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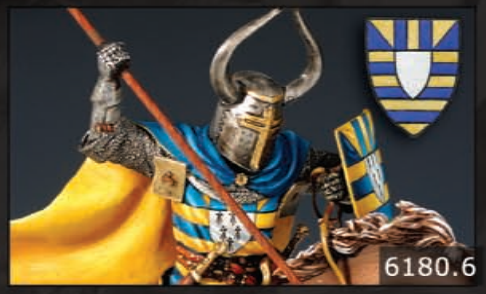
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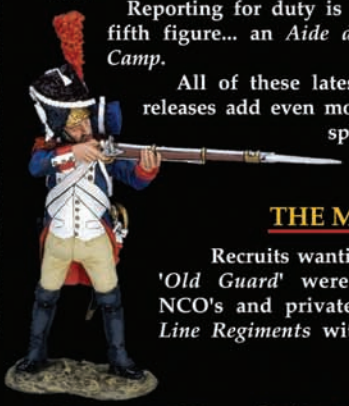

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Napoleon & His Generals

MILITARY HERITAGE December 2008

features

columns

COVER: A Confederate drummer by Don Troiani, www.historicalartprints.com.

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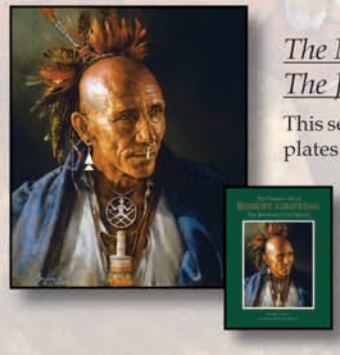

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editorial

Unlike some tribes, Michigan's Ottawa Indians chose to fight for the Union, not against it, in a desperate bid to preserve their way of life.

WHILE MANY CHEROKEE, CHOCTAW, AND CHICKASAW Indians threw in their lot with the Confederacy, fighting alongside southern troops at the Battle of Pea Ridge in March 1862, a more northern-based tribe—the Ottawa—chose to remain loyal to the Union, in the forlorn hope that its willingness to fight for the white men's country would help preserve its increasingly imperiled way of life. Like many of the tribe's dealings with the federal government, it turned out to be a costly and ultimately losing proposition.

At the beginning of the Civil War, the Ottawa lived near Mackinac Island in upper Michigan. Like other Indians on the rapidly expanding American frontier, the Ottawa had seen their tribal holdings steadily reduced by encroaching white settlers and unsatisfactory treaties with Washington. Their willingness to sign treaties and sell land enabled the Ottawa to escape the coerced removal of the Cherokee and other southeastern tribes, but it also severely damaged the fabric of their lives. By 1861, many of the former hunters and warriors had exchanged their traditional ways of life to become mild-mannered farmers, craftsmen, and clerks.

In the summer of 1863, Garrett A. Gravaraet, a 24-year-old mixed-blood schoolteacher and the son of an Ottawa chief, recruited a number of his fellow tribesmen, along with other Indians from the Ojibwa and Franco-Indian communities, to form Company K, 1st Michigan Sharpshooters. The new soldiers went into the ranks beneath an unusual battle flag—a live eagle perched on a six-foot-high pole. They hoped to use their skills as hunters, trackers, and woodsmen to help the Union Army scout the enemy in northern Virginia.

Instead, like many of the soldiers in Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant's army, the Indians in Company K were ruthlessly fed into the giant meat grinder known as the Battle of the Wilderness. In a week of fighting at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, the company suffered heavy casualties—13 sharpshooters were killed, including Gravaraet's father, Chief Mankewenan, also known as Sergeant Henry Gravaraet. The company was singled out for official praise by regimental Colonel Charles De Land, who noted its "conspicuous coolness, courage and gallantry," and a somewhat racist Michigan newspaper report cited the men for being "as brave a band of warriors as ever struck a war-path, sounding the war-whoop with every volley."

After the Confederates had taken refuge inside Petersburg, the company took part in a misguided frontal assault on enemy lines. Surrounded and beaten back by the Confederates, the Indians took heavy losses—including seven who were captured and later died at the infamous Andersonville prison camp in Georgia. Among those seriously wounded was Lieutenant Garrett Gravaraet, who was sent back to Washington, D.C., for surgery.

Gravaraet described his plight in a letter to his mother, Sophie, from Washington's Armory Hospital. "On Friday last during the first charge on the enemy's outworks near Petersburg, I was wounded in the left arm with a minnie [sic] ball and the arm had to be amputated below the shoulder," he wrote. "I think I shall be discharged before long and come home if my arm does well. The doctor thinks it will do well. Don't be discouraged about me. This fighten [fighting] for my Country is all right. It has brought me to my senses." Two weeks later he was dead of "mortification of the heart." Gravaraet's body was returned to Mackinac Island for burial. In death as in life, he was the most prominent member of an Indian company whose members would be praised by the federal government for their "earnest desire that the government should in the end triumph over its enemies and restore its authority throughout the land." Ironically, that authority extended over the very homelands that the Ottawa had hoped to regain through their valorous but ultimately fruitless service to the Union.

Roy Morris Jr.

ERRATA: In the October 2008 issue of *Military Heritage,* the author of the article "Blood, Guts, Grease, & Glory" was accidentally misidentified. He is Jon Mikolashek.

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By Christopher Miskimon

The Multiple Launch Rocket System, or MLRS, poured down deadly "Steel Rain" on Iraqi troops during the first Gulf War.

ON FEBRUARY 24, 1991, THE GROUND PHASE OF OPERATION DESERT Storm began. Over the next four days, the soldiers of an international coalition, formed to eject the Iraqi army of Saddam Hussein from the neighboring nation of Kuwait, carried out a whirlwind offensive that quickly overwhelmed their foe. During this time, tens of thousands of Iraqi soldiers were taken prisoner. Many of them, arms thrust upward in a sign of surrender, said one thing when they were taken into custody: "No more steel rain." For weeks before the ground attack, these men had been systematically pummeled by the entire range of weaponry available to their opponents—B-52 bombing strikes, air attacks using tons of precision "smart" weapons, plus many more thousands of tons of traditional unguided bombs and rockets. Added to this was the close air support of fighter-bomber aircraft and attack helicopters. Artillery barrages dropped down on them by the dozens and hundreds, adding yet another level to the pounding they received.

The cries of "no more steel rain" applied to none of these, however. Instead, it was the nickname of a deadly new artillery weapon seeing its debut in combat: the M270 Multiple Launch Rocket System, or MLRS. Batteries of these weapons had been deployed to the Gulf with U.S. and British forces, who used them to blanket their target areas with hundreds of rockets releasing thousands of explosive submunitions, or bomblets, that devastated armored vehicles, trucks, equipment, and men. Volleys of rockets pounded the hapless Iraqi troops and paved the way for the sweeping infantry and armor assaults that followed. The MLRS proved itself alongside such other late-Cold War weapons

An American-made MLRS at work during the first Gulf War, on Janury 1, 1991. The "steel rain" terrified Iraqi opponents.

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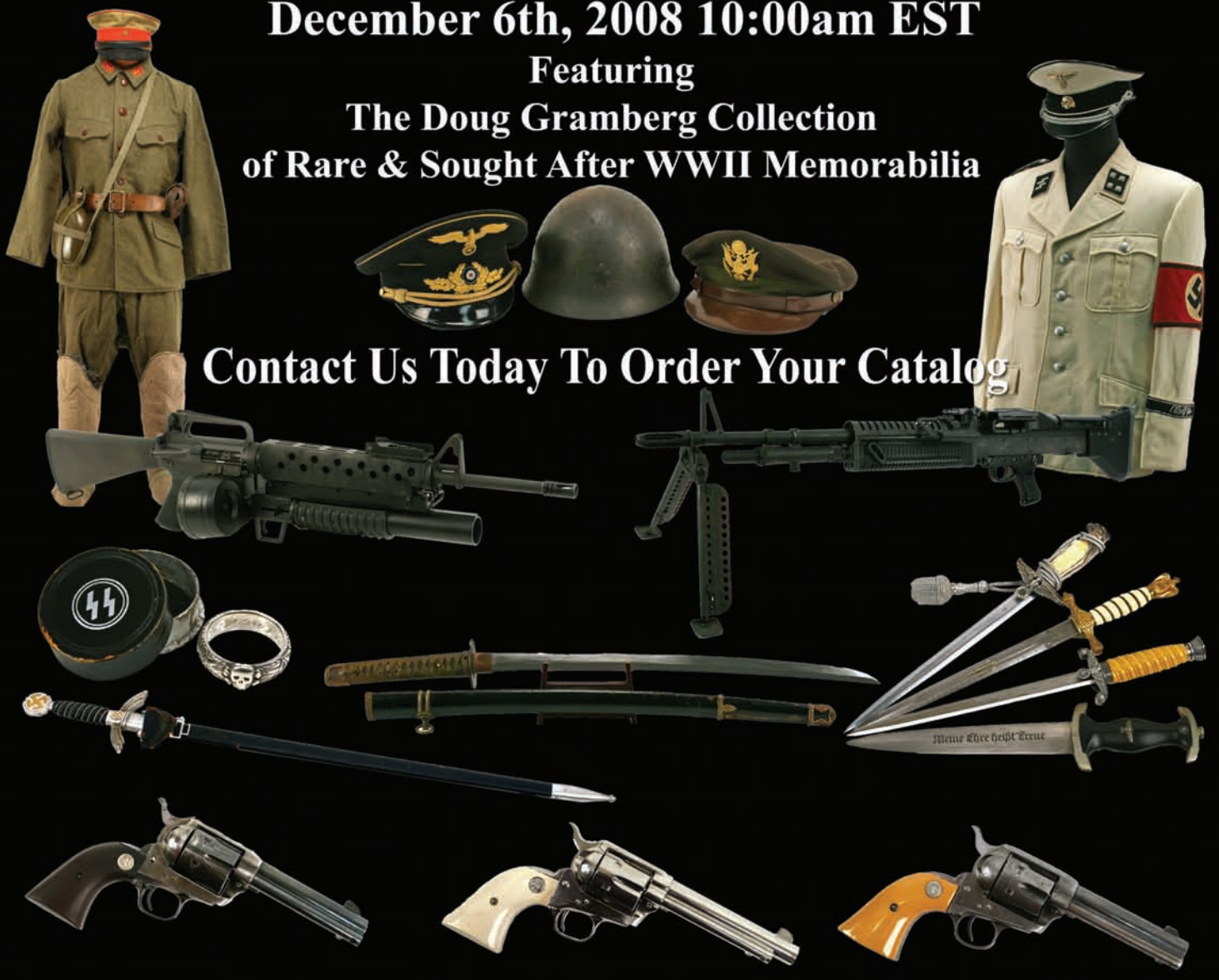

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ABOVE: A MLRS test-firing at Tikrit, Iraq, in the summer of 2005. The system was first used in combat at Tal Afar that September. BELOW: A High Mobility Artillery Rocket System fires a six-rocket volley of practice rounds at Fort Still, Oklahoma, in December 2003.

U.S. Army/Photo by Fred W. Baker III

as the M1 Abrams tank, M2 Bradley Fighting Vehicle, and AH64 Apache helicopter. Like these weapons, the MLRS had its origins in the 1970s development programs of the post-Vietnam era.

During the late 1960s and early 1970s, America's involvement in the Vietnam War drew most of the focus away from the traditional enemies of the time, the Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact allies. As the United States gradually withdrew from the conflict in Asia, its attention once again returned to Eastern Europe, and the U.S. Army was not happy encountering the Russians' new claws. The Soviets had taken advantage of America's distraction to build up its conventional forces to unprecedented levels. The Warsaw Pact now sat across the Iron Curtain with tens of thousands of new tanks, armored vehicles, cannons, and rocket artillery pieces. Artillery had always weighed heavily in Soviet planning, and they now had new, longer-ranged cannons than most comparable American weapons.

The disparity in rocket artillery was even more one-sided. Soviet tactics used barrages of thousands of rockets fired from truck-mounted multiple rocket launchers (MRLs) such as the BM-21. American artillery was only scantily supplied with rocket launchers, many of them left over from World War II. With some exceptions, U.S. planners heavily favored cannon artillery, primarily for its relative accuracy. Rockets at that time were considered "area fire" weapons; that is, they were fired en masse at an area of ground where the enemy was thought to be, rather than at a "point" target such as a bunker or trenchline. Existing rockets simply were not accurate enough for such pinpoint work, although they packed quite a punch and tended to have a terrifying psychological effect on the enemy. The Soviets were willing to saturate a target area with rockets, figuring that some, at least, would find their mark. For American artillerists, weaned on the concepts of accuracy and economy of expenditure in ammunition, large-scale use of indiscriminate rockets simply was not palatable.

A number of occurrences changed that mindset. In 1973, the Arab-Israeli War broke out. Attrition rates in that conflict were far higher than expected, greater than any possible rate of replacement for lost armor and aircraft. One of the more effective Israeli tactics had been to hit enemy Surface-to-Air Missile (SAM) sites with MRLs. The American military establishment noted this. It also noted that in the event of war in Europe, NATO would have to fight outnumbered against a well-equipped enemy in intense, destructive combat.

After long debate, the U.S. Army finally wrote a requirement for a new rocket launcher in March 1974, calling it the GSRS, or General Support Rocket System. It would be used to engage enemy air defenses and for counterbattery fire, neutralizing opposing artillery. The new launcher would have long-range and massive firepower, freeing the cannon units to provide close support to the infantry and armor. Several NATO allies, including the United Kingdom, France, and West Germany, were consulted and agreed to collaborate on the project. Since the Europeans already had looked at a similar system independently, their name was adopted, changing GSRS to MLRS.

Actual development began in September 1977, undertaken by the Boeing and Vought Aerospace companies, which beat out three other competitors for the contract. Development continued into the 1980s and eventually became the highest priority for the Field Artillery School, which considered it the Army's "most spectacular new weapons system." After initial testing proved successful, the MLRS was adopted, with the first production models, designated M270, arriving at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in August 1982. The first operational battery of M270s was formed in March 1983, and the new unit was sent to West Germany the following September. These batteries were com-

posed of three platoons of three launchers each, a total of nine launchers per battery. By 1987, 25 such batteries were in service.

The basic M270 was a self-propelled armored vehicle that mated two main subcomponents: the Launcher-Loader Module (LLM) containing the rocket pods and the hardware needed to load and unload them and the carrier vehicle, essentially an enlarged version of the Bradley Fighting Vehicle chassis. The vehicle was not quite 23 feet long, 9.5 feet wide, and 8.5 feet high. It weighed 52,990 pounds ready for combat. The three-man crew sat in a cab above the engine compartment. This cab was armored to protect against small-arms fire and artillery fragments. The engine was a Cummins 8-cylinder diesel developing 500 horsepower for a top speed of 40 miles per hour and a range of 483 kilometers. Directly behind the cab was the LLM, which carried two pods of six rockets each, one next to the other. For firing, the LLM raised and rotated to point to the vehicle's side. It could fire single rockets or any number up to its full load of 12 within 60 seconds.

The crew consisted of a crew chief, gunner, and driver. The crew chief commanded the vehicle, oversaw firing operations, and performed checks of the other two crewmen. The gunner operated a firing panel to aim and fire the rockets at selected targets. The M270's computer calculated the data for the rocket's direction of fire, point of impact, and range; these calculations were based on information received digitally via radio or entered manually by the gunner. The driver operated the M270 and performed maintenance.

The heart and purpose of the M270 were its munitions. The basic rocket was the M26, with a range of 32 kilometers. It carried 644 grenade-sized submunitions. A single M270 could blanket a 600-square-meter area with 7,728 bomblets, devastating to men, material, and light vehicles, with a limited effect on armored vehicles. One battery of MLRS firing a complete volley of 108 rockets had the equivalent firepower of 33 battalions of cannon artillery. These rockets were packaged in pods of six rounds each. Rockets were only part of the picture, however. The M270 also fired the M39 Army Tactical Missile System (ATACMS) missile, each launcher carrying two missiles in place of the normal 12 rockets. The ATACMS carried 950 bomblets and had a range of 165 kilometers, giving MLRS the ability to range deep in enemy territory, hitting command posts, logistics depots, air defenses, and assembly areas for advancing units. ATACMS started development in 1985 and was rushed into service for Desert Storm.

The doctrine for the use of MLRS sought to take advantage of its mobility and firepower. To avoid the expected Soviet counterbattery fire, M270s would spread out individually and hide themselves until needed for a mission. The launcher would then move to a firing position, launch its rockets, and immediately move away, hopefully before the Soviets could calculate the launch point using radar and fire on it. The M270 crew would then proceed to a reloading point, load fresh rocket pods, and move to a completely new hiding position near a different firing point. This would prevent the enemy from destroying the valuable launchers as they poured volley after volley into the advancing Soviet armored hordes.

Fortunately for all concerned, such combat never happened before the Cold War came to an end. Instead, the MLRS would be called upon in the deserts of the Middle East. When the Iraqi Army conquered Kuwait in 1990, hundreds of thousands of American troops were sent to Saudi Arabia, first to defend against further Iraqi aggression and then to free Kuwait from its occupiers. They took with them 89 MLRS launchers. The baptism of fire for the M270 came on January 17, 1991. That day, Battery A of the 6th Battalion, 27th Field

U.S. Army/Photo by Sgt. Michael J. Carden

A fireball emerges from the smoky debris of a missile strike in Iraq on September 23, 2005.

Artillery was traveling west on a highway called Tapline Road, en route to an assembly area. At 1620 hours, an order came to fire its ATACMS missiles at SAM sites that posed a danger to planned B-52 air strikes. Although it took several hours to coordinate clear airspace for the missile's trajectories, at 0042 on January 18, two missiles roared from their launchers, destroying both SAM sites. Battery A fired six more missiles that day targeting more of the Iraqi air defense network.

MLRS units also took part in a number of artillery raids over the next month as the Allied air campaign ground down the Iraqis. During these raids, artillery units would sneak close to the forward lines, fire, and fall back before the enemy could respond. In a single raid, three MLRS batteries fired 287 rockets at 24 separate targets in less than five minutes. The amount of firepower unleashed in that short span would have taken a cannon battalion well over an hour to fire. When the ground forces attacked on February 24, the M270s went with them. As the U.S. VII Corps advanced, it massed its artillery to punch its way through the Iraqi line, firing 11,000 cannon rounds and 414 rockets. This had such a profound effect on the defending Iraqis that the lead American unit, the 1st Infantry Division, met no real opposition when it assaulted.

The attack continued on the 25th. One American officer recorded, "The MLRS fires lit the sky and invigorated our soldiers as much as it disheartened the enemy." A captured Iraqi artillery officer stated his battery had fired only one missile before bomblets covered his position, killing two-thirds of his men and destroying the majority of his guns. His surviving troops immediately deserted. When asked to explain why they had surrendered, numerous Iraqis said: "No more rockets" and "Please stop the iron rain." The MLRS was particularly useful in knocking out enemy artillery positions; some units reported no attacks by enemy artillery at all. By war's end, 6,000 of the 57,000 artillery rounds fired were MLRS rockets; 32 ATACMS were fired as well. The MLRS had exceeded expectations in its first combat use, proving even more effective than the Army had estimated.

