# MILITARY HERITAGE

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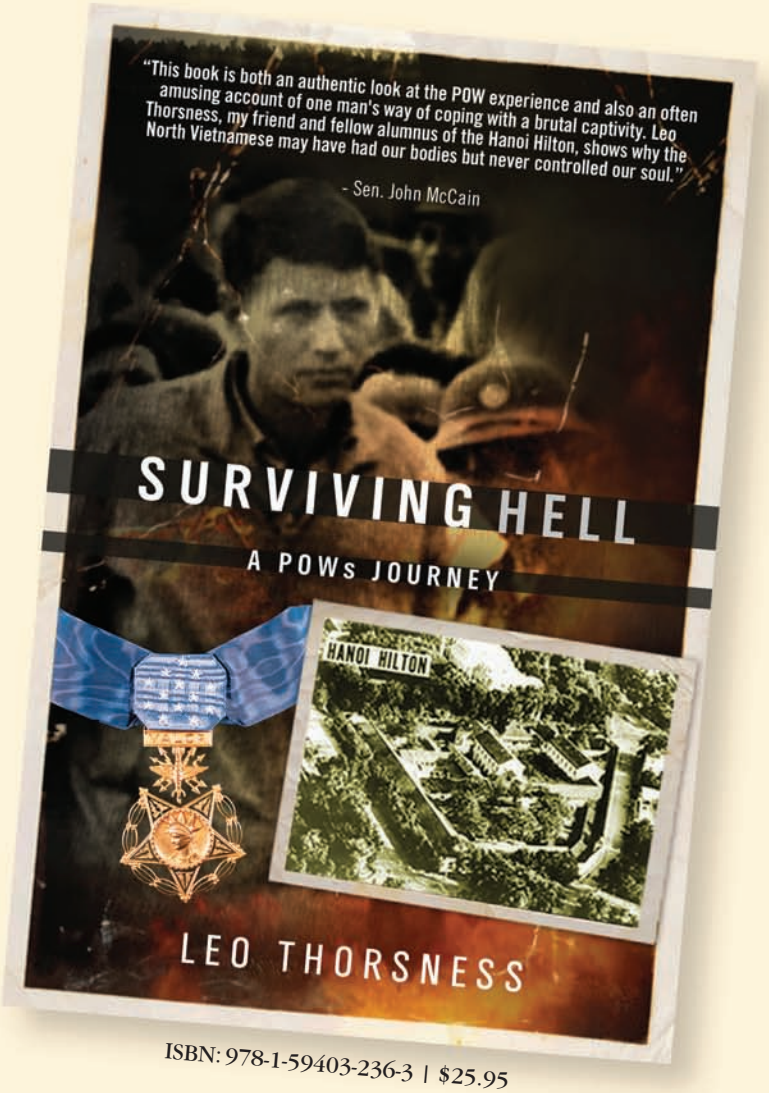


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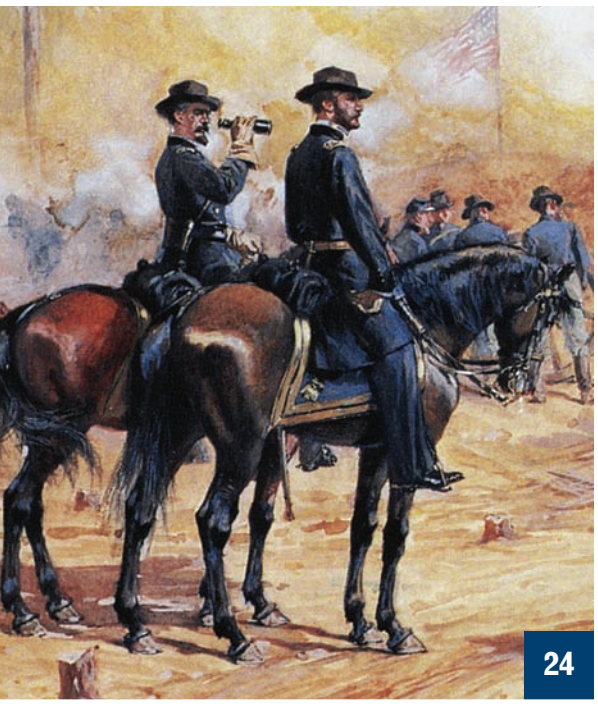


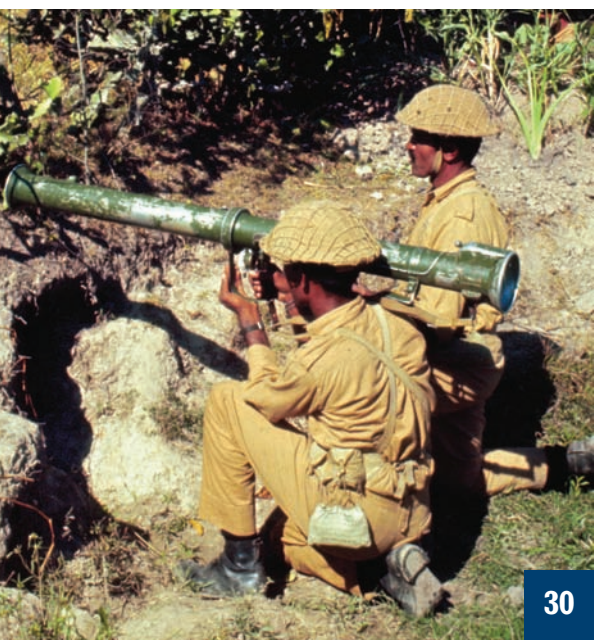


MILITARY HERITAGE

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# features



# columns




*COVER: Manfred von Richthofen's Band of Brothers pose for a photograph during "Bloody April" 1917. Photo courtesy of O'Brien Browne.*

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# Israel's Defensive Response to Gaza

## Was Israel using "disproportionate force?"

Having absorbed over 10,000 rockets aimed at its towns and cities and having issued innumerable warnings, Israel finally decided to defend its citizens. It bombarded Gaza by air and by sea and ultimately invaded it. The "world community" is concerned and enraged about Israel's having used "disproportionate force" in its response. Is that a valid complaint?

### What are the facts?

**Some History:** In order to understand what is happening, some historical review is in order. Israel captured Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza Strip in June 1967, in a defensive war against three Arab states. Since then, Israel signed peace treaties with Egypt and with Jordan. It has returned the vast Sinai to Egypt. Attempts at peace with Syria have been unsuccessful so far. Although there have been many attempts to make peace with the Palestinians, Israel's most immediate neighbors, that has until now proven to be elusive. There have been any number of "interim" agreements, but a final peace agreement covering all aspects and all demands has not yet been reached.

> "Before [peace can be attained] terrorist Hamas must be totally eliminated."

With the concurrence and support of the US and of Israel, the Palestinians installed a Palestinian Authority (PA) to represent and to govern them. In order to move the peace process forward, former Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon decided to unilaterally disengage from Gaza. It was a very difficult and wrenching decision because 9,000 Israeli citizens who had been living there for generations had to be evacuated. Twenty-one communities had to be dismantled. Since then, there is absolutely no Israeli presence – civil or military – in Gaza.

In June 2007, Hamas wrested control over the Gaza Strip from the PA in bloody fighting. Hamas, classified as a terror organization by the United States and by most civilized nations, is openly dedicated to the destruction of Israel and for "carrying the banner of Allah over every inch of Palestine." Immediately after seizing power, Hamas began to fire rockets into Israel. It is estimated that so far close to 10,000 rockets have been launched, 3,000 alone in 2008. Even one rocket would be considered an act of war by any country. Constant barrages of rockets on Israel by Hamas are obviously intolerable. If a neighboring country would fire rockets against our cities we would respond with massive force. And that is exactly what Israel is doing.

**Was Israel's Response Disproportionate?** Article 51 of the UN Charter is quite clear that any nation has the right to engage in self-defense against armed attack. The response has indeed to satisfy the principle of proportionality. But it is not correct to claim that Israel has violated that principle by killing more Hamas terrorists than the number of Israelis killed by Hamas rockets. There is no legal equivalence between the deliberate killing of civilians, which is what Hamas is doing by lobbing its rockets into Israeli cities without strategic significance, and the targeted killing of Hamas militants. The law is clear that any number of combatants can be killed to prevent the killing of even one innocent civilian.

In its air and ground operations against Gaza Israel went to unprecedented lengths to avoid killing civilians. In an area such as Gaza, one of the most densely populated areas in the world – and in view of Hamas's custom of locating its rocket launchers and other military installations in the middle of residential areas and even in mosques, using civilians as shields – that becomes particularly difficult. In what is certainly unique in the history of warfare, Israel, in its respect for human rights, dropped tens of thousands of leaflets over Gaza and placed telephone calls to warn residents of non-military installations to get out of the way of military action. The accusation that Israel is using "disproportionate force" is absurd.

**What were Israel's war aims?** The "world" most insistently demanded that an immediate cease fire be arranged. Remarkably, that same "world" did not utter a word or lift a finger when thousands of rockets fell on Israel. Israel cannot be expected to terminate its defensive action in Gaza until a comprehensive solution to the crisis can be reached. One can only surmise what Israel's war aims were, but in all likelihood, at the very minimum the following: • Full dismantling of all military power of Hamas, including destruction of stockpiles of rockets and other weapons. • Increased Egyptian supervision of the border crossings between Gaza and Egypt. • Return of kidnapped Israeli soldier Gilad Shalit.

Israel cannot possibly conclude a peace agreement with those who are sworn to destroy it and continue on that path. The PA, though still nursing impossible dreams of the division of Jerusalem and the "return" of the 1948 refugees, is amenable to diplomacy and can be dealt with. Final solutions have so far been unavailable, but there is indeed hope for ultimate success. The US government will wish to play a positive role in that. But before that, terrorist Hamas must be totally eliminated. That is the principle and the main goal of Israel's action against Gaza.

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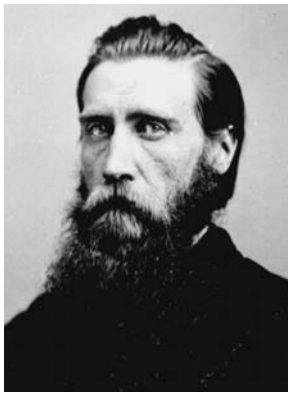
## John Bell Hood was wounded in both body and spirit when he took over command of the Confederate army at Atlanta. It was an omen of things to come.

WHEN CONFEDERATE GENERAL JOHN BELL HOOD assumed command of the embattled Army of Tennessee at Atlanta in mid-July 1864, he was already grievously wounded in both body and spirit. He had lost the use of his left arm at the Battle of Gettysburg, and two months later he lost his right leg at Chickamauga. But he was suffering at least as much from a wound that no one could see—a frustrating and ultimately heartbreaking love affair with South Carolina belle Sally Buchanan "Buck" Preston. It was a battle the ill-starred Hood was least equipped to fight.



The tall, handsome general from Kentucky had first met the beautiful young socialite in Richmond in the winter of 1862-1863, when she was in the Confederate capital visiting friends. At the age of 31, Hood was a dozen years older than Buck Preston chronologically, and even farther behind her in drawing-room polish and dance-floor flirtations. His first compliment to her was typical of his lack of romantic savoir faire. Miss Preston, he said, "stood on her feet like a thoroughbred." What the cultured young lady thought about being compared to a horse is anyone's guess.

Richmond doyenne Mary Boykin Chesnut, a longtime friend of the Preston family, observed Hood's courtship of Buck Preston from across the room, so to speak. She was well aware of Buck's capricious nature and its effect on impressionable young soldiers such as Hood. Buck, she said, had "a knack of being fallen in love with first sight, and of never being fallen out of love with" again. Certainly, she had that effect on Hood, who had barely gotten up on crutches before he was back at Buck's side. He had no way of knowing that Buck had already confided to Mrs. Chesnut: "I never cared particularly about [Hood]. I would not marry him if he had a thousand legs instead of having just lost one."

Hood persisted. Despite being turned down twice by Buck, the sad-eyed general kept after her, managing to win a somewhat shaky acceptance. "I am so proud, so grateful," he told Mary Chesnut. "The sun never shone on a happier man." The worldly Chesnut was not convinced. "So the tragedy has been played out," she recorded in famous diary. "I do not think even now that she is in earnest." It did not speak well of Buck's devotion that when Hood attended church with President Jefferson Davis before leaving for Atlanta, Buck did not look at him once during the entire service.

After his subsequent military debacles at Atlanta, Franklin and Nashville, Hood visited Buck one last time at her home in Columbia, South Carolina. The visit did not go well. Buck's parents, her sister and her new brother-in-law all opposed the marriage. Hood, in physical pain from his wounds and demoralized by the long string of defeats, gave up without a fight. He rode away, never to see Buck again.

Sadly, Hood never realized how close he had come to victory—in love, if not in war. "If he had been persistent," Buck told Mary Chesnut, "I was ready to leave all the world for him, to tie my clothes in a bundle and trudge after him to the ends of the earth. Does that sound like me? It was true that day."

In the end, the "Gallant Hood" had not been gallant enough. He lost both the war and the girl. Who can say which hurt more?

*Roy Morris Jr.*

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By Allyn Vannoy

## With typical German efficiency, homeland antiaircraft defenses were put into place to counter the Allies' massive bombing campaign over the Third Reich.

DURING THE ALLIED AIR CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE THIRD REICH IN World War II, well over a million tons of bombs were dropped on German territory, killing nearly 300,000 civilians and wounding another 780,000. While much of the focus remains on the air battles above Germany—the Anglo-American bombing offensive and the defeat of the Luftwaffe—the role of German flak units has generally been ignored, despite the employment of more than one million men and women who helped bring down more than half of all Allied aircraft.

As the effectiveness of the Luftwaffe's fighter defensive against Allied bombers failed, flak forces began to shoulder a greater portion of the load as the main element of home air defense. German antiaircraft concentrations around key targets grew dramatically. Prior to January 1944, fighters claimed the lion's share of downed U.S. bombers, but in June 1944, flak downed 201 Eighth Air Force heavy bombers while fighters claimed only 80.

Allied strategic bombing forced Germany to organize an extensive air defense system of both air and ground elements. The defense system included concrete towers over 100 feet high that allowed heavy antiaircraft guns to be sited above the surrounding buildings, the creation of camouflaged streets, and even false towns. A network of air warning, coordination, and direction centers detected Allied bombers and alerted thousands of antiaircraft gunners, searchlight units, and civilian defense authorities to the approaching waves of bombers.

Allied bombers had to penetrate belts of heavy antiaircraft guns spread across the Reich's frontier and along routes of approach to target areas. A target might be defended by anti-aircraft guns with barrage balloons overhead, an array of searchlights, and even smoke pots to obscure the area during daylight. Low-level raids had to run gauntlets of rapid-firing 20mm and 37mm guns.

After the start of the war, the Luftwaffe quickly realized the need for protecting Germany and occupied territories from the growing strength of Allied bombers. The result was an enormous expansion of the antiaircraft artillery organization. Total antiaircraft artillery personnel strength, including staffs and administration, grew to over one million, with hardware that included 9,000 heavy guns, 30,000 light guns, and 15,000 heavy searchlights.

The basic German air defense was called Flakartillerie, or flak, for short. It was part of the Luftwaffe, under control of the Air Ministry, the exception being Heeresflak—army antiaircraft. The chief of the Luftwaffe was responsible for the air defense of Germany and important areas of occupied countries. This responsibility was carried out through air territorial districts (Luftgrue) and special defense commands,

German artillerists man an antiaircraft position in North Africa in 1941. Soldiers and civilians would do the same back home in Germany.

Signal

which contained aviation assets, antiaircraft artillery with searchlights and barrage balloons, and necessary aircraft-warning service units. The flak command in an air district was divided into Flakgruppen, which in turn were divided into subgroups called Flakuntergruppen, that operated sector controls.

The sector controls were the operational headquarters for fire control and also acted as communication centers. Close liaison was maintained between the flak organizations and the warning service, and between flak and fighter-intercepter units. Operational units included battalions and regiments. Organization of the individual units was not uniform; the exact composition of the unit depended upon the role it was expected to play in the defense scheme. Regiments might consist entirely of searchlight units, gun units, or mixed gun and searchlight battalions.

A heavy flak battery was equipped with four to six heavy guns, usually 88mm, and two light 20mm guns for close-in protection of the battery. Light flak batteries were usually equipped with about a dozen 20mm or 37mm guns. Static guns were placed on permanent mounts or in fixed positions, often with living quarters for the crews. Calibers of static guns ranged from light 20mm to heavy 150mm guns. Light- and medium-caliber guns could be mounted on the tops of buildings and factories.

Guns in static roles were also emplaced in towers. In Berlin, there were three 100-foot-high concrete towers, each with a roof area of 250 square feet and equipped with four heavy antiaircraft guns. Mobile guns were mounted on railway cars, allowing positions to be altered at short notice. The Germans believed that air defenses needed to be flexible and that active defense should be closely coordinated with deception. Under this system, different positions were occupied by mobile units at different times, and antiaircraft defenses were changed frequently to meet changes in enemy air tactics and confuse Allied planners.

In well-defended areas, heavy guns were deployed on the outskirts with special attention to expected lines of approach. Light guns were concentrated at vulnerable points, such as factories and docks. They were occasionally emplaced on lines of approach, such as canals, rivers, or arterial roads. In an effort to counter strafing operations, light guns were used to ambush fight-bombers.

Several types of fire-control methods were employed for heavy antiaircraft guns. Because there were times when the target was not seen,

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**A long-barreled 88mm gun blasts away at Allied bombers during World War II. Antiaircraft defenses were highly organized and coordinated in the German homeland.**

or when for various reasons it was not practicable to rely on fire directed at only one aerial target, the Germans used several methods of fire control, including sighted and unsighted targets, predicted concentrations, and fixed barrages. Guns might fire individually, or in salvos of as many as 32 guns.

Fixed barrages were used early in the war. Controlled by a central operations room, the fire could be laid in almost any shape—screen, box, cylinder, or in depth. This type of barrage was usually thrown over a vulnerable target point or just outside a bomb release point, mostly at night or under conditions of bad visibility.

Light or medium antiaircraft guns were highly maneuverable and could engage a target almost immediately as it came within view and range. These guns relied on high rates and volumes of fire. For altitudes below 1,500 feet, they were exceedingly accurate. At very low levels, about 50 feet, accuracy was considerably reduced owing to the limited field of view, the restricted time of engagement, and the high angular velocity of the target in relation to the guns. Fire from light and medium guns was directed and corrected by observation of tracers. Guns were sometimes sited close to a heavy searchlight to obtain approximate target data.

The Germans used a large number of searchlights. Although the searchlights were not particularly successful in illuminating high-flying bombers, they were also used to produce dazzle or glare to blind and confuse hostile aircrews. The main searchlights used were 60cm- and 150cm-diameter parabolic glass reflectors. Dazzle and glare made locating targets difficult and lessened the accuracy of bombing, and keeping beams direct on an Allied plane helped defending fighters approach the plane unobserved.

A searchlight battalion included three or four heavy searchlight batteries. The batteries contained up to a dozen 150cm searchlights and a number of sound locators. Except for mass employment, initial directional data for heavy searchlights were usually obtained through the use of sound locators, while light searchlights relied on picking up targets by means of search patterns. Searchlights would be laid out in belts or in concentrations along likely lines of approach to important targets. A belt usually consisted of between 10 and 30 searchlights placed 1,000 to 2,000 yards apart.

Searchlight tactics varied depending on cloud conditions. On cloudy nights, if a hostile air-

craft broke through low-hanging clouds, a limited number of searchlights, in belt or other configuration, went into action. They attempted to follow the course of the aircraft along the base of the clouds in order to indicate its course to night fighters or to produce an illuminated cloud effect against which the aircraft might be silhouetted for the benefit of fighters or antiaircraft artillery.

On nights with considerable ground fog or industrial haze, searchlight beams were unable to penetrate the haze, and searchlights went into action at a low angle of elevation to diffuse a pool of light to make target location or landmark identification extremely difficult for Allied bombing crews. On clear nights, when in belts to aid fighter interception, the usual tactic was to illuminate the target by directing beams vertically too produce a wall of light against which enemy bombers would be visible to fighters attacking from the rear, or to compel the bombers, as they ran the gauntlet of lights, to fly so close that they became visible from the ground, thus enabling other lights to engage them.

Barrage balloons were used in several industrial areas and towns. The barrage balloons formed an irregular pattern of perpendicular steel cables in the vicinity of the target area and were intended to discourage hostile aircraft from entering the region and to force planes to fly at an altitude less favorable for precision bombing. Barrage balloons were usually organized in irregular belts about five-eighths of a mile wide and 1½ miles from the outer edge of the target area, with 200 to 800 yards between balloons. The balloons were flown at varying heights at different times, the exact height and number of balloons depending on the time of day and the weather. The average heights at which they were flown was about 6,000 to 8,000 feet, although there were reports of balloons as high as 11,000 to 12,000 feet. A smaller balloon designed to counter attacks below 4,500 feet was introduced late in the war. Balloons were coordinated with antiaircraft guns, any gaps in the balloons being covered by light and medium flak.

Aircraft warning was the responsibility of the Luftwaffe. Although part of the Air Signal Service, the Aircraft-warning Service was a separate organization created for the purpose of observation of German air space. The Aircraft-warning Service network was a web-like system of air guard stations and air guard headquarters. The stations were arranged at distances between 20 and 45 miles.

The function of the air guard stations was to report the number, type, height, flying direc-

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**Nazi troops prepare a heavy antiaircraft gun for action against the Allies in 1940.**

tion, and identity of any planes flying over the sector. These reports were channeled to a center where they were filtered and evaluated for dispersal to civil and military authorities. Both long- and short-range radio-location instruments were used for warning purposes. The long-range instruments were located at intervals along the European coast for early warning, with both long- and short-range sets scattered in a net throughout rear areas to supplement visual observation.

The ever-increasing German war effort required large numbers of antiaircraft personnel to be transferred to ground combat units. This transfer was made possible without appreciably weakening antiaircraft defenses through the use of railway antiaircraft artillery, which could be transferred rapidly from place to place for the temporary reinforcement of threatened areas, and by the introduction of Heimatflak, or home defense units, involving the replacement of antiaircraft artillery personnel with factory and office workers and 16- and 17-year-old boys.

German antiaircraft defenses were highly organized and coordinated with all means for air defense, including fighter aviation, antiaircraft artillery, warning services, and civil defense organizations. But given the less than stellar results of Allied bombing damage to German industry, the investment in men and material was questionable. Nevertheless, the overall result of Allied strategic bombing was strategically effective. It caused the Germans to devote nearly one-fourth of their war production to antiaircraft protection and forced them to employ massive assets to defend a wide area, while the attackers could select targets, attack weak points, and overwhelm the system when and where they chose. □

By Adrian Lowe

# Welsh adventurer Henry Lloyd lived a remarkably diverse life as a soldier, writer, diplomat, military theorist, and spy.

FEW MEN IN THE 18TH CENTURY LIVED A LIFE AS VARIED AND UNPREDICTABLE as that of Henry Lloyd. Writer, rebel, warrior, diplomat, military theorist, and spy, Lloyd was a quintessential maverick and soldier of fortune. His ever-restless spirit carried him from one end of Europe to the other in the service of a diverse collection of royal sponsors and good—and sometimes bad—causes.

Lloyd's origins were decidedly modest. He was born at a remote farmhouse at Cwmbychan, in the north Wales parish of Llanbedr, Merionethshire, sometime around 1720. Since parish registers only extend as far back as 1745, the exact date of his birth is not clear. His father John was an Anglican clergyman, and although Henry dreamed of a military career from a very young age, he lacked the money needed to purchase a commission in the British Army. Instead, as soon as he came of age, he was sent off to Oxford on the assumption he would one day follow in his father's footsteps. The sudden death of John Lloyd shattered these plans, however. When his widowed mother took a new husband, who turned out to be the tutor who had schooled him as a child, Henry abandoned Wales in protest.

However bitter Lloyd's split with his family, it had the positive effect of liberating him for a life of far-flung adventure. The young Welshman immediately headed for the Continent. In Berlin he enjoyed an ill-advised dalliance with a ballerina before the pressure of his high-flying lifestyle, and the creditors who subsidized it, pushed him south across the Alps. In Venice he found an unlikely ally in the Jesuits, the so-called foot soldiers of the Pope, who rescued him from his creditors and settled his debts. Why they did so is a mystery, but it cannot be a coincidence that they immediately sent young Lloyd to a college in Rome that catered to English expatriates. His intellectual potential was already apparent, and the Jesuits were famed both for their interest in education and for cultivating men who might prove useful allies in the future.

Lloyd fulfilled his end of the bargain by dedicating himself to study—at least for a time. His scholastic

The French Army confronts the Allies at the Battle of Fontenoy on May 11, 1745. The battle was Henry Lloyd's first taste of combat.

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**Lloyd served as an aide-de-camp in the Austrian Army at the Battle of Maxen in November 1759. He was promoted afterward.**

promise eventually led to his introduction to a Spanish ambassador, who found him sufficiently charming to merit a position in his household. This, in turn, took Lloyd to Barcelona with a recommendation to the Marquis La Mina, one of Spain's finest soldiers, who was then serving as governor of Catalonia. In the service of La Mina, Lloyd realized his lifelong ambition to become a soldier. Assigned to a corps of military engineers, he threw himself wholeheartedly into the study of tactics, artillery, and fortifications.

Despite the enthusiasm he showed for his new duties, Lloyd's sojourn in Barcelona did not last long. By 1744 he was in France, having attached himself to a monastery where he spent his days not in prayer, but in teaching geography and military engineering to Scottish and Irish officers serving in the French Army. Such Jacobite exiles, the sworn enemies of the Hanoverian dynasty that now reigned in London, were the by-product of the Glorious Revolution that had swept the Stuart dynasty from England half a century earlier.

Thus far, Lloyd's experience of war had been limited to the realm of textbooks and classrooms, but under the influence of his new Jacobite connection, this was about to change. He received his first taste of combat at the Battle of Fontenoy, on May 11, 1745, where the French Army, including a brigade of Jacobites, faced a mixed Anglo-Hanoverian, Dutch, and Austrian force commanded by the British Duke of Cumberland. Lloyd's insightful sketches of the countryside around Fontenoy attracted the notice of the French Army's chief engineer, who obtained permission from Marshal Maurice de Saxe for Lloyd to serve as a mounted draftsman, with the modest rank of sub-ensign.

After Fontenoy, Lloyd joined the nucleus of soldiers preparing to accompany Charles Stuart, the Young Pretender, to Scotland. Although Lloyd's role in the Jacobite Rising of 1745-1746 would be comparatively minor, it featured no lack of personal drama. Appointed third engineer and bearing the rank of captain with a commission from Bonnie Prince Charlie himself, Lloyd was aboard the man-of-war *Elizabeth* during the vessel's celebrated engagement with HMS *Lion* on July 9, 1745, and he sustained a severe wound to his right shoulder. *Elizabeth* eluded capture, but she was too badly damaged to proceed to Scotland, leaving Lloyd and several other officers temporarily stranded in France until alternative transport could be arranged.

Lloyd managed to make it to Scotland in time to see the Young Pretender reach Carlisle, but their paths diverged again. Lloyd was sent off alone, in the guise of a wandering cleric, to contact friends of the pretender in northern Wales, where a rising against the government was thought to be imminent. When the anticipated rising failed to materialize, Lloyd proceeded to the next phase of his mission: a secret survey of the harbor towns of Milford Haven, Bridgwater and Barnstaple; the approaches to the major naval base at Plymouth; and the entire Kentish coast from Dover to London. All this was undertaken with an eye to the invasion force massing in support of Charles on the other side of the English Channel.

