of quality downloadable titles; a distinction that, many years ago, was lathered with low expectations and even lower prices. For $14.99, however, DICE (who branched out last year with the original IP *Mirror's Edge*) has further refined the price-to-content ratio, deploying some truly tight-laced action into the Pacific Theater.

Viewed at face value, the range of options on the main menu are fairly slim. There's not a whole lot to go through to just jump into a quick game, and as soon as one relatively sprawling match ends, another map loads up, creating a potentially hazardous time-sink that can easily obliterate anywhere from a couple hours to a healthy chunk of the day.

In the battles themselves, the player starts off by choosing between three classes—Infantryman, Rifleman, and Scout—from their designated side: United States Marine Corps or the Imperial Japanese Navy. The differences between each essentially fall on the starting armaments, and preference will depend on whether you're into long-range sniping or up close and personal ground combat. Whatever the decision, the experience really opens up once it's made. Vehicles litter the landscape on both ends, from M4 Sherman tanks to jeeps and—something many will be racing for—planes. Don't trust the power of your vehicle against the opposing team's rifle grenades? Stay on foot or, if you're feeling especially bold, man a nearby anti-air gun. There's a "job" here for everyone.

Like all good games in the genre, *1943* is about the Big Moments. The advantage to this being solely multiplayer really ramps this aspect up, too, because every major event is user-generated. Sure, those heavily scripted sequences in other war games have their own special impact, but did, say, the frantic sinking ship escape in *Call of Duty 4* ever compare to the kind of madness that went down online? The excitement here is all about hopping in a tank with a friend (or a stranger, as is often the case), and zipping out of your base just as a group of Zeros go kamikaze mere feet behind you in a startling array of fire and pluming smoke. A lot of the spectacle happens thanks to one of the other 23 players running about, making the prospect of death via collateral damage a constant danger.

One of my personal go-to "moment generators" is Air Superiority mode, which takes place in the skies over the Coral Sea map, doing its best impersonation of the famous battle. What makes this map and mode pairing particularly special, though, is the method by which they were unveiled. In no time at all, *Battlefield* players collectively reached 43 million kills, effectively unlocking Coral Sea and Air Superiority at the low, low price of a staggering death toll. Whether or not DICE imagined this achievement would happen so quickly, it's a great carrot and stick approach to getting players out in the thick of it, even if it meant that some may have been focusing more on netting cumulative kills than securing territory for the good of their squad.

As is the case with a lot of multiplayer-centric offerings, there can be a mighty learning curve to it all. This doesn't just extend to wrestling with the plane controls (which actually don't take too long to properly finesse), there's simply going to be a lot of death in your future shortly after booting *Battlefield 1943* up for the first time. That rampant, take-no-prisoners beating will continue, well, possibly forever, but not without the balance eventually shifting in your favor as maps become laced in memory. As in all of our world's great battles, there will be good and bad days, but there are many rewards at the end of the tunnel for those that keep fighting on regardless of how many times they've coldly kissed the ground.

Battlefield 1943 isn't designed to replace the full retail experience, DICE has said as much

itself. What it does offer is an easy-access pass to some intense operations in the Pacific Theater campaign, from ground to air and back again with the ferocity of a screaming Zero. While it should come as no surprise, it's worth noting that the game is still jam-packed and finding a match is as easy as selecting the first option available on the main menu. Hopefully this will continue for a good while, and there's no better time to hop in than now; hell, maybe we'll all eventually grind our way to another unlockable map down the road. Either way, the neverending battle will remain just that until the successor to this conflict arises.

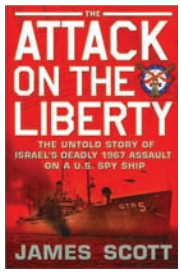
Joseph Luster

By Al Hemingway

While on a top-secret mission in 1967, the USS *Liberty* came under a relentless air and sea attack from Israeli forces. The question remains—why?

ON JUNE 8, 1967, THE USS *LIBERTY,* A CARGO SHIP BUILT AT THE end of World War II and converted to an electronic surveillance vessel in 1964, was patrolling 14 miles off the coast of the Sinai Peninsula. Just days earlier, Israel had gone to war with Egypt, Syria and Jordan, and the Israelis already had their Arab foes on the run.

There was no doubt that *Liberty* was a spy ship. The 455-foot vessel was outfitted with the state-of-the-art equipment that allowed her to eavesdrop and monitor all traffic in the area. Still, her skipper, Commander William McGonagle, was uneasy about being so close to the coastline. His request to reposition the ship went unheeded, and the nearest carriers and destroyers were hundreds of miles away. With a top speed of only 18 knots, the only means *Liberty* had of protecting herself were four .50-caliber machine guns. She was extremely vulnerable to an enemy attack. But orders were orders, and McGonagle, a stickler for naval regulations, continued with the clandestine mission.



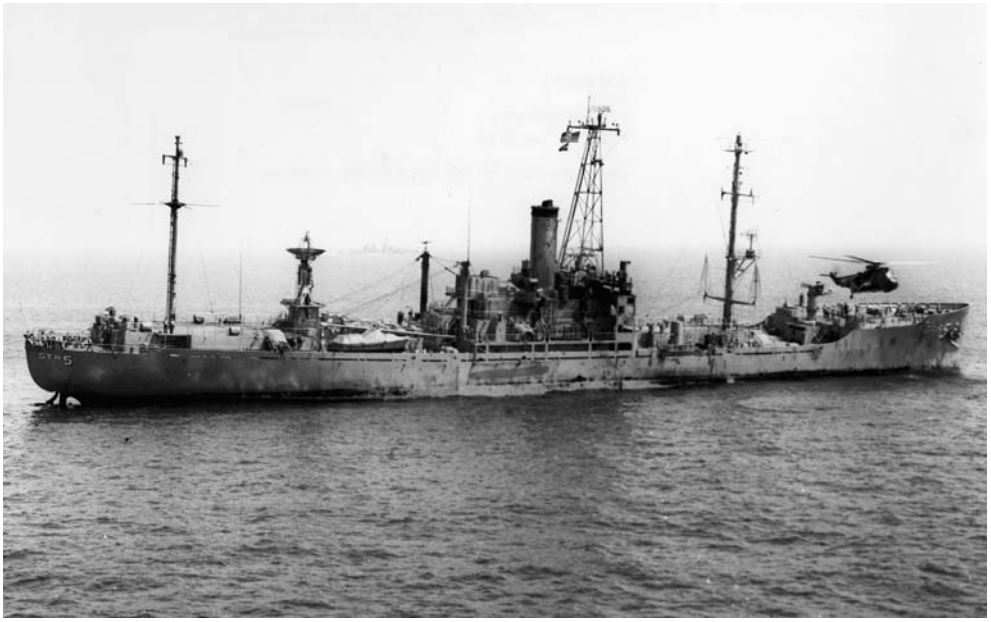
Early in the morning of June 8, aircraft later identified as Israeli watched the ship's movements. On numerous occasions they flew overhead. No one paid much attention until fighter jets swooped down and pounded the unsuspecting ship with rockets and cannons. Napalm transformed the deck into a living hell as temperatures reached 3,000 degrees. Torpedo boats fired their deadly missiles, striking *Liberty* amidships, where the intelligence systems were situated, ripping open a gaping 40-foot hole. The vessel began listing badly. Despite the torpedo damage and the 821 shell holes that riddled the vessel, McGonagle and his crew did a miraculous job of keeping her afloat. Tragically, 34 crew members were killed and more than 170 of the nearly 300 who manned the ship were wounded during the horrific hour-long assault.

The question remains: why would Israel, our staunchest ally in the Mid-


U.S. Navy

dle East, purposely attack a U.S. ship in international waters? In his newest book, ***The Attack on the Liberty: The Untold Story of Israel's Deadly 1967 Assault on a U.S. Spy Ship*** (Simon & Schuster, New York, 2009, 368 pp., photos, index, notes, $27.00, hardcover), journalist James

BELOW: USS *Liberty* receives assistance after being damaged by Israeli forces off the Sinai Peninsula on June 8, 1967. A SH-3 helicopter is off her bow. RIGHT: The *Liberty* crew examines the damage inflicted on the ship.


U.S. Navy

You deserve a factual look at . . .

Mr. Netanyahu's Offer (I)

Would it bring peace to the tortured Middle East?

In a complete turnabout from previous positions, but probably also yielding to enormous pressure by President Obama, Israel's Prime Minister "Bibi" Netanyahu has declared his willingness to accept a Palestinian state.

What are the facts?

A generous offer. Since the "two-state solution" has long been declared to be the Holy Grail of the Palestinians, one would have expected that Mr. Netanyahu's announcement be greeted with cheers and hosannas. That, however, not surprisingly perhaps, was not the case. In fact, the Palestinians and all others involved declared it to be an insult and a "non-starter." The principal objections were that Mr. Netanyahu insisted that the newly created Palestinian state would have to be totally demilitarized, and that its air space would be available to the IAF (Israeli Air Force); that Jerusalem would remain undivided as the capital of the Jewish state; that the "Palestinian refugees" would, if they so desired, be returned to the newly formed state and not to Israel; that the Palestinians acknowledge Israel as the state of the Jews; and, finally, that he did not commit for the "settlements" to be dismantled. We shall address some of these objections in this message, the rest in a future message.

> "As Abba Eban, Israel's former Foreign Secretary put it: 'The Arabs will never miss an opportunity to miss an opportunity.'"

The "Settlements." Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") is the ancient Biblical homeland of the Jewish people. This area is part of the Palestinian Mandate, which was declared by the Balfour Declaration and by the mandate of the League of Nations, to be the homeland of the Jewish people. After the 1948 War of Israel's Liberation this area remained in possession of the Kingdom of Jordan, which declared sovereignty over the area. The only possible rationale for the conclusion that this area is Palestinian land is that it is encompassed by the 1949 armistice line. There is absolutely no other reason. This area has never been Palestinian land. In fact, never before the creation of the State of Israel has there ever been a Palestinian people or a Palestinian country anywhere in the long course of human history. The Palestinians were never until recent times in any control over the area. At the very most, the area could be described as "disputed." In fact, a very good case could be made that Jews have a better right than the Arabs to live there. What a shame that even the leaders of our country cannot see this fundamental truth. And don't let's forget that over one million Arabs live in Israel unmolested and nobody gets exercised about that.

Demilitarization. Not so long ago, Israel unilaterally evacuated every last Jewish family from Gaza. One would have hoped that the Palestinians, grateful for being rid of the hated Jews and no longer having to suffer their presence, would have shown their gratitude for that "liberation." Instead, almost from the very first day, they bombarded Israeli cities with thousands of rockets. Eventually, the patience of Israel snapped and it invaded Gaza to put a stop to this outrage. It has to be clear to all that having had such bad experience with Gaza, Israel is fully justified to expect that if statehood were ultimately granted to the Palestinians, and if demilitarization were not imposed and strictly supervised, the Palestinians of the "West Bank" would be equally inclined to attack Israel on a daily basis. Instead of being confronted by the insular Gaza, Israel would be surrounded totally by those who are sworn to destroy it. Full demilitarization would have to be a key requirement of any Palestinian statehood. Without it, virtually all of Israel – its population centers, its industries, its military installations and its international airport – would be under the gun. Life in Israel would be virtually impossible. How could anybody possibly think otherwise?

Return of the "Refugees." During the 1948 War of Liberation, about 650,000 Arabs, goaded by their leaders, fled the nascent state of Israel. They and their descendants wish to "return" to Israel. That is a bizarre request. The principal purpose of a Palestinian state would obviously have to be the ingathering and settling of the "Palestinian refugees" and not to foist them onto Israel. Injecting them into Israel would undermine the Jewish state and smooth the path to its destruction. And that is, indeed, the rub. The principal intent of the Arabs is not the creation of a state, but, as they repeat over and over, the destruction of Israel, which they call the "cancer on the Arab body." And don't let's forget that about 800,000 Jews, who escaped barely with their lives from Arab countries during the War of Liberation in 1948 and during the Six-Day War in 1967, were quickly absorbed into the state of Israel and are now at least one-half of the total population. The Arabs, in contrast, have kept their "refugees" in miserable refugee camps for the last 60+ years, on the dole of the world – mostly that of the United States.

There is little likelihood that Mr. Netanyahu's generous offer, however it might ultimately be modified, will be accepted by the Arabs. Because, if that were the objective, they could have had their own state for over seventy years. But whatever was offered was never sufficient. As Abba Eban, Israel's former Foreign Secretary, so well put it: "The Arabs will never miss an opportunity to miss an opportunity." Sadly, therefore, there is little question that Mr. Netanyahu's generous offer of a separate state for the Palestinians will again be rejected – most likely even being followed by another "intifada."

This message has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East
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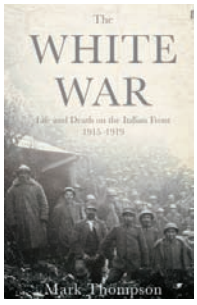
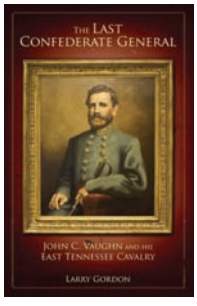
Scott, son of one of the *Liberty* survivors, uses newly released classified material and interviews with survivors to piece together the tragic events and apparent cover-up by both governments to prevent the truth from emerging.

Even before the fires were out on *Liberty,* President Lyndon Baines Johnson's administration was scurrying to develop a story that would satisfy the press and the American public. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, who referred to *Liberty* as a "technical research ship," said the Israeli Defense Force (IDF) had committed a tragic error, thinking she was an Egyptian transport vessel. The Israeli government quickly offered an apology.





Most Washington insiders, including politicians with naval experience, dismissed this idea. Both ships were distinctly different. How could *Liberty,* her decks bristling with antenna, been mistaken for an Arab cargo ship, much smaller with clear Arab markings on her hull? Also, the IDF said that *Liberty* was not clearly marked and her flag was obscured and limp because there was no breeze that day. Disbelievers nixed this absurd tale. The IDF aircraft had positively identified her as an American ship hours prior to the attack. There weather was clear and there was no mistaking the Stars and Stripes.

Over the years, allegations have surfaced as to why *Liberty* was targeted for destruction. Some have even said the attack was ordered personally by Israeli General Moshe Dayan, who feared that the Israeli offensive to seize the Golan Heights would somehow be jeopardized by the unexpected appearance of the American spy ship.

Liberty was near the town of El Arish, where as many as 1,000 Palestinian and Egyptian prisoners were been detained. Ominous rumors have circulated that these prisoners were being summarily executed. If this were true, *Liberty* would have certainly communicated the war crime to American officials. The truth behind both these accusations has never been proven.

McGonagle was eventually awarded the Medal of Honor, and his officers and crew were also decorated for their gallantry. LBJ, wanting to distance himself from the debacle, had the medal given to McGonagle at the Washington Navy Yard by an admiral, instead of at the White House by the commander-in-chief. Crew members' awards were presented quietly aboard the refurbished *Liberty* with no fanfare.

Before his death in 1999, McGonagle addressed his men at the 40th anniversary ceremonies of the attack on *Liberty* and remarked: "For many years I had wanted to believe that the attack on *Liberty* was pure error. It appears to me that it was not a pure case of mistaken identity. I think that it's about time that the state of Israel and the United States government provide the crew members of the *Liberty,* and the rest of the American people, the facts of what happened."

To date, that has not happened.

The White War: Life and Death on the Italian Front, 1915-1919 by Mark Thompson, Basic Books, New York, 2009, 480 pp., photos, notes, index, $30.00, hardcover.

Precious little has been written about the bloody fighting that pitted Italy against the Austro-Hungarian Empire during World War I. More than one million soldiers died during four years of horrific combat in some of the worst terrain an infantryman could be asked to assault or defend. The front snaked along the Italian-Austrian border for nearly 400 miles from the Swiss border to the Adriatic Sea. Within the mountainous region, both sides endured "year round whiteness." Living conditions were primitive at best, and each army was bogged down in murderous trench-style warfare akin to the Western Front.

Italy, although a member of the Triple Alliance that also included Austria-Hungary and Germany, did not declare war in August 1914. Italy and Austria-Hungary had a bitter feud over disputed territory dating back to 1815, when the Congress of Vienna gave regions of northern Italy to the Austrian Empire. Because of this, Italy relinquished her obligations to the Alliance and instead threw her support to the Allies by signing the Treaty of London on April 26, 1915.

Italy hoped to invade Austria-Hungary in a blitzkrieg-style attack and regain Cisalpine Tyrol (present-day Trento and Bolzano-Bozen), Istria, Dalmatia, and the important port of Trieste. Unfortunately, the assault was a failure, and for the next 3½ years, the two armies slugged it out in what would become one of the bloodiest campaigns of the entire war.

Italian Chief of Staff Luigi Cadorna, a strong proponent of the frontal assault, devised a plan to strike at the enemy from the north and bypass the mountainous regions altogether and hit them from the rear. This sounded wonderful on paper, but in reality it was humanly impossible. The Isonzo River posed a huge problem. The waterway was known to flood and, as luck would have it, record rainfall fell during those years. Also, the Austrian-Hungarian troops had entrenched themselves on the high ground and could observe every movement of the Italian Army.

A series of pitched battles fought in the area resulted in tremendous casualties. It is estimated that half of the Italian dead and wounded, from 300,000 to 600,000, occurred there. The Austrian-Hungarian defenders incurred 200,000 killed and wounded.

American author Ernest Hemingway, who served briefly as a Red Cross ambulance driver in the region, wrote about the war in his classic novel *A Farewell to Arms,* loosely based on his experiences on the Italian front. He offered a fitting tribute to an obscure sidelight of the war: "I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression, in vain. I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory. There were many words that you could not stand to hear and finally only the names of places had dignity."

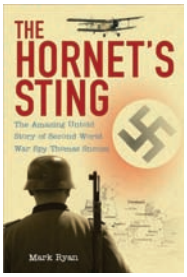
The Last Confederate General: John C. Vaughn and His East Tennessee Cavalry by Larry Gordon, Zenith Press, Minneapolis, MN, 2009, 260 pp., illustrations, maps, notes, index, $27.00, hardcover.

Retired U.S. Army colonel Larry Gordon tackles a complex subject in his latest offering, the saga of one of the last Confederate generals to surrender at the end of the Civil War, Brig. Gen. John C. Vaughn of eastern Tennessee. Vaughn's military career prior to the Civil War was notable. Although not a West Point graduate, he performed well during the Mexican War. Upon his return, he made an unsuccessful attempt at trying to strike it rich in the California gold fields before returning to the Volunteer State and beginning a successful career in politics.

Vaughn was a diehard Confederate amid the predominantly pro-Union citizenry of eastern Tennessee. Nonetheless, he raised a regiment and joined the Confederacy. His military performance in the conflict had its highs and lows. Praised in some battles and criticized in others, Vaughn was a fighter with a "follow me" attitude that his men respected.

After the war he fell on hard times, including a federal conviction for fraud that ended his political career. Although he died at an early age, Vaughn remained a steadfast Rebel to the bitter end. His fighting legacy, despite his flaws, would forever be his trademark.

The Hornet's Sting: The Amazing Untold Story



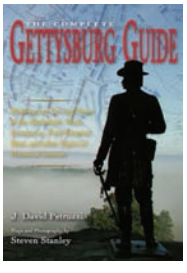
of World War II Spy Thomas Sneum by Mark Ryan, Skyhorse Publishing, New York, 2009, 368 pp., illustrations, notes, index, $24.95, hardcover.

The daredevil exploits of Danish pilot and British secret agent Thomas Sneum were truly remarkable. So much in fact, that author Ken Follett used one of Sneum's legendary adventures in his novel *Hornet Flight*. The Danish patriot's clandestine activities were truly the stuff of legend. Now, writer Mark Ryan, who had the opportunity to meet and interview Sneum in detail before his death in 2007 at the age of 89, has produced a book about Sneum's death-defying escapades in World War II.

When the Nazis occupied Denmark in 1940, Sneum, who was a pilot in the Danish Air Force, was determined to make his way to England and fight the Germans. He and another fellow pilot refurbished an old Hornet Moth and took off across the English Channel. After a perilous six-hour flight, the pair landed and was taken into custody by the Royal Air Force.

Sneum had taken photos of the new German radar installation dubbed Freya and presented them to the British. In 1942, he went back to Denmark and worked in covert operations for six months. He managed to escape a second time by walking across a frozen waterway that separated Denmark from Sweden. Ryan's tell-all book highlights Sneum's incredible deeds and recognizes one of the real heroes of World War II

The Complete Gettysburg Guide by J. David Petruzzi by Steven Stanley, Savas Beatie, New York, 2009, 304 pp., maps and photos, $39.95, hardcover.

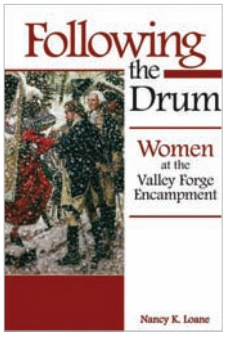


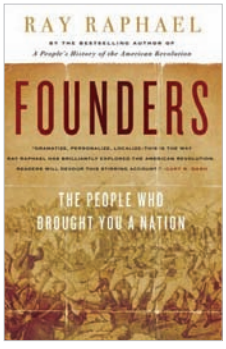
David Petruzzi, with assistance from Steven Stanley, has given Civil War buffs another wonderful account of the Gettysburg battlefield. Although there are a host of guides written about the three-day battle that was one of the great turning points in the war, theirs includes the off-beat sites and out-of-the-way places that a visitor could easily miss.

Petruzzi gives the reader an overview of the fighting and explains how the two armies ended up in such an obscure town to fight the bloodiest battle of the war. He divides his chapters into tour stops that enable individuals, espe-

cially first-time visitors to Gettysburg, to obtain a clear understanding of what occurred there more than a century ago.

Stanley's maps are rich in detail. They give the location of each unit, their commanders, movements, and role in the battle. The text that accompanies the maps is full of first-hand accounts by the participants that bring each particular action to life. If you are planning a trip to Gettysburg, bring along a copy of this guidebook. It will prove especially beneficial.





Following the Drum: Women at the Valley Forge Encampment by Nancy K. Loane, Potomac Books, Washington, D.C., 2009, 204 pp., notes, index, $29.95, hardcover.

When historians discuss the American War for Independence, very little is written about the fairer sex and their contribution on and off the battlefield. In reality, a host of ladies followed General George Washington's Army during the entire eight-year period it existed. Nancy Loane, a former seasonal ranger at the Valley Forge National Historical Park, became fascinated with the harsh winter encampment and the pivotal role that women played during that crucial period of the conflict. The majority of them served as seamstresses, cooks, nurses and washerwomen, although some were considered "common whores" by Washington's staff.

Despite the presence of those plying the world's oldest profession, the majority of ladies performed admirably and underwent the same hardships as their male counterparts. Loane has scoured hundreds of dairies, journals, letters, and records to help illustrate the importance of their contribution to the war effort, especially at Valley Forge during the horrific winter of 1777-1778.

Victory Point: Operations Red Wings and Whalers—The Marine Corps' Battle for Freedom in Afghanistan by Ed Darack, Berkley Books, New York, 2009, 316 pp., photos, notes, index, $25.95, hardcover.

Since the invasion of Iraq in 2003, the fighting in Afghanistan has taken a back seat in that theater of war. In 2005, the men of the 2nd Battalion, 3rd Marines embarked on an operation to defeat a ruthless insurgent named Mullah Ismail. His seemingly impregnable stronghold was situated atop a mountain known as Sawtalo Sar located west of the small town of Asadabad.

To eliminate Ismail's terrorist cell, Operation Red Wings was initiated. Unfortunately, no sooner had it begun than the plan seemed to unravel. A team of U.S. Navy SEALs was compromised after being inserted into the area. Also, a U.S. Army Chinook helicopter with 16 Army and Navy Special Operations personnel was shot down by a rocket-propelled grenade.

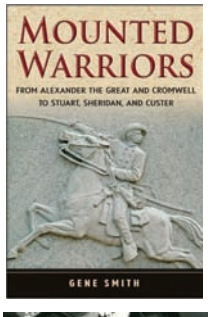
The Marines devised a plan dubbed Operation Whalers and entered the forbidden region to defeat the fanatical Ismail and exact justice on the men who were killed. When the smoke had cleared, the leathernecks had won a resounding victory. Every Marine, from the battalion level to the platoon level, had performed magnificently. The author, who was imbedded with the unit, has written an absorbing account of men in combat. Through their resilience and courage, they smashed an entrenched band of terrorists thought to be untouchable.

Founders: The People Who Brought You a Nation by Ray Raphael, The New Press, New York, 2009, 594 pp., illustrations, notes, index, $29.95, hardcover.

When key figures in the Revolutionary War are discussed, the familiar names of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Franklin are talked about in great detail. Other notable figures who were instrumental in gaining America's freedom from Great Britain and made great sacrifices have been forgotten.

Take Joseph Plum Martin, a common foot soldier in Washington's Continental Army. Born in Massachusetts, Martin moved to Milford, Connecticut, to reside with his grandparents and attend schools in the area. When the Revolutionary War erupted, Martin enlisted in the 8th Connecticut Regiment and served to war's end, eventually attaining the rank of sergeant.

Martin, who witnessed numerous historical events during his tenure as a soldier, eventually relocated to Maine, and in 1830 he wrote an account of his time as a soldier. This autobiography has become an excellent firsthand account of a crucial period in our history. He died in 1850 at the age of 89. Like other patriots of that era, Martin's story needed to be told. Now it has.



Mounted Warriors: From Alexander the Great and Cromwell to Stuart, Sheridan, and Custer by Gene Smith, Wiley & Sons, Hoboken, NJ, 328 pp., illustrations, index, $27.95, hardcover.

There is something irresistibly stirring and gallant about a cavalry charge. Ask any kid who has sat through a Saturday matinee and watched the mounted troopers gallop at the enemy with sabers flashing, waving feverishly over their heads. It is a stirring sight indeed. New York native Gene Smith, who owns and races horses himself, has written an entertaining account of the history of the noble animal as it was used in armed conflicts. He discusses tactics and weaponry from Alexander the Great's era to the America's last great cavalry charge, made by the 26th Cavalry, Philippine Scouts in the early part of World War II.

There remains an air of mystique about the cavalry to this day. As Smith points out: "In the early days of the war in Afghanistan, an odd event was seen on television news programs. Viewers were briefly shown American Special Forces soldiers riding horses they must have obtained locally up into the hills. No illuminating commentary was offered. It is hard to believe men fought from their saddles. Perhaps they got off to do so in the manner of what used to be called mounted infantry. They were onscreen for but a few seconds, and then vanished before the commercial."

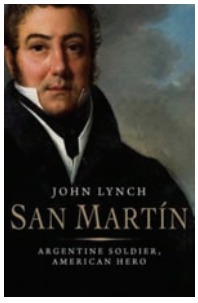
Tonight We Die As Men: The Untold Story of Third Battalion 506 Parachute Infantry Regiment From Toccata to D-Day by Ian Gardner & Roger Day, Osprey Publishing, New York, 344 pp., photos, maps, notes, index, $27.95, hardcover.

World War II history is probably more popular today than at any other time since it ended more than six decades ago. The authors have done extensive research and gleaned information from countless sources, including survivors, to tell the heroic tale of the men of the 3rd Battalion, 505th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division.

On June 6, 1944, the unit was dropped behind enemy lines to secure a pair of wooden bridges near Brevands, France, to prevent the Germans from rushing rein-

forcements to Utah Beach. The paratroopers sustained numerous casualties at the drop zone. Nevertheless, some soldiers made their way to the objective and successfully prevented the enemy from advancing.

The book is a glowing tribute to these men who defied the odds and halted the Nazi juggernaut to allow the 4th Infantry Division to come ashore on Utah Beach and establish a beachhead. The unit saw extensive combat during the rest of the war, including duty at the Battle of the Bulge and Bastogne. Since the end of World War II, the unit has seen action in Vietnam and has been deployed to Iraq and Afghanistan. The proud lineage of this "Screaming Eagles" regiment continues to this day.



San Martin: Argentine Soldier, American Hero by John Lynch, Yale University Press, New Haven, CT, 2009, 265 pp., illustrations, notes, index, $35.00, hardcover.

Very little has been written about the military career of Jose de San Martin, most importantly his extraordinary leadership during the southern section of South America's fight for independence from Spain. San Martin was born in Spain and gained his military prowess as a young officer in the Spanish Army. He participated in several battles against the French in 1808, and became good friends with Bernardo O'Higgins, a native of Chile. He also met and befriended South Americans who desperately wanted their independence from Spain.

San Martin arrived in Argentina, via England, and for the next decade he fought a series of pitched battles against Royalist forces. In January 1817, he led one of two columns of soldiers and crossed the Andes Mountains. The perilous journey took three weeks and the men had to endure bone-chilling temperatures and high altitudes to reach their destination.

Eventually, Chile, Argentina, and Peru gained their freedom. However, in a closed- door meeting on July 22, 1822, San Martin unexpectedly resigned his commission and left Peru. Whatever was said at the gathering to cause him to hurriedly depart is still debated by historians to this day. Nonetheless, San Martin set sail for France and spent the remaining days of his life in a self-imposed exile. After his death in 1850, San Martin's remains were eventually interned and brought back to Buenos Aires. Today, he and Simon Bolivar are considered the true liberators of South America.

Memories of Two Wars: Cuban and Philippine Experiences by Frederick Funston, Bison Books, Lincoln, NE, 2009, 451 pp., index, $17.95, paperback.

Written in 1911, Funston's reminiscences of Cuba and the Philippines are still fresh and offer a rare insight into the wars that catapulted America onto the world scene. Although the United States quickly defeated Spain in Cuba to give that country its independence, the Philippine campaign was another story. It was an extremely unpopular war, with many at home believing that America had unworthy empire-building aspirations. Because of this, returning veterans received a less-than-warm welcome home—much like Vietnam veterans decades later.

Failing the admissions test to the United States Military Academy at West Point, Funston had worked various jobs before joining

the Cuban Revolutionary Army after hearing a speech by former Civil War general Daniel Sickles in 1896. Returning home after a serious bout with malaria, he was eventually commissioned a colonel in the 20th Kansas Infantry and sailed for the Philippines. On April 27, 1899, Funston was involved in the Battle of Calumpit. During the fighting, he swam the Bagbag River and then crossed the Pamgpanga River under heavy fire to help drive the enemy from their entrenched positions. For his extraordinary heroism, he was later awarded the Medal of Honor.

Just prior to America's entry into World War I, Funston's name surfaced to lead the American Expeditionary Force to France. Unfortunately, he died of a sudden heart attack just a few months before the U.S. entry into the conflict. "For all his fighting and all of his accomplishments, he was denied the chance to prove his worth on a world stage," writes Thomas Bruscino in his new introduction to Funston's book, "and the world was denied the chance to see what Funston's innate skills and uncanny good luck could have done in that most awful of wars."

Strongholds of the Samurai: Japanese Castles 250-1877 by Stephen Turnbull, Osprey Publishing, New York, 2009, 272 pp., illustrations, index, $24.95, hardcover.

For readers with a keen interest in Japanese history, this book from noted Japanese historian Stephen Turnbull adds many notable details. Although it is often thought that the Samurai, or Japanese warrior class, fought in the open on foot or from horseback, they also built and defended defensive fortifications to protect themselves from enemies. Turnbull notes that the first known buildings used for defensive purposes to appear on the Japanese homeland were built around AD 250. These were usually constructed near villages for protection. It wasn't until centuries later that castle-like structures appeared with stone walls to repel any invasion from China or elsewhere.

Included in Turnbull's book is a chronology and glossary to assist the reader in following the transformation of wooden buildings into elaborate masonry castles. There is even a section for those who may wish to travel to Japan and visit the few remaining castles still in existence. Many of the communities that sprang up near castles soon flourished in their own right and served, says the author, "as the nucleus of civic life." □

Intelligence

Continued from page 21

archipelago, forcing the closure of the precious Norwegian weather stations on Spitzbergen and Bear Island during the summer of 1941. From the north, Germany was completely weather-blind. Although two manned stations were set up and resupplied by ship and air drop, Wekusta reconnaissance north and northeast became uppermost. In July, the most veteran of the "weather fliers," as Schwerdtfeger called them, 1st Lieutenant Rudolf Schütze of Wekusta 5, made the first flight over the Barents Sea from Banak to Novaya Zemlya in the Soviet Union in an H-5. Since 1931 Schütze had logged some 5,000 weather flights as the central pathfinder in reconnaissance routing of the Arctic.

Arctic weather regularly played havoc with Wekusta recon. The magnitude of winter storms and the deep winter darkness lasting from early November into February grounded flights until daylight returned in late winter. Uninterrupted data transmission during these months came from two automatic stations replacing the manned Spitzbergen stations in 1942. The automatic stations covered the intense winter period with weather sensor data transmitted by shortwave in encoded Morse letters. With the onset of Allied shipping support to Russia, the Germans made a valiant effort but fell short in expanding their automatic and manned stations.

Wekusta opened two new routes out of Banak, one west and one east of Spitzbergen. With the buildup of the forward auxiliary detachment at Banak, several Wekusta 5 personnel were posted there. Schütze became the first to land at Novaya Zemlya, the northeasternmost destination for weather recon. Among manned stations from Greenland eastward, the farthest northern station was located at Alexandra Land (above 80 degrees north) in the fall of 1943. Logistical problems necessitated the use of sea planes and U-boats, and weather recon flights were further reduced when Wekusta planes were transferred to combat squadrons to meet the Allied push in the Mediterranean.

A new, long-range recon version of the Ju-88 D-1, equipped with the same big Junkers J engine and bigger fuel tanks, reached Wekusta units toward the end of the year. The new plane reflected the necessity to fly the more risky and strategically essential Arctic reconnaissance routes with more reliable planes. The D-1 would become the main recon ship, its chief advantage being that it was faster and more maneuverable than the H-5. Even with the improved aircraft, Wekusta units continued to

lose crews. Laconic but telling log entries such as "emergency landing at sea," "lost at sea," or "crashed at sea" recounted the losses. In the frigid Arctic waters, survivors without an onboard inflatable life raft counted their lives in minutes, not hours.

Between 1943 and 1945, Wekusta 5 was also a source for intelligence and ice recon as well as supplies for weather stations at Greenland, Spitzbergen, and islands north. The forward base at Banak welcomed a new weather recon squadron, Wekusta 6, in October 1943. At Stavanger, Wekusta 1 split, forming another squadron, Wekusta 3, in January 1944. All squadrons felt the downturn in supplies late in the war when they lost planes, personnel, and fuel allotments to combat units. As a result, Wekusta flight schedules were gradually restricted and eventually planes flew only on urgent notice.

Casualties might have been expected to fall, but unrelenting nature—not enemy fire—continued to claim victims. In 1943 Wekusta 1 lost four D-1s and a D-5. Wekusta 5 lost an H-6, a D-1, and an Arado 232A boom-tailed, boxcar transport, this last marking the loss of Rudolf Schütze, who crashed on a mountainside in Porsanger Fjord off the coast and near Namsos, Norway, after takeoff on August 26. Short-lived Wekusta 6 lost only a D-1 and a bigger-engine H-16 in 1944, while its parent squadron, Wekusta 5, lost three D-1s. The shorter-lived Wekusta 3, in less than a year of operation, lost five Ju-88s of various sorts, one being shot down by mistake by a German U-boat. They also lost one of the new Ju-188s (bubble-nose cockpit and increased fuel storage). Wekustas 1 and 3 carried on into the first two months of 1945, losing a Ju-88 G-1, a night fighter version, and a Ju-188.

By May 1945, Wekusta aircraft were performing evacuation tasks as the war drew to a close and the air and ground crews of the Norwegian Wekusta squadrons headed home. Some 120 would never return. Werner Schwerdtfeger was a surprising survivor, having flown hundreds of flights. Like many others with technical backgrounds and few opportunities in postwar Germany, he immigrated to Argentina, where he worked as a meteorologist. In 1963 he was invited to join the University of Wisconsin Meteorology Department, and he continued his celebrated career in polar meteorology. In 1982 he published a book, *Weather Flier in the Arctic,* recounting the exploits of Rudolf Schütze and other Wekusta comrades from the now-distant past, when risking all for the sake of a weather report was simply part of the daily routine. □

weapons

Continued from page 17

cylinder, a modified rear sight, the addition of a die feed cover, and a new feed tray. A further improvement was the addition of a hanger assembly that could be used in conjunction with a 100-round ammunition box. Known as a bandolier, it enabled the M60 gunner to lay down fire while on the move. Today's M60 can also be mounted with the night vision sight AN/PVS-4 over top where the pistol grip fits below it.

The electrically fired M60E2 was used on armored fighting vehicles and lacked many of the external components of the standard M60 such as stock and grips. The gas tube below the barrel extended the full length of the weapon to vent gas outside an armored vehicle. The weapon could also be fired by manual trigger as a backup. The M60E2 is still used on the South Korean K1 Type 88 tank.

The lighter weight M60E3, introduced in 1986 for use by American infantry, was an attempt to address earlier complaints. It had a bipod attached to the receiver for improved stability, an ambidextrous safety, universal sling attachment, carrying handle on the barrel, and simplified gas system. Complaints included a less safe rate of sustained fire after 200 rounds and less durability, particularly when dirty. The M60E3 was withdrawn from general use in 1990, although Air Force personnel still use it as an emergency-issue weapon.

The latest generation of the M60, the M60E4/Mk 43, incorporated a number of improvements from earlier versions. These include a different forward grip, higher pull for the belt, and duckbill flash suppressor. U.S. Navy SEALs continue to carry the weapon, and a mounted Mk 43 model was used by Navy Seabees in Iraq. It continues to be used as a door gun on U.S. Army helicopters as well.

But the original M60 remains the most memorable version of the weapon. Every war has its share of immediately identifiable weaponry associated with it, from the Roman broadsword to the short Zulu Impi spear, to the British Brown Bess that held sway from the French and Indian War through the Napoleonic wars, to the Springfield 1861 rifle-musket used in the American Civil War to the M1 Garand rifle carried by GIs in World War II. The M60 machine gun has taken its place in the overall context of the Vietnam War alongside the Soviet-made AK47 assault rifle, the Vietcong punji stake, the NATO M16 rifle, and the Bell Huey chopper helicopter. Vietnam veterans of both sides remember the M60 well. □

sedgemoor

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through Dorset in the hopes of reaching the port of Poole on the English Channel where they hoped to get a boat back to Holland.

To increase their chances of escaping, the band split up into individuals or pairs. Grey, who was captured first, eventually secured a pardon by providing information on his fellow conspirators. Monmouth exchanged clothes with a shepherd at Woodyates, but his luck ran out not far from Poole. On the morning of July 8, the disheveled duke was found hiding in a ditch on the outskirts of town. He was transported to London and dragged before his uncle on July 14. Monmouth begged for mercy, but the king turned a deaf ear to his pleas. The following morning, Monmouth was led to a scaffold erected next to the Tower of London. It took the incompetent executioner five blows of the axe before the rebellious duke's head was completely severed from his body.

The retribution did not end with Monmouth's beheading. James was determined to exact revenge from the West Country as a safeguard against future Protestant rebellions. The crown ordered local officials in the counties of Somerset, Dorset, and Devon to draw up lists of all men absent from their homes during the uprising. As many as 1,500 rebels soon awaited trial in local jails. To lead the special court that would put Monmouth's rebels and their supporters on trial, James dispatched Lord Chief Justice George Jeffreys.

The Bloody Assizes, as the ensuing circuit trials would later be known, began in earnest with Jeffreys's arrival in Winchester on August 25. Over the course of the next four weeks, the circuit court traveled to six towns in the region where trials were held. Altogether, 333 were convicted of high treason and sentenced to death by beheading or hanging, while another 814 were sent into exile in the West Indies to serve as indentured servants—little better than slaves—for a period of 10 years.

The blood-drenched Assizes was so effective that when William of Orange landed in the West Country three years later at the head of a new Protestant army of 15,000 to seize the throne of England from James, the tradesmen and commoners sat out the rebellion. Instead, they left it to the West Country gentry—the very men who had shunned Monmouth in his hour of need—to support the prince in his successful quest to become king of England. Monmouth, meanwhile, lay forgotten in a tiny chapel inside the Tower of London. □

tyrants

Continued from page 57

The Turks had failed in repeated attempts to take the city, and the Tartar emperor's speedy triumph further vindicated his claim to be the champion of Islam. Following its fall, he butchered the Christian population.

Tamerlane moved quickly to reestablish order in Anatolia. Throughout its eastern half, he placed in power those emirs who had proven loyal to him during the previous campaign. But while Ottoman power was seriously reduced, Tamerlane had no desire to eliminate it everywhere. Instead, he divided what was left of the Ottoman empire among Bayezid's sons in such a way that it could never challenge his authority again. The greatest portion of the empire went to the eldest son, Suleiman, by default. Since Suleiman had already escaped to Europe, Tamerlane simply allowed him to continue to rule from there.

The old capital of Bursa and its surrounding territories, meanwhile, fell into Isa's lap. A final fragment, the territories of Rum around Toqat, ultimately ended up in Mehmed's hands when he seized it from an already established vassal. Tamerlane could have easily destroyed him for the deed, but because Mehmed offered tribute, the emperor looked the other way. As for Bayezid's other sons, Tamerlane released Musa to Mehmed's custody in 1403 while Mustafa remained captive in Samarkand until 1415. But what of their father, Bayezid the Thunderbolt? According to the 16th-century English playwright Christopher Marlowe, in his play *Tamburlaine the Great,* Tamerlane went to great lengths to humiliate the captured sultan. As the story went, the emperor repeatedly mocked his prisoner, locked him in a cage like an animal, and even used him as a footstool. Meanwhile, Bayezid's wife, Zabina, became the slave of a handmaiden. In Marlowe's retelling, the sultan, in a fit of passion, committed suicide by smashing his head against the bars of his cage. Zabina likewise brained herself.

As fascinating and dramatic as this version of events was, it was almost completely false. Marlowe's embellished account of Bayezid's captivity, in fact, originated with Arabshah, a man who never ceased to point out Tamerlane's unquenchable bloodlust although he painted a much milder picture than Marlowe. Arabshah described Bayezid as being placed in fetters rather than a cage; and although he at times hurled insults, Timur also showed sympathy and respect to the fallen ruler. On the other end of the spectrum, Sharaf ad-din Ali Yazdi, an Arabian sage who desperately sought to win the emperor's favor, claimed that Tamerlane practically pampered the sultan and burst into tears when he learned of his former enemy's death. He went so far as to write that Tamerlane had never wanted war and after the battle at Ankara planned eventually to restore Bayezid to the Ottoman throne.

This equally extreme version was also untrue. As is usually the case, the truth lay somewhere in the middle. Bayezid was indeed bound, but only following an attempted escape, and was never locked inside a cage. Depending on Tamerlane's mood, Bayezid was sometimes treated as an honored guest and sometimes as a scorned prisoner. While he was never made into a footstool, he did suffer the humiliation of watching his harem paraded before him lubriciously during a feast in retribution for his previous remarks concerning Tamerlane's wives. When Bayezid died a captive on March 3, 1403, apoplexy—not murder—was the most likely culprit. It can safely be assumed that Tamerlane held back his tears upon hearing the news.

Ironically, what was most significant about the Battle of Ankara was its complete insignificance, remarkable considering the sheer size of the engagement and the reputations of the belligerents. Following the Tartar invasion of Anatolia, the old Ottoman Empire erupted into civil war. In 1404, Suleiman, strongest among Bayezid's sons, crossed the strait into Asia in a bid to reunite the empire one year after Mehmed had defeated Isa to gain control of Anatolia. When Musa counterattacked, however, Suleiman's strength slowly waned until, in 1411, he was captured and strangled. Two years later, Mehmed finished off Musa at Sofia and became Sultan Mehmed I, reconstituting the Ottoman Empire. His namesake, Mehmed II, would capture Constantinople in 1453 and bring Turkish power back to eastern Anatolia. Thus, the Battle of Ankara failed to alter history. It merely delayed it.

As for the victors of the battle, they disappeared entirely. In 1403, Tamerlane's heir, Mohammed Sultan died, removing the best hope of keeping the immense Tartar Empire together once its aged emperor was dead. A year later, Tamerlane followed his grandson to the grave just as he was launching a campaign to conquer China. Without Tamerlane, the empire declined into a lurid memory. His glorious victory at Ankara accomplished nothing except assure Timur the Lame a lofty position among the world's most successful conquerors. As such, Ankara remains a largely obscure testament to the futility of combining megalomania, territorial greed, and religious warfare. □

the potomac

Continued from page 63

vessels had passed, Gordon's frigates cut their cables and followed the rest downriver.

Gordon's escape past the White House was short-lived, and his squadron encountered opposition downriver along the Maryland shore at Indian Head. However, Captain Oliver Hazard Perry commanded only one 18-pounder, which arrived just 30 minutes before the combat began, and the gun soon ran out of ammunition, as did several 6-pounders under Lieutenant George Read. Perry's force consisted of about 500 seamen and marines as well as local District of Columbia militia who were still smarting from the Bladensburg defeat. It was not enough. A quick consultation with his officers convinced Perry to retire to the rear, at the cost of one wounded soldier. Perry had maintained his fire for only an hour.

Erebus having grounded near Indian Head, Gordon could not withdraw fully until first light on the 6th. The British, unaware that the Americans had run out of powder the night before, were surprised that there was no further enemy resistance. With *Sea Horse* leading and *Euryalus* bringing up the rear, the squadron arrived back in the Chesapeake Bay on Friday, September 9, after *Euryalus* had grounded again for two days along the way. The expedition had lasted a total of 23 days, and during the 200-mile round-trip foray up the Potomac the British had suffered 42 casualties—seven killed and 35 wounded. Five seamen had deserted in Alexandria. It was difficult for Porter to determine his casualties, but he estimated them at 30 killed and wounded. Whatever the toll, he "esteemed the Americans fortunate," considering the constant heavy British fire.

Gordon's raid and the Battle of the White House might have seemed secondary when compared to the more newsworthy and sensational British assaults on Baltimore and Washington. Yet it had also been an achievement of sorts. Contrary winds, variable tidal currents, and the determined stand of Porter's pickup force of seamen, marines, and militia had presented a number of challenges for the British captain. He overcame them all and brought his men safely back into the Chesapeake Bay. But there was also credit to be shared on the American side, which had stopped Gordon's heavily armed squadron for four momentous days. Only the enemy's superior firepower had allowed them to escape. Porter's men could justifiably be proud of their conduct as well. It was a suitably mixed outcome for a war that, in its broader outlines, was equally confusing and unresolved. □

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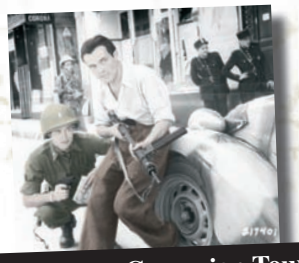

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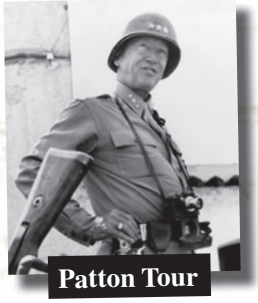

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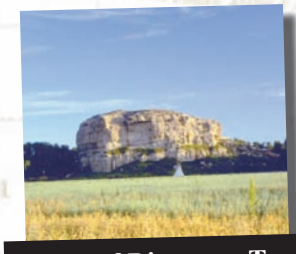

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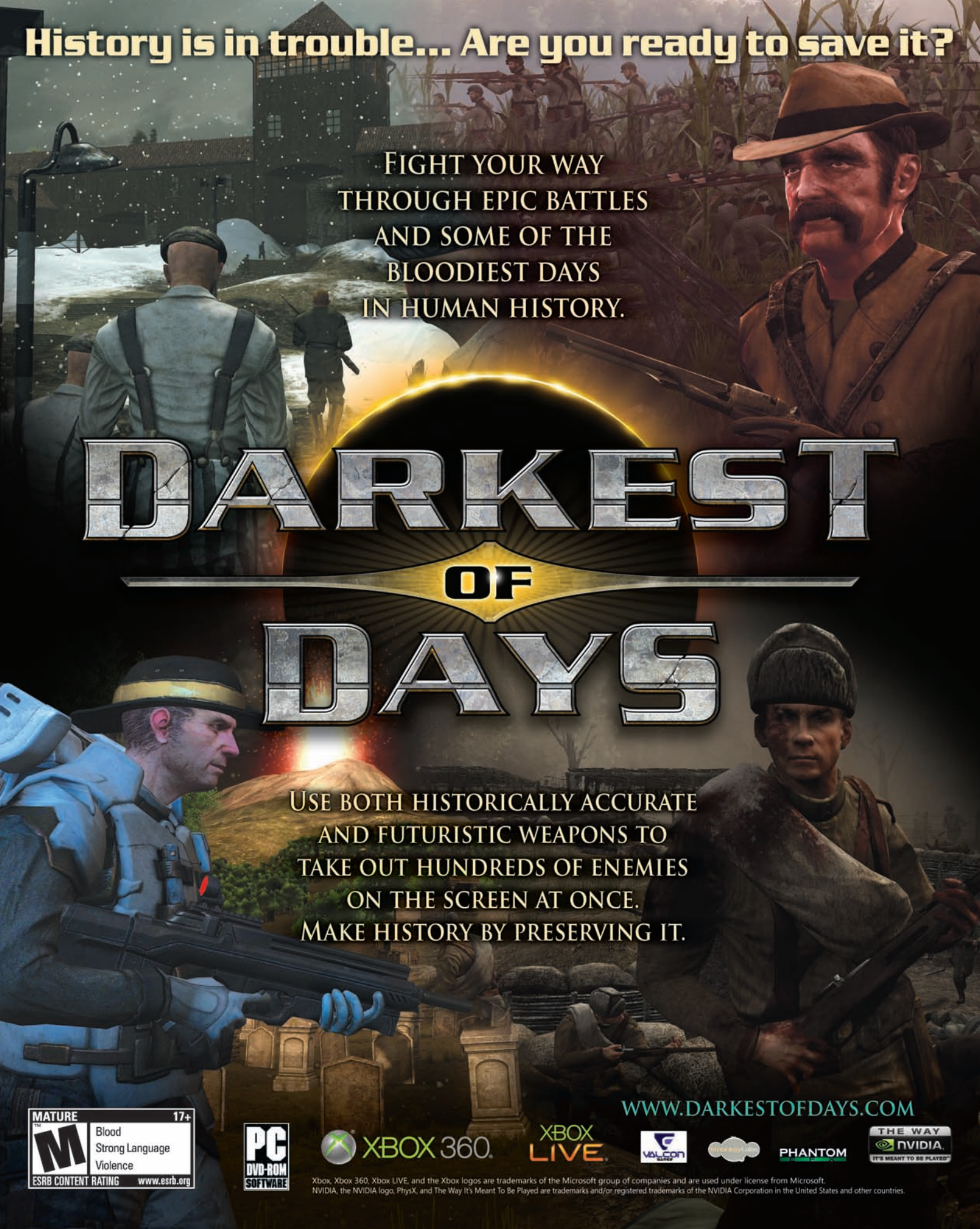
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