After the Gulf War, the Army experienced a large reduction in its size and budget throughout the 1990s, which led to extensive reorganization. MLRS batteries were reduced in size to six launchers each, and many launchers were given to National Guard units to replace their aging 8-inch and 155mm howitzers. Despite dwindling financial support, research continued to improve the M270 series. Experience in the Middle East had shown that, although the weapon possessed great firepower, it needed to shoot farther, which led to the introduction of the M26A1 rocket, with an extended range of 45 kilometers. A practice rocket lacking bomblets, the M28A1, was designed to reduce the cost of live fire training; troops jokingly call it the "telephone pole." During the present decade, work also began on rockets with GPS guidance and a single "unitary" warhead instead of submunitions for precision strikes. Similar improvements were begun for the ATACMS. The newer missiles have a range double that of the original. The German and British militaries have adapted the AT2 rocket

to dispense antitank mines.

The launcher itself was upgraded as well. Its electronics, vintage late-1970s technology, were replaced with newer GPS and digital instrumentation, increasing accuracy and reducing the time needed to get the weapon into action. The new launcher was designated the M270A1 and it works with the Army's new digital systems.

The improved MLRS would be put to the test in March 2003 during Operation Iraqi Freedom. In this return engagement with Iraq, the MLRS performed well once again, although adaptations were necessary. The threat of Iraqi airstrikes and artillery fire was quite low. Instead, the danger came from guerilla-style attacks by enemy troops equipped with small arms and RPG handheld antitank weapons. The standard doctrine of spreading out only made the launchers more vulnerable. To counter this threat, many MLRS units abandoned the concept and stayed together for mutual support, forming ad hoc mobile firebases.

The combination of GPS guidance and the unitary warhead has kept the MLRS useful as the Iraq War of 2003 has evolved into a grinding fight against the Iraqi insurgency. Civilian casualties and "collateral damage" are unacceptable both politically and ethically in such a situation; the M26 rocket with its hundreds of bomblets is simply unusable. Bomblet-dispensing munitions, including the MLRS, have one major disadvantage in the contemporary environment: dud submunitions. The MLRS has a dud rate of 2 percent, giving the M26 rocket an average of 12 or 13 bomblets that will fail to explode; some estimates place the dud rate even higher. Since most of the fighting has taken place in populated areas, large numbers of bomblets have been left in fields and trees and on top of buildings, resulting in civilian casualties when Iraqis unwittingly find and handle them. In truth, the MLRS is far from the only bomblet-dispensing weapon in use, and there is a lot more leftover Iraqi ordnance lying around than dud allied munitions. The unitary warhead helps solve both the dud problem and allows for the precision attacks that have come to characterize American strikes, giving artillery units ability previously only available from aircraft. The first combat use of the weapon came during September 2005 at Tal Afar. Two rockets were fired from a range of over 50 kilometers at a pair of insurrectionary strongholds. Both rockets hit their targets, killing 48 insurgents.

Counting the United States and the NATO countries that helped develop it, some 13 nations currently use the MLRS, including Israel, South Korea, Egypt, and Norway. Many of these nations have simply bought launchers and rockets directly from the United States while others have undertaken production on their own. Since many thousands of Soviet-pattern MLRs are in service around the globe, the MLRS is not the world's most numerous rocket system, although it is likely the most widely used Western launcher in current service.

Given the large costs of creating such weapons, the M270 MLRS can be expected to soldier on for the foreseeable future with occasional technical updates and improved ammunition. As part of the U.S. Army's efforts toward lighter, more easily transportable weapons, it is developing the High Mobility Artillery Rocket System (HIMARS), a truck-mounted version of the MLRS. It is expected the new weapon will supplement and partially replace the M270A1.

For the time being, the MLRS still provides an effective rocket system for U.S. armored units. Created as an answer to the Cold War menace of the now-defunct Soviet Union, the M270 was never used against the Russians, but instead saw extensive and unexpected combat in the Middle East. In doing so, the MLRS has shown itself to be a vital link in the Army's artillery force, its combat record both versatile and deadly. □

By Robert Barr Smith

In a dusty, heat-stoked Mexican village, a handful of French Foreign Legionnaires made a last stand that lives on in history.

NEAR MARSEILLES, AT AUBAGNE, STANDS THE MODERN HOME of the French Foreign Legion. Its spotless grounds include a massive stone pile, the Monument aux Morts, which commemorates the Legion dead of the past 175 years. When the Legion left its spiritual home, Sidi-bel-Abbes, Algeria, in 1961, the monument was dismantled stone by stone for the return to France. At the same time, the Legion's treasured mementos were tenderly brought back to new places of honor in the organization's crypt and museum.

The legionnaires vowed to die rather than surrender at the Battle of Camerone, Mexico, April 30, 1863. To "Camerone" has come to mean making a last stand against enormous odds, with little chance of survival.

These mementos represent an immense military tradition, a tradition of absolute loyalty, unswerving courage, and contempt for death. There are medals, swords, and pictures, and the flags of the Legion are dripping with more decorations than any other unit in the French Army. Most curious of all, there is a little wood-and-glass casket containing a simple wooden hand. The hand belonged to Captain Jean Danjou, a 35-year-old officer whose left hand had been lost in the service of France at the Battle of Sevastopol. A St. Cyr graduate and a veteran of desperate fighting in Algeria, the Crimea, and the slaughterhouse of Magenta, Danjou still had his saber hand, and he had equipped himself with a wooden hand, articulated and finely sculpted. Strapped to his wrist with a large leather cuff and sheathed in a formal white glove, the hand was sufficient to manage his horse's reins. He was a legionnaire, after all, and the Legion had always made do with less.

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Today, Danjou's wooden hand lies in state in its little casket at Aubagne, the most sacred talisman in the Legion, and it is shown with reverence to new recruits, who in time come to understand what it means. For to understand the meaning of Danjou's hand is to understand the mystique of the French Foreign Legion, its incredible courage and sublime contempt for danger. Danjou's hand demonstrates that defeat is not part of the Legion vocabulary. Men may die and units may be destroyed, but the Legion itself is never whipped. That defiant philosophy is encapsulated in the wooden hand and the battle it commemorates—Camerone.

In the spring of 1863, Camerone was a dreary village in eastern Mexico on the fever-haunted road connecting Veracruz and the French fleet there with Puebla, on the Mexican plateau. At Puebla lay the French Army, still trying to win an empire for Napoleon III and his Habsburg puppet, Maximilian, younger brother of Emperor Franz Joseph. The French intervention had begun as an attempt to recover interest payments on large loans from several European nations on which the Mexican government had defaulted. Foreign troops had occupied several Mexican ports, promising President Benito Juarez that they would keep out of Mexican political affairs. All

but the French soon saw the futility of the effort and went home. But the French, hungering for empire and determined to put the Austrian prince on the throne of a faraway country in name of French banks, held out.

Napoleon III was a pale imitation of his formidable namesake. He saw the Mexican default as a chance for both military glory and a renewed French foothold in the new world. It was a harebrained notion, and both Franz Josef and the British government advised against the adventure. Besides the difficulty of campaigning in Mexico, it was clear to the unbiased observer that the United States would never tolerate a European power ruling part of the Western Hemisphere. The American Civil War would be over in time, and two of the finest armies in the world—the Union and Confederate Armies facing each other in the field—were both American.

But Napoleon III and Maximilian would not listen. The French Army, hammering away at Mexican defenders at Puebla, needed regular supplies from its beachhead at Veracruz. The critical road along which the supplies came was guarded by the Legion, scattered in pockets along the desolate route from the sea. The road

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Captain Jean Danjou, who died in the battle at Camerone, Mexico, became the French Foreign Legion's most powerful legend.

was miserably bad, holding a convoy's progress to eight or 10 miles per day, and the settlements along the way were a series of disease-ridden pestholes. It was terrible duty, the isolated Legion companies stewing in the heat, fighting off Mexican raiders, dysentery, and malaria, as well as the terrifying disease called *vomito negro,* or black vomit, but formally known as yellow fever. And then there was *le Cafard,* that sudden craziness that made men go berserk, named for the black beetle said to crawl into a man's brain after too much drink or sun and drive him to run screaming and drooling like a rabid animal, or else fall on his bayonet for relief. It was born in the miserable little forts of North Africa, and now it thrived in Mexico, brought on by too much pulque and mescal, the local drinks of choice.

One night at the end of April 1863, an Indian spy brought word to Legion Colonel Pierre Jeanningros that the next convoy would be attacked by powerful Mexican forces, including regular troops. The convoy was a large one—60 carts and 150 mules—and it was critical, carrying not only food and ammunition but also four million francs in gold and badly needed artillery. The convoy would need help along the road, and that help could come only from the Legion.

Jeanningros had few troops of his own to send. In addition to the convoy's small escort,

he could spare only a single company, the 3rd Company of the Legion's 2nd Battalion, already down to half strength. But the colonel could send the experienced Jean Danjou as its commander. The captain would have two other officers to help him, both second lieutenants. One, Napoleon Vilain, was a boyish ex-enlisted man; the other, Clement Maudet, was an old sweat who had risen through the ranks to sergeant-major before winning his commission.

Danjou commanded 62 NCOs and enlisted men from all over the world. There were Belgians, Swiss, Germans, Frenchmen, Poles, Dutch, and Danes. It was a typical Legion company, fiercely loyal to the Legion, its officers, and each other. Shortly after midnight on April 30, Danjou set off down the so-called fever road to cover the convoy, passing through a series of thoroughly forgettable hamlets without meeting the enemy. The company passed in peace through miserable Camerone, an unattractive village "inhabited by vultures," someone said, and marched a little farther.

Shortly after daylight, at a halt to refill its canteens with water and make a little coffee, the company saw its first Mexican cavalry. Danjou reacted instantly, falling back toward Camerone to cover the all-important road. He was fired on from a dilapidated hacienda in the village, a place called Hacienda La Trindad, and a legionnaire was wounded. And then Danjou saw hundreds of Mexican cavalrymen. The company formed a hollow square, and its disciplined volley firing twice broke Mexican charges, littering the ground with fallen horsemen. Danjou knew that he must find cover—the enemy was far too strong to take on in the open. He ordered a retreat into Camerone.

The force took shelter in a stable building next to the run-down hacienda, surrounded by a 10-foot wall. In the wall were two gates, plus another opening, and Danjou gave orders to plug the gaps in his little fortress. The main hacienda building was already occupied in strength by Mexican troops, and Danjou posted his men at windows and walls in the stable enclosure and had his troops break loopholes in the thick walls. From the improvised fortress, the legionnaires could cover any attempt to rush them. Danjou's men used rocks and rubble to plug doorways and breaches in the walls, and settled down for a siege. The day was already breathlessly hot.

Danjou's little company was an interesting bunch: Corporal Evariste Berg was an ex-officer and winner of the Legion of Honor, cashiered from the army for misconduct. He had then enlisted in the Legion, which cared little about such things as cashiering or, indeed, about anything in a man's past. Then there was Louis Maine, a veteran of the Crimean fighting and also a holder of the Legion of Honor, who had given up his sergeant's stripes to enlist in the Legion. Sergeant Vincent Morzycki was a veteran of the Italian fighting, the son of a French mother and a Polish officer.

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Danjou, who lost his left hand at the Battle of Sevastopol, wore a finely crafted wooden hand. Today, the hand is the Legion's most precious artifact and symbol.

Danjou's men began to take casualties early from the heavy Mexican fire. They returned it, firing carefully and choosing their targets. Not only is fine fire-discipline a Legion tradition, but the Legion pack-mules had bolted at the first Mexican charge, taking with them the reserve ammunition. Danjou's men had only the 60 cartridges each carried in his pouch. To make matters worse, the legionnaires were also low on water, most of which had vanished with the frightened mules. None was available in the building they were to hold. The company had to endure the horrors of thirst in the oven-like enclosure. It was especially horrible for the wounded. Before the day was over, they would be reduced to licking the blood from their own wounds for moisture. At 9:30 AM, the Mexican commander sent in a flag of truce and offered the legionnaires the chance to surrender. Danjou scornfully refused.

The murderous fire continued, and the legionnaires continued to drop. Their own disciplined fire inflicted heavy losses on the Mexicans, but there seemed to be no end to the attackers. Danjou, old professional that he was, could read the signs. He ordered his German batman to bring him his daily liter of wine, carefully carried all night and morning. To each man Danjou gave a sip of the raw pinard, and required each soldier to swear an oath to die rather than surrender. Each man swore, and before the end of the hellish broiling day, each man would keep faith with this strange communion. "Legionnaires die better than any men in the world," Danjou said with a certain proud fatalism.

A little while before noon, Danjou kept his own rendezvous with destiny. He was running from one building to check a detachment behind a barricade when a sniper's bullet hit him in the chest. He lived only moments. Young Lieutenant Vilain got to him; Danjou tried to speak but could not. Then he was still. Vilain took command of the 40 remaining men and fought on, declining another chance to surrender with the typical Legion oath: "Merde!" For a little while, at noon, there was a flash of hope. Drums could be heard in the distance, along with bugles. The company for a moment thought it was a French relief column, but the music turned out to be Mexican; soon, another 1,000 infantry surrounded them.

Vilain was killed as he, too, crossed the open area to check on his men. Maudet, the ex-sergeant-major, took command of the pitiful little band that remained. Nearly everyone was wounded by now, and the barrels of the long Le Gras rifles were far too hot to touch. The heat was nearly unbearable; the wounded were in agony, and one by one the survivors went down into the dust. Those still able to shoot emptied the cartridge pouches of the dead and wounded. And still their deliberate rifle fire held back the attackers and dropped them by the score.

Legionnaire Maine later recalled the hellish

conditions at Camerone: "The heat pressed on us; the sun struck from the white walls of the courtyard, searing our eyes. When we opened our mouths to breathe, we seemed to inhale fire." At last, nearly all the blue-coated soldiers lay still in the dirt. Only five remained standing—the hard-eyed Maudet, husky Corporal Maine, and three privates. They were down to one last cartridge apiece, and Maudet looked around at the remnants of his little command. He gave his last orders, and his men nodded. They fired a last volley together and then they followed him with their bayonets into the howling mob of Mexicans drawing ever closer.

As they charged into the blazing sun, a blast of Mexican fire stopped the legionnaires in their tracks. A Belgian legionnaire named Catteau stepped in front of his officer and took 19 bullets intended for Maudet. Even so, Maudet went down too, along with one of the privates. Their ammunition was entirely gone, but their luck held. The mass of Mexicans was halted by their officer, a French-born colonel named Combas, who blocked his men's bayonets with his sword blade and called on the legionnaires in French to surrender. Maine, the ranking officer, agreed, "if we keep our arms and you care for our officer." Combas answered, "One refuses nothing to such men as you." His superior, Colonel Francisco de Paula Milan, wanted to know where the others were. "There are no more," said Combras. "*Pero, no son hombres, son demonios*," said Milan. "Then these are not men, but devils."

Thus ended the stand at Camerone, 11 hours in the blazing sun, during which the legionnaires had fired almost 4,000 rounds and left at least 300 of their enemy dead or wounded around them. In return, 39 legionnaires lay dead in the hacienda. The terrible heat and wounds would kill most of the rest, including Maudet, despite Mexican attempts to save them. The few survivors passed into captivity and were later exchanged for Mexican prisoners. The convoy would go through untouched.

The relief column, which arrived at Camerone much too late to rescue any of Danjou's legionnaires, buried their dead comrades in a common grave. Danjou's wooden hand was picked up by a local rancher, who kept the thing as a sort of souvenir for a couple of years before selling it back to General Achille Bazaine, the French commander in Mexico, himself a one-time Legion officer.

The disaster at Camerone would become a Legion legend, symbolizing everything that made the organization both different and great. April 30 remains the high holy day of the Legion, Camerone Day, when legionnaires are forgiven virtually any transgression short of murder, and the great deeds of the past are celebrated with much ceremony. In 1931, General Paul Rollet, called the father of the Legion, institutionalized Camerone Day in a large formal ceremony at Sidi-bel-Abbes. There was a march-past, led as usual by the Legion's bearded sappers, followed by speeches and a solemn parade of Danjou's hand. At the Monument aux Morts in Aubagne, the Legion still parades, and some highly decorated former legionnaire has the honor of bearing Danjou's hand. The entire Legion stands in ranks while an NCO reads the story of Camerone. The same ceremony is repeated wherever the Legion is stationed.

"Camerone" has become a verb as well as a noun. "To Camerone" has come to mean making a last stand against enormous odds, with little hope of survival. One of the surviving Legion officers used the phrase at the bitter end of the French debacle at Dien Bien Phu in 1954, when the commanders in the valley considered whether to surrender or try to break out. "You can do a Camerone with a hundred guys, but not with ten thousand," they reasoned, opting to surrender—something the defenders of Camerone never did. □

By Blaine Taylor

A nondescript German cabinetmaker almost succeeed in killing Adolf Hitler in 1939. Once again Hitler's fabled luck held true.

AT EXACTLY 8 PM ON NOVEMBER 8, 1939, GERMAN CHANCELLOR Adolf Hitler strode briskly into Munich's Burgerbraukeller beer hall at the head of his glowering entourage, brushing past a forest of hands raised in the Nazi salute. As a band struck up the party anthem, the "Horst Wessel Song" (named after a dead SA storm trooper killed in a brawl with a Communist), Hitler and the other party leaders, including Josef Goebbels, Rudolf Hess, Martin Bormann, and Heinrich Himmler, took their seats at the plain wooden tables where so many Nazis had quaffed good Bavarian brews in years gone by.

Hugo Jaeger Collection

German Chancellor Adolf Hitler speaks at an earlier ceremony at the Burgerbraukeller beer hall in Munich. He is standing at the exact spot where the assassin's bomb went off on November 8, 1939.

The evening marked the 16th anniversary of Hitler's abortive 1923 attempt to take over the German state by force. That would-be coup had ended in bloodshed and disaster, but since Hitler's appointment as chancellor a decade later, the event had taken on a semireligious atmosphere in the Nazi pantheon of solemn holidays, commemorating those killed by police bullets when the future Nazi Führer was still an unknown street agitator. Now he commanded the mightiest nation in Europe.

Because of the just-begun war with Great Britain, France, and their allies, Hitler had not been expected to address the present gathering of Nazi "Old Fighters" and had in fact named Hess to be his stand-in. At the last minute, however, Hitler decided to come himself. At 8:10 PM, he took his place at the usual lectern, with a Nazi swastika flag covering the pillar directly behind him, six feet away. He immediately launched into a furious speech attacking the British, which had his supporters clapping and cheering. As he spoke, however, Hitler's adjutant, Julius Schaub, passed him cue cards reminding him of the time—he had a train to catch. "Ten minutes. Five minutes. Stop!" read the cards.

Abruptly, Hitler ended his speech after 57 minutes, not the usual 90 minutes he devoted to listening to himself rant. He left his followers with the injunction: "Party members, comrades of our National Socialist movement, our German people, and above all our victorious Wehrmacht, Sieg Heil!" and stepped down from the podium. Normally, Hitler would have stayed behind to shake hands, but Schaub managed to hustle him out of the hall at 9:12 PM, closely followed by all the top members of the Nazi government. The group was in a limousine heading for the Munich train station when a muffled explosion was heard in the distance. What did it mean?

At exactly 9:20—a mere eight minutes after Hitler left the hall—waitress Maria Strobel was busy clearing Hitler's table of empty steins and full ashtrays, fretting that the Führer had neglected to pay his bill. Suddenly, the ceiling exploded, and she was flung down the entire length of the hall and out through the

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The aftermath of the explosion reveals a scene of utter destruction. Seven people were killed and another 63 injured.

doors. The smell of cordite lingered in the air, along with the thick choking dust of collapsed brick. Groans from the dying and wounded could be heard in the confusion. Among those emerging from the rubble covered with chalk dust was the father of Eva Braun, the Führer's mistress. In all, seven people were killed and another 63 injured.

Climbing aboard his train, Hitler was blissfully unaware that he and his top men had narrowly avoided death. At Nuremberg, Goebbels, his face deathly pale, brought Hitler the news in the form of a telegram from Munich. Later, reflecting upon his miraculous luck, Hitler told photographer Heinrich Hoffmann: "I had a most extraordinary feeling, and I don't myself know how or why, but I felt compelled to leave the cellar just as quickly as I could. The fact that I left the Burgerbraukeller earlier than usual is a corroboration of Providence's intention to let me reach my goal." Earlier that day, Hitler recalled, Gerdy Troost, the widow of his favorite architect, had warned him of a possible assassination, and he had been uneasy upon his arrival in Munich.

Immediately after the news, Himmler announced that the bombing had been "a foreign plot," posted a reward for the culprits, and ordered the German frontiers sealed. In his diary, Goebbels claimed that the bombing had been the work of "Black Front" leader Otto Strasser, exiled in Paris since 1934, the year that Hitler had murdered Strasser's older brother, Gregor, in the famed "Blood Purge" of June 30. Strasser denied any involvement in the attempt. Within the ranks of the secret anti-Hitler Ger-

U.S. Army Signal Corps

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ABOVE: American GIs outside the main entrance to the Burgerbraukeller in April 1945. The beer hall was later replaced by a hotel. RIGHT: Johan Georg Elser, the bomber, died in SS hands. FAR RIGHT: Hitler speaks at the Burgerbraukeller three months before the nearly successful attempt on his life.

man Army resistance movement, there was talk that the number-two Nazi, Luftwaffe Field Marshal Hermann Göring, was behind it all and, indeed, Göring had been mysteriously absent from the annual ceremony. In truth, however, the portly Göring had not taken part in the attempt and had missed the occasion because of legitimate illness.

Who, then, was responsible? Within the resistance, there was consternation, as the monocled Prussian generals had been debating how best to depose Hitler and head off his planned assault on the West ever since the victorious conquest of Poland a few weeks earlier. Indeed, on November 5, Hitler had had a furious argument with General Walther von Brauchitsch at the Chancellery, during which time the general had claimed that there was talk of mutiny in certain German Army units, reminiscent of 1918, and a refusal to fight the British and French. Enraged, Hitler shouted: "What action has been taken by the Army commander? How many death sentences have been carried out?" He stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

Himmler had long suspected that there was a putsch in the offing, an event feared by the Nazis since they had taken office in 1933. He and the head of the Nazi Party secret police, SS General Reinhard Heydrich, had instructed Colonel Walter Schellenberg to open contacts with the British Secret Service in Holland. The trim, dapper Schellenberg passed himself off to the unsuspecting British as a representative of the German underground movement. At 2 AM on November 9, Schellenberg was awakened by a telephone call from Himmler, who told him of the attempt on the Führer's life. Hitler, he said, believed that it was a British plot, and over Schellenberg's strong objections to the contrary Himmler ordered him to abduct the two British agents later that same day.

At 3 PM, a black Buick drove up to Venlo, on the Dutch side of the frontier; inside were British Major S. Payne Stevens and Captain R.H. Best, along with a Dutch officer. Suddenly, a car carrying several pistol-brandishing SS men roared across the border, and a five-minute gunfight ensued in which the Dutch officer was mortally wounded and Schellenberg himself missed by inches being struck by an SS bullet. Stevens and Best were hustled into Germany. Hitler wanted to place them on trial, but the evidence simply wasn't there to incriminate the pair. In a rage, the Führer blamed the lax security measures of the SS at the Burgerbraukeller.

Another viewpoint was expressed by Italian Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano, Benito Mussolini's son-in-law, in his secret diary entry of November 8, 1939. "The attempt on Hitler's life at Munich leaves everybody quite skeptical, and Mussolini is more skeptical than anyone else," he wrote. "In reality, many of the aspects of the affair do not altogether convince us of the accuracy of the account given in the papers. Either it is a master plot on the part of the police—with the overdone purpose of creating anti-British sentiment in the German people who are quite indifferent—or, if the murder attempt is real, it is a family brawl of people belonging to the inner circle of the Nazi Party; perhaps a carry-over of what took place on the 30th of June [1934] which cannot have been forgotten in Munich."

The real culprit was much more prosaic. Rather than being an aristocratic, high-ranking German officer or a pair of suave British spies, he was an unassuming 36-year-old Swabian cabinetmaker, Johann Georg Elser, whose only previous political activity was to become a member of the local woodworkers' union. Elser was angry at Hitler for failing to cure unemployment and for leading Germany into a war that Elser felt was a lost cause from the start.

ullstein bild

Noting that Hitler was always surrounded by heavily armed guards and rarely appeared or traveled at set times, Elser decided to strike at the one moment and place where the Führer almost never failed to appear—the Burgerbraukeller in Munich on November 8.

On that day a year earlier, Elser had stalked Hitler at the same beer hall, watching him and other Nazi leaders stride down the boulevard in their annual commemorative march for the dead of 1923. Ironically, at that same moment another would-be assassin, Swiss waiter and ex-seminarian Maurice Bavaud, was in the same crowd, trying unsuccessfully to use a pistol to shoot Hitler from a distance. Bavaud was caught and later beheaded for his troubles.

Elser was more careful and diligent. He worked in a mine quarry and had access to explosives. Beginning in August 1939, Elser smuggled himself into the Burgerbraukeller every night for 35 days, working on the pillar undetected and silently in the dark with a flashlight, installing his time bomb, complete with a hidden compartment and a hinged door. On November 6, 63 hours and 20 minutes before the actual explosion, Elser set the timing device on the mechanism and left. He returned to check it on the 7th at 9 PM, and then headed for the Swiss frontier, where he was arrested at Constance, Germany, on suspicion of smuggling just before the actual Munich detonation. A search of his knapsack revealed pliers, suspicious metal parts, handwritten notes on explosives making, and a postcard of the Burgerbraukeller.

Brought to Berlin, Elser was brutally interrogated, kicked in the ribs several times by

Himmler himself. Bloodied, Elser denied all knowledge of a wider plot, although he reportedly admitted that two mysterious men had supplied him with the explosives. He did not know who they were, Elser claimed. That same day, November 9, Hitler decided not to march in the Beer Hall Putsch commemoration as in years past. On the 10th, still fearful of army reaction to his western assault plans, he postponed the jump-off date of November 15 for the first of 29 times. (It finally took place on May 10, 1940.) On November 11, Hitler attended the public funeral in Munich for victims of the blast.

Meanwhile, Elser was sent to Dachau concentration camp, where he later smuggled a note to Best and Stevens claiming that he had been brought before the commandant at Dachau in October 1939 and given the bomb by the two unknown men—SS agents?—who had persuaded him to plant the device to kill "traitors against the Führer." According to Elser's alleged account, the explosion was intentionally delayed until after Hitler left the building.

Was any of this true? Was Schellenberg, in fact, a double agent for the British? He survived the war, escaped being tried as a war criminal at Nuremberg, and died peacefully in 1948 of natural causes. Was the explosion caused by a dissident Nazi anti-Hitler movement angry over the Nazi-Soviet Pact of the previous August? Was the blast calculated by Hitler himself to whip up German enthusiasm for the war, as American radio correspondent William Shirer believed? Or was there actually an SS plot to take over the Third Reich in 1939? We will never know for sure. Heydrich was assassinated in 1942, and Himmler died a suicide in 1945, taking his secrets with him to the grave. He had, however, seen to it that Georg Elser lived an almost privileged existence at Dachau, and even provided him with tools and wood to make cabinets.

Whatever the case, on April 5, 1945, with Allied troops drawing ever closer, Himmler ordered his henchmen at Dachau: "During the next air raid, see to it that Elser is mortally wounded. Destroy this order when the deed has been executed." Four days later, as American bombers flew overhead, the little cabinetmaker was led from his cell at Dachau and shot, the last victim of the audacious bombing that very nearly had saved the world from the horrors of World War II and the Holocaust.

In 2003, the German government honored Georg Elser with a postage stamp bearing his stated reasons for the bombing: "I wanted to prevent the war." It was a fitting if simple epitaph for a still largely unknown hero. □

By Peter Suciu

London's National Army Museum, adjacent to the Royal Hospital in Chelsea, is one of the history-drenched city's best-kept secrets.

THE CITY OF LONDON PRACTICALLY OVERFLOWS WITH MILITARY history. Predating the Romans, London has been the seat of government ever since it was fortified by William the Conqueror in the 11th century. Today, visitors can see daily military parades, take in the sights of the Tower of London, and tour countless museums devoted to military history. But the best-kept military secret is the National Army Museum in Chelsea, a site often overlooked by tourists but nevertheless a premier museum with a collection that few other institutions can come close to rivaling.

When it comes to museums, London leads the world. Even Washington, D.C., pales when compared to London. The city and its surrounding suburbs are home to more than two dozen museums, and military history buffs will find no shortage of things to do and see. The British Museum offers a look at ancient Roman, Greek, and Celtic arms and armor, while the Victoria and Albert Museum features an equally impressive collection of Asian armor. Other museums are devoted specifically to military history. Among these is the Imperial War Museum (IWM), which is without a doubt one of the world's premier museums on the subject of military history. Its collection focuses specifically on war in the 20th century, including World Wars I and II, with a somewhat lesser look at the Cold War and other regional conflicts. Likewise, the Royal Artillery Museum, the Royal Air Force Museum, and the HMS *Belfast* (a branch of the IWM), are other must-see attractions.

And of course there is the Tower of London, which was first constructed during the reign of William the Conqueror and expanded over the years. The Tower was home to Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell, who opted to live there rather than in the more stately royal palaces around London. Today the Tower is among the most visited attractions in London.

Often overlooked is the National Army Museum in Chelsea. It is located adjacent to the Royal Hospital Chelsea, the home of the "Chelsea Pensioners," which houses British soldiers unfit for duty due to injury or old age. The rather nondescript museum building—especially considering the grander looking Royal Hospital next door—is filled with objects commemorating the history of the British Army, from the time of the Battle of Agincourt in 1415 to the modern day. The museum offers a serious look at the history of the British military while

All photos by Peter Suciu

While the National Army Museum lacks the space for extensive display of vehicles or field guns, the outside is usually "protected" by an armored vehicle or two. INSET: Uniforms from the Palestine Front, including that of a General Officer as well as an Other Ranks field uniform.

still providing plenty of activities for those who never lost their childhood dream of glory and adventure.

The National Army Museum is home to six permanent galleries, which are arranged chronologically and begin as might be expected with the earliest days of the English Army during the Hundred Years' War. The gallery, known as "Redcoats: The British Soldier 1415-1792," focuses on the early conflicts of the United Kingdom, offering insight into the regimental system, which remains unique to the British Army. This gallery looks at the evolution of the modern army and the effects of the English Civil War, while also showing the changes in the uniforms and equipment through the nearly 400-year period.

The "Changing the World" gallery, which was previously known as the "Road to Waterloo," explores the later changes brought on by this conflict. Here, visitors can see numerous artifacts captured from Napoleon's forces, including a French eagle standard from the 105th Infantry Regiment, which was captured by Captain A.K. Clark of the 1st Royal Dragoons.

The National Army Museum is home to the skeleton of Napoleon's famous horse, Marengo, which is depicted with the soon-to-be emperor in the famous 1801 painting by Jacques-Louis David. Captured after the Battle of Waterloo, Marengo remained in England, and after his death the skeleton was retained. It now sits in the museum's gallery.

The "Changing the World" gallery has been officially combined with the previously known "Victoria Soldier" wing, and here visitors can take in objects from around the empire on which it often was said that the sun never set. It is worth noting that the reformation of galleries includes the rebranding of a large portion of the museum's collection from a rather unpleasant period in British military history, namely the "Indian Mutiny." Now called the "Indian Uprising," the collection explores the reasons behind the 1857-1858 mutiny by the sepoys of the British East India Company. The gallery provides numerous fascinating pieces and helps provide further insights into the complex issue of the British Empire imperialism.

Not every piece is about glory and honor. In fact, some might best be swept under the rug. But in the interest of history, objects symbolizing English follies are on display as well as those celebrating the nation's many triumphs. Notably, there is a handwritten order from General Airey and approved by Lord Raglan from the Crimean War. This is, of course, the infamous order for

ABOVE: This modern field gun stands at attention and seems spick and span despite the usually rainy London weather. RIGHT: The British dress uniform of the Victorian Era saw an introduction of helmets and caps.

the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava on October 25, 1854. It reads: "Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, follow the enemy & try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop Horse Artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate. R. Airey."

The concise "World War" galleries show what it is was like for the average British Tommy during the two major conflicts of the 20th century, while the "Fighting for Peace" and "Modern World" galleries focus on the army after 1945. Of course, the end of World War II did not mean peace for the average British soldier, but the museum enables visitors to better appreciate the sacrifices that contemporary male and female soldiers make in the name of freedom.

Throughout the year, the National Army Museum hosts numerous exhibits that chronicle specific events and actions of the British military at various times from the 15th century to the modern day. Soon, visitors will get to discover a bit more about the infamous Redcoats during the American War of Independence. This is just one of several new exhibitions that will be opening. As with many museums, the galleries undergo regular changes so that visitors who previously have explored the National Army Museum may happily find something new.

One such new exhibition, part of Project Façade, is based on Dr. H. Gillies's pioneering facial reconstruction work during World War I. The team at Project Façade has worked from original patient and surgical notes to tell the fragmented personal histories of the men who endured the long and painful reconstructive surgeries. "Many of the techniques pioneered by Dr. Gillies are used today during plastic surgery and for the treatment of returning facially injured servicemen," says Mrs. Gillian Brewer, curator of the Department of Uniforms, Badges and Medals at the museum. "A small part of this exhibition will be shown concurrently at the Museum of Art and Design, New York."

The National Army Museum also plans to continue telling the story of the modern-day British soldier in the exhibition "Helmand: The Soldiers' Story," put together in collaboration with the 16th Air Assault Brigade to explore the life and experiences of today's servicemen and women in the Helmand Province, Afghanistan.

The sixth permanent gallery at the museum is also one that many visitors might not expect to find at an army museum. It is the museum's art gallery, which displays numerous oil paintings and prints. As with the rest of the National Army Museum's vast collections, the Department of Fine and Decorative Art contains some 50,000 prints, drawings, and watercolors, along with more than 835 oil paintings and miniatures. The department is responsible for maintaining the collection of items considered art, while working

to acquire new pieces. And the collection isn't limited to paintings. The artwork can be on paper, canvas, or wood, as well as sculpture, ceramics, or silver. Among the highlights of the collection is a silver tankard commemorating the Duke of Cumberland's victory over Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden in 1746, which is particularly notable since no regiment has ever claimed "battle honors" for the engagement due to the harsh treatment of Jacobite forces and supporters following the battle.

Various pieces of art are interspersed throughout the museum, but most of the paintings are in the art gallery. One room—and an impressive room it is—is devoted to the fine artwork in the collection, including a portrait of Lt. Gen. Robert Monkton by American artist Benjamin West. "The gallery was redecorated in 2001 and reopened on 16 April 2002 by Sir Nicholas Goodison, the then-president of the National Art Collections Fund, the art charity which has helped us acquire a number of works of art over the years," says Jenny Spencer-Smith, head of the Department of Fine and Decorative Art at the museum. The most famous painting on display is the fanciful but no less impressive work by Charles Edwin Firpp that dramatically depicts the Zulu victory at Isandlwana in 1879. In art, it seems, the British Army celebrates its defeats almost as greatly as its victories.

As with any museum, what you actually see is just a fraction of the collection. In fact, there is so much kept behind closed doors and in storage that it could equip an entire regiment. The Uniforms, Badges, and Medals Department collection includes more than 80,000 items of uniform and other garments, many dating as far back as the mid-17th century. This is currently one of the world's largest collections of male uniforms, but also a significant collection of female military attire. Among the pieces is the coat that King William III wore at the Battle of Boyne in 1690, as well as more than 250,000 badges and 20,000 medals, including 37 Victoria Crosses.

"We hold 6.23 million items here at the National Army Museum," says Brewer. "These range from tanks to photographs to plates with every imaginable, and some not so imaginable, items that the British, Indian, and Commonwealth Armies may have had cause to use. Only a small percentage of items can be on display at any one time; however, members of the public can and do make appointments to view other items from the collections either at the Museum or one of our two outstations."

These two outstations are located on the outskirts of London, and each has enough items

ABOVE: A life-size figure uniformed as a light infantry soldier of the American Revolution period. TOP: Another life-size figure uniformed as a green-jacketed rifleman of the 95th Regiment, from the exhibit "Changing the World, 1783-1904."

to fill any decent-sized museum in its own right. "Our main stores are located at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst," adds Brewer, "and our new storage facility at Stevenage, where we house our Historic Military Vehicle and Sealed Pattern Collections. These sites are not open to the public, although members of the public are able to make appointments to view specific items from these collections."

The National Army Museum seldom if ever divests any items from its collection. However, items are lent frequently to other institutions, including the Imperial War Museum and various regimental museums throughout the United

Kingdom. Because most British Army regiments have long and often colorful histories, numerous artifacts have been gathered through the ages. But in recent years, due to the world's changing political climate, many regiments are amalgamating, while some have disbanded entirely. Fortunately, institutions such as the National Army Museum ensure that their histories won't be forgotten, nor will their artifacts end up in the rubbish bin or on eBay.

"It is true that as regiments amalgamate there is a possibility that one or more Regimental Museums may close," says Brewer. "The National Army Museum in conjunction with the Ministry of Defence and other interested parties will ensure that items of importance will be saved in perpetuity."

The museum is very child friendly. In addition to numerous exhibits that allow and actually encourage touching—such items as a replica English Civil War "Lobstertail" helmet that visitors can try on—there are special activities for pre-teens. The museum hosts birthday parties and other special activities as well.

Serious scholars and those looking to conduct a bit more research in quiet can apply for a reader's ticket to use the recently opened Templer Study Centre, which allows visitors an opportunity to explore the campaigns, personalities, and social history of the British Army. Located on the basement level of the museum, the research library has seating for 15 readers, who can access the archives of books, photographs, prints, and drawings while also obtaining help from the experienced curatorial staff. The Templer Study Centre is open on Thursdays and Fridays, and on the first and third Saturday of each month. Advance appointments are required to view items from the prints and drawings collections.

Additionally, much research can be done from afar as well. Thanks to the Internet, you don't even need a plane ticket to discover some of the treasure that the National Army Museum has to offer. The staff has created an excellent website that allows visitors to explore the galleries, while also providing helpful research information. The museum accepts inquiries on collectibles and unit histories, and can even aids in tracking down information on individuals who may have served in the British Army.

As with any fine institution, the National Army Museum features a well-stocked gift shop that includes many excellent books on the history of the various regiments of the British Army, along with other gifts to remember your visit. The sun never set on the British Empire, and it may never set on the National Army Museum, either. □

AIR WAR *for* RABAUL

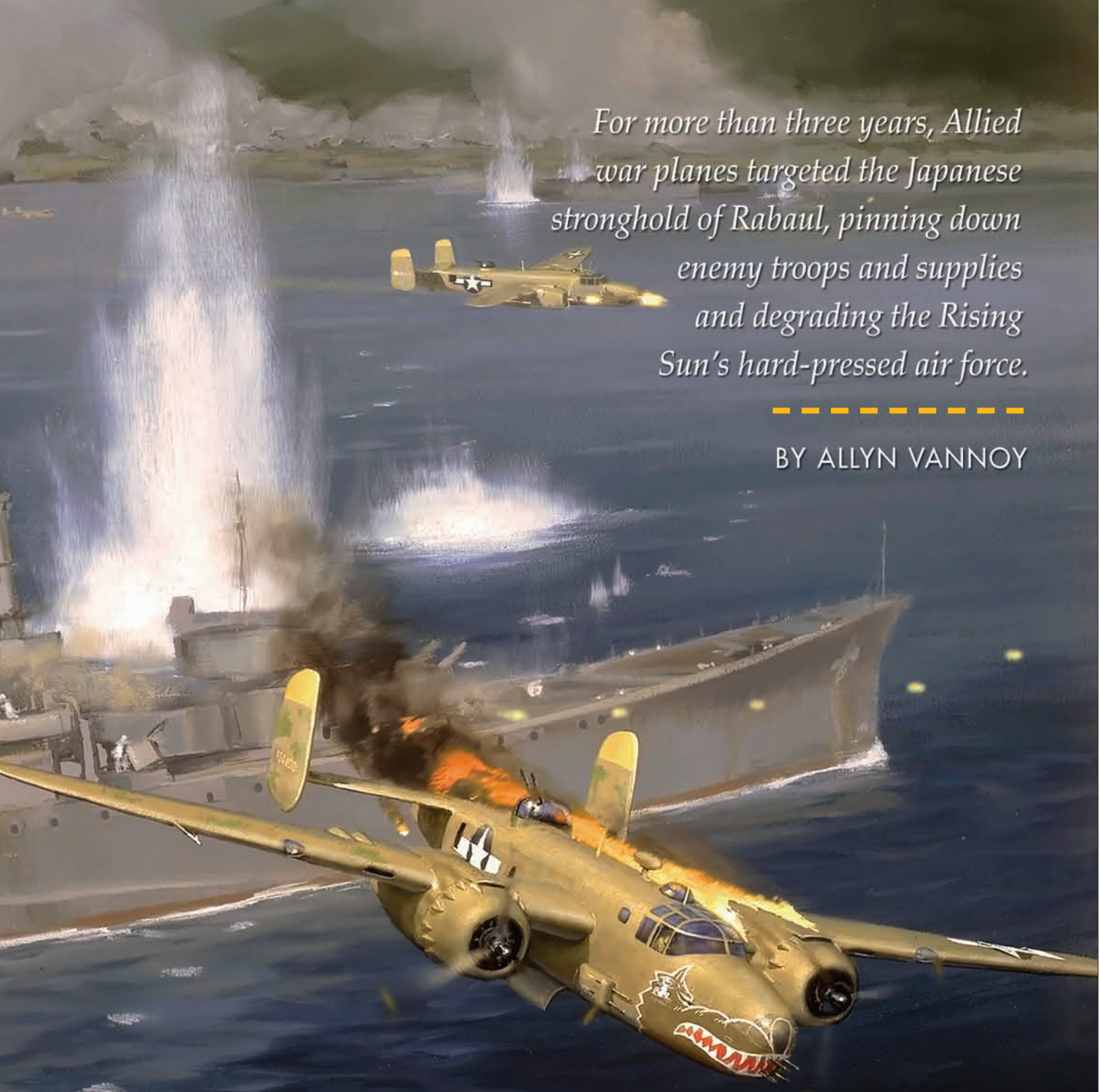
On February 23, 1942, one month after Rabaul had fallen to the Japanese, six B-17s of the U.S. Fifth Air Force, flying out of Townsville, Australia, launched the first Allied air strike against the new enemy stronghold on the northeastern tip of New Britain, just east of New Guinea. The campaign against Rabaul would prove to be one of longest of the war, lasting until August 1945. The skies over such places as St. George's Channel, Blanche Bay, and Gazelle Peninsula would witness one of the most bitterly fought campaigns of the Pacific air war. The overriding objective of the Allied campaign was to capture or at least neutralize the key Japanese base, whose geographic position made it the hub of the enemy's formidable air-base system at the southeastern corner of their recently won empire.

In early 1943, the Japanese prepared their new garrison to meet the anticipated Allied onslaught. The Eleventh Air Fleet at Rabaul mustered about 300 planes and 10,000 men, including approximately 1,500 air crewmen. Land-based naval air units in quiet sectors of the Pacific were heavily scavenged for additional planes and pilots. As a backup, two Japanese carrier air groups with another 300 planes were positioned at Truk, and flight operations at forward bases in the Solomons were sharply curtailed to conserve aircraft and crews. Defenders strengthened and expanded aircraft blast barriers and disposed antiaircraft guns in depth. When completed, Rabaul's formidable air defenses included 260 AA guns ranging in size from 13mm machine guns to 127mm cannons.

On the Allied side, combat operations called for the use of all land-based aircraft in the Solomons, including the 1st and 2nd Marine Air Wings, the Army's Fifth and Thirteenth Air

For more than three years, Allied war planes targeted the Japanese stronghold of Rabaul, pinning down enemy troops and supplies and degrading the Rising Sun's hard-pressed air force.

BY ALLYN VANNOY



Forces, Navy land-based planes, and two squadrons each of bomber-reconnaissance aircraft and fighters of the Royal New Zealand Air Force (RNZAF). Air assets were organized into three functional task groups: Fighter Command, directing escort and interceptor aircraft; Strike Command, with dive and torpedo bombers and short-range reconnaissance aircraft; and the Army Air Force's medium and heavy bombers, directed by Bomber Command.

The Allied seizure of Guadalcanal and Buna-Gona, New Guinea, in early 1943 set the stage for the beginning of a coordinated offensive against Rabaul—code-named Operation Cartwheel. The taking of the Russell Islands by American Admiral William "Bull" Halsey's forces on February 21 marked the opening move of the drive. Construction was begun on Banika of an airdrome for fighters and medium-range bombers to support operations in the central and northern Solomons. The Allied fighters—Marine F4U Corsairs, Army P-40 Warhawks, and P-38 Lightnings—flying out of Guadalcanal, conducted sweeps into the northern Solomons on a regular basis. Strike Command sent a steady stream of SBD dive bombers and TBF torpedo bombers to hit Japanese positions at Munda and Vila. Such operations kept Rabaul's 300-plane garrison from launching major raids of its own on the swelling American complex at Guadalcanal. (On April 18, American pilots claimed their most important victim when they intercepted and shot down

Elements of the 71st Bomb Squadron, 38th Bomb Group, Fifth Air Force attack Japanese shipping in Simpson Harbor, Rabaul, November 2, 1943. The painting, entitled *Bloody Tuesday*, is by Jack Fellows.

All photos: National Archives

American-built P-38 and B-25 planes make a run over New Britain.

a plane carrying Japanese naval commander in chief Isoroku Yamamoto on an inspection flight from Rabaul to Bougainville.)

Allied raids on Buin-Kahili and the Shortland Islands increased appreciably after airfields in the Russells became operational. In an effort to counteract the Allied activities, the Japanese Combined Fleet transferred 58 fighters and 49 bombers from Truk to the Eleventh Air Fleet on May 10, with the intent of hitting at the Allies' main strength—their fighter planes. On June 7, approximately 70 Zekes headed for the Russells. Warned by friendly coast watchers, Fighter Command scrambled 104 fighters to intercept. In the subsequent 90-minute air battle, the Japanese were turned back with the loss of 23 planes. Allied losses were seven fighters, with all but one pilot successfully recovered.

Five days later the Japanese sent 77 fighters south again, only to be intercepted north and west of the Russells by 49 Allied planes. Some 25 Japanese planes failed to return, against the loss of six Allied fighters. Despite these losses, the Japanese launched another strike on June 16, with 24 Val dive bombers and 70 fighters. Again warned by coast watchers and vectored into position by New Zealand ground interceptor radar, 74 planes of Fighter Command challenged the Japanese planes. Six Allied fighters were destroyed in the ensuing dogfight, and Japanese losses again were heavy. Those bombers that managed to reach Guadalcanal were quickly shot out of the sky.

Less than a week later, Marine raiders were landing on Segi, heralding the drive to seize the Munda airfield. To meet this new threat, the Japanese threw every available plane into the fight, sending 150 Zekes, Vals, and Kate torpedo bombers of the Second Carrier Division from Truk to the base at Kahili. While this move strengthened Rabaul, it greatly crippled the offensive power of the Japanese Combined Fleet.

Two Allied fields at Banika became fully operational in late June, and B-25 Mitchell bombers made their first appearance flying against targets in the northern Solomons. After Allied reconnaissance spotted a large concentration of enemy shipping off Buin, a strike was mounted on July 17, led by seven B-24 Liberator heavy bombers, followed by 37 SBDs and 35 TBFs escorted by 114 fighters. Japanese Zekes rising from Kahili to intercept the attack were gunned down by pouncing Corsairs, with the Allies claiming 47 Zekes and five float planes. Avenger and Dauntless crews also sank the destroyer *Hatsuyuki* and damaged three other ships. American losses consisted of one SBD, one TBF, two Army P-38s, and one Corsair. To reinforce this painful lesson in air superiority, the Allies struck again on the 18th, causing considerable damage to Japanese shipping.

On the evening of June 19, a Black Cat PBY flying boat on patrol picked up a Japanese task force off Choiseul, allowing Strike Command to dispatch from Henderson Field six TBF Avengers armed with 2,000-pound bombs. Coming in "on the deck," they sank the destroyer *Yugure* and damaged the heavy cruiser *Kumano*. Additional strike aircraft were launched, and at daylight a wave of skip-bombing B-25s sent the destroyer *Kiyoami* to the bottom. Two days later, a shipping strike by 12 B-24s, 16 SBDs, and 18 TBFs supported by 122 fighters caught and sank the seaplane tender *Nisshin* off Bougainville, along with its cargo of 24 medium tanks and 600 troops.

When Munda airfield fell to the Americans in early August, the Japanese realized that the only reason to continue the fight in the central Solomons was to buy time to strengthen their Bougainville defenses. By the end of the summer it was apparent that the empire's vast outer defense perimeter would soon collapse. Imperial headquarters ordered commanders to hold out as long as possible so that a cordon of strategic defenses could be constructed from the Marianas through the Palaus and western New Guinea to the Philippines, in effect conceding the eventual loss of Rabaul along with other garrisons in the northern Solomons, the Bismarcks, and eastern New Guinea. Troops and matériel were retained on New Britain and New Ireland in the belief that a showdown for Rabaul was inevitable.

American General Douglas MacArthur was convinced that Rabaul would have to be taken on the ground, but the planners at Allied headquarters were not. These planners believed that Rabaul could be bypassed and neutralized by aerial blockade. The troops, ships, and planes needed for its capture could better be allotted to other operations. But while the Joint Chiefs were trying to determine how best to neutralize Rabaul, MacArthur's staff was preparing plans for offensive operations that would follow landings at Bougainville and Cape Gloucester and complete Rabaul's encirclement. A tentative target date of March 1, 1944, was set for the seizure of Kavieng and the Admiralties. The establishment of Allied airfields at Finschhafen and Cape Gloucester meant that the landings on the Admiralties could be covered by land-based fighters, but the Kavieng operations would require carrier air support since fighter planes from Cape Torokina on Bougainville would not be enough to provide effective escort and combat air patrols.

Once the Central Pacific offensive got under way with operations in the Gilbert Islands, mounting demands on the Pacific Fleet's shipping resources determined that landings at Kavieng would have to be put off until May 1. Faced with the possibility of a six-month pause between major operations, Halsey consulted with MacArthur, who gave his approval to an intermediate operation that would keep the Allied offensive rolling, provide another useful base, and keep the pressure on the Japanese. Several islands were considered for the next objective. There was a proposal to seize a foothold in the Tanga Islands, 35 miles east of New Ireland, but it was rejected because the operation could not be effectively covered by land-based fighters. The capture of enemy airstrips at Borpop or Namatami was discarded because carrier support, as well as a large landing force, would be required. Finally, Nissan, the largest of the Green Islands, was determined to be close enough to Torokina for fighter sup-

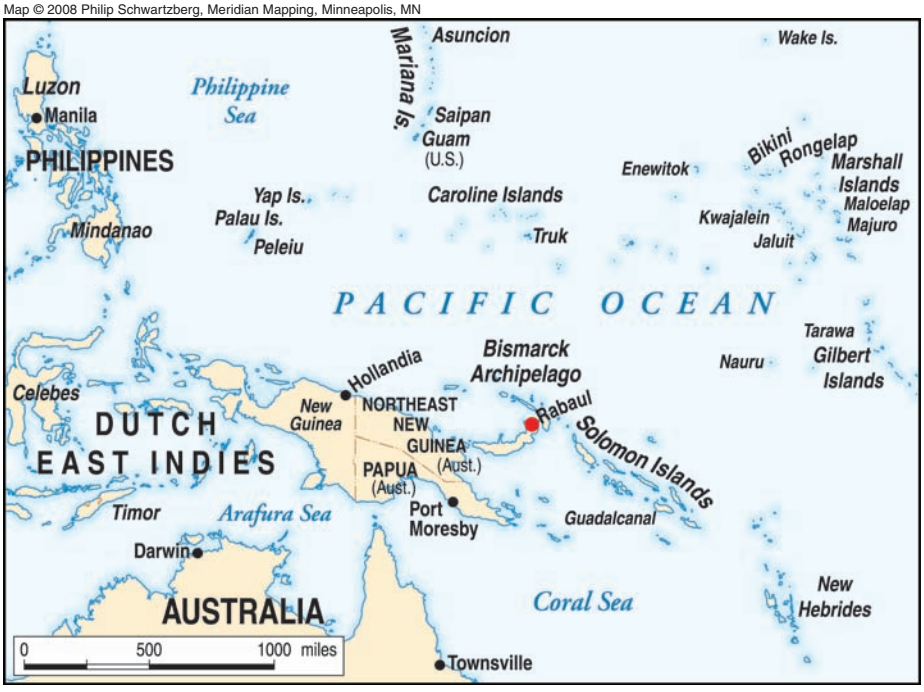
port. Located 37 miles northwest of Buka and 55 miles east of New Ireland, Nissan atoll had room for a couple of airstrips. However, with Rabaul only 115 miles away and Kavieng another 100 miles beyond, the island was vulnerable to a Japanese counterattack.

While Halsey ordered his staff to prepare plans for the seizure of Nissan, he also directed them to study the possibility of seizing Emirau Island in the St. Matthias group as an alternative to Kavieng. As Allied bases at Segi, Munda, Ondonga, and Barakoma became operational in August and September, forward Japanese fields became untenable. In an effort to deal with Japanese bases at the southern end of Bougainville, Strike Command sent nearly 100 planes a day during the last two weeks of October to conduct bombing and strafing.

The first direct blow against Rabaul was struck on October 12, in support of landings on Bougainville. A major Allied strike was launched that included 87 B-24s, 114 B-25s, 12 RAAF Beaufighters, 125 P-38s, and 11 weather and reconnaissance aircraft. The 32 Zekes that rose to meet them were quickly overwhelmed. The Mitchells came in first, flying low over the water as they approached the Japanese base. Nine squadrons of B-25s in waves, some flying wingtip to wingtip and protected by P-38s, roared in to strafe the airfields. Their eight forward-firing machine guns blazing, the American planes dropped clouds of 20-pound "parafrag" bombs in their wake (these fragmentation bombs had parachutes to increase drag, thus providing a safe distance between the low-flying plane and the detonating bombs). Beaufighters struck at shipping in Simpson Harbor, Rabaul's anchorage, followed by Liberators carrying six 1,000-pounders each. Allied losses for the raid were five planes, including two B-24s. Strike results included one 6,000-ton Japanese transport sunk and three destroyers damaged.

Weather delayed the next raid until the 18th, when 54 B-25s flashed in under a 200-foot cloud ceiling to hit enemy airfields and shipping. Additional 100-plane raids were carried out between October 23 and 29. Exaggerated and contradictory reports painted an unclear picture of the damage inflicted, although only five Allied planes were lost.

Australian and American ground forces steadily drove the Japanese back from coastal and inland positions on eastern New Guinea's Huon Peninsula, while the 3rd Marine Division seized a foothold on Bougainville at Cape Torokina on November 1. The next day, reconnaissance aircraft found clearing skies over



ABOVE: A B-25 of the Thirteenth Air Force roars over burning Japanese oil installations in New Britain. TOP: Japanese-held Rabaul, on the tip of New Britain Island, was the key to the enemy's formidable air-base system in the Pacific.

Rabaul, a harbor jammed with ships, and airfields holding 237 planes. Eighty B-25s and 80 P-38s were routed to the targets. Two squadrons of Lightnings led a sweep of the harbor, followed closely by four squadrons of Mitchells that strafed antiaircraft positions. This suppression attack opened the way for 41 B-25s. Attacking through a swarm of Japanese fighters, the Mitchells dropped to mast-top level, skip-bombing and strafing the desperately twisting and dodging ships. Japanese cruisers and destroyers responded with their heavy guns, sending up towering columns of spray in the path of the attacking planes, while batteries of antaircraft guns fired without letup. The Allies sank two cargo ships and a mine sweeper, along with a 10,000-ton oiler. The Japanese reported losing 20 planes, while Allied losses were eight B-25s and nine P-38s. The commander of the Fifth Air Force, Lt. Gen. George C. Kenney, reported that the Japanese "put up the toughest fight the Fifth Air Force encountered in the whole war."

The intensity of the fighting increased with the arrival of 173 planes from the Japanese Combined Fleet's 1st Carrier Squadron, Third Fleet. The transfer of these valuable assets was a major gamble as it immobilized carrier forces at Truk to check the Allied advance into the northern

B-25 bombers in formation over the Japanese bastion at Rabaul in March 1944. Allied control of the skies was crucial during the three-year-long campaign.

Solomons. The Japanese christened the effort Operation Ro. The Third Fleet's Zekes, Vals, and Kates were about to be caught in a three-way squeeze by planes from Allied airfields, American carriers, and the Fifth Air Force.

On November 5, American carrier-borne aircraft struck Rabaul for the first time. In an effort to counter landings on Bougainville, the Japanese had dispatched six heavy cruisers to Rabaul. This presented a major problem for the Allies since their own cruisers and destroyers were not yet available, still refitting after action off Cape Torokina. Halsey considered the threat posed by the Japanese heavy cruisers as "the most desperate emergency that confronted me in my entire term as ComSoPac." Although it was expected that the "air groups would be cut to pieces," the carriers *Saratoga* and *Princeton* were ordered to attack the warships collecting at Rabaul.

The task force launched a maximum effort with 52 F6F Hellcats, 23 Avengers, and 22 Dauntless dive bombers attacking 40 to 50 Japanese vessels in the harbor. As the bombers turned to attack, the Hellcats moved to ward off 70 interceptors. As soon as the Dauntlesses dropped their bombs, the Avengers cut in among the ships. Antiaircraft fire was fierce. One cruiser fired its main battery in an effort to knock down the TBFs that dogged it. American losses were surprising light: five F6Fs, four TBFs, and one SBD. Four of the heavy cruisers were crippled, three severely, and two light cruisers and two destroyers were also hit. The Japanese command reacted by withdrawing their heavies to Truk. The threat to Bougainville had been turned back.

On November 11, the Allied one-two-three combination hit again, despite poor weather. This time B-24s from both the Fifth Air Force and the Solomons participated, but the bulk of the raid was carried out by 239 aircraft from five carriers. One enemy destroyer was sunk and a light cruiser and destroyer were damaged. Following the strike, the Japanese located one of the American carrier groups and dispatched a counterstrike of 67 Zekes, 27 Vals, 14 Kates, and a handful of Betty twin-engine bombers. Marine Corsairs and Navy shore-based Hellcats intercepted the attackers, claiming 15 shootdowns.

The following day, planes of the Japanese Third Fleet were ordered to return to Truk, ending Operation Ro. In less than two weeks, the 1st Air Squadron had lost 43 of 82 Zekes, 38 of 45 Vals, 34 of 40 Kates, and all six of its reconnaissance aircraft. The Eleventh Air Fleet conceded the fight for Bougainville. A lull ensued as both sides prepared for the next round in the air campaign. The Allies were not completely idle as they readied fields on Bougainville and struck at barge traffic sailing from Rabaul to garrisons in the Solomons. Japanese air operations became increasingly dangerous for their pilots—Bettys on reconnaissance were shot down with such regularity that patrols had to be curtailed. Without such patrols, the Japanese had to rely on radar stations to provide Rabaul with a 20- to 60-minute advance warning.

Meanwhile, marauding Allied fighters continued to make inroads into Japanese strength. Even their latest-model Zekes were no match for the advanced American Corsairs and Hellcats. The Japanese pilots realized that they were engaged in a losing battle, but they fought on despite a sense of impending doom. The Japanese waited apprehensively for the Allied airfields on Bougainville to be completed, knowing that their completion would signal the climax of the air assault on Rabaul. On December 10, the field at Torokina became operational and Allied fighter sweeps were readied.

On December 17, the first sweep was made with 31 Corsairs, 23 Hellcats, and 23 RNZAF Kittyhawks. The New Zealanders made the first contact with 40 Japanese fighters climbing from the fields around Rabaul, downing five enemy planes during the engagement, at a cost of three of their own P-40s. All together, some 70 Japanese fighters took off, but few were able to climb up to the 25,000-30,000-

foot level where the Corsairs and Hellcats waited like circling birds of prey.

The second sweep, on December 23, produced even better results for the Allies. This time the fighter force was held to 48 planes in order to tempt the Japanese to counterattack. As the sweep group arrived, it encountered 40 Zekes chasing the retiring bombers. The Allied fighters tore into the interceptors, claiming 30 at the price of three F4Us, three escorting F6Fs, and six bombers. Twenty-four hours later the pattern was repeated. This time the Liberators were escorted by P-38s and F4Us that knocked down six Zekes, while the follow-up fighter sweep of P-40s and F6Fs accounted for 14 enemy fighters with the loss of seven of their own.

Although MacArthur indicated on December 20 that the possession of airfields at either Kavieng or Emirau would accomplish his mission of choking off Rabaul, he soon returned to his belief that the New Ireland base had to be captured. Turning up the heat, the Allies began throwing alternating bomber strikes and fighter sweeps around the clock at the Japanese. Allied crews claimed 74 Japanese planes shot down between Christmas and New Year's Day. Meanwhile, Navy Seabees prepared the Piva bomber field at Torokina for SBDs and TBFs and a field on Stirling Island for B-25s. Planes from the carriers *Bunker Hill* and *Monterey* struck at Kavieng on December 25, January 1, and January 4, but with minimal results.

While daily Liberator raids and fighter sweeps were conducted, three squadrons of RAAF Beauforts struck the Japanese fields at night. The Australians used their planes in a fashion that provided constant harassment, sending in a single bomber at a time, one after another, throughout the night. A period of bad weather broke on January 9, and 69 fighters escorted 23 SBDs and 16 TBFs on a strike of the main Rabaul fighter field at Tobera. Forty Zekes engaged the escort fighters as the SBDs concentrated on antiaircraft positions and TBFs followed, dropping 2,000-pound bombs on runways and aprons. Thirteen Japanese planes were claimed by the escorts, which lost a Hellcat and two Kittyhawks in return.

Japanese desperation showed as interceptors followed the SBDs and TBFs into dives, braving their own ack-ack fire. Fending off the Japanese fighters that broke through high and medium cover was the job of the RNZAF Kittyhawks. Flying close cover for the bombers, the New Zealanders braved the storm of flak, guarding the tails of the SBDs and TBFs as they streaked for home. Despite the diversity of Allied plane types and pilot nationalities, air discipline was well maintained.

The Allied air campaign attempted to choke off the Japanese supply network, stopping matériel from reaching Rabaul and bases in the Solomons. During January 1944, Strike Command sank seven merchantmen and an oiler and damaged three other ships, the TBFs approaching at 30 to 40 feet off the water and using one-ton bombs with delayed fuses. As the tempo of Allied attacks increased, the pilots noted a falling off in the number of Japanese interceptors. The intensity of the Allied offensive had convinced the Japanese to commit the 2nd Air Squadron, denuding the carriers *Runyo, Hiyo,* and *Ryuho* of their air groups to add 69 fighters, 36 dive bombers, and 23 torpedo bombers to the Eleventh Air Fleet. Throughout the month, the Allies conducted 1,850 sorties over Rabaul, with the loss of 65 planes. Estimates of Japanese aircraft losses varied greatly, but the damage was telling. They had no effective response to the Allies' relentless attacks. There were not enough fighters to slow the pace, much less turn the momentum. Those that were available were outclassed by newer and better Allied aircraft and well-trained air crews.

At a coordinating conference on January 27, at Pearl Harbor, preparations went ahead for a simultaneous assault on Kavieng and the Admiralties. A new target date of April 1 was set, six weeks after Allied forces were slated to secure the Green Islands. In an admission of Allied superiority, Japanese fighter pilots were ordered "to attack or defend yourselves only when the battle circumstances appear particularly favorable to you."

As bad as January was for the Japanese, February was worse. By early February, the Allies were putting up 200 planes a day. Concurrent operations in the Southwest and Central Pacific made

A U.S. Marine Corps dive bomber scores a direct hit on a Japanese oil tanker near Rabaul in July 1944.

Rabaul increasingly untenable. Halsey prepared to move New Zealand ground forces into the Green Islands. To support the operation and to provide cover for a pending carrier attack on Truk, the bombers of the Fifth Air Force began a series of large-scale raids on Kavieng on February 11.

The noose was tightening around Rabaul, and the Japanese knew it. The Kavieng raids and the anticipated invasion of the Admiralties forced Japanese air commanders to consider withdrawing from Rabaul. The final nail in the coffin was a series of carrier-borne air attacks on Truk on February 17 and 18 by Vice Admiral Raymond A. Spruance's Central Pacific task forces. Planes from nine carriers hit airfields and shipping in the atoll's anchorage. At least 70 Japanese planes were destroyed, along with 200,000 tons of merchant shipping, two cruisers, and four destroyers. Many of the planes destroyed had been destined for Rabaul.

The raid emphasized the futility of Rabaul's further defense. The base's strategic value had lain in its ability to shield Truk. All serviceable aircraft were now ordered from Rabaul to west-

GEORGE KENNEY AND HIS AMAZING FIFTH AIR FORCE

The most inventive and audacious American air commander of World War II was by all odds Lt. Gen. George C. Kenney, head of the Fifth Air Force in the Southwest Pacific. Five feet, six inches tall and anything but dashing in appearance, Kenney nevertheless possessed the military equivalent of street smarts—the ability to spot an opening and take advantage of it with lightning speed. His favorite term of approval for a subordinate who had done something special was: "He's an operator." Kenney himself was the best operator of all. Without him and his planes, General Douglas MacArthur's victorious leapfrog advance up the island chains from Australia and New Guinea to the Philippines would never have gotten off the ground—literally.

Any such advance was a distant dream when Kenney arrived in Australia in August 1942. The Japanese, victorious everywhere in Southeast Asia, had already bombed Darwin and seemed poised to invade northern Australia. Japanese forces were firmly lodged at villages all along the northeast coast of neighboring New Guinea. Flying out of jungle airstrips, Japanese bombers regularly hammered Port Moresby, the single outpost on New Guinea's southern coast still held by Australian and American forces.

To face the Japanese, Kenney had only a ragtag collection of battle-weary Boeing B-17 Flying Fortresses, a third of them out of commission for lack of spare parts, along with 40 operational twin-engine medium bombers and a few beaten-up squadrons of underpowered Curtis P-40 Warhawk and Bell P-39 Aircobra fighters. The Royal Australian Air Force had only a handful of twin-engine Beaufighter attack planes.

Kenney got a firsthand look at the situation on his initial inspection trip to Port Morsby. Hardly had his B-17 touched down on the main airstrip when a dozen Japanese bombers roared over, plastering the runway and flaming several parked aircraft. A squadron of P-39s took off in pursuit, but with their poor rate of climb they could not reach the enemy bombers, let alone tangle with the swift and agile Mitsubishi Zero fighters flying escort. Worse yet, Kenney learned that a column of Japanese infantry was snaking its way over the Owen Stanley Mountains, New Guinea's rough, jungle-shrouded spine, and might descend on Port Moresby in a matter of days.

Back at headquarters in Brisbane, Kenney told General Henry H. "Hap" Arnold, commander of the U.S. Army Air Force, that he had to have more and better planes to protect Port Moresby. He would need many more if he was to help MacArthur's ground forces go on the offensive. Arnold was hardly encouraging. The global strategy hammered out by President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill called for defeating Adolf Hitler's Third Reich first, with the war against Japan a distant second. Arnold had been forced to send most of his available pilots and planes across the Atlantic to the European Theater.

Nevertheless, Arnold did the best he could, and soon a few aircraft were making their way westward across the Pacific. By late 1942, Kenney had enough fresh B-17s to form a new squadron, the 63rd. Along with them came a couple of squadrons of B-24s, plus an assortment of new American Mitchell B-25 mediums, Douglas A-20 twin-engine attack bombers, and P-38 Lockheed Lightnings. Heavier and less agile than the Zero, the sleek, twin-engine, twin-tailed fighters were faster than the Japanese planes, could outclimb and outdive them, and packed a ferocious wallop—four .50-caliber machine guns plus a 20mm cannon were housed in the nose cone in front of the bubble cockpit. One short burst of fire could disintegrate a lightly armored Zero.

ABOVE: A pair of U.S. medium-range bombers prepares to drop its payload on a Japanese merchant ship during the Battle of the Bismarck Sea. TOP LEFT: General George C. Kenney in the cockpit of a B-17. TOP RIGHT: Lieutenant Colonel Paul "Pappy" Gunn, chief engineer.

Along with the P-38s came a crew of daring and gifted fighter pilots, including Thomas Lynch, Thomas McGuire, and a baby-faced 22-year-old Norwegian-American named Richard Bong. Among them, they would shoot down almost 100 Japanese planes and destroy countless more on the ground. As important as the planes and pilots, Kenney also gained the backing of the imperious MacArthur, who distrusted airmen on principle. During a first interview at Brisbane, MacArthur railed against the shoddy support he had been getting from his air arm. Kenney stood his ground, saying that he could "run an air force as well or better than anyone else" and that the minute MacArthur had any reason to complain, he would "be packed up and ready for the orders sending me back home." The interview ended with MacArthur throwing an arm around Kenney's shoulder and saying, "George, I think we are going to get along together all right."

With MacArthur on his side and new planes filtering in, Kenney and his second in command, Brig. Gen. Ennis Whitehead, immediately began giving air support to the Australian troops. In late September 1942, the combined forces managed to halt the Japanese thrust over the Owen Stanleys toward Port Moresby. Kenney also worked feverishly to support Australian and American infantry attacking Buna on Papua's northeastern coast, which they captured after prolonged jungle fighting in January 1943.

Kenney and Whitehead concentrated on exactly how to deal with the Japanese Air Force and with the ships hauling supplies and reinforcements to the enemy's New Guinea strong points. Kenney concluded that high-altitude raids by big planes like his B-17s would not get the job done. Japanese ships were too small and elusive to be hit from 10,000 feet, and Japanese airfields were too well hidden. The answer

was low-level attacks by planes modified precisely for that purpose.

To do the modifying, Kenney turned to Major Paul I. Gunn, an inventive 42-year-old engineer known as "Pappy" to his fuzzy-cheeked mechanics at the Fifth Air Force's busy repair depot at Townsville. Gunn, whom Kenney called "a super experimental gadgeteer and all-around fixer," began by installing four .50-caliber machine guns in the noses of a squadron of A-20s, turning them into lethal strafers. He then modified every B-25 he could get his hands on. Ripping the plexiglass from the bombardier's perch in the nose, Gunn installed four .50-caliber machine guns and added four more in pods on the sides of the fuselage, for a total of eight heavy machine guns firing forward. He then hung extra .50s from the noses of some B-17s, turning the big planes into potential strafers. Kenney began training his pilots in a totally unorthodox bombing method, flying over the water at 150 feet and releasing 500-pound bombs so that they would skip along the water's surface and explode against the hulls of enemy ships like torpedoes.

The first payoff for Pappy Gunn's hammering and welding came on March 3, 1943, in the spectacular Battle of the Bismarck Sea. Late in February, Kenney had received word from U.S. Navy intelligence that a large convoy carrying the entire Japanese 51st Division, plus antiaircraft, artillery, and engineer units, was about to leave Rabaul for Lae, New Guinea. Rabaul, on the northern tip of the neighboring island of New Britain, had become a huge and bustling Japanese supply base. Lae and the nearby village of Salamaua were the next scheduled targets after Buna in MacArthur's plan to reconquer New Guinea. The convoy had to be stopped.

Scout planes returned with news that eight transports and a number of escorting destroyers had set sail from Rabaul and were starting down the west coast of New Britain.

A B-25 crewman took this photo of a companion aircraft just above the New Guinea treetops—and an enemy antiaircraft emplacement—in January 1944.

The convoy was found steaming southwest on March 1 by a patrolling B-24, then again the next morning when another B-24 broke through clouds and spotted 14 ships and radioed their position to Whitehead at Port Moresby. The Japanese were 50 miles north of New Britain's Cape Gloucester in the Bismarck Sea and headed for the Vitiaz Strait between New Britain and New Guinea.

Kenney and Whitehead pounced, quickly dispatching seven B-17s on the 350-mile flight to the scene. These and 20 more planes straddled the convoy with 500- and 1,000-pound bombs, claiming several hits and blowing up one transport, *Kyokusei Maru*. The "big brawl," as Kenney called it, began the next morning when the enemy ships were 50 miles southeast of Finschhafen. This put them within range of Kenney's B-25 "commerce destroyers" at Port Moresby and other strafers coming from airbases at Milne Bay on Papua's eastern tip. Thirteen Beaufighters of the Royal Australian Air Force, diving to almost mast height, raked the bridges and decks of the transports with 20mm cannons and .303-caliber machine guns. Next came a dozen B-17s, bombing from medium altitude while fighting off 20 to 30 intercepting Japanese fighters with the help of the hot pilots of the 39th Fighter Squadron in their P-38s, who shot down 10 enemy planes.

A dozen of the 90th Squadron's Pappy Gunn specials roared in. Skimming the water as low as 20 feet, they chewed up what was left of the Japanese gun crews with their .50-calibers while skip-bombing 500-pounders. The effect was devastating. Bombs dropped by squadron leader Major Ed Larner knocked one destroyer, *Shirayuki,* on her side and detonated her magazines, then blew the entire stern section off a transport. Lieutenant Charles Howe hit a transport amidships, causing an explosion that nearly cut the ship in two. Captain Robert Chatt in his B-25 released all four of his 500-pounders on a destroyer, scoring two hits in the bow and blowing away the bridge and most of the rest of the superstructure. Other pilots were just as busy, crippling another destroyer and blasting every transport in sight. By the time the 90th pilots turned south for Port Moresby, all seven of the remaining Japanese transports had been hit and were either sinking or floundering in the water. Fifth Air Force losses were astonishingly light: one B-24, one B-17, and three P-38s.

More forays that afternoon and the next morning resulted in all eight of the Japanese transports being sunk, along with four of six destroyers. Only about 800 Japanese troops reached Lae, a number of them fished from the sea by one of the surviving destroyers and hastily run ashore. Another 2,427 men were rescued and taken back to Rabaul. The remainder of the roughly 7,000 troops of the Japanese 51st Division perished, along with support troops and hundreds of ship crewmen. The Battle of the Bismarck Sea, MacArthur said, "cannot fail to go down in history as one of the most complete and annihilating combats of all time." The Japanese never again tried to dispatch a daylight convoy to New Guinea, sending in supplies and reinforcements only on small barges or on destroyers and submarines running at night.

Even before his airmen had dropped their last bombs on the convoy, Kenney was off to Washington to call for more bombers and fighters. His job now was to

Explosions rock a Japanese air field near Rabaul. American B-25s and P-38s from the Fifth Air Force hammered the site unmercifully.

speed MacArthur's advance up the New Guinea coast and the islands to the north. To do so, he had to gain control of the air. This meant wiping out Japanese planes wholesale, in the air and on the ground. For that purpose, Kenney came up with two more audacious ploys. One was using the "parafrag," a 23-pound fragmentation bomb with a tiny parachute attached that Kenney had invented back in 1928 during a peacetime tour of duty at the Air Corps Tactical School. Kenney requisitioned tens of thousands of the devilish little devices, which proved the perfect weapon for taking out Japanese jungle airstrips. A B-25 or A-20 loaded with parafrags could roar in at treetop level and drop a cloud of the bombs, which would float down slowly, letting the bomber zoom away safely. The parafrags would hit the enemy runway and detonate, flinging thousands of metal shards in every direction—into parked Japanese planes, gasoline drums, bomb dumps, and any unfortunate personnel who had not dived for a slit trench.

Kenney's second weapon was a 100-pound phosphorus bomb. Dropped on enemy airstrips by low-flying strafers, these "Kenney cocktails" sent streamers of white-hot phosphorous flashing across the field, incinerating whatever was left after the parafrags had done their work. The combination was lethal in the extreme, as Kenney's pilots proved in the late spring of 1943 by knocking out the enemy airfields around Lae and Salamaua. This was just a warmup for their attacks on Wewak, farther west on the New Guinea coast, where the Japanese had massed 225 aircraft. On August 17, 40 B-24s and a dozen B-17s hit Wewak's fields, neutralizing their antiaircraft defenses. The first wave scythed across the main enemy strip, setting fire to a double line of 60 parked bombers with .50-caliber incendiary bullets and parafrags. The second wave destroyed virtually all of the 30 fighters that were about to take off from another strip. A third wave of eight Mitchells machine-gunned and parafragged the airfield, demolishing 20 planes and damaging 20 more. The next day, August 18, the pilots gave an encore performance, destroying virtually everything that was left.

With Wewak out of commission, Kenney turned to the big enemy base at Rabaul. On October 12, 114 B-25s aided by a dozen Aussie Beaufighters hit Rabaul's airfields, destroying 100 Japanese planes on the ground and damaging about 50 more. Then some 80 B-24s plastered the shipping in Rabaul's Simpson Harbor. The escorting P-38s claimed 26 out of the 35 Zeroes that had taken off to intercept them. This was just a prelude to a huge attack of November 2. Both B-25s and P-38s roared in to strafe and drop Kenney cocktails on airfields and antiaircraft positions. They were followed by more B-25s that, flying at 150 feet or less, skip-bombed the ships in the harbor, sinking or damaging 114,000 tons' worth of matériel.

The Fifth then went after Cape Gloucester on the southwestern tip of New Britain, the next target for MacArthur's ground troops. Some 5,000 Japanese troops were dug in at Cape Gloucester to repel any amphibious attack. Kenney's men went to work with a vengeance, blowing up supply dumps, artillery positions, and machine-gun nests in a devastating series of raids in December 1943. When the 1st Marine Division landed on December 26, the troops waded ashore virtually unopposed.

The next big show came at Hollandia, an old Dutch trading port and another Japanese strongpoint on New Guinea. In late March and early April 1944, Kenney's pilots parafragged Hollandia's airfields, smashing everything else in sight and driving the terrified defenders back into the jungle. In all, the bombers and their fighter escorts destroyed 452 Japanese aircraft. After MacArthur's ground forces had secured Hollandia, Kenney moved his headquarters there from Brisbane, a leap of more than 2,400 miles, or the distance between Washington, D.C., and Los Angeles—a measure of the size of the theater in which his aircrews had to operate. Kenney kept on hitting the enemy, bombing Japanese strongholds on the offshore islands of Wadke, Biak, and Numfor, while his construction crews built more forward airfields so that his planes could attack Sansapor on the far western end of New Guinea. With Sansapor taken, all of New Guinea was at last free of the enemy.

Kenney's airmen and MacArthur's ground troops had become a near-perfect team, the pilots beating down Japanese resistance before the infantry went ashore, the troops then mopping up what was left of the enemy force. The Allied advance along the length of New Guinea was astoundingly swift considering the distances involved and the jungle terrain. From Hollandia, Kenney and his men made another huge leap of 1,000 miles to Leyte, southernmost of the main Philippine Islands. The next jump was to Luzon, where parachute drops engineered by Kenney were key to the recapture of Manila and Corregidor. By this time there were few enemy planes left to contend with. The Japanese Air Force had virtually ceased to exist, thanks in large measure to Kenney and his "kids." By early August 1945, they were poised to smash the shore defenses on the Japanese Home Islands, but they were spared the task by the atomic bombs at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

At the Japanese surrender ceremony, Kenney, now a four-star general, stood directly behind MacArthur on the deck of the USS *Missouri*. He well deserved to do so—few men had done more to bring the war in the Pacific to a decisive and triumphant end. □

By David S. Thomson

Black smoke hangs over shore installations as a U.S. B-25 bomber streaks above a Japanese merchant ship in the Rabaul harbor.

ern New Guinea, the Palaus, the Marianas, and the Volcano-Bonins Islands. On the night of February 17-18, five American destroyers shelled Rabaul, proving its final vulnerability. Leaving behind some 30 damaged fighters on February 20, an estimated 70 to 120 Japanese aircraft escaped. The Japanese had conceded control of the air over Rabaul, losing at least 250 planes against about 150 Allied aircraft. While Allied losses could be quickly replaced, the Japanese pool of trained, experienced pilots was starting to run dry. Rabaul's defenders, using two merchant ships, made a last-ditch attempt to save the valuable ground crew personnel. Allied bombers sank both vessels on the 21st.

But the conflict was not over yet—the Japanese garrison dug in to await an amphibious assault. Nissan atoll, in the Green Islands, was seized by the 3rd New Zealand Division on February 15. MacArthur, commenting on the operation's success, said that it "rings the curtain down on [the] Solomons campaign." Seabee units had the island's fighter field operational by March 4. Three days later, Allied fighters staged an attack on Kavieng.

The Admiralties, north of Rabaul, represented the last link between Rabaul and New Guinea. Japanese-built airfields on Manus, the largest island of the group, and on Los Negros were captured by the 1st Cavalry Division after bitter fighting on March 15. While the battle raged, naval construction battalions and Army engineers worked on the airfields and naval facilities. Momote was operational by March 7. Manus grew into an important staging area supporting Allied operations during the rest of 1944. The islands' Seeadler Harbor provided everything that Rabaul might have done, creating a complex that became a key staging base for the forthcoming Leyte landings and the drive on New Guinea's coast.

While MacArthur planned to capture Kavieng, Halsey believed that another bypass operation was in order, and that the seizure of Emirau would provide a quick and cheap alternative to neutralize Kavieng and complete the isolation of Rabaul. The island of Emirau, 90 miles northwest of Kavieng, was considered a good site for a base. Eight miles long, the island was in the southeastern portion of the St. Matthias Group. On March 20, the 4th Marine Regiment stormed ashore, and construction battalions quickly went to work building facilities and an airfield. On April 9, advance elements of a Marine air group began arriving. In the next two weeks Marine fighter, dive, and torpedo bomber squadrons moved up from Bougainville and Nissan. By mid-May, Emirau was a fully operating partner in the ring of Allied bases surrounding Rabaul.

The Japanese base had no respite from attack. By April 20, after two weeks of bombing, only 122 of Rabaul's 1,400 buildings remained standing. As Army and Marine fighter-bombers reduced the town to rubble, bombers laid waste to two large supply dumps. Around-the-clock operations gave the Japanese little chance to rest. Nighttime raids were conducted by Marine PBJ squadrons as they sent in one plane after another all night long.

A monotonous pattern of attacks went on day after day, with many pilots getting their first taste of combat against the Japanese bases. Operations included combat air patrols, milk-run bombing, and night heckling raids. As the number of targets decreased, the Allies conducted areawide "blast and burn" operations. When fighters became badly needed at Leyte to protect Allied shipping, Marine Corsairs were ordered up in December. The burden of maintaining the aerial blockade fell on RNZAF Corsairs and Venturas and four squadrons of Marine PBJs. In July 1945, the RNZAF took over direction of the campaign.

On August 9, 18 Marine PBJs flew the last bombing mission against Rabaul—three years, five months, and 17 days after the first bombs had been dropped on the base. When the Japanese surrender finally came, more than 130,000 Japanese were still isolated in the Bismarcks, Solomons, and eastern New Guinea. One of the key elements of Allied success had been a high degree of inter-service and inter-Allied cooperation. The separate services had shown they could operate together as a team, applying bone-crushing tactics that eventually ground Japanese naval air power into the dustbin of history. □

DISASTER *at* QUEEN

An ambitious plan to invade Canada and bring it into the American fold floundered on the steep slopes above the Niagara River, thanks in large part to the quick reactions of an alert British commander.

In June 1812, the United States, provoked by arrogant British actions on the high seas and its support of hostile Indians in the Northwest Territories, declared war on Great Britain and immediately began planning an invasion of British-held Canada. Four months later, a confused force of some 1,600 U.S. regulars and militia rowed across the Niagara River, landed in Upper Canada, and occupied the 230-foot-high Queenston Heights, setting the stage for what would rapidly become a comedy—or tragedy—of errors.

Congressional war hawks had long believed that English forces were vulnerable in Canada. Because of the ongoing European war with Napoleon, only a handful of British regulars was available to protect the vast North American possession. In addition, the Canadian provinces were sparsely settled, with a population of only about 500,000 white residents as opposed to the six million people in the United States. Many of the Canadians were located in the Quebec and Montreal areas and were of French descent, with questionable loyalty to the British crown. Others, equally questionable, had American origins. Even worse for the Crown, the Canadian forces that were available—British and Canadian regulars, local militia, and Indian allies—were spread over an 800-mile frontier stretching from Fort Malden, across from Detroit, all the way to Quebec. The straits of Mackinac and Lake Superior were

STON HEIGHTS

BY CHUCK LYONS

another 300 miles to the west, further stretching the thin British line.

Hoping to strike hard and fast and quickly end the war, American leaders developed a plan for a three-pronged attack against British Canada. Brig. Gen. William Hull was to attack Fort Malden across the river from Detroit, while Maj. Gen. Henry Dearborn hit Kingston on Lake Ontario and Maj. Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer took Queenston, on the strategic Niagara River north of the falls. An assault on Montreal in Lower Canada also was contemplated, but to attack would require the use of New England militia. The Constitution specified that state militias could only be used to execute U.S. laws, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions. Citing these provisions, the governors of both Massachusetts and Connecticut refused to allow their militias to take part in an invasion of Canada.

Meanwhile, Maj. Gen. Isaac Brock, governor of Upper Canada (Ontario) and an experienced British officer, came to believe that an attack on Detroit and Mackinac was essential to secure the alliance of wavering Indians and local militiamen and anchor the frontier's western end. Brock intended to rely on naval power on the Great Lakes to patrol the frontier between Fort Malden at Detroit and the Niagara River, where he would concentrate whatever forces were available against the main American attack that he believed would come there. "All other attacks will be subordinate or merely made to divert out attention," he wrote to Lt. Gen. George Provost, commander in chief of all Canadian provinces. "A protracted resistance upon this Frontier will be sure to embarrass their plans materially."

Hull, the governor of Michigan, arrived at Detroit on July 5 with a force of about 2,000 men. At the time, and unknown to Hull, only 100 men of the 41st Regiment, along with 300 militiamen and 150 Indians, defended Fort Malden. While Hull dithered and delayed at Detroit, worrying about his supply lines through Ohio and along the Lake Erie shore, he received news that the

"Push on, brave York volunteers," urges the dying Major General Isaac Brock, in this 1896 painting by John David Kelly.

Library and Archives of Canada, Acc. No. 1954-153-1

American base at Mackinac had fallen to the British on July 17. Meanwhile, Brock had been moving to strengthen the garrison at Fort Malden, sending 60 men ahead in late July and then going to the fort himself with 300 men in August. Once there, Brock met with the Shawnee chief Tecumseh and strengthened his ties with his Indian allies. By mid-August, Brock reported to Provost that he had 300 regulars, 600 militiamen, and about 600 Indians under his command at Fort Malden.

On August 15, Brock demanded Hull's surrender of Detroit. Using rudimentary psychological warfare, Brock maintained to his counterpart that "you must be aware that the numerous bodies of Indians who attached themselves to my troops will be beyond control once the contest commences." Brock also let fall into American hands a false document saying that he had 5,000 Indians under his command, leading Hull to believe that the British force opposing him was much larger (and more savage) than it actually was.

Hull at first rejected the surrender demand, and Brock's land-based artillery, accompanied by the gunboats *Queen Charlotte* and *General Hunter,* began a bombardment of the city. Finally persuaded by Hill's ruses and the subsequent bombardment that he was greatly outnumbered and fearing an Indian massacre of his men and the civilians huddling in the fort—including Hull's own daughter and her two children—Hull surrendered on August 16. The surrender at Detroit was greeted with shock throughout the United States, and Hull was believed by many to have sold out his country. Two years later, he was court-martialed for his involvement in the fiasco at Detroit, tried for cowardice, and condemned to death. Because of Hull's honorable service in the Revolutionary War, President James Madison remitted the penalty.

When news of his victory at Detroit reached London several weeks later, Brock was immediately knighted by a grateful King George III. Meanwhile, not resting on his laurels, Brock hurried back to the Niagara frontier to prepare for another American attack. The Niagara River was crossable below the falls from just north of Queenston to just south of Chippewa, a considerable stretch that had to be protected by Brock's limited forces. He knew that his best chance to do so was to detect any attack quickly and move to meet it while keeping the full American force from crossing.

Public Domain

Brock had no way of knowing it, but the American commanders he faced at Niagara had spent most of their time arguing with one another. Van Rensselaer commanded a polyglot force comprising five regiments of New York militia that had been called into federal service in April and several companies of regulars—two from the 6th Infantry, a veteran regiment; two companies of the 13th Infantry; and three companies of the 23rd Infantry. A light artillery regiment provided another 40 men who would fight as infantry, while two companies of the 2nd Artillery, recruited in January, would man the batteries firing from the American shore.

The majority of his officers, like Van Rensselaer himself, were political appointees and were as new to warfare as the men they commanded. Van Rensselaer had never led troops in battle and had in fact opposed the war. At the time, he owned perhaps more land than any other man in the country and was a leader in forming public opinion in upstate New York. He also was considered a likely Federalist candidate to oppose New York Governor Daniel Tompkins for that office. Van Rensselaer managed to secure the services of his second cousin, Lt. Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, the adjutant general of the state and an experienced military commander, as his aide-de-camp.

Meanwhile, Dearborn was forming his army for an attack directly north at Greenbush across the Hudson River from Albany, gathering raw recruits as they signed up in New England and the Middle Atlantic states and training them at Greenbush. It was a grab-bag army imbued with the republicanism of the new nation and troubled by many of the same problems that plagued Van Rensselaer's force. Desertion was an ongoing evil, and captured deserters were made to run a gauntlet of their fellow soldiers armed with tree branches while a band played a mocking march. Afterward, the culprits were restored to good standing. Duels were frequent between officers and even enlisted men. Many of the army's officers were elected by the men and, as a result, were on familiar terms with them, sometimes obsequiously so. One officer complained that his fellow officers were "too democratic in their intercourse."

In September, Dearborn moved his force north to Plattsburgh on Lake Champlain, near the Canadian border, where he was joined by seven regiments of regular troops, all of which were understrength, and the entire Vermont militia. Few of his top officers, as with Van Rensselaer, were regulars, most having received political appointments. While Dearborn prepared to invade Canada and worried about the 5,000 Canadian militiamen and volunteers gathering to oppose him, Van Rensselaer unexpectedly acted with decisiveness, if not indeed rashness.

Feeling public pressure to attack Canada and erase the disgraceful surrender at Detroit, Van Rensselaer set October 11 as the date for the Canadian invasion and moved on the Niagara River leading a force of 6,000 regulars, volunteers and militia, as well as another smaller force under the command of Brig. Gen. Alexander Smyth, inspector general of the regular army. Van Rensselaer feared that he would not be able to hold his volunteer and militia forces in place once cold weather hit; he wanted to press them into action as soon as possible. If the British barracks at Fort George, near the mouth of the Niagara River, could be captured, Van Rensselaer believed it would provide more comfortable winter billets and help keep the militia in the field.

Problems arose almost immediately. Smyth, a regular army officer, was openly contemptuous of Van Rensselaer. He refused to report to him or attend councils called by the general, and likewise he refused to obey Van Rensselaer's orders. Rather than deploy his men as ordered near Lewiston, across the river from Queenston, Smyth instead placed his 1,650 men near Buffalo. He then wrote to Van Rensselaer that "the conclusions I have drawn as to the interests of the service have determined me to stop at this place" and went on to advise Van Rensselaer, his commanding officer, where the attack on Canada should take place.

Van Rensselaer had planned for Smyth to attack Fort George from the rear while the main force attacked the high bluffs of Queenston Heights. Rather than delay the attack, Van Rensselaer altered his plans to proceed without Smyth. Almost immediately, something went wrong. As the American army formed on the east shore of the river on the morning of October 11 preparatory to the attack, one of the lead boatmen, either from treachery or simple error, rowed away on the boat containing all the oars needed for the other 13 boats to cross the river, thus making the crossing impossible. The militia troops, grumbling, returned to camp.

Brock, who had hurried back from Detroit with 1,900 men under arms—British regulars,

militia, and Indians—hoped to cross the river himself. He planned to attack the Americans and seize a large hunk of New York State, a plan that had been vetoed by the more cautious Provost, who in fact had negotiated an armistice during the summer that allowed both sides to use the Niagara River. By the time the armistice ended on September 1, Van Rensselaer's troops were considerably better supplied than they would have been had the armistice not been arranged, a fact that understandably angered Brock.

Having gotten wind of the halting American preparations, Brock expected the American attack to come on the night October 12-13 and hit his headquarters at Fort George. In anticipation of such an attack, he had stationed 1,000 crack British troops there and waited for the Americans to strike.

The American river crossing was planned for a place where the river was about 250 yards wide and the boats to be used were to carry 20 men each. It was determined that 30 such boats were needed for the crossing, but on October 13 only 12 were available to ferry the planned 4,000-man invasion force. It was clear that the men would have to be taken across in shifts, the boats delivering one contingent and coming back to get another. In addition, the boats were too small to carry any of the Americans' artillery. Before sunrise, 200 American troops led by Solomon Van Rensselaer crossed the river in a rainstorm and were landing on the Canadian side when a British sentry discovered them and gave the alarm. Men of the British 49th Regiment and militiamen from York and Lincoln counties began contesting the landing, and Brock's artillery, under Captain James Dennis, opened up on the boats ferrying the men across the river.

Awakened at 4 am by sounds of firing seven miles upriver from Fort George, Brock hurried toward Queenston unsure if he was hearing the main American attack or merely a feint that would be followed by an attack against the fort. Along the way he passed captured American troops being herded to Fort George under guard. "The road was lined with miserable wretches," wrote one of his subordinate officers, "suffering under wounds of all descriptions, and crawling to out houses for protection and comfort."

As soon as his boat had scraped the Canadian shore, Colonel Van Rensselaer had jumped out and almost immediately was hit by a musket ball. He continued to rally his men and was hit five more times, knocking him out of action. Meanwhile, a boat containing Lt. Col. John Chrystie, the next senior officer under Van Rensselaer, had become disoriented during the crossing, perhaps when the boat crew panicked, and drifted out of the action. Chrystie eventually made it to the Canadian side of the river, but only after a foothold had been established. Van Rensselaer and other officers later blamed him for the American defeat and accused him of cowardice in the face of the enemy.

The Granger Collection, New York

ABOVE: British General Isaac Brock meets with Shawnee Chief Tecumseh in August 1812 to cement their alliance against the Americans. OPPOSITE: Major General Stephen Van Rensselaer, a political appointee with no experience with war, led the American attack on Queenston.

Van Rensselaer's wounds and Chrystie's absence left 25-year-old Captain John E. Wool in charge on the beach, and he was able to break the British resistance to the landing and secure a beachhead. Wool then turned his attention to a British 18-pounder firing on the Americans still crossing the river. The 18-pounder was in a redan on the 230-foot-high Queenston Heights. Wool led his men up the heights by means of a steep fisherman's path that the British, believing impassable, had left unguarded. The Americans advanced laboriously, often pulling themselves along by grasping rocks and bushes. Brock himself had also arrived at the redan and, unaware that the Americans were behind and above him, had begun correcting the fire of the 18-pounder

When the Americans attacked, Brock was driven back from the gun along with the gun's defenders, who were able to quickly spike the gun as they retreated. Brock then rallied the defenders and launched an attack to recapture the position, but it was repulsed by the Americans after a tough fight. Brock was wounded in the hand but nonetheless continued rallying his men for another attack when he was hit by a musket ball in the chest and killed instantly. Brock's aide, Lt. Col. John Macdonell, a lawyer and politician, took over command and led another charge against Wool's position. According to legend, he was riding "Alfred," Brock's horse, during the attack.

Following Brock's death, there was a lull in the fighting, and by 2 PM, several hundred Americans were on the Canadian side of the river. By this time, Lt. Col. Winfield Scott, who like Wool was later to gain fame in the Mexican War, had taken over command of the Americans. Scott had been among Smyth's men at Buffalo when he learned of the impending attack. Without seeking Smyth's permission, Scott had broken camp and led his regiment through a stormy night to join

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The Weir Foundation, Queenston, Ontario

ABOVE: American troops cross the Niagara River under heavy enemy cannon fire. Painting by Ian Graham. RIGHT: *The Battle of Queenston Heights,* by James B. Dennis, covers all aspects of the battle. Dennis, who took part in the fighting, may have directed another artist's interpretation.

Van Rensselaer. Brig. Gen. William Wadsworth of New York, a large landowner and politically appointed officer, had happily handed over command to Scott.

Before he was killed, Brock had ordered Maj. Gen. Roger Sheaffe, who commanded the garrison at Fort George, to hasten from the fort with all available men. By this time, Sheaffe was approaching with about 1,000 men and a party of allied Indians. Van Rensselaer, meanwhile, was trying to rally his troops and get as many Americans as possible across the river. The militia troops, however, seeing the nature of the fighting across the river and the wounded being carried back across, refused outright to attack, claiming that they had signed on to fight only in New York State. The Constitution, they argued, proscribed their service outside the United States without their permission. Smyth, likewise, remained at Buffalo with the bulk of the regular troops and took no part in the action. "I found that at the very moment when complete victory was in our hands," Van Rensselaer later wrote, "the ardor of the unengaged troops had entirely subsided. All I could do was send a fresh supply of cartridges." The American troops already on the Canadian side of the river were on their own.

Scott, an experienced officer with the 2nd Artillery, was working with a group of about 350 men trying to repair the captured 18-pounder when, at 4 PM, the group was attacked by Sheaffe and his reinforcements. Sheaffe, a loyal British subject who had been born in Boston, had followed Brock's orders, gathering British regulars, some companies of Canadian militia, field artillery, and a number of Mohawk Indians, all of whom were anxious to avenge Brock's death. He had led the force on a flanking march up the escarpment and hit the Americans unexpectedly from the inland side. The Indians led the attack, their screams unnerving the raw Americans, many of whom slipped away to hide in the rocks and woods. British regulars and Canadian militia followed the Indians into the fight, firing a heavy volley and then attacking with bayonets at the ready.

What American resistance there was quickly evaporated, and the survivors ran down the heights to join about 250 men on the beach. Getting word of Sheaffe's approach, Van Rensselaer had ordered the boats to return to Canadian soil to rescue the troops on the west side of the river, but his boatmen refused to do even that.

Wadsworth, realizing he was in a hopeless position, sent Sheaffe a white flag, but the bearer was cut down by the Indians and was unable to make it to Sheaffe. Scott, meanwhile, worried (with good reason) that the Indians would massacre his men, forced his way into the village with a white flag attached to his sword and surrendered. The Indians might have killed him, too, had not two Canadian officers intervened. After surrendering his sword, Scott was shocked to see a large number of American militiamen come out of hiding and surrender as well. The Americans had suffered 100 dead, 300 wounded, and another 925 men captured, including Scott, Wadsworth, four other lieutenant colonels, and 67 other officers. Most of the American militiamen were released to go home after giving their word that they would not rejoin the war until they had been exchanged. The captured regulars and officers were marched off to Quebec. British casualties were 14 dead and 77 wounded, including General Brock.

Van Rensselaer resigned following the attack, but only after ordering the American troops to fire a salute in honor of Brock when the general was buried three days later at Fort George. (Today, a 150-foot monument stands in Queenston Heights Park in memory of the general.) His aide, Colonel Macdonell, is buried next to the general. A smaller monument, a bronze statue in a glass case, stands in the village near the cairn marking the place where Brock fell; it commemorates "Alfred," Brock's horse, which both officers had ridden to their deaths.

Scott was exchanged the following January, made a full colonel in March, and was promoted to brigadier general a year later. He received the brevet rank of major general the following July. On July 5, 1814, his men,

dressed in drab gray homespun uniforms, defeated British forces on the Chippewa River near the mouth of the Niagara River in Ontario. (Today's West Point cadets wear gray uniforms in memory of that victory.) After the war, Scott fought against the Indians in Florida and the West, took part in the Mexican War, and in 1841 was named commander of the United States Army, a post he held for the next 20 years.

The United States had suffered humiliating defeats at Detroit and at Queenston. Van Rensselaer had resigned. The British had lost Brock—a fine officer—but had secured their Canadian frontier from Mackinac to Niagara. On November 20, following the defeat at Niagara, Dearborn moved his advance guard, commanded by Major Zebulon Pike, across the border into Canada, where some of the regulars mistakenly got into a firefight with members of the New York militia. Shortly after that error had been cleared up, the British attacked with Canadian volunteers and about 300 Mohawk Indians. The ensuing fight was indecisive, but it convinced Dearborn to pull back from the border.

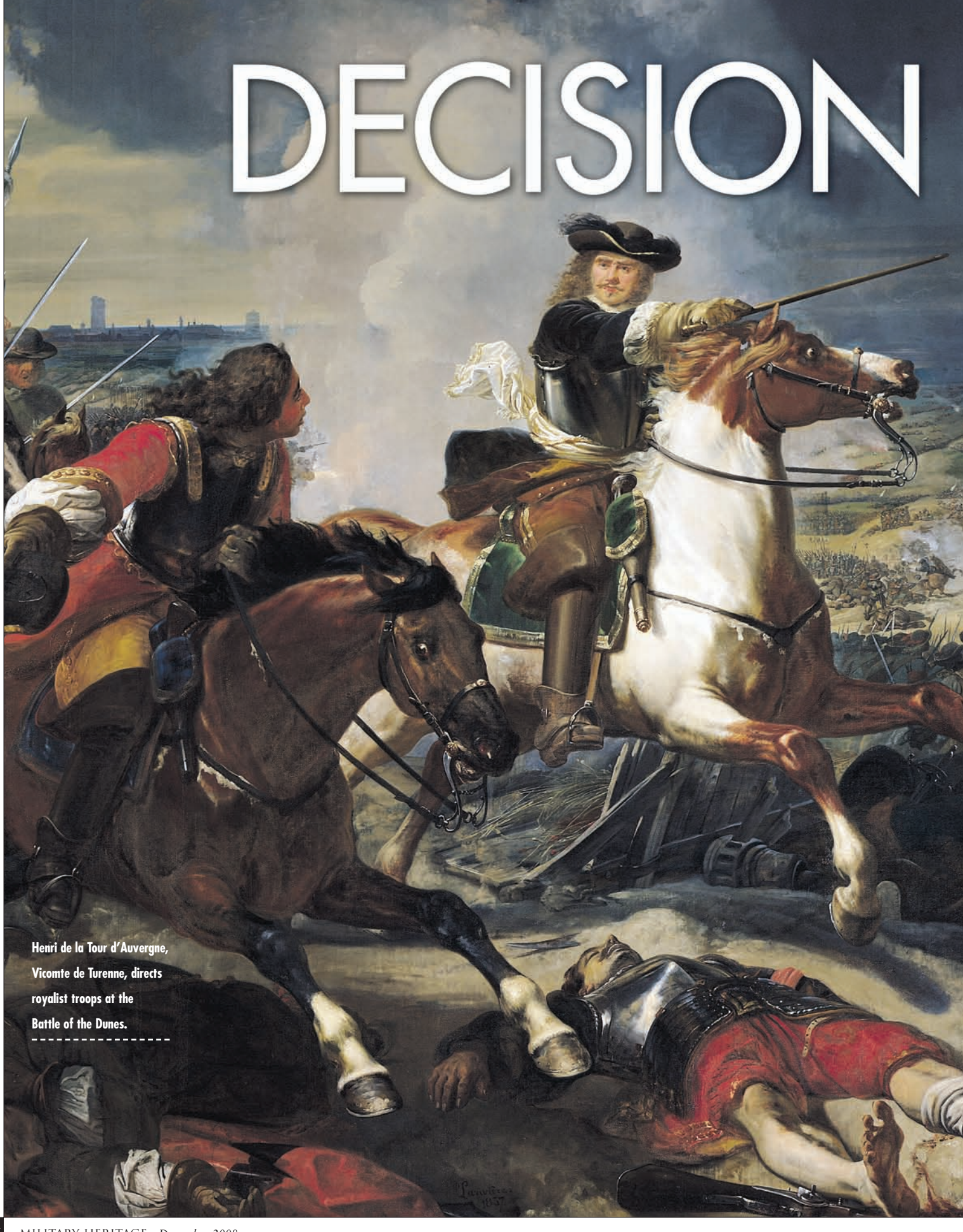
By then, Van Rensselaer had been replaced by Smyth, who wrote to Secretary of War William Eustis: "Give me here a clear stage, men and money, and I will retrieve your affairs or perish." Refusing to give up the plan of a three-pronged attack, Smyth proposed that his force, called the Army of the Center, join Dearborn and General William Henry Harrison's army in the west to strike Canada at the same time. Such an attack would have presented severe problems for Provost and the thin line of British defenders. Fortunately for them, the Americans were unable to coordinate Smyth's proposal, and the general launched a separate attack on Canada on November 28, this time from above the falls.

Smyth believed that Van Rensselaer had made a major error in not having enough boats available to take his full force across the river at one time. Besides dividing his force, Smyth believed it gave the raw militiamen on the American side too much time to think about what they were getting into by entering the boats. Consequently, he made sure to have sufficient boats on hand to carry his full force of 4,000 across the river at once. He would never need them.

Smyth issued a proclamation declaring to his men that the Canadian people were not the enemy. They would soon be American citizens, he said, anticipating an annexation of Canada. The enemy was the British. On November 28, two parties of 200 men each, whose job it was to clear the way for the main army, crossed the river before daylight. They captured and spiked two batteries and damaged but did not destroy a bridge on the road from Chippewa down which any British reinforcements would come. In the action, the two sides came out evenly, with both suffering about 100 casualties and prisoners. If the main American army had continued to move quickly, it might have stood a good chance of success. Smyth delayed, however, demanding the surrender

Continued on page 74

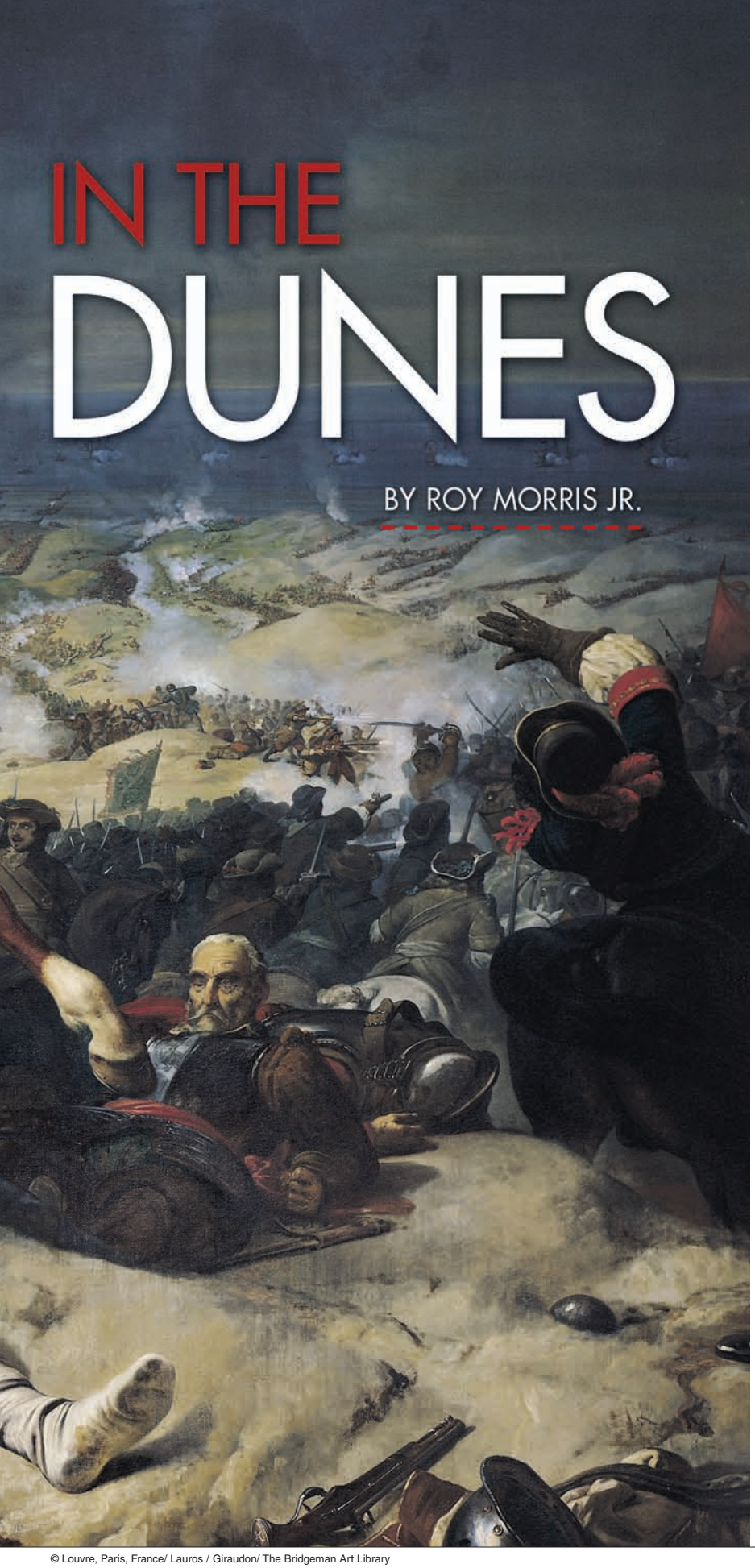
DECISION



Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Vicomte de Turenne, directs royalist troops at the Battle of the Dunes.

IN THE DUNES

BY ROY MORRIS JR.



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The cold North Sea surf washed over the boots of the advancing English infantry of Oliver Cromwell's New Model Army as they tromped through the drifting sand dunes across the beach at Dunkirk on the morning of June 14, 1658. Ahead of them lay the main Spanish position, a 150-foot-high hillock commanding the enemy's right flank. It was about 10 AM, and the tide was going out.

No order had been given for the English to advance, but the rumored presence of Royalist troops under James Stuart, brother of pretender to the throne Charles II, spurred on the veterans of England's recently concluded civil war. The merest glint of a nobleman's jewels was reason enough for the proud Protestant commoners to attack. They had crossed the sea to the Spanish Netherlands a few weeks earlier to continue fighting Catholic monarchs, in this case Spanish King Philip IV, who had entered into an unholy alliance with Charles

The red-coated English infantry at Dunkirk ironically held the balance of power between two French political factions in the seemingly endless Wars of the Fronde.

II to restore the English royal to the very throne that Cromwell and his Roundheads had emptied of Charles's father, Charles I, a decade earlier. It did not matter to them that they were serving a second, at least nominally Catholic monarch, French King Louis XIV. Their quarrel was with the Stuarts—and the Stuarts' was with them.

A Flemish beach was an odd place for the last pitched battle of the English Civil War to take place, but no odder than the ever-shifting marriages of convenience among the various English and European factions there that day. To begin with, the contending armies were each commanded by a Frenchman, former comrades-in-arms who already had taken a bewildering variety of positions in their country's endless round of civic disturbances, known collectively as La Fronde. Louis's army was led by Henri de la Tour

The Art Archive/Musée Condé Chantilly/Gianni Dagli Orti

The rebel camp at Dunkirk, as depicted by Sauveur Le Conte. Louis II de Bourbon, the Prince of Condé, commanded the French and Spanish forces.

d'Auvergne, the Vicomte de Turenne, a Protestant nobleman who once had fought against the king in the first War of the Fronde (so named for the child's slingshot, or fronde, which had been used by rebel mobs to break out the windows of royals during the initial outbreak of unrest in Paris in 1648). Turenne had been suspended briefly for his part in the revolt, which was less a spontaneous revolution of the people than an assertion of rights by highly born noblemen, but he soon repented his actions and was restored to command of the king's forces during the Second War of the Fronde in 1651.

Opposing Turenne was Louis II de Bourbon, the Prince of Condé, a cousin of the king who had served with Turenne during the just-concluded Thirty Years' War. The Great Condé, as he was called, had remained loyal during the First Fronde, but had become disgruntled at the king's seemingly insufficient gratitude and had switched sides during the second uprising. Arrested and thrown into prison, Condé was released by Queen Anne, the 13-year-old king's mother, who was serving as regent until her son reached maturity. Condé, showing a fair amount of ingratitude himself, immediately declared war on the royal family and defeated a loyalist force at Bleneau. ("It's too bad decent people like us are cutting our throats for a scoundrel," he told his defeated counterpart.)

Emboldened by his success, Condé marched on Paris, which had declared itself neutral in the second Fronde, but Turenne's larger army penned Condé literally against the gates of the city during the Battle of Faubourg Saint-Antoine, on July 2, 1652. At literally the last minute, Condé was saved by the actions of a quick-thinking frondeuse named Anne Marie Louise d'Orleans, the fabulously wealthy Duchesse de Montpensier, who opened the gates for Condé and his men and provided covering fire from the walls of the Bastille. The duchesse, a cousin both of Louis XIV and Charles II (who had courted her ineffectually as a teenager), paid for her intervention soon enough. After Louis XIV returned to the city later that summer, he banished her from his court for the next five years.

Fleeing Paris, Condé took his battered army northward into the Spanish Netherlands (present-day Belgium) and offered his sword to Spanish King Philip IV, who had been carrying on his own desultory war against France for nearly two decades. Philip was glad to have the services of an experienced general such as Condé, and he immediately gave him command of his main army in the field. The Third Fronde, also called the Spanish Fronde, began in 1653. For the next four years, Condé and Turenne sparred indecisively along the largely denuded border between northern France and the Spanish Netherlands. First Turenne, then Condé won battles at Arras and Valenciennes, respectively. The war settled into a dull stalemate.

Meanwhile, Cardinal Jules Mazarin, the chief adviser to Louis XIV and his mother at court, worked to cement a surprising new alliance with Spain's other major enemy of the time, England. The English Protestants, under Oliver Cromwell, recently had thrown off the shackles of hereditary monarchy and chopped off Charles I's head for good measure. But the pretender to that perilous throne, the late king's son, Charles Stuart, had escaped to the Continent, where he met incognito with representa-

tives of his fellow monarch, Philip IV, and urged him to invade England and restore Charles to the throne. In return, Charles promised to return to Spain the rich Caribbean island of Jamaica, which Cromwell's far-ranging navy had seized in 1655 during the clumsily prosecuted campaign known as the Western Design. Charles pledged to prevent further English encroachment into the New World and to secretly recognize the rights of Catholics at home. He would also provide, in time, some 2,000 English troops under the command of his brother James, the Duke of York, to Philip's force.

Cromwell's spies had been monitoring the Pretender's one-man diplomatic efforts from the start. Cromwell, for his part, was not too alarmed. Charles, he said, "is so damnably debauched he would undo us all. Give him a

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

shoulder of mutton and a whore, that's all he cares for." Still, he decided to see Charles's gamble and raise him a stake. Operating under the time-tested philosophy that "the enemy of my enemy is my friend," Cromwell opened negotiations with the flamboyant Mazarin, who was renowned both for the sumptuousness of his dress and for the perfumed pet monkey that he kept habitually at his side. In truth, Cromwell cared little more for French Catholics than he did for the English monarchy—or pet monkeys, for that matter—but he was nothing if not practical when it came to power politics.

To curry Cromwell's favor, Mazarin expelled Charles and his entourage from Paris. ("You will do well to put him in mind that I am not yet so low, but that I may return both the courtesies and the injuries I have received," a humiliated Charles said upon leaving.) Now, in the name of Louis XIV, he agreed to mount a joint Anglo-French expedition against Spanish forces in the long-disputed region of Flanders. France would provide an army of 20,000 men, while England would contribute 6,000 foot soldiers and the power of the English fleet to blockade and capture the coastal fortresses of Dunkirk, Mardyke, and Gravelines. Afterward, they would divvy up the spoils between them, with England taking title to the first two towns and France assuming control of the third. As a sop to the Catholic cardinal, Cromwell personally guaranteed freedom of worship for the presumably godless papists in Dunkirk and Mardyke. The agreement would be in effect for one year only.

Announcing his treaty with the Catholic French, Cromwell gave several reasons for his remarkable turnaround. The fundamental part of the treaty, he said, was a secret clause in which both parties swore not to shelter or assist "the internal enemies" of the other. It was not entirely clear who such enemies were, at least from Louis XIV's point of view, in Protestant-controlled England—most of his enemies were already openly arrayed against him in northern France and the Spanish Netherlands. As for Cromwell, there undoubtedly were Royalists still operating underground in England, but the Pretender and his brother were safely, if annoyingly, away on the Continent, and they were by definition an external threat to his government. So, for that matter, was Spain, which Cromwell defined as "papal and Anti-christian" and castigated for having "espoused Charles Stuart." That was grounds enough for another war.

The Granger Collection, New York

Cromwell further justified the war with Spain—or had it justified for him—by depicting England as a righteous avenger of the countless thousands of New World Indians who regularly had been victimized, colonized, and brutalized by the Spanish for the better part of two centuries. This point was driven home forcefully in a pamphlet written by Puritan poet John Milton's nephew John Philips, who diplomatically dedicated the screed to Cromwell. Entitled *The Tears of the Indians: Being an Historical and True Account of the Cruel Massacres and Slaughters of Above Twenty Millions of Innocent People,* Philips's work laboriously detailed Spanish abuses from the conquistadors to the present. It was extremely unlikely that any of their victims would ever hear of their far-distant vindication in Western Europe, but it gave Cromwell another arrow, so to speak, in his quiver of righteousness. He bluntly warned Parliament, "Why, truly, your great enemy is the Spaniard. He is a natural enemy, by reason of that enmity that is in him against whatever is of God. He hath an interest in your bowels."

The Art Archive/ Musee du Chateau de Versailles/Gianni Dagli Orti

ABOVE: Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Vicomte de Turenne. TOP LEFT: Louis II, the Great Condé. TOP RIGHT: King Charles II of England.

Whatever its justifications, the new alliance got off to a slow start. In May 1657, Turenne assumed command of the invasion force; Sir John Reynolds led the English contingent. Crossing the border into Picardy, Turenne began a diversionary movement on the inland stronghold of Cambrai. His old chess partner, Condé, immediately moved against him. Of the two, Turenne was characteristically the more cautious campaigner. He quickly pulled back from Cambrai and consolidated his force with the newly arrived English troops at St. Quentin. The six English regiments were all Protestant, many of them veterans of their country's civil war. Under the terms of the Anglo-French treaty, Scots and Irishmen were precluded from serving on the expedition since they could not be trusted to bear arms against their coreligionists of the House of Stuart. For the first time outside of Eng-

land, the soldiers wore the bright-red coats of Cromwell's New Model Army and followed the muscular philosophy of Puritan theologian Samuel Rutherford, who maintained, "The thing which we mistake is the want of victory. The want of fighting were a mark of no grace. Without running, fighting, sweating, wrestling, heaven is not taken."

Careful and methodical, Turenne did not share his new allies' thirst for immediate righteous battle. Rather than heading directly for the Flemish ports, he moved inland again, marching and countermarching through Luxembourg in a fruitless attempt to get Condé to follow. Cromwell, who was used to a more direct and aggressive approach to war, grew increasingly impatient with the Frenchman's intricate tactics. He threatened to pull his forces out of the alliance if Turenne did not move immediately against the enemy's coastal positions. Turenne reluctantly agreed, advancing toward Dunkirk in September 1657, by which time illness and desertion had reduced the English contingent by fully one third of its numbers. Cromwell promised to send reinforcements, siege cannons, and extra supplies, and the English fleet mobilized to assist their frustrating allies. On September 19, Turenne's army drew up on the outskirts of Mardyke, whose fortifications commanded one of the best harbors on the northwestern coast of Europe.

If Cromwell had grown frustrated at the slow developments in the field, he was more than matched in impatience by the never particularly patient Charles II. Exiled to the Flemish backwater of Bruges—known locally as Bruges-la-Morte—the dead king's heir apparent constantly pressured the Spanish to help him mount a cross-Channel invasion of England. This was no longer in the cards. Cromwell's navy recently had sunk, off the coast of Cadiz, one of the two so-called "silver fleets" that annually carried back to Spain her ill-gotten booty from the Americas, consigning some 600,000 pounds' worth of treasure to the watery deep. Without that long-awaited influx of riches, King Philip could barely afford to support himself—his court was said to be dining on fly-blown horsemeat in Madrid—much less take on the additional expense of undertaking an amphibious invasion of England in support of a foppish playboy and his swollen retinue of insufferable courtiers.

Undeterred, Charles drew up increasingly outlandish invasion plans, ranging from a self-led landing in Scotland to the assassination of Oliver Cromwell by a former ally, Edward Selby, whose prickly personality had won him the not entirely admiring nickname, "the Agitator." Selby fatally compromised his scheme by authoring a 1657 pamphlet openly advocating Cromwell's violent removal. Giving his work the exculpatory title, *Killing No Murder,* Selby impudently dedicated it to Cromwell, declaring him "the true father of your country; for while you live we can call nothing ours, and it is from your death that we hope for our inheritances." Cromwell, unsurprisingly, was not amused by the book and Selby was arrested and thrown into the Tower of London, where he soon died.

With nothing but time on his hands, Charles continued his plotting, corresponding with a shadowy cabal of English Royalists known as "the Sealed Knot" who assured the Pretender that

"OF ALL THE ARMIES IN EUROPE THERE IS NONE WHEREIN SO MUCH DEBAUCHERY IS TO BE SEEN AS IN THESE FEW FORCES WHICH THE SAID KING HATH GOTTEN TOGETHER. FORNICATION, DRUNKENNESS AND ADULTERY WERE ESTEEMED NO SIN AMONGST THEM."

they were ready, willing, and able to rise at his command. Elaborate plans were made, perfected, and discarded, and a standing offer from Charles of 500 pounds a year for life to anyone who could kill Cromwell went unclaimed and unfulfilled. Meanwhile, the would-be monarch wined and dined King Philip's illegitimate son, Prince Juan-Jose, who had assumed office as governor-general of the Spanish Netherlands. Charles went to concerts, balls, and parties with his new friend, and the two discovered a mutual passion for tennis. Not missing a trick, Charles had one of his scholars draw up a horoscope for the astrology-minded Juan-Jose that flatteringly predicted a crown in his future. But Juan-Jose, like his father, suffered from a notable lack of funds, and even though Charles alternately wheedled or raged about his "scurvy usage" at the hands of his young host, he could do nothing concrete to effect an invasion. Frustrated by the penurious policies of Juan-Jose's financial adviser, Don Alonso de Cardenas, Charles took to calling the latter "Don Devil."

Charles had better luck acting on his own, personally raising new forces for the Spanish army. Responding to his call, Royalist forces serving in the various French armies rallied to his colors at Bruges. From the arriving troops Charles formed five regiments—one Scots, one English, and three Irish. His brother James was named lieutenant general and overall commander of the new force, from which originated the two longest-lived regiments in the modern British Army: the Grenadier Guards and the Life Guards. Cromwell's spies quickly brought him word of the Pretender's troop-raising, but the Puritans were not particularly concerned. "Of all the armies in Europe there is none wherein so much debauchery is to be seen as in these few forces which the said King hath gotten together," wrote one observer. "Fornication, drunkenness and adultery were esteemed no sin amongst them."

The Irish, in particular, were singled out for being "better versed in the art of begging than fighting." If so, it was a lucky skill for them to have, since the English soldiers in Bruges were at the very end of the Spaniards' food and supply chain. Of necessity, Spanish troops were quartered at various locations in the Netherlands to prevent them from overdrawing a particular region's resources. The English, congregated at Bruges, did just that, swarming across the countryside, menacing local residents, and at one point even robbing a Catholic church of its gold plate. They called themselves, without exaggeration, "the naked soldiers." Besides going hungry—sometimes they ate dogs, if they could get them—the English lacked even the shoes on their feet. Ill fed and ill clothed, they coughed and shivered through the damp Flemish winter. At Damme, on the Sluys canal three miles from Bruges, Charles narrowly escaped death at the hands of a panicky sentry who unloosed a round of buckshot at the approaching party. Charles dodged the fire at the last instant, but two of his courtiers were slightly wounded. All wondered if it was really an accident.

Finally, on September 21, 1657, Turenne's Anglo-French forces overran the entrenchments outside Mardyke and captured the town. By previous agreement, both the fort and the harbor were turned over to English control. A month later, Juan-Jose arrived on the scene with a relief force that included among its number Charles himself, who had argued his way into

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The siege of Dunkirk, on the Flemish coast, by Anglo-French troops led to the Battle of the Dunes on June 14, 1658.

the vanguard. A subsequent Spanish counterattack was easily beaten back by Cromwell's men, and a Puritan cannonball bounded past Charles's head and disemboweled the horse of the officer beside him.

The Pretender, for his part, was unimpressed. It was Charles's first taste of combat since he had led the Royalist army to a devastating defeat at Worcester, in western England, six years earlier. That defeat had necessitated six weeks of nonstop flight, with Charles creeping across his putative fiefdom under cover of darkness from attic to outhouse to priest's hole before he escaped to the Continent. Now he was prevailed upon not to risk the royal personage again in open combat. He readily agreed, spending the winter at Antwerp, where he continued corresponding with plotters back in England and raged anew at the reluctance of Juan-Jose to mount an invasion of the island, failing to notice that the Channel was swarming with Cromwell's blockaders. The Spaniards, he said, "had grossly failed in all their undertaking to send the King into England."

Charles's only success—however minor—was in enticing some of the Protestants in the Mardyke garrison to desert to the royal standard. "You Cavaliers must needs laugh in your sleeves at our dissensions, and the struggle there is amongst us, who shall have the government, and promise your King, not without reason, great advantages from our disagreement," one disgruntled Cromwellian told his new comrades. That autumn the English commander at Mardyke, Sir John Reynolds, met ill-advisedly with James, the Duke of York, at an informal parley between the lines. The two generals exchanged mere civilities, but Reynolds's fellow officers were so suspicious of his contact with a member of the despised royal family that he felt compelled to return to England to explain himself to Cromwell in person. On December 5, the ship carrying Reynolds home wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, and he drowned, still unexplained. He was replaced at Mardyke by Maj. Gen. Thomas Morgan, who held no more meetings with the opposing side.

After a largely idle winter, Turenne finally broke camp in the spring of 1658, prodded by Cromwell's insistence on the capture of Dunkirk as a prerequisite for renewal of the Anglo-French pact for another year. In May, Turenne mustered his forces at Amiens and set out for Dunkirk at

the head of a 25,000-man army. Juan-Jose, alerted to the movement by his spies, somehow mistook the enemy's intentions and reinforced Cambrai instead. The English regiment quartering at Cassel was left unprotected, and Turenne's forces fell upon it and annihilated the Royalists to a man. Charles's youngest brother, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, commanded the regiment, but he had had the good fortune to fall ill a few months before the surprise attack and thus missed, by two years, his date with destiny. (In September 1660 he would die of smallpox at the age of 21.) Unopposed, Turenne reached the outskirts of Dunkirk in early June and immediately had his men throw up two siege lines, one surrounding the town, the other facing outward to block any attempt to resupply the defenders.

Belatedly realizing his mistake, Juan-Jose hurried to relieve Dunkirk. He had notably fewer men than Turenne—about 16,000 in all, counting the English Royalists. Adding to his problems, the rescuers soon outdistanced their artillery, which was slowed by the marshy, sandy terrain.

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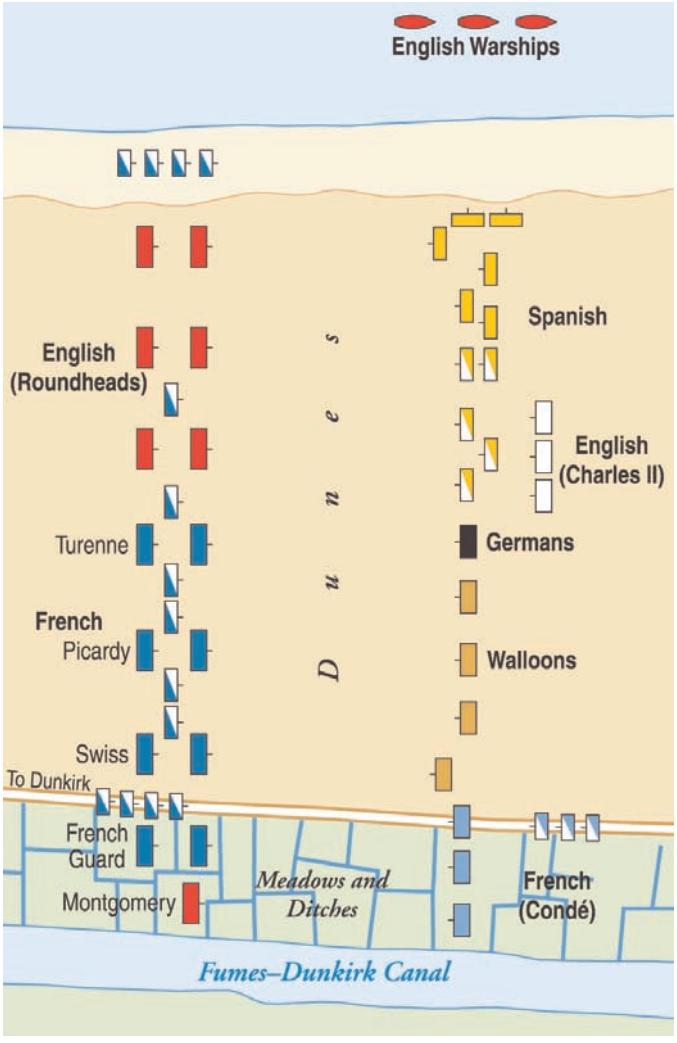
Blue-coated rebels attempt to break the Royalist siege at Dunkirk. French and English troops fought on both sides.

Nevertheless, on the afternoon of June 13, Juan-Jose pulled up to a crescent-shaped range of sand hills a few miles northeast of Dunkirk and began deploying his troops in two wings. Condé commanded the left, while the Duke of York commanded the right. Juan-Jose did not intend to offer battle until his entire army was in place, but Turenne gave him no choice. For once, the cautious Frenchman moved first. Leaving 6,000 men behind to guard the siege works, Turenne and the rest of the army swung northward to confront the Spaniards in the sand dunes outside Dunkirk. French cavalry deployed on both flanks, and seven English regiments under the command of Lockhart and Morgan massed on the left, supported by fire from English ships lying off in the harbor. Turenne's forces halted on a low ridge 500 yards from the enemy lines.

The tide was flooding out when Lockhart's New Model Army soldiers moved into position, their red coats shimmering in the sun. Musketeers and pike men massed together while the Marquis de Castelnau's French cavalry skirted their wings. A low, insistent murmur in the ranks swelled to a roar, and the English Protestants suddenly broke for the front, shouting their familiar battle cry: "The Lord of Hosts!" Ahead of them waited Spanish general Don Gaspar Boniface's regiment, supported—as the Englishmen knew it would be—by the hated Royalists of the Duke of York. Hand-picked marksmen began peppering the Spaniards with musket fire as Lockhart led his men up the sandy hillside. The French cavalry swung around to envelop the enemy from the rear.

Startled by the unexpected English charge, Turenne recovered quickly and sent the Marquis de Crequy's cavalry driving forward on the



English Puritan troops, or Roundheads, held the extreme left of the Royalist position, supported by English warships in the harbor. Their impulsive attack kicked off the battle.

allied right, while the rest of the infantry surged forward in the center. Meanwhile, Lockhart's infantry stubbornly climbed the yielding sand dune and pitched headlong into the Spanish defenders. Bitter hand-to-hand combat commenced beneath the broiling Flanders sun. The men on both sides were battle-tested veterans, the English of their country's civil war, the Spanish of the Thirty-Years' War, and the French of the three Wars of the Fronde. They knew how to fight.

Once again, religious zeal carried the day. While the Great Condé held his own on the Spanish left, Lockhart's Roundheads overwhelmed the dune's defenders and reformed on the hilltop before rushing down the far side. The Duke of York mounted a cavalry charge in reply, but Castelnau's cavalry got into his rear and sent the whole right wing of the Spanish army into retreat. At the same time, either by divine intervention or careful planning, the tide began rushing back in, making it impossible for the Spanish cavalry to counterattack. The Royalists fell back in orderly but hasty retreat. The Irish Regiment made a brief stand in the center, but Turenne's larger force soon gained the left flank and rear. Condé, who was an avid card player, could read the way the cards were falling. He withdrew as well. Turenne and his English allies were suddenly masters of the battlefield.

At a remarkably low cost of 400 men, the attacking force had killed or captured more than 10 times that number. Luckily for them, most of the captured English Royalists were swept up by French troops; one unfortunate sergeant fell into Protestant hands and was hanged on the spot as a traitor. The Duke of York managed to get away—the younger Stuarts were proving to be better at escaping than their father, the late king—and retreated to Nieuport. Ten days later, the garrison at Dunkirk surrendered to Turenne, leaving him in complete control of Flanders and the coast. On June 15, King Louis XIV personally handed over the keys of the city to Sir William Lockhart, in recognition of his leading role in the Battle of the Dunes.

Charles II, waiting worriedly at Brussels, got news of his brother's defeat and headed precipitately to the Dutch border, where he sought refuge in the elegant little town of Hoogstraten. He was still there two months later, hunting partridges with his fleet of royal hawks, when word arrived from James that Oliver Cromwell, "the great monster," was dead. The Protestant leader had succumbed on September 3 to a sudden bout of malaria, made worse by overwhelming grief at the death of his favorite daