

# MILITARY HERITAGE

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KING PHILIP'S WAR

**BLOODBATH**  
in New England

ITALY'S FAILED GAMBIT

**Debacle at Adwa**

CANADIANS IN SPAIN

**Fighting Franco's Fascists**

**Henry VIII's  
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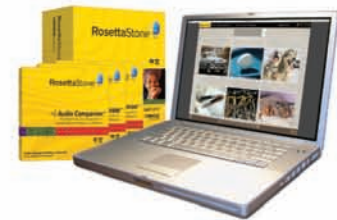
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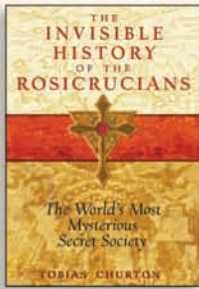
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## Indian captive Mary Rowlandson literally wrote the book on one of the frontier's favorite stories: the innocent settler kidnapped by savages.

WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF KING PHILIP himself, no individual in King Philip's War achieved more unwanted notoriety than a 39-year-old mother of three and minister's wife named Mary Rowlandson.

When a raiding band of Nipmuck Indians swooped down on her hometown of Lancaster, Massachusetts, on the morning of February 10, 1676, no one knew that she was about to become the most famous woman in the American colonies—certainly not Rowlandson, or the marauding Indians who carried her away.

Rowlandson was sleeping in her fortified home when the Indians attacked at dawn. (Ironically, her husband, Joseph Rowlandson, was away in Boston at the time, appealing unsuccessfully to the colonial government for protection from just such a raid.) In a matter of minutes, the attackers killed 13 settlers, including Rowlandson's brother-in-law and nephew; her sister was wounded. Rowlandson, her son, Joseph, and her two daughters, Sarah and Mary, were among the 24 settlers taken hostage. Later, she would describe the attack in gruesome detail: “Some shot, some stabbed with spears, some knocked down with hatchets. All of them stripped naked by a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting, and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out.”

For the next 11 weeks and five days, Rowlandson endured brutal conditions as a captive of the Nipmucks. Wounded in the side by the same bullet that fatally injured six-year-old Sarah, whom she was carrying at the time, Rowlandson saw her other two children taken away by other war parties. Nine days after the raid, she buried “my sweet Babe” Sarah on a desolate hillside. During her first week and half of captivity, she only managed to drink some cold water—she couldn't stomach the Indians' Spartan rations of nuts, acorns, tree bark, and maggoty meat, which she called “filthy trash” and carefully catalogued as “horses' guts and ears, and all sorts of wild birds, bear, venison, beaver, tortoise, frogs, squirrels, dogs, skunks and rattlesnakes.” King Philip himself offered

her a tobacco-filled pipe, but she refused it as some sort of diabolical bait.

Meanwhile, the tribe kept going through northern Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire, making 20 separate “removes,” or marches, during Rowlandson's time with them. Hungry, thirsty, and in constant physical and emotional pain, she endured, walking or riding behind a warrior on horseback. And she watched. As a true-believing Puritan, she considered the Indians to be instruments of the devil, sent to tempt and test her faith in God. To her understandable relief, they did not sexually assault her. (Algonquians routinely tortured and mocked their captives, but did not rape them.) One even gave her a stolen Bible to read.

Eventually, with the help of an English go-between named John Hoar, Rowlandson was ransomed for 20 pounds. She was reunited with her husband and children, ransomed separately, in Boston on May 3, 1676. Through it all, she never identified with her captives—no Stockholm Syndrome for her. The Indians, she said, were “atheistical, proud, wild, cruel, barbarous, brutish, diabolical creatures, the worst of heathen.”

Six years after her ordeal, Rowlandson published a vivid account of her wounding, kidnapping, and ultimate redemption. Weightily entitled *The Sovereignty and Goodness of God, Together with the Faithfulness of His Promises, Being a Narrative of the Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson*, the book quickly went through four printings, becoming the first certified best-seller in the American colonies. It started an entire genre, the Indian captivity tale, which James Fenimore Cooper later exploited in *The Last of the Mohicans*. Too bad Mary Rowlandson had no Natty Bumppo to rescue her.

Roy Morris Jr.

# MILITARY HERITAGE

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By *Albert Mroz*

## The U.S. Army's H1 High Mobility Multipurpose Wheeled Vehicle, or Humvee, has become the most versatile light military vehicle in the world.

**T**HE HIGH MOBILITY MULTIPURPOSE WHEELED VEHICLE, OR Humvee, was created as a light, multipurpose, off-road vehicle that would supersede the venerable jeep and other light trucks. Its first acronym, HMMWV, was unpronounceable, so the name Humvee was adopted by the U.S. Army. That did not stick well either, and people started calling it the Hummer even before it came off the production line.

The Army had continued to use the M38 and M38A1 jeep after World War II. However, during the Korean War the U.S. Army Ordnance Truck Automotive Command (OTAC) commissioned Ford Motor Company to begin work on a quarter-ton vehicle to replace the jeep. This vehicle would be designated the

M151. By the end of the Korean War, several blueprints were being proposed.

Although the first prototype arrived during the Korean War, the M151 was placed on the back burner for the next eight years. The unibody construction, more modern suspension, and overhead-valve motor were the primary changes

from the original jeep.

The M151 finally went into production in 1960 and was upgraded in 1964 with a heavier suspension to better handle add-on weaponry and extra loads. It was manufactured through 1969, when the M151A2 went into production, differing only in the semitrailing-arm rear suspension design to improve handling and

-----  
 Soldiers with the 101st  
 Airborne Division take cover  
 behind M1043 Humvee  
 during an Iraqi firefight in  
 July 2006.



U.S. Army photo by Staff Sgt. Russell Lee Klika

safety. Both Ford and Kaiser built the new jeep derivative. They also built the M151A1C to handle a recoilless rifle and the M178 extended-chassis ambulance.

By the mid-1960s, it became obvious that it was time to reevaluate the requirements for a truly versatile light military truck that could take over from a number of outdated vehicles ready to be retired. When the U.S. military



**A Humvee is delivered to the battlefield by helicopter.**

showed interest in building a new versatile vehicle to serve as a reconnaissance vehicle and light weapons carrier, FMC, a San Jose, California, company, showed its dune buggy to the Army. It was called the XR 311 and appeared ready for testing in 1970.

The XR 311 had a tubular space frame chassis and was powered by a 180 hp 360 cid Chrysler V8 which was located in the rear. A Chrysler A727 three-speed automatic transmission was used to power all four wheels using a single speed transfer box. Maximum speed was 67 mph and range was 300 miles. Ground clearance was 14 inches under chassis. It could seat five occupants. Only a few prototypes were built.

In 1974 FMC built a third version of the XR 311. It had the same drive train as the second version but differed mainly in that the air intakes for the engine were on the sides, leaving a flat platform at the rear where weapons, ammunition, and other equipment could be mounted. Weight had grown to 6,300 pounds. With a 26-gallon gas tank it still had a 300-mile range. It was a fast dune buggy, but the rear engine configuration still posed a problem in terms of versatility. Any type of cargo box would restrict access to the engine at the back. A few of this third type were sold to Israel, but the U.S. Army eventually rejected the XR 311.

In 1977, the U.S. Tank Automotive Command (TACOM) began a new project to find a single vehicle that could be used to perform a

multitude of different functions including troop carrier, light cargo transport, armaments carrier, and ambulance. This was called the XM966 Combat Support Vehicle Program. Four companies responded with designs: AM General, Chrysler, Teledyne Continental, and Cadillac Gage.

AM General, with its front-engine design; high ground clearance; wide, versatile body; and large diesel or gasoline V8 with plenty of torque, was far ahead in its design of the HMMWV. This was also due to the fact that

U.S. Air Force photo by Airman 1st Class Bryan Boyette



**A Marine sights a BGM-71 TOW missile mounted on a Humvee.**

the new specifications were based on the need for more versatility, which included light tactical battlefield truck, utility truck, communication vehicle, troop carrier, ambulance, weapons carrier, and artillery tractor.

The Humvee's dimensions and weight (approximately four tons curb weight) would also have to be compatible with modern aircraft transportability standards. The Humvee's design included this parameter. For example, the C-130 could take three Humvees, C-141B could take six, and the C-5A Galaxy could accommodate 15. A single vehicle would be transportable by helicopters such as UH-60 Black Hawk, CH-47 Chinook, and CH-53E Super Stallion.

When the contract was awarded, other specifications had been set. The vehicle had to ford 30 inches of water. It also had to be fast enough

to keep up with the new Abrams tank and Bradley personnel carrier. Minimum ground clearance was to be 16 inches, and it had to have the capability to climb a 60 percent slope. It also had to remain stable on a 40 percent side slope and climb over an 18-inch step.

By March 1980, AM General had tested its vehicles for more than 15,000 miles at its own facilities, and five new prototype copies were turned over to the privately run Nevada Auto Test Center. The first tested prototypes used a GM 372 cid diesel V8 with 130 hp, which was

increased to 150 hp in the second version. The Chrysler A727 three-speed automatic transmission was included, along with the New Process NP218 two-speed transfer box. Four-wheel-drive was adopted so that soldiers did not have to stop to shift.

TACOM finalized specifications in February 1981, sending out announcements to 61 companies. AM General, Teledyne, and Chrysler were the only three approved to submit final prototypes for testing. Each company had to build and test numerous prototypes in grueling conditions. AM General's High Mobility Multipurpose Wheeled Vehicle was finally awarded the contract.

The first production Humvee came off the assembly line on January 2, 1985. The 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>-ton truck had a separate chassis and body. The aluminum body was heat-treated, epoxied, and



**A Stinger missile is launched from an Avenger mounted on an M1097 Humvee. RIGHT TOP: A 1978 Chrysler prototype Humvee. RIGHT CENTER: A 1970 XR 311 prototype. RIGHT BOTTOM: An M1097 Prime Mover.**



riveted. The Humvee was powered by a 90-degree GM 372 cid liquid-cooled diesel of very standard, traditional design coupled to a GM three-speed THM350 automatic transmission which in turn drove a New Process NP218 two-speed transfer box with lockable differential front and rear for full-time four-wheel-drive. Suspension was fully independent with coil springs attached to the A-frames with coaxial shock absorbers slightly forward to make room for the four drive shafts, one in each hub.

The channeled steel chassis was double dropped, boxed with five ladder cross-members. The frame rails were designed to be right next to the drive train, allowing the body to sit low for a low center of gravity. The doors and roof could be cloth over metal frame or armored, allowing for different variants. This would later prove significant as the Humvee would be deployed in combat without armor, and soldiers would have to use scrap metal and sandbags to add armor to their vehicles.

The final production design could be fitted with any of three alternators, from 100 amp to 300 amp, charging two 12-volt batteries under the front seat. The radiator was placed at approximately a 45-degree angle set toward the rear to reduce frontal area damage by direct impact. Kelsey-Hayes disc brakes were mounted inboard and used a hydraulic boost system. A Saginaw 708 steering system also used hydraulic boost. Some models had a Warn Model W6000D25 winch mounted in front.

Split-rim wheels with 36x12.5x16.5 dimension were used with run-flat inserts for the bias-ply tires, allowing the vehicle to travel at 30 mph with one flat, and 20 mph with two flats. Top speed was 65 mph and range was 300

miles. Acceleration was a plodding 24 seconds from 0 to 60 mph, later improved to 18 seconds. Track width on all Humvees was 72 inches. An optional snorkel for deeper fording was included, along with an extended exhaust pipe, gas tank vent tube snorkel, sealed dipstick, and vented CDR valve. Optional equipment included a machine-gun mount kit, two spare gas tanks, a LAPES rear bumper, brush guard for the front bumper, and special spare tire mounting on hinges.

The first iteration was numbered M998 and appeared as a pickup truck or a "station wagon." The M1038 simply referred to an installed winch. Both versions could be fitted with a mortar, machine gun, or TOW missile. These two variants did not have any armor. The windshield could be removed to eliminate any glare, and the front hinged hood could be used to shield from sunlight. Gross vehicle weight (GVW) was listed at 7,700 pounds with a payload capacity of 2,500 pounds.

The M966/M1036 and the M1045/M1046 were TOW missile carriers on the Humvee platform. Although these iterations of the vehicle could fire a missile, they themselves were not armored. Six missiles were carried. The Marine Corps version was the second designation of numbers, again differentiating between with and without winch. The M1045/M1046 had additional hard steel plating over the doors instead of Kevlar/fiberglass laminate. The polycarbonate windshield and windows were designed to withstand shrapnel but were not bulletproof. On the Marine Corps version the polycarbonate thickness was increased to two inches.

The TOW missile itself entered service in 1970. It was built by Raytheon Corporation

in Arizona. The design involved spooling out a wire behind the small missile using the optical sight of the operator as its guidance. The high-explosive antitank (HEAT) version could destroy a tank at 4,000 yards. Bunkers light armor and masonry (BLAAM) could destroy a concrete bunker at the same distance. When installed on the Humvee, the elevation was limited to 20 degrees and the depression to 10 degrees. A 360-degree field of fire was designed into the mounting base, which could also be removed for firing from the ground. The cargo door at the rear opened backward or forward, depending on which latch was released. The slant-back design of the Humvee TOW vehicle kept the missile's exhaust from damaging the vehicle, especially when the firing tube was elevated.

The M1025/M1026 and M1043/M1044 Armament Carriers differed from other models



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**ABOVE: Marines exit their Afghanistan compound in an up-armored M1114 Humvee in May 2008. RIGHT: An airman manages data inside a "Gateway" Humvee containing tactical and control functions.**

in that they could be fitted with different armament, which included a 40mm Mk19 Mod 3 grenade launcher, an M2HB .50-caliber machine gun, an M240 7.62mm machine gun, or an M60 7.62mm machine gun. The M1043/M1044 was designed as the up-armored version used exclusively by the Marine Corps.

The M1037/M1042 S250 was the designated set of numbers for the shelter carrier, otherwise known as the standardized integrated command post system shelter (SICPS). The design allowed enough space inside the aluminum box for two operators and electronic equipment. The M1037/M1042 has been used as a carrier for the Boeing Aerospace Avenger missile system, which can fire eight Stinger missiles in any direction. This iteration of the Humvee could also carry the LTV Crossbow Missile System designed to launch Crossbow antiarmor missiles or be used with an anti-aircraft system. The M1037 can also be used to carry two smoke generators.

The M1035 was the designation for the mini-ambulance Humvee. In addition to the driver and a medic, it was designed to carry two wounded on litters or four ambulatory patients. The litters would be mounted one above the other. The M996 was the designation for another mini-ambulance that could carry six ambulatory patients. The vehicle was designed to have protection against nuclear, biological, or chemical (NBC) materials using a gas-particulate filter unit supporting five persons wearing protective masks. Akin to this vehicle, the M997 was designed to carry four litters or eight

ambulatory personnel. The M997 also had the NBC protection system. At 9100 gross vehicle weight (GVW), it was the heaviest of the Humvee-based vehicles.

Another iteration of the military Humvee H1 is the M1097 Prime Mover designed to tow a M119 105mm howitzer. The unit could be flown in by transport aircraft. The back of the Humvee contained eight wooden seats for the artillery crew. The M998 cargo/troop carrier, another variant, could also be converted into an M1069 Prime Mover for towing a howitzer. The M1097 went into production in September of 1992. Its suspension and chassis were made to be more rugged to upgrade its payload to 4,400 pounds. GVW was updated to 10,000 pounds.

The heavier capacity allowed for an up-armored version dubbed the XM1109. Intended to guard slow-moving supply convoys, the up-armored version was developed by O'Gara-Hess and Eisenhardt armor specialists. The additional armor, including 1.6-inch polycarbonate windows, gave the XM1109 360-degree protection from 7.62mm armor-piercing rounds. The roof armor could withstand shrapnel from a 155mm airburst but not from armor-piercing rounds. There were also optional chassis panels to protect from four-pound antipersonnel and 12-pound anti-tank mines. With the M1097 used as the platform for upgrading the Humvee, the military ordered a new iteration that would incorporate the improvements found in the M1097 and apply them across the board in a more

rugged variant with retrofit parts on separate shelves at the motor pool. The generic model for this new unit was assigned the number M998A1.

A new, more comfortable front seat was developed and a retrofit seat was provided for existing vehicles. Until then, drivers brought their own cushions to obtain a little comfort on notoriously bad seats. Several other upgrades were also included in the A1 variant. The most notable was in replacing the NP218 transfer case with the NP242 unit, which was lighter but just as rugged. Goodyear 37x12.50/16.5 MT radial tires were made universal with a central tire inflation system (CTIS), allowing the driver to regulate the front and rear tire pres-

U.S. Air Force photo by Staff Sgt. Stephen J. Otero



sure independently on the fly, with two gauges on the dashboard showing PSI.

Chassis improvements included a new front axle assembly, heavier drive shafts and half shafts, variable rate rear springs, and upgraded ball joint seals. Brakes were improved with larger pads and a new master cylinder. The glow plug controller for the 6.2-liter diesel was superseded by a solid-state unit because the earlier analog controller tended to overheat and melt the plugs, half of which are under the windshield. Other improvements included a new rifle mount and optional swing-away gas can bracket, headlight stone guards, air-conditioning, constant drive fan, dual air and oil filters, and new metal front grille.

The A1 variant entered service in 1992 just as the Humvee was being offered to the general public for the first time. The A2 variant was fitted with a 6.5-liter diesel engine that met EPA emission regulations. Also, the A2 received a four-speed 4L80E automatic transmission, superseding the earlier three-speed unit. The A2 did not arrive until 1994. Top speed was slightly improved to 70 mph. Special A2 versions included a right-hand-drive vehicle, a tow truck, a Mistral missile carrier, a fire truck, and a Starburst missile carrier.

The cab-over Humvee (COHHV) arrived in 1994 with increased load capacity. It also had

a turbocharger, increasing horsepower by 30 (up to 190) with a 25 percent increase in torque up to 380 foot-pounds. Payload was up to 5,300 pounds. Both air conditioning and CTIS were factory installed. In September 1995, O’Gara-Hess and Eisenhardt brought out the M1114 up-armored version of the M1113. The U.S. Air Force also received the up-armored Humvee built by O’Gara-Hess and Eisenhardt in the form of the M1116 by May 1998.

Since its inception, the Humvee has seen considerable military service, taking part in such deployments as Operation Just Cause (Panama), Desert Shield and Desert Storm (Kuwait, Iraq), UNOSOM (Somalia), Operation Uphold Democracy (Haiti), Bosnia and Kosovo and the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. The Humvee proved itself in combat during the Gulf War after Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait on August 2, 1990. Iraqi Scud missiles were well hidden and also on mobile carriers. American and British special forces units deployed to find the missiles used Humvees for search-and-destroy missions in “Scud Alley” south of Baghdad and “Scud Boulevard” north of the capital.

The attack on Iraqi forces dug in at the northern Kuwait border involved outflanking them toward the west at the Al-Falman airfields. Chinook helicopters brought in numerous Humvees, slung underneath, one at a time. By February 27, the Iraqi Army was driven back, ending the brief but significant war.

As a result of the attack on September 11, 2001, the United States launched an invasion of Afghanistan in order to destroy Al Qaeda and other terrorist groups responsible for various attacks in the Middle East, Europe, Asia, and Africa. The Hummer again became the most ubiquitous vehicle in the field.

In 2003, the United States invaded Iraq to oust Saddam Hussein and his regime. After the initial success of the invasion, a protracted insurgency of Saddam loyalists, Al Qaeda, and numerous other groups resulted in a substantial number of casualties among coalition forces as well as the Iraqi population. One of the tactics used by the insurgents was the detonation of buried or camouflaged roadside bombs using IEDs. Car bombs using unoccupied vehicles as well as suicide missions were also adopted. Unarmed Humvees were particularly vulnerable to such attacks, and the military was widely criticized for not providing enough up-armored variants of the vehicles to protect its personnel.

Despite the well-publicized problems with armor in Iraq, Humvees have remained the most versatile and widely used light military vehicle in the world. □

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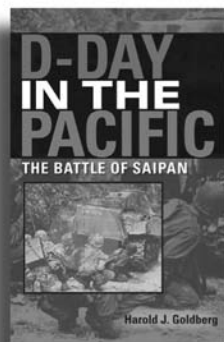
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By Blaine Taylor

## Posing as Czar Peter III, look-alike Emelian Pugachev led a revolt of Cossacks and serfs against Catherine the Great's Imperial Russia. He almost succeeded.

**O**N AUGUST 12, 1772, A WANDERING DON COSSACK NAMED Emelian Pugachev crossed the Polish frontier into Imperial Russia on an official passport that entitled him, after spending six weeks in quarantine, to resettle as a free citizen on the Irgiz River in southeast Russia. It was a strange

crossing. One of the border guards said to another, “You know, this man looks like the

double of Peter III,” the former czar who had been deposed and murdered by his wife, Empress Catherine II, nine years earlier. Since few Cossacks had ever seen the real czar, who could say definitively that this was not he?

Pugachev laughed at the suggestion. A shabby, bearded man, only five feet, four inches tall, he hardly cut a regal figure. But the border guard persisted. “I’m not joking,” he told Pugachev. “You’re the spitting

image of Peter III.” He should know, claimed the guard, since he had been a guardsman at one time in the royal capital at St. Petersburg.

From this almost comical suggestion began a revolt of Cossacks, factory peasants, and serfs that would last for two years and encompass fully a fifth of the empire’s population, spreading from the Caspian Sea to the Ural Mountains and the gates of Moscow. Pugachev’s Rebellion, as it came to be known, would

shake Catherine’s throne to its very foundations.

Pugachev, a former junior lieutenant in the Russian Army, was a symbol of a smoldering revolt that had been waiting for some time for a proper leader to fan its embers into flames. The long-oppressed Cossacks and the religious brotherhood known as the Old Believers supported Pugachev just as they had his predecessor, Stenka Razin, a century before. The Old Believers had been

Captured landowners are put

on trial by rebels in *The*

*Court of Pugachev*, by

Vassily Grigorievich Perov.



akg-images



excluded from mainstream Russian life for a century by Peter the Great, often living in remote Siberian settlements in order to worship freely. Razin's 1670 revolt was brutally suppressed, and a second revolt in 1771 resulted in hanged Cossacks mounted on gibbets or floated down the Volga River as an example to other would-be rebels. Still others were beheaded, and their heads mounted on spikes atop wagon wheels to which their broken bodies were also lashed.

Although he was certainly discontented with the way things were, Pugachev did not begin his bloody career as a rebel, but rather as a lowly soldier in the czarina's army fighting the Prussians in the Seven Years' War. He later fought in the First Russo-Turkish War of 1768, and at the Battle of Bender in 1770 he was taken ill and sent home on sick leave.

En route home, Pugachev used his invalid's pass to visit his sister at Taganrog, where he discovered to his dismay that his personal grievances were the same as those of the Cossacks in general. Pugachevshchina—Time of Pugachev—as a movement did not start with Pugachev himself. Instead, like a swimmer on the crest of a wave, he allowed himself to be carried along by it. Either the wave would carry him to the far shore or else it would crash him onto the rocks. In Pugachev's case, it did both.

Despite limited experience as a commander, Pugachev proved to be an inspired leader, issuing grandiloquent manifestos in towns he surrounded, and by managing to scratch out his "signature" as best he could, cleverly hiding from his own subordinates the fact that he was illiterate. With the help of local priests and mullahs, he disseminated his "royal decrees" to the masses in both the Russian and Tatar languages, promising the faithful more land, salt, and grain as well as significantly lower taxes. Those who refused to obey were royally threatened. "If there are those who forget their obligations to their natural ruler Peter III, and dare not carry out my command," said one decree, "they will see for themselves my righteous anger, and will then be punished harshly." Once, when he captured an astrologer, Pugachev had him hanged so that the man "could be closer to the stars"—an example of his cruel sense of humor. He also threatened to lock the notoriously promiscuous Catherine in a monastery. Suitably inspired, religious leaders prepared heroic welcomes whenever the Pretender entered their villages, greeting his arrival with ringing bells, icons, salt, and holy water.

Cossack troops at frontier stockade posts betrayed their officers and threw in their lot with Pugachev. His subordinates, emboldened,



Emilian Ivanovich Pugachev, leader of the Don Cossacks.

urged him to march on Moscow immediately, but Pugachev hesitated, like Razin before him, opting instead to fight pitched battles and besiege scattered forts in the steppes that he knew so well. Also like Razin, Pugachev was truly a man of the Russian soil, not a foreigner like the empress he sought to defeat. Catherine contributed to her own woes by refusing to take the rebellion seriously, placing an insultingly low bounty of 500 rubles on Pugachev's head. Lack of transportation and discipline—always Russian military weaknesses—further hampered the government's initial efforts to control the outbreak.

Amassing an army through the artful use of propaganda and the long-deferred promise of reform, Pugachev was able to expand his rule from the Volga River to the Urals. No coward, he believed in leading his men from the front, taking part in battles for towns and fields. Over the course of his short life, he was captured and he escaped several times. As time went on, he warmed to his new role as Czar Peter III, asking his men while leading one assault, "You think they make cannons to shoot at czars?" His men responded to his imperial style of leadership, calling out to one besieged post: "Don't shoot and come out of there! His Majesty is here."

Armed with lances, axes, hatchets, pistols, and a smattering of rifles and guns, Pugachev's men fought on foot, on horseback, and sometimes on skis. As for the besieged garrisons, they were reduced to eating horses, dogs, and cats when their normal rations ran out. Time and again, Pugachev would defeat more traditional Russian commanders and their czarist forces in open combat, or else employ guerrilla tactics and melt into the countryside.

Greatly alarmed when Pugachev at last turned his attention toward Moscow, Empress

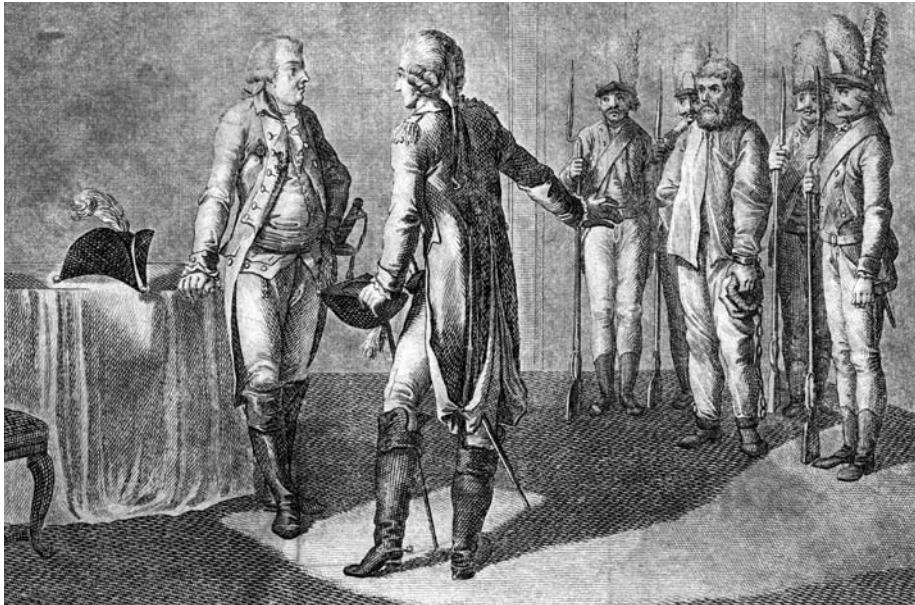
Catherine responded by sending into battle ever more powerful forces, led by her best available field commanders as the Turkish war finally wound down. Pugachev defeated all comers before General Alexander Suvorov arrived from the Turkish front along with Count Peter Ivanovich Panin, a relative of Russia's foreign minister.

The net was closing in on the Pretender, but each time the noose seemed to be tightening irrevocably, Pugachev would somehow make another hairbreadth escape. At the Battle of Tsaritsyn in August 1774, pro-government schoolboys battled Cossacks armed with only their bare fists, while "a sea of fire spread over the whole city," according to novelist Alexander Pushkin. Pugachev was defeated twice in his efforts to take Tsaritsyn, but managed to keep Pugachevshchina afloat, only to lose the town yet again to Lt. Col. Ivan Mikhelson.

Despite the defeats, Pugachev continued to enjoy holding court as Czar Peter III, surrounding himself with a personal guard of 25 well-armed Yaik Cossacks. Wearing a magnificent red coat trimmed with gold lace, the Pretender would sit in his imperial chair of judgment, scepter in one hand, silver axe in the other, while supplicants knelt and kissed his hand. He would then walk among his troops flinging coins to them and practicing his oratory on new recruits. "O children," he would cry. "God brought me to reign over you." He explained his nine-year absence from the public eye by claiming that he had been living in exile in Jerusalem, Constantinople, and Egypt, praying and meditating, before returning to lead them to victory.

In a sense, Pugachev had become both Czar Peter and himself. As one observer noted: "Pugachev lived half in reality, half in a dream world. He would use high-sounding phrases one moment and coarse provincial epithets the next. He would consort with the wives of Tatar chiefs at Kargal and entertain his cronies to lavish meals, cooked by two Russian girls in his household, where he and his Cossacks behaved like brothers, drinking and singing songs together. He would suddenly lapse from his dignified pose and begin to wink."

Pugachev began to get sloppy in his impersonation, and after more and more Don Cossacks joined his force, some recognized the Pretender for one of them. When he indulged himself in an ill-advised marriage to a local Cossack girl, the ceremony was widely discredited because the local peasants thought he already had a wife in St. Petersburg: Empress Catherine. His marital troubles were compounded when his first wife showed up one day



**Pugachev proclaims himself Czar Peter III as he prepares to lead a revolt against Catherine the Great.**

in camp with their children in tow and denounced Pugachev as “a dog and a faithless villain” for deserting his family.

By that time, there was a greatly increased price of 28,000 rubles on the Pretender’s head, and after their final defeat by Mikhelson’s troops, Pugachev’s chief lieutenants decided that it was time to turn in the “czar” and save their own necks. Pugachev was captured while attempting to flee into the Ural Mountains and was taken before Count Panin, who slapped his face and exclaimed, “How dare a thief like you call yourself czar!” Perhaps the cruelest blow of all for the Pretender was the fact that Panin did not even realize that Pugachev had once served under his own command.

For his part, Pugachev was contrite, claiming that he had merely been the pawn of his unfaithful lieutenants who had fomented the rebellion: “God has been pleased to punish Russia through my sinfulness,” he told his captors. “I am guilty before God and Her Imperial Majesty.” Sent to Moscow in an iron cage aboard a cart, Pugachev arrived in the capital on November 4, 1774. Despite his fall from grace and power, he was still a celebrity. Sixty years later, Pushkin recalled parents telling their children at the time: “Remember that you saw Pugachev.”

On the morning of December 30, 1774, his trial began before 29 judges in the Throne Room of the Kremlin, which in Communist times would become the Great Hall of the People (dead dictator Josef Stalin lay in state there in March 1953). Pugachev’s death sentence was a foregone conclusion. It was duly carried out on January 10, 1775. By all accounts, Pugachev

went to his execution bravely, bowing low in all directions. He was decapitated, drawn and quartered—a stark warning to all opponents of the empress.

In the aftermath of Pugachevshchina, Catherine sent Prince Potemkin to re-form the Cossacks into 10 formally organized regiments. The name Yaik was abolished forever, replaced by the word Ural. Pugachev’s home village was renamed for Prince Potemkin, and the empress decreed that the name of Pugachev should never be uttered or written again—an edict still in force under her grandson, Czar Nicholas I, when Pushkin began writing his 1836 novel of the rebellion, *The Captain’s Daughter*.

Pugachev’s revolt had a chilling effect on Russian life for years to come. The specter of a widespread peasant revolt caused Catherine to scrap further reforms, including the emancipation of serfs. It was an ironic aftereffect of the rebellion, which had hoped to accomplish precisely that feat. Nevertheless, Pugachev passed into history as a semifictitious hero of sorts. As an old inhabitant of Berda told a visiting official, “It may be Pugachev for some people, your honor, but for me he’s our Father, Czar Peter Federov.” A generation later, Russian Nihilists would nickname themselves “Pugachevs of the University” in sardonic tribute to the illiterate leader.

In 1959, Italian director Alberto Lattuada came out with a major motion picture about Pugachev’s rebellion, *La Tempesta*, starring Swedish actress Vivica Lindfors as Empress Catherine and American actor Van Heflin as Emelian Pugachev. It bombed at the box office—which is the opposite of what happened to Pugachev two centuries earlier. □



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By Peter Kross

## James Wilkinson, alias “Agent 13,” was one of the most consummate spies and double-dealing scoundrels in American history.

**T**WO NAMES STAND OUT AS QUINTESSENTIAL VILLAINS IN EARLY American history—Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr. Arnold, a valued general in the Revolution, fought alongside George Washington, but changed sides and offered to turn over West Point to the British. Burr, the former vice president of the United States, killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel in New Jersey, and later plotted an

insurrection to form a separate country in the southwestern United States, with Burr as its head.

One of Burr’s accomplices in the conspiracy was James Wilkinson, also a general in the American Revolution. Wilkinson, a veteran of the Quebec campaign with Benedict

Arnold, was a student of medicine and a man with a giant ego. Unknown to most Americans today, Wilkinson, while serving as an officer of the American Army, secretly worked as a spy for the Spanish government, which designated him “Agent 13.”

Wilkinson was born on March 24, 1757, near Benedict, Maryland. His father was a well-to-do merchant, and when James came of age he was sent to Philadelphia to study medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Forced to drop out when the American colonies took up arms against the British, Wilkinson joined the military. His first assignment was in a Pennsylvania rifle battalion. He rose to the rank of captain in September 1775, later serving as an aide to General Nathanael Greene during the siege of Boston. His next assignment was with Benedict Arnold when the latter took his troops to Quebec to battle the British. The Quebec campaign foundered when the British put 8,000 men into the field, and the Americans were forced to retreat. After the Quebec defeat, Wilkinson served under General Horatio Gates in 1776.

Wilkinson was soon involved in another fiasco, this time at the Battle of Fort Ticonderoga, a vital stronghold overlooking the Hudson River. The fort had originally been captured by the colonists under Ethan Allen, but after Gates arrived, the important bastion fell back into British hands. After the defeat, Gates asked Wilkinson to keep quiet about the loss of the fort.

Wilkinson, promoted to brigadier general, always seemed to be at the wrong place at the wrong time. He became involved in a plot by several

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Former vice-president Aaron

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Burr meets with an armed

---

band of Tennesseans during

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his mysterious western

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expedition in 1806.

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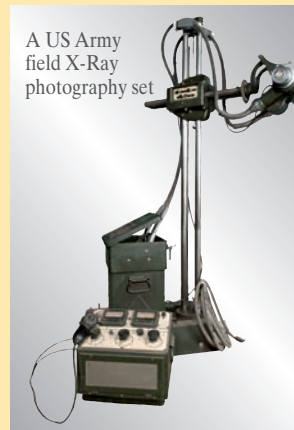
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**ABOVE:** Explorer Zebulon Pike leads an expedition into the Rockies on the suspicious orders of General Wilkinson. **RIGHT:** Aaron Burr.



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American military officers, called the Conway Cabal, to overthrow General Washington. The plot was hatched by Thomas Conway, inspector general of the American Army, and Thomas Mifflin, Washington's supply general. The plotters hoped to replace Washington with Gates. While drunk, Wilkinson inadvertently revealed the plot to oust Washington, but the American commander in chief did not take the threat seri-

ously and decided not to prosecute Wilkinson. He allowed Wilkinson to resign from the Army in 1778. A year later, Wilkinson—a hard man to keep down—returned as clothier general of all American forces, but resigned again in 1781 amid charges of graft and corruption.

Increasingly out of favor with top political and military figures in the colonies, Wilkinson headed west into the uncharted land beyond the Appalachian Mountains. In 1784, he arrived near the Falls of the Ohio (present-day Louisville, Kentucky), where he started a large farm and became one of the most influential persons in the region. At that time, the fledgling government in Washington had little influence over inhabitants of the sparsely settled yet abundant land, and a number of ambitious people looked to Spain (which still controlled the Mississippi River) for their bread and butter.

For a time, Kentucky and other states in the region toyed with the idea of leaving the United States, forming their own government or uniting with Spain. Many wealthy men in Kentucky and elsewhere were unhappy that Spain did not allow the free use of the Mississippi to U.S. citizens who wanted to take their produce back east. They hoped to reach a separate accommodation with the Spanish.

In 1778, before heading

# WORLD WAR II

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**GERSTAL004** Heer Infantry with MP40

**GERSTAL001** Heer Infantry Stabfeldwebel with Captured PPSH41

**GERSTAL008** Heer Infantry Kneeling

**GERSTAL005** Heer Infantry Oberfeldwebel with MP40

**GERSTAL003** Heer Infantry Kneeling with Rifle and Grenade

**GERSTAL006** Heer Infantry Standing Firing

**GERSTAL007** Heer Infantry Kneeling Firing

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**GERSTAL002** Heer Infantry Laying Loading Rifle (Rear View)

**GERSTAL002** Heer Infantry Laying Loading Rifle

**RUSSTAL002** Infantry Standing Firing

**RUSSTAL003** Sergeant Kneeling with Captured MP40

**RUSSTAL005** Infantry with PPSH 41

**RUSSTAL001** Infantry Running with PPSH 41

**RUSSTAL004** Infantry Kneeling with Grenade and PPSH 41

**GERSTAL009** Pioneer Demolition Team Specialist Pioneers blasts their way into the Russian positions with two pioneers setting charges, one running detonation cable, and a Gefreiter inserting the key into the detonator!

**RUSSTAL002** Infantry Standing Firing

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west, Wilkinson had been secretly corresponding with Aaron Burr, using a code that only they understood. Wilkinson, running a supply store in Lexington, was on the road every day, meeting with all sorts of people and gaining their trust and influence. He lobbied hard for statehood for Kentucky, telling all who would listen that if independence was won, the people of Kentucky could hitch their wagons to either the United States or Spain. In the end, Kentuckians remained loyal, despite Wilkinson's ongoing efforts to foment dissension.

In 1787, Wilkinson, who had failed to get a permit from the governor of Virginia to sell his tobacco and other goods to the Spanish, nevertheless took a boat down the Ohio River to New Orleans. Upon his arrival, he wangled an introduction to the Spanish governor of Louisiana, Don Esteban Rodriguez Miro, who allowed Wilkinson to sell his goods on the open market. Soon the two men reached a secret agreement. Wilkinson took an oath of allegiance to Spain, becoming a subject of the Spanish government, and was paid \$2,000 and granted exclusive rights to sell his tobacco and other goods along the Mississippi River. He was given a code number 13 to use as his cover

when dealing with the Spanish authorities in the region. Wilkinson became, in effect, a spy for Spain.

In November 1788, Wilkinson came into contact with Dr. John Connolly, an Englishman who was born in America. Connolly told Wilkinson he was an agent for the British government who wanted to raise an army of 10,000 men for the purpose of seizing Louisiana from Spain. Thinking quickly, Wilkinson devised an ingenious and self-serving plot. He informed Miro about Connolly's machinations, while seeming to cooperate with the English plot. After saving Connolly's life in an assassination attempt by a Spanish agent, Wilkinson found himself in the good graces of both Spain and Great Britain, a position he would use for his own devices.

Despite his best scheming, Wilkinson found it impossible to make a good living. He was forced to return to Kentucky, where in 1791 he led a force of volunteers against Native American rebels in the Old Northwest.

Public Domain



General James Wilkinson

For his Indian-fighting efforts, Wilkinson was commissioned a lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Army and made commander of the 2nd U.S. Infantry. He was promoted to brigadier general in 1792, all the while remaining Agent 13 for the Spanish government. In 1796, he became senior officer in the Army after General "Mad" Anthony Wayne's death. Wilkinson spent most of his time in Natchez and Baton Rouge, commanding a reserve corps in the lower Mississippi River valley—ironically guarding against an invasion by France and its chief ally, Spain.

Wilkinson's fortunes improved mightily when France decided to sell the Louisiana territory to the United States. When the United States took control of Louisiana Territory in December 1803, Wilkinson was in New Orleans, where he was given the job as the highest ranking military officer in the new American crown jewel. In time, Wilkinson would be rewarded with the vital post of

*Continued on page 70*

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By Christopher Miskimon

## The 45th Infantry Division Museum in Oklahoma City commemorates the World War II service of the Army's much-decorated unit, the Thunderbirds.

**T**HE 45TH INFANTRY DIVISION OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY earned an impressive record during World War II. Originally formed from an Oklahoma National Guard unit, the division was rounded out by National Guard formations from Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico. Nicknamed the “Thunderbirds” in reference to their distinctive unit patch, which depicted the bird of Native

American legend, the unit endured over 500 days in combat. Many of those days were spent in such bloody locales as Sicily, Anzio, southern France, the Vosges Mountains, and the Rhineland.

In all, the division suffered 62,641 casualties during the war, enough to replace its original strength three times over. Along the way, Thunderbirds took 103,367 enemy troops prisoner and inflicted untold casualties themselves. Members of the division received eight Medals of Honor,

75 Distinguished Service Crosses, and 1,064 Silver Stars. Even notoriously hard-to-please General George S. Patton had high praise for the 45th, saying that it was one of only three divisions in the Army that performed like a veteran unit from its first day in action. Addressing a group of Thunderbirds, Patton said: “I hope you know how good you are, for everyone else does. You are magnificent.”

Today, a museum commemorates the service and sacrifice of the unit's

soldiers. Located in northeastern Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, the 45th Infantry Division Museum is a short drive west on N.E. 36th Street from



Interstate 35. Unlike the typical military museum, the 45th Division's museum was built for and by National Guardsmen and other veterans of the unit.

Many of the items on display were obtained from former Thunderbirds. The 45th Division Association, a veteran's group, has been heavily involved in the museum from the start. While the 45th Division is its prime focus, the museum also serves to memorialize Oklahoma's overall military history. The National Guards of various states have helped the museum since its opening in 1976, donating various vehicles and artifacts. There is also a heavy Native American influence, in keeping with Oklahoma's 19th-century origins as Indian Territory.

BELOW: The Mosby Cannon is the prize piece in the Reaves Collection at the 45th Infantry Division Museum.

RIGHT: An M56 Scorpion 90mm tank.



All photos courtesy of the author

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## **The Deadly Threat of a Nuclear-Armed Iran**

### **What can the world, what can the USA, what can Israel do about it?**

Iran's president, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, has declared publicly – not once, but repeatedly – that Israel must be “wiped off the map.” That effort, the destruction of Israel, seems to be the main goal of Iranian policy. When Iranian missiles are paraded through the streets of Tehran, the destination “to Jerusalem” is clearly stenciled on them.

#### **What are the facts?**

**A death wish for Israel.** Ahmadinejad and the ayatollah who is the “supreme leader” have publicly mused that one or two nuclear bombs would obliterate Israel, but that, though it would cause devastating damage and millions of casualties, Iran would survive Israel's retaliatory attack. Iran is a huge country, with about 60 million inhabitants, so they are probably correct. And who can doubt that those religious fanatics would not hesitate to allow the destruction of much of their country and to sacrifice a third or even one-half of their population in order to eliminate the hated Jewish state. When our country was entangled with the Soviet Union in the bitter 40-year long “cold war,” with both sides having sufficient nuclear weapons to destroy the opponent's country and its people, things were kept in place by MAD – Mutually Assured Destruction. However “evil” the leaders of the Soviet Union (the “Evil Empire”) may have been, there was one great consolation and assurance: They were not crazy. But the Iranians and other Muslims are crazies, as we understand the concept. Because they take instructions directly from Allah, who tells them to kill the Jews and other infidels, whatever the cost.

Israel has no problem with Iran. They share no borders and have no territorial dispute. In fact, they face common Arab enemies and should be natural allies, as they indeed were under the Shah. Iran's death wish for Israel is based entirely on religious fanaticism. In contrast even to the intractable North Koreans, the determination of the Iranians is immutable. It cannot be changed by persuasion, by diplomacy, by sanctions or by threats.

Once Iran is in possession of nuclear weapons, it will not only be a deadly danger to Israel, but to all of the Middle East and to virtually all of Europe. The flow of oil from the Middle East, the lifeblood of the industrialized world, would be totally under its control and so would be the economies of all nations of the world, very much including the United States.

**What is to be done?** In 1981, then prime minister of Israel Menachem Begin, being aware of Iraq's nuclear ambitions and looming realization of those ambitions, decided that its nuclear reactor at Osiraq had to be destroyed. The IAF

(Israeli Air Force) accomplished that in a daring and unprecedented raid. Iraq's nuclear capability was eliminated in one stroke, never to rise up again. Israel had done the world an enormous service. Had it not been for Israel's decisive action, the Iraqi conquest of Kuwait and, without question, also of Saudi Arabia and its enormous oil fields, and, for that matter, of Iran, could not have been prevented. Saddam Hussein would have been the ruler of the world.

The solution to the deadly threat that Iran poses to the world is obvious. Of course, diplomacy and persuasion, threats and promises, sticks and carrots – every possible means short of military action – should be used until it becomes clear even to the most obdurate that nothing can deviate Iran from its chosen path of becoming a nuclear power and to dominate the Middle East.

There is reason to believe that the people of Iran, especially the young people, oppose the oppressive and theocratic regime of their country and are hostile to the mullahs who control everything. But the government has the tools of power firmly in its hands. It controls the instruments of coercion – it can kill people and it controls the oil money. While it would be most desirable and in the interest of the world to be able to foment an overthrow of the Iranian regime, that is an unrealistic and unattainable prospect.

Regrettably, there is only one solution to the terrible dilemma confronting the world, the unacceptable danger of a nuclear-armed Iran. The terror, the destruction and the 60 million dead of World War II could have been prevented at several times during the Nazi regime. But the Allied powers, under the leadership of Britain's prime minister Neville Chamberlain, opted for appeasement and for “peace in our time.” We cannot afford to make that same mistake again. The world must give Iran an ultimatum: Desist immediately from the development of nuclear weapons; if you do not, we shall destroy the facilities that produce them. There still is a window of opportunity to do that. That window may close very soon. But who would do the job? The United States would be the obvious choice. But if the United States were in accord, Israel could do it, just as it did the job in 1981 in destroying Iraq's nuclear potential once and for all.

An attack on the Iranian nuclear installations would fall under the heading of “anticipatory self-defense,” recognized and sanctioned by international law and by common sense. Nobody really knows for sure how far Iran is from reaching its goal — six months. six years? The experts disagree. But if Iran is not stopped now, it may well be too late not very long from now.

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**ABOVE:** Nazi regalia captured at the concentration camp at Dachau. **RIGHT:** American rifles from World War II in the Reeves Collection.

mud and privation the frontline infantryman experienced in World War II. Patton disliked the shabby appearance of Mauldin's two hapless GIs and tried to browbeat the young Mauldin into changing his style. Undaunted, the cartoonist continued to draw the war as he saw it, with his own brand of humor.

Mauldin was a member of the 45th Division early in the war, and Thunderbird patches can be seen on the shoulders of many of the soldiers in his drawings. The museum's collection contains some 200 of the artist's original drawings. A group of Thunderbird veterans collaborated to buy the collection from a New York art dealer. Many of the sketches contain notes



and comments in the margins as well as small corrections made during the creative process. The room is well lit and organized, conveying the feel of a shrine to three of World War II's most iconic figures: Mauldin, Willie and Joe.

The Dachau room, by contrast, provides a stark example of both the war's cost and the need to fight it. The 157th Regiment of the division liberated the camp on April 29, 1945, revealing to them the full horror of the Nazi concentration camp system: a train stacked with thousands of bodies, the prisoners' area filled with living but emaciated human beings, and more stacks of rail-thin corpses outside the camp's crematorium. Drawings made by inmates adorn the museum walls next to photographs of the liberation of the camp and U.S. Army documents relating to the 157th's role in that grim mission.

There has been a long-standing argument between the 45th and 42nd Divisions over which actually liberated the camp. To defend the 45th Division's claim, documents are posted detailing the camp's location within the 45th's zone of responsibility. A videotape interview of the senior officer present that day, Lt. Col. Felix Sparks, details what the Thunderbird soldiers saw at first. Sparks later rose to the rank of brigadier general in the Colorado National Guard.

The Thunderbird's next tour of duty was in

On approaching the museum, visitors come upon a 15-acre military vehicle park. More than 60 tanks and armored vehicles, aircraft, and artillery pieces sit on display in the park. Included are such World War II vehicles as M4 Sherman tanks, an M8 75mm Gun Motor Carriage, and a DUKW "duck" amphibious truck, as well as Cold War-era Patton tanks and artillery. The aircraft are mounted on elevated pedestals and include a mix of Korean War and Vietnam-era helicopters and combat aircraft from the Oklahoma National Guard.

A group of 105mm and 155mm howitzers guard the entrance to the museum itself. Looking downhill to the northeast, one can see an authentic section of a Bailey bridge crossing a small creek. This modular bridge design became famous during World War II for the relative ease with which it could be assembled for river crossings. The bridge was donated by the Missouri National Guard. Delivery to the museum was delayed when the bridge had to be used during a flood.

A small entryway leads into the museum. Immediately to the left is an information desk often manned by division veterans who volunteer their time. The building itself was once the headquarters of the division during the 1930s. It is a classic local edifice of reddish stone with dark wood paneling in its interior. The mood is somber and quiet, with the impression of hallowed memories and hard-won achievements preserved for posterity.

The first display is a long row of glass cases highlighting Oklahoma's early military history, with particular attention paid to the Civil War

and Indian wars. The display includes a number of original weapons and pieces of uniforms and equipment from the era. World War I is commemorated with a number of displays and a life-size diorama of a trench scene complete with mannequins. Attention is also given to the interwar period, showing the Thunderbird's pre-World War II heritage.

The division's most famous period of service, World War II, gives rise to the museum's most fascinating exhibits. Prominently displayed are a variety of items taken from Nazi leader Adolf Hitler's personal apartment in Munich, "liberated" by the Thunderbirds when they captured the city in spring 1945. All visitors can look at their reflections in Hitler's own mirror, taken as a spoil of war from the Führer's Berlin bunker by an Oklahoma soldier. Also on display are sets of Hitler's linens, towels, silverware, glasses, and pictures. One of his copies of *Mein Kampf*, complete with a wooden storage box, sits near a photograph of a Thunderbird soldier relaxing on Hitler's bed. The soldier is reading a different copy of the famous book. Nearby cases hold a variety of American, German, and Italian weapons, uniforms, insignia, and souvenirs, signifying the unit's service in every part of the European Theater, from Sicily to Germany.

Across a small hallway from the Hitler display is a room dedicated to the works of Bill Mauldin, the artist whose mordantly humorous Willie and Joe cartoons appeared in *Stars and Stripes* to the delight of millions of GIs. Mauldin, who went to pains to depict the life of the common soldier, made an enemy of General Patton with his realistic portrayals of the

the hills and mountains of Korea. The 45th was one of two National Guard divisions deployed to the embattled Asian country. Called to duty September 1, 1950, the unit arrived in Japan in April 1951, training there before relieving the 1st Cavalry Division in Korea that December. The Thunderbirds fought in four campaigns during the war before the armistice in July 1953. The museum displays memorabilia, photographs, and several captured Communist weapons, including a Chinese copy of the Soviet PPsh41 submachine gun. Visitors can handle the weapon used by the Thunderbirds' opponents during the conflict.

Although the Reaves Military Weapons Collection is not directly connected to the 45th Division, anyone interested in military small arms will enjoy it. Jordan Reaves began collecting Civil War-era weapons in the 1950s and continued for the next 30 years, eventually amassing a huge collection that spans from the American Revolution through the Vietnam War. This includes a number of captured enemy weapons, mortars, and cannons. Uniform displays dot the exhibit, matching original equipment to the weaponry.

The most famous weapon in the collection is the Mosby Cannon, one of the best-documented artillery pieces of the Civil War. The gun was used by the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, also known as Mosby's Rangers. During the Battle of Catlett's Station in May 1863, the gun was captured by Union troops, possibly the 5th New York Cavalry, and sent north. There it sat in the hands of private collectors until the late 1950s, when it was acquired by an antique dealer in Dallas. Reaves bought the gun in 1960 and donated it to the museum along with the rest of his collection. While the museum has relatively little coverage of the Civil War, the enormous number of period firearms on display in the Reaves collection alone justifies a visit by students of that conflict.

Behind the Reaves Collection is another hall dedicated to the Service Forces, those unsung soldiers who supported and supplied the more glamorous combat troops. The hall boasts several displays of tents, jeeps, light trucks, bivouac equipment, and other unspectacular but necessary impedimenta of war. While not as exciting as the tanks, guns, and aircraft, the display provides a close-hand look at the engineering, labor, and organization that kept the soldiers and their weapons functioning in wartime.

The 45th had more than its fair share of heroes, and one room of the museum is dedicated to those Thunderbirds who won America's highest award, the Medal of Honor. Each is recognized by a photograph and plaque cit-



**ABOVE:** Well-tended front of the 45th Infantry Division Museum in Oklahoma City. **TOP:** Loot from Hitler's Munich apartment, including a photo of a Thunderbird relaxing on the Führer's bed.

ing the reason for the award. Below each is a diorama of the event itself. Of particular note is the story of 2nd Lt. Ernest Childers, the first Thunderbird to win the award in World War II and the first Native American in history to do so. A former first sergeant with the 45th's Company C, 180th Infantry Regiment, Childers had received a battlefield commission just before the unit began its part in the Salerno operation in southern Italy. Early in the morning of September 22, 1943, Childers was leading a patrol on an attack against a cemetery held by German troops. Wounded in the foot and in pain, he nevertheless continued forward on his hands and knees. Two snipers and three German machine gun nests fell to him and his men that day. One of them was hastily evacuated when Childers threw a rock into it. Mistaking it for a grenade, the German soldiers jumped out of their position, enabling Childers to shoot them and put the gun out of action.

Completing the museum's interior is a chapel: small but well appointed, with a stained-glass window depicting a Thunderbird holding a Bible and an M1 Garand rifle. A few rows of pews allow visitors to sit and reflect on the accomplishments and sacrifices of the 45th Division. Rounding out the museum is a small gift shop, picnic area, and a monument bearing the Thunderbird symbol. Formerly placed in downtown Oklahoma City, the 40-foot-high tribute was moved to the museum after it became dwarfed by the growing skyscrapers of the city. Future plans include an exhibit on Oklahoma's contributions to the ongoing global war on terror.

The museum is open Tuesday through Friday from 9 AM to 4:15 PM (10 to 4:15 on Saturday, 1 to 4:15 on Sunday). For more information, write: 45th Division Museum, 2145 N.E. 36th St, Oklahoma City, OK 73111, or visit [www.45thdivisionmuseum.com](http://www.45thdivisionmuseum.com). □



# CANADIANS IN SPAIN: ----- THE MACKENZIE-PAPINEAU BATTALION

During the Spanish Civil War, Canadian volunteers fought against Francisco Franco's Fascists. Forming their own battalion, the Mac Paps saw combat in some of the heaviest fighting of the notoriously brutal war. **BY JEROME BALDWIN**

After years of social upheaval, political unrest, and violence, Spain erupted into all-out civil war on July 18, 1936, when General Francisco Franco led a junta of right-wing army officers in a revolt against the democratically elected government of the Spanish Republic. Since 1931, when King Alphonso XIII abdicated his throne, waves of reforms by the Republican government had drastically reduced the immense power and wealth held by the landowners, the military, and the Roman Catholic Church. Franco's cabal wanted to stop the changes taking place in Spain. After the revolt began in Morocco, Franco expected a swift victory. He was wrong.

The world's eyes were riveted on Spain. Many considered the Spanish war to be the forerunner of an inevitable worldwide conflict between the forces of fascism and democracy. Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, eager to establish another fascist state in Europe, saw an opportunity in Spain to test new weapons in battle and train their men for war. They immediately began sending guns, tanks, soldiers, and other aid to Franco's Nationalists. Meanwhile, the western democracies followed a cautious policy of appeasement and refused to send aid to the beleaguered democracy. The Soviet Union, however, was not so squeamish. The Soviets sent war matériel and advisers to the Republicans, and ordered all Communist parties worldwide to begin recruiting volunteers to fight for the Spanish Republic.

Canada was fertile ground for such recruitment. Like all western countries, the North American nation had been hard-hit by the Great Depression, and a number of Canadians looked for alternative forms of government to deal with the crisis. Within months of the war's outbreak, Cana-

dian volunteers were making the exhausting and perilous trek over the Pyrenees from France or arriving in Spain by boat to join other International Brigades already fighting there.

The International Brigades were headquartered at Albacete, where they gained the world's attention and admiration during the heroic defense of Madrid in the autumn of 1936. Against all odds, the Republican Army, Internationals, and militia forces stopped the Nationalist attack and saved the capital city from imminent capture. The Internationals fought magnificently; so well in fact that the Hungarian-born commander of the International Brigades, Red Army veteran Emil Kleber, was toppled from command by jealous Spanish officers. Armed with a polyglot collection of weapons and clad in makeshift uniforms and different types of headgear, the ragtag soldiers proved from the outset of the war that they were a force to be reckoned with.

There were five International Brigades by the spring of 1937, numbered XI to XV, the last of which became known as "the English-speaking brigade" and was commanded by Vladimir Copic, another Red Army veteran. It comprised



Loyalist troops crossing the Ebro River are pounded by Fascist airplanes on the morning of July 25, 1938. "Go as far as you bloody well can," their orders read. **OPPOSITE:** Machine-gun wielding members of the Canadian-dominated Mac Paps rally around their battalion flag.

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the British Battalion, the 24th Battalion of the Republican Army, the Dimitrovs (a Slavic battalion), and the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, under the command of Captain Robert Merriman. Comprising Americans, Canadians, Cubans, and some Irish, the Abraham Lincoln Battalion was the unit to which most Canadians were assigned at the beginning of 1937, although a number were to be found in other battalions as well as in the Republican Army, serving in tank crews, gun batteries, and support units. In all, Canada provided close to 1,600 volunteers for Spain—more than any other country, in proportion to its population, except France.

During the first half of 1937, the Canadians proved themselves worthy fighters, fighting with the Lincolns at the Battle of the Jarama River, where the Nationalists tried to cut the Madrid-Valencia highway. In March, the George Washington Battalion was formed entirely of North Americans; the following summer it would merge with the Lincolns. By early April 1937, another battalion made up of Americans, Canadians, and Spanish had also been created. Names for the battalion such as Patrick Henry and Thomas Paine were discussed, but in July it became the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion. The name came from two 19th-century Canadian revolutionaries, William Lyon Mackenzie and Louis Joseph Papineau, who had agitated for democratic reforms in the rebellion of 1837.

By early June the Canadians, who now had considerable numbers in the Lincoln and Washington battalions, were clamoring for their own battalion. Canadian sections already had been formed in both battalions, and some of the officers were Canadian, such as Edward C. Smith, the

Library and Archives of Canada



Edward C. Smith commanded the Mac Paps during some of their heaviest fighting in Spain.

No. 3 Company commander in the Washingtons. Canadian volunteer Ronald Liversedge, a veteran of World War I, approached Merriman with a request to form a battalion. Merriman offered a compromise—a Canadian company within the Lincolns, to be called the Mackenzie-Papineau Company, with Liversedge in command.

The company was never formed, but a power struggle between the British and the Americans within the English-speaking brigade provided another chance. Both sides courted the support of the Canadians, resulting in the Canadians winning an important concession—their own battalion. The decision did not become official until the arrival of Alan Dowd, Canadian Communist Party official, in late June 1937. Dowd addressed the unnamed battalion, delivering a rousing speech in which he spoke of Canada's honored past and endorsed the creation of a Canadian battalion. A few days later, the battalion voted to take the name of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion. On July 1, 1937, the “Mac Paps” came into being.

The first months were spent training and organizing. While their comrades in the XV Brigade were heavily engaged at Brunete and in the Aragon region, the Mac Paps were lucky enough to receive advanced training from combat veterans, something earlier battalions never received. Most of the Mac Paps were Americans at the beginning, outnumbering their Canadian comrades by 3-to-1. Only one officer, Nilo Makela, the future Mac Pap Machine-Gun Company commander, was a Canadian. As more Canadian volunteers arrived in Spain, the percentage of Americans in the Mac Paps dropped, but their value to the battalion and their bravery never diminished. Robert Thompson, the future leader of the Communist Party of the USA, succeeded Merriman as commander of the battalion. A capable leader who was to achieve an exemplary combat record in World War II, the young American would lead the battalion in its first battle.

Toward the end of September 1937, the Mac Paps arrived at the front, in the Aragon sector, where an offensive begun the previous month had proved costly for the XV Brigade. After two weeks spent patrolling in relatively quiet areas, they moved with the rest of the brigade to the outskirts of enemy-held Fuentes de Ebro. Taking over some trenches from Spanish infantry, the Canadians were ordered to take the town—no easy task since close to a mile of open ground lay

between them and the Nationalist trenches.

The attack opened on the morning of October 13, and from the outset things went awry. The plan called for softening up the Nationalist positions by aerial bombardment, followed by an armored assault, with the infantry advancing alongside the tanks. The aerial bombardment was pitifully weak; only a fraction of planes expected by the Internationals took part in the bombing. Timing was all-important, with the tanks slated to move ahead immediately after the planes had left, but there was no sign of them for 90 minutes, during which time the Canadians could clearly see the Fascists remaining their trenches after the planes had gone. At last the Mac Paps began to hear the rumble of engines and clatter of tanks behind them. What followed was a disaster.

The tanks roared through the Mac Pap trenches, crushing parapets and two men. Soldiers of the 24th Battalion were riding the tanks, and some of them, their nerves keyed up, accidentally fired into the Mac Pap ranks as they passed. There was no way for the infantry to keep pace with the tanks, which lumbered ahead at a pace of nearly 19 miles per hour before encountering devastating enemy anti-tank fire. The men riding on the outside of the tanks did not have a chance; all were killed or wounded. As the Nationalists poured a murderous fire into the Mac Paps, the men desperately dug at the earth for cover or broke for a ridge 100 yards away.

Those who survived the initial fire were driven to the left, where they found shelter in some abandoned trenches. From there the Canadians could watch the ensuing carnage. The Mac Paps, the Lincolns, and the British were being cut down as if by a titanic scythe under the machine-gun fire. By 4 PM it was all over; the attack had been bloodily repulsed. Republican survivors lying on the field were forced to remain there, feigning death, until they could crawl back to their trenches after nightfall.

Their first action had been a costly failure, with the Canadians losing 60 dead and close to 200 wounded. Morale, however, remained high. They left the line on November 1; soon afterward, Edward C. Smith took command of the battalion. Smith, a journalist from Toronto, was reputed to have been a soldier of fortune in South America. He had already been wounded at Brunete.

Realizing that Franco would almost certainly attack Madrid again before the year was out, the Republicans mounted an offensive on December 15, 1937, to draw Nationalist divisions away from the threatened Spanish capital. The offensive was intended to be an all-Span-

ish operation, but the Internationals were called into action at the end of the month. The XV Brigade left its reserve position east of Madrid at Mas de las Matas on the night of December 31 for a perilous, nine-hour journey in trucks over ice-covered mountain roads. Several vehicles plunged over the cliff, killing or injuring many brigade members before they reached the town of Argente, which guarded the vital Teruel-Rudilla Highway. For the next 10 days there was no action except for patrolling. The terrible cold was the worst enemy; it was the coldest region in Spain and the worst winter in 20 years. Many of the brigadiers were ill-prepared for the freezing temperatures, and the cold wind cut through their thin clothing, inflicting several cases of frostbite.

The city of Teruel was strategically important because it blocked Franco's path to the Mediterranean coast. The XV Brigade was ordered to defend it, taking position on the night of January 14-15, 1938. The Lincolns were posted on the outskirts of Teruel itself, with the Mac Paps to their north, forming an arc from the heights of La Muela, northwest across the valley floor, to the Canadian No. 3 Company on the right flank, with a company of Spanish marines to their right. Beyond the marines to the west, the superb Thaelmann Battalion, composed of German Communists, held the high ground of El Muleton, while the British took up positions on Santa Barbara Hill, behind the Canadians.

The Fascists struck hard on January 17. Sixty thousand Nationalist troops attacked between Celades and Teruel, striking the Thaelmanns on El Muleton. British antitank guns, firing over the heads of the Canadians, hit the enemy trenches in front of the Mac Paps, which saved them from being attacked first. The tough Thaelmanns stopped the Fascists, who regrouped before attacking No. 3 Company and the Spanish marines. Once again the British guns covered the Canadians, breaking up wave after wave of attacks while the Canadians and the marines poured a withering fire into the flag-waving enemy soldiers. The Fascists pulled back.

Although they had been hurled back with heavy casualties, the Fascists mistakenly believed that the Mac Paps and the Spanish marines had

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Library and Archives of Canada



American volunteers in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade gather around a field telephone near Jarama.

withdrawn. In an attempt to drive around the rear of the Canadians and into Teruel, two squadrons of Moorish cavalry rode past El Muleton, between the Mac Paps and the British. Mac Pap headquarters was located in a railroad tunnel directly in the path of the oncoming horsemen. When they closed in, Captain Smith gathered his force around him and quickly ordered three heavy machine guns into action, stopping the Fascist charge cold in a maelstrom of screaming horses and falling men. Survivors had no choice but to run the gauntlet of fire from the Canadians and British as they beat a hasty retreat.

The next day, the Thaelmanns on El Muleton were driven off. The Canadians received some reinforcements from the Lincolns, and on the 19th they and the Spanish marines were pounded in turn by enemy artillery prior to another attack. Company No. 3 commander Lionel Edwards managed to extend his right flank by capturing a small hill, taking 30 prisoners and four machine guns, but after two days of intense fighting, he could hold out no longer. Edwards recalled: "The end had to come. Mechanized might and overpowering numbers finally told. Our machine guns were all blown to pieces, we were under fire from nearly every side, and no more reinforcements could reach us as the hill to our right had been taken. There was only a handful of us left and our only arms were rifles. We had to make a decision. It was time for retreat. Carrying a wounded man, five of us, the last of the living, stumbled out to make a run for it. One of us was killed and with him the wounded man. We four finally made it. We took up a position well to the rear of the hill and waited for the enemy to take over, but we waited a long time. He was taking no chances that some of us might still be there. But he occupied the hill at last, and with that ended the defense of outer Teruel."

The fighting died down at this point; another Fascist frontal assault, three days later, was easily repulsed. The XV Brigade left the line on February 3 and headed for a period of rest in Valencia. Word came soon of another Nationalist offensive launched in the north, in the Celades region. Battle-weary though it was, the brigade was ordered to march 47 miles north of Teruel to Seguro de los Banos, where the Mac Paps were to capture Atalaya Hill while the Lincolns

took Sierra Pedigrossa farther south. Guided by peasants through the teeth of sleet and a raging snowstorm, the Mac Paps cut the barbed wire around the base of the hill and took the defenders by surprise, carrying their objective with few casualties. They took close to 100 Fascist prisoners, along with food, ammunition, and guns, but the next hill to the south proved a tougher nut to crack. Eventually it was bypassed, and the Canadians worked their way south to link up with the Lincolns and the British in time to stop several Fascist counterattacks over the next two days.



**ABOVE:** Francisco Franco's Nationalist troops mount a fresh offensive at Escorial, gaining five miles in a single day. **RIGHT:** Republican soldiers in snow-covered trenches beat back the Fascist attack on the outskirts of Madrid.



tered battalions struggled to reconstitute themselves. Losses had been staggering; only 20 Mac Paps assembled at Mora la Nueva, near Mora de Ebro. Increasingly, the ranks of the International Brigades were filled by adolescent and largely unmotivated Spanish soldiers whose fighting ability was highly suspect.

Overall, the situation was grim for the Spanish Republic. The Nationalists reached the Mediterranean coast at Viranoz on April 15, cutting Spain in two. Shortages in men, guns, tanks, and other war matériel were becoming critical. While Franco continued to receive everything he needed from Hitler and Mussolini (even his own officers admitted that Nationalist success depended on foreign aid), the Republican cause was short of everything needed to stay in the fight. In spite of it all, the

On the 19th, the brigadiers moved back south of Teruel to kilometer 19. Before they left the front, Juan Modesto, commander of the Republican V Army Corps, arrived to present promotions and decorations to Mac Pap and British battalion commanders. Two of the promotions were for Mac Pap commander Edward Smith, who became a major, and Lionel Edwards, who rose to captain.

The offensive around Teruel cost the Republican cause more than it could stand. The losses in aircraft and equipment could not be replaced, and with the fall of Teruel, Franco's last obstacle to driving through to the sea and cutting Republican Spain in two was gone. Morale remained high, but defeat was looming on the horizon for the Spanish Republic.

The relentless Franco lost no time in striking. On March 9, a massive Nationalist offensive opened that threw back the Republicans in retreat. For the rest of March, the retreat was orderly, but discipline soon began to crack under the onslaught. Fast-moving enemy armor relentlessly raced past the Republicans, getting around their flanks, cutting them off, and forcing them to change direction repeatedly, while panicked Republican soldiers retreating in vehicles would shout to their weary and demoralized comrades, trudging rearward on foot, that the Fascists were right behind them.

After April 1, the retreat became a rout. Alone or in small groups, Republican soldiers and Internationals tried to evade Fascist patrols and aircraft to make it safely across the Ebro River to Mora de Ebro and safety. Nilo Makela, the Canadian Machine-Gun Company commander, was one of those who did not make it, being killed in action along the way. Neither did the most influential American volunteer in Spain, Robert Merriman. The unfortunate brigade chief of staff was captured and shot. For weeks, the wounded emerged from hiding and came in bedraggled, hungry, and dazed by their ordeal.

The chaotic time became known collectively as "the Retreats"; for months afterward, the shat-

Republicans still vainly hoped to pluck victory from the jaws of defeat. In a last desperate gamble to convince the Western democracies to come to the aid of the dying democracy, the Republicans shocked the world by mounting an offensive across the Ebro on July 25, 1938, a last-ditch campaign that became known as the Battle of the Ebro.

The Mac Paps crossed the Ebro River between Flix and Asco in the early morning hours of the 25th, after German scouts had killed enemy sentries on the far shore. The Canadians were the first XV Brigade battalion to cross. Lionel Edwards, who would suffer a wound during the battle that would put him out of the war, remembered that the men

“didn’t know the battle order but it must have been to cross over and go as far as you bloody well could.” The next morning they formed up and came under mortar fire, but still managed to drive off a circling enemy plane.

After quickly capturing Flix and Asco, the battalion pushed inland toward Corbera. Lawrence Cane, an American volunteer and executive officer of the Mac Pap Machine-Gun Company, rode ahead with his men on some horses captured from the Fascists to reach the enemy supply depot. The rest of the Mac Paps followed, viewing evidence of a hasty enemy departure as they marched. Discarded equipment littered the roadside and civilians told the Internationals of the Fascist retreat. Reaching Corbera the next morning at dawn, the Mac Paps found the enemy had indeed gone—only Cane’s “cavalry” and civilians were there. Helping themselves to some much-needed equipment and food from the enemy depot, the Canadians left the rest for civilians to take.

Pushing on, the Mac Paps took their post in a two-brigade wide assault line described by Cane as “something like a scene from a war movie.” Intense enemy fire from the surrounding hills brought the Internationals to a halt just outside the town, although one Mac Pap patrol managed to reach the town’s stone marker. They could go no farther. For the next four days, the XV Brigade mounted charge after charge. While the British assaulted Hill 481, known as the Pimple, other battalions tried to take Gandesa. Each attack was shattered by furious Fascist air and artillery strikes. The Mac Paps in No. 2 Company became some of the first soldiers to witness the new and soon to be dreaded German 88mm gun in action; three Republican tanks passed through their position and were turned into blazing hulks.

After 10 days of attacks, neither the town nor the Pimple had been taken, and the XV Brigade withdrew into reserve until August 15, when it was ordered to the Sierra de Pandols, the Mountains of the Moon. This was the worst position ever taken by the Mac Paps, a desolate area scarred by war, covered with bodies, and reeking of death. Cane recalled: “Most of the area was bare rocks. Some hard jack-pine and mountain scrub covering the crests had been



**ABOVE:** Franco’s forces prepare to launch their main assault on the Spanish capital of Madrid as a public market burns from incendiary bombs. **LEFT:** Mac Paps cross the Ebro River at the start of their ill-fated last offensive.



burned off by bombs and shells. The whole piece was blackened, evil-looking and stunk chokingly of death since the dead could not be buried. The bodies were of both Republican and Fascist dead, and we had to drag and carry them back to the firing position where they lay in stinking, wormy and fly-ridden piles all the time we were there. It was impossible to dig in, and gun positions were prepared by painstakingly filling sandbags with rocks and chips. There was no water. The only route into our positions was a precarious mountain trail up the face of a cliff that dropped into a frightening ravine. All we did in the Pandols was endure and hold.”

The Canadians were on Hill 609, with the Lincolns to the right on Hill 666, the 24th Battalion beyond the Lincolns, and the British in reserve.

For the next 10 days, the XV Brigade reeled under the heaviest enemy mortar and artillery barrage of the war, which reduced the Mac Paps to half strength and killed two company commanders. Relieved by a Spanish battalion on August 26, the Mac Paps left the line amid rumors that the Internationals were about to be sent home.

Instead of going home, the Mac Paps went back into line east of Corbera in the Sierra de Caballs on September 4. They were now commanded by Gunnar Ebb, after Smith was wounded on his way to the Mac Pap position on Hill 565. The Canadians forced a salient in the enemy line on the 10th before going back into reserve until the 22nd, when they returned to the same area. The previous day, Republican Prime Minister Juan Negrin had addressed the League of Nations and called for the withdrawal of the International Brigades from Spain “in order to eliminate all pretexts and possible doubts about the genuinely national character of the cause for which the Republican Army is fighting.” Brigade members heard the news the morning of the 22nd; they were told all they had to do was to survive one more day. For many, it would prove to be one day too many.

At 9 AM, the Fascists launched an attack along the entire brigade front after a two-hour barrage. By the afternoon, the XI Brigade on the left had pulled back, and the British and Lincolns had abandoned their hills. The Mac Paps were the only unit to remain in position, and they were furiously attacked. Enemy soldiers swarmed over their trench lines and engaged them in savage hand-to-hand fighting. A second line of riflemen had been set up in the rear, and with the Mac Pap position being overrun fast, there was little to do except make a dash for safety.

Cane passed around his last cigarettes to his men before they all ran for safety with guns

*Continued on page 69*

# BULL RUN OF



# THE WEST

BY JOSHUA VAN DERECK

Led by impetuous General Nathaniel Lyon, Union forces pursued retreating Confederates across southwestern Missouri in the summer of 1861. At Wilson's Creek, Lyon caught up with the enemy on aptly named Bloody Hill.



AT THE BEGINNING OF 1861, Missouri was in turmoil. A slave state since its inception in 1820, Missouri had grown increasingly tied to urban industry. Cotton and tobacco had given way to factories, and transplanted northerners and foreign immigrants were flocking to the cities. The election of Republican Party candidate Abraham Lincoln as president the previous November underscored the potential for armed conflict between northern and southern states. As a vital border state, Missouri was a prize much sought by both sides.

Governor Claiborne Jackson was among the old guard who felt that Missouri's destiny lay with the South. Dismayed when a state convention voted to maintain Missouri's place in the Union, Jackson nevertheless decreed that Missouri would not furnish a single man for what he termed the "unholy crusade" of war against the South. Missourians wanted no part of civil war, and they made their loyalties known by volunteering heavily for service in home guard units, resolving to fight against aggression from either North or South while walking the delicate tightrope of neutrality.

In St. Louis, however, belligerent partisans threatened the balance. St. Louis was Missouri's largest city, and as a prominent trade center it was home to some of the most radical factions. The German immigrant community, 50,000 strong, was staunchly Unionist. Having come to America for the promise of suffrage and personal liberty, Germans were eager to uphold the integrity of the national trust. By early 1861, German fellowship societies throughout St. Louis had begun organizing makeshift military companies and drilling under the instruction of veterans of the Prussian Army. Concurrently, groups of those who favored the South, drawn heavily from genteel old-guard families, formed Minute Men companies and also began drilling, sometimes only blocks away from their would-be adversaries.

As tensions grew, the rival factions began to raise concerns about the safety of the city's massive arsenal. St. Louis contained the largest arsenal of any slave state, and its tiny garrison was woefully insufficient for its defense. Alarmed by the situation, Republican Congressman-elect Frank Blair, brother to President Lincoln's newly appointed postmaster general, telegraphed Washington and urged the immediate reinforcement of the arsenal. Notorious for his truculent outspokenness, Blair resorted to irregular measures to augment the arsenal's defenses. Preempting Jackson's refusal to enlist troops for the Federal government, Blair began working covertly to arm the volunteer German companies, initiating

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Troops from the 1st Iowa Regiment rush to plug a hole in the Union lines at the climax of the Battle of Wilson's Creek in southeastern Missouri.



**Mortally wounded, Brigadier General Nathaniel Lyon reels in the saddle at Wilson's Creek. He died almost immediately.**

a subscription drive for musket funds when he was unable to obtain arms from the arsenal itself.

Although the Army's Western Department commander, Brig. Gen. William Harney, shared Blair's concerns, he favored a more cautious approach, hoping to maintain peace in St. Louis through moderation. Instead of mustering the German volunteers, he brought in a modest reinforcement of U.S. Army regulars, drawn from nearby garrisons. Among the reinforcing contingent was a volatile New England-born captain, Nathaniel Lyon, who soon would prove the undoing of all attempts at conciliation.

Lyon, a native of Connecticut, harbored a deep-rooted hatred of secession, and his reputation for insubordination preceded him. Reaching St. Louis at the head of his company, he proved an immediate headache for Harney, insisting upon 24-hour perimeter patrols around the arsenal and vehemently urging the construction of firing platforms along the arsenal walls so that marksmen and artillerymen could rake all approaches to the building—regardless of potential civilian casualties. Making matters worse, Lyon and Blair forged an instant alliance, with Lyon promising to arm and muster any and all Union volunteers regardless of Missouri state directives. He urged Blair to arrange Harney's removal from command.

Lyon was hardly an iconic hero. An impulsive cigar smoker who loved candy and sported a mouth full of false teeth, he was a martinet of the first order who believed that he existed as a divine instrument of justice. Devoted to draconian discipline within his command, he had developed a reputation in the Regular Army for administering punishments that bordered on torture and sadism. He was even court-martialed for illegal, arbitrary, and unmilitary conduct in the violent disciplining of a private.

**Harney did what he could to control the situation through formal channels, but he had no authority over Blair, and time was against him.** With rumors afoot of secessionist activity in the Missouri countryside, Blair grew ever more determined to see to it that the German volunteers were formally mustered into Federal service. On April 21, Blair tapped powerful contacts in Washington and Pennsylvania, urging Harney's removal in the interest of security. In response, directives arrived removing Harney and elevating Lyon to department command. German volunteers immediately elected Lyon a brigadier general, and he spent the rest of the week fortifying the arsenal and mustering recruits into the Army, overriding the express wishes of the state government.

Lyon's ascension provoked fear and anger in St. Louis, and the city erupted with violent disturbances. In the capital at Jefferson City, Governor Jackson, who had already commenced secret negotiations with Confederate President Jefferson Davis, called out the state militia on the pretense of protecting Missouri from outside agitators. Militiamen began converging on

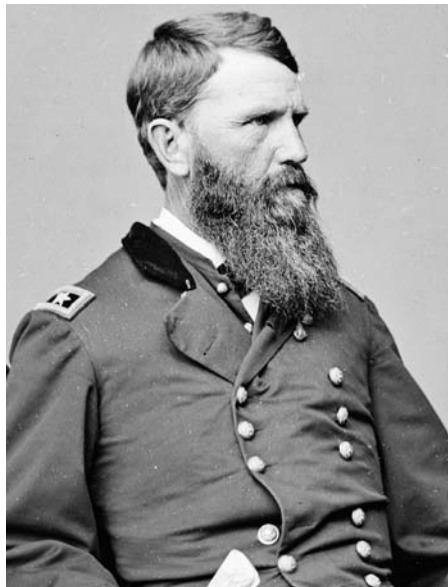
camp throughout the state.

St. Louis became home to Camp Jackson (named for the governor), a base that attracted some 900 volunteers whose ranks included many of the pro-southern Minute Men. Their presence deeply incensed Lyon. Emboldened by the considerable growth of his arsenal force (it was now almost 8,000 strong), he determined to capture the camp, and he scouted it himself while disguised as an old woman. Returning to the arsenal, Lyon continued to make preparations to fight, but he soon received an alarming surprise. Harney, who had appealed to General-in-Chief Winfield Scott in Washington for reinstatement, was due to return in two days to resume command. If Lyon was to act, he had no time to lose.

On the morning of May 10, Lyon sent forth his newly mustered soldiers from the arsenal in three separate columns to converge on Camp Jackson. Advancing through the streets of St. Louis, they attracted throngs of curious onlookers as well as gangs of armed ruffians who followed them, hoping for a chance to aid the militiamen. Lyon's columns deployed along three sides of Camp Jackson, bewildering the outnumbered militiamen with a cool show of might. When all was ready, Lyon sent a messenger to deliver a strict ultimatum he had written the night before. It accused the militia members of hostility to the Federal government and demanded their immediate surrender. The militia commander protested that the demand was illegal and unconstitutional, but he agreed to comply. Having thus secured his aim, Lyon decided to make an example of his prisoners,

ordering them to be marched under guard through the city to the arsenal.

No sooner had his men begun leading the march, however, than angry crowds commenced heckling them. Jeers and insults rent the air; people spat at the Union volunteers. The fury of the crowd intensified, and soon they began throwing rocks. Finally, one civilian fired a gun. Other shots broke out, and a bullet mortally wounded a Union captain. This was too much for the volunteers, who angrily fired into the crowd. Pandemonium reigned for several minutes before



Union Major General Frank P. Blair.

Lyon was able to regain control of the situation and hurry the column back to the arsenal. By then, the “Camp Jackson Affair” had done lasting damage. Twenty-eight civilians, two Union soldiers, and three militiamen lay dead. Seventy-five others were wounded, and terror gripped St. Louis. “The Black Dutch are killing them all!” one observer cried. “They are shooting women and children in cold blood!”

In the capital, Jackson called an emergency session of the General Assembly to discuss a bill granting him unprecedented powers to “suppress rebellion and repel invasion.” It was a bill the legislators had previously debated for weeks. Now they passed it in 15 minutes. Jackson quickly appointed popular Mexican War veteran Sterling Price commander of the Missouri State Guard and commenced preparations for all-out war.

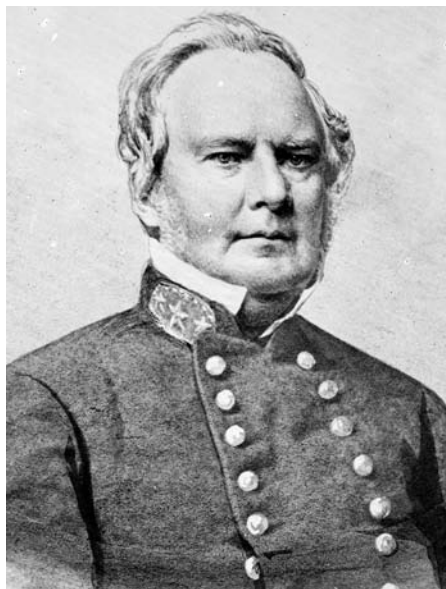
In St. Louis, Harney returned on May 11 and found the city a maelstrom of unrest and violence. Unable to cashier Lyon, he instead took measures to remove the German volunteers from the arsenal and met with Price on May 20 to iron out what was essentially a nonaggress-

sion pact. Jackson and Price wanted time to organize, and Harney still hoped for peace, but the time for conciliation had passed. On that same day, Blair received discretionary authority from Washington to remove Harney again in favor of Lyon if he deemed it necessary. Blair made it official six days later, prompted in large measure by Harney’s continuing reluctance to arm and train the city’s German volunteers.

On June 11, Jackson and Price traveled to St. Louis under guarantee of safe passage to meet with Lyon and determine whether he would honor Harney’s previous terms. Blair accompanied Lyon, and the meeting was long and tense. After four hours of unsettling debate, Lyon rose from his chair, snuffed out his cigar, and declared: “Far better that the blood of every man, woman, and child within the limits of the State should flow, than that she should defy the Federal government. This means war.” He gave the visitors an hour to leave his camp.

**Jackson and Price left for Jefferson City that night, and Jackson issued a proclamation calling on Missourians to repel the Federal “invasion,” reminding them that they were “under no obligations to obey the unconstitutional edicts of the military despotism at Washington, nor submit to the infamous and degrading sway of its wicked minions in Missouri.”**

Such defiant rhetoric was no substitute for military preparation, and Lyon was already several steps ahead. Refusing to temper his aggression to address supply shortages, Lyon moved to execute a highly ambitious plan of campaign. To crush resistance, he envisioned a two-pronged pincer movement. He would lead half his force due west up the Missouri River to seize Jefferson City, securing vital communications and dispersing Price’s State Guard. A second column, under the command of popular German Colonel Franz Sigel, would move southwest to the railhead at Rolla and then advance across the state to Springfield, where it would act as the anvil against which



Confederate Major General Sterling Price.

Lyon would hammer the fleeing state troops. If everything went as planned, Federal forces would command virtually all of Missouri’s vital river and railroad network.

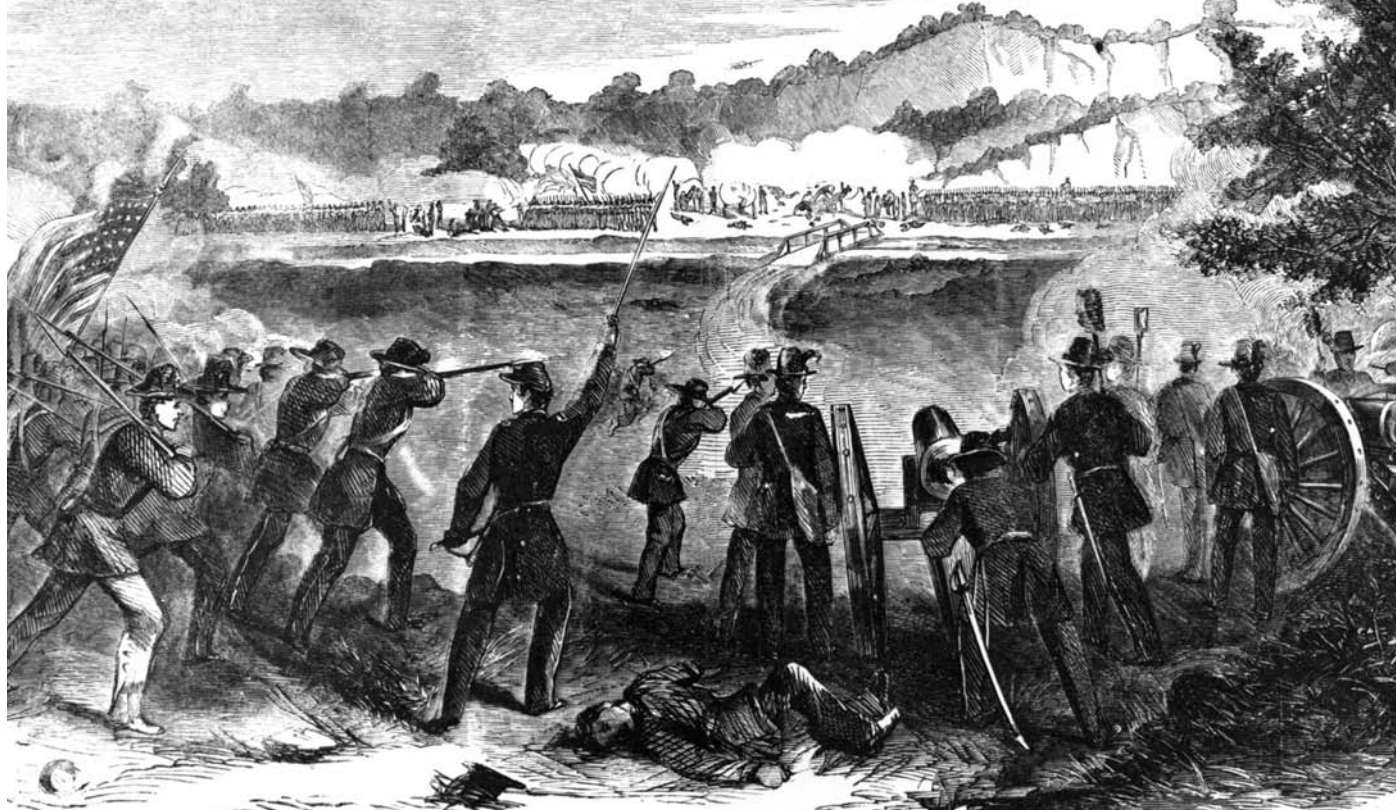
On June 13, Lyon’s column departed St. Louis aboard four commandeered civilian steamers, while Sigel’s forces left via railroad. Two days later, Lyon arrived at Jefferson City, only to find that Jackson and Price had already fled. Jackson had not gone far, however, and Lyon caught up with him on the 17th near Boonville and badly routed a scratch force of State Guard in a nearly bloodless skirmish that northern papers hailed as a brilliant victory. Meanwhile, Jackson and Price gathered as many men as they could and began a wholesale retreat for the Arkansas border, where they hoped to enlist Confederate military aid.

Lyon’s campaign quickly bogged down for want of supplies. A steady pattern of requisitions had vexed his quartermaster in St. Louis, and the officer retaliated by canceling many of the requests. Reduced to scrounging for wagons and

teamsters, and chafing under the discomfiture of a sudden deluge of rain, Lyon waited impatiently, but the delay afforded time for reinforcements to arrive. En route was the newly mustered 1st Iowa Regiment, as well as a considerable force of Kansans and Army regulars under the command of Major Samuel Sturgis. By the time these forces arrived on July 7, Lyon was in motion once more, aided by a motley jumble of expropriated vehicles. Events were accelerating.

In Arkansas, Confederate Brig. Gen. Benjamin McCulloch had watched Lyon’s progress with apprehension. A transplanted Texan, McCulloch was something of a legend—friend to David Crockett, veteran of two wars, California gold prospector, congressional representative, Indian fighter, and now district commander for the Confederacy. Assigned to protect the northern border of Indian Territory, McCulloch believed that the presence of Price’s forces in Missouri made his job considerably easier, and he decided to rescue them from impending defeat. Concentrating his mixed command of Texans, Arkansans, and Louisianans near the border, McCulloch rode ahead to confer with Price, and on July 4 he initiated the first Confederate invasion of the United States.

The next day, while McCulloch’s men were pressing into Missouri, Sigel’s wing of the Federal



Union troops press the Missouri State Guard at Carthage on July 5, 1861. They were unsuccessful in their attack.

pincer teetered near disaster. Having reached Springfield on June 24 well in advance of Lyon, Sigel had determined to press forward alone and engage the retreating State Guard at Carthage. Sigel had about 1,000 soldiers on hand for the job, while Jackson commanded some 4,000 men. Price was still organizing farther to the south.

Sigel was aware of the disparity between forces, and he certainly had sufficient experience to evaluate the situation. A former German minister of war, Sigel had commanded armies in multiple battles during the German revolution of 1848. On July 5, Sigel rashly attacked Jackson's force and then withdrew. Casualties were low, a little more than 100 in all, but the Missouri State Guard reveled in their apparent success. When Lyon heard of the clash, he initiated a forced march to rescue Sigel from himself.

Lyon had to abandon much of his baggage train crossing the Grand River, and he had his men strip down even further as they hurried southward through the night, ultimately covering more than 50 miles in 30 hours to reach Springfield. Upon arriving, Lyon found that Sigel had extricated himself in good order, but now the Federal soldiers in both columns were exhausted, their uniforms reduced to tatters. Demoralized and fatigued, Lyon despaired. "The want of supplies has crippled me," he mourned. "Everything seems to combine against me."

**McCulloch and Price, however, were not combining.** Learning that Sigel had retreated and feeling disgusted over the lack of discipline in the ranks of the Missouri Guard, McCulloch aborted his invasion and withdrew to Arkansas to await developments. In the meantime, while Jackson strove to enlist support from Richmond, Price went into bivouac to build up his command. The Missouri State Guard now numbered some 7,000 volunteers, including 2,000 who were unarmed. Members were bedecked in all manner of attire, and those who had weapons mostly carried shotguns and squirrel rifles. Struggling through the rudiments of drill, they spent their idle hours sewing uniforms, carving slugs for artillery canister, and casting bullets. Food was perhaps their most pressing concern. In the absence of a rail or river base, the Guards stripped the surrounding countryside clean of food. Soon they would have to either advance or retreat to find more.

In Springfield, Lyon was dealing with the same dilemma. Food had grown scarce due to the haphazard supply situation, typhoid and diarrhea ravaged the ranks, and discipline was breaking down. Enlistments, many of which had been for three months, were running out, and before the end of July 2,000 men left the ranks and decamped for St. Louis. Blair's arrival in Washington had coincided with the appointment of a new department commander, Maj. Gen. John C. Frémont, who was supposed to operate out of St. Louis and direct supplies and reinforcements to

the front. Lyon bombarded him with a flurry of demands, but Frémont proved notably unresponsive. "If he fights," the new department commander said of Lyon, "he will do it upon his own responsibility."

From his vantage point in St. Louis, it was clear to Frémont that Lyon's campaign had already succeeded. The heart of Missouri was securely in Federal control, and Price's recruiting efforts had been quashed. If Lyon was too short of supplies and soldiers to hold on at Springfield, Frémont advised him to make a strategic withdrawal to Rolla and repair his command for future service. It was a sensible suggestion, but one that Lyon could not bring himself to follow. Instead, the truculent New Englander determined to strike forward once more, regardless of conditions. On the morning of August 1, he marched his combined command of fewer than 6,000 men through the blistering heat in search of battle.

Price and McCulloch had combined forces again by then, initiating plans for a second invasion of Missouri. Overcoming his distrust of the State Guard, McCulloch agreed to assume command of the offensive—provided that Price leave his 2,000 unarmed men and camp followers a day's march to the rear. It was a condition that Price quickly accepted and just as quickly ignored. Advancing on August 1, McCulloch's command contained an aggregate of over 10,000 muskets, almost twice the number in Lyon's ranks. And while the State Guard troops were of somewhat dubious quality, several of McCulloch's units had already devel-

oped fierce identities. Colonel Louis Hébert's 3rd Louisiana Regiment proudly bore aloft a blue silk flag with the emblazoned inscription, "Southern Rights Inviolable," and Arkansas volunteers boasted several units with unique and dashing uniforms, including the Centerpoint Rifles who wore dark blue coats and checkered shirts with red stripes.

The next day, the rival armies came into contact amid choking dust and 110-degree temperatures. The result was an abortive skirmish in which a State Guard unit broke badly under fire and fled pell-mell for the rear. But Lyon did not press home his advantage. Overwhelmed by fatigue, the New Englander was steadily succumbing to the stress of command. When probes failed to stir up a battle the following day, he called his officers together for a council of war. It was the first time Lyon had asked for advice in the entire campaign. Once convened, the officers voiced concern over the supply situation, and Lyon gloomily ordered a withdrawal to Springfield.

Now the initiative passed to McCulloch, who was not eager to seize it. Thoroughly vexed over the performance of the State Guard, he ordered a pursuit only after much squabbling with Price. Then, after exhausting his men with forced marches in the blazing sun, he lost his resolve altogether, and ordered his units into bivouac at Wilson's Creek, 10 miles south of Springfield. For Price, it was becoming irritatingly apparent that the famous Texan was afraid to fight.

Meanwhile, in Springfield, Lyon was steadily losing his grasp on events. Conferring with subordinates regularly, he waffled between zealous convictions that he should defend his position to the last or strike out and attack. The arrival of a long-overdue wagon train on August 6 served as momentary inspiration, and the New Englander impulsively decided to launch a surprise offensive that very night. Stirring the men from their camps, he sent them to jump-off positions, but then he somehow lost track of time. As 10 PM gave way to 3 AM, a bewildered Lyon suddenly realized that the night was too far gone and canceled the attack.

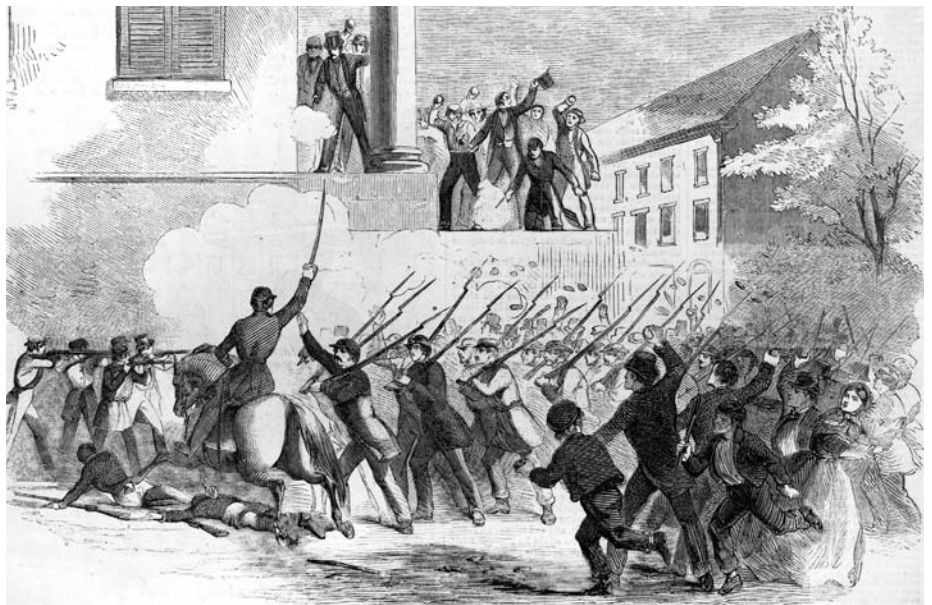
For the men in the ranks, the abortive escapade was deeply confusing, and it did not help their confidence that Lyon persisted in keeping them under arms all day on August 7 in the sweltering heat. Exhausted and irritated over what seemed unnecessary exertions, the men watched for rumored enemy advances from all directions, none of which materialized. That night, Lyon convened his officers again to debate how to proceed. Most thought a withdrawal to Rolla the best option, but Brig. Gen.

Thomas Sweeny, a one-armed Irish regular, delivered an impassioned diatribe in opposition. "Let us eat the last bit of mule flesh and fire the last cartridge before we think of retreat!" he urged. Newly persuaded, Lyon presented a new line of reasoning. Withdrawing without battle would "run the risk of having to fight every inch along [the] line of retreat," he warned; an attack was necessary to get away safely.

Inspired by this convoluted logic, Sigel proposed an audacious plan to divide the army into two columns and attack the enemy camp from front and rear at once. It was a plan that violated basic military logic, as it called for the division of a smaller force in the face of a larger enemy. All of the assembled officers thought the plan preposterous, and much to their relief Lyon rejected it. Instead, he told them to prepare for an advance the following evening, preparatory to a combined frontal attack at dawn on the 10th. On the morning of August 9, however, Sigel paid his commander a special visit and somehow persuaded Lyon to reconsider. Preposterous or not, Sigel's plan would be put to the test.

As the men prepared for the night march on August 9, Lyon rode among the ranks offering bland words of encouragement. "Men, we are going to have a fight," he said. "Don't get scared; it's no part of a soldier's duty to get scared." Most were unimpressed. "How is a man to help being skeered when he is skeered?" one queried. At 5 PM, the two columns swung into motion: Sigel with his brigade of 1,100 Germans and Lyon at the head of the rest of the 4,000 men in the army. The moon was a crescent, and the Federal march was uneventful.

At this juncture, although the attack plan was risky and the odds unpromising, Lyon had reason to be hopeful. Perhaps as many as a quarter of the men in his column were regulars, and, although many of the units were armed with antiquated muskets, their arms were still superior



**U.S. Volunteers are attacked by pro-Southern St. Louis civilians at the corner of 5th and Walnut Streets.**

to the ad hoc weapons of Price's State Guard. Moreover, the reinforcing regiments from Kansas and Iowa were rugged and feisty. Colonel George Deitzler's 1st Kansas had a company known as the "Stubs," so called because so many of its members were short. The Stubs had formed in the antebellum years to defend "Bleeding Kansas" against Missouri border ruffians and had earned a reputation for ferocity. The men of the 1st Iowa brought two canine mascots with them to the battle, and, although their enlistments had expired during the stay in Springfield, the men had voted to stay and fight. Finally, Lyon had another advantage he did not even know about—McCulloch's camp had not posted a picket line.

Price had lost his temper on the 9th and delivered an ultimatum to McCulloch. If the Texan would not attack, Price would take the State Guard and advance on his own. In response, McCulloch had called together his officers for a vote and found that his was the minority voice of dissent. Reluctantly submitting, the Texan had ordered a night march to prepare for a dawn assault on Springfield on the morning of August 10. After more than a week of false starts and procrastination,

tionation, Lyon and McCulloch planned to deliver simultaneous strikes. The weather turned stormy just as McCulloch prepared to leave. Anxious to avoid getting the men's powder wet, the Texan postponed the march until dawn, but he neglected to send pickets out. The army passed the night unguarded.

McCulloch's campsite lay on both sides of a shallow stream called Wilson Creek. (After-battle reports incorrectly referenced the body of water as Wilson's Creek, and this became the name of the battle.) The creek ran roughly north-south and was crossed by the Wire Road, which led northeast to Springfield. Approaching the position at 4 AM, Lyon chose to leave the road, cross the creek, and attack from due north, hopeful that this would enhance the element of surprise. The trouble was that the landscape was strewn with roving foragers from Price's State Guard,

## LYON ORDERED THE 2ND KANSAS REGIMENT TO BRACE THE RETREATING LINE. "HOW THE BLOOD LEAPED IN OUR VEINS THEN," ONE OF THE KANSANS RECALLED.

whose undisciplined failure to stay in camp ironically proved helpful. While advancing, Lyon's skirmishers encountered some of these wandering men and put them to flight, but in their retreat the foragers managed to sound the alarm.

Stunned into action, one of Price's cavalry regiments hastily deployed on a hill just north of the camps. The first casualties of the battle occurred while Lyon's advance guard stormed the hill, soon to be rechristened "Bloody Hill." Deitzler's 1st Kansas, including the Stubs, joined the all-German 1st Missouri Regiment in leading the charge. The men moved so cautiously that they did not reach the crest until 5:30 AM. At that point, buoyed by success, Lyon proudly proclaimed to his chief of staff, "In less than an hour the enemy will wish they were a thousand miles away."

McCulloch might just as well have been that far away, for he was completely in the dark when the opening shots rang out. The landscape around Wilson Creek gave rise to an "acoustic shadow," a peculiar deadening phenomenon that can arise when topographical features or localized variances in air density block otherwise discernible sound. While the battle raged, McCulloch breakfasted placidly with Price, enjoying cornbread, beef, and coffee. When couriers reached him to announce the commencement of hostilities, the Texan laughed. Still, he sent some cavalry to investigate, and when further reports of fighting trickled in, he decided that it was time to adjourn his meal.

By then, Lyon's advance had begun to bog down, not because of the threat posed by Price's cavalry, which the Federals had brushed away, but because of the unnerving effect of an artillery battery that took Lyon completely by surprise when he pushed to the crest of Bloody Hill. The battery was located at the edge of a cornfield on the far side of Wilson Creek. Its men had been in the midst of preparing breakfast when they observed the action opening and decided to pitch in, delivering a blast of case shot and shell against the Federal flank. Lyon halted and brought up a battery of his own, and a strangely personal duel ensued.

Commanding Lyon's battery was Captain James Totten, a Pennsylvania-born regular who had served in Arkansas before the war. Venerated as a local hero by the citizens of Little Rock, Totten had received a sword as a token of esteem from the Arkansas ladies and then had horrified them by unsheathing it in defense of the Union. Engaging him was the Pulaski Light Battery, formerly the Totten Light Battery, whose gunners Totten had personally trained while stationed in Arkansas. Evidently his training was not comprehensive, as neither battery fired with great accuracy and casualties were low in both units.

Lyon, however, was sufficiently perturbed to halt his advance and begin building a defensive position on the crest of Bloody Hill. This had the effect of surrendering the initiative to the enemy at a time when Price and McCulloch were still trying to discern what was happening. Worse yet, Lyon formed his line on the peak of the hill instead of on the military crest or shoulder of the hill, which meant that his infantry could not see or shoot at anyone forming along the base. For the time being, the implications of these errors were yet to be realized. Lyon, pleased with his progress, listened with encouragement as the first sounds of artillery erupted from the south, signaling the opening of Sigel's offensive.

The German colonel's attack was actually faring better than he or Lyon could have foreseen. Arriving on schedule, Sigel discovered, much as Lyon had, that the enemy camps were unguarded. Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri soldiers were sleeping or milling about in a stubble field, completely ignorant of the engagement that had opened scarcely a mile away—acoustic shadow was doing

double duty for the Federals this day. Sigel promptly ordered up a battery of artillery and opened fire on the enemy camp. The result was instant pandemonium. Stunned Confederates dissolved into a wild mob, spreading panic among the thousands of unarmed men and camp followers whom Price had insisted upon bringing along. Delighted with his progress, Sigel advanced his infantry into the stubble field, gathering more than 100 prisoners with minimal effort.

In the meantime, Lyon was actively striving to advance once more. Having amassed some 2,800 men on the hill, he finally launched a probe with the 1st Missouri and 1st Kansas Regiments. High prairie grass, thickets, and scrub oaks undermined coordination, and the regiments essentially blundered into Price's still-forming line at the base of the hill. The 1st Kansas went in with a cheer, trading close-range volleys with Price's men. The commander of the 1st Missouri Regiment, Lt. Col. George L. Andrews, was preparing to charge when he noticed a State Guard unit maneuvering around his flank. The maneuver was accidental, as Price's regiments were still coming into line chaotically due to their poor discipline, but the two Federal units suddenly stopped advancing and braced themselves for an attack. Price quickly complied. A protracted and sanguinary struggle began on the side of the hill, sometimes at distances as short as 30 yards.

It was "a perfect hurricane of bullets," one participant observed. Casualties accumulated rapidly, while officers walked the lines shouting words of assurance. One major in the 1st

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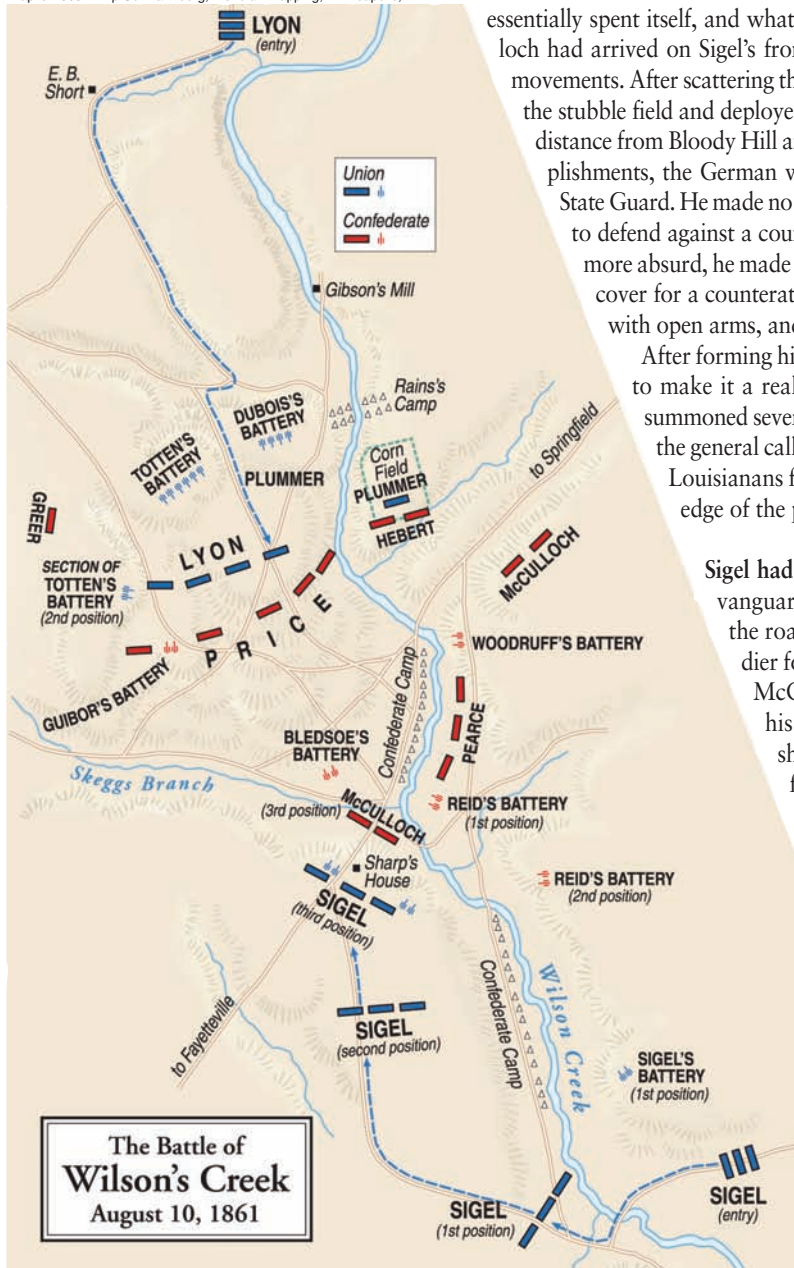
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Union defenses centered on aptly named Bloody Hill, west of Wilson's Creek. The phenomenon known as "acoustic shadow" masked the sound of firing at the battle

Kansas even promised his men that anyone killed in the line of duty would go directly to heaven. The fighting raged inconclusively until nearly 7:30 AM, at which point the strength of Price's growing line forced Lyon's regiments into retreat. Lyon quickly ordered the 2nd Kansas Regiment to brace the retreating line. "How the blood leaped in our veins then," one of the Kansans recalled. The countercharge was short, fierce, and successful, and Price's Guard units broke off their attack to regroup at the base of the hill.

By now it was 8 AM. Lyon's offensive had

essentially spent itself, and whatever potential for victory remained squarely with Sigel. McCulloch had arrived on Sigel's front, and he was striving to make sense of the German's curious movements. After scattering thousands of men about the countryside, Sigel had pushed through the stubble field and deployed his artillery in a farmyard near the edge of a plateau, still some distance from Bloody Hill and the rest of the battle. Then, seemingly content with his accomplishments, the German went about gathering prisoners and shelling distant units of the State Guard. He made no further attempt to reach Lyon and did not even deploy his infantry to defend against a counterattack. Instead, he left the men in columns on the road. Still more absurd, he made little effort to screen the edge of the plateau, which provided ideal cover for a counterattacking force. It was a situation that virtually embraced disaster with open arms, and McCulloch was not long in appreciating the fact.

After forming his assessment, the Texan quickly rode off to find men with whom to make it a reality. Neglecting an available reserve of Arkansans, McCulloch summoned several companies of Hébert's 3rd Louisiana. "Come, my brave lads," the general called. "I have a battery for you to charge, and the day is ours!" The Louisianans followed dutifully, and McCulloch deployed them just below the edge of the plateau.

Sigel had seen the approaching column, but he thought it might be the vanguard of Lyon's forces. To make sure, he sent a solitary soldier down the road to challenge them. Approaching to within a few feet, the soldier found himself face to face with McCulloch. "What force is this?" McCulloch demanded. "Sigel's brigade," the soldier replied, raising his musket to fire. Luckily for McCulloch, one of the Louisianans shot first, dropping the Missourian in his tracks before he could fire. "That was a good shot," the general remarked. He ordered a charge.

Sigel's men outnumbered their assailants 3-to-1, but they were in no state to resist the sudden onslaught. Stunned and bewildered, the artillerists and their meager supports fled wildly across the field, abandoning four guns and a caisson and plunging headlong into the column of infantry that Sigel had left undeployed in the road. Panic quickly spread through the column, with German recruits scattering wild-eyed in all directions despite their commander's energetic attempts to rally them. Sigel strove mightily to make the most of disaster, salvaging some 400 of his original 1,100 troops and hurrying them to the rear. McCulloch's cavalry caught up with him and wiped out most of his force, but Sigel got away. Wrapping himself in a blanket to conceal his rank, he abandoned his men and hid in a cornfield to evade capture before eventually returning to Springfield.

Back on Bloody Hill, Lyon remained ignorant of the events on Sigel's front. It was 10 AM, and most of the Federal soldiers were in line trading scattered volleys with Price's Guard while the ineffectual artillery duel raged on. Lyon's confidence was dwindling. Grazed by one bullet on the side of the head and struck painfully in the calf by another, he was left limping awkwardly to the rear after a third bullet killed his horse. "I am afraid the day is lost," he moaned to his chief of staff, Major John Schofield. "No, General, let us try once more," Schofield responded.

Thus encouraged, Lyon determined to return to the front. With help from his staff, he mounted a replacement horse, and with blood dripping from his shoe he advanced toward the crest of the hill to lead a final desperate charge. Waving his hat, Lyon beckoned to the nearest regiment. "Come on, my brave boys!" he cried. "I will lead you! Forward!" Then a volley erupted from the underbrush ahead, a bullet piercing his heart and lungs. Lyon tried to dismount, but fell from his horse into the arms of his orderly, Private Ed Lehmann of the 1st U.S. Cavalry. "Lehmann, I am going," Lyon murmured, then died. Lyon's aides carried his body to the rear and placed it under a tree, pulling his coattails over his face to conceal his identity and prevent panic from spreading through the ranks. Then they sent for Sturgis, the senior officer remaining on Bloody Hill.

It took about 30 minutes to locate Sturgis. During that time, Price launched a second major

*Continued on page 69*

# HENRY VIII'S LAST WAR

BY BOB SWAIN

Stung by the infidelities of his teenage wife, English King Henry VIII launched a third cross-Channel invasion of France in 1544. The ensuing campaign would almost bankrupt the king and his kingdom.

IN NOVEMBER 1541, English King Henry VIII suffered one of the most severe shocks of his life when he was shown a report alleging that his plumpish 19-year-old queen, Catherine Howard, had been intimate with other men before their marriage. Even more upsetting, it seemed that she was still being unfaithful to the king under his very nose. At first disbelieving and then stunned, Henry became unhinged by the unfolding reality of Catherine's unfaithfulness. He called for a sword and bellowed out his intention to kill her, but was he restrained by his worried courtiers. Visibly diminished by the experience, Henry withdrew from London to nurse his bruised ego in near seclusion, while his government prosecuted Catherine for treasonous behavior.

Always a heavy drinker, Henry drank even more than usual during his self-imposed exile, and in the process he aggravated the pain from a chronic ulcer on one of his legs. The king's once-handsome physique sagged ominously, and by the start of the New Year he was nearly immobilized by his aching leg, accompanying fever, and profound depression. The dismal winter weather did nothing to help the situation. Henry sat alone, listening to his harp player or talking with Will Somers, his fool, while his unfaithful former wife was duly beheaded before a small group of witnesses on the grounds of the Tower of London.

As the weather improved, Henry's mood brightened. He began to mull over a favorite action of many monarchs beset with troubles: provoking a foreign war to distract their subjects from the prevailing embarrassment or crisis at home. It was a comforting thought for Henry, given his decades-long appetite for foreign adventure and military glory. And reasons for starting a war were easy enough to come by, particularly with France to pick on, something he had done twice before.

Sufficiently stirred, Henry assembled his Privy Council in London. His sense of timing was perfect. Henry's counselors were relieved that the king was finally interested in talking about something other than the late queen. Facing them with more majesty than he truly felt, Henry insisted that the country must seize the opportunity to wage war with her long-standing enemy, France,

while the French were distracted by Spain over the issue of who would control northern Italy. Of equal importance was the opportunity to force the French monarch, Francis I, to renew his payments of Henry's pension and other obligations under past treaties, dating back 17 years and amounting to 25,000 pounds annually.

Henry surprised the Privy Council and others at court by announcing that he intended to personally lead the invasion of France. To his astonishment and annoyance, the council objected strongly to his leading forces in battle (although he had done so briefly in 1513) and Spanish-born Charles V, the Holy Roman Emperor, who was negotiating an agreement to invade France with England as his ally, joined in the council's opposition. To win support for his self-appointment, Henry let it be known that he wanted the venerable dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk to serve as his principal aides, despite Norfolk's recent lackluster performance in Scotland. Henry announced that Norfolk was to command the vanguard, assisted by the veteran Lord Russell, while Suffolk, in a replay of Henry's first invasion of France in 1513, would assist Henry with the main body of the army.

The announcements reassured Henry's critics and placated the dukes, who dutifully fell into line behind the king and began to arm at their own expense the required 300 mounted knights and 1,000 men-at-arms each nobleman was expected to furnish to the king. Meanwhile, Henry mollified many in Parliament by agreeing to have the Crown contribute funds from the renewed sale and rent of royal lands.



Catherine Howard paid with her head for being unfaithful to her husband, King Henry VIII.



Henry VIII's armor, made for a much thinner man, had to be refitted for the bloated, gout-stricken monarch.

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King Henry VIII



Francis I, King of France

In mid-February 1544, Henry signed an agreement with Charles V to become allies against France. To avoid tipping their hands prematurely to Francis I, the rulers agreed to keep the pact secret until the end of May. The agreement articulated a goal of jointly taking Paris, with an English army striking through Picardy and Charles's army approaching from the Netherlands into the Champagne-Ardennes area.

**Henry sent an ultimatum to the French ambassador in London that June, threatening war within 20 days for the recovery of the realm of France, a goal first voiced by Edward III two centuries before.** The ultimatum contained a long list of impossibly difficult conditions to obviate the need for war. Not waiting for a reply, Henry recalled his ambassador from Paris and ordered the English commander at Calais to begin transferring 5,000 men-at-arms under Sir John Wallop to aid Charles V's invasion of France from the east, but with strict orders to husband his artillery and ammunition.

Both Henry and Charles pledged armies of 40,000 men apiece for renewed action against France. Henry vowed to lead his troops along the Somme to Paris, while Charles would approach Paris from the east. Henry renewed his intention of going to Calais after Norfolk and Russell had established the 10,000-man vanguard there, despite warnings from the king's doctors that a rigorous military campaign could shorten his life. Henry's enthusiasm knew few bounds, and he was determined to fit his corpulent bulk into newly crafted armor (made imperative since Henry's waistline had ballooned from 37 to 54 inches in the past six years). Tirelessly he involved himself in the many details of the upcoming campaign, visiting the Tower mint, where workmen were turning silver plate and other precious ornaments into coins to pay suppliers and soldiers, and worrying about inventories.

Unlike earlier invasions, great quantities of foodstuffs and fodder were sent ahead to depots surrounding Calais to feed an expected main force and rear guard of 30,000 men (including 4,000 foreign mercenaries hired for the occasion), while additional flour mills and baking ovens were built near the depots. When Norfolk and Russell were ready to move the vanguard across the Channel, they were greeted at dockside by a fleet of colorfully decked-out ships awaiting the cumbersome boarding of men, horses, and matériel.

After an uneventful trip and landing, Norfolk reassembled his men, supplies, and horses and prepared to move southeastward from Calais. But without a specifically established goal beyond the original injunction to take Paris, it seemed pointless to proceed far, and this left the duke with little to do except maintain discipline and sort out supplies in his makeshift

camps. Easily frustrated, Norfolk could not resist sending a sharp note back to the council, reminding the members that he had expected to know his primary objective before now.

Prodded by the irascible Norfolk, the council finally replied, explaining that Henry had been distracted by another flare-up of his ulcerated leg. Meanwhile, Norfolk laid siege to the town of Montreuil, 40 miles due south of Calais. At one time, Montreuil had been one of the wealthiest ports in northern Europe, but the river had silted up in recent years and port activity had declined. If Montreuil had been picked as an easy target, however, Henry and his council had badly misread its present strength. Montreuil's garrison, situated above the Picardy floodplain, was safely behind stout medieval walls and armed with a more than sufficient number of cannons.

Norfolk continued to bother the council with a stream of complaints focusing on the disorganization at Calais and the shortages of bread, beer, guns, and shot for his camp at Montreuil. In addition, the wagons arriving from Charles V were not as specified, and the English horses in the duke's camps were too small for the heavy pulling they faced. Deciding to starve out the town, Norfolk reported on the difficulty of continuing operations while steady rain inundated the low ground around his position. The relentless downpour made every movement tortuous and spoiled the grain set aside for horse and cattle fodder.

To his relief, Henry finally overcame the painful bout with his ulcerous leg and issued orders to Suffolk to prepare the departure of the main force for France. Arms, horses, copious foodstuffs, a mobile kitchen, and countless support staff were assembled on the southern

**FOR HENRY, IT WAS  
A REPLAY OF HIS  
SEPTEMBER 1513  
CAPTURE OF TOURNAI.  
HE EXULTED IN THE  
VICTORY AT  
BOULOGNE, PICTURING  
IT AS THE EQUAL OF  
EDWARD III'S  
CAPTURE OF CALAIS  
200 YEARS BEFORE.**

coast of England. When all was ready, the waiting ships loaded everything, including Henry, Suffolk, and the earl of Hertford. The great fanfare of departure buoyed Henry's spirits. When the sizable English convoy neared Calais harbor on July 14, fleet gunners fired salvo after salvo to announce the king's arrival. They were answered in kind by cannons on the walls of the town. The resulting man-made thunder could be heard at Dover, 25 miles

away. It was a suitable display for the vainglorious Henry, dressed in gold cloth decorated with a red cross over his armor and wearing a hat with crimson satin band.

Once ashore, Henry paraded through town with Hertford and Suffolk at his side. The townspeople marveled at his appearance. Officers on the scene hoped that Henry might be persuaded to remain in Calais, and he did so for almost two weeks, until an outbreak of the plague in late July panicked him into fleeing to the open countryside. Suffolk and Hertford trailed behind with the main body of troops. At the same time, Henry's ally, Charles V, marched steadily along the left bank of the Marne to Chateau Thierry, with the Spanish monarch's cavalry scouting to within 30 miles of Paris.

Although Norfolk's siege of Montreuil cried out for attention, Henry chose to focus on his primary objective, Boulogne. Suffolk was ordered to move the main body of the army southwest to the vicinity of the ancient hilltop town, which was surrounded by high walls and ramparts built from a Roman fort that once had served as the base for Julius Caesar's long-ago invasion of England.

Meanwhile, at Montreuil, the sorry situation was made even worse when Norfolk could not stop his troops from taking double their allotted rations, despite standing orders against personal hoarding. Even more damaging to morale, everyone had been forced to drink water, since beer supplies had run out 10 days earlier. Fortunately, the quartermaster in Suffolk's newly established camp at Boulogne had enough beer to send a goodly amount from his supply base at Wimereux. This helped conditions in the English camp, but the situation outside Montreuil remained difficult. Norfolk lacked sufficient men and siege guns to completely surround and assault the walled town, forcing him to press his men so close to the enemy that they could trade insults with the French defenders. Even at that, there were discernible gaps in his line, making it possible for the French to slip supplies into the town.

**Hampered by inadequate resources,** Norfolk also suffered the disadvantage of facing an enemy that was unusually skilled at detecting any mining under its walls. Denied this favorite avenue to breach the town's defenses, Norfolk resorted to diplomacy, entering into negotiations with the Montreuil garrison without first consulting Henry. Not surprisingly, the unauthorized action unleashed a storm of criticism. When Henry heard of the talks, he was outraged and demanded an immediate explanation from the duke. Norfolk was embarrassed, but replied with as much innocence as he could muster that his talks had been intended merely to test the enemy's willingness to withstand the

siege. Surprisingly, this mollified Henry, although he warned Norfolk that the duke should have cleared his strategy ahead of time with the king.

Henry ordered Norfolk's 26-year-old son, the Earl of Surrey, who had just arrived in Calais, to bring the rear guard to Boulogne. Three days later, the earl marched into Henry's camp, leading lightly armored horsemen, archers, pikemen, and gunners on foot, along with hundreds of non-combatants, including butchers, herdsmen, millwrights, coopers, smiths, armorers, mortar makers, surgeons, and priests. Henry greeted Surrey sitting astride a horse with his armor cut away to relieve the pressure on his afflicted leg. The bemused French commanders inside the castle marked Surrey's arrival with an artillery barrage.

**Once the rear guard was deployed to its assigned position, the newly energized Henry** threw himself into the siege. Constantly improving his position, Henry ordered new earthworks built and ordnance redeployed (ultimately mounting 95 guns and 50 mortars), all the while lecturing his officers on the finer points of military procedure. Within three days, the heaviest of his siege guns began to inflict serious damage on the walls of Boulogne's castle, giving Henry confidence that the town would soon be his.

The inclement weather, which had so bothered Norfolk, now began to bedevil the king as well. Violent thunderstorms immobilized the siege, forcing everyone to protect their food supplies while struggling to keep their equipment safe and quarters dry. Days of rain turned pathways into rivers of mud, eliminating any possibility of offensive action, and the enforced inactivity transformed the camp into a dreary mess as rampant boredom engulfed the troops. Tempers flared and morale sagged while carpenters worked diligently to improvise better living quarters for the king, adding impressive porches, overhangs, floors, and windows to his tent.

After the weather improved, renewed action was delayed by a shortage of dry powder. Not until early August were the English gunners able to renew the regular shelling the walls of Boulogne. Once bright sunshine bathed the scene, Henry found it possible to enjoy again the drama of the siege. While he was never in any great personal danger, the renewed campaign helped the king to forget that he could barely walk. Also serving to improve Henry's mood was the output of the mobile bakery. Many observers commented that Henry looked better than he had in years.

Conditions were quite different at Montreuil, where Norfolk and his troops endured serious hardships while the king hogged resources at Boulogne. This forced Norfolk to rely increasingly on his 600-man Irish contingent for their vaunted skill at foraging and cattle stealing. Suffolk was more fortunate as his troops, better-supplied and -armed, managed to breach Boulogne's high walls after firing a large number of rounds from their heavy siege guns, followed by seven days of

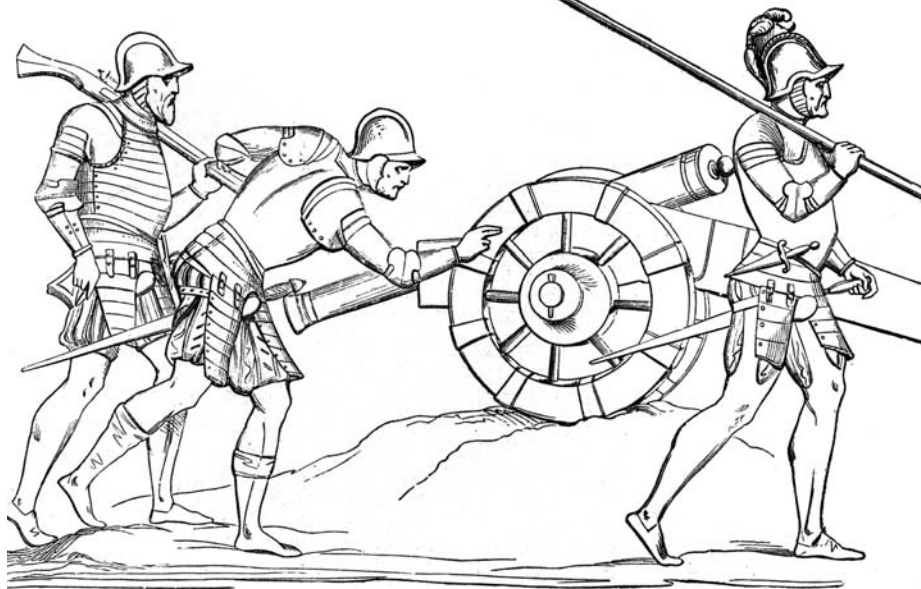
Both: Public Domain



Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk



Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk



French troops armed with arquebuses, cannons, and pikes confronted the English invaders.

bloody assaults by men-at-arms. The bedraggled French defenders, with the walls literally crumbling around them, finally agreed to surrender, and Henry entered the town on September 18 with Suffolk and Surrey to accept the formal surrender.

For Henry, it was a replay of his September 1513 capture of Tournai. He exulted in the victory at Boulogne, picturing it as the equal of Edward III's capture of Calais 200 years before. But Henry's ally, Charles V, was not so enchanted by what was happening. He complained that Henry had allowed himself to get bogged down at Montreuil and Boulogne, breaking their agreement to march jointly on Paris. Charles V lost interest in continuing the war, even though he had captured Saint-Dizier, a royal fortress guarding France's eastern approaches to Paris. Desperately short of money, Charles decided in September to abandon his march on Paris and conclude a separate peace with the French. Henry had known from the start that this was a possibility and he responded calmly at first to Charles's decision before erupting with anger. He accused his erstwhile ally of treachery, despite having entertained peace overtures himself from Francis.

Henry worried that his armies, left alone in the field, would have to fend for themselves while

French forces converging on Boulogne would soon outnumber his own. Worse yet, Henry suspected that he would soon face a French invasion across the English Channel. Norfolk's situation was even more perilous. The countryside surrounding Montreuil had been stripped of edibles, leaving the duke's men and horses near starvation. To underscore their plight, scouts confirmed that virtually every ear of corn and blade of grass had been consumed, all cows and chickens commandeered, and local rabbits hunted to near extinction. At least two dozen soldiers were dying each day, along with countless horses. To make matters worse, the fall rains were beginning again. Norfolk reported with grim satisfaction that the French defenders at Montreuil had been reduced to eating horses and cats.

Forced to acknowledge the deteriorating situation at Montreuil, Henry assigned Norfolk's son Surrey to his father's command, with instructions to forestall relief of the French garrison. Despite Surrey's zeal, the besieged town continued to hold out, prompting Norfolk to clamor even more loudly for substantial relief. Unable to ignore Norfolk any longer, Henry considered sending Suffolk with fresh reinforcements but decided against it, believing that this might provoke a pitched battle with the French dauphin, rumored to be approaching the area with a sizable force.

Unsure what to do, Henry invited Norfolk to confer with him at Boulogne, while Surrey was given temporary command at Montreuil. Left to his own judgment, the notoriously headstrong Surrey took the opportunity to make a daring attempt on Montreuil's Abbeville Gate. It was a foolhardy initiative, and during the subsequent attack he fell, concussed from a shell burst near his position. Surrey's squire and friend, Thomas Clere, dragged him still unconscious to safety but was mortally wounded while doing so. The English raiding party had no choice but to abandon the attack and retrieve its addled leader.

Surrey's misadventure was reported immediately to Henry, but the king was too distracted by other fast-moving events to comment on his young favorite's foolhardy actions. Henry was urged by his staff and the council to return to England as quickly as possible. A fair number also suggested that Norfolk be allowed to withdraw his forces from around Montreuil. Norfolk heartily agreed with this suggestion, and Henry gave his permission reluctantly. The meeting at an end, Norfolk returned to Montreuil to extricate what was left of his beleaguered army, retrieve his badly shaken son, and



**Henry VIII lands in Calais in July 1544, in preparation for the coming siege of Boulogne.**

regroup with Suffolk at Boulogne.

Although the moment was tense, Henry staged a leisurely farewell, riding triumphantly through the streets of the battered town and taking numerous salutes before departing for Calais. Leaving Norfolk, Suffolk, Surrey, and Sir Thomas Poynings in charge of the town's half-destroyed fortress, the king returned to England in passable triumph. Once back in England, Henry exhibited excellent spirits, reporting to one and all how pleased he was with the results of his efforts, despite the still-mounting cost of the war.

Henry's celebration in London might have gone on for some time, except for word that Norfolk and Suffolk had disobeyed the king's orders and withdrawn the bulk of their troops from Boulogne to Calais, where some of the men-at-arms had deserted upon discovering an outbreak of plague there. Furious, Henry voiced his displeasure. Boulogne was his hard-won trophy, and he refused to give it up or have the honor of his army besmirched. Shouting for a secretary, Henry dictated an order directing sheriffs to pursue deserters. Those found were to be hanged on the spot in a swift display of the king's wrath. Meanwhile, Henry stewed over what to do with his commanders in France, ordering the dukes to

return immediately to their posts at Boulogne.

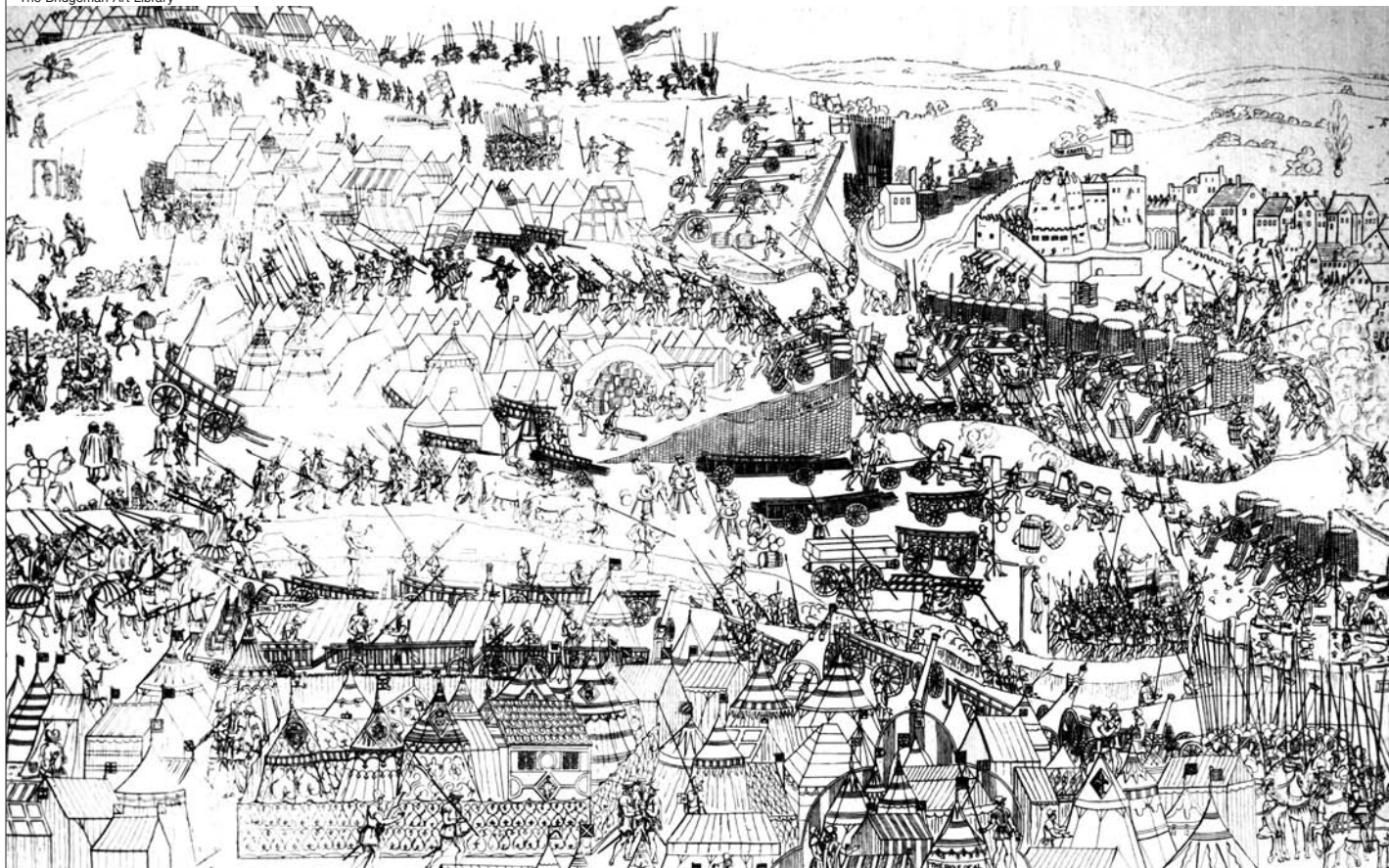
Despite the king's wrathful admonishments, the first replies from the dukes cited the continuing danger to their position from the dauphin's rapidly approaching army, supposedly 50,000 strong and ready to cut off the supply line between Calais and Boulogne. In their view, they had to fall back to Calais to preserve England's remaining foothold in France. Norfolk and Suffolk concluded their report by adding lamely that Boulogne had not been abandoned, since Poynings was still there with 4,000 men.

The much-feared French attack finally fell on Boulogne, and an enemy force fought its way into the lower town one night and began looting great quantities of supplies the English had left unguarded. Roused by the assault, the garrison mounted a counterattack, routing the distracted French and killing 600 of them. Poynings's officers counted 800 of their own dead. When news of the assault reached London, Henry was shocked. Calling another secretary to his side, he dictated another letter to Norfolk and Suffolk, angrily wondering why they had withdrawn from Boulogne without presenting their decision to the council first.

Henry had an even larger worry that distracted him from punishing his two field commanders: how to obtain sufficient funds to continue his war with the French. The Privy Council made it clear to Henry that he was running out of money. Treasury tallies revealed that the cost of the French campaign was now three times the earlier estimate. At the current rate of spending, the war would bankrupt the treasury.

Although the French had been turned back at Boulogne, the fight had not gone out of them. Francis I, Henry's long-standing adversary, announced his intention to invade England in the spring, believing that this would be the best way of forcing the English to give up Boulogne. Francis's fleet, which by midsummer of 1545 numbered 150 ships, was concentrated at Le Havre. Told of the threat, Henry felt compelled to pardon both Norfolk and Suffolk and ordered them home to help organize the country's coastal defenses.

The threat of invasion was taken seriously in England, and tensions ran high. The stretch of



English coastline between Gravesend and Portland boasted 26 castles and fortified positions, each garrisoned with a full complement of men-at-arms and gunners. English spies reported that Francis planned to make Portsmouth his bridgehead. Henry decided to establish his headquarters there, while Hertford covered the north and Norfolk kept watch on the Lincolnshire and Suffolk coasts. One-eyed Lord Russell was posted in the west, with Suffolk commanding in Sussex and Kent.

Henry issued licenses to numerous ship owners to serve as privateers in the Channel, slipping out to seize whatever French ships they could find. The semiofficial collection of 50-ton ships, armed with light guns and operating alone or in pairs, relied on speed to overtake slower moving French merchantmen. As a first line of defense, Henry planned regular patrols by his royal fleet of 60 ships, while the second line was represented by the series of forts along the coasts. These fortifications, with low but thick walls, presented poor targets for enemy warships while providing a steady platform for English guns to fire at attackers.

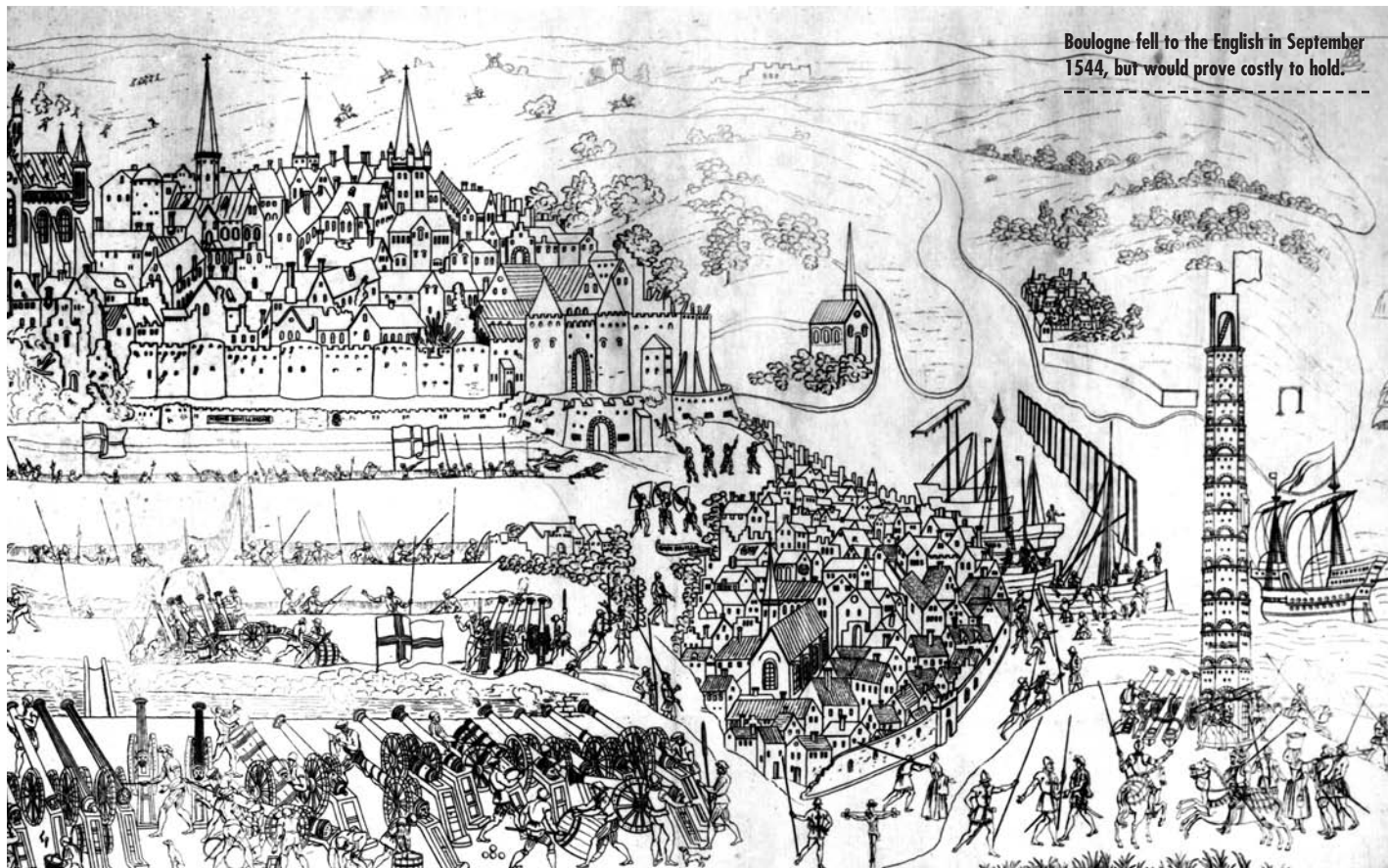
During offshore maneuvers of the Portsmouth-based fleet, one of Henry's finest ships, the *Mary Rose*, suffered a bizarre accident. Henry and a number of his courtiers were at dockside, watching with unbelieving eyes as the ship, carrying a crew of 700, caught a shore breeze and keeled over dangerously. Water began flooding into her lower gun ports as cannons crashed headlong across her slanting decks, aggravating the ship's list. Within minutes the *Mary Rose* sank, leaving only the tops of two masts above water while fewer than three dozen survivors swam for their lives. Henry could hear the terrible cries of crewmen trapped below decks as he looked on helplessly from Southsea Castle.

The English and French fleets made repeated feints at each other off Shoreham, but little happened except the exchange of ineffective cannonades. The summer weather was hot and the wind was light, and the heat, bad food, and fevers did deadly work on the overcrowded ships. Many crewmen in both fleets died, with the French experiencing the greater loss. Failing to dominate the Channel or engage the English fleet, the French admiral eventually broke off the action and withdrew his ships to Le Havre, ending the threat of invasion after only a month.

In France, Lord Poynings, recently elevated to baron, died unexpectedly at Boulogne on August

18. His passing was barely noticed as the ailing Suffolk, one of Henry's oldest friends, died four days later on a trip to Guilford. Suffolk's death was a severe blow to Henry, who was not well himself. The king found time to make command assignments in the midst of Suffolk's funeral service at Windsor, transferring Lord Grey from Guisnes to Boulogne and having Surrey assume Grey's position at Guisnes, eight miles south of Calais.

Excited by his new opportunity, Surrey set to work reorganizing the English forces at Guisnes, obtaining permission to move his men outside the walls of the town, where they could be used more aggressively. He launched an attack on the garrison at Ardes in the first week of September, and his forces overwhelmed the French and killed the enemy commander. The Privy Council, reacting favorably to Surrey's achievement, issued an order placing him in charge at Boulogne. Henry further rewarded the earl with the title of Lieutenant of the King on Sea and Land, a great honor for someone who had just turned 28. Surrey displayed surprisingly good administrative skills in his expanded responsibilities, seeing to it that his soldiers were paid regularly and that the most flagrant of the camp followers were dispersed. A new sense of order began to prevail.



Boulogne fell to the English in September 1544, but would prove costly to hold.

Surrey managed to keep the French off balance by foraging and skirmishing aggressively. He also provided Henry with long, detailed accounts of the army's campaigns, thus feeding the king's illusions of military glory. Meanwhile, the once-timid council wrangled with Henry over the wisdom of continuing to hold onto Boulogne, whose repair and defense were placing a heavy burden on the seriously over-stretched treasury. The cost of the combined campaigns in Scotland and France had grown to more than two million pounds, and the government's reliance on foreign borrowings had driven up interest rates to 13 percent. To offset the mounting debt, Henry devalued the English currency again, which only pushed prices and interest rates higher.

At this point in the growing turmoil, the council wrote to Surrey asking for his views on the situation at Boulogne and hinting that he should find some excuse to abandon the town.

Unfortunately for the council, Surrey seemed not to understand the financial crisis, believing like Henry that finances took care of themselves in the long run. Worse still, Surrey seemed to believe that he could afford to act independently of the council, counting on the king to support him.

Deeply concerned, Norfolk wrote a private letter to his son, cautioning him (from long experience with Henry) not to encourage the king to keep Boulogne and warning him that his service to the throne would earn him small thanks. Surrey ignored his father's advice. In his next letter to Henry, which the king shared with Norfolk, the earl exuberantly described Boulogne as the most impressive jewel in the king's crown.

Ignoring all warnings from the council or his father, Surrey continued his raids, which allowed Henry to persuade Parliament in late November to enact another subsidy for the war effort. Gratified by Surrey's results, the king accepted his recommendations to promote several of the earl's favorite officers. Emboldened, Surrey sent an aide to London to discuss a plan to capture the nearby fortress of Chatillon and close off Boulogne's supply route to the Channel. Henry quickly gave his permission, and in the early hours of January 7, 1546, Surrey led 2,000 infantrymen and 600 mounted knights out of Boulogne toward Chatillon. The French, getting advance word of the intended attack, assembled a larger force to encircle Surrey's force and destroy it.

Surrey had neglected to assess the likelihood of a counteroffensive as he advanced almost gaily toward Chatillon. When a sizable French force appeared on the route, Surrey responded to the challenge by ordering his front line of infantry to charge. The French gave ground, which prompted Surrey to order his cavalry forward. The English knights galloped in, slashing and spearing until they came to the enemy supply wagons. There they dismounted and occupied themselves with looting. While they were thus engaged, more French infantry came on the scene and advanced on the unprotected frontline English infantry. In the confusion, Surrey's second line of infantry came up behind the first,

*Continued on page 68*

WHILE HENRY ENJOYED LEADING HIS ARMY IN THE FIELD, THE DIVERSION PROVED COSTLY BEYOND IMAGINING. HENRY'S MILITARY MISADVENTURE BROUGHT ENGLAND TO THE BRINK OF BANKRUPTCY, AND IN 1550 KING EDWARD VI SOLD BOULOGNE BACK TO THE FRENCH.

Rebellious Indians attack  
a Massachusetts village  
garrison house with rifles,  
bows, and a blazing fire  
wagon at the height of  
King Philip's War in the  
autumn of 1675.

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# BLOODBATH IN NEW ENGLAND

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After years of mutual distrust, Native Americans and New England colonists found themselves embroiled in a short but savage war. The Indians were led by a charismatic warrior named Metacom—King Philip to the English.

In the autumn of 1621, Massasoit, a sachem (chief) of the Pokanoket and Wampanoag tribes, entered American legend when he and some of his people joined the Pilgrim harvest celebration that would later be called the first Thanksgiving. A friend of the *Mayflower* colonists from the beginning, Massasoit had helped the struggling settlement get established in the New World and later saved the settlers from starvation more than once. He arrived at the celebration with a gift of five freshly killed deer.

For the next 40 years, relations between European settlers and the Native American inhabitants of the area were generally peaceful, but underlying the peace were tensions that had existed since the beginning of English settlement. As the colonists took hold and their population grew, these tensions increased. The personal bonds that had united the first settlers and the local Indians disappeared as the first colonists and their original Indian allies died off. With beaver and other fur-bearing animals being hunted out, the Indians grew more and more dependent on European trade items, and soon all the Indians had left to sell was their land. The Indians began to feel squeezed out of their traditional hunting and farming areas. Meanwhile, Puritan attempts to convert the Indians to their own rock-ribbed brand of Christianity also caused tensions between the two peoples.

In 1662, Massasoit died and leadership of

the tribe passed to his son Wamsutta, called Alexander by the settlers. Perhaps sensing that trouble was in the offing, Massasoit before his death had taken his two sons, Wamsutta and Metacom, to the home of a Pilgrim neighbor and publicly affirmed his hope that there might be love and amity after his death between his sons and the settlers. Such hope was not to be realized.

In that same year, spurred by reports that Wamsutta was selling Indian land to Rhode Island in violation of a Plymouth Colony statute that required all sales of Indian land to be approved by the court, colonial forces seized Wamsutta and took him at gunpoint to the town of Plymouth to be questioned. While in Plymouth, Wamsutta suddenly became ill. Treated by an English physician at the home of Governor Josiah Winslow, Wamsutta died a few days later, after returning to his village. The probable cause of Wamsutta's death was appendicitis, possibly exacerbated by the powerful purgatives administered by the physician, but the chief's people believed that he had been poisoned by the colonists.

Wamsutta was succeeded by his brother Metacom, known as King Philip, grand sachem of the Pokanokets and Wampanoags. Philip had always distrusted the settlers, and his distrust had been heightened by the mysterious death of his brother. He began to curry favor with other tribes in the region to form alliances for the war he felt was inevitably coming against the settlers. In this tense atmosphere, all it took was one spark to kindle a conflagration.

Such a spark was not long in coming. A Christianized Indian and Harvard College graduate, John Sassamon, was a translator and adviser to King Philip, as well being the husband of Philip's sister. In January 1675, Sassamon was also working for the missionary John Eliot. Sassamon was well aware of Philip's scheming and, after struggling with his mixed allegiances, he told Governor Winslow about Philip's outreach to other New England tribes and warned of potential attacks on colonial settlements.

Shortly afterward, Sassamon's murdered body was discovered beneath the ice in Assawompset Pond, near Lakeville, Massachusetts. An investigation was begun, and in March Philip appeared at Plymouth to answer questions about his in-law's death. He strongly denied having taken any part in the killing and protested that the murder—if indeed it was murder and not an accident—was an internal Indian affair and not the business of the colony.

In the end, three Wampanoags, including Philip's chief counselor, Tobias, were arrested for the murder and tried before a jury of 12 colonists and six "praying Indians," or Christian converts. Based on the testimony of an alleged eyewitness to the killing, the Wampanoags were

unanimously found guilty. Two were hanged on June 8, and the third, Tobias's son, Wampaquan, was shot and killed a month later. Philip and his people were outraged at the verdict and the hasty executions, believing them to be a miscarriage of justice and an unjustifiable white interference into Indian matters.

With his warriors eager for revenge and pressuring him to act, Philip felt propelled toward war a year earlier than he had planned. In all, Philip had only a few hundred ill-equipped warriors and considerably less gunpowder than he had planned on stockpiling, but he also knew that he could not hold back his young men much longer. Some warriors had already begun pilfering cattle and burning abandoned houses, although no colonists had yet been injured.

Meanwhile, aware of a growing threat, the Plymouth and Massachusetts militia gathered at Swansea, north of Philip's Mount Hope village, along the Rhode Island-Massachusetts line. Winslow, who believed the current Indian problems were a sign of God's displeasure, declared June 24 a day of prayer and fasting in the colony. The settlers, he wrote, should "humble ourselves before the Lord for all those sins whereby we have provoked our good God sadly to interrupt our peace and comfort."

On that same day, Philip's warriors struck—possibly without Philip's knowledge—killing 10 settlers in Swansea, some of whom were attacked on their way home from religious services. Whether or not he wanted it yet, Philip had gotten his war. Over the next few days, the Indians grew bold

Public Domain



Colonists who barricaded themselves inside a garrison house had a good chance of surviving. This family was not so lucky.

enough to attack the gathering militia, killing two men sent to fetch water and two apparently unwary sentries.

Scattered skirmishing followed, and the combined Massachusetts and Plymouth force marched to Mount Hope, finding along the way several burned farms and homes and eight English bodies. At Kickimuit they discovered the abandoned settlement burned and, even worse for the good Puritans, pages from a torn-up Bible blowing across the empty village square. At Mount Hope itself, they found that the Indians had gone. While the Plymouth militia stayed at Mount Hope, fortifying the site and uprooting all the corn growing in fields around the village, the Massachusetts men continued crossing by ferry to the eastern side of the Narragansett Bay. They were looking not just for Philip's force, but for any other Indians they could find.

Led by Benjamin Church, a carpenter and settler from Bristol, Rhode Island, the force of 18 men could see Indian signs as they traveled south alongside the bay. Eventually, they came across

two Indians working in a newly cultivated field of peas. The Indians began to run and the New England men chased them into the woods—and straight into an ambush. As the Indians fired on them, Church ordered his men to retreat and take shelter behind a fence. The field bordered the Sakonnet River, and when more and more Indians poured out of the woods, Church realized that they were attempting to surround the English before they could reach the water. Church ordered the militia to cross the field and take position behind a stone wall at the water's edge. Meanwhile, several hundred Indians surrounded the party, pouring in shots while the colonists used rocks, fallen wood, and whatever else they could find to reinforce their position.

Church's men were running out of ammunition when they spotted a sloop sailing toward them from Aquidneck Island. As the sloop entered the river and approached the beleaguered colonists, the Indians turned their fire on it, and the sloop retreated to the island. Throughout the day, the Massachusetts men were able to hold their position, and as night began falling they saw another sloop heading out from an island a few miles upriver. That sloop, captained by Roger Goulding, anchored near the trapped men and floated a canoe into the shore. It took 10 trips in the small canoe to extricate everyone, and Church was the last to leave the shore. Remarkably, the colonists escaped without a single casualty, and throughout his life Church looked back on what became known as the Pease Field Fight as a shining example of "God and his protecting Providence."

The war quickly escalated, and other New England tribes joined the raiding. In July, the Massachusetts and Plymouth militia pursued Philip and his tribesmen into the Pocasset Swamp on the east side of Mount Hope Bay. While the militia force surrounded the swamp, Indian attacks spread throughout other parts of the colonies. Mendon, 20 miles from Boston, was attacked and six people were killed. Dartmouth and Middleborough, Massachusetts, were burned. Then, in late July, came word that Philip and his men had been spotted almost 20 miles to the west. They had slipped out of the colonists' trap.

Philip and his remaining warriors fled west and north, engaging in a fight with English volunteers and a group of about 50 Mohegan Indians who had joined the colonists at a spot called Nipsachuck, north of Providence. Before escaping into a nearby swamp, Philip lost 23 warriors. The colonists, who had lost two men,



waiting for reinforcements. Two more units assaulted the opening and were also pinned down. Major Samuel Appleton and Captain James Oliver then formed their men into an attack column, rather than the broad front the other units had tried, and were able to push past the pinned-down men, break through the opening, and outflank the Indians on the left.

Connecticut troops rushed into the breach and met a devastating fire from the watchtower that killed four of the five commanding officers. Meanwhile, Captain Church, the same man who had led the English at the Pease Field Fight, gathered 30 Plymouth Colony volunteers and stormed the opening. This time the colonists were able to break into the fort. Between 300 and 400 English soldiers jammed into the enclosure, while Church sent back word to Winslow to cease firing. Church's men inside the fort were being hit by friendly fire from outside.

The Indians, meanwhile, were running out of gunpowder and were abandoning the fort to take up positions in the trees beyond. Church, realizing that the fort was effectively taken, led his men out of the enclosure, following a "broad, bloody track" where the Indians had dragged their dead and wounded. Moving quietly through the woods, the colonists came upon a group of Narragansetts preparing to fire a volley into the fort. Whispering to his men to hold their fire, Church ordered them to wait until the Indians rose in a body. The colonists fired first, giving the Indians "such an unexpected clap on their backs" that the tribesmen scattered in con-

Both: Library of Congress



**ABOVE:** Indians ambush a party of settlers at the soon-to-be-named Bloody Brook near the Connecticut River on September 9, 1675. Fifty-seven settlers were killed. **LEFT:** Militia captain Benjamin Church was a Bristol, Rhode Island, carpenter before the war.

fusion, some even running back into the fort for cover.

Church and his men pursued, and Church suffered a serious wound in the thigh. By this time, the Indians had run out of gunpowder and were firing at the colonists with bows and arrows. Church's men, confused without his leadership, abandoned their attack on the fort and pulled Church to safety. By now it was starting to get dark, and the colonists began setting fire to the wigwams, which still sheltered Indian women and children, as well as provisions that colonists could sorely have used, since they were almost out of food themselves and had 16 frigid miles to cover before they would reach another English settlement. Church urged Winslow to use the fort for shelter rather than destroy it, but Winslow rebuffed his suggestion as fire swept through the five-acre compound.

As the dusk deepened, the colonists marched away from the burning fort, 800 men carrying more than 200 of their wounded and dead comrades. For many of the men, it was the worst night of their lives. They had spent the previous night sleeping in the snow in an open field and then had marched for eight hours, fought for three, and were now marching again. The first hungry,

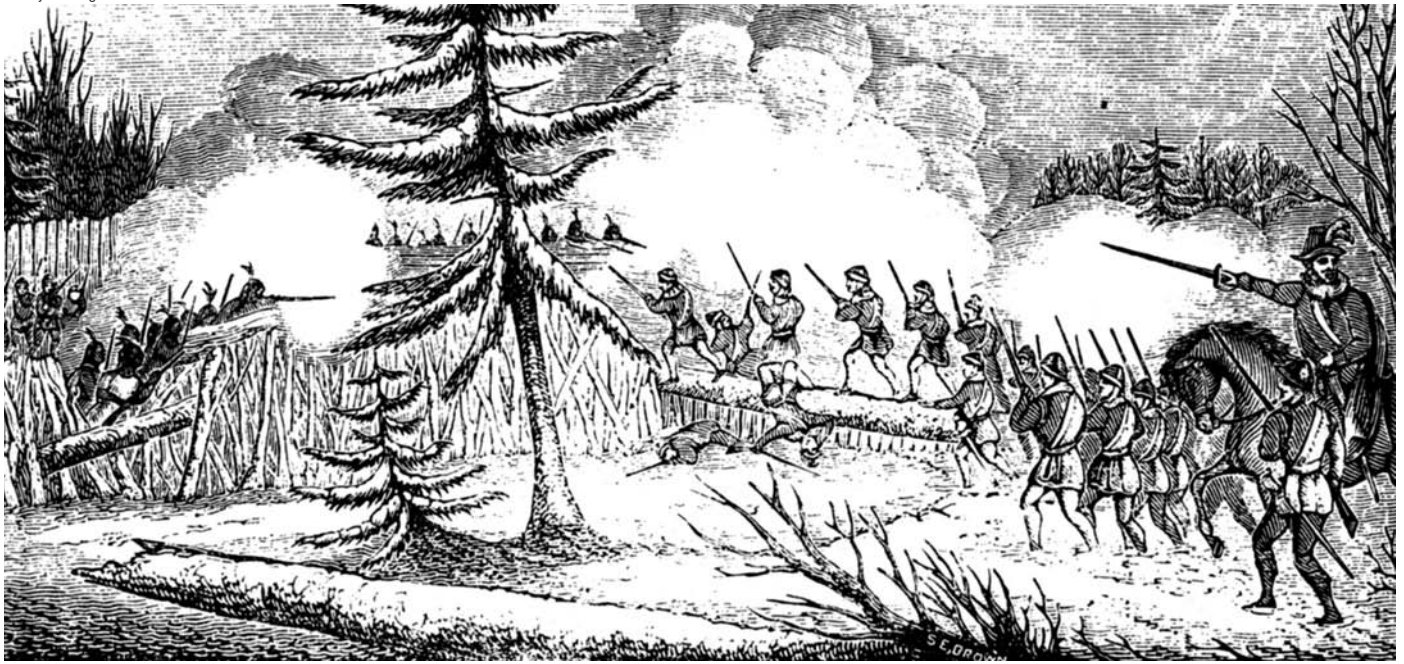
frozen, and exhausted units finally arrived at the safety of the Smith garrison about 2 AM, while Winslow and his men became lost and did not arrive for another five hours.

Twenty-two of the wounded colonists had died during the march; another six died a few days later. In all some 20 percent of the force, about 200 men, had been killed or wounded at what was to become known as the Great Swamp Fight. Estimates of Indian losses ranged from 350 to 600 men, women, and children. The Indians who survived the raid made their way north to join the Nipmucks. The colonial army pursued them briefly, but short of provisions, plagued by desertions, and riddled with disease, it finally disbanded at Marlborough on February 5.

Philip headed west and camped near the Hudson River where, among other advantages, he had easier contact with the French to the north. He had been in contact with them earlier and had been promised supplies and at least 300 Canadian Indian reinforcements. By February 1676, Philip had collected a large force of Indians, possibly as many as 2,100, and was trying to bring the powerful Mohawks into his alliance as well. In order to recruit the Mohawks, Philip resorted to trickery, having a small group of Mohawks killed and then blaming the murders on the colonists. One of the Mohawks escaped the ambush, however, and revealed Philip's involvement in the scheme. In retaliation, the Mohawks attacked Philip's camp and sent the few remaining survivors hastening back to New England.

The Mohawk attack all but eliminated the possibility of help from the French. The tide of the war, which had now turned into a battle of attrition, had swung in favor of the colonists. Indian confidence was shaken, and cracks in the intertribal alliance were beginning to show. More importantly, Indian food supplies were running low and planting season was fast approaching. The Indians needed to take decisive action soon or else they would starve to death. The colonists could depend on periodic deliveries of supplies from England, but the Indians were left to their own devices while their traditional fields and hunting grounds were under attack by roving bands of colonists.

By this time, Philip had become largely irrelevant to the war he had ignited, and other tribes that had been drawn into the conflict continued raiding settlements from Connecticut to Maine. On March 26, a colonial force was ambushed along the Blackstone River, north of Providence, and 55 English and 10 allied Indians were killed. On March 29, Providence itself



was attacked and burned.

In April, a Connecticut army fell upon the same 1,500-man Indian force that had destroyed the colonial troops at the Blackstone and burned Providence. Canonchet, the Narragansett sachem who was leading the Indian force, was captured and executed by firing squad. Colonial forces, combined with Christian Indians, Mohegans, and Pequots, enjoyed growing success against the raiders. In May, Massachusetts's militia and volunteers attacked a large fishing camp at Peskeopscut, near Turner Falls, Massachusetts, and killed between 100 and 200 Indians. Forty militiamen and the group's leader, Captain William Turner, were also killed. By summer, Philip's oldest allies began deserting him. Over 400 surrendered to the colonists, and Philip himself went into hiding.

In June, Church was able to form an alliance with the Sakonnet, who had broken with Philip and returned to their traditional Rhode Island home. The Nipmucks, with whom Philip had been staying, also decided to sue for peace, and Philip fled back to Plymouth. Church, leading an independent 24-man force, had begun to adopt Indian fighting techniques—spreading his men out loosely in the woods, moving silently, and never leaving a swamp by the same route he had entered it. As he began to have victories, his force grew from white volunteers and captured Indians he convinced to join him.

At the end of July, Church and his men skirmished briefly with Indians under Philip's command at Bridgewater, near Plymouth, and then pursued the fleeing Indians west, taking 173 prisoners. Finally, in August, Church was approached by an Indian who said his brother

**Puritan militia launched a massive attack on the Narragansett compound during the Great Swamp Fight of December 16, 1675. Hundreds of Indians, including women and children, were killed.**

had been killed by Philip; he proposed to lead the colonists to the sachem's hiding place. Following the guide, Church and his men approached Philip's camp in the Assowamet Swamp about midnight and surrounded the swamp. At dawn on August 12 they attacked. Philip, fleeing the camp, was killed by one of Church's pickets, an Indian named John Alderman, who shot an Indian running past him, unaware that it was Philip himself.

Philip's body was dragged into the English camp, where it was displayed like a trophy from a hunt. Philip, said Church, was "a doleful, great, naked, dirty beast." Because Philip had left many of his white victims unburied and rotting in the sun, Church decreed that "not one of his bones should be buried." Instead, he had an old Indian executioner chop Philip's body into four pieces and cut off his head. One hand was given to Alderman, the man who had brought down the chief. Alderman preserved his grisly trophy in a bucket of rum. Philip's head was taken to Plymouth, where it was mounted on a tall stockade pole for public viewing. Years later, Massachusetts clergyman Cotton Mather yanked Philip's jawbone from the desiccated skull as a final insult to "this bloody and crafty wretch." A number of Indian captives were tried and executed, while others, including Philip's son, were transported to Bermuda and sold as slaves. The war was effectively over.

**More than 600 colonists had been killed, a staggering number. In World War II, by way of comparison, the United States lost slightly less than 1 percent of its adult male population. In the Civil War, between 4 and 5 percent perished. In King Philip's War, 8 percent of adult males were lost. For the Indians, casualty rates were even worse. Out of an estimated prewar population of 20,000, an estimated 2,000 Indians were killed during the war; another 3,000 died from disease or starvation. An additional 1,000 were shipped out of New England as slaves. Of those who survived, 2,000 fled to Canada or the West.**

In addition to human losses, the war ultimately cost the colonies 100,000 pounds, at a time when the average family earned about 20 pounds a year. Twelve towns were all but completely destroyed. But the victorious New England colonies were now open to increased settlement without concern for Native American interference. Indian raids continued sporadically for the next 70 years—often egged on by the French—until such attacks ended following the French and Indian War.

King Philip's War, like all wars, had unintended consequences. The most long-lasting, perhaps, was the forging of a new group identity among the New England settlers, who began to think of themselves not as Englishmen but as Americans. It was a change that would become fixed and consecrated by fire a century later at Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill. By forcing the colonists to fight for their lives, King Philip ironically had taught them how to do so. It was not a lesson he relished teaching. □



Ras Makonnen, father of future Ethiopian emperor Haile Selassie, leads his dreaded Oromo warriors against the Italian interlopers at the Battle of Adwa.

UNDER THE COVER of the dusty Ethiopian night, the 17,000-man Italian Royal Expeditionary force scrambled over ragged hills and inactive volcanoes in the early morning hours of March 1, 1896. With less than four days' worth of rations and even less water, the walrus-mustached commander of the Italian army, Oreste Baratieri, hoped to save his men from starvation by making an audacious surprise assault on the much larger enemy force arrayed against them.

In hushed whispers, nervous conscripts debated what lay ahead as they stumbled through the soupy darkness. The soldiers had overheard reports from the indigenous Ethiopian scouts after the renegade tribesmen returned from the front lines. The tales the *indigeni* told were not promising. They suggested that an

vigil, Alula felt the warm blanket of sleep envelop him. He dreamed that he saw Italian units stumbling toward him under his rifle sights. It was no dream—the despised imperialists had finally arrived. Alula shouldered his Mauser rifle and let loose a warning shot. The crack of the rifle woke his men, and they joined the fray with a murderous volley of rifle fire.

As the opening skirmishes raged in the distance, Menelik, the owl-eyed emperor of Ethiopia, was thanking God for the vast army gathered on the foothills of the windswept mountains around Adwa. Comprising volunteers from every known Ethiopian tribe, Menelik's warriors soon would pit their well-worn swords, spears, and rifles against crack Italian artillery in the greatest Afro-European battle since the defeat of Hannibal at the Battle of Zama, two millennia earlier.

A trumpeting bugle shattered the king's reverie. For lack of a better steed, Menelik leaped onto the back of a mule and led his tribesmen galloping to the front. Behind him, tens of thousands of warriors streamed down the crumbling rock face of the mountainside to meet the Italian invaders.

A latecomer to the European scramble for Africa, Italy did not thirst for empire until after its unification by Giuseppe Garibaldi in 1871. After unification was complete, Italy's first modern prime minister, Francesco Crispi, dreamed of building a second Roman Empire with colonies and protectorates all over the globe, but by then Africa had already been largely

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# ITALY'S FAILED AFRICAN GAMBIT

Seeking to grab a piece of Africa during the colonial scramble for conquest, Italy invaded Ethiopia in early 1896. At Adwa, the badly outnumbered Italians found themselves surrounded by Ethiopian defenders. **BY GREGORY PEDUTO**

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unimaginable 100,000-man horde of Ethiopian defenders, assembled by Emperor Menelik II, was perched atop the Adwa Mountains somewhere in the distance. Despite their fears, the Italian troopers pushed on, knowing that they must reach their positions before daybreak.

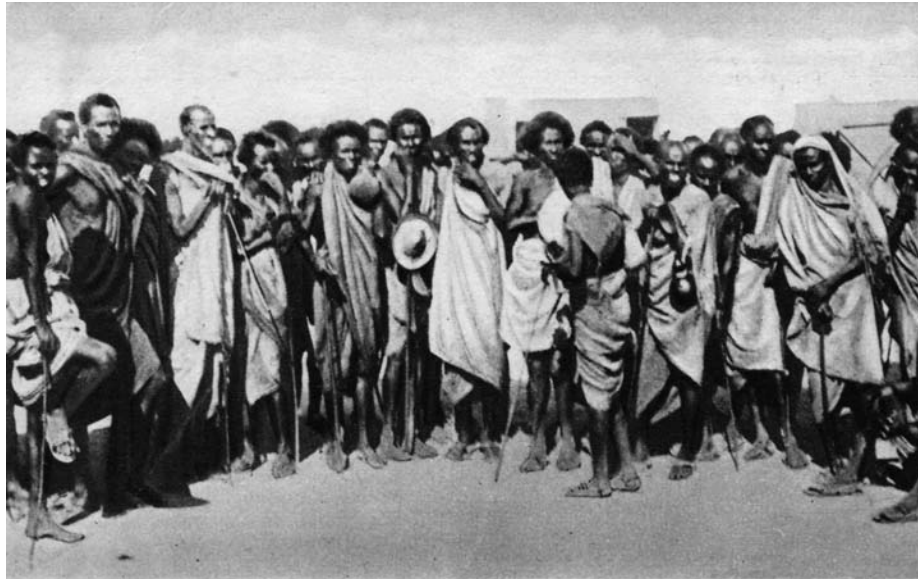
As dawn broke over the parched landscape, Ras (Prince) Alula stood like an unblinking sentinel while his Tirgrayan warriors snored around him. The exhausted commander's face bore the wrinkles of time and the crusty white scars of battles long forgotten. Alula and his men were serving as frontline sentries while King Menelik and two-thirds of the Ethiopian army attended an Orthodox Christian mass at the nearby Church of Zion. After his nightlong

carved up by the other European powers. The few scraps left over were doled out by the 1885 Treaty of Berlin.

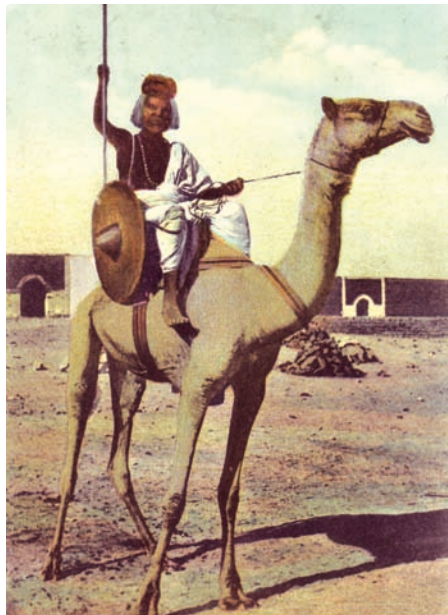
At the Berlin conference, the continental powers gifted Ethiopia to Italy—a cruel practical joke, considering that the African nation was home to an aroused populace long raised on the sour milk of war. Fierce Ethiopian tribesmen had successfully resisted a British expedition, smashed several Egyptian offensives, and crushed an onslaught of the Mahdi's Islamic followers. In the absence of foreign invaders, the tribesmen battled one another in innumerable civil wars, blood feuds, and vendettas.

Manoel de Almeida, a Jesuit priest, praised the Ethiopians' martial prowess. "In war they are reared as children," he wrote. "In war they grow old, for the life of all who are not farmers is war." The European superpowers clucked at Italy's expense, but Crispi was determined to have his empire. Ethiopia's strength even inspired the formidable Prussian, Otto von Bismarck, to caution: "Italy has a large appetite but poor teeth." Crispi, to his credit, realized his country's military deficit and set about honing Italy's dull incisors into gleaming fangs.

As Crispi built a modern military, he dispatched Count Pietro Antonelli to the court of Menelik II, the strongest adversary of Ethiopia's current emperor, Yohannes IV. From his



**ABOVE:** Hardy desert fighters from every region of Ethiopia rallied to the call to defend their homeland. **BELOW LEFT:** From the desert wastes near Somalia came this spear- and shield-flourishing Ethiopian warrior. **BELOW RIGHT:** Menelik II, emperor of Ethiopia from 1889 to 1910, was known as the “Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah.”



Author's Collection



The Granger Collection, New York

northern stronghold of Mekele in Tigray, Yohannes ruled most of Ethiopia, while Menelik controlled the southern province of Showa. Antonelli immediately drove a wedge between the fractious relationship. Hoping to sway the balance of power within the divided country, the count entrenched himself in Menelik's court with gifts of rifles and gold.

As a showdown with Yohannes loomed, an invasion of Sudanese Dervishes from the east in 1887 threatened Ethiopia's security. Yohannes's armies repulsed the invaders at Gallabat, but a stray bullet fatally knocked the king from his horse, and the Dervishes captured his body. Antonelli could scarcely believe his luck. It seemed as though Italy was about to conquer the ever-truculent African nation without having to fire a shot of its own.

The count promised to back Menelik in his bid for the throne in exchange for a formal diplomatic agreement. With Yohannes dead, Menelik, the self-proclaimed “Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah,” was crowned king of Ethiopia in 1889. Italian bureaucrats quickly drafted a treaty between the two nations that went down as one of the most duplicitous maneuvers in the history of foreign relations.

On the surface, the 1889 Treaty of Wuchale represented an even swap. The document stated

that in exchange for the northern Ethiopian province of Baher-Mellash, the Italians would lend Menelik \$400,000 in cash and a matching sum in the form of modern rifles. Even though the Ethiopian regent ceded a massive swath of his territory, the area was one he hardly controlled. Baher-Mellash, which the Italians renamed Eritrea, from the Latin *marus erythraeum*, or Red Sea, was the rebellious former stronghold of Yohannes.

The treaty contained a much more dangerous clause in the form of Article XVII. Crafted by Antonelli, Article XVII dealt specifically with the notion of Ethiopian sovereignty. The two translations of the agreement intentionally contained very different wordings. In the Amharic translation, Menelik retained independence; the document clearly stated, “The King of Kings of Ethiopia, may, if he so desires, avail himself of the Italian government for any negotiations he may enter into with other powers and governments.”

In the Italian version, however, the wording was quite different: “The King of Kings of Ethiopia, consents to avail himself of the government of his Majesty the King of Italy for all negotiations in affairs which he may have with other powers and governments.” The duplicitous discrepancies threatened the very autonomy of Ethiopia. If allowed to stand unedited, the document acquiesced to a protectorate status for the African country. Warily, the two nations signed the document.

Menelik, who was no fool, secretly began planning for war. Armed with new Italian rifles, Ethiopian armies expanded eastward. Their forces plundered the Somali gold fields and raided nearby granaries. With the captured wheat, Menelik could keep his armies fed, and with the Somali gold he could arm them with the latest military hardware. Italy looked on with an unconcealed frown.

The conflict heated up, and the European nations chose sides. Whoever controlled the Horn of Africa controlled the Red Sea and the fate of the Suez Canal. For this reason, England and Germany sided with Italy and declared an arms embargo on the stubborn African kingdom. France and Russia backed Menelik. With the aid of French arms dealers based in the dusty outpost of Djibouti, Somalia, Menelik amassed a staggering cache of 80,000 rifles and 5,000,000 rounds of ammunition. The weapons included British Martinis, German Mausers, and American Winchester lever-action rifles.

More importantly, the French transported a number of quick-firing 37mm Hotchkiss cannons to the Ethiopian freedom fighters. A band

of French artillery experts accompanied the guns. The Italian technological advantage rapidly evaporated in the face of foreign assistance. To make matters worse, the Hotchkiss cannons outranged the Italian 75mm Krupp mountain gun by more than 2,100 feet. If Crispi did not act quickly, Italian military superiority would be lost forever.

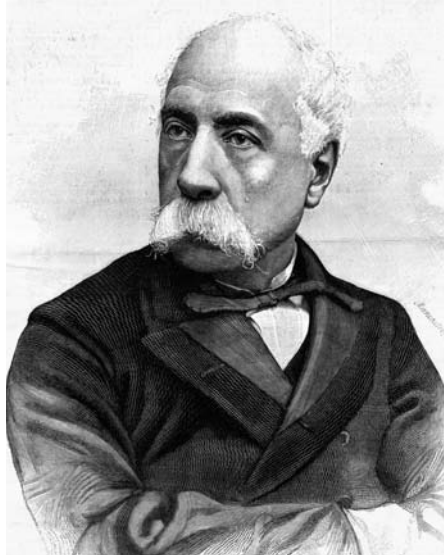
On February 28, 1892, Crispi appointed Italy's greatest commander, General Oreste Baratieri, to govern Eritrea and its armed forces. A soldier since the age of 17, Baratieri was a member of Garibaldi's legendary "Thousand." The general found the Italian Africa Corps seriously deficient. Comprising mostly conscripts, the Italian units wore specially designed khaki uniforms and pith helmets and carried outdated M1870 single-shot rifles. No successful invasion was possible with these units, Baratieri warned, pleading with Crispi for an expanded budget and better soldiers.

The prime minister answered Baratieri's pleas by dispatching Italy's most elite forces and increasing the military budget by four million lira. The reinforcements consisted of five Bersaglieri sharpshooter battalions and one Alpini mountain battalion. The units were armed with the latest in small-arms equipment: the 1891 Carcano bolt-action 6.5mm rifle (later to become infamous as the alleged weapon of President John F. Kennedy's alleged assassin). In addition to the infantry, two field batteries, two machine guns, and a mortar battery rounded out the reinforcements.

To augment the Italian forces, Baratieri raised four native African battalions, totaling 7,000 men. Known derisively as Bashi-Bazouks (mad heads), the African soldiers carried Turkish sabers and single-shot Remington rifles. By December 21, Baratieri's men were primed for action. The general penetrated the Ethiopian border, while Colonel Giuseppe Arimondi stormed the northern Ethiopian city of Adigrat. As a reward for the successful operation, Arimondi was promoted to general.

Menelik could not tolerate the Italian encroachments on his territories. On February 12, 1893, the African monarch declared the Treaty of Wuchale null and void. The king's courtiers then vaulted upon the quickest steeds in the kingdom and bolted outward to the four corners of Ethiopia and carried a call to arms to the *rases*, or feudal lords, of Ethiopia. Menelik's message thundered: "An enemy is come across the sea. He has broken through our frontiers in order to destroy our motherland and our faith. He undermines our territories and our people like a mole. Enough! With the help of God, I will defend the inheritance of my forefathers." It was

Author's Collection



ullstein bild



**TOP LEFT: Italian Prime Minister Francesco Crispi. TOP RIGHT: General Oreste Baratieri commanded the Italian invaders at Adwa. BELOW: Italian officers in Ethiopia share a relaxed smile before the devastating debacle at Adwa.**



Library of Congress

a call the *rases* did not refuse. Even Menelik's perpetual rivals, the lords of Tigray; Yohannes's son, Ras Mengesh; and his loyal minister of war, Ras Alula, joined the confederation.

As Menelik's armies gathered, the Italians went on the offensive. First, 7,500 men under Arimondi captured the city of Mekele. A month later, the Ethiopian city of Amba Alage fell to 1,800 soldiers led by Major Pietro Toselli. Despite the victories, the quickness with which Menelik's forces assembled amazed the Italians. Menelik's imperial bodyguard accounted for an impressive 30,000 soldiers, all armed with modern rifles, mail coats, light javelins, and curved swords known as *sho-tels*. Empress Taitu augmented the bodyguard with an additional 3,000 infantry and 6,000 horsemen of her own.

Over the next few months, Menelik's capital city of Addis Ababa took on the appearance of a military camp as bristling soldiers descended on the town from the farthest reaches of his realm. From the desert wastes bordering Somalia, immense packs of camel-riding troops kicked up great plumes of dust on their way to the collection point. Ras Makonnen, the father of the future emperor Haile Selassie, marched into town at the head of 15,000 of his notorious Oromo swordsmen. The famed 10,000-strong Wello light cavalry, commanded by Ras Mikael, also turned up

wearing their brightly colored quilted armor. Ethiopians revered the Wello cavalry for their unpredictable, lightning-fast assaults and their ability to melt back into the hinterlands. Even Menelik's sworn Tigrayan enemies, Ras Mengesh Yohannes and Ras Alula, pledged their 21,000-man army to the cause. The force was unprecedented. Never before had an Ethiopian king united the provinces to do battle against a common foe; the result was a war party of 100,000 experienced fighting men primed for battle.

As Menelik awaited stragglers and prepared for full mobilization, he sent 30,000 warriors, led by Ras Makonnen, to the city of Mekele as a vanguard with the explicit orders not to engage the Italians. With so many mouths to feed, the African army could not afford to be bogged down in siege warfare. With that in mind, Makonnen's force reached the Italian frontline fortifications at the city of Amba Alage on December 7, 1895.

Through his field glasses, Major Toselli, the senior officer at Amba Alage, scanned the horizon. It seemed as if the very hills had come alive. The situation appeared hopeless. The major's men numbered only 2,300 inexperienced conscripts and *indigeni*, supported by a few artillery pieces. Toselli's only chance lay in holding out until reinforcements arrived from Arimondi, who was posted at Mekele.

At the gates of the city, Makonnen called a council of war. In attendance were Ras Alula, Ras Mengesh Yohannes, Ras Wolle Betul, and several of their underlings. Makonnen's orders were clear: the army was to avoid conflict and head north to Mekele. When the meeting adjourned, Kegnazmatch Tafesse and Fitawrari Tekle immediately disobeyed Makonnen's guidelines. Seek-

Author's Collection



The Ethiopians' French-made 37mm Hotchkiss cannons easily outranged the Italians' 75mm guns.

ing honor and plunder, the pair stormed the town with meager war parties that were easily repulsed by Italian artillery fire.

The unexpected assault put Makonnen in a difficult position. He could either disobey the king's orders and attack or avoid the battle and be labeled a coward. In Ethiopia, cowardice was a far worse crime than disobedience, so Makonnen hatched a hasty assault plan. Alula was to take his 3,000 Tigrayan soldiers north and prepare an ambush on the road to Mekele for Arimondi's expected reinforcements. The rest of the Ethiopian army then amassed for a frontal attack.

Toselli awoke at 6:30 AM to the crack of gunfire and the roar of thousands of Ethiopians clawing up the city's walls. As the battle raged, Toselli sent four artillery pieces to a hill overlooking the road to Mekele to cover his eventual retreat, but the cannons ran straight into Alula's ambush and were destroyed. Moments later, Makonnen's Oromo swordsmen vaulted the parapets and exchanged their rifles for gleaming swords.

While bloody hand-to-hand combat raged on the ramparts, a respite approached from the north. A trumpeting bugle heralded the arrival of Arimondi and his much-needed reinforcements.

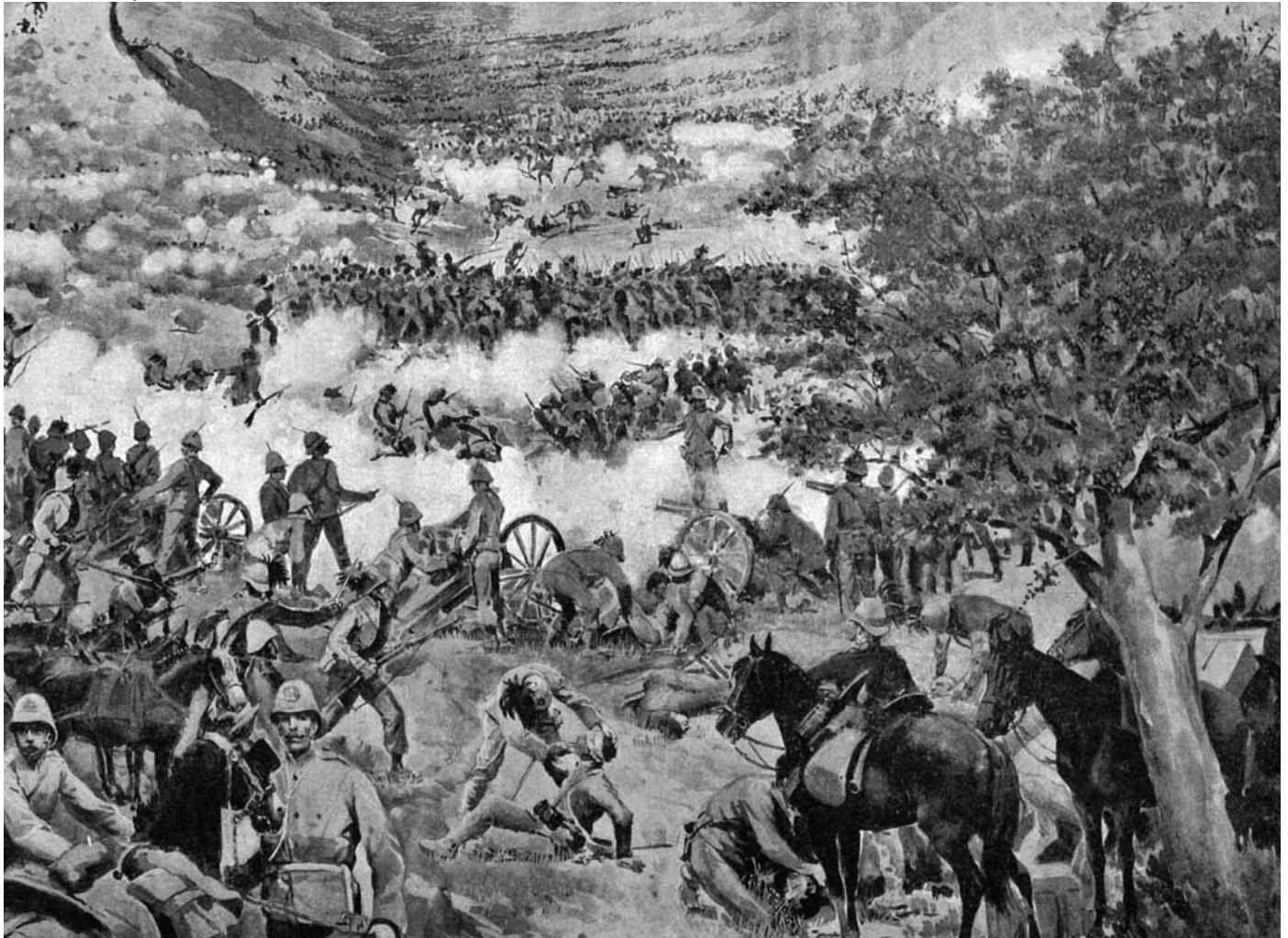
Italian cheers, however, were cut short by rifle fire from Alula's detachment that beat back Arimondi and his men. The troops inside Amba Alage descended into panic, and many soldiers fled the city into the tips of Alula's waiting spears. During the confusion, a bullet struck Toselli, killing him instantly.

When Arimondi's men limped back to Mekele, their appearance panicked the stronghold. Arimondi decided to take the majority of his troops to join the main Italian army at Adigrat. He left Major Giuseppe Galliano behind in the fortress to slow the Ethiopian advance. Italian engineers had spent the last four months fortifying the ancient adobe citadel, and it was ready for a protected siege. Barbed wire ringed the countryside to channel the Ethiopian forces into killing fields. Tribal scouts had booby-trapped the nearby mountains with explosives and boulders. Broken glass had been spread around the castle to cripple the barefoot Ethiopians. The highest point in the town, the Coptic Christian church of Enda Eyesus, commanded views of the entire battlefield, and Galliano converted the building into an artillery blockhouse. Preparations complete, the Italians settled in for a ferocious siege.

Makonnen and his warriors encircled Mekele on December 13, 1895, and obediently awaited the arrival of Menelik, but Makonnen's indecision cost him. If he had captured the city's water supply, the battle could have ended in as little as two weeks. Instead, he waited. On January 6, the date of the Ethiopian Christmas, Menelik and his army unlimbered their Hotchkiss cannons 2.7 miles from the city. The distance was some 1,800 feet beyond the range of the Italians' 75mm guns.

The next day, Menelik's Hotchkiss cannons opened up with a tactic taught to them by their French artillery instructors. This technique eschewed traditional mathematics-based gunnery and replaced it with a system of "walking fire" up to the Italian walls. When the first 37mm rounds struck Mekele, the defenders panicked. Galliano was outranged, outgunned, and seriously outmanned, but the Italian cannon fire repulsed the charging tribesmen.

A meeting of princes convened to discuss the stalemated situation. During the meeting, Menelik's wife, Empress Taitu, recognized the importance of water in the campaign. Without water, no army could last in the scorching heat. Realizing this, Taitu led a detachment of her infantry to dam the city's water supply, while Hotchkiss cannons pounded the adobe fortress to dust. The siege continued for two weeks, and the Italians resorted to breaking into stores of Communion wine to quench their thirst.



Dabormida's troops, left to fend for themselves, prepare for the onslaught of 20,000 enemy horsemen.

Finally, on January 21, 1896, Galliano surrendered, and Menelik allowed the Italians to return to Adigrat unarmed.

Menelik and his armies marched northward, bypassing the heavily fortified city of Adigrat, held by Baratieri and his 17,500-man expeditionary force. Baratieri had hoped to wait out Menelik's advance, but a blistering letter from Crispi spurred him to action. In it, the prime minister complained: "This is a military phthisis, not a war, a waste of heroism, without any corresponding success." Baratieri wanted the Ethiopians to lay siege to his unassailable citadel, but the tribesmen wisely avoided the town altogether and headed toward a pass through the Adwa Mountains into the heart of Italian-held Eritrea.

The race to Adwa was on. In their haste, Italian quartermasters packed rations for only 10 days. The oversight proved disastrous, but for the time being, the quick move bought Baratieri a superior position on Sauria, a hill just outside of Adwa. On February 14, Menelik's army occupied the town of Adwa, 16 miles south of the Italian position. Once again, Baratieri tried to

entice the tribal confederation to assail his entrenched position, but Menelik refused to budge. Running low on provisions, Baratieri planned to retreat and regroup across the Mereb River. With Crispi threatening to remove him, Baratieri's career was on the line. Only a decisive victory over the Ethiopian forces could clear his name. Therefore, he planned a nighttime surprise offensive to coincide with the Ethiopian holiday of Saint George's Day on March 1. For the assault, the general split his army into five parties to occupy a line of three hills.

**Major General Vittorio Dabormida, the leader of the right column, was ordered to seize the Spur of Belah and the Hill of Belah with a force of 3,800 troopers.** His units consisted of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, the 2nd Battery Brigade, and a battalion of mobile militia. In addition to his infantry, Dabormida had at his disposal several artillery pieces of the 5th, 6th and 7th batteries.

Baratieri ordered the central column, under Arimondi, to capture Mount Belah. Arimondi's detachment included the 1st Infantry Brigade, the 5th Indigeni Battalion, one regiment of Bersaglieri sharpshooters, and the 11th and 8th Batteries, a force of 2,439 soldiers, and 12 artillery pieces. General Matteo Albertone's column protected the army's left flank from a mountain range incorrectly labeled on his map as the Kidane Meret. At his disposal were four *indigeni* battalions and the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Batteries, totaling an additional 4,076 soldiers and 12 cannons.

Just behind the ridgeline, General Giuseppe Ellena's force provided a reserve of 4,150 men. His units consisted of the 3rd Infantry Brigade, an Alpini battalion, the 3rd Indigeni Battalion, two quick-firing cannons, and a company of engineers. Rounding out the forces, Baratieri's own mobile command had over 5,000 troops, including two Alpini companies. Italian command left the two machine guns behind because sand had rendered them inoperable.

At 9 PM, Baratieri and his men stalked into the Ethiopian night. It was imperative that they reach



**Outgunned and outfought, Italian troops are overwhelmed at Adwa. Had they waited a few days, their Ethiopian enemies would have run out of rations first.**

the safety of the hills by dawn. Around 5 AM, Dabormida's right column captured its objective without a fight. Fifteen minutes later, Arimondi and the Italian center moved into position while Ellena's reserve secured the rear. Albertone's incorrect map led the left flank four miles off course to a mountain occupied by Ras Alula's Tigray vanguard. At 6 AM, Albertone realized his mistake when a murderous volley of gunfire tore through his ranks. A wild bayonet charge led by Colonel Domenico Turitto and the 1st Indigeni Battalion drove Alula from the hill, but Albertone's men were still miles away from their true objective.

Alula dispatched messengers to invite other Ethiopian warlords to the melee. First to join the bloody fray were Ras Mikael and his majestic Wello cavalry. Next, Ras Makonnen's Ormo swordsmen streamed into the clash. Finally, a messenger reached Menelik, who had gathered the entire Ethiopian army.

**Working in tandem, Alula, Mikael, and Makonnen employed an old Ethiopian technique of mountain warfare called *afena*.** A sort of barefoot blitzkrieg, *afena* involved encircling an enemy while artillery pounded them into submission. Under covering fire, the warriors advanced toward the center with the goal of engaging their foes in hand-to-hand combat. As the tribesmen enveloped Albertone, his artillery cut bloody swaths through the charging Ethiopian formations. Dejazmach Balcha Abba Nefo brought up the quick-firing Hotchkiss cannons and decimated Albertone's guns.

In the early morning hours, the faint pop of rifle fire from the left flank carried to Baratieri's ears. It was too dark to observe the battlefield, but the general assumed that the noise emanated from simple skirmishes rather than an epic struggle. At 6:30 AM, Baratieri scaled the heights of Mt. Raio and scanned the hills with his telescope. He did not like what he saw—Albertone's brigades were missing. Baratieri dispatched messengers to locate the left column, but they never returned. It was ominous.

At 6:45, Baratieri drafted a vague order for Dabormida's right column to "join hands" with Albertone. Based on the cryptic message, Dabormida moved his entire force to the southeast, but

Baratieri intended for him to send only a few units to locate Albertone. This disastrous miscommunication was the undoing of the entire Italian army. Dabormida packed up his column and wandered into a labyrinth of ravines, leaving the right flank completely exposed. Within an hour the major general was hopelessly lost.

Around 7 AM, the onslaught on Albertone's left built to a fevered pitch. Empress Taitu galloped to the scene and directed the offensive.

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Wave after wave of hacking and slashing warriors leapt upon the Italians from every rock, tree, and blade of grass. As the swordsmen charged, deadly accurate Ethiopian rifle fire rained down upon Albertone's brigades. Augustus Wylde, a noted war correspondent, later opined: "The Abyssinians are as good shots as any men in Africa, the Transvaal Boers not excepted." First to fall to the relentless swarm was Colonel Turitto and virtually the entire 1st Indigeni Battalion.

By 7:30 AM, Albertone drafted an imperative message to Baratieri, telling him that his forces could not maintain their positions past 8:15. Baratieri, however, did not receive this notice for another 45 minutes. By then, the message was not needed. A stream of fugitives running away from Menelik's personal 30,000-man Showan bodyguard announced the destruction of the Italian left flank.

In response to the Showan blitz, the center column's 8th Battery opened fire on Albertone's retreating forces in order to check the advances of Menelik's rampaging bodyguard. Shells blasted Ethiopian and Italian alike. In response to the barrage, the warriors formed a crescent formation and seized the Spur of Belah, cutting off all communication with Dabormida's lost right flank. Two companies of Bersaglieri sharpshooters under Colonel Lorenzo Compaino stormed the hill. With bayonets and rifle butts, the Bersaglieri collided with 10,000 Showans and recaptured the heights at a great cost. A bullet zipped through Compaino's leg, and he was last seen with his "knee on the ground defending himself heroically with his sword until a blow with a lance laid him low." Only 40 sharpshooters survived the hillside encounter.

A reserve battalion was dispatched to relieve the Bersaglieri. Baratieri then ordered Ellena to bring up two quick-firing guns from the rear to support the center. The hero of Mekele, Major Galliano, deployed on Mt. Raio and defended the left flank with his 1,200 *indigeni* soldiers. At 10:30 AM, Albertone ordered his beleaguered left flank to retreat. To stem the advancing torrent, the general remained behind with a handful of soldiers to protect his fleeing men. Moments later, a bullet knocked Albertone from his horse and the left flank crumbled, releasing the whole Ethiopian horde upon the Italian force. Galliano and his *indigeni* were cut to pieces by Makonnen's Oromo swordsmen.

The Tigrayan armies of Alula and Mengesh Yohannes joined Menelik's bodyguard and slammed into Arimondi's center column. Italian 75mm cannons pounded the sea of warriors

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection



Lieutenant Colonel Menini, the wounded commander of the Alpini, continues to direct his battalion during the battle.

until they ran out of shells. Sensing victory, the Ethiopians cast down their rifles and dove headlong into Arimondi's brigades with sabers flashing. Baratieri flung the last of his reserves into the maelstrom. The 16th Battalion and two companies of Alpini infantry advanced to support the center, but it was to no avail. The center broke and ran after a pack of Oromo warriors who fatally stabbed Arimondi.

At 11 AM, Baratieri ordered a retreat. Unable to contact Dabormida, the general was forced leave him to battle Menelik alone. Dabormida's lost detachment centered its defenses on a hill with a huge sycamore tree. Beneath the tree, Dabormida massed his artillery. Colonel Cesare Airaghi occupied the nearby Mariam Shewito Valley with a party of infantry. A rear guard led by Colonel Luigi De Amicis protected the nonexistent communication lines with the Italian main force.

The onslaught began when a party of over 20,000 horsemen overran Dabormida's rear guard and then headed straight for the general's main brigades. In the first 12 minutes of the battle, all but two of his 14 officers were trampled underfoot. Dabormida died rallying his exhausted men around the broken trunk of the sycamore tree at the center of his position. With remarkable suddenness, the Battle of Adwa was over.

Two days later, the scattered remnants of Baratieri's once-proud army limped into Eritrea, their welcome home nonexistent. Baratieri, Italy's greatest commander, returned to Rome to face court-martial proceedings. Crispi retired from politics in disgrace, and Rome sued for peace with Ethiopia and tore up the disputed Treaty of Wuchale.

On one fateful day, a band of African freedom fighters checked the tide of European imperialism. Over 70 percent of the Italian army was destroyed by Menelik's monumental confederation. Casualties included 7,500 dead Italians, 7,100 slain Eritreans, 1,428 wounded, and 1,865 prisoners. Ethiopian casualties were also appallingly high—some 7,000 dead and 10,000 wounded. For years to come, the Battle of Adwa weighed heavily on the Italian national psyche, an ever-smarting wound that would induce Benito Mussolini to occupy Ethiopia in 1935—a doleful prelude to the fast-approaching cataclysm of World War II. □

By Al Hemingway

## Vicksburg was the key to controlling the Mississippi River, and Union General Ulysses S. Grant was determined to unlock it.

**B**Y MID-1862, DESPITE THE HUMILIATING UNION DEFEATS IN THE East, the Civil War in the western theater was gaining momentum. Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, commanding the Army of the Tennessee, had achieved impressive victories at Forts Henry and Donelson. After an initial setback at Shiloh, Grant's army had regrouped and defeated the Confederates by a narrow margin in the bloodiest battle of the war thus far.

Since the very outbreak of the conflict, Union forces had desperately wanted to seize control of the Mississippi River. With the fall of New Orleans and Memphis, the only city blocking such control was Vicksburg, Mississippi. The port city, situated where the Yazoo and Mississippi Rivers meet, was the key to

controlling the entire 2,300-mile waterway and choking off supplies to the Confederate armies in the field. Grant was determined to turn the key in the lock and open or close the door, depending on who was doing the knocking.

In his latest offering,

*Vicksburg 1863* (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 2009, 496 pp., notes, index, photos, maps, \$30, hard-cover), novelist-turned-historian Winston Groom offers a characteristically detailed account of the events leading up to the siege and its aftermath. In addition to the battles

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General John C. Pemberton surrenders to Major General Ulysses S. Grant at Vicksburg on July 4, 1863, in this 1888 print by Kurz & Allison.

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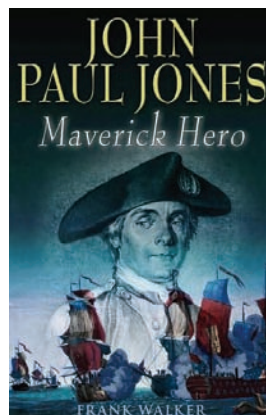
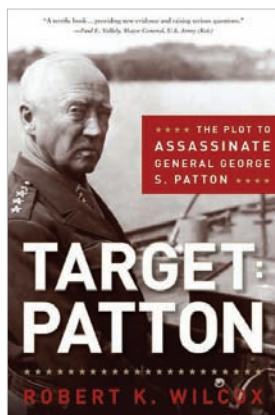
and skirmishes that led to the eventual capitulation of Vicksburg, Groom delves into the many personalities on both sides, and how their actions and petty jealousies affected the outcome, inevitable as it now may seem.

With the capture of New Orleans, the citizens of Vicksburg realized with horror that the war was at their own doorstep. Pennsylvania-born General John C. Pemberton, head of the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana, immediately ordered the city fortified for the inevitable Union attack. Pemberton was caught between two factions—those of President Jefferson Davis and General Joseph E. Johnston—both of whom were his superiors and each of whom had different ideas about how to hold the city. This friction, coupled with a glaring lack of communication between all parties, would be one of the main reasons why Pemberton ultimately failed in his task. Like many Civil War generals, Pemberton would prove to be a better paper shuffler than field commander.

Initially, Federal gunboats attempted to shell the “Gibraltar of the West” into quick submission. Led by Rear Admiral David Farragut, the Union flotilla, accompanied by a sizable infantry contingent, failed in its first attempt to force Vicksburg’s surrender. Besides contending with supply problems, Confederate snipers, and the multitude of sandbars that made navigating the river an ongoing nightmare, Farragut did not realize that his overly ambitious foster brother, Commander David Dixon Porter, was bad-mouthing him to his superiors in Washington. Luckily for Farragut, Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles disliked Porter, who he said dryly was “given to exaggeration in relation to himself.”

Meanwhile, the relentless Grant rolled up some important victories as he inched his way ever closer to Vicksburg. The battles at Raymond, Jackson, and Champion’s Hill were costly for the Confederacy, although Brig. Gens. Earl Van Dorn (later killed by a jealous husband) and Nathan Bedford Forrest conducted a devastating raid on the Union supply depot at Holly Springs, destroying everything in sight.

After several unsuccessful assaults on the city, Grant settled in for a protracted siege. From late May until July 4, 1863, residents endured numerous hardships. Kate Stone, who lived just north of the city, kept a journal that has since been indispensable to historians. In it, she described the day-to-day life of the population



and army as they battled starvation, disease, and constant shelling from Union gunboats.

On the 87th birthday of the United States, Pemberton tendered his sword to Grant, signaling the end of the siege. Some 9,000 Union soldiers and 10,000 Confederates had become casualties during the campaign. On July 9, the garrison at Port Gibson also surrendered. These two triumphs gave the Union complete control of the Mississippi River and put two more sizable nails in the Confederate coffin.

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*Target Patton: The Plot to Assassinate General George S. Patton* by Robert Wilcox, Regency Publishers, Washington, D.C., 2008, illustrations, index, notes, \$27.95, hardcover.

The untimely death of American general George S. Patton in December 1945 has always been shrouded in mystery. Many have wondered whether the often outspoken commander died as a result of a traffic accident that cold, blustery day in Germany, or was assassinated. If the latter were true, what was the reason that drove an individual or individuals to kill him?

In his latest book, Robert Wilcox makes a convincing argument that there were various factions that wanted Patton eliminated. Patton had said, in no uncertain terms, that he did not like or trust America’s erstwhile Russian allies. He advocated stopping the Red Army, by any means possible, from gobbling up Eastern Europe. Patton’s Third Army, he felt, could easily halt the Russian advance. U.S. officials, from President Harry Truman down, did not want to incite a war with the enormous nation that had been a vital if troublesome partner in defeating the Axis powers. Soviet dictator Joseph Stalin hated Patton on sight and made it clear in the highest circles that he wanted him silenced.

But did the United States government acquiesce to such an agreement and make a pact with the devil, so to speak, and kill Patton? Wilcox

includes lengthy interviews and acquired the notebooks of an OSS operative named Douglas Bazata, a former Marine and member of the famous Jedburgh group in World War II that had operated behind German lines.

Bazata claimed that he was asked by OSS head William “Wild Bill” Donovan to assassinate Patton. Such an explosive charge was never proved, although Bazata did pass a lie detector test. Despite the nasty gash on his head that Patton received in a collision between his staff car and another vehicle, the general seemed to be responding to treatment in the hospital and, at one point was even considered ready for release. Suddenly, the 60-year-old general officer took a turn for the worse and died from an embolism, or lack of blood flow in an artery, usually caused by a clot. Was this the real cause of death or, as Wilcox suggests, had a Russian agent administered a drug to make it seem like Patton died from natural causes?

To this day, no concrete evidence exists to prove definitely that Patton was murdered. However, many questions remain unanswered. Documents went missing, witnesses disappeared, and even Patton’s 1938 Cadillac, currently on display in the Patton Museum of Cavalry and Armor at Fort Knox, Kentucky, may not, in fact, be the authentic vehicle he was riding in that fateful day.

Wilcox’s account is intriguing, if not definitive. He presents sound evidence suggesting that Patton indeed may have been the victim of an assassination plot. It reads like a James Bond novel, but in this case, the characters are all too real and the ending all too tragic.

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*John Paul Jones: Maverick Hero* by Frank Walker, Casemate, Philadelphia, PA, 2008, 278 pp., illustrations, maps, notes, index, \$32.95, hardcover.

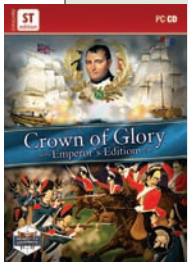
To every student of history, the immortal words “I have just yet begun to fight!” uttered by Captain John Paul Jones were shining inspirations to the fledgling American colonies to continue their fight for liberty and freedom from the oppressive British government during the American Revolution.

But what kind of man was the real John Paul Jones? Small in stature, he was an extremely complex individual. On the one hand he could be charming and gracious, especially to women. On the other, he could be a cruel and despotic naval commander who drove his men beyond their limits—so cruel, in fact, that during one

## Conflicts on land, at sea, and at the diplomacy table are played out in *Crown of Glory: Emperor's Edition* from Matrix Games.

Although it covers the same time period, region of the world, and subject as the first *Crown of Glory*, Matrix Games' new **Crown of Glory: Emperor's Edition** for the PC is in fact such a complete overhaul of the original that it is basically a new game. It is still a turn-based strategy game set in Europe during the Age of Napoleon, but it's also a much deeper and (in some places) a more streamlined game. The conflicts from 1792 to 1820, both on the ground, on the sea, and at the diplomacy table are here to be played out.

The biggest and most obvious improvement in this edition of CoG is the map. There are 70 new movement areas, but at the same time, the map zooms all the way from a view of all of Europe down to a



province level. An option has been added to play with a simplified economy so players can focus more on the combat if they wish, but at the same time rules have been added for such things as attrition on the march (staying on roads lowers its effects), war time inflation, and spirit of the nation (a rating of a country's will to fight).



For combat, the biggest change is on the sea. The abstract combat of the first game has been replaced by a turn-based tactical level game where ships have ratings for everything from experience to sail quality and the player controls things down to the level of if the guns on a ship are aimed low or high. Similar detail has been added to land combat, along with the option to fight at the division or brigade level. More historical units have been added, and more detail has been given to all units.

It is the nature of wargames to speak of them as simulations. The closer they try to adhere to the realities of humanity, physics, and history, the more the simulation label fits. Every now and then, though, a game is released that is such an exact simulation that it seems to invalidate the use of that description on other, less accurate games. In this case, the "game" is **Digital Combat Simulator: Black Shark** for the PC from Russian studio Eagle Dynamics. The Black Shark of the title is a Russian attack helicopter.

How exact a simulation is *DCS: BS*? Every button, knob, switch, and control in the cockpit of the real helicopter is in the game, and every one of them actually does something. Turning on the engines and taking off requires activating 51 different buttons

and switches, just as it does in the real Black Sharks. Mastering this game might not enable a player to actually fly the real helicopter, but it would put them well down the road to doing so.

As wonderfully faithful to its subject as *DCS: BS* is, the game's weaknesses are in its graphics, which are accurate, but not state of the art, and in the enemy and wing man AI which is just barely good enough to be entertaining. Luckily there is an online co-op mode so players can have a human backing them up. But in the end *DCS: BS* isn't a game about carnage and kill count, it is game about the satisfaction that comes from taking the controls of one of the world's complex weapons of war and mastering it.

And speaking of simulations and games where carnage is not the reward, Firaxis has released **Sid Meier's Civilization IV Complete** for the PC. This box contains the base *Civ IV*



game, but also includes the two expansions: *Warlord* and *Beyond the Sword*. This is not simulation of the 51-button stripe, but it is the trademark fun of starting with a small base and slowly growing it, turn by turn, into the largest and most powerful "civilization" on the map. Obviously, this package is for anyone who has managed to completely resist getting into *Civ IV* in the years since its initial release.

*Civ IV* is an award-winning game. *Warlord* adds powers and gameplay features to the basic mix. *Beyond the Sword* adds more powers and further tweaks the gameplay. *Warlord* adds great generals to the mix, but also includes six new scenarios that change the way the game is played. *BtS* beefs up espionage, but it also adds some player-created "mods" that use the *Civ IV* engine but provide a different



game experience. With a release date for *Civ V* still not announced, this is a well-timed and well-priced collection. □



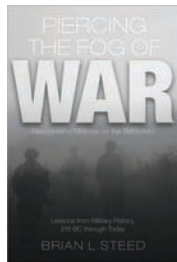
voyage his own crew plotted to toss him overboard.

His unpredictable dual personality aside, Jones was inarguably the father of the American Navy. The sea battle between the **Bonhomme Richard** and the 50-gun British frigate *Serapis* was the longest ship-to-ship engagement in British naval history. It was during that battle that Jones yelled his now-famous phrase to Captain Richard Pearson, earning him a timeless place of honor in American naval history.

When the Americans finally won their independence, the U.S. Navy was disbanded and Jones set out for Russia for further seagoing adventures. Ironically, it was France, not the United States, that showered him with accolades and awards prior to his death in 1792.

In 1905, President Theodore Roosevelt was the driving force behind exhuming Jones's remains from an obscure graveyard in Paris. As the ship bearing his body entered Chesapeake Bay, seven battleships let loose a 15-gun salute to signal his return to American soil. A hero to Americans and a pirate to the British, Scottish-born Jones had finally come home.

*Piercing the Fog of War: Recognizing Change on the Battlefield* by Brian Steed, Zenith Press, Minneapolis, MN, 2009, 306 pp., maps, notes, index, \$30.00, hardcover.



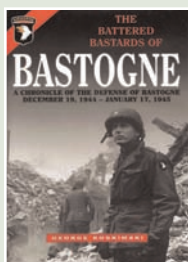
U.S. Army officer, military historian, and strategist Brian Steed has put together a unique look at battlefields throughout history to help future commanders learn from their predecessors' mistakes. He scrutinizes seven battles, from the Battle of Cannae in 216 BC to the fighting in Chechnya in 1994-1995.

Steed calls these battles "aberrations," during which incidents happened that were not expected to occur and transformed the nature of the combat. Such aberrations, Steed notes, will bring defeat to modern commanders unless they recognize them in time. His commonsense advice is to "expect the unexpected and think outside the box."

It is a well-known axiom in war to know one's enemy. Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer certainly did not heed this advice at the Battle of the Little Bighorn in June 1876. Steed uses this campaign to illustrate his point. Although Custer was a more knowledgeable Indian fighter than the majority of his contemporaries, Steed writes, he was "aberrationally shocked" during the battle and failed to put his experi-

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bring the battle back to life, for a look at this battle as viewed by the soldier, not the historian. George Koskimaki weaves the memoirs of each of these men into a cohesive whole. The memories of one soldier fit with those of another unit or group in another nearby piece of terrain to present a gripping account of the battle.

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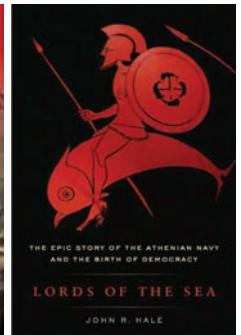
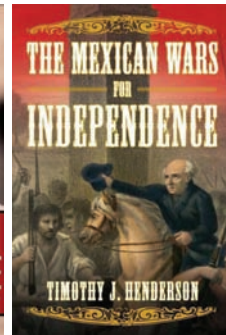
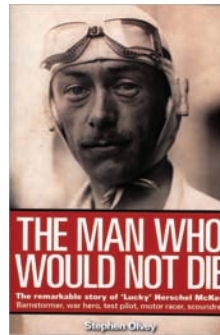
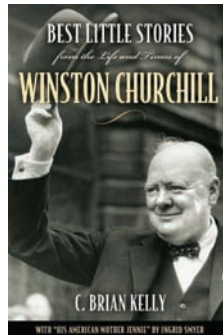
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ence and training to proper use. The result was a massacre.

Commanders must overcome "arrogant presumptions" when confronting their enemy if they are to achieve victory, Steed writes, warning: "There are more Little Bighorns and more Indian villages, more Crazy Horses and Sitting Bulls waiting to crush some similarly arrogant commander who is unwilling to expand his box because the world fits so well in the box as it is."

*Best Little Stories from the Life and Times of Winston Churchill with his American Mother Jennie* by C. Brian Kelly and Ingrid Smyer-Kelly, Cumberland House, Nashville, TN, 2008, 420 pp., notes, index, \$16.95, softcover.

When Great Britain was in the first throes of World War II, she stood alone against Nazi tyranny. From out of political hibernation came one man that would inspire the island nation to overcome its fear and fight Adolf Hitler's juggernaut aimed at conquering all of Europe. That man was Winston Spencer Churchill.

In his new book, noted popular historian C. Brian Kelly has gathered a collection of short stories that illustrate Churchill's childhood, wartime experiences in the Sudan, the Boer War, World War I, and his rise in politics that culminated in his being named prime minister in 1940 and leading the island nation during its darkest hours.

As a sidebar, Kelly's wife Ingrid has written a chapter in the book entitled "His American Mother Jennie." In it, she traces Churchill's mother's privileged upbringing in New York, her eventual marriage to the abusive Lord Randolph Churchill, and her problematical relationship with her family prior to her death in 1921.

Each vignette clearly demonstrates one aspect of the multidimensional Churchill. Often outspoken and prone to meddling, he nonetheless overcame his depression, which he referred to as his "black dog," to lead England to victory. Each anecdote leads into the next, and Kelly does a masterful job of linking all of them together so that readers can obtain a better understanding of Churchill's complex person-

ality. As with all his *Best Little Stories* series, Kelly has produced a winner with his newest book.

*The Man Who Would Not Die: The Remarkable Story of "Lucky" Herschel McKee* by Stephen Olvey, Quayside Publishing, Minneapolis, MN, 2008, 272 pp., notes, index, photos, \$37.95, hardcover.

Here is the account of one incredible man who defied death on numerous occasions. Herschel McKee, given the sobriquet of "Lucky," left home to fight in World War I. The daredevil teenager enlisted in the French Foreign Legion and soon found himself as a machine gunner on the Western Front.

Mesmerized by flying, McKee found his way into the Lafayette Flying Corps, a polyglot force composed of other Americans, Russians, and Frenchmen. He became an ace at 19 years of age after downing a dozen enemy aircraft. He was shot down in February 1918, but survived the incident to return home at the end of the conflict.

Between the two world wars, McKee's life reads like an adventure book. In 1919, while he was serving as the riding mechanic for noted driver Andre Boillot, the two crashed their automobile into the wall at the Indianapolis 500 Speedway. Remarkably, both men escaped injury. McKee went on to jump through fiery hoops while riding a motorcycle at circus sideshows. Throughout the 1920s and 1930s, he performed death-defying feats for audiences. When the United States entered World War II, McKee achieved the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Army Air Corps and flew on the bombing run over the Ploesti oilfields in Rumania.

McKee was quite the lady's man as well. When the daredevil pilot and car racer died in 1964 at the age of 67, five women appeared at his funeral, each claiming to have been married to him at some point in his life—a remarkable life, indeed.

*The Mexican Wars for Independence* by Timothy J. Henderson, Hill and Wang, New York, 2009, 280 pp., illustrations, index, notes,

\$27.50, hardcover.

Author Timothy J. Henderson has added another book to his growing list on Mexican history. This edition deals with the various wars for independence that were fought between 1810 and 1824. The rebellion began in September 1810 and was led by Mexican-born Spaniards, Mestizos (individuals of European and American Indian background) and Amerindians who desired to be free of Spanish colonialism.

The fighting was soon transformed into a guerrilla conflict after the untimely death of Father Miguel Hidalgo. After years of bloody battles and executions of rebel leaders, Spain finally granted Mexico its independence in 1836.

However, as Henderson explains, there seemed to be no unifying factor among those who desired freedom from Spain. Revenge, cultural integrity, and other personal reasons nearly destroyed the movement. In the end, however, despite the schism that developed between the various indigenous peoples and other ethnic cultures, the Mexican revolution succeeded against all odds.

**Jack Hinson's One-Man War: A Civil War Sniper** by Tom C. McKenney, Pelican Publishing, Gretna, LA, 2009, 400 pp., illustrations, maps, index, notes, \$25.95, hardcover.

When the Civil War erupted, Jack Hinson wanted no part of it. A reserved man, he opted to remain neutral and befriend officers and soldiers on both sides. Hinson was content to run his farm and manage his personal affairs while the savage combat took place around him.

Hinson's tranquility would be dashed, however, when the conflict finally came to his peaceful valley, Two Rivers, on the Kentucky-Tennessee border. When bushwhackers started ambushing Union patrols and supply lines, they were ordered executed on the spot. Sadly, Hinson's two sons were mistakenly identified as guerrillas and hanged. Later, their decapitated heads were affixed to gateposts outside Hinson's home.

Enraged, Hinson sought revenge. Armed with a .50-caliber rifle specially made by a gunsmith, the experienced backwoodsman took to the field with one thought on his mind: an eye for an eye. By war's end, "Captain Jack" Hinson had killed at least 100 soldiers in his solo

war against the Yankees.

Retired Marine Tom McKenney spent 15 years researching the life of Hinson, who was in his late-50s when he ventured out to avenge the murder of his two boys. Despite all attempts to capture him, the one-man army haunted the Federal troops with his deadly long-range accuracy and backwoods skills in hunting and tracking. With Hinson's death in 1874 from heart failure, McKenney writes, "his weary, one-man war with the Union colossus was finally over."

**Lords of the Sea: The Epic Story of the Athenian Navy and the Birth of Democracy** by John R. Hale, Viking, New York, 2009, 432 pp., notes, index, \$29.95, hardcover.

The Athenian Navy was one of the most powerful in the ancient world. The symbol of this mighty armada was the trireme, an agile, speedy vessel equipped with three sets of oars on either side of the boat. This mighty ship would play a pivotal role in the history of Athens.

It was Themistocles, a prominent politician and Athenian general, who first advocated constructing a navy. A hero at the Battle of Marathon, Themistocles finally convinced his fellow countrymen to build a fleet of 200 triremes for their defense and for trade. For

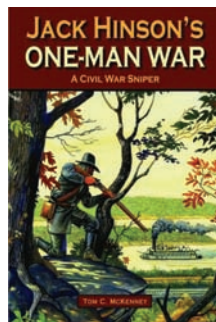
the next 158 years, Athens' nautical empire included more than 200 islands, stretching from the southern Aegean all the way to the Black Sea.

The author, an accomplished archaeologist, asserts that the creation of this formidable navy was also the birth of democracy in Athens. With their vast fleet of triremes, Athenians ventured into the world seeking trade with other nations that eventually transformed the city into the richest seaport during that period. Athenian sailors also brought the idea of a democratic society to neighboring countries, an idea that would take hold and eventually change world history.

**Aces High: The Heroic Saga of the Two To-Scoring American Aces of**

**World War II** by Bill Yenne, Berkley Caliber, New York, 2009, 349 pp., index, photos, \$25.95, hardcover.

Although Richard Bong and Thomas McGuire both came from diverse backgrounds, their outstanding flying abilities and extraordinary bravery put them both on the path of



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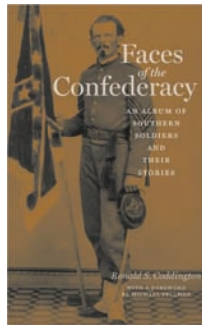
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greatness and immortality. Each would receive the Medal of Honor, and they would become the two highest aerial aces in World War II.

Bong, a reserved farm boy from Wisconsin, and McGuire, a smart-aleck city dweller from New Jersey, were enthralled with airplanes at an early age. Both joined the U.S. Army Air Corps and graduated as aviation cadets prior to America entering the war. They would be assigned to P-38 Lightning squadrons in the Pacific Theater, flying out of New Guinea and the Philippines.

Bong would record 40 kills to his credit, and no less than General Douglas MacArthur—himself a Medal of Honor recipient—would personally present the award to Bong. McGuire, unfortunately, did not live to receive his. While on combat patrol over the Philippines in January 1945, the New Jersey native's aircraft crashed after his engine stalled. At the time of his death, McGuire was just two kills behind Bong. McGuire AFB, in New Jersey, is named in his honor.

Bong met a similar fate in peacetime. While serving as a test pilot at Lockheed's Burbank, California, site in August 1945, Bong's P-80



suddenly crashed, killing him instantly. Although there was an intense rivalry between the two pilots during the war, the author feels that those emotions would have been forgotten if both had survived the conflict and met years later. "That's the mark of true heroes," Yenne writes.

*Faces of the Confederacy: An Album of Southern Soldiers and Their Stories* by Ronald S. Codrington, John Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, MD, 2008, 288 pp., index, notes, photos, \$29.95, hardcover.

With the firing on Fort Sumter in 1861, the United States was split in two and war was became a reality. Thousands of men, both northern and southern, rushed to enlist and don the uniforms of their respective armies. With the ongoing advances in photography, soldiers rushed to a studio to have their photographs taken for posterity. These pictures, usually 4 inches by 2.5 inches, were referred to as *cartes de visite*. Such notables as Generals George B. McClellan and Robert E. Lee posed for the camera, as well as mere privates. Countless *cartes de visite* survived but, unfortunately, a

large number of the individuals cannot be identified.

Codrington has compiled more than 70 such photographs of identifiable soldiers from various Confederate units and has written a short biography of each. They served in every conflict, both large and small, on land and sea, both cavalry and infantry and even in guerrilla outfits. Their stories are truly noteworthy.

One Confederate officer, James Porter Parker, was George Armstrong Custer's roommate and close confidant at West Point. The Kentucky native resigned his commission and fought for the South as an artillery officer. Captured at the Battle of Port Hudson, Parker was a prisoner of war for two years before being freed in 1865. The ex-POW migrated west and eventually became a surveyor. He died in 1918, more than 40 years after his friend's notoriety was cut short at the Little Bighorn in 1876.

*Faces of the Confederacy* offers the reader an intimate look into the lives of the men who fought, died, or survived America's bloodiest conflict. Their faces and stances depicted in their photographs demonstrate their determination and fierce loyalty to their cause, a cause that would ultimately devastate their homeland and take years to rebuild. □

## last war

*Continued from page 47*

which it mistakenly believed was falling back, only to be attacked in turn by the French cavalry. The English infantry fled in disorder.

First reports told of over 200 men being killed in the botched engagement, including 14 captains. Even more startling and ignominious was the news that two English battle standards had fallen into French hands. Word of the debacle at Chatillon reached Henry and the council before Surrey could make his own exculpatory report, which blamed the defeat on the disappointing performance of the infantrymen. When the council saw that Surrey was denying full responsibility, some members became so infuriated that a letter of rebuke was sent immediately to the earl. Henry, in contrast to the highly agitated council members, was remarkably philosophic about the outcome of the battle. He did agree, however, to send Hertford back to France to investigate Surrey's leadership decisions.

Surrey was grateful for Henry's support, but events behind the scenes indicated that the king had decided to relieve him of command. The first overt signal of a change occurred in the first week of February, when Surrey was sur-

prised to learn that his reinforcements were to be under the command of Hertford, who had been given the equal rank of lieutenant general. The situation deteriorated further in early March when a report from one of the king's agents at Calais complained that supplies destined for the garrison at Boulogne were falling into the wrong hands. This was the last straw for the council, and Surrey was demoted to captain of the rear guard.

Contrary to expectations, Surrey behaved well in Boulogne while awaiting Hertford. In mid-March, he reported a victory over the French in a skirmish near Etaples. Once the diminished earl accomplished the transfer of command, he returned to England to make a final report to the king and the council. Dutifully, Surrey arrived at Whitehall within days, but it took a full week for the king to find the time to receive him. While cooling his heels, Surrey was summoned by the council to answer a charge of indiscreetly disputing Scriptures with a group of young courtiers. It was hardly a hero's welcome.

A peace treaty with France was signed on June 7, 1546, and Henry agreed to sell back all his French territory within eight years' time. Meanwhile, a nasty dispute with the Norfolk family over bogus charges of treason impelled

the king to throw both Surrey and Norfolk into the Tower of London. On January 19, 1547, Surrey was beheaded. Norfolk narrowly escaped a similar fate when the king suddenly fell ill that same week. Henry's habitual overeating, heavy drinking, chronic health issues, and the stress of political maneuvers at court combined to bring him low. Confined to bed, the monarch lapsed into and out of consciousness before dying in the predawn hours of the 28th. Two months later, Henry's archrival, Francis I, also passed away.

Over the next 11 years, Henry's three surviving children—Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth—succeeded in turn to the throne. Each struggled with the burden of their father's debts. The principal culprit for their difficulties was the ruinous cost of Henry's last war in France, which he had begun as a way of distracting himself, his court, and the public from the sorry outcome of his fifth marriage. While Henry enjoyed leading his army in the field, the diversion proved costly beyond imagining. Henry's military misadventure brought England to the brink of bankruptcy, and in 1550—four years sooner than the treaty required—King Edward VI sold Boulogne back to the French and lost forever his nation's last foothold on Gallic soil. □

## canadians in spain

*Continued from page 31*

blazing. The second line managed to hold, some of the men even mounting a counterattack, but it was repeatedly bombed by three squadrons of enemy aircraft. During one strike, American Mac Pap Archie Kessner was killed. He had fought through the entire war and may well have been the last American killed in Spain. His final words were, "I was beginning to think they'd never get me." The next morning, 35 Mac Paps marched down from the hills and out of the war for good.

After a tremendous farewell parade in Barcelona on October 29, the Canadian volunteers faced a long journey home. Although the government viewed them with hostility, thousands of Canadians greeted them as heroes when they returned. On February 5, 1939, the largest group of them, 272 men led by Edward Smith, was greeted by 10,000 people in Toronto. After Smith addressed the crowd gathered at Union Station, Methodist social reformer Salem Bland spoke to the volunteers, saying, "Canada didn't understand at first what you were doing, but understands now, and as time goes by, you will have more friends, more honor, because you have done one of the most gallant things in history."

Of the 1,600 Canadians estimated to have volunteered for Spain, nearly half found their graves there. During the conflict, the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion was recognized as one of the best-trained and hardest-fighting battalions in the five International Brigades. The heroism and fighting ability of the Mac Paps cannot be denied, regardless of one's politics. History has vindicated them. The soldiers of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion who froze in the icy winds of Teruel, charged headlong onto the murderous plain before Fuentes de Ebro, lay beneath Fascist artillery barrages surrounded by the stench of death in the Mountains of the Moon, and counterattacked in the Caballs when they knew full well that the war would be over for them within hours, left behind a timeless legacy of valor and constancy. Better than most, they realized that the menacing specter of fascism had to be fought and stopped. Had the governments of the Western democracies seen the writing on the wall as clearly as the Mac Paps and the other Internationals did and dealt with Hitler and Mussolini in 1936, the catastrophe about to befall the world only months after the Spanish Republic went down to defeat in 1939 might have been averted, and millions of innocent lives might have been saved. Tragically, it was not to be. □

## wilson's creek

*Continued from page 39*

attack. As with his first offensive, the effort was awkward and piecemeal, hindered by the men's poor training and paucity of ammunition. Units advanced cautiously until they came within range of the Federal line. Then the men fell prone and hugged the scant cover of the prairie grass as they fired. All the while, Price labored to maintain alignment among the regiments, shrugging off a painful wound in the side. McCulloch strove to help with the offensive, redirecting most of his units to Bloody Hill, but few arrived in time to join the action. Ultimately, the second Confederate assault failed much as the first one had, from lack of coordination.

Another lull settled over Bloody Hill, as Lyon's aides finally managed to locate Sturgis. Distraught over the news of Lyon's death, the major quickly called a council of war to determine how best to proceed. Everyone felt that victory depended on Sigel's timely arrival. No one had heard from the German, but the officers quickly adjourned in excitement after they observed a column of infantry approaching from the south. The column was actually the 3rd Arkansas, marching from reserve to reinforce the State Guard. Greeting the men with aplomb, Price cautioned: "Keep as cool as the inside of a cucumber. Take your position and hold it whatever you do. Don't yield an inch." Moving up alongside the Arkansans, the 3rd Louisiana joined Price's line alongside the 5th Arkansas. McCulloch had finally achieved his grand concentration. The stage was set for one final effort.

Up and down the line, weary members of the Missouri State Guard joined McCulloch's volunteers in charging up Bloody Hill. Clouds of smoke obscured the landscape, and men fell in scores. At one point, members of the Guard advanced to within 20 feet of Totten's guns before point-blank blasts of canister sent them reeling. Sturgis pulled part of the 1st Iowa from the line and sent it in a feverish counterattack to plug a hole after another hard-pressed unit buckled. Try as they might, the men of Price's and McCulloch's commands were unable to break the Union line. "Some of the best blood in the land was being spilled as recklessly as if it were ditch water," one survivor lamented.

At this juncture, realizing that Sigel was not coming to the rescue and learning that several of his units were running low on ammunition, Sturgis decided to disengage and withdraw to Springfield. Aided by a lull in the fighting as McCulloch's and Price's men fell back in exhaustion, the Federal soldiers were able to retreat in good order, pulling out all of their

artillery pieces and many of their wounded, although they accidentally left Lyon's body behind. It took Price and McCulloch a surprisingly long time to learn that the enemy had gone. Upon reaching the top of Bloody Hill, one Arkansas officer recalled watching the retreating column. "We were glad to see them go."

In their wake, the Federal forces left the devastation of what had been a surprisingly bloody contest. Combined casualties numbered over 2,500, and the medical officers of both armies were woefully unprepared for the task they faced. Soon after Sturgis reached Springfield, the wounded from his regiments overflowed public buildings, and surgeons began requisitioning private homes. Days later, one wounded man in Springfield observed that "the stench from the dead and dying was so offensive as to be almost intolerable."

The Union officers convened another council of war in Springfield and unanimously agreed that the best course of action was to fall back on Rolla—precisely the plan that Frémont had advocated in the first place. Sturgis abdicated command to Sigel at this point, and Sigel showed such favoritism to his fellow Germans on the retreat that he almost provoked a mutiny within the ranks.

With the crisis past, Price and McCulloch immediately set to squabbling again. Price urged a follow-up advance, but McCulloch, acutely aware of supply shortages, demurred. In the coming days, their mutual antipathy deepened, and they ultimately went their separate ways, diffusing any strength they might have enjoyed through concentration. Newspapers of both sides claimed success at Wilson's Creek. "Never has a greater victory crowned the efforts of the friends of Liberty and Equal Rights," crowed the pro-Confederate *Liberty Tribune*. "The victory of the Union force was brilliant and overwhelming," retorted the Topeka, *Kansas State Record*.

Aside from the casualties, the immediate effect of Wilson's Creek was negligible. Both sides pulled back, and the strategic picture remained unchanged. But the larger results of Lyon's campaign through Missouri had far-reaching consequences. In two months' time, the scrappy New Englander had secured most of the state for Union arms, but the aggressiveness of his conquest left the countryside in a state of continual unrest. Bloody partisan confrontations would erupt in the coming months, and savage guerrilla fighting would persist throughout the war and beyond, giving birth to such experienced gunmen as Frank and Jesse James and their cousin and train-robbing henchman, Cole Younger. □

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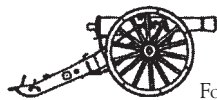


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**intelligence**

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governor of the Louisiana Territory, a post that would make him one of the most influential men in the United States. He found time to reconnect with Aaron Burr and set in motion the events that would culminate in the so-called Burr Conspiracy.

Prior to his involvement with Burr, Wilkinson was already up to his neck in nefarious schemes. In 1805, he used his authority to send Zebulon Pike on a military espionage mission up the Mississippi River. His orders were to explore the largely unmapped Mississippi region and purchase land for potential military posts from the Native Americans who inhabited that region.

Wilkinson may have had an ulterior motive for sending Pike on his journey. While there is no verifiable proof that Wilkinson and Burr were teaming up at this particular time, Wilkinson may have ordered Pike to proceed secretly into the heart of the Spanish Southwest to spy on garrisons in New Mexico and other locations as part of the Burr Conspiracy.

After Burr killed his political nemesis, Alexander Hamilton, in a duel on July 11, 1804, in Weehawken, New Jersey, Burr fled to the West to escape the murder charges leveled against him. Wilkinson and Burr heated up their plans to create a new nation west of the Alleghenies. It is unclear who was the real driving force behind the conspiracy, but with Wilkinson serving as governor of the Louisiana Territory, certainly no one was better qualified to chart the political and military landscape.

For conspiracy theorists, the smoking gun in the entire affair is a coded letter that was sent by Burr to Wilkinson on July 29, 1806. The letter was sent from Philadelphia and given to Wilkinson in Louisiana by Samuel Swartwout, a friend of Burr. The relevant parts of the Burr cipher read as follows: "Yours postmarked 13 May is received. I have obtained funds, and have actually commenced the enterprise. Detachments from different points under different pretences will rendezvous on the Ohio, 1st November—everything internal favors views—protection of England is secured. Truxton is gone to Jamaica to arrange with the admiral on that station, and will meet at the Mississippi-England-Navy of the United States are ready to join, and final orders are given to my friends and followers—it will be a host of choice spirits. Wilkinson shall be second to Burr only—Wilkinson shall dictate the rank and promotion of officers. Send a list of all persons known to Wilkinson west of the mountains,

who could be useful, with a note delineating their characters."

Burr's plan was to move rapidly from the falls on November 15, with the first 500 to 1,000 men, in light boats to arrive at Natchez between December 5 and 15, and meet up with Wilkinson to determine whether it would be expedient to seize on or bypass Baton Rouge.

By then, however, Wilkinson's political fortunes had taken a drastic turn for the worse. He was removed by President Jefferson from his post as governor of Louisiana Territory after familiar allegations that he had abused his power. Ever the opportunist, Wilkinson told the president about the Burr Conspiracy—failing to mention his own role in the plot.

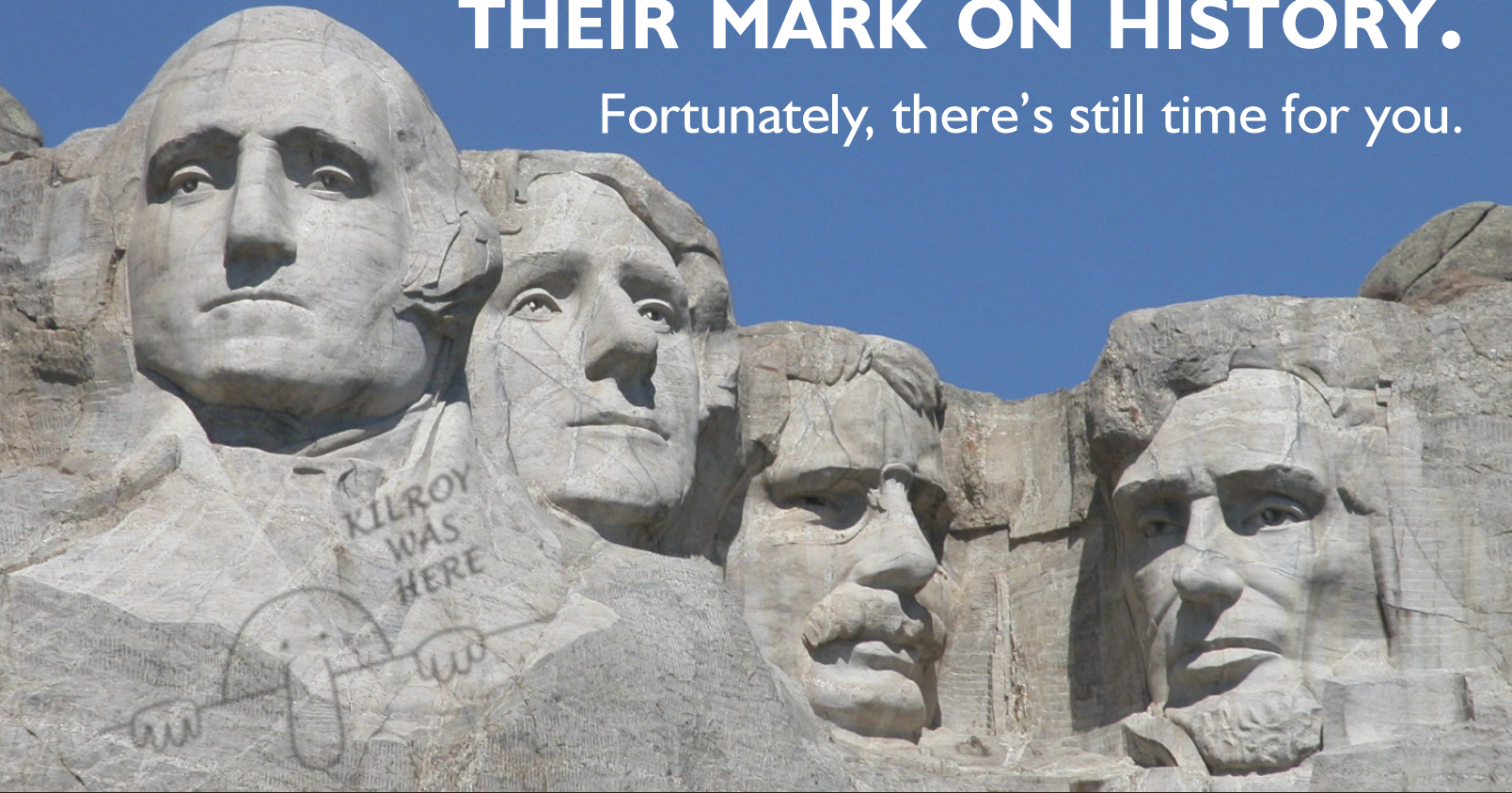
Burr went on trial for conspiracy and Wilkinson was one of the witnesses against him. The Burr trial was a heated affair, and despite the inflammatory testimony by Wilkinson and others, the jury found that there was no concrete evidence to convict Burr of treason. In the aftermath of the Burr trial, Wilkinson's reputation was badly damaged and his alleged actions regarding Burr came under intense congressional scrutiny. President James Madison ordered him court-martialed in 1811, but he was acquitted on Christmas Day of that year.

During the War of 1812, the experienced Wilkinson was commissioned a major general, despite his long association with Burr, and proceeded to occupy Mobile in Spanish West Florida. Reassigned to the St. Lawrence River sector, he led his troops in the disastrous Battle of Montreal. With his military reputation in ruins, Wilkinson left for Mexico City, where he hoped to receive a lucrative Texas land grant in recognition of his prior service to Spain. While there, he wrote *Memoirs of My Own Times*, a typically exculpatory and self-serving account of his various military, diplomatic, and financial misadventures. He died in Mexico on December 28, 1825.

It was not until 1854 that Wilkinson's true involvement with the Spanish government came to light with the publication by Louisiana historian Charles Gayarre of the correspondence between Wilkinson and Rodriguez Miro, his original Spanish case officer. Since then, historical judgments of Wilkinson have been harsh. Robert Leckie called him "a general who never won a battle or lost a court-martial," and Frederick Jackson Turner labeled him "the most consummate artist in treason that the nation ever possessed." George Rogers Clark took a somewhat more measured view, conceding that Wilkinson "had considerable military talent, but used it only for his own gain." It seems a fair assessment. □

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