The Young Pretender's defeat at the Battle of Culloden in April 1746 rendered Lloyd's surveying efforts futile, and although he proved adept at covering his tracks, his activities finally aroused the suspicion of the authorities. He was arrested in London, but he managed to conceal the full extent of his links to the Jacobites. Through the timely intervention of his aristocratic Scottish friend (and fellow Jacobite) John Drummond, Lloyd was soon released, allowing him to return to France and a new commission in the French Army. He went on to distinguish himself as an engineer in Saxe's brilliant 1747 campaign against the allied Dutch, British, and Austrian armies in the Netherlands. The skill with which Lloyd selected positions for the artillery and directed the excavation of trenches at the siege of Bergen op Zoom won him particular acclaim.

By 1754, with another continental war brewing and Paris abuzz with schemes to invade England, Lloyd was assigned by Marshal de Belleisle, the French minister of war and the chief advocate of a French strike across the Channel, to survey the British coast. Lloyd's subsequent report, which was distinctly pessimistic about the chances of any invasion succeeding, effectively put an end to such invasion planning.

Lloyd resumed his wandering life on the Continent, and the eruption of the Seven Years' War in 1756 proved a great boon to his ambitions. In late 1758, he obtained a commission as aide-de-camp to Franz Moritz von Lacy, chief of staff to Field Marshal Daun, who commanded the Austrian Army in Saxony. Following Daun's destruction of an entire Prussian corps of 15,000 men at the Battle of Maxen in November 1759, Lloyd was promoted to the rank of captain and given command of a company of light infantry. In early 1760, he took command of a mixed force of foot and horse that dogged the opposing Prussian Army in virtually all its movements. Lloyd's unflinching loyalty to Lacy and his inability to hold his tongue against Lacy's enemies within the army led him to a characteristically dramatic decision. He resigned his Austrian commission and abandoned the field, going over to Duke Charles of Brunswick, Frederick's most important German ally.

Lloyd witnessed the final campaigns of the Seven Years' War from the Anglo-Prussian side. His new commander was Ferdinand of Brunswick, Duke Charles's brother, who led allied armies against the forces of France and Austria in the Rhineland. Serving with Ferdinand inevitably put Lloyd in contact with influential British officers stationed in Germany, such as John Manners, the Marquess of Granby

and subsequently commander in chief of the British Army; and Henry Clinton, an equally fine soldier destined to earn fame as commander in chief of British North America in the Revolutionary War.

It took time for the value of these new contacts to become apparent, however. In the immediate aftermath of the Seven Years' War, Lloyd remained in Germany without a reliable income. Facing the specter of poverty, he sought employment from whatever army would have him. Lloyd's fortunes improved with his involvement in the negotiations that preceded the 1764 marriage of Charles's son and heir, Ferdinand, to Augusta, the sister of King George III of Britain. Tact never having been one of his strong points, Lloyd made an unlikely diplomat, but he rose to the occasion and served both courts well. In return, he was honored with a pension from Duke Charles and another from the British government. From then on, his loyalty to the House of Hanover was never in doubt.

By then, Lloyd had discovered a new passion. With the long years of war at least temporarily concluded, he set about composing books and pamphlets to communicate to a wider audience the lessons he had learned on the battlefield. His *Memoir on the Present State of Portugal,* completed in 1765, was addressed specifically to Count William von Schaumburg-Lippe, who had recently returned home to Germany after a period of spectacular service in the Portuguese Army, and from whom Lloyd undoubtedly hoped to win a recommendation for a job.

His next book, published in 1766 and drawing directly on his experiences fighting on both sides of the Seven Years' War, was *The History of the Late War in Germany*. From its first page, he could not resist the temptation to insult other military theorists. "Men of learning," he sniffed, were "utterly unacquainted with the nature of military operations." His criticisms of Frederick the Great ensured the book a wide circulation. During a period in which Frederick's military genius was hardly questioned, it came as a shock to many people, especially in Germany, when Lloyd condemned the Prussian for failing to launch a preemptive attack on enemies obviously gathering against him in 1755, for refusing to press quickly into Austrian Bohemia after overrunning Saxony in 1756, and for too often resorting to the same tired tactics in his battles even when it was obvious that his Russian and Austrian opponents were no longer surprised by them.

Having finally made his peace with the British government by the late 1760s, Lloyd was happy enough to put his talent for subterfuge at its disposal. He appeared in Lombardy in early 1768, just as the island of Corsica was on the verge of being transferred from Genoese to French control. Under the leadership of the wily and charismatic Pasquale Paoli, Corsica had been in open revolt against Genoa since 1755, but it was unlikely to avoid occupation by the French unless it received substantial aid from another major European state. Great Britain, the dominant naval power in the area, was not keen to see the French gain a base in the western Mediterranean and preferred to see Corsica remain beyond their reach. Insofar as the rebels were to be offered any official English support, it would be limited to money alone, distributed through ostensibly private channels. This was the mission on which Lloyd departed England in late 1767.

Fitzwilliam Museum, University of Cambridge, UK/The Bridgeman Art Library

**This 1773 painting by Nathaniel Hone is only known portrait of Henry Lloyd.**

Lloyd was careful not to reveal his official backing, and his erratic movements around northern Italy, which took him to Genoa, Livorno, Florence, Parmi, and Milan, were sufficient to confuse even close friends. When the fighting in Corsica heated up during the summer of 1768, his focus became clearer. It did not take Lloyd long to lose confidence in the conduct of the Corsican patriots, who, for all their spirit, could not hope to match the professional soldiery of France in a conventional battle. He concluded that the Corsicans' only hope lay in embracing the very style of warfare he had urged on Schaumburg-Lippe and the Portuguese a few years earlier: a war of small, fast-moving detachments and brief, well-coordinated encounters, relying heavily on surprise to cripple the invader by denying him resupply.

Desiring a closer look at the situation, Lloyd adopted an alias and boarded a Danish merchant vessel headed for Corsica. For once, his luck deserted him. He was picked up at sea by the French, who sent him back to Tuscany. Stymied in his effort to observe the Corsicans directly, Lloyd raised several thousand pounds for Paoli's cause from resident Englishmen in Tuscany. He remained in northwestern Italy through the following spring, maintaining a discreet watch on events, until he was recalled to London for consultations with Lord Granby in March 1769. Lloyd returned to Italy later that year, but could do nothing to save Corsica from its fate. The patriots were crushed at the Battle of Ponte-Nuovo in May 1769.

Lloyd returned to writing, publishing his cautionary *Essay on the English Constitution* in 1770. Yet the warrior-adventurer strain in his character could not be suppressed indefinitely. In 1772, he secured an audience with Catherine the Great of Russia, a sovereign well known for her willingness to employ foreign-born officers. He was soon taken into her service with the rank of major general and played an active part in the Russian Army's push south across the Danube. At the Battle of Silistra, his division bottled up the fortress and repulsed a series of furious Turkish counterattacks.

The campaign took a severe toll on Lloyd's body, and he contracted an illness sufficiently serious to keep him laid up in Warsaw for the rest of 1774. In the meantime, Catherine was already planning her next war, with Swedish King Gustavus III as the intended target. It is a measure of Lloyd's stature that the empress was ready to entrust him with command of the 30,000-strong army as soon as hostilities should commence. After the war was postponed, Lloyd's role in Catherine'ís service became progressively more precarious. Convinced that his days of prosperity in Russia were numbered, Lloyd returned to London.

After the death of his wife Mary in 1778, he relocated to the Continent, taking a modest house at Huy, Belgium. By then, Great Britain's fight with its rebellious American colonies had escalated into a wider war involving France, and Lloyd visited Gibraltar just before the beginning of the Franco-Spanish siege in 1779. He had chanced to meet George Elliott, the governor of Gibraltar, during the Seven Years' War, and he treated Elliott to a full measure of advice on how to strengthen the Rock's defenses. Outnumbered almost two-to-one by a Franco-Spanish armada of 66 battleships, the Royal Navy's Channel Fleet spent the summer in retreat, withdrawing farther and farther eastward up the English Channel. Meanwhile, on shore, there were no more than 60,000 soldiers to guard the entire island. Of these, at least half were ill-equipped and poorly trained militiamen who had virtually no combat experience.

Lloyd could not resist the lure of crisis. He

reported to Charles Jenkinson, the secretary of war in Lord North's government, who was sufficiently impressed to brief his colleagues and King George on Lloyd's advice. Lloyd advocated an alliance with his old employer, Catherine the Great, whose support might provide Great Britain with a new and sorely needed reservoir of foreign mercenaries. Lloyd also sent a paper to the British commander in chief, Lord Amherst, containing a frank assessment of the state of the coastal defenses in the west of England. Traveling in secret, he had visited a number of places, including the great naval arsenals of Portsmouth and Plymouth, which he deemed likely targets of a French attack.

By September, the immediate invasion crisis had passed. The enemy fleet, crippled by disease, withdrew to its bases without a fight. But the aftertaste of panic lingered in southern England, and Lloyd's desire to communicate what he had learned from his survey of the coast remained strong. The result was *A Rhapsody on the Present System of French Politics, on the Projected Invasion, and the Means to Defeat It,* arguably the most famous of all his books. Imbued with the spirit of unblinking honesty that was the hallmark of Lloyd's writing, the work was a meticulously detailed and frequently critical assessment of the fortifications and garrisons that could expect to take the brunt of any French landing. After submitting an advance copy to Lord Amherst, Lloyd agreed not to publish it in return for a lump payment of 500 pounds. A few copies survived, however, and made their way into the marketplace, to great acclaim in England and other countries.

In the aftermath of the aborted publication of *Rhapsody*, Lloyd returned to the Continent. He spent the balance of his life at Huy, occupied with literary endeavors. His last book, a continuation of his history of the Seven Years' War in Germany, was published in 1781. Still, he never gave up hope of receiving one more call to arms. In late 1780, Lloyd nearly won command of the American Loyalists serving in the army of his old friend (and now lieutenant general) Clinton, but Lord Amherst, perhaps still smarting from earlier criticisms, vetoed the idea.

Lloyd died on June 9, 1783, having served many different causes and many different rulers. He had journeyed far from an obscure village in northern Wales to the halls of power in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Russia. He almost made it to America, where his talents might have been put to good use by the occupying British Army and its minions. But that was one journey he never made—probably much to the benefit of the American Founding Fathers. □

By John W. Osborn, Jr.

# Joseph Stalin purged his officer corps of thousands of talented leaders before the start of World War II. It almost cost Russia the war.

OFFICER CORPS EXPECT TO SUFFER HEAVY LOSSES IN WAR. THE entire 1914 class of France's St. Cyr military academy, for example, perished in World War I. But no officer corps ever suffered the degree of loss that the Red Army suffered in peacetime, at the hands of its own government, during dictator Joseph Stalin's paranoid purge of 1937-1938.

The Russian Army suffered heavy losses in Finland as a direct result of Joseph Stalin's paranoid purge of experienced officers.

The first hint of the slaughter to come emerged at a conference of the Communist Party in March 1937, just as Stalin's Great Purge was reaching its heights of terror. The craven, incompetent commissar for war, Marshal Kliment Voroshilov, told those assembled: "Happily, we have not as yet discovered many enemies in the army. I can say happily in the hope that there are not very many enemies in the Red Army." But Stalin's ranking lackey, Premier Vyacheslav Molotov, immediately contradicted Voroshilov. "If we have wreckers in every branch of the economy, can we imagine that in one place alone, the War Department, there are none?" said Molotov ominously. "It would be absurd to do so. The War Department is a very large affair, and its work will be checked not now but a little later. And it will be examined very rigorously."

The Art Archive/Alfredo Dagli Orti

In a climate where stamp collectors could be shot for valuing old foreign stamps over new Soviet ones featuring Stalin's portrait and astronomers could be executed for taking an ideologically incorrect position on sunspots, not even the Red Army was above suspicion. To begin with, it had been founded, organized, and largely officered by Stalin's despised, defeated rival Leon Trotsky, and it remained under tenuous party control. Most suspicious of all was its long association with the German Army, going back to secret training in the 1920s and ongoing visits by Red Army officers to Nazi Germany.

Much of Stalin's paranoid fixation about the Red Army was focused on its head, Marshal Mikhail Tukhachevsky. As brutal as Stalin in

Library of Congress

**ABOVE: Joseph Stalin and General Kliment Voroshilov at the Russian embassy in Teheran in December 1943. Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov is at rear.**

quelling opposition, using poison gas on revolting peasants, and executing reform-seeking sailors, Tukhachevsky was a brilliant advocate of armored warfare. But it was his very emphasis on military professionalism that struck at the principle of party loyalty—which meant, essentially, loyalty to Stalin. Added to Tukhachevsky's problems was the personal animosity of Marshal Semyon Budenny, one of Stalin's closest military cronies.

The rigorous examination of the army that Molotov had threatened actually had started seven months earlier with the arrest of a divisional commander in Kiev, Dmitri Shmidt. A supporter of Trotsky, Shmidt once had threatened to lop off Stalin's ears with his sword. In what would become standard treatment at the hands of the NKVD, Shmidt confessed to plotting to assassinate Voroshilov, then received what became the standard consequence for such apostasy—a bullet to the back of the head. A corps commander close to Tukhachevky was arrested next, confessed in turn to plotting with Trotsky, and was shot as well.

In Nazi Germany, Heinrich Himmler and Reinhard Heydrich forged documents showing Tukhachevsky and other generals were plotting with them against Stalin, and had them passed to Stalin through the president of Czechoslovakia. (Although Himmler and Heydrich would take credit for the bloodbath that followed, Stalin had already determined his murderous course of action and apparently made no use of the forgeries.) Stalin struck without warning. On May Day, Tukhachevsky found his way to his usual parade spot atop Lenin's Tomb blocked by security guards, and 10 days later, without explanation, he was demoted to the command of the Volga Military District. Stalin assured Tukhachevsky that he would soon be back in Moscow, and he was—arrested on arrival and thrown into the dreaded Lubyanka Prison with Marshal Ion Yakir and six other generals.

It took just two days for Tukhachevsky to sign a confession to being a Nazi spy. When his interrogation record was uncovered decades later after the fall of communism, the pages were splattered with blood—chilling evidence of the kind of force used to break the physically imposing Tukhachevsky. One of the generals, resigned to his fate, simply signed anything put before him to enjoy a comfortable cell, tea, and cigarettes for his last few days.

At an emergency meeting of Red Army generals to explain the arrests, Stalin charged: "These men are puppets in the hand of the German Army. The German Army wants the government here to be overthrown and they undertook to accomplish that but didn't succeed. The German Army wanted the army to be disrupted so that it would not be ready to defend the country."

Voroshilov now changed his tune from three months before, saying: "I am greatly to blame. I did not detect these base traitors." But he was quick to spread the blame. "I cannot point to a single warning signal from you," he said, adding, "I never trusted Tukhachevsky." He

went on to warn the generals: "We have not purged everyone yet. I personally don't doubt that there are people who thought they were only talking, that's all. They chattered: 'It would be a good thing to kill Stalin and Voroshilov.' Our government will extinguish such people."

From his cell, Marshal Yakir wrote Stalin a pitiful plea for mercy. "My entire conscious life has been spent working selflessly and honestly in full view of the Party and its leaders," he professed. "Every word I say is honest, and I shall die with words of love for you, the Party, and the country with boundless faith in the victory of Communism." Stalin wrote on the appeal: "Swine and prostitute." Vorsohilov chimed in: "A perfectly precise definition." Stalin's political toadies followed suit. "Entire agreement with Stalin," penned Molotov; Lazar Kaganovich, Yakir's erstwhile best friend, went furthest of all. "For a bastard, scum, and whore, there is only one punishment," he said, "the death penalty."

That outcome was foreordained when Tukhachevsky, Yakir, and the others went into court for a secret trial on June 11, 1937. "When I saw those scoundrels in the courtroom, I was shivering. A beast was in me. I didn't want to judge them, but beat and beat them in a wild frenzy," said one of the judges, General Ivan Belov. "I feel I'm dreaming," said Tukhachevsky. The 18-hour marathon proceeding consisted solely of reading the defendants' "confessions" and listening to abuse from the judges. All the defendants were sentenced to death and shot, one by one, within an hour by the Lubyanka's feared senior executioner, Vasili Blokhin. (A few years later, Blokhin would organize and help to carry out the infamous Katyn massacre of Polish officers.)

"The snake said he was dedicated to the Motherland and Comrade Stalin," NKVD chief Nikoli Yezhov reported about Tukhachevsky's last words. He was fortunate not to live to see what such devotion was worth. Stalin had the general's wife and two brothers shot, and his mother, daughter, and sisters shipped to a gulag. Yakir's last words were also to no avail. Stalin had his wife, brother, sister-in-law, and nephew killed.

One of the judges, General Belov, told writer Ilya Ehrenburg: "Tomorrow I shall be put in the same place." He was right: within the next 18 months, he and five other of the eight judges were executed. There was almost another. The NKVD came for Budenny, but he held them off at pistol point while calling Stalin to get the order canceled. The police left with his wife, instead.

The Soviet Union's remaining marshal, Vasilli Blyukher, was beaten to death after refusing to confess; his widow said he looked like a tank had run over him. In two years' time, 36,671 Red Army officers were executed, shipped to the gulag, or dismissed from service. Those who were killed were probably luckier than those who were imprisoned. One general who survived internment recalled seeing other officers in his camp "on all fours, howling and rooting about, they had become semi-idiots whom no amount of beating could drive from the refuse heaps."

The scale of the purge was staggering: 13 of 15 army commanders, 50 of 57 corps commanders, 154 of 186 divisional commanders, 220 of 406 brigade commanders, all 11 vice-commanders of defense, 98 of 108 members of the Supreme Military Soviets, all army political commissars, 25 of 28 corps commissars, 58 of 64 divisional commissars. Even the lower ranks were not spared: almost half the colonels and 7,403 captains fell victim to the purge. "This is worse than when artillery fires on its own troops," commented General Konstantin Rokossovsky. More Soviet generals and colonels were killed by Stalin than were to fall in World War II.

The purge produced appropriately macabre scenes. An officer back from secret service in Spain's civil war phoned friend after friend at their homes, only to find strangers now answering their phones. A general dropped dead of a heart attack upon hearing the dreaded predawn knock on his door—it turned out to have been a harmless messenger.

"With each arrest it became more difficult to believe in the disloyalty, the sabotage, the treachery of these men," said General Alexander Gorbatov. When he protested the arrest of his superior, he was inevitably jailed himself. Other officers he met in jail advised him to confess to anything about anyone "because they believed it was better to stand on their false testimony in order to put an end as quickly as possible to the torment and to die as quickly as possible." But Gorbatov was an exception and, surprisingly, was not shot for his defiance, but merely sent to a Siberian labor camp.

Another defiant general was Konstantin Rokossovsky. After having eight teeth knocked out and three ribs broken, he was hauled before the Supreme Military Court and told that another officer, named Yushkevich, had confessed to spying with him for Germany. Instead of submissively agreeing with the accusation and taking a bullet, Rokossovsky shouted back, "Can the dead give evidence?" "What do you mean the dead?" the surprised judge asked. Rokossovsky replied, "Well, Adolf Kazimirovich Yushkevich was killed in 1920 at

Perekop." When records bore him out, Rokossovsky became perhaps the only defendant ever acquitted in the purge, although he was still sent to one of the most dreaded gulag camps in Siberia, Vorkuta.

The effects of the purge could be seen in the disastrous winter war with Finland in 1939-1940. As described by future Soviet premier Nikita Khrushchev: "Stalin was furious with the military and with Voroshilov—justifiably in my opinion. Stalin jumped up in a rage and started to berate Voroshilov. Voroshilov was also boiling mad. He leaped up, turned red, and hurled Stalin's accusations back in his face: 'You have yourself to blame for all this! You're the one who had our best generals killed!' Voroshilov then picked up a platter of roast suckling pig and hurled it against the table." Although dismissed as commissar for defense, Voroshilov amazingly was not shot for his actions. He survived Stalin to serve as the Soviet Union's ceremonial president, living until 1970.

Because of the Finnish fiasco, Stalin rehabilitated and restored 13,000 officers.

The Granger Collection, New York

**A terrified prisoner appears before a people's tribunal during the Stalinist purge of alleged Trotskyites in 1935.**

Rokossovsky was sent to a seaside resort to recuperate and equipped with twin rows of metal teeth. Always one to enjoy toying with his victims, Stalin faked surprise upon seeing Rokossovsky. "I don't seem to have seen you around for some time," said the dictator. "Where did you go?" "I was arrested, Comrade Stalin," Rokossovsky responded. "I was sitting in prison." Stalin laughed. "A fine time you chose to go to prison!"

Rokossovsky went on to be the greatest Soviet commander of World War II after Grigori Zhukov, helping to win the battles of Stalingrad and Kursk and conquering Berlin. Another hero of the war to come, Marshal Ivan Konev, would argue: "Of the commanders destroyed—Tukhachevsky, Yeogorov, Yakir, Kork, Uborevich, Blyuker, Dybenko—only Tukhachevsky and Uborevich can be regarded as modern military leaders. Most of them were on the level with Voroshilov and Budenny. Those heroes of the Civil War were living on their past. If they had remained at the top the war would have turned out quite differently." Konev might have thought differently had he known that when he was defeated early in the war, Stalin wanted him shot but was talked out of it by Zhukov.

Until his death in 1968, Rokossovsky never spoke of his ordeal in the purge. Once, however, while a marshal of the Soviet Union, he was crossing Siberian airspace and had his plane fly over the site of his old camp. As he looked down, the former prisoner muttered a brief epitaph for his fellow victims: "No traces left." □

By Albert Mroz

# Private collector Jacques Littlefield has amassed what may be the world's largest collection of tanks, half-tracks, and other treaded vehicles.

WHAT MAY BE THE WORLD'S LARGEST COLLECTION OF tanks and half-tracks, as well as other treaded vehicles and related artifacts, is not in the hands of any government branch or army office. Instead, it is owned by a private American citizen, Jacques Littlefield of Portola Valley, California.

As an economics student in the early 1970s at Stanford University, Littlefield followed his engineering interests and built three radio-controlled model tanks while working on his MBA degree. The models consisted of a 1/8-scale M48A3 tank, a 1/5-scale T34/85 Soviet tank, and a 1/4-scale M60A1 battle tank. A stint with Hewlett-Packard as a manufacturing engineer saw him successfully test his accomplishments in mechanical design with, among other things, his miniature tanks.

Littlefield remained interested in military vehicles, and fortunately for him, he had the means to pursue his hobby of vehicle restoration. His first restoration was an M3A1 armored scout car built by White manufacturers during World War II, for which Littlefield paid $3,500 and spent more on the authentic restoration. It is still in his collection of over 200 vehicles, most of them armored and on tracks. "I'm interested in all mechanical things, how they work, how they run," Littlefield says. "The fact that they're weapons is almost beside the point. The fact that I can help preserve military vehicles that have played important parts in world history from being scrapped or allowed to rust away in some field adds to the enjoyment I receive from the hobby."

BELOW: A 1942-vintage M5A1 Stuart tank was one of the first vehicles acquired for Jacques Littlefield's private collection. RIGHT: A 1975 Israeli APC (armored personnel carrier).

All photos: Albert Mroz

His father, Edmund Littlefield, was in the civil engineering field, primarily as an owner of the Utah International Mining Construction Company, which built the Hoover Dam and the San Francisco Bay Bridge, among other megascale projects. The elder Littlefield later sold the company to General Electric. This left the family with some serious hobby money. Since that time, Jacques Littlefield has collected wholeheartedly, storing and displaying various personnel carriers, half-tracks, self-propelled guns, tanks, trucks, and artillery pieces on his 475-acre property, Pony Tracks Ranch, which once

was owned by long-time San Francisco mayor "Sunny Jim" Rolph.

Through the years, Littlefield's collection has grown tremendously. Although the total number of military vehicles he owns is close to 230, the exact number depends on how they are counted. Some vehicles have yet to be brought in from overseas or are used merely for parts. About 200 are in restored or operational condition. The unrestored vehicles have signs of wear on them from the real world, but their patina is that much more fascinating to any historian or military aficionado.

At Littlefield's ranch, the sun is out most days on the hilltop in Portola Valley. A half dozen mechanics are employed by the museum, and they are kept constantly busy restoring rare vehicles brought in by big rigs from all over the United States. In 1983, when the first two tanks, purchased from the Portuguese Army, arrived for possible restoration (an M5A1 Stuart and an M4A1 Sherman), a restoration shop of some 10,000 square feet was built at Pony Tracks. The shop included a 15-ton crane to remove tank turrets. By 1988, Littlefield owned five large military vehicles. He also collected muscle cars and fire trucks.

One of the trickiest aspects of Littlefield's collecting hobby involves hauling heavy tanks up a narrow, winding mountain road and successfully negotiating the steep driveway leading to his property's private gate. Three years ago, a big rig driver got lost in the dark and became stuck in one of the neighbors' driveways with a 57-ton tracked recovery vehicle on its lowboy trailer. "Who would drive a truck like that up here at night?" asks Littlefield. "I had to loan my neighbors a car until the driveway was clear. You have to be a good neighbor when you get involved in something like this." Some neighbors still hold their breath at Fourth of July celebrations when Jacques crushes an old passenger car with one of his tanks.

Many of the tanks, bought from collectors in America or from foreign armies' surpluses, are inexpensive, as little as $2,500. It is the shipping, insurance, and restoration that can get expensive. "I got my money the hard way; I inherited it," jokes Littlefield, who in recent years has founded the Military Vehicle Technology Foundation to help keep track of his hobby.

In many instances, vehicles are imported from overseas, although that number has drastically been reduced on account of new restrictions imposed by the U.S. government. Fearing the growth of militias and terrorist groups

**ABOVE: A 1941 M4A1 Sherman tank. BELOW: A Scud A missile and carrier, circa 1980.**

around the country, recent administrations have made it nearly impossible for private collectors to obtain an import permit for military hardware. By contrast, after the 1991 agreement by the Warsaw Pact and NATO to reduce their arsenals, armored tracked vehicles were much easier to obtain and to import when entire fleets were ordered scrapped as surplus.

Government officials are often professional worriers, however, and the Department of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Explosives (ATF) recently confiscated a Scud-B missile it deemed too close to original condition, although it was a training dummy that could not be launched. The museum does contain one very rare 1955 Soviet Scud-A missile and its tracked carrier. For safety's sake, it has had its fuel tank, launch rocket motor, and guidance system removed so that it can never be used as an explosive weapon. Once the rocket motor and guidance system are removed from the other missile, Littlefield hopes the Scud-B will be returned to his museum in Portola Valley.

Government restrictions on acquiring large weapons, even if decommissioned, are no less frustrating than taking one's shoes off at the airport metal detector. All of the weapons at Littlefield's museum have been de-milled, de-weaponized, demilitarized, or otherwise rendered inert to assure public safety. There is no live ammunition, although 37mm dummy shells are employed to show how they are loaded into the tank guns and field artillery. For

thoroughly authentic restoration details, artists have been hired to paint the correct insignia, decals, numbers, and emblems on the vehicles after they are sprayed in their respective green or khaki camouflage colors.

The museum contains two vehicles from World War I—a 1917 Renault tank built in the United States and a 1918 Citroen half-track from France. Many of the tanks are from the World War II era, the Korean War, Vietnam, Yom Kippur, Desert Storm, and even as recent as the Bosnian War. The largest artillery piece is an M1975 (SO-203) Russian self-propelled unit equipped with a 203mm cannon that had a 23-mile shelling range. The weapon was used by the Czech Army.

The largest tank in the collection is an English Conqueror tank from 1956. It was developed by the British after World War II, when bigger was considered better. The tank carries a 120mm gun whose design was based on the American 120mm (4.72-inch) tank gun. It was an all-welded design using a Horstmann eight-wheel array suspension system and an 810hp Rover Meteor M-120 Mk1A V-12 gasoline engine. The tank's armor was upped to 200mm (7.12-inch). It was built by the Royal Ordnance Factory in Leeds, England. Even with this heft, it had a range of about 90 miles.

**TOP: Model No. 1944 Supermack truck. BELOW: 1941 Willys jeep.**

The Conqueror tank is 13 feet high and 38 feet long, and is capable of 21 mph. Due to the fact that it weighs 74 tons (65 tons in its lightest guise), as well as its overall size, it required special transporters and bridges. It was the largest tank ever built, but it was deemed impractical. For starters, it was not easily maneuverable and was unreliable, with electrical problems plaguing it from the beginning of its seven-year career. One of the biggest problems was the empty case extraction system. Once removed from the breech, the spent shell would fall onto a hoist, which in turn would raise it up to a chute and an automatic door on the side of the turret. This overly complicated system broke down on every conceivable occasion, according to officers of the Royal Tank Regiment.

Littlefield's museum has both surviving models of the tank. One was cannibalized to create a fully functioning vehicle out of the other. The challenge of making the giant tank operational was as daunting as any engineering firm might have encountered. It should be noted that three-fourths of the vehicles at the museum are in running condition, which is no easy feat for even the best maintenance shops, whether they are military or privately operated.

Visitors are treated to detailed exhibits in which tanks, trucks, half-tracks, and personnel carriers contain samples of food rations, gas masks, inert ammunition, helmets, rifles, and other equipment that would usually be found in the vehicles if they were being used by their respective military units. One section of the

ever-growing museum contains an exhibit of enormous tank and half-track engines. There is also a display of cannon shells and other weapon replicas such as the RPG used in the Middle East during the Iraq and Afghanistan wars, which is still commonly in use today.

Some acquisitions came from the nearby Silicon Valley testing grounds at FMC, where the Bradley vehicle was built and tested. The FMC Mobility Technology Test Bed (MTTB) was tested in Santa Clara at 70 mph just a few years ago. "I don't want to be doing what everyone else is doing," said Littlefield. "I plan to expand the museum for a long time." His Pony Tracks Ranch also has a miniature railroad as well as a two-story pipe organ in its own building, which is used by Stanford University students for recitals. The collection can be seen by appointment only, and the two-hour guided tour gives only a glimpse of all there is to see on Littlefield's property. Tours are booked many months in advance.

A glimpse into how Littlefield acquires his tanks can be illustrated by a fairly recent transaction he conducted with a vehicle dealer named Robert Fleming, who knew of 15 tanks available through the Ministry of Defense in Bosnia, including sought-after M18 Hellcats that were being sold by NATO near Srebrenica. Littlefield bought 10 of the vehicles and had them trucked through Serbia, Bosnia, and Croatia to the port of Ploce, where the vehicles were loaded onto a ship bound for Liverpool. From there, they were floated through the Panama Canal around to California. Another new restoration project involves a rare German Panzer tank dating from 1944, which was found recently after it had sat in a Polish bog for years.

**1990s-era FMC Mobile Technology Test Bed.**

"My three kids aren't so interested in this," Littlefield recently told the *San Jose Mercury News*. He said he expected that one day the collection would end up at a military museum such as the U.S. Army's General George S. Patton Museum at Fort Knox, Kentucky. "There may not be much appreciation now," he concludes, "but hopefully after I'm gone people will look back and say, 'Thank God he saved these historical vehicles instead of letting them rust away and disappear forever.'" □

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Jacques Littlefield passed away on January 7, 2009, after a 10-year battle with cancer. He was 59 years old.*

# STAND-UP FIGHT *at* PEACHTREE

# CREEK

Newly installed Confederate commander John Bell Hood intended to save Atlanta with a bold frontal assault against a much larger Union force. It was a recipe for disaster.

BY ARNOLD BLUMBERG

The Granger Collection, New York

DURING THE EARLY AFTERNOON OF JULY 9, 1864, THE 103RD OHIO Volunteer Infantry Regiment of Maj. Gen. John M. Schofield's Army of the Ohio crossed a 300-yard stretch of shallow water on the Chattahoochee River in north-central Georgia. Confederate opposition to the passage consisted of a few dozen state militiamen supported by one outdated 6-pounder cannon. By nightfall, Federal troops had brushed aside the feeble enemy opposition, and the 12th Kentucky Volunteer Infantry Regiment had secured the beachhead the 103rd Ohio had established earlier in the day. With one audacious move, the Confederate position on the formidable Chattahoochee had been fatally compromised. The Federals found themselves only 12 miles from the center of Atlanta, the main objective of the campaign, with no major obstacles left in their path.

Learning that the enemy had outflanked him and had crossed to the south bank of the Chattahoochee, General Joseph E. Johnston, commander of the Confederate Army of Tennessee, ordered a retreat to the outer fortifications of Atlanta. This latest retrograde movement was the most recent, but scarcely the first, for the southern army since Federal forces under Maj. Gen. William T. Sherman had initiated the Atlanta campaign in early May. The relentless advance of Sherman's blue host had started in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and had carried them 100 miles to the outskirts of Atlanta. Along the way, the Federal juggernaut had clashed with Confederate forces at Resaca, Cassville, New Hope Church, Marietta, and Kennesaw Mountain. The result was always the same: Union turning movements, made possible by superior numbers and maneuverability, forced the graycoats to withdraw from one successive line to the next.

The fortifications surrounding Atlanta, begun the previous year under the supervision of chief engineer Captain Lemuel P. Grant, featured five large redoubts on the high ground around the city, all connected by a line of rifle pits. To create a good field of fire for the artillery, woods up to 1,000 yards in front of the batteries had been cut down. By the time of its completion, the defensive perimeter surrounding the city was 10 miles long and contained 19 gun positions holding 77 artillery pieces. The Confederate defenses also featured rows of sharp wooden palisades planted along the foot of the exterior slope of the infantry parapets at a height of 12 to 14 feet. A small force of determined defenders could easily hold off large numbers of attackers.

After retiring from the line of the Chattahoochee, Johnston placed his men in hastily dug works on high ground one mile south of Peachtree Creek, a main tributary of the river. The summer rains had filled the 40-foot-wide watercourse with about three feet of water, which in conjunction with its rock-strewn bottom made passage difficult and time-consuming. At this point, Johnston's plan to hang onto the city hinged on his hope that the defensive strength of the town would deter a direct Federal attack. Johnston repeatedly warned that the numerical disparity between his army and his opponent was so great that it precluded any serious offensive move on his part. Appealing directly to Confederate President Jefferson Davis—no particular admirer—Johnston

**Union Major General William Tecumseh Sherman, center, consults with an artillery battery commander during the bombardment of Atlanta. Behind Sherman, Major General William F. Barry sees to the disposition of his cannoneers.**

urged that cavalry units from Alabama or Mississippi be sent to disrupt the Federal rail line supplying Sherman's men in northern Georgia. Davis thought the mounted force in Johnston's own army, which was already on the scene, should carry out the raid. The general replied that he was so short of men that he could not possibly detach any riders for such a mission.

While Johnston hesitated, Davis fumed. The president had never believed the general's assertion that he was hugely outnumbered by the Federals, and this suspicion was reinforced by reports he was receiving regularly from officers within Johnston's army. Behind the general's back, corps commanders William J. Hardee and John Bell Hood wrote to Davis's chief military adviser and close friend, Braxton Bragg, complaining that Johnston had missed a number of opportunities to strike the enemy. "We should not, under any circumstances, allow the enemy to gain possession of Atlanta," Hood told Bragg, adding with a typical flourish of self-promotion: "I have, General, so often urged that we should force the enemy to give us battle as to almost be regarded reckless by the officers high in rank in this army, since their views have been so directly opposite. I regard it as a great misfortune that we failed to give battle to the enemy many miles north of our present position. Please say to the President that I shall continue to do my duty cheerfully and faithfully."

**A particularly damaging statement came from the head of the army's cavalry, Maj. Gen. Joseph** Wheeler, who insisted that he had suggested conducting the very type of mounted strike favored by Davis, but had been denied the opportunity by his commander. Georgia Senator Benjamin H. Hill also fumed over Johnston's reluctance to attack. After returning to Atlanta from a visit with Davis in Richmond, the senator telegraphed the general that he must give battle immediately. "For God's sake do it," Hill implored. Johnston ignored him, informing Davis instead that he was waiting for an opportunity "to fight to advantage." Somehow, such an opportunity never seemed to come.

As the Federal troops under Sherman drew ever nearer to Atlanta, Davis wrestled with the idea of sacking Johnston. He hesitated only because he did not know who a proper replacement would be. To answer that question, he sent Bragg (the failed former commander of the western army) to Atlanta. Arriving on July 13, Bragg met with Johnston and the army's senior officers. In a confidential telegram to Davis, Bragg complained that he had found "but little encouraging," and could not puzzle out what Johnston intended to do to defend Atlanta. In a follow-up communication, Bragg suggested that John Bell Hood might be a good replacement for Johnston, adding that although Hood was an unknown quantity, he was still "far better in the present emergency than anyone we have available." It was hardly a glowing endorsement.

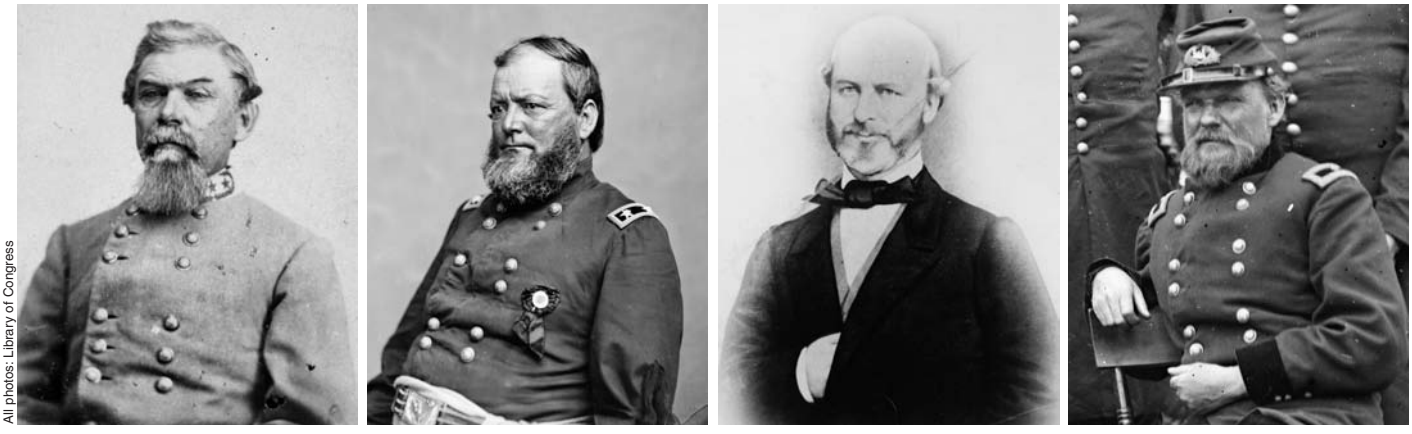
Bemused by Bragg's left-handed recommendation, Davis still hesitated to remove Johnston from command. He understood that Johnston was popular with his men for the way he looked after their daily welfare and refused to hazard their lives in risky frontal assaults. As a result, Johnston's removal might plunge the army's morale to an even lower depth than it already was in owing to its continuous retreats over the last 21/2 months. Furthermore, Davis feared that replacing Johnston in the midst of an ongoing campaign might throw the army's command structure into dangerous disarray. Davis dithered over the issue for the next three days.

On July 16, Davis received a communication from Johnston outlining his plan of operation at Atlanta, as requested by Davis a few days earlier. The president was shocked and upset. Johnston's message stated flatly that, because of the disparity in numbers between the opposing forces, the Confederates would have to continue their defensive strategy. To Davis, that meant the certain fall of Atlanta. As the site of one of the South's few remaining manufacturing centers, the city was a vital transportation hub and the home of 22,000 loyal residents. Its loss would be incalculable to the Confederate war effort. Spurred by this somber thought, Davis removed Johnston the next day and placed Hood at the helm of the Army of Tennessee. On July 18, Hood was made a temporary full general in keeping with his new responsibilities.

A graduate of the United State Military Academy, Class of 1853, the 33-year-old Hood had made an impressive record with Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia as an audacious and gritty combat commander. He had been severely wounded in the arm at Gettysburg and had lost a leg while on detached duty at the Battle of Chickamauga. Promoted to lieutenant general in early 1864, Hood was assigned as a corps commander in the Army of Tennessee. Yet for all his valor on the battlefield, many in the army doubted Hood's capacity for command beyond the division level. This opinion was shared by Lee. When Davis asked him if Hood should succeed Johnston, Lee replied honestly: "Hood is a bold fighter. I am doubtful as to the other qualities necessary."

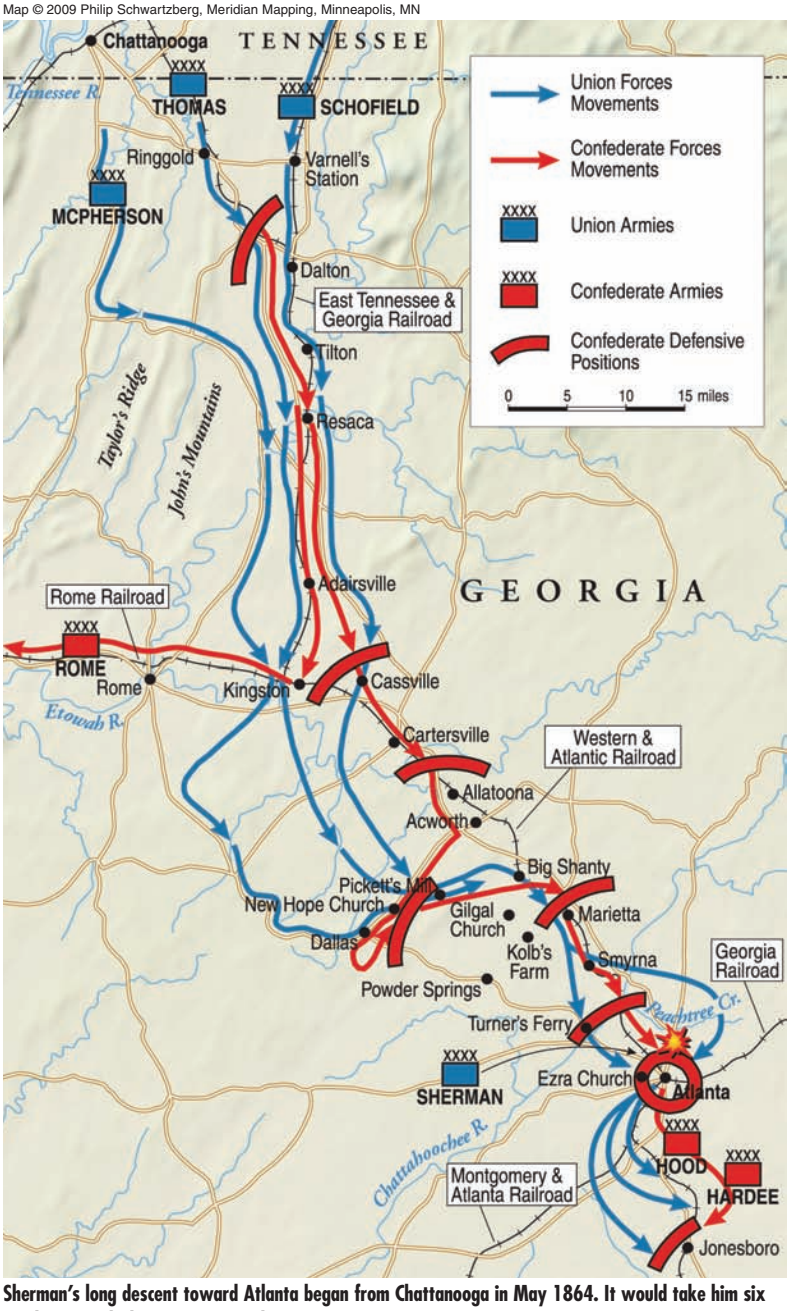
Lee went on to point out that his former subordinate, although gallant, zealous, and earnest, had never been tested with the complex responsibilities of army command. Lee concluded by suggesting that Hardee, the senior corps commander in the Army of Tennessee, be chosen as Johnston's replacement instead. Davis, having already offered the post to Hardee after Bragg's disastrous defeat at Missionary Ridge the previous November, had no intention of renewing his offer. He cared nothing for Hardee, either personally or politically. Hood, a personal friend and protégé of the president, was a better choice, Davis believed.

Others were not so sure. The reaction of the common soldiers upon hearing of Hood's eleva-



All photos: Library of Congress

**LEFT TO RIGHT: Lieutenant General William J. Hardee. Brigadier General William T. Ward. Brigadier General Clement H. Stevens. Brigadier General John Newton.**




**Sherman's long descent toward Atlanta began from Chattanooga in May 1864. It would take him six weeks to reach the Georgia capital.**

tion was predictable—most were not pleased with the change. Maj. Gen. Arthur M. Manigault noted that "the army received the announcement with very bad grace, and with no little murmuring." Others complained that Hood was a "dandy" from the privileged Army of Northern Virginia who did not fully understand the brutal fighting conditions in the western theater. The word "butcher" was used by many of the troops in describing the new leader's preferred method of combat operations.

If the reaction within the Confederate army was one of consternation and doubt, the news of his assignment was met with rejoicing by the Federal officers gathered north of Atlanta. First becoming aware of the change from reading Atlanta newspapers, many officers on Sherman's staff, who knew Hood from the Old Army, were pleased. Their overall opinion of their former comrade's ability was low. Maj. Gen. George Thomas, one of Hood's instructors at West Point, was not convinced. He warned Sherman that the rash Confederate would "hit you like hell before you know it." Oliver O. Howard, a corps commander, chimed in that Hood was "a stupid fellow, but a hard fighter." Sherman, far from being alarmed, welcomed the prospect. If Hood attacked the Union forces, which outnumbered him by more than two-to-one, it would give Sherman a chance to crush the Confederates in the open, away from their formidable fortifications outside Atlanta. In a letter to his wife, Ellen, Sherman mused on his good fortune, telling her that "at this critical moment the Confederate Government rendered us a most valuable service. I confess I was pleased with the change."

After crossing the Chattahoochee, Sherman moved his armies southeastward in a huge arc toward Decatur, where he planned to cut the railroad east of Atlanta. By July 17, Thomas's Army of the Cumberland had moved to the north bank of the Chattahoochee; Maj. Gen. James B. McPherson's 20,000-man Army of the Tennessee was 12 miles farther up the watercourse; and Schofield's Army of the Ohio was on the eastern shore, halfway between the other two armies. By the 18th, Thomas had reached Peachtree Creek and driven off the enemy cavalry and infantry guarding its south bank. McPherson and Schofield arrived just north of Peachtree Creek later that day.

Farther to the east, Federal cavalry under Brig. Gen. Kenner Garrard, aided by an infantry brigade from the Army of the Tennessee, cut the Georgia Railroad 13 miles east of Atlanta. The city was slowly being isolated from the rest of the Confederacy. Sherman's long-held strategy for taking the town was on course. After crossing the Chattahoochee, he would cut the railroad between Atlanta and Montgomery and then move on Atlanta from the left. Sherman's armies fielded a total of 106,070 men, including 88,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, and 6,000 artillery. He ordered Thomas to head toward Atlanta at dawn the next day. "With McPherson, Howard, and Schofield, I would have ample to fight the whole of Hood's army," Sherman told Thomas, "leaving you to walk into Atlanta, capturing guns and everything." Thomas, although naturally cautious, obeyed as ordered.

While the Federals neared Atlanta, the Confederates remained in their defensive works. A mile below Peachtree Creek, the infantry corps of Lt. Gen. Alexander P. Stewart was posted on the Confederate left, anchoring the line near the Chattahoochee. Next came Hardee's corps, holding the center. On the right was Hood's old corps, now commanded by Maj. Gen. Benjamin F. Cheatham, whose right brushed against the railroad. Wheeler's cavalry guarded the eastern approaches to Atlanta. Manning the defensive perimeter immediately surrounding the city were the men of the Georgia Militia under Maj. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith. All told, Hood had 33,750 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, 3,500 artillery, and 1,500 state militia.

Hood viewed himself as a soldier cast from the same mold as Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, a soldier who defied the odds and placed his faith on daring surprise moves against the enemy. As far as he was concerned, the situation at Atlanta called for nothing less. Hood planned to counter Sherman's overwhelming numerical strength by assaulting a portion of the Federal forces closing in. His immediate target would be Thomas's Army of the Cumberland as it passed over Peachtree Creek north of the city. If carried out properly, the attack could catch the Federals straddling the wide, deep stream. They would be helpless—or as helpless as the battle-hardened Union soldiers ever got.

In the late evening of July 19, Hood assembled his chief subordinates to go over his offensive plan. He told Hardee and Stewart to be ready to strike Thomas by 1 pm, with the attack starting on the Confederate right wing in echelon by divisions at intervals of 200 yards. Hood admonished his listeners that everything south of Peachtree Creek must be taken at all hazards. Stationed on Hardee's right, Maj. Gen. William B. Bate's division would lead the attack, followed by Maj. Gen. William H.T. Walker and Brig. Gen. George E. Maney's divisions. Hardee was to keep Maj. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne's infantry division in reserve. The divisions of Maj. Gens. William W. Loring, Edward C. Walthall, and Samuel G. French, all of Stewart's corps, were to follow Maney's men. Hood hoped his plan would result in driving the enemy west to the Chattahoochee River, where they would have their backs to the water. On his right flank, Hood was depending on Wheeler's cavalry and Cheatham's infantry to keep Schofield and McPherson from coming to Thomas's aid. A swift, hard blow against the Army of the Cumberland might eliminate half of Sherman's force before help could arrive. With a little luck, Hood might just succeed where Johnston had failed.

***"The fire was terrific. The air was literally full of deadly missiles; men dropped upon all sides; none expected to escape."***

Unfortunately for the new Confederate army commander, luck deserted him in the earlier hours of Wednesday, July 20. While Hood was wrapping up his instructions to his generals, Sherman was issuing his own directions to the heads of his armies. They were to start a concentrated move on Atlanta no later than 5 AM and be prepared to accept battle as they advanced. McPherson's troops commenced their move west from Decatur, and within a few hours, advance parties of his XV Corps under Maj. Gen. John A. Logan were within 2½ miles of the city. At noon, two 20-pounder Parrott shells exploded near the corner of Ellis and Ivy streets in the center of Atlanta, killing a young girl who was walking through the intersection with her parents. The long-feared Yankee assault on Atlanta seemed to have gotten under way.

Responding to the threat from the east, Hood felt compelled to shift Cheatham's division farther east to halt the oncoming Logan. Cheatham moved as ordered, but proceeded two miles farther than he should have, creating a wide gap between him and the rest of the army and delaying the general attack for two hours while Stewart and Hardee realigned themselves on Cheatham's left. Meanwhile, Thomas's men crossed Peachtree Creek and began digging in on the high ground a half mile south of the stream.

At 2 PM, Hardee at last sent word to Stewart that he was ready to attack. "We must carry everything, allowing no obstacle to stop us," Stewart told his men, adding perhaps unnecessarily that the fate of Atlanta depended on the outcome of the battle. Maney's division moved off into the woods in front of them. Noticing this activity on his right, Loring assumed the attack had begun. He then started his own columns forward, running into enemy troops a half hour later in the center of the Rebel front. This was not part of Hood's original plan. On the contrary, Bate was to have started the battle on the Confederate right by hitting Brig. Gen. John Newton's division of Howard's IV Corps. Hardee finally told Bate to move out at about 3:15, but the latter, after marching nearly a mile through thick underbrush, made no contact with the enemy. The reason was simple: Bate had unknowingly entered the gap between the Union Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Ohio. Blissfully unaware, he continued moving to the west in search of the enemy. Soon he heard the rattle of muskets and the roar of cannons.

What Bate heard was the initial contact made between Walker's and Newton's troops. The Confederates were formed in two battle lines and had stumbled on the positions of some of Newton's brigades supported by Captain Wilbur Goodspeed's battery of four 12-pounders. Moving swiftly, the Georgians under Brig. Gen. Clement Stevens captured a part of the Union earthworks situated to the right of Peachtree Road. The Georgians had little time to enjoy their success, however. A fierce flanking fire forced them back and mortally wounded Stevens. Repeated attacks failed to carry the Union position, and by 6 PM the fighting on this part of the battlefield was reduced to scattered exchanges of musket fire.

By late afternoon, Bate's wandering column came upon the left rear of the main Union line defended by Newton's reserve brigade under Colonel Luther Bradley. Aided by two of Goodspeed's pieces and other cannons from the 1st Illinois Light Artillery Battery, the Federals threw back several Confederate assaults. Because of the heavily wooded terrain, Bate was unable to assemble all his men for a full-strength attack.

On Newton's right, Brig. Gen. Nathan Kimball's infantry brigade came face to face with Maney's Tennesseans, who struck the Federal right flank. Kimball was separated from the next Union division in line, Brig. Gen. William T. Ward's, which was a few hundred yards to Kimball's right. Fighting raged until 6 o'clock, with Kimball's men holding firm and inflicting heavy losses on Walker's and Maney's forces.

Well before Maney made contact with Kimball's troops, Loring had been engaged on his left. A spirited charge gained some ground, but a Union counterattack drove the Confederates back to their starting line. On Loring's right, the brigade under Brig. Gen. Winfield Scott Featherston faced two Federal regiments that had taken positions behind rail fences on high ground known as Collier Ridge. Rushing to attack in three lines, Featherston's men carried the ridge but could not budge Ward's main line assembled 50 yards beyond the high ground just captured by the Confederates. A countercharge by Ward drove the Confederates back over Collier Ridge, and repeated tries by the Confederate infantry came to naught. According to Ward, the southerners "were now in the wildest confusion, firing in all directions, some endeavoring to get away, some undecided what to do other, others rushing into our lines." Men on both sides staggered light-headed in the sultry heat.

On Featherston's left, Brig. Gen. Thomas M. Scott took up the advance. His five Alabama regiments, along with the 12th Louisiana, smashed into the 33rd New Jersey Regiment of Brig. Gen. John W. Geary's division. The 33rd had been posted on a small hill 500 yards in front of the main Union line. Confederate prisoners had assured Geary—presumably with straight faces—that "there were no large bodies of their troops within two miles." Geary believed them. "Not a man of theirs," he said, "was to be seen or heard in any direction." Suddenly, Scott's brigade burst from the woods, firing at a range of less than 75 yards. Giving a Rebel yell and blasting away steadily, they rushed the flabbergasted New Jersey regiment. "The fire was terrific," Lt. Col. Enos Fourat reported. "The air was literally full of deadly missiles; men dropped upon all sides; none expected to escape." The surging Confederates demanded the surrender of the regiment's New Jersey state flag; when it was not forthcoming, they simply shot down the colorbearer and carried off the prize. After the Confederates rushed to the top of the hill, Fourat

ordered a full retreat. "To stand longer was madness," he reasoned.

Emboldened by their success, the Confederates continued their advance over Collier Ridge. Veering to their right, they came up against the Ohioans and Pennsylvanians of Colonel Charles Candy's 1st Brigade, as well as Colonel Ireland's New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians, supported by two artillery batteries. The Union musket fire was directed by Colonel Benjamin Harrison, a future United States president. Seeing the Confederates disordered by the storm of lead directed at them, Harrison launched a counterattack across Tanyard Branch Creek, crashing into the enemy and sending them reeling backward in disarray.

As Scott's right wing was being routed, his left continued the assault with some success. After ascending Collier Ridge, the Confederate attackers ran into solid lines of infantry formed by Geary's other units, supported by eight pieces of artillery. Corps commander Joseph Hooker, a victim of the precipitate Union retreat at Chancellorsville, Virginia, 14 months earlier, rode up to his hard-pressed troops and helped reform their lines. "Boys," he said calmly, "I guess we'll stop here."

As Scott's men struggled with their opponents, Colonel Edward A. O'Neal led his Alabama and Mississippi regiments in Scott's wake. The men of O'Neal's brigade were in good spirits and ready for a fight. As Scott's command moved out of view, O'Neal's men swept out of the woods and slammed into the right of Geary's line. That portion of the Union front was held by Colonel Patrick Henry Jones's 2nd Brigade, part of Geary's "White Star" division. Native Irishman Jones had his brigade in good position to receive an enemy assault. Having moved 800 yards in advance of the corps line, Geary intended to hold Collier Ridge's high ground. He was assured that Brig. Gen. Alpheus S. Williams's division would move into line to guard his left. That was never done, and Geary was forced to fend for himself.

Not expecting an attack and having recently arrived at their new position, Jones's soldiers had no time to prepare fieldworks. At 4 PM, O'Neal's men came into view deployed in some places five deep. Hindered by dense and tangled underbrush, they nevertheless climbed the ridge and overran Geary's right, causing three enemy regiments to skedaddle to the rear. Jones's men were forced back to the area they had held earlier in the day.

As the Union regiments withdrew in panic, Geary strove to save his command and stop the Confederate breakthrough. Bending his line at right angles, he was able to deliver a withering fire on his pursuers. The appearance of Williams's division on his right added to the enemy's discomfort. In the face of such heavy fire, O'Neal ordered his men to retreat. He later complained that he would have carried the Federal position if he had been properly supported on the right.

**Major General Joseph Hooker, mounted foreground, confers with an aide as his XX Corps forms to meet the Confederates. Sketch by Theodore Davis.**

As O'Neal led his men out of a potential death trap, the fighting at Peachtree Creek morphed into a long-range musketry duel, with neither side attempting to advance or retreat. At one point, the Confederates managed to overrun a section of Captain Henry Bundy's 13th New York Independent Battery. The firing was so heavy that one of the gunners was struck by nine rounds, another by seven. "So hot was the rebel infantry fire," said one New Jersey adjutant, "that many of the spokes of the wheels of [my] pieces were almost cut in two."

**In the Union rear, soldiers of the 123rd New York were napping, playing cards, and discussing** rumors that the enemy was in full retreat. They expected to march into Atlanta the next day. Corporal Rice Bull and his companions were congratulating themselves "on this unexpected good luck when suddenly there was a rifle shot on our front." Then came the familiar Rebel yell. "A look of surprise and almost consternation came to every face," Bull recalled. The New Yorkers quickly formed a defensive line and managed to drive back the Confederates, who were "yelling like demons" as they pressed the attack. Among the slain attackers was Major William L. Preston, the brother of Hood's erstwhile fiancée, Richmond socialite Sally "Buck" Preston.

By 6 PM, the firing had ended. Bitterly disappointed by the result and furious that all of his command had not entered the fight, Hood raged at his subordinates. It was too late. With the Battle of Peachtree Creek concluded, the two sides assessed their losses. On the Confederate side, Stewart's corps had lost about 1,450 killed, wounded, or missing, while Hardee suffered 1,500 casualties.

*Continued on page 66*

Decades of religious and territorial rivalry between uneasy neighbors India and Pakistan erupted again in December 1971. At stake was the creation of an entirely new nation, Bangladesh.

**After the British left India in 1947, abandoning the jewel in their centuries-long** empire, the subcontinent was partitioned into two states, India and Pakistan. The partition followed strict religious lines: India was primarily Hindu, while Pakistan was mostly Muslim. Six weeks of horrific rioting followed the English withdrawal in August 1947, and close to one million people, Hindu and Muslim, were massacred; 10 times that many were forced to flee their homes and relocate in religiously safe areas. Quickly, Pakistan divided into two entities, West Pakistan and East Pakistan.

While India began a slow, steady climb toward a stable and prosperous democracy, Pakistan fell victim to military coups in 1958 and 1968. The coups, led by the West Pakistani military, only served to exacerbate the already growing rift with East Pakistan, which felt largely ignored and taken advantage of by the western part of the country. In the early 1960s, East Pakistanis, led by Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, began agitating for reform and called for the ruling government in West Pakistan to relinquish control of all domestic affairs in the east. When Sheikh Mujibur's Awami League won an absolute majority in the national assembly elections in the fall of 1970, the military government of General Yahya Khan refused to call the assembly to order and appointed a new military governor for the east. This move, in turn, sparked outrage in East Pakistan and led to massive and sometimes violent demonstrations.

Photo Division, Directorate of Public Relations, Ministry of Defence

By mid-March 1971, East Pakistan was falling into anarchy; civil government had completely broken down. The streets were ruled by Awami League thugs who looted shops and murdered West Pakistanis and foreigners with impunity. Government troops, loathed by East Pakistanis, were besieged in their bases throughout the country. Thousands of civilians were killed, and the governor of East Pakistan eventually resigned. The new governor, General Tikka Khan, unleashed a huge counteroffensive on the night of March 25-26 to quell the growing disturbances.

# INDIAN VICTORY IN

The result was a bloody mess. Elements of the Pakistani 14th Infantry Division clashed with Awami League forces in the streets of Dacca, meeting particularly strong resistance at the university, where they were forced to bring in tanks and artillery to secure the grounds. Seeing their countrymen being slaughtered, Bengali units of the Pakistani Army mutinied. These rebellious units included the East Pakistani Rifles in Chittagong, the 1st East Bengal Battalion in Jessore, the 2nd East Bengal Battalion at Joydebpur, the 3rd East Bengal Battalion at Rangpur, the 4th East Bengal Battalion at Comila, and the 2nd and 10th East Bengal Battalions at Dacca. The heavily outnumbered Bengali units fell back across the Indian border. In one particularly bloody battle, the 8th East Pakistani Rifles fought government forces in Chittagong for four days before pulling back to the border.

Accompanying the retreating Bengali forces were hundreds of thousands of civilian refugees desperate to escape the fighting. In response to the boiling unrest on its border, the Indian Parliament met on March 31 and passed a resolution expressing "profound sympathy for and solidarity with the people of East Bengal" and calling for an immediate end to armed Pakistani operations. In a fateful meeting convened in early April, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and most of



# BANGLADESH

BY WILLIAM STROOCK

her cabinet demanded immediate intervention by the Indian Army. General S.H.F.J. "Sam" Manekshaw, the army's chief of staff, had already queried his officers in the Eastern Command about the possibility of such action and had been told in no uncertain terms that it was not possible. There were only two weak Indian Army divisions maintaining internal security in the region. These divisions lacked artillery, armor, and bridging equipment. In a few weeks, monsoon season would begin, turning the roads in East Pakistan into mush, while the open Himalayan passes to the north allowed for the possibility of Chinese intervention, a prospect particularly dreaded by Manekshaw and others ever since the Indian Army had been badly defeated by the Chinese in the Sino-Indian War of 1962. "If you still want me to go ahead," Manekshaw told the cabinet, "I guarantee you one-hundred-percent defeat." He threatened to resign.

Manekshaw told the cabinet that an invasion would not be practical until November. Then, he advised, the army would have sufficient time to prepare, the monsoons would be over, and the

**Pakistani defenders at Dangarpara, East Pakistan, man a mortar position 2,000 yards from Indian troops on December 4, 1971. LEFT: Defeated Pakistani General A.A.K. Niazi, center, signs the surrender document on December 16, 1971. Indian General J.F.R. Jacob peers over Niazi's left shoulder.**

**Pakistani soldiers stolidly hold their position in Benapol, north of Calcutta, at the end of the fighting.**

Himalayan passes would be closed by snow to any possible Chinese intervention. The cabinet voted accordingly to delay military action until November. Even then, the Indian Army would face tremendous geographic obstacles. East Pakistan was cut into three parts by the Padma (Ganges) River in the southwest, the Jamuna River in the center, and the Meghna River in the east. All were wide, deep waterways. Between the rivers, the land was generally low-lying and flat. In the center of the country, between the Jamuna and the Meghna Rivers, the capital city of Dacca was located on a triangle of land known as the "Dacca Bowl." Any successful Indian operation depended upon crossing the rivers and breaking into the Dacca Bowl before international pressure could force a cease-fire.

The task of liberating East Pakistan fell to General Singh Arora's Eastern Command. Planning was hampered by the fact that Eastern Command was oriented against the Chinese threat to the north and thus was comprised primarily of mountain divisions. These units had no bridging equipment, few tanks, and only light artillery, which would be ineffective against Pakistani fortifications. The staff scoured the country in search of additional armament. World War II-vintage bridging equipment, including much-needed folding bailey pontoon bridges, was located in depots throughout India and shipped to Eastern Command. Artillery units were taken from the Chinese border and attached to the divisions slated for the attack on East Pakistan. Armored regiments, many augmented with PT-76 tanks recently purchased from the Soviets, were allocated as well. Supply depots for each of the four corps participating in the assault were gathered near the border. The units involved included II, IV, XXX, and XXXIII Corps. Lt. Gen. J.F.R. Jacob, Eastern Command's chief of staff, described the overall objective as an attempt to "draw enemy forces to the border and dissipate enemy reserves; launch thrusts at key communications centers, bypassing fortified defensive positions; destroy the enemy's command and control network paralyzing his forces; and as opportunities arise, cross the Meghna and the Padma to supplement the main thrust from the north to Dacca."

**While the Indian Army readied itself, the Mukti Bahini, or East Pakistan Liberation Army, received** massive amounts of assistance. More than 100,000 men were trained in camps just over the Indian border. Recruits received about six weeks of training before being organized into groups of 500 and sent back across the border to harass Pakistan Army forces and gather intelligence. In conjunction with the remnants of regular Bengali battalions that had survived the March fighting, the Mukti Bahini controlled some territory along the border. A 400-man naval commando unit was also formed. The Indians worked hard to give the Mukti Bahini the veneer of a regular army commanded by a government in exile, placing the organization under the command of Colonel M.A.G. Osmani, a retired East Pakistani military officer. For the purpose of Mukti Bahini operations, East Pakistan, now calling itself Bangladesh, was organized into eight sectors.

Warfare between the two nations was no rare occurrence. Since the 1947 partition, India and Pakistan had clashed repeatedly, usually over the rebellious Indian province of Kashmir, whose largely Muslim population was ruled by a Hindu rajah. An undeclared war between the two nations took place between 1947 and 1949, and a clash over water rights in the Indus Valley occurred in 1954. In 1965, fighting erupted again over Kashmir, with Pakistani forces raiding across the cease-fire line into India. Armored fighting and air raids throughout the spring and summer of 1965 caused the United States and the British Commonwealth nations to halt arm shipments to both sides. An uneasy stalemate between the two nations ensued.

One constant worry for Indian planners was the possibility of American intervention on behalf of Pakistan. Through the Southeast Asian Treaty Organization, Pakistan enjoyed friendly relations with the United States, buying billions of dollars of military hardware every year. Throughout the spring and summer, President Richard Nixon leaned hard on India, urging it to refrain from military action and even threatening to cut off foreign aid. Pakistan, China, and the United States formed a diplomatic triad that forced India to look for friends elsewhere. To that end, on August 9, India concluded a "Treaty of Friendship" with the Soviet Union, giving them a formidable diplomatic partner when hostilities broke out. Article XI of the treaty essentially forbade the Soviets from entering into separate treaties with Pakistan or China. More importantly, after fighting broke out, the Soviets could veto any UN cease-fire resolutions. With the way cleared diplomatically, Eastern Command planned to invade East Pakistan without fear of reprisals from China or the United States.

Meanwhile, Pakistani forces were not idle. Unhappy with the current situation in East Pakistan, Khan fired the commander of Pakistani forces there and replaced him with General A.A.K. Niazi. The new commander planned a layered defense based on heavily defended strongpoints that he hoped would slow down the Indian Army's advance, sap its strength, and force some kind of diplomatic settlement—or perhaps induce a military intervention by China or the United States. Niazi simultaneously faced the task of fighting a bloody insurgency at home and defending against an Indian invasion from across the border. The Pakistani government ordered Niazi not to concede any ground for fear that land lost to the Indian Army would be declared "free Bangladesh." It was hoped that Niazi could check the Indian advance into East Pakistan long enough for a decisive victory to be won in the west.

To defend East Pakistan, Niazi received reinforcements to increase his command to a

strength of four divisions. These army, militia, and police forces, supported by local paramilitary units known as Mujahids and Razakars, waged war against the populace of East Pakistan. The Hindu minority, the intelligentsia, was specifically targeted by Pakistani troops. To his credit, upon taking command, Niazi tried to put a stop to the wanton killing, warning his commanders that such actions would turn the civilians against the army and corrode unit discipline. "I will not have soldiers turn into vagabonds and robbers," he wrote in an internal memo. "Such elements must be given no quarter, mercy or sympathy."

With the bulk of the population mobilized against Pakistan, Niazi found himself essentially in enemy territory. Locals spied and reported his troops' every movement, while the Mukti Bahini fought increasingly large-scale battles against his forces. The operational tempo picked up in August. In one notable incident, a battalion of Mukti Bahini badly mauled a Pakistani battalion in open battle at the southeastern town of Belonia. Mukti Bahini frogmen were also active, sinking several Pakistani ships in Chittagong and other harbors with magnetic mines. Throughout Pakistani-occupied Bangladesh, bridges, railroads, and highways were sabotaged. Supporting the Mukti Bahini was the Indian Border Security Force, which engaged Pakistani troops near the border and prevented their pursuit into Indian territory. In late November, Indian forces began inching their way across the border and taking important targets in preparation for the main assault. During this run-up period, Pakistani forces suffered more than 8,500 casualties.

On the night of December 3, 1971, Pakistani forces initiated formal hostilities against India with a series of timid air raids on Indian airfields in the west. The Pakistanis had hoped to emulate the Israeli success in the Six Day War, but these raids and the second wave that followed involved only three to five aircraft at most and lacked sufficient punch to materially damage the Indian Air Force, which lost just one jet on the ground. When news of the attacks reached Delhi, however, General Manekshaw called his army commanders and ordered them to initiate ground operations immediately. The Indians retaliated on the first night of the war, with raids in the west that damaged or destroyed as many as 30 Pakistani aircraft. Other targets included Karachi's port facilities, oil refineries, and gas works, sparking major fires that burned for more than a week. Pakistani air units in Bangladesh, a lone squadron of antiquated F-86 Sabres, were a non-factor, giving the Indians air superiority throughout the campaign. Planes from the Indian aircraft carrier *Vikrant* struck Chittagong and Cox's Bazaar to the northwest. In all, the Indian Air Force was able to mount 500 sorties per day.

Operating in the center of the eastern theater of operations, IV Corps had the shortest path to Dacca, a mere 50 miles. This route was exploited by the Indian 57th Division which, after fighting its way through a battalion of the Pakistani 311th Brigade, surrounded and took the Meghna River town of Ashunganj on December 9. The Indians spent the next two days building bridges and ferrying troops across. The next day, the division's Light Regiment was helicoptered across the river into the town Narsingdi, where it was joined by a battalion and two mountain gun batteries that had crossed earlier by boat. Against light resistance, the combined force pushed east to the Lakhya River. By the night of December 14-15, Indian forces had taken the town of Tundi, on Lakhya's east bank, less than 20 miles north of Dacca.

**In the extreme south, the Indian 23rd Division's mission was to reach Chandpur on the bank of** the Meghna River. The Indians advanced against light Pakistani resistance toward the railhead at Laksham, held by the Pakistani 117th Brigade. Indian forces enveloped Laksham and drove east to Mudafarganj, which they took on December 6. There, the Indian 301st Brigade repelled several counterattacks by the Pakistani 53rd Brigade. The Indians resumed the advance the next day, fought another bloody battle for the town of Hajiganj, then pushed on to Chandpur, taking it and Comila on the night of December 9. As elements of the Indian 23rd Division crossed the Meghna, Pakistani forces there fell back to Dacca. General Manekshaw, who was anxious to capture major urban areas, cobbled together a special ad hoc brigade composed of Indian and Mukti Bahini troops, codenamed Kilo Force, which was detached from IV Corps and sent south toward Chittagong, reaching the outskirts on the night of December 14-15.

The Indian 8th Division spearheaded the IV Corps operations in northeast Bangladesh. The division engaged the Pakistani 202nd and 313th Brigades around the town of Sylhet, fighting several

Photo Division, Directorate of Public Relations, Ministry of Defence

**ABOVE: Lightly armed irregulars in the Mukti Bahini, or East Pakistan Liberation Army, proved to be solid fighters.**

battles as they pushed Pakistani troops off the border. On December 7, two battalions of Gurkhas were airlifted behind Sylhet, where they linked up with the Mukti Bahini's 1st East Bengal Battalion. The two Pakistani brigades were now isolated inside Sylhet.

Starting on Bangladesh's northern border, India's XXX Corps advanced in two prongs. The left prong, led by the 95th Brigade, advanced along the east bank of the Jamuna River. On December 7, the brigade encircled Pakistani forces in Jamalpur, where they surrendered four days later. The right prong, the 5th and 165th Brigades, quickly overcame local resistance, penetrating deep into Bangladesh and advancing on the Pakistani stronghold at Myymensingh. Sensing the threat to his rear, Niazi ordered the Pakistani 95th Brigade and 36th Division to pull back toward Dacca.

As the two Indian prongs were converging on Tangil on December 11, one battalion of the Indian

2nd Paratroop Brigade was dropped east of the town. The battalion linked up with local Mukti Bahini forces and engaged the Pakistani 93rd Brigade as it tried to retreat through Tangil. Pakistani forces launched several counterattacks on the town but were unable to dislodge the paratroopers. With more Indian troops quickly approaching from the north, the heavily damaged 93rd Brigade disintegrated, although some scattered units were able to pull back to the Dacca Bowl. With the way clear, the Indian XXX Corps reached the outskirts of Dacca on December 13.

In the west, Indian forces had a far more difficult time. The mission of XXXIII Corps was to pin Pakistani troops, drive on the town of Rangpur, and pivot south toward Bogra. The corps crossed into East Pakistan in two prongs. The northern, led by the 71st Brigade, met with initial success before being stopped at the town of Birgani on the River Dhepna on December 6. From there, it was a slow push toward Dinajpur. The Pakistani 23rd Brigade repelled a pair of frontal assaults and stopped an Indian attempt to get around their southern flank. Dinajpur remained in Pakistani hands until the cease-fire. On the left flank, the 6th Mountain Brigade pushed out east toward Rangpur. Pakistani forces fought a series of successful delaying actions before falling back inside prepared positions around the town, where the Indian 6th Brigade kept them pinned. To the east, the Indian 9th Brigade crossed the border and took the towns of Kurigam and Lalmanirhat against light resistance.

To the south, the II Corps mission was to liberate East Pakistan west of the Padma and secure the Harding Bridge at Kushtia for a possible drive on Dacca. Opposing them were Pakistan's 57th and 107th Brigades, both part of the 9th Pakistani Division. The Indian 4th Mountain Division gradually pushed the 57th Brigade off the border and northeast toward Kushtia. On the southern flank, the Indian 9th Division occupied the town of Jessore and attacked the Pakistani 109th Brigade in their prepared positions north of Khulna. The Pakistani forces fought for every inch of ground, exacting a heavy toll on the Indians and holding them north of the town until the end of hostilities. Eventually, the Indian 4th Division burst through the gap opened up by their comrades and drove on Kushtia. The 57th Brigade initially repelled several Indian advances. However, the Indian 62nd Brigade swung out to the east to the outskirts of the town of Faridpur. The 57th Brigade launched a pair of desperate counterattacks, but these were repulsed and the remainder of the brigade surrendered. Indian forces now had a key bridgehead on the Madhumati River.

Farther south was the Pakistani concentration at Hilli. Described by both sides as a fortress, with villages converted into mutually supporting strongpoints, Hilli guarded the approaches to the Jamuna River and beyond to Dacca. It was defended by the Pakistani 205th Brigade. On December 7, the Indian 20th Division launched a two-pronged assault, with the 66th Brigade approaching from the west while the 340th Brigade advanced to the north behind Hilli. Pakistani defenses slowed the 66th Brigade's advance to a crawl; it took the brigade four days of heavy fighting to push through to its objective. Despite the slow progress, the 66th Brigade's attack pinned Pakistani forces in place, allowing the 340th Brigade to pivot behind the fortress and isolate it. Pakistani troops pulled out of Hilli on December 11. Indian forces then raced south along the west bank of the Jamuna toward the town of Bogra, fighting their way through elements of the Pakistani 205th Brigade as they went. The Indian 340th Brigade finally broke into Bogra on December 13.

**By December 15, the Pakistani situation was bleak. Niazi's forces had been pushed off the** border, isolated into small pockets, and gutted by another 6,200 casualties. Four Indian brigades lay on the eastern and northern outskirts of Dacca. Nor was there any hope of a dramatic victory in the west, where the Pakistani offensive had stalled badly. That afternoon, Niazi contacted Indian officials and asked for a cease-fire as a prelude to formal surrender, which he had been ordered to request by the government. The United Nations General Assembly had also called for a cease-fire, inducing Pakistani Foreign Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto to walk out in protest of what he termed the UN's "miserable, shameful" actions—or lack thereof. While Bhutto flew home a national hero, Niazi waited for the Indian response. That same evening, his request was granted. The next day, with Generals Manekshaw, Arora, and Jacob in attendance, Niazi signed a formal instrument of surrender, sending himself and 93,000 men into captivity for the next two years.

Despite directing him to surrender, a humiliated Pakistani government made Niazi the scapegoat for its loss. The Hamad ur-Rahman Commission, formed to investigate the cause of the nation's defeat, argued that Niazi should have deployed his forces in the easily defended Dacca Bowl. This argument ignored the political reality that Niazi had been ordered to mount a forward defense. Nor could Niazi have executed a flexible, mobile defense. The Mukthi Bahini impeded the free movement of his troops, and Indian air superiority guaranteed that any such movement would have been suicidal, anyway. Niazi's forward defense worked well in the west, where Indian forces were checked by Pakistani fortifications. Nevertheless, Niazi ordered the abandonment of Jessore and Hilli. These withdrawals coincided with the general retreat in the north and east, nullifying the forward defense concept.

The commission concluded that many Pakistani units were badly led and recommended courts-martial for various commanders. Months of counterinsurgency efforts had worn down Pakistani units, as had the daunting task of running the civil government. The commission placed great blame for the army's unreadiness on the wanton rape and looting inflicted by the troops on the populace of Bangladesh, blaming such actions for a breakdown in discipline and castigating Niazi for not better controlling his troops.

Both: Photo Division, Directorate of Public Relations, Ministry of Defence


**TOP: Indian General "Sam" Manekshaw, en route to victory, inspects his troops in the field. ABOVE: Indian Paratroop Brigade 76 advances ever deeper into East Bengal on its way to Dacca.**

In victory, General Manekshaw became a national hero in India. The nation's triumph was the result of several factors, the first of which was careful planning and organization. After reorganizing its troops into several corps, Eastern Command's staff went on to locate the artillery, armor, and bridging equipment their divisions would need, stockpiling the necessary supplies for a massive offensive. While the Mukti Bahini was not as effective as planners had hoped, the operations still inflicted significant harm on the Pakistani Army. More importantly, they provided invaluable intelligence that enabled Indian commanders to know exactly which Pakistani units they were going up against and how they were deployed. Overall, the time and effort devoted to training and equipping Indian troops was well worth it.

Still, India's victory was not a foregone conclusion—the invasion was not perfect. The frontal assaults by II Corps on Hilli were fruitless and played into the Pakistani plan to delay the Indian advance. By contrast, XXX and IV Corps relied successfully on maneuverability and helicopter-borne assaults to bypass Pakistani strongpoints. Had Pakistani forces been able to slow or stop the Indian operations in the east and force a stalemate, an international call for a cease-fire under the auspices of the United Nations would have resulted. By formulating a plan to avoid such a possibility and then executing it swiftly and efficiently, Generals Manekshaw, Arora, and Jacob won the war for India.

Efforts by their Pakistani counterparts were far less successful. The Pakistani attack in the west consisted of several widely dispersed and halfhearted thrusts into Indian territory. In the north sector, a two-pronged Pakistani attack failed to make any headway against the town of Poonch, which was stoutly defended by elements of the Indian 25th Division. About 50 miles to the south, at Chamb, the Pakistani 23rd Division managed to drive elements of the Indian 10th Division back toward the city, but at the cost of 29 tanks lost in two days of fighting.

In the southern sector, Pakistani forces hoped to pinch off the Indian salient thrusting west from Jaisalmer. This effort was led by the Pakistani 18th Division. Before their offensive could get under way, the Indian 12th Division attacked north and took the Pakistani town of Islamgarh. When the Pakistani commander reoriented the 18th Division to deal with the new threat, its armored column was spotted at Longanewala by sharp-eyed Indian forces and pounded by the Indian Air Force, which destroyed or damaged most of the Pakistani tanks.

In the Punjab area, Indian forces from the 36th and 54th Divisions seized the initiative by launching a two-pronged assault aimed at destroying the Pakistani-held Shakargarh salient. Although Pakistani troops fought doggedly, the Indians slowly pushed them back, seizing more than 465 square miles of territory. On December 15, the Pakistani 8th Armored Brigade counterattacked. Its two tank regiments (13th Lancers and 31st Cavalry) struck the Indians at Zafarwal. Lacking proper air or artillery support, the regiments charged into the teeth of the Indian Poona Horse, losing 50 Patton tanks in exchange for 15 Indian Centurions.

**Pakistani operations in the west lacked strategic direction and were not mutually supporting. If** the Pakistanis had hoped to save East Pakistan by winning the war in the west, they should have launched a blitzkrieg-style attack aimed at capturing a large chunk of Indian territory. Rather than winning the war, the Pakistani offensive in the west cost the nation thousands of casualties and hundreds of vehicles, allowing India to greatly improve its tactical situation.

On December 20, 1971, Yahya Khan resigned as president of Pakistan and was replaced by Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. As his first official act, Bhutto dismissed all his senior military leaders and had them arrested. Peace talks between Bhutto and Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi dragged on for another six months before India agreed to withdraw its troops from Pakistan and return Niazi and the 93,000 prisoners of war. In the meantime, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman was released from a West Pakistan prison and returned in triumph to Bangladesh, becoming the new nation's first president.

Photo Division, Directorate of Public Relations, Ministry of Defence

**Indian troops pose with a captured Pakistani Chafee tank at Longewela.**

Former Beatle George Harrison organized a massive Concert for Bangladesh at New York's Madison Square Garden to raise funds for the war- and cyclone-ravaged nation. Superstars Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Ravi Shankar, and Ringo Starr participated in the charitable event, but Harrison's other ex-Beatle mates, John Lennon and Paul McCartney, were no-shows.

The Indo-Pakistani War had fatal consequences for many of the leaders of the two countries involved. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was overthrown in a 1977 coup led by General Muhammad Zia ul-Haq. On April 4, 1979, despite widespread pleas from the international community for mercy, Bhutto was hanged for alleged crimes against a Pakistani civilian. In October 1984, Indira Gandhi was assassinated in her garden by two of her own bodyguards. And in December 2007, Bhutto's beautiful and accomplished daughter, Benazir, who had succeeded her father as head of Pakistan and then fled into exile in the United States and Great Britain, was assassinated after returning to her homeland to campaign again for high office.

The cycle of violence remains unbroken, and Pakistan today is considered perhaps the most dangerous front in the unending war against international terrorism that began on September 11, 2001. □

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# NO QUARTER *at* DROGHEDA

BY AL HEMINGWAY

Determined to teach the Royalist rebels a lesson, Oliver Cromwell led the New Model Army into Ireland in the summer of 1649. At Drogheda, Cromwell's men stormed hotly into the city. "No quarter!" they cried.

**ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 2, 1649, PEERING OVER THE** immense 20-foot-high wall that surrounded the Irish city of Drogheda, English Royalist general Sir Arthur Aston did not like what he saw. Arrayed before him was a large Protestant army under the leadership of Oliver Cromwell, who had arrived in the country a few weeks earlier like an avenging angel—or devil. With the help of 11 massive 48-pounder siege guns delivered up the Boyne River by a fleet of English warships helmed by Sir George Ayscue, Cromwell intended to pound the rebellious Irish and their Royalist allies into submission.

Ireland had been at war with England, off and on, since 1641. Throughout that period, the English government had also experienced problems at home. In 1642, open civil war had erupted between the forces of Parliament and the supporters of King Charles I. For the next seven years, the two sides fought a series of pitched battles for control of the country. Finally, on January 30, 1649, the captured

**Oliver Cromwell, wearing the blue sash of command, leads his crack English Roundheads during their invasion of Ireland in 1649.**

Library of Congress

**Oliver Cromwell, painted "warts and all" by Robert Walker in 1649, the year of his conquest of Ireland.**

king was beheaded in London and his son, Charles II, desperately fled the country for the European continent. Almost immediately, Charles II signed a pact with Irish confederates to join forces with them to retake England and restore the monarchy.

The English Parliament moved quickly to quell the unrest in Ireland. This would prove to be an arduous task. More than 80 percent of the country was held by Irish Catholics and their Royalist partners. Parliament fully understood that this threat to their power had to be eradicated. They appointed rising strongman Oliver Cromwell, a stern and merciless hero of the English Civil War, lord lieutenant of Ireland and ordered him to handle the task. Cromwell, in turn, gathered an impressive army of 8,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry and a large artillery train that included several heavy siege guns. "Ironsides," as Cromwell was called by admirers, counted on other soldiers already in Ireland to rally to his assistance when he arrived.

**Cromwell was correct in his assumptions. Lt. Gen. Michael Jones had arrived in Ireland in 1647** with a 5,500-man expeditionary force to battle the Irish rebels. When Royalist commander James Butler, the Earl of Ormonde, moved to seize Baggotrath Castle, located between Dublin and Rathmines, Jones wasted no time in moving to defeat him. On August 2, 1649—just 10 days before Cromwell arrived in Ireland—Jones inflicted a humiliating defeat on Ormonde at Rathmines. More than 600 of Ormonde's men were killed and another 2,500 taken prisoner. Most of his artillery was captured as well, along with his personal papers and journals. Jones's dazzling victory secured a port for Cromwell's army to land safely.

On August 15, the deafening roar of cannon filled the air as an armada of 35 English ships sailed unchallenged into the harbor at Ringsend, not far from Dublin. A few days later Cromwell's son-in-law, Henry Ireton, followed with an additional 77 vessels. From there, the party advanced to Dublin, where Cromwell was warmly greeted (Jones already had driven the loyal Irish out of Dublin). The formidable Cromwell addressed the remaining citizens concerning his mission to Ireland. He vowed to restore to the Irish and Anglo-Irish Protestants "their just liberty and property," both of which had been lost after the 1641 revolt. He further assured his supporters, many of them absentee landowners from England who claimed title to large swaths of Irish land, that he and his men were prepared to undertake "the great work against the barbarous and bloodthirsty Irish, and the rest of their adherents and confederates." He promised that the "bleeding nation" would be restored "to its former happiness and tranquility," under the "favor and protection from the Parliament of England."

Despite his inherent disdain for the Irish, whom he considered "a priest-ridden, drunken, barbarous, vicious bunch of men," Cromwell was no fool. He fully realized that he needed the peasants residing in the countryside to remain neutral—or at least placid—and not interfere with his army's movements. He immediately established an edict forbidding his soldiers from harming what he somewhat condescendingly termed the "country people." He assured the peasants that they could sell their wares at market without any hindrance from his occupying force. To show that he meant business—he always meant business—Cromwell hanged five soldiers for stealing chickens during the initial advance. His practicality would reap immeasurable dividends in the weeks to come.

To begin his conquest of Ireland, Cromwell eyed as his first prize the walled city of Drogheda, located 30 miles due north of Dublin at the mouth of the Boyne River. In early September, his contingent of Roundheads (Puritans who cropped their hair) set out to seize the city, whose name in Gaelic means "the bridge of the ford." Justifying its keystone name, Drogheda was important for several reasons. From its port, huge quantities of butter and eggs were shipped to England. It housed many linen producers and also nurtured a large farming district. It was also located just south of Ulster, a hotbed of Royalist activity. Eight years earlier, the city had endured a three-month-long siege by Irish rebels. Ironically,

English forces had broken the siege and relieved the townsmen.

Convinced that he was on a divine mission to rid Ireland of Catholic heretics and Royalist holdouts, Cromwell led his formidable and battle-tested New Model Army toward the city with revenge on his mind. Coupled with the fact he had not had a good ocean voyage (he was seasick most of the time), his bilious mood set the stage for the upcoming battle. Behind him trailed eight full infantry and six cavalry regiments, along with a long artillery train containing 11 siege guns and 12 field pieces. Iron-disciplined and well-equipped, the New Model Army had grown from Cromwell's original cavalry unit, dubbed "the Ironsides" for their armored horses. Like their commander, the soldiers were rock-ribbed Puritans who did not drink, swear, or blaspheme. The army was remarkably democratic for its time, drawing its officers from a wide spectrum of tradesmen and craftsmen. Most of the aristocrats had followed the king, and many had died before him in a series of losing battles against the Protestant host.

Drogheda, ironically, was an English-favoring city whose streets and canals reminded one visitor of a Dutch town, "fair and commodious." It was actually two cities in one, completely surrounded by a 20-foot-high stone wall, 11/2 miles long and six feet thick. The wall tapered to two feet at the top to enable defenders to stand on its ramparts and fire down on attackers. Numerous guard towers were strategically placed all along the formidable wall to repel any attack. Separating the two cities was the River Boyne, which snaked its way from west to east. In the southern sector, a heavily populated residential area stood upon a hill. In the southeast was St. Mary's Church, which was virtually embedded in the wall surrounding city. The structure boasted a towering steeple that commanded a spectacular view of the countryside. From this position, lookouts could see any approaching army. Running alongside the entire eastern wall of the southern end of the town was a precipitous gully called the Dale, which residents used as convenient garbage dump. Northwest of St. Mary's Church was the Mill Mount, a horseshoe-shaped, manmade hill that was also used as a fortification.

## CONFIDENT THAT HE COULD DEFEAT CROMWELL DESPITE BEING OUTNUMBERED 4-TO-1, ASTON BRAGGED: "HE WHO COULD TAKE DROGHEDA COULD TAKE HELL."

The northern area of Drogheda was laced with narrow cobblestone streets. Situated in the northeastern part of town was St. Peter's Church. Directly north of it was the St. Sunday Steeple. As with its southern neighbor, the massive wall was lined with lookout towers and seemingly impregnable gates. A drawbridge spanned the river, connecting the two parts of the city.

Commanding the Royalist garrison at Drogheda was Sir Arthur Aston, a veteran of numerous battles against the Turks in Poland and against his own countrymen during the English Civil War. Although a Catholic, Aston had risen to become governor of Oxford in 1643. Unfortunately for him, Aston was not well liked by the residents of the ancient university town, or even

**Women and children civilians under siege at Drogheda. Painting by Marcus Stone.**



by his own men. His harsh and domineering attitude toward the civilian population did not endear him to them, and he was placed under house arrest after he physically accosted the mayor of the town in 1644. Aston was finally relieved as governor after his leg had to be amputated following a riding accident.

Aston immediately went to Ireland and took up arms with the rebel forces under Ormonde, who envisioned the country as a new Royalist power base. With an army of 3,000 men, many of whom were English Catholics, the Protestant-born Ormonde appointed Aston governor of Drogheda and ordered him to defend the city while Ormonde reorganized the army in the wake of the Rathmines debacle. Aston had his men construct three parallel ditches, each 150 yards long, astride the road to Dublin. The new defensive works would delay an enemy advance long enough to give defenders a better chance of repulsing the attack. The trenches were also deep enough to stop the cavalry in its tracks—a particular consideration given Cromwell's well-earned reputation as a commander of horse.

**A battle-crazed Cromwell, swinging a bloody sword, personally leads the storming party into Drogheda.**

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Confident that he could defeat Cromwell despite being outnumbered 4-to-1, Aston bragged: "He who could take Drogheda could take Hell." Aston figured that Drogheda's superior position, coupled with the undesirable effects of a long siege, would fatally weaken Cromwell's forces. As Ormonde put it, "Colonel Hunger and Major Sickness" would play a pivotal role in demoralizing the Parliamentarian forces camped outside the city's gates.

**Despite these important factors and Aston's** outward display of bravado, the governor faced several serious problems of his own. Ormonde could not afford to bolster the contingent at Drogheda, and Aston was running low on supplies and weapons. More ominously, numerous citizens within the city's walls failed to rally behind the Royalists, including Aston's own grandmother, Lady Wilmot, who even concocted a "ladies' plot" to undermine her own grandson. When Aston discovered his relative's disloyalty, he ordered her to leave Drogheda posthaste before he "made powder of her." Ormonde quickly interceded in the family matter and sent the old woman away safely out of "the consideration and respect we retain for her years and quality."

Cromwell had no intention of enduring a costly and lengthy siege at the walls of Drogheda. Familiar with lightning-fast cavalry tactics, "Ironsides" had little experience with siege warfare. Even if he had, Cromwell could little afford to be delayed at Drogheda. Winter was fast approaching and Cromwell wanted to achieve his conquest of Ireland with the least number of casualties among his troops, whether from battle injuries or the wide variety of ailments they would be exposed to in the cold, damp weather.

On September 10, Cromwell sent a proclamation to Aston demanding the capitulation of Drogheda. The message read bluntly: "Sir, having brought the army of the Parliament of England before this place, to reduce it to obedience, I thought it fit to summon you to deliver the same into my hands to their use. If this be refused, you will have no cause to blame me. I expect your answer and remain your servant, O. Cromwell."

Aston wasted no time in refusing to surren-

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**Cromwell's forces commenced their bombardment of Drogheda on September 10, 1649, after the garrison's Royalist commander, Sir Arthur Aston, refused to surrender.**

der the city. The rules of warfare during that period were explicit; if an army would not relinquish a city under siege, then no quarter would be given to the defenders if the town was captured by the attackers. The prevailing logic dictated that many lives would be spared by avoiding a long, drawn-out affair. The regulations of war were introduced to protect soldiers, not civilians, and the situation of the civilian inhabitants of Drogheda could best be described as highly vulnerable. As for the soldiers, they understood to a man that refusing to surrender during a siege made them fair game to their attackers. They had no reason to expect anything less from the grim Puritans swarming industriously outside the walls.

Aston, however, was adamant about not relinquishing Drogheda. He informed Ormonde that he and his officers "were unanimous in their resolution to perish rather than to deliver up the place." Cromwell quickly answered Aston's reply by lowering the white flag of truce and raising the red one of battle. The stage was set for one of the bloodiest and most controversial days in Irish history.

The English gunners rolled one battery of long-range 48-pounder siege guns into position at the southern end of the town and concentrated their fire on the wall situated between the Duleek Gate and St. Mary's Church. Cromwell wanted the imposing tower obliterated quickly to prevent the rebels from observing the movement of his troops. A second battery of artillery was brought up to lob shells east of St. Mary's Cathedral. Cromwell hoped that his guns could weaken the stone walls and enable his soldiers to assault the southeast corner of Drogheda. If the cannonade could punch some openings into the thick walls, Cromwell vowed, then he and his army would "do our utmost the next day to make such breaches assaultable, and by the help of God to storm them."

By five o'clock the following afternoon, the English artillery pieces had toppled the imposing steeple of St. Mary's Church. The projectiles had also created some small gaps in the southern and eastern bulwarks themselves. Seizing the first opportunity, Cromwell gave the order to advance through the breaches and take the town. Colonel James Castle, leading an infantry regiment, struck the southern portion of the wall. Meanwhile, Colonel Isaac Ewer's men lent support. Colonel John Hewson's soldiers set out across the Dale and assaulted the same position from an easterly direction. Protestant horsemen ranged north of the city to prevent any last-minute reinforcements from Ormonde.

**Despite the attackers' superiority in numbers, the defenders repelled two vicious assaults from the** Roundheads. Hewson's men were driven back across the ravine but, realizing he was in serious trouble, the other two units came to his aid. The fighting was hand-to-hand as the Parliamentarians forced their way through the breaches. Because the openings were small, the cavalry could not get through to support the infantry. The attack suddenly faltered when Colonel Castle was struck in the head by a bullet and killed. Enraged, "Ironsides" himself led the next charge through the opening, climbing down from his horse and swinging a blood-stained sword right and left as

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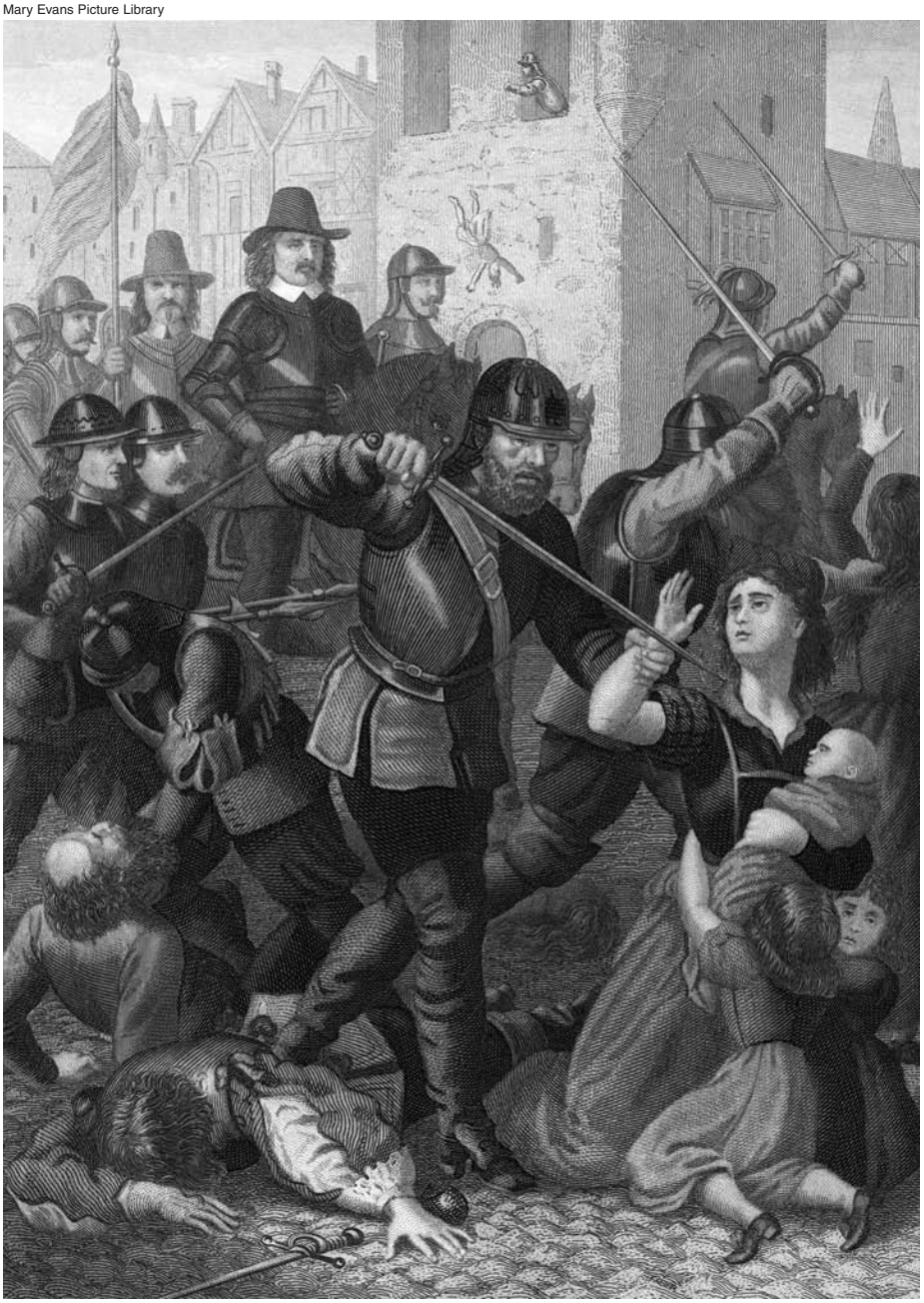

**The New Model Army, under orders, took few prisoners at Drogheda. "No quarter! No quarter!" Cromwell cried.**

he advanced wild-eyed into the fray. As Ewer's troops came up to reinforce the others, the Parliamentarians poured through the breach and entered the town.

On the Royalist side, Colonel William Wall, a popular leader, was killed. With his death, many defenders lost heart and began laying down their arms. Ormonde heard later that some form of pardon had been promised to the soldiers and officers if they surrendered, a point that has been argued by historians ever since. Unfortunately for the defenders, the rules of no quarter had been irrevocably established when Aston refused Cromwell's offer a day earlier, and even if a suggestion of clemency had been put to him, Cromwell would never have agreed. Instead, in a white heat of passion, he screamed to his men: "No quarter! No quarter!" With so many of his own men and officers dead or wounded, Cromwell wanted revenge.

**Aston and some 250 of his followers found refuge in the Mill Mount and fought on. An infor**mal parley began, with Aston negotiating for the safe surrender of company-grade officers. (It is unclear whether he included himself in the offer.) Once again, Cromwell nixed any proffer of mercy, ordering a new attack. Overwhelmed by the sheer numbers of Cromwell's men, Aston and his men were all cut down. Aston was beaten to death with his wooden leg, which Cromwell's soldiers had mistakenly believed was filled with gold coins. Enraged to find that it was solid wood, the Roundheads put it to deadly use. They did not go away entirely empty-handed—a money belt containing 200 gold sovereigns was found on Aston's corpse.

By this time, thousands of Roundheads were running through the streets of Drogheda, making their way into the northern section of the city. The retreating army realized too late that their comrades had failed to raise the drawbridge to block the enemy advance. Cromwell issued new orders to kill anyone who was found to be armed, while positioning his cavalry outside the northern walls to prohibit anyone from escaping the slaughter taking place within.

Catholic clergymen were given no special treatment; they were summarily executed on the spot. Approximately 100 priests and defenders made their way to St. Peter's Church in the northern part of Drogheda, taking refuge in the steeple. Cromwell told his men to gather the wooden pews from inside the cathedral and set them ablaze to burn the occupants from their sanctuary. As the flames crept skyward, some tried to flee, but they were run through with swords or speared with pikes. The remainder perished in the roaring fire. As the screams of the dying permeated the air, one unfortunate individual was heard to exclaim: "God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn!" A more enterprising soul leaped from the tower and landed heavily, but miraculously suffered only a broken leg. Cromwell was so astonished by the man's bravery that he pardoned him on the spot "for the extraordinariness of the thing,"

Many innocent civilians died during the massacre. Anthony Wood, a Parliamentarian officer, later said that he had discovered numerous women hiding in a church, the "flower and choicest of the women and ladies belonging to the town: amongst whom, a most handsome virgin, arrayed in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneeled down to him with tears and prayers to save her life." Overcome with pity, Wood displayed mercy and tried to protect her as they left the building. Suddenly, one Roundhead rushed the female captive and "thrust his sword into her body," killing the young woman instantly. Wood's compassion was short-lived—he rifled the body for any money and jewelry and then "flung her down over the rocks." Wood also described how his soldiers picked up children and used them as human shields "to save themselves from being shot or

brained" while they ascended the lofts and galleries of the church.

By dusk the majority of the Royalist forces had been killed or captured, with the exception of a few survivors skulking atop the towers and walls. Originally, these soldiers were not pursued, Cromwell assuming that they would eventually give themselves up when they became hungry and tired. Some of these defenders, however, had no intention of surrendering and fired down on the Roundheads, killing and wounding several. When the small group finally capitulated, Cromwell's orders were quick and unmerciful. "Their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes," Cromwell later wrote in a letter to Parliament. An untold number of prisoners, probably several dozen, spent the rest of their lives as white slaves on West Indies sugar plantations.

Following the battle, a handful of English Royalist officers were singled out for special punishment. Lt. Col. Edmund Verney, after surrendering, was removed from Cromwell's immediate presence and stabbed to death. Another Drogheda defender, Colonel Michael Byrne, was invited to dine with the newly installed English governor, Lord Henry Moore. At the close of the meal, one of Cromwell's officers bent down and whispered into Byrne's ear. Byrne rose quietly to leave the table. When Moore's wife asked innocently where he was going, Byrne replied with perfect gentlemanly composure: "Madam, to die."

Figures vary, but somewhere between 2,000 and 4,000 Irish and Royalist soldiers and civilians died at Drogheda. Cromwell's army suffered 150 killed and an unknown number wounded. Cromwell later justified the slaughter in a letter to William Lenthall, speaker of the Parliament, by saying that the victory at Drogheda belonged to the Almighty. "I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches," Cromwell wrote to Lenthall, "who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood for the future, which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret."

Cromwell's strategy was brutally simple. By giving no quarter to the enemy, he believed that other Irish towns in his path would waste no time in laying down their arms to avoid further bloodshed. In the beginning, the plan worked extremely well. The slaughter at Drogheda had a tremendous negative impact upon the Irish, at least for the time being. Immediately following Drogheda, the towns of Trim, Dundalk, Carlingford, and Newry all surrendered without a struggle.

At the same time, Ormonde had a difficult time convincing his troops to fight Cromwell's soldiers and defend their country. "It is not to be imagined how great the terror is that those successes and the power of the rebels [the English] have struck into this people," he informed King Charles II. "They are yet so stupefied, that it is with great difficulty I can persuade them to act anything like men towards their own preservation."

When Cromwell's army reached Wexford, the Royalist commander there, David Sinnott, refused to give up the town without a fight. Once again, the Parliamentarians fought their way into the city (after an eight-day siege) and killed another 2,000 soldiers and citizens in the marketplace. Cromwell left Ireland soon afterward, leaving behind a distinctly mixed legacy. For Irish Catholics and English Royalists, the slaughter of innocents at Drogheda and Wexford took on the air of religious martyrdom. Stories spread throughout the countryside of the wicked English commander who butchered women and children with no remorse. When the news reached England, however, the population was overjoyed and declared a day of thanksgiving to celebrate the fact that the heinous Irish rebels had received their just rewards.

**Historians have argued that the stern but upright Cromwell who had fought in England and** Scotland during the civil war was not the same bloodthirsty tyrant who conducted the Irish campaign. Cromwell biographer Antonia Fraser has written: "The conclusion cannot be escaped that Cromwell lost his self-control at Drogheda, literally saw red—the red of his comrades' blood—after the failure of the first assaults."

There is no doubt that Cromwell lost his self-control at Drogheda. His irrational actions, so unlike his earlier campaigns in England and Scotland, resulted in the deaths of hundreds of innocent civilians. "The death rate in military engagements in England was usually between five and 10 percent," wrote John Morrill, professor of British and Irish History at the University of Cambridge and past president of the Oliver Cromwell Association. "At Drogheda and Wexford, it must have been 80 percent. By Cromwell's own admission, these included non-combatants killed in the knowledge that they were non-combatants."

"THE CONCLUSION CANNOT BE ESCAPED THAT CROMWELL LOST HIS SELF-CONTROL AT DROGHEDA, LITERALLY SAW RED—THE RED OF HIS COMRADES' BLOOD—AFTER THE FAILURE OF THE FIRST ASSAULTS."

His deep hatred for the Irish certainly clouded Cromwell's judgment. Incensed by the massacre of Protestants in 1641 by Irish Catholics, Cromwell fervently believed that his mission was a divine one, sanctioned by God to deliver a just punishment upon the barbaric Irish. Ironically, many of the defenders of Drogheda were not Irish, but English Catholics. They almost certainly had not taken part in the killing of the Protestant settlers eight years before. This did not matter to Cromwell. In his mind, the inhabitants of the town were to blame for their own murders.

Some historians have claimed that Cromwell was well within his rights to deny quarter to the soldiers of Drogheda and Wexford because they had refused his petitions for surrender. One Cromwell defender has even claimed that some of the lurid tales of massacre that have been passed down through the centuries have been fabricated. He points to the fact that the remains of the dead have never been found. Most historians, however, vehemently disagree with that assessment. "There may have been good military reasons for behaving as he did, but they were not the motives which encouraged him at Drogheda, during the day and night of organised butchery," historian Eugene Coyle has concluded. "Cromwell knew exactly what he was doing at Drogheda whether the order for 'no quarter' was given or not."

Heated emotions are still very much in evidence in Ireland today whenever Cromwell's name is brought up in conversation. On the 400th anniversary of his birth on April 25, 1999, protesters picketed celebrations of the event. To this day, the "Curse of Cromwell" looms like an evil specter between the two countries. As English author G.K. Chesterton once remarked, "The tragedy of the English conquest of Ireland in the 17th century is that the Irish can never forget it and the English can never remember it." □

# *Faces of* WORLD WAR I

BY DAVID DEJONGE

Grand Rapids, Michigan, photographer David DeJonge embarked on a year-long quest to photograph the last surviving American soldiers of World War I.

**NOVEMBER 11, 2008,** marked the 90th anniversary of the end of World War I. Some 4,734,991 American soldiers served in the conflict, and 116,516 Americans lost their lives during the nation's two-year participation in the war—a casualty rate far surpassing the deaths incurred in the combined wars of Korea, Vietnam, and the Persian Gulf.

In December 2006, I decided to photograph the last American survivors of World War I. With help from independent producer Will Everett, who did an audio special that aired on NPR about the last survivors, and Chris Scheer from the Department of Veterans Affairs, I was able to preliminarily track down 12. By the time I secured financing for my travels, only eight remained.

To complete my project would take 12 months and nearly 30,000 miles of travel. I thought I had completed the project on March 12, 2007, after photographing John Babcock in Spokane, Washington. Shortly after that session, however, I received an e-mail from Robert Young of the Gerontology Research Group, who had discovered a ninth World War I veteran living quietly in San Francisco. Of the nine eventual subjects of my project, only two remain alive at this writing; many died within weeks of their sessions.

### James Russell Coffey
(September 1, 1898-December 20, 2007)

My first session was with 108-year-old James Russell Coffey in North Baltimore, Ohio, at Blakely Care Center, on January 18, 2007. Coffey enlisted in the United States Army at the age of 20 in October 1918, just one month before the armistice. He had attempted to enlist before, but he was rejected because his brothers were already fighting in Europe. This rejection didn't last long, as Coffey returned just two weeks later and was accepted. He served for just two months and was released in December 1918 with the rank of sergeant. Coffey lived alone in a modest room at the center. Stacks of letters from well-wishers and autograph seekers from around the world covered his dresser. The photo session was simple. I hung an antique 48-star American flag behind Coffey and the nurse spoke loudly into his ear: "Russell, open your eyes." The flash popped and his eyes opened briefly, then relaxed shut again. I discovered the limitations of my project. None of my subjects could stand, few could last for sessions longer than 10 minutes, and most were too far gone to reflect clearly on their memories.

## Antonio Pierro
(February 22, 1896-February 8, 2007)

I traveled to Swampscott, Massachusetts, to meet nearly 111-year-old Antonio Pierro. Pierro could not stand, but greeted me with a warm smile and a slow but vintage Italian accent. When the nurse came to check on him, Pierro favored her with another smile and a gracious kiss on the hand. Born in 1896 in Forenza, Italy, Pierro moved to the United States in 1914 and lived in Marblehead, Massachusetts. In 1918 he enlisted in the Army and was sent to France, where he saw action at St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne offensive. For his role in these battles, Pierro was awarded the French Legion of Honor and several other medals.

## Frank Woodruff Buckles
(February 1, 1901-Present)

Born in Bethany, Missouri, on a small farm, Frank Buckles is the last known American survivor of World War I. Buckles lives in a 300-year-old farmhouse overlooking the battlefields of Antietam and Harpers Ferry. Buckles served in the American Expeditionary Forces as an ambulance driver in France, England, and Germany. He did not see combat, but he did see the terrible aftereffects of the war while transporting wounded soldiers and prisoners of war. As the last known veteran of WWI, Buckles has become a celebrity of sorts, a humble representative of the nearly 5 million who served in the war to end all wars.


## Howard Ramsey
(April 2, 1898-February 22, 2007)

Howard Ramsey was the last American combat veteran who served during World War I. He lived in an adult care home on a quiet street in Portland, Oregon. I arrived and was greeted by his granddaughter Sandy. Seated in a comfortable gray chair was a kind and happy man. At age 109, Ramsey still had a joy for life. He first joined the naval militia during high school and later served on the USS *Marblehead,* which was one of the ships used by Admiral George Dewey during the Spanish-American War. Being too light to enlist, Ramsey and a friend ate several bananas and drank enough water to gain enough weight to be accepted. While in France, Ramsey encountered a young French girl who asked for a souvenir. He found an American penny and gave it to her. In return, she gave him a small lock of hair wrapped in a tissue. He kept it until the day he died. Since he was one of the few men who could drive a motorized vehicle, Ramsey was put to use teaching others how to drive and also driving ambulances, trucks, and motorcycles.

## John Henry Foster Babcock
(July 23, 1900-Present)

Born on a 350-acre farm in Holleford, Ontario, Canada, John Henry Foster Babcock helped on the farm and tapped maple syrup. His father ran a sawmill. Babcock enlisted in the Canadian Army. He served in the Young Soldiers Battalion and recalled marching every day. After being discharged, he made his way to the United States, where he joined the U.S. Army in the 1930s and attempted to reenlist during World War II. He then found out that he was not an American citizen (he thought that you automatically became a citizen while serving in the Army) and became a citizen in 1946. In 2008 he wrote a one-sentence letter to the Canadian prime minister asking for his Canadian citizenship back, which he was granted shortly thereafter.


## Harry Richard Landis
(December 12, 1899-February 4, 2008)

One day I got an e-mail about a story that had surfaced in Tampa, Florida, of a WWI veteran who was previously unknown to researchers. I boarded a plane to Tampa and headed off to meet Harry Landis and his wife. Landis enlisted in the United States Army before the armistice and was trained for two months in Missouri prior to the end of the war. He spoke of the Spanish flu pandemic and of having to mop floors at the hospital, where he was exposed to the deadly disease. There was a shortage of uniforms and guns for training, he recalled. When the war ended, Landis drove a car around the town square several times, honking the horn. Later, his battalion did their final march in formation to the girls' college down the street from their barracks.

## Charlotte Berry Winters
(November 10, 1897-March 27, 2007)

Charlotte Berry Winters was born in the nation's capital in the fall of 1897. She was one of my subjects whose lives incredibly spanned three centuries. When America entered the war in 1917, the United States Navy allowed women to enlist in noncombat roles. Berry and her sister joined the more than 11,000 women in the ranks. Having graduated in 1915 from the Washington Business High School, Winters's secretarial skills came in handy at the Navy Yard in Washington, D.C. She recalled drilling on the National Mall in Washington. Early in 1917, Winters and her sister met with Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels to discuss women's roles in the Navy. In June 1919, she and a group of fellow Yeoman (F) veterans organized a club called the Betsy Ross Post No. 1, a service organization for women who were about to be discharged. After the group heard of a similar organization of men doing the same things, Winters's group merged with the men and formed the American Legion. The Betsy Ross Post later changed its name to honor the USS *Jacob Jones* and became the second post in the United States.

## Lloyd Brown
(October 7, 1901-March 29, 2007)

Lloyd Brown was born in Lutie, Missouri, on October 7, 1901. He lived in Charlotte Hall, Maryland, by himself up to a few months before his death, when his daughter Nancy moved in with him to help. On April 2, 1918, Brown enlisted in the United States Navy. He sailed on the USS *New Hampshire*, which was assigned to troop convoy escort and antisubmarine duty in the North Atlantic. Under the convoy's protection, the Navy did not lose one convoy ship to submarine action. Brown recalled his ship capturing a German submarine and sailing up the Delaware River back to Philadelphia. He was amazed at how immaculate the sub was and at her extensive use of brass. Brown reenlisted in 1921 and served aboard the USS *Seattle*. He later became a Washington, D.C., firefighter and worked at National Airport.

## William Seegers
(October 24, 1900-July 10, 2007)

On a sunny afternoon in the winter of 2007, I pulled up to a home nestled in a small side street on the outskirts of San Francisco, where I saw an elderly gentleman drinking orange juice on the porch. At the age of 106, William Seegers recalled being drafted into the German Army at 15. He deserted his unit, but was talked into returning by family members who were afraid he would be executed. Seegers rejoined his unit and was reassigned as a clerk. He offered the only firsthand details of a veteran from inside the former German Empire, describing food shortages and lack of morale as the Allied forces closed in on Germany. Seegers was discharged in 1919. Having witnessed the horrors of war, he later became a member of a socialist colony in Louisiana, where he met his wife, Vinita Thurman. I photographed him clutching his draft papers and American citizenship papers with the American flag and a copy of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, where he once worked as a pressman.

As of this writing, there are approximately 12 World War I veterans left in the entire world. I recently returned from England, where I photographed the last three veterans, including the world's oldest veteran, 112-year-old Henry Allingham, the last person to have flown in a biplane during combat, and Harry Patch, the last known trench fighter.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** To fund his project, photographer David DeJonge is selling a small number of limited edition collectors' prints and complete sets of the images in handmade commemorative cherry wood boxes. Also included are a few autographed prints by Frank Woodruff Buckles. If your institution is interested in the exhibit, or if you would like more information, e-mail DeJonge at studio@dejongestudio.com.

Led by the dashing and charismatic Red Baron, Manfred von Richthofen, the young pilots in Jasta 11 wreaked havoc in the skies over the Western Front. Their reign was brief but glorious.

# THE RED BARON'S BAND OF BROTHERS

BY O'BRIEN BROWNE

LIKE A SWARM OF UNGAINLY DRAGONFLIES, A SQUADRON OF SIX British RE8 observation aircraft droned over the trenches of northern France on the afternoon April 13, 1917. The sky was a bright, cheerful blue and the RE8s were intently engaged in "spotting," or visually identifying, German positions and signaling coordinates to British artillery on the ground. Suddenly, six German Albatros D.III biplane fighters, one painted completely red and all gaily adorned, roared out of the yellow sun, their twin machine guns spewing a hail of bullets. In a few minutes, all of the RE8s were burning on the ground, their crews lost. The German planes reformed, wagged their wings in victory, and flew on into the dazzling sunlight.

It was just another day for the aces from Jagdstaffel 11, Jasta for short. In the brief but deadly encounter, 2nd Lieutenant Lothar von Richthofen had destroyed two of the British planes, with Lieutenant Kurt Wolff, Sgt. Maj. Sebastian Festner, and their skilled leader, Lieutenant Manfred von Richthofen, shooting down one each; Lieutenant Hans Klein from Jasta 4 bagged another. For the men of Jasta 11, it was a time of grand success and camaraderie. From September to July 1917, the men lived, fought, and died together in the skies over the Western Front, creating one of history's most illustrious squadrons. For a brief moment, the four men of Jasta 11 were Germany's aces of aces. Their leader, known to future generations as "the Red Baron," would become the 20th century's first media superstar.

In the winter of 1917, however, the future of Jasta 11 was not so promising. Since the unit's inception, it had not scored a single victory over the enemy. The 25-year-old Richthofen, Germany's most successful living ace with 16 kills, was unhappy to learn that he had been appointed Jasta 11's new commander. Even worse, he was being transferred out of the renowned Jasta Boelcke, named after its fallen leader, Captain Oswald Boelcke, whose 40 victories were unmatched by any other airman. Under Boelcke's expert tutelage, Richthofen had become a talented combat pilot himself. Richthofen revered his mentor and dreaded leaving his old unit. His spirits

**Manfred von Richthofen's fighter squadron flies high among the clouds in this watercolor by Claus Bergen. The Red Baron's fatal last flight was on April 21, 1918.**

Erich Lessing/Art Resource, NY

were lifted somewhat when he was awarded the *Pour le mérite,* popularly known as the "Blue Max," Germany's highest and most prestigious decoration, on January 12.

The weather was suitably bleak and cold when Richthofen took up his new command near the French village of Douai. He was greeted by 12 badly trained and unmotivated pilots smoking and slouching around the muddy airfield, among them three scoreless pilots who had been in Jasta 11 since November 1916. The notably unsuccessful trio included a modest, soft-spoken Bavarian, Sebastian Festner, 22; fun-loving Karl Allmenröder, a pastor's son and a mere boy of 20 with the unwarrior-like nickname, "Little Karl"; and unlikeliest of all, a frail-looking 22-year-old named Kurt Wolff, called Wölfchen ("Little Wolf") by the others. Richthofen observed his new command with a cold eye. "Working here," he wrote home, "brings me very little joy."

All: Author's Collection

Being highly competitive and eager to surpass Boelcke's score, Richthofen determined to turn his men into efficient and deadly fighters. The Jasta 11 pilots quickly learned that their new commander was not a paper-pushing bureaucrat, but a fearless combat leader who led by example. Underscoring that impression, Richthofen scored the unit's first victory on January 23, shooting down a British FE8; he destroyed a second British plane the next day. Richthofen took Allmenröder, Festner, and Wolff with him on patrol. In the first days, they were little help. Richthofen, said his brother, "came back somewhat annoyed, but did not reproach them; on the contrary, he did not say a word about it. Wolff and Allmenröder told me that influenced them more than the harshest dressing-down."

Gifted with immense organizational and teaching talents as well as a shimmering charisma, Richthofen schooled his unbloodied "gentlemen," as he called them, in the aerial combat tactics he had learned from Boelcke. Stressing comradeship and discipline, Richthofen instructed his pilots to carefully select their targets while ceaselessly watching their own backs, then to get above and behind the enemy and attack out of the sun while their opponents were blinded by the glare. He stressed the need for the pilots to keep together and cover one another and forbade any "stunt" flying—doing loops or other tricks—as superfluous and dangerous in combat. He also advised them to never fly too low or too far over enemy lines because ground fire often proved fatal. So expertly did Richthofen train his men that Jasta 11 did not suffer its first combat casualty until the end of March.

**Although Richthofen believed that the man was more** important than the machine, he and his pilots were fortunate that German industry produced an excellent fighter plane, the Albatros D.III, equipped with two Spandau machine guns firing through the propeller. Powered by the ever-reliable 160hp Mercedes engine, the Albatros was fast, maneuverable, and boasted a good rate of climb. It was far superior to such lumbering British aircraft as the RE8, BE2, and FE two-seaters, and was more heavily armed than the DH2, Sopwith Pup, and French-built Spad VII and Nieuport 17 single-seat fighters. The Albatros did, however, suffer from one major weakness—a deadly propensity to shed its lower wings during a steep dive.

While Jasta 11 honed its skills, Richthofen continued to lead by example, shooting down a variety of enemy aircraft ranging from observation craft to fighters. By the end of March he had increased his score to 31 as he inexorably closed in on Boelcke's magical 40. Around this time, Richthofen had his Albatros painted red. Although he coyly claimed in his memoirs that the garish hue was the color of his old cavalry unit, it also appealed to his innate sense of drama and individualism. On a more mundane level, the color helped his novice pilots locate their leader in the sky and enabled ground dwellers to identify his aircraft, thus adding solid confirmation to any victory claim. Richthofen hoped that the blood-red plane would strike terror in the hearts of its opponents. With this in mind, he encouraged his pilots to apply personal markings to their own "birds," as they called their aircraft, an idea that greatly boosted unit pride. Eventually, they all adopted various colorations of red, but with personal touches. Allmenröder's Albatros, for example, sported a white nose and rear stabilizer, Wolff's a red fuselage and green nose. In the public's mind, the chivalric colors harkened back to the romantic days of medieval warfare.

**LEFT: Lieutenant Kurt Wolff, called "Little Wolf," poses in his leather flying coat. BELOW: Lieutenant Lothar von Richthofen proudly displays his *Pour le mérite* medal at his throat in a studio photograph. BELOW LEFT: The dashing and doomed Manfred von Richthofen poses for a photo at the age of 25. He would not see 26.**

Soon, Richthofen's patience and superb leadership skills began to pay off. The quiet Festner was the first of his pupils to score a kill, shooting down a BE2c two-seater on February 5. Eleven days later, Allmenröder matched him by bringing down a BE2c; Festner destroyed an FE8 on the same day. Richthofen's men had tasted blood and yearned for more.

Author's Collection

**Fun-loving Karl Allmenröder, a pastor's son, poses in front of his Albatros.D.III fighter in 1917.**

Meanwhile, 25-year-old Karl Emil Schäfer, flying with another unit and with one victory under his belt, was burning to fly in a fighter squadron. Aware of Richthofen's success, Schäfer sent him a telegram: "Are you able to use me?" This was exactly the type of aggressive airman that Richthofen appreciated. "Come at once!" he replied, and Schäfer joined Jasta 11 on February 21. Energized by Richthofen's electric personality, Schäfer destroyed a two-seat Sopwith Strutter on March 4. Not to be outdone by his squadron mates, the "delicate little flower" Kurt Wolff revealed his fierce nature by blasting a BE2d out of the sky two days later. Jasta 11 was becoming an efficient killing machine. "My squadron is getting good," a proud Richthofen wrote home. "I am very happy with it." At the end of March, 23-year-old 2nd Lieutenant Lothar von Richthofen joined Jasta 11, thanks to his older brother's influence. Now the band of brothers was complete. The days of glory could begin.

March was a successful month for Jasta 11. Richthofen was promoted to Oberleutnant after he knocked down 10 enemy aircraft. His men eagerly attempted to emulate their leader, with Allmenröder shooting down three enemy machines, Wolff five, and Schäfer seven. Even Richthofen's neophyte brother scored, bringing down a FE2b on the afternoon of March 28.

The twisting, confused nature of dogfighting was captured in a letter by Schäfer, describing his third kill on March 4. "My first opponent eluded me in a steep dive," he wrote. "Before I could follow him I saw Allmenröder being pressed hard by two Englishmen and I gave him some breathing room. As I did, a Vickers single-seater got in behind me. I made a half-loop and went into a spin; two comrades who saw it thought I had been shot down, as did the Vickers pilot, who then left me alone. I squeezed out of the scrap in such a way that I had a measured look at things and then very calmly went after a Sopwith two-seater. After I fired 100 shots it began to burn, then side-slipped down, fell end over end and fluttered earthwards in a burning heap, whereupon I could not help letting out a loud Hurrah."

More than just a military unit, the six men were friends. "Richthofen and I," Allmenröder, boasted in a letter to his sister, "always fly together, each looking after the other." Wolff in particular ingratiated himself with the others because of his gentleness and playful sense of humor. He was close to both Richthofens, and visited the Richthofen family estate in Schweidnitz. Richthofen's mother liked Wolff's "dear, amusing boy's face." A great source of amusement was the long nightcap "Little Wolff" always wore under his flying helmet as a lucky charm. With his jokes, he was the darling of Jasta 11.

The victories of March were a mere foretaste of the glories to come. April was a splendid month for the squadron. The skies were blue, the weather mild. The British Army was planning a major attack around Arras in Jasta 11's sector, and the air was rife with RFC observation and fighter craft on vital photographic, reconnaissance, and combat missions. The British deployed 365 aircraft on the Arras front against only 195 German machines. Despite these odds, Jasta 11 was determined to deny the enemy aerial superiority.

**Fired by their first successes and egged on by the infectious ambition of their commander,** Richthofen's band of brothers threw themselves into the battle, flying an exhausting four or five patrols a day, usually together. By the end of April, Wolff had destroyed an impressive 23 enemy craft. Lothar von Richthofen and Schäfer both boasted 15 kills, Allmenröder nine, and Festner 12, including a notable victory over a BF2a, one of whose occupants was Captain William Leefe Robinson, winner of the Victoria Cross, Britain's highest award for bravery. While patrolling with Wolff on April 11, Manfred von Richthofen shot down a low-flying BE2d for his 40th kill, at last matching his mentor Boelcke's score. But Richthofen was not satisfied to stop there. His tally reached 52 when, in a breathtaking performance, he shot down two fighters and two observation craft on the 29th. Called "Bloody April" by their British foes, the month saw Jasta 11 score a stunning 89 confirmed victories, making it the German Air Force's most successful squadron.

Richthofen was the undisputed ace of aces. His and Jasta 11's achievements were widely reported in the press, feeding the German people's hunger for flair and excitement in an increasingly bloody and protracted war. Richthofen, his brother Lothar, Festner, Allmenröder, Schäfer, and Wolff became household names, their pictures immortalized on a popular series of postcards produced by the Sanke Company and avidly collected by enthusiasts much as Americans collected baseball cards.

Richthofen was quickly promoted to the prestigious rank of Rittmeister (cavalry captain) on April 6, and his handsome face, his service cap tilted at a rakish angle, his coat collar turned up and the *Pour le mérite* gleaming at his neck, appeared everywhere. "He is in all the papers," his proud mother wrote in her dairy, "on the lips of all the people; the flag waves over his name." He received hundreds of fan letters at squadron headquarters, and was besieged by countless autograph hunters and reporters. Women especially adored him and wrote to him by the hundreds. Showered with virtually every medal his country could bestow upon him, Richthofen was dining with top-ranked generals and even the kaiser himself, mobbed by adoring crowds wherever he went.

Richthofen was equally famous across the lines, where he was called "the Red Devil," "le petit rouge," and other more colorful, unprintable expressions. Only later would he become legendary as the "Red Baron." All of Jasta 11's fighters, carrying the unit marking of red, were well known.

Author's Collection

A visiting reporter thought the unit's aircraft looked like a "swarm of radiant butterflies." Because of the squadron's ability to pack up their tents and move up and down the line according to necessity, Allied pilots began referring to them as "the Flying Circus," or "Richthofen's Circus."

**But fame was no protection against the vagaries of aerial combat. One of the peculiarities of this** form of combat was that anybody, regardless of skill and experience, could be brought down by anybody else at any given moment. Schäfer, for instance, crash landed on April 4, was shot down on the 13th, and was brought down again on the 22nd, struck by ground fire and narrowly escaping capture by British troops as he worked his way across no-man's-land. During a dogfight with the British 60th Squadron on April 8, the lower port wing on Festner's Albatros broke apart, and he was forced to land. Richthofen himself survived two potentially fatal incidents, one when his fuel tank was struck by enemy fire and he had to land. On the other occasion, when he broke his own rule by flying too low, his airplane was severely hit when the Sopwith Strutter he had just forced down unchivalrously kept firing at him from the ground. "I once more attacked him," Richthofen wrote, "and killed one of the occupants."

Under the intense strain of ceaseless combat, Richthofen's young team was forced to deal with the pressures of history's first air war—the adrenaline rush of fear, the daily brushes with death, the thrill of the chase and the kill, the nerve-killing dullness of fatigue—years before notions of combat stress had been identified. Treatment for shattered nerves did not exist and pilots simply flew and fought until they collapsed or were wounded or killed. And everybody was trying to kill them: small arms and machine guns from the trenches, antiaircraft guns, enemy fliers, structural and engine troubles on their aircraft, mid-air collisions during dogfights, and friendly fire. On top of this, they had to cope with killing young men like themselves. When Schäfer destroyed a British FE2d on April 3, he sardonically referred to it as

"infanticide," alluding to the youth of his victims. Richthofen smoked constantly and suffered from nightmares about seeing his first English victim die in the air.

Early in the morning of April 25, Sebastian Festner attacked several Sopwith Strutters from the 43rd Squadron. Depending on the source, he was either shot down by one of these, suffered wing failure, was hit by ground fire, or was the victim of a broken propeller. Whatever the fate that pressed him earthward, he smashed into the ground and died. As the first of the band to fall in combat, Festner's death shocked and saddened his comrades. Jasta 11 suffered its second blow when Schäfer, a seasoned ace with 23 victories, was awarded the *Pour le mérite* and appointed commander of Jagdstaffel 28, on April 26. In a letter to his parents, Schäfer wrote that he was "bitterly sad that I must leave the Staffel I have come to love, the splendid circle of comrades and most of all, Richthofen. If I had a choice, I would prefer a thousand times more to remain here."

On May 1, Richthofen was ordered to take an open-ended leave, the kaiser wishing to preserve his valuable national hero. Richthofen appointed his brother acting commander of Jasta 11. Back in the Fatherland, Richthofen sat for portraits, dined with royalty, and dictated his memoirs, *The Red Combat Pilot,* which became an instant bestseller. It was translated into English and widely read in Great Britain and elsewhere. Surrounded by ecstatic fans wherever he went, Richthofen sorely missed his squadron mates and longed to return to them.

**In the newspapers, Richthofen proudly followed the victories of his friends. "Little Wolff" raised** his score to 29 and was awarded the coveted *Pour le mérite* on May 4. Three days later, Lothar was involved in an evening dogfight with brand-new double-gunned SE5 fighters from the crack 56th Squadron. During the clash he shot down Captain Albert Ball, Great Britain's highest ace and holder of the Victoria Cross. This impressive feat, Lothar's 20th kill, made headlines across Germany. Delighted with his brother's achievements, Richthofen was jolted by a telegram: "Lothar is wounded, but not mortally." Flying with Allmenröder on the 13th, Lothar had been struck in the hip by ground fire and hospitalized. Richthofen visited his recuperating brother, writing to their mother that "he looked splendid, tanned with the *Pour le mérite* around his neck." But in a subsequent letter home, Richtofen cautioned: "Under no circumstances should [Lothar] be allowed back at the Front until he is physically fit. Otherwise he will suffer a relapse or be shot down."

Boyish Allmenröder, the last of the old band still remaining in Jasta 11, was appointed its commander. "The entire responsibility has been given to me by Richthofen," he excitedly wrote his sister. "Hopefully, I will remain in his Staffel a long time!" Allmenröder gamely carried on the old traditions by downing 13 enemy aircraft in May; he received the *Pour le mérite* in June. Richthofen was also gladdened to hear that Schäfer had shot down his 30th victory, a DH4

Imperial War Museum

**ABOVE: German Albatross.D.IIIs parked at La Brayelle, near Douai, France. The Red Baron's plane is second in line. OPPOSITE: The Band of Brothers radiating camaraderie in "Bloody April" 1917. Back row, left to right, Allmenröder, Hintsch, Festner, Schafer, Wolff, Simon, and Brauneck. Front row, Esser, Krefft, and Lothar von Richthofen, sitting. Manfred von Richthofen in cockpit. Led Zeppelin used this famous photo on the cover of their best-selling second album.**

Oliver Thiele

Public Domain

**ABOVE: A replica of Manfred von Richthofen's Fokker DR1, in which he recorded an unheard-of 80 kills in World War I. RIGHT: Manfred von Richthofen, with bandaged head, poses with a nurse at St. Nicholas Hospital in Courtrai.**

bomber. The next day, however, the Rittmeister received the stunning news that that his friend was dead. Schäfer had fallen on June 5 during a dogfight with FE2ds. Years later, Lieutenant H.L. Satchell recalled bringing down the German ace. "Schäfer looped over the top of us and we stalled, and fell down on him as he was coming out of the loop," wrote Satchell. "Both I and my observer, Lt. T.A. Medford-Lewis, had our guns going. We were about 50 yards from him and I can still picture his black helmet and red plane. He made a serious mistake and it cost him his life." Schäfer had violated his master's warnings against doing tricks in the air. A saddened Richthofen canceled all appointments in his busy schedule to attend his friend's funeral in Krefeld, Schäfer's hometown.

When Richthofen returned to active duty in early June, he quickly realized that the air war had changed. His happy band of fighters was broken. Adding to the Rittmeister's concerns were the excellent new Allied aircraft now confronting German pilots—the robust SE5a fighter, the superb Bristol two-seat fighter, and the highly maneuverable Sopwith triplane and Camel fighters, the latter armed with twin Vickers machine guns. Tactically, the Allies were appearing over the front in massed formations of more than 50 aircraft. To counter this, German fighter units were equipped with new Albatros D.V and D.Va fighters, which were supposed to be an improvement over the D.III but still suffered from weak lower wings. They were outclassed by the latest Allied planes.

**On June 25, Richthofen shot down his 56th opponent, a RE8, and was officially informed that** he was commander of Jagdgeschwader I (JGI), a combat group comprising Jastas 4, 6, 10, and 11 and capable of putting 50 to 60 fighters in the air at one time. This reorganization placed enormous leadership and administrative strains on Richthofen and signaled how the massed nature of the ground war was reflected in the air war.

Like his boss, young Allmenröder continued to score as well, shooting down his 30th opponent, a Nieuport fighter, on June 26. Now he was second only to Richthofen in kills. Eager for more victories, Allmenröder was out again the next morning, flying low over the lines—the near-fatal mistake that Richthofen had made weeks earlier. Suddenly, according to a letter Richthofen wrote to Allmenröder's father, he was fired upon by "an English plane that was at least 800 meters away [a] tremendous distance." Other reports indicated that small-arms and antiaircraft fire was heard coming from the trenches. "Karl's machine," Richthofen's letter continued, "immediately made a left turn in the direction of our lines: a sign that there was still a conscious presence in the machine. His comrades noticed that he turned off the gas, and passed over in a glide. From this glide, a vertical dive resulted, which did not cease." The mortally wounded ace's airplane fell into no-man's-land; his body was recovered by German soldiers that evening. "I could not wish," Richthofen concluded, "a finer death for myself than to fall in aerial combat; it is a consolation to know that Karl noticed nothing of his end." Allmenröder was 21 years old.

Richthofen and Wolff were now the last of the original band of brothers. On July 2, Richthofen had Wolff transferred back to Jasta 11 as its commander. This same day, the Rittmeister avenged Allmenröder's death by bringing down an RE8 for his 57th victory. He was out hunting again with Wolff and others on the morning of July 6. Carefully, Richthofen

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and his men stalked nine FE2ds patrolling over the German lines. The Rittmeister signaled the attack. As he roared downward, he saw Wolff already blazing away at the enemy. Calmly, with a hunter's precision, Richthofen selected his prey, letting him grow in his gunsights; the British observer was already nervously firing at him, even though he was out of range. Biding his time, Richthofen had not even released the safety latches on his guns. As his opponent banked to avoid him, Richthofen calmly maneuvered to stay behind. "Suddenly," he recalled, "I received a blow on my head! I was hit!" A lucky shot had clipped a two-inch patch of skin and bone from his head. "For a moment," he went on, "my whole body was completely paralyzed. My hands dropped to the side and my legs dangled in the fuselage. The worst part was that the blow on the head affected my optic nerve and I was completely blinded."

Richthofen's plane plunged earthward. Through sheer will power, he regained the use of his limbs and frantically grabbed the joy stick. "I must see!" he recalled saying to himself as his eyesight returned, although "it was like looking through thick black glasses." He made a decent landing in a field, tried to climb out of the cockpit but tumbled out and lay on the ground in a daze. When he came to, he found himself in St. Nicholas Hospital in Courtrai. The ace of aces had proven vulnerable at last.

Wolff was now the last of the band still flying. He was on a morning patrol again the day after Richthofen was wounded, shooting down a Sopwith triplane for his 33rd victory. Four days later, flying to the east of Ypres, Wolff was leading Jasta 11 over the lines when tracers ripped past the German fighters and a squadron of 12 triplanes from the 10th Naval Squadron roared down on them. In a letter to his girlfriend, Wolff humorously described what happened next. "I had my hand right where an Englishman was shooting," he wrote. "The bullet, being the harder component, went through the hand—the wrist bone was shot clean through." Wolff dove out of the dogfight and returned to the airfield. Hours later he found himself lying alongside Richthofen in the hospital.

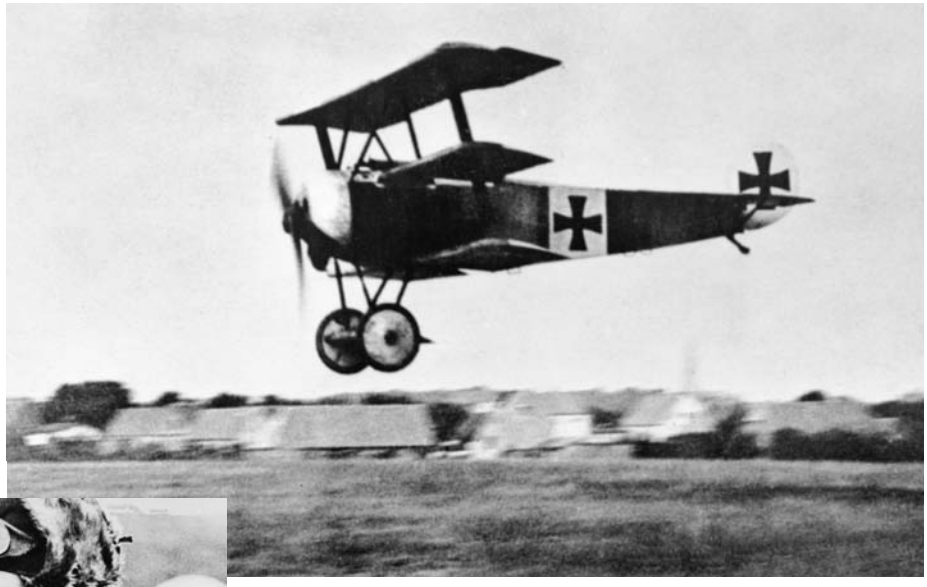
Imperial War Museum

Lothar and Wolff were still recovering in hospital when Manfred returned to command on July 25, his wound unhealed, his head still bandaged, struggling with headaches and depression. Although his unit was doing fine work, the fun was gone, the lines in his face harder. "There is nothing left," Richthofen jotted down, "of the lively, merry war as our deeds were called in the beginning." Richthofen was soon leading patrols, although it was not until August 16 that he scored again, shooting down a Nieuport 17. Somehow, it was different now. "I am in wretched spirits after every aerial battle," he wrote. "But that no doubt is an after-effect of my head wound." The Rittmeister would often head straight for his quarters after returning from patrol, explaining that he did not want to see anyone or hear anything.

Wolff understood these feelings. Promoted to Oberleutnant, he returned to the war on September 11, forever changed by his grim experiences. Unable to shoot down the enemy as he had done during the heady days of the spring, the frustrated pilot was killed in action flying a new Fokker triplane just four days after rejoining his unit. Lothar received the depressing news while convalescing at home. His mother observed his reaction: "His lips grew hard; he sat the whole day and stared through the window at the dark trees in the garden."

**Now all of Richthofen's friends were dead. As the hero of the German people and commander of** JGI, he still had a difficult task awaiting him—to carry on. His sense of duty and his burning ambition brought him back into the air, where he would reach an unheard-of 80 victories en route to becoming the highest scoring ace of World War I. Finally, the Red Baron fell on April 21, 1918,

Imperial War Museum



**ABOVE: Manfred von Richthofen lands his Fokker DR1 triplane after another patrol over no-man's-land. LEFT: Manfred, still wearing flying gear, after combat.**

a victim of fatigue, headaches, depression, and violating his own rules against flying too low and too far over enemy lines. It was exactly one year after the glories of April 1917. He had not yet turned 26.

Of the original six who had made up the band of brothers, only Lothar von Richthofen survived the war, saved by his injuries. Wounded twice more, the 40-victory ace was recuperating in the hospital when he learned of his brother's death. "Had I been there," he said sadly, "it would not have happened." Lothar met a flyer's end when he was killed in a civilian aircraft accident in 1921.

Manfred von Richthofen had molded and managed his men superbly. From a group of badly trained, unmotivated young men, he shaped a band of brothers that became textbook examples of boldness, courage, and skill. Thanks to their leader's immense talents, four of the band would be awarded the *Pour le mérite*. In their brief, violent careers, Festner, Schäfer, Allmenröder, Wolff, Lothar, and Manfred accounted for a combined record of 225 downed aircraft. It was an exhilarating time. Flying and fighting for fame and Fatherland, the young German pilots in Jasta 11 were driven by the reckless belief that they were not going to die. They were wrong, but at least they died on their own terms, in the brilliant blue skies above the squalid gray trenches. □

Challenged by a new Scottish champion, William Wallace, King Edward I led a massive English army north into Scotland in the summer of 1298. The two sides collided at Falkirk.

# EDWARD LONGSHANKS AT FALKIRK

BY JOHN WALKER

**AFTER THE DISASTROUS BATTLE OF DUNBAR IN APRIL 1296,** the Scottish revolt against England stalled for more than a year until a rebel force led by Andrew de Moray and William Wallace rekindled the flames of rebellion with a stunning victory over the English at Stirling Bridge. The impact of that battle induced King Edward I, known as "Longshanks" for his extraordinary height, to return from France to deal with the fractious Scots. After assembling a huge army, Edward marched north on his second invasion of Scotland in two years.

Dubbed the English Justinian because of his legal codes, which initiated significant changes to feudal law, strengthening both the crown and Parliament to the detriment of the old nobility, Edward was first and foremost a warrior king. His combat expertise, and that of his war machine, lay in campaigning. On campaign, in Wales, Scotland, southern France, and his native England, Edward had an innate ability to assemble an army and hold it together in the field. He was a man of stern character, jealous of his honor but true to his word only when it suited his end. His conduct toward the Welsh and Scots was marked by cunning, duplicity, and ruthlessness.

Born in June 1239 at Westminster, Edward was named after England's last Anglo-Saxon king, Edward the Confessor. At the age of 15 he traveled to Spain for an arranged marriage to 13-year-old Eleanor of Castile. The marriage was a political union, its purpose to protect the southern borders of Gascony, England's last possession in France. Edward was invested as the duke of Gascony and acknowledged his fealty to the French king, Louis IX. The governorship of Gascony previously had been in the hands of Simon de Montfort, whose autocratic rule had caused considerable unrest. Edward's command of the duchy was just as turbulent; he ruled with a strong hand and was not averse to inflicting severe retribution on any subjects who challenged his authority.

**Scottish hero William Wallace is warned by a supporter not to offer battle to English invaders in this 1906 painting by J.R. Skelton. Wallace, to his sorrow, did not listen to her advice.**

The Art Archive/John Meek

Edward's first experience in warfare came during uprisings in Wales in 1256. He supported his father in the baronial war that erupted in 1264, but Edward's youthful rashness led to his capture alongside his father at the Battle of Lewes; he escaped a year later. In August 1265, he routed and killed de Montfort at the bloody Battle of Evesham. Five years later, Edward left England to join Louis IX on crusade; they were among the last true crusaders in the medieval tradition of seeking to recover the Holy Land. After the sudden death of Louis IX, the French forces broke off the campaign. Edward pressed on, but the size of his small force limited him to the relief of the city of Acre from the sultan of Egypt. On the crusade, Edward was badly wounded by a poisoned dagger wielded by a Muslim Shi'ite assassin; legend has it that his wife sucked the poison from the wound. Edward left the Middle East in late 1272, never to return.

**Edward was returning to Europe when his father died in November 1272. Although he was** absent, the people of England declared Edward their next monarch. Edward finally arrived in London in August 1274 and was crowned king at the age of 35. Determined to enforce the crown's primacy in the British Isles, Edward spent the first part of his reign subjugating Wales. After Welsh leader Llywelyn ap Gruffydd refused to pay homage to Edward, the king raised an army and led a successful campaign against the Welsh prince in 1276-1277; the defeated Llywelyn was stripped of almost all his territory. Llywelyn's brother, Dafydd, started another rebellion in 1282 and joined his brother in a war of national liberation. Edward responded quickly and decisively. Llywelyn was killed in December 1282 and Welsh resistance all but collapsed. Wales was incorporated into England in 1284 and Edward invested his eldest son and heir, Edward of Caernarfon, Prince of Wales in 1301. To consolidate his conquest, Edward constructed a string of massive stone castles encircling the new principality.

After a lengthy stay in his duchy of Gascony, Edward returned to England and focused his attention on affairs in Scotland. He had planned to marry off his son to the Scottish heiress Margaret, but when she died in 1290 with no clear successor to the throne, Scottish guardians invited Edward to arbitrate. To the surprise and consternation of the Scottish regents, Edward insisted that he be recognized as overlord of Scotland. After weeks of machinations, Edward's precondition was accepted by the Scots—with the proviso that Edward's overlordship would be temporary. Edward then proceeded to decide who should become the new Scottish king. After lengthy debate, he ruled in favor of John Balliol in November 1292.

In the weeks after Balliol's coronation at Scone, however, Edward made it clear that he had no intention of dropping his claim to be Scotland's superior lord. Edward forced Balliol to sign documents freeing the English monarch from his earlier promises. Edward's constant demands for money, goods, and men were deeply resented by the Scots. When the king insisted that the Scots participate in his ongoing war with France, Balliol and the Scottish magnates had had enough. Balliol renounced his homage to Edward in 1295 and signed a treaty with Edward's bitter enemy, King Philip IV of France. The Scots readied themselves for war with England.

Fighting began in March 1296 when a Scottish force crossed the border and tried unsuccessfully to take Carlisle. A few days later, Edward launched his first invasion of Scotland at the head of a massive Anglo-Norman army. The English army, consisting of thousands of armored knights and Welsh archers, arrived outside the Scottish border town of Berwick-upon-Tweed to find the citizens prepared for a long siege. After Edward's surrender demand was refused and he and his soldiers were taunted from the battlements, the English attacked and captured the town, brutally executing the castle's 8,000 defenders in a retributive bloodbath.

After the Berwick triumph, Edward sent his most senior lieutenant, John de Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, to take Dunbar. De Warrenne arrived on April 29 to find its castle also prepared for a siege and the main Scottish army, commanded by John "Red" Comyn, Earl of Buchan, camped outside the castle walls. De Warrenne ignored the castle and concentrated on the main body of Scottish troops. The Scots, while not lacking in courage, were ill disciplined. Enflamed with battle fire, they broke ranks and hurled themselves at the smaller English army, only to be showered by thousands of Welsh arrows. Broken and confused, the survivors were trampled to the ground by de Warrenne's cavalry, which rode pitilessly among the Scots wielding swords, lances, axes, and maces. The Scottish forces were routed with the loss of over 6,000 men; three Scottish earls and more than a hundred of Comyn's lords and knights were captured and sent to London in chains.

Edward followed the victory at Dunbar with a triumphant march north through Scotland, taking Roxburgh and Edinburgh castles and advancing as far inland as Elgin. On his return south, the implacable English king confiscated the sacred Scottish coronation stone, the Stone of Scone, carting it from Perth to London. Balliol, deprived of his crown and other royal regalia, abdicated in July and was imprisoned in the Tower of London, where he and some

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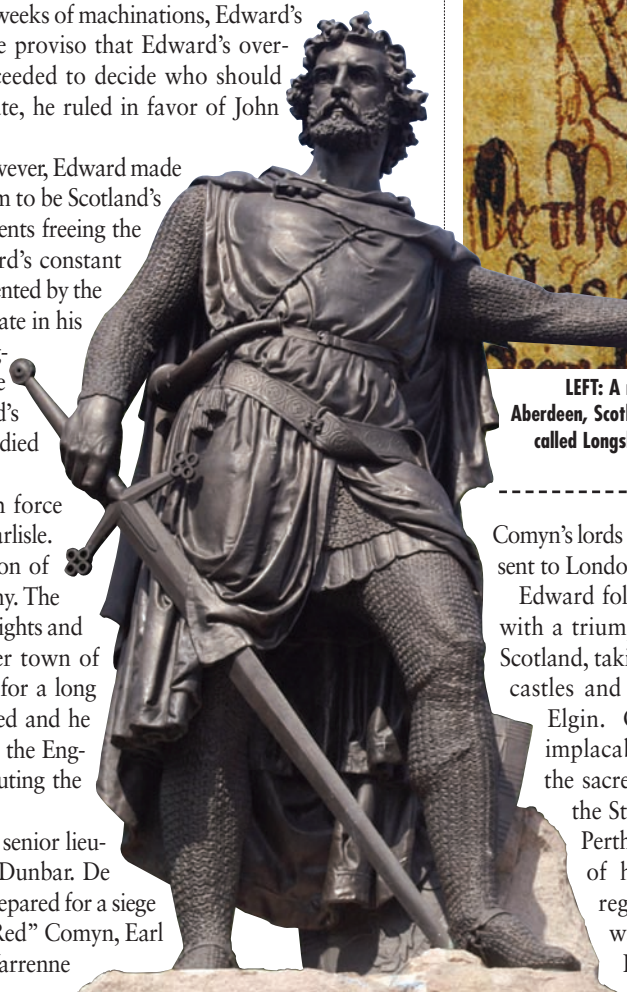


**LEFT: A modern statue of William Wallace in Aberdeen, Scotland. ABOVE: English King Edward I, called Longshanks by his enemies, from a period memoranda roll.**

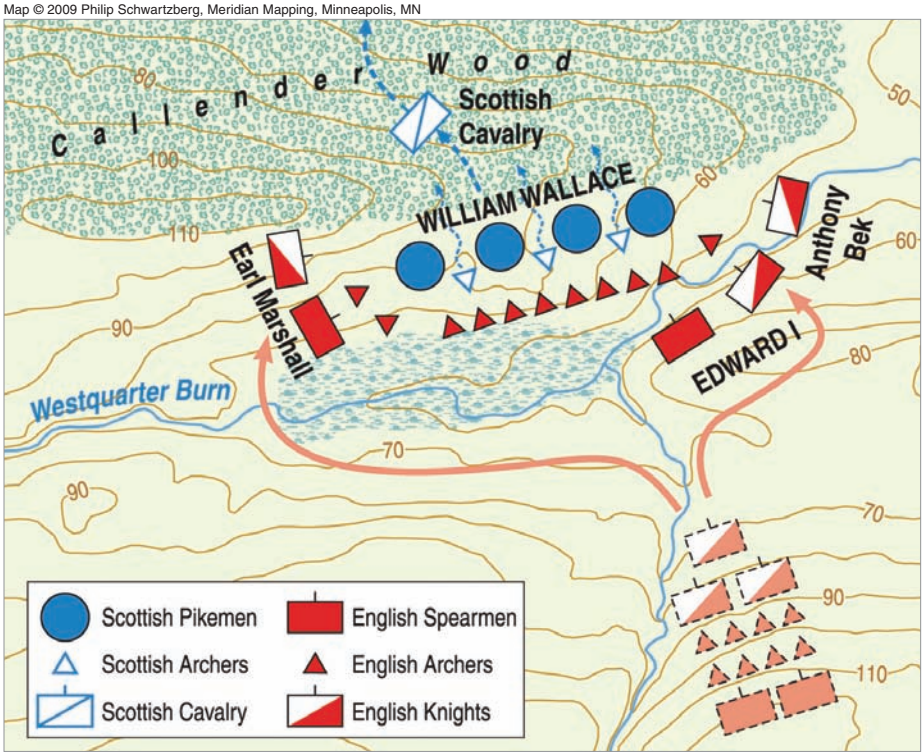
1,800 Scottish nobles were required to swear formal homage to Edward. The English monarch established a series of military garrisons in the north and proceeded to rule Scotland like a province.

Soon the fires of insurrection flared once more. The second phase of the war, involving the campaigns of William Wallace, began in early 1297. Wallace, the son of a minor local landowner and knight from Ellersie, quickly became a symbol of Scottish resistance to the English occupation of their homeland. By the spring of 1297, the whole of Scotland, with the exception of Lothian (long an Anglo-Saxon area) was in a state of armed insurrection. Wallace's initial successes encouraged several Scottish nobles to join the rebellion, including William Douglas, James Stewart, and Andrew de Moray, who was in the north raising forces much as Wallace was doing in the lowlands. Wallace and de Moray became friends, organizing an army of commoners and small landowners in the predominantly Anglo-Norman lowlands and attacking English garrisons between the Forth and Tay Rivers.

Edward I, his hands full in France, ordered de Warrenne and the reviled Hugh de Cressingham, the king's treasurer in Scotland, to suppress all resistance. The two English commanders marched through the southern lowlands with an army numbering between 15,000 and 20,000 men, including many mounted knights. As the English army of heavy cavalry, Welsh archers, and infantry marched toward Stirling castle in September 1297, Wallace moved rapidly to intercept them. On the banks of the Forth River, the English troops came within sight of Wallace's and de Moray's rebels arrayed on the opposite bank.

Wallace and de Moray had deployed their men on the high ground above a bridge that crossed the Forth north of Stirling. Meanwhile, de Warrenne, overconfident after Dunbar and believing that he was facing mere rabble, unwisely sent his mounted knights advancing across the narrow wooden bridge. The bridge was so narrow that only two men abreast could cross at the same time, but the English commanders ordered all the English horse and most of the foot across the bridge in the face of the Scottish enemy, ignoring a nearby ford that was broad enough for 60 horsemen to cross at a time. When the vanguard of the English forces, 5,400 English and Welsh infantry and several hundred cavalry, had crossed the bridge, Wallace ordered his foot soldiers forward. Seeing this movement, the heavily mailed English knights mounted a furious charge up the slope toward Wallace's infantry. Scottish archers






**Outnumbered at least 6-to-1, Wallace's men held the high ground below Callender Wood. "Now I have brought ye to the ring," Wallace joked grimly. "Hop if ye can."**

began a steady fire, causing the English forces to waver and recoil.

Wallace's foot soldiers pressed their downhill charge toward the bridge while de Moray executed a superb tactical movement, getting his men between the bridge and those English soldiers who had already crossed over, effectively cutting off their retreat. As confusion set in among the English ranks, discipline was lost. Wallace pressed on with greater force; the half-formed English infantry columns gave way and many heavily armed English knights were driven into the river and drowned. De Warrenne attempted to turn the tide by sending his remaining reinforcements across the bridge. After the better part of the force made the crossing, they were assailed on all sides by Scottish spearmen, adding to the confusion and slaughter.

**Before the rest of de Warrenne's reinforcements made it all the way across the bridge, the span** collapsed and crashed into the river. This mishap proved catastrophic for the English when a body of Scottish infantry forded the river downstream and fell upon the English rear, ensuring victory for the Scots. A large number of English were drowned attempting to re-cross the stream. After making a last attempt to rally his beaten soldiers, de Warrenne fled to Berwick, sending news of the disaster to Edward. Some 5,000 English infantry and 100 knights had been killed, and the huge English baggage train was lost; the Scottish dead numbered in the hundreds. Among the English casualties was Cressingham, whose body was flayed and cut into strips. Wallace reportedly used a swatch of Cressingham's skin to make a shoulder strap for his sword. Unfortunately for the Scots, de Moray was mortally wounded in the battle and died a few weeks later.

Wallace was knighted and appointed "Guardian of the Realm of Scotland." After the phenomenal success of Stirling Bridge, he waged a campaign of guerrilla warfare for the remainder of the year, retaking Berwick, plundering Northumberland, and ravaging the northern English countryside. At the same time, he attempted to restore trade between Scotland and Europe, which had been interrupted by English efforts to isolate the Scots.

Edward was campaigning in Flanders when he received news of the Stirling Bridge defeat. After reaching a hasty peace agreement with Philip IV, he returned to England in March 1298 and set about raising a huge army from all corners of his domain to subjugate the stubborn Scots. He transferred his headquarters to York and took the rare step of releasing 300 prison inmates, promising them pardons in return for their enlistment. Crossbowmen from Gascony and Welsh archers were also recruited, along with foot soldiers from Ireland. The men of southern Wales generally carried spears, but the northern tribesmen possessed a formidable new weapon: the longbow. In

the hands of a trained archer, it was an extremely effective weapon, hitting targets with such force that a shaft could pierce chain mail and pin a knight to his horse. A skilled bowman could keep five arrows airborne at once.

**The army Edward assembled at York was the largest invasion force to enter Scotland since the** Roman general Agricola conquered Britain in the first century AD; it consisted of 2,500 heavily armored and splendidly mounted knights and some 13,000 Welsh and English infantry. Eight earls had joined Edward, each bringing along his own large contingent of knights and infantry, swelling Edward's ranks by several thousand men. Many of the cavalrymen, veterans of the French and Welsh campaigns, rode horses completely armored from head to hindquarters. In addition, there were 500 Life Guards from Gascony.

Wallace, in turn, commanded a resolute force of between 8,000 and 10,000 men. Wallace eventually moved his army to Falkirk, in west Lothian, where he chose a strong position with a swamp in his front that was almost impassable for cavalry and his flanks guarded by heavy woods and rough terrain. Outnumbered by Edward's multinational force, Wallace hid his army in the Callander Wood south of Falkirk and waited for opportunities to harass the English forces arrayed against him.

Edward crossed the Tweed River with his massive host on July 3, personally leading the way on a magnificent black steed. The invasion force, as it moved north from Roxburgh toward the Stirling plain, was not as formidable as it seemed. Edward's troops were sick and hungry from a lack of provisions; the fleet that should have provisioned his army had been delayed by bad weather. By the time the English army approached central Scotland, it was on the verge of starvation. The troops were undisciplined as well; Welsh archers quarreled viciously with Gascon bowmen and English knights sullenly threatened to join Wallace. Edward fell back toward Edinburgh, hoping to feed his demoralized men. Desertions continued and ugly fighting broke out again among English knights, Gascons, and Welsh archers. While the army was camped near Edinburgh, mutinous Welsh troops erupted in a drunken riot that was put down by English men-at-arms with the loss of 80 Welsh and 18 English soldiers.

Wallace heard of the trouble in the English camp and immediately planned a night attack. Two traitorous Scottish earls, however, jealous of Wallace's success, warned Edward of Wallace's intentions, betraying the location of Wallace's position in the forest near Falkirk, 13 miles away. "Thanks be to God, who hath hitherto extricated me from every peril," exclaimed Edward. "I shall go forth to meet them."

Although heavily outnumbered, Wallace decided to stand and fight, positioning his 1,500 men in four oval schiltrons, or phalanxes, along the crest of a hill behind the boggy marsh. There, his men erected breastworks of wooden palisades bound together by ropes. Groups of short-bow archers from Ettrick Forest gathered between the four schiltrons. The small Scottish cavalry force, no more than 1,000 knights led by various Scottish nobles, was placed in the rear. Wallace had never fought a pitched battle without some type of natural defense, but here was no river or narrow bridge to halt an armored charge. Wallace offered small comfort to his spearmen: "Now, I have brought ye to the ring," he joked grimly. "Hop if ye can!"

When the vanguard of his army came within sight of the Scottish position, Edward paused to refresh his soldiers. But the men, confident in their overwhelming numbers, clamored to be led forward immediately. Edward consented, and his massive host advanced in three columns, the first two made up of mounted knights and the third composed entirely of foot soldiers. The first column, advancing on the English left, was led by the earls of Norfolk, Hereford, and Lincoln.

Mary Evans Picture Library

**Mounted English knights charge into the lightly armed but valiant Scots. English archers eventually turned the tide of battle.**

The English right was commanded by the Bishop of Durham, Anthony Bek. The middle force was led by Edward himself. Between the second and third columns was the king's secret weapon—swarms of Welsh bowmen.

When the lead English cavalry column came within sight of Wallace's army on the morning

of July 22, the Earl of Norfolk and his colleagues launched an immediate attack. The heavily mailed men-at-arms moved rapidly forward, only to find themselves bogged down in the marshy swamp fronting the Scottish position. The English horsemen wheeled and made a long detour to the left, found firmer ground, and, after closing ranks, advanced against the Scottish right. On the opposite side of the field, Bek tried to hold back his own battalion of cavalry to allow Edward time to get into position but was overruled by his impatient knights, who were anxious to join their comrades in an immediate attack. A disorganized, headlong charge by the two English cavalry columns commenced, the ground thundering as the full force of heavily armored knights crashed against the bristling iron-tipped spears of the Scottish footmen.

The knights failed to break the rows of disciplined spearmen in the four Scottish schiltrons, but they inflicted enormous casualties on Wallace's bowmen and chased off some of the Scottish mounted knights. Commanded by Sir John Stewart, the Scottish archers bravely held their ground but were caught in the open and virtually destroyed. The arrows of the Scottish archers could not penetrate the partial-plate and mail armor worn by the English heavy cavalry. The Scottish spearmen held firm, their rope and stake entanglements tripping hundreds of English horses, whose knights crashed to the ground and were quickly beaten to death with Scottish maces and war hammers.

Seeing his cavalry battalions unable to break the relentless rows of Scottish pikes, Edward assembled his Welsh longbowmen. As they moved into position, "Red" Comyn and several other Scottish nobles, including John Stewart, John Grahame, and Duncan MacDuff, drew off their vassals and quit the field, leaving Wallace and his remaining men to fight alone. Unable to chase off the Welsh archers with cavalry, the Scottish spearmen in their four oval formations were now utterly exposed.

With virtually no enemy horse or archers left to contend with, Edward placed his swarms of Welsh longbowmen directly in front of the trapped Scottish schiltrons, keeping his cavalry columns on the enemy's flanks. The Welsh archers discharged their deadly shafts, firing hail after hail of deadly arrows into the standing targets, concentrating on one schiltron at a time. The bowmen fired point-blank into the Scottish columns instead of lobbing their arrows over great distances, as would be done by English archers in future battles. The stalwart Scots could only take so much; men began falling and gaps appeared in the once formidable spear walls. Not only were Wallace's men being hit with showers of killing arrows, but they were also suffering under a storm of stones fired by Irish "slingers."

On the English side, the combination of infantry, archers, and heavy cavalry proved devastating. As each successive Scottish formation was reduced to piles of dead and dying soldiers, the survivors fell into disorder. Deserted by their own cavalry, most of which had ridden off with Comyn, the disheartened Scottish formations withered under a relentless storm of arrows and rocks. Edward then sent his knights forward into the broken Scottish formations. Armed with war hammers, axes, swords, lances, and maces, the English horsemen hacked away at the Scottish soldiers in their broken phalanxes. The remaining spearmen were mercilessly trampled to the ground by Edward's heavy cavalry.

At last Wallace was forced by his lieutenants to flee. As the sun set over the bloody field after the daylong struggle, Wallace rode northward to Callander and escaped into the mountains. Along the way, he reportedly killed Brian de Jay, master of the English Templars, in hand-to-hand combat. Behind him Wallace left some 6,000 to 8,000 fallen Scotsmen. On the English side, some 2,000 soldiers were killed, a testament to the fierceness with which the Scots fought in the face of overwhelming odds. It was the old story—Scottish valor crushed by overwhelming English might and resolve.

His triumph at Falkirk gained Edward the nickname "Hammer of the Scots." The battle validated his reputation as a great field commander. Falkirk was the first demonstration of the awesome fire-

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power of the longbow, which would play a major role in English battle tactics for the next two centuries, foreshadowing English victories against the French at Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt.

For the time being, however, Edward's army, weakened by hunger and disease, was in no condition to carry on a prolonged campaign. He ordered a withdrawal to Carlisle, where he hoped to gather the army for a fresh campaign, but many of his troops deserted, including a large part of the contingent led by Bek. Edward tried to preempt further desertions by promising Scottish land to those who remained, but this offer only led to further disputes. Edward had no option but to dismiss the greater part of his army. He remained on the border until the end of the year before retiring to the south, convinced that the disloyalty of his barons had robbed him of the fruits of the Falkirk victory. Edward would return to Scotland several times more to crush the smoldering embers of revolt, but each time he returned home, the flame of Scottish nationalism blazed anew.

Wallace's defeat at Falkirk ended the popular phase of Scotland's national revolution. Leadership passed into more aristocratic hands. The legendary hero, who had no independent power base in Scotland, traveled abroad to elicit support from the king of France and the Pope in Rome, but none was forthcoming. Wallace became a wanted man, flitting in and out of Scotland for the next seven years. On August 5, 1305, at Robroyston, near Glasgow, he was betrayed and handed over to Edward. Accused of treason and the execution-style killings of English prisoners and civilians, he was put on trial in London. "I could not be a traitor to Edward," Wallace declared, "for I was never his subject." John Balliol, he said, was his king. It was no use. On August 23, Wallace was stripped naked and led through the streets of London behind a horse. He was strangled, hanged, emasculated, and disemboweled—all while still alive—and his severed limbs taken to the four quarters of Scotland for display, including Stirling, the site of his most celebrated victory. His head was kept on a pike on London Bridge as a warning to all who would oppose Edward Longshank's rule.

Edward's plan to conquer Scotland ultimately failed. When a new Scottish champion, Robert the Bruce, declared himself the rightful king of Scotland, Edward, now 69 years of age and ailing, moved north again in 1307. His battle-scarred body could no longer obey the commands of his iron will, and he died on July 6, 1307, at Burgh-by-Sands on the Scottish border. He was taken back to London and buried in Westminster Abbey beneath a stone that hailed him as the "Hammer of the Scots." Even Edward's enemies acclaimed his military prowess. Robert the Bruce, who eventually united Scotland and decisively defeated the English at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314, declared, "I am more afraid of the bones of the father dead, than of the living son; and, by all the saints, it was more difficult to get a half a foot of land from the old king than a whole kingdom from the son." □

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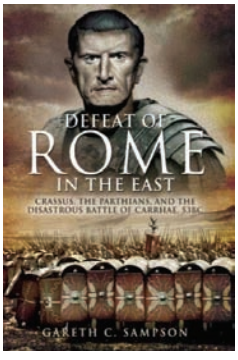
By Al Hemingway

# The Parthians gave Marcus Licinius Crassus and his Roman legions a serious thrashing at the Battle of Carrhae in 53 BC.




Auxiliary and allied troops fight Dacian warriors in this battle scene from Trajan's Column.

NO MAN IN ROME WAS RICHER OR MORE INFLUENTIAL THAN Marcus Licinius Crassus, a member of the powerful First Triumvirate that included Pompey the Great and Julius Caesar. However, despite his victory at the Battle of Colline Gate and his impressive conquest over the slaves led by Spartacus in 71 BC, Crassus remained dissatisfied. He was jealous of the many victories his rivals Caesar and Pompey had compiled, and he lusted after more military honors for himself. Assigned to the Roman province of Syria in 55 BC, the overly ambitious general would suffer one of Rome's most humiliating defeats near the little-known town of Carrhae, in present-day Turkey.

Gareth C. Sampson examines the life of Crassus and the events leading up to the catastrophic engagement for the Roman Empire in his new book ***The Defeat of Rome in the East: Crassus, The Parthians, and the Disastrous Battle of Carrhae, 53 B.C.*** (Casemate, Philadelphia, PA, 2008, 224 pp., notes, index, photos, $32.95, hardcover). Sampson also goes into detail on the fate of the individuals involved in the fighting and the battle's long-lasting consequences from the perspective of the opposing sides.

The trouble started when Rome decided to meddle in an ongoing dispute between long-time foes Parthia and Armenia. With the assistance of Armenian King Artavasdes and the Greek community in Syria, Crassus decided on a military campaign aimed at subjugating the Parthians, whose territory included parts of present-day Iran, Turkey, and Syria. Against the advice of Artavasdes, the arrogant Crassus marched his 35,000-man force through the arid desert. Although it was a more direct route, the trek exhausted the Romans and left them in no shape to fight a battle.

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Responding to the crisis against his country, Parthian King Orodes I split his army, already small in number. Orodes took the bulk of his men and traveled to Armenia. He gave the remaining wing, comprised of 9,000 horsemen and 1,000 heavily armored cavalry known as cataphracts, to his trusted general Spahbod Surena. The objective of this arm of the army was to scout, harass, and delay the Romans as much as possible. The Parthian cavalrymen were well-known for their exemplary riding ability. During battle, they would feign retreat and fire arrows at the pursuing enemy with great accuracy while riding backward. This unusual style of combat became known as the "Parthian shot." Down through the years it has been altered to be the "parting shot," a caustic comment fired off at the end of a conversation.

At the outset of the fighting, the Parthian archers let loose thousands of projectiles to keep the Roman legions at bay. Crassus ordered his

son Publius to take a combined group of cavalry and infantry and eliminate the threat. Unfortunately, Publius's contingent was far removed from the main body and found itself surrounded. The cataphracts killed the Romans to the last man and placed Publius's severed head on a spear as they attacked Crassus's remaining cohorts. The sight of Publius's head on the lance of a Parthian cavalryman severely distressed Crassus. The unsettled commander ordered a hasty retreat from the battlefield, leaving behind 4,000 wounded Roman soldiers who were immediately put to death by the rapidly advancing Parthians.

Crassus led his remaining legions back to Carrhae to make ready for a long siege, despite the fact that he still outnumbered the enemy. A Parthian spy talked the general into fleeing the safety of the town. The undercover agent knowingly led the Romans over harsh terrain, allowing Surena's men to catch up to them. Crassus was lured into a supposed peace conference after his men threatened him if he did not meet with the Parthians and accept their offer. It was a trap, and Crassus and his party were all put to the sword. After his death, Crassus too was beheaded and molten gold was poured down his throat to mock his riches.

When the fighting was over, 20,000 Romans had been slain and another 10,000 seized by the Parthians. The men were released years later after Rome negotiated their release. Surena, who had masterminded a glorious victory against the Romans, was executed by the jealous Orodes, who feared that his own popularity would be eclipsed by Surena. The Battle of Carrhae also saw the demise of the all-powerful triumvirate and the end of the First Republic. Increasingly concerned with internal strife, Rome took little notice of Parthia for the next three decades. Despite this, Orodes had little success in attempting to conquer Syria and Armenia after Surena's untimely death.

Carrhae was the first major engagement between Rome and Parthia—it would not be the last. "In the end they so exhausted each other that their armies became easy prey for a third power," wrote Sampson. "Furthermore, after the devastation that the two had caused each other's territories in these endless years of warfare, the peoples of the region were receptive and eager for a new power to rule and one that would unite them in internal peace. Thus was born the empire of Islam and so ended the ancient world."

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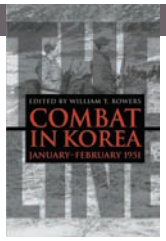


***The Line: Combat in Korea, January-February 1951*** edited by William T. Bowers, University Press of Kentucky, Lexington, 2008, 324 pp., photos, maps, notes, index, $40.00, hardcover.

It is always refreshing to have another book about the Korea conflict, often referred to as the "Forgotten War." What makes this new entry unique is the time frame it covers—February and March 1951—the first winter of combat on the Korean peninsula. The vast majority of books written about the war usually concentrate on the larger picture. When they do cover the combat, the discussion normally centers on General Douglas MacArthur's amphibious assault at the port of Inchon, the fighting to retake Seoul, and the debacle at the Chosin Reservoir. The battle at Pork Chop Hill in 1953, just before the signing of the armistice, has also become somewhat noteworthy after serving as the subject of a 1959 movie, *Pork Chop Hill,* starring Gregory Peck.

Between the latter part of 1950 and the end of hostilities in July 1953, little if anything was accomplished militarily. The war went from a fluid nature to a stagnant one as the months ground on, reminiscent of trench warfare in World War I. Men fought and died to acquire a few acres of real estate in no-man's-land between the lines. Still, 40 percent of all casualties occurred in Korea during this strategically fallow period.

There was no shortage of heroism, however. Numerous personal decorations were awarded for incredible acts of bravery. Colonel William T. Bowers, USA (Ret.) has done a credible job of collecting personal interviews of those soldiers who participated in some of the bloody campaigns from that bone-chilling winter of 1951. Many in the West believed the war was lost after the humiliating retreat of Allied forces from the Chosin Reservoir, when the Chinese Communists entered the fighting. The American fighting man, however, was about to prove them wrong.

Bower delves into the battles of Twin Tunnels, Hill 312, Wonju, and Chip'yong-ni, names that remain largely unknown to most Americans. Many of the interviews are with the soldiers of the 2nd Infantry Division, which had suffered a bitter loss at Kunu-ri in November and December 1950. The infantrymen of the "Indianhead Division" recovered and dealt the North Korean forces and their Chinese allies a stunning blow, halting their advance and leading to the long and frustrating stalemate.

Much of the combat depicted in the book is on the squad and platoon level. Bowers convincingly demonstrates the remarkable change in morale when MacArthur was replaced by the hard-charging General Matthew Ridgway. By instilling discipline and an improved fighting spirit into the Eighth Army, Ridgway spearheaded a dramatic transformation that managed to stop a determined enemy and drive him back into North Korea, where he remains bottled up today.

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***Fighting to Leave: The Final Years of America's War in Vietnam, 1972-1973*** by Colonel Robert E. Stoffey, USMC (Ret.), Zenith Press, Minneapolis, MN, 2008, 336 pp., illustrations, index, $25.95, hardcover.


The waning years of the Vietnam War are a painful memory to Americans who recall that tumultuous period in our history. The period is especially distressing to remember for the thousands of veterans who served "in country" during the fighting. With the advent of Allied troop withdrawals, the conflict was slowly being turned over to the South Vietnamese in what was called Vietnamization. It was left to them to stand alone and attempt to defeat the ever-stronger Communist forces threatening their country.

Despite the absence of American ground troops in 1972, the U.S. Navy, together with Army and Marine air units, played a significant role in aiding the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) during that time. Close air support, coupled with American advisers on the ground, temporarily saved the day during the massive Easter Offensive launched by the North Vietnamese in March 1972. American helicopter units also were on hand to offer valuable assistance to the Saigon government.

From his vantage point aboard the USS *Oklahoma,* author Robert Stoffey was in an excellent position as the Marine air and the assistant amphibious warfare officer to gain an invaluable overview of the events transpiring during that time. Stoffey was on his third tour of duty in Southeast Asia after flying 440 combat missions during his two previous assignments.

Ultimately, the mighty sea and air power of the United States could not halt the inevitable outcome in Vietnam. The signing of the ineffective Paris Peace Accords in January 1973 heralded the end of the American part of the conflict. In slightly more than two years, Communist tanks would be rumbling through the streets of Saigon, witnessed by millions of peo-

ple. Film footage of American helicopters lifting off the roof of the U.S. Embassy would underscore an embarrassing completion to the war that had claimed the lives of more than 58,000 Americans.

As George W. Bush—not a veteran of Vietnam—discovered to the nation's grief in Iraq and Afghanistan, it is much easier to start a war than to get out of one.

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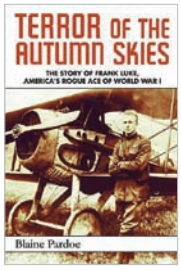
***Terror of the Autumn Skies: The True Story of Frank Luce, America's Rogue Ace of World War I*** by Blaine Pardoe, Skyhorse Publishing, New York, 2008, 301 pp., photos, notes, $24.95, hardcover.




He was called the "Great Arizona Balloon Buster" and was referred to as a "reckless, undisciplined loner." However, in a mere two months, Frank Luke amassed an extremely impressive record while serving as a pilot with the 27th Aero Squadron in World War I.

Born in Phoenix, Arizona, on May 19, 1897, Luke was a rough-and-tumble youth, active in sports and a crack shot. He even collected tarantulas, much to his father's dismay. When the U.S. entered World War I, Luke enlisted in the aviation wing of the Army. He passed his flight training and was commissioned a second lieutenant in January 1918. He joined the 27th Squadron on July 25, and for the next 53 days his devil-may-care attitude and tremendous flying abilities became legendary. In just over two weeks in September 1918, the Arizona native downed 14 German "kite balloons," used as observation platforms, and four enemy planes.

Unfortunately, combat took its toll on the young Luke. While on leave in Paris, he would spend hours devising methods of attacking German balloons while his comrades were enjoying their leisure time. His last flight, on Sunday, September 29, 1918, is still shrouded in controversy. Some have alleged that the government covered up the facts of Luke's death. Luke was said to have crawled from his Spad and emptied his weapon at the assaulting German soldiers before they killed him. He was awarded the Medal of Honor, and Luke Air Force Base was named in his honor.

Many of the details of Luke's last flight have been clouded by fading memories, and those who supposedly witnessed the event probably embellished their accounts. Legends, however, die hard. As author Blaine Pardoe writes, "He brought down his airplane relatively intact, but it was still a crash landing. As his lungs filled with blood, he managed to climb out. What happened next? Does it really matter?"

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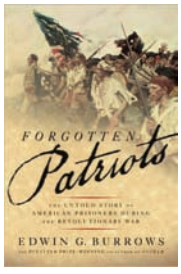
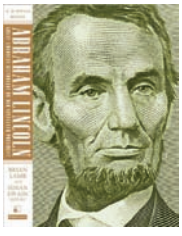
***Forgotten Patriots: The Untold Story of American Prisoners During the Revolutionary War*** by Edwin G. Burrows, Basic Books, New York, 2008, 364 pp., illustrations, notes, index, $27.50, hardcover.




The subject of prisoners of war has always been a controversial one. Every conflict has produced tales of atrocities and brutality by those holding enemy servicemen captive. But the inhumane manner in which American soldiers during the Revolutionary War were handled by the English has been largely overlooked. An estimated 30,000 American prisoners were taken captive during the conflict. Many of them were held in New York City, the hub of British military operations at the time. Of this total, 18,000 are believed to have perished because of shortage of food, disease, poor living quarters, and harsh treatment received at the hands of sadistic British prison guards.



Some of these unfortunate souls were crammed aboard rotting vessels anchored in New York harbor. Others were confined in a number of buildings that dotted the town. One such place was the Old Sugar House, where hundreds of patriots died. Years after the war, ex-prisoners would stroll by with their families and tell them of the terrible conditions they endured there. The structure was demolished in 1840. Burrows reminds us of the horrendous plight of these American patriots, who sacrificed so much for their fledgling nation. They should never be forgotten.

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***Abraham Lincoln: Great American Historians on our Sixteenth President*** edited by Brian Lamb and Susan Swain, Public Affairs, New York, 2008, 371 pp., illustrations, index, $27.95, hardcover.

There is no doubt that Abraham Lincoln is our most popular president. More than 16,000 books, plus numerous articles and essays, have been written about the "Great Emancipator." But what about Lincoln the man? What was his childhood like? His relationship with his parents? His political aspirations? How did he feel about the war that tore the country in half and ultimately sent 625,000 Americans to their graves?

C-Span CEO and founder Brian Lamb, together with his co-president, Susan Swain, has compiled a collection of essays by prominent authors, historians, and Lincoln reenactors to answer these and many other questions. Not much is known about Lincoln's early life.

**simulation gaming** *By Eric T. Baker*

## Two new games for Civil War buffs

**Mosby's Confederacy** from Tilted Mill Entertainment for the PC and available on both Steam and Gamers Gate is a combined tactical and strategic level game about the mechanics of partisan warfare in the Civil War. The game has a historical setup but it doesn't attempt to recreate the actual missions of Colonel Mosby. Instead it randomly creates a strategic map that evokes the areas where Mosby operated, and then assigns troops and objectives within that area. Thus, each time the game is similar, but never the same.

The stated design goal of *MC* is that each unit should represent a man and not just a simple place holder. This is achieved on the confederate side where reinforcements are recruited from towns on the strategic map, and all troops are sent back to these towns for healing when wounded. Units gain experience and skills as they survive missions. Missions earn the player reputation which can be spent to improve the towns, making them better places to recruit soldiers and to get the wounded ones healed.


The graphics of *MC* mark it for what it is, a game produced on a low budget. Not exactly a "board game on the PC," *MC* never the less lacks the graphical polish of a game in the Total War series, even though its mechanics are similar. It also lacks the AI punch that would be demanded of a bigger budget title. The Union units are basi-

Except for a few letters that have survived, and a brief biography written by William Herndon, his law partner, and Jesse Weik, not much exists. Lincoln was an elusive and complex individual. Herndon said that he was "the most shut-mouthed man I ever knew." Despite personal tragedies that left Lincoln scarred and extremely melancholy, he somehow managed to lead the nation through a bitter civil war that ultimately preserved the Union, albeit in a dramatically different shape than the one Lincoln inherited in 1861.

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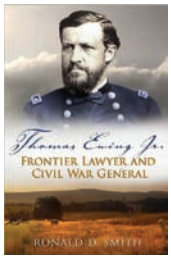
***Thomas Ewing Jr.: Frontier Lawyer and Civil War General*** by Ronald D. Smith, University of Missouri Press, Columbia, 2008, 376 pp., illustrations, notes, index, $44.95, hardcover.

Perhaps no other individual was more prominent in the early days of Kansas statehood than Thomas Ewing, Jr. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Ewing resigned as chief justice of the Kansas Supreme Court and formed the 11th Kansas Cavalry, with himself as its commander with the rank of colonel. The lawyer-turned-soldier distinguished himself on the battlefield and eventually rose to the rank of major general of volunteers in the Union Army.

The state, often referred to as "Bleeding Kansas," was overrun with bushwhackers and unsavory groups on both sides of the conflict. Jayhawkers and "Red Legs," siding with the North, committed a host of heinous crimes. Southern sympathizers, called bushwhackers, included the notorious Quantrill's Raiders, led by William Quantrill, which raided the town of Lawrence, Kansas, in August 1863, killing more than 150 men and boys.

As a response to the Lawrence massacre, Ewing issued the controversial General Order 11. The proclamation decreed that all civilians with Rebel leanings in four counties in western Missouri be driven from their homes. The Draconian law was an attempt to stem criminal acts, but it nonetheless was extremely unpopular. Smith, an attorney himself as well as a historian, combed numerous sources to tell the fascinating story of Thomas Ewing—lawyer, judge, and general—and his still controversial place in Kansas and Civil War history.

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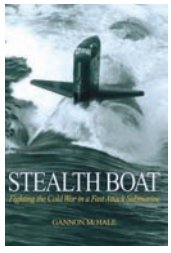
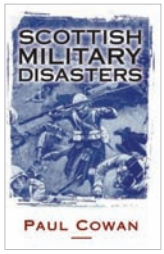
***Stealth Boat: Fighting the Cold War in a Fast-Attack Submarine*** by Gannon McHale, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2008, 187 pp., illustrations, index, $22.46, hardcover.




Until recently, military operations involving nuclear-powered fast-attack submarines were highly classified. Now, with the passage of the Freedom of Information Act, at least some of these vessels can receive long overdue recognition. In this memoir, Gannon McHale writes about his service aboard the USS *Sturgeon* during the late 1960s and early 1970s. McHale provides the reader with a fascinating account of the day-to-day life of a submariner during that period. Not all duties were glamorous aboard a submarine. Patrols could last for months and, at times, they could be tedious. McHale, however, gives exciting details of his experiences when *Sturgeon* encountered Soviet subs.

*Sturgeon* was finally decommissioned in January 1994. At the ceremony, Admiral Bruce DeMars praised the ship for being in the "forefront of one of our country's most successful Cold War competitive strategies. You are all members of a fraternity of men who each for a period of several years devoted yourselves to USS *Sturgeon*, young, hard-working, idealistic men who performed notably under arduous conditions. We can all be proud."

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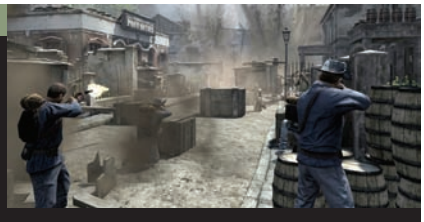
***Scottish Military Disasters*** by Paul Cowan, Neil Wilson Publishing Ltd., Glasgow, Scotland, 2008, 208 pp., bibliography, $19.95, softcover.

Scotland has been known for recruiting and training some of the best military units in the world. The Black Watch, Gordon Highlanders, and Camerons are just a few of the elite outfits that have been immortalized throughout their existence.

But there is another side to Scottish military history. Canadian journalist Paul Cowan has spent the last two decades doing exhaustive research into Scottish military blunders since the Middle Ages. From Falkirk in 1298, where William Wallace, portrayed by Mel Gibson in the movie *Braveheart*, was soundly defeated by an English Army led by King Edward I, to the Korean War in 1950, the author examines various tactical errors committed by Scottish military leaders.

At the Battle of Fort Duquesne, during the French and Indian War, the Montgomerie Highlanders attacked a fort held by the French and their Indian allies in present-day Pittsburgh. An 850-man reconnaissance force led by Major James Grant was caught by surprise, and hundreds of Scots were killed. Their severed heads were put on wooden stakes along the trail that stretched for three miles as a grisly reminder to all who followed.

Cowan feels that ignoring these mishaps does a gross disservice to the brave Scottish soldiers

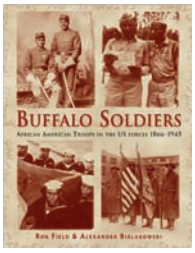


cally sitting ducks for the player's raiders; the challenge of the game is to do the slow, careful scouting needed to find points where the Union forces can be struck without pulling their full weight down on the always out numbered and out gunned partisans. In this way the game is a well-executed success as players reap the reward of flashy success on the battlefield from the quiet work of preparation.

The subject matter of **History Channel Civil War Secret Missions** is very broadly similar to that of *MC*, but the two games are completely different. *HCCWSM* is a down-the-sights first-person shooter that puts the player on the ground in a series of missions based on behind the lines raids conducted by each side throughout the war. Disappointingly, despite the History Channel lending its name, file footage, and narration to the game, the player never really gets a feel for how these missions fit into the broader context of the war. This is particularly felt at the end of missions where the ìresultsî screen tells the player how well they shot and killed, but not how their victory affected the overall conflict.

Some parts of *HCCWSM* are done with great care, like the detailing of the weapons, right down to their reload animations. Some parts seem more rushed, like the AI and the path mapping. The tactical combat of *MC* is not a thing of beauty, but it does model how Civil War soldiers actually engaged each other much more closely than does *HCCWSM* since the latter encourages the player to dash forward with a single-action pistol, secure in the knowledge that their character's ability to regenerate is greater than the enemy's rifles' ability to deal damage. ■

who fought with distinction in spite of these losses. He certainly knows this subject firsthand—his great-grandfather, Private Robert Cowan, was killed at Gallipoli in 1915 while serving with the 8th Scottish Rifles.




***Buffalo Soldiers: African American Troops in the US Forces 1866-1945*** by Ron Field & Alexander Bielakowski, Osprey Publishing, New York, 2008, 232 pp., illustrations, index, $25.95, hardcover.

In the fall of 1862, the first African American military unit participated in the fighting near Island Mound in Missouri during the Civil War. Members of the 1st Kansas Colored Infantry repelled a Rebel attack with light losses. Their commanding officer, Captain R.G. Ward, would later write: "I never saw a braver sight than that handful of brave men fighting 117 men who were all around and in amongst them. Not one surrendered or gave up a weapon."

Through the years African Americans, dubbed the "Buffalo Soldiers" by the Native American tribes, have had a long and distinguished history of service to the U.S. military. Their devotion to duty, however, did not prevent them from being racially discriminated against by military comrades and civilians alike.

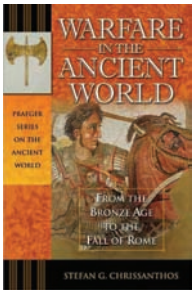
This account takes the reader from their beginnings to the end of World War II. Despite African Americans' patriotism and willingness to fight, the U.S. military was still segregated. As time elapsed, that would soon change. In 1954, the remaining African American units were fully integrated into the Army. The "Buffalo Soldiers" now stood side by side with other American servicemen of all races.


***Texas Devils: Rangers & Regulars on the Lower Rio Grande, 1846-1861*** by Michael L. Collins, University Press of Oklahoma, Norman, 2008, 316 pp., illustrations, index, $26.95, hardcover.

There is a mystique surrounding the Texas Rangers. History has portrayed them as rugged, tough frontiersmen who rode the Plains capturing bandits and killers who preyed upon innocent farmers trying to eke out a living. In his new book, historian Michael Collins gives us another view of this hardy band of lawmen, one that does not always cast the Rangers in a favorable light, especially in their treatment of the Mexican population that resided along the lower Rio Grande River.

Collins traces the beginnings of the Rangers during the early part of the 19th century and the outbreak of the American Civil War. During the Mexican War, from 1846 until 1848, Rangers provided General Zachary Taylor's army with much-needed intelligence and proved to be tremendous scouts. Their combat exploits during this period were the stuff of legend—but so were their atrocities against the Mexicans. General Santa Anna turned pale when he rode past this motley-looking crew at the end of the conflict.

Ranger leaders like John S. "Rip" Ford, Ben McCulloch and John Coffee "Jack" Hays became legends during this wild and turbulent era along the Texas-Mexican border. The author goes into great detail on the Cortina War, which began innocently enough in Brownsville in 1859 and lasted for several years, claiming many lives. *Texas Devils* is a riveting account of, not only the history of the Texas Rangers, but of the Lone Star State itself.




***Warfare in the Ancient World: From the Bronze Age to the Fall of Rome*** by Stefan G. Chrissanthos, Praeger Publishers, Westport, CT, 2008, 214 pp., illustrations, notes, index, $44.95, hardcover.

During the course of world history, warfare has all too often decided the fate of men and civilizations. In this series by Praeger Publishing, various authors closely examine different aspects of ancient cultures. Topics such as myths, sports, technology, and the female contribution to these varied societies are discussed.

In his treatise, Stefan Chrissanthos, a history professor at the University of California at Riverside, follows the warlike paths from their beginnings in Mesopotamia in 3500 BC, to the Egyptian, Greek, Persian, and Roman empires. Waging war played a paramount role in all these civilizations, Chrissanthos notes, and by mastering the skills of fighting they subjected countless races of peoples. It was only when another society appeared on the scene with more advanced military abilities that these earlier conquerors were defeated.

Combat in the ancient world was commonplace. Whether it was for glory, money, or power, armies were constantly on the march. As the renowned Greek philosopher Plato said, "Only the dead have seen the end of war." □

## peachtree creek

*Continued from page 29*

Thomas's Army of the Cumberland incurred about 1,750 killed, wounded, and missing.

Thomas hoped the victory at Peachtree Creek would satisfy Sherman, but quite the opposite was the case. Having spent the day with McPherson's troops east of Atlanta, Sherman did not even hear about the battle until after it was over. Instead of being satisfied with the result, Sherman complained about lack of coordination between his armies. With Hood engaged against Thomas, he said, Schofield and McPherson should have pushed through the weakened enemy lines and taken Atlanta. He neglected to explain why he had never given such a follow-up order.

Hood, for his part, was equally disappointed in Hardee's performance. Had Hardee attacked with as much vigor as Loring and Walthall, he said, the Confederates would have carried the day. Hood had a point—Hardee had committed a relatively small portion of his troops, and even these were put into battle piecemeal. Not only did he fail to commit Maney's entire division at the critical point of the battle, but Hardee also held back Cleburne's much-feared division, which doubtless would have added ferocity and numbers to the attack. As it was, the brunt of the Confederate attack had fallen to a mere half-dozen brigades.

Peachtree Creek was the opening act in the final struggle for Atlanta. The battles of Atlanta, Ezra Church, Utoy Creek, Jonesboro, and Lovejoy's Station remained to be fought before the town fell to the Federals. What made Peachtree Creek unique in the series of fights for the city was that it represented the last best opportunity for the Confederates to avoid its fall. Because they were not yet physically and spiritually ruined by Hood's wasteful battles against far superior odds, the fight at Peachtree Creek was the Confederates' only realistic hope of preventing the capture of their most important western city.

Davis, realizing belatedly that his appointment of Hood had been a disaster, told an audience in Macon that he had put "a man in command who I knew would strike an honest and manly blow for the city, and many a Yankee's blood was made to nourish the soil before the prize was won." One listener, at least, was not impressed. Joseph Johnston, Hood's luckless predecessor, began referring to Hood derisively as "the Striker of Manly Blows." At this point in the war, such blows—however manly—were not enough to save Atlanta, or ultimately the Confederacy as a whole. □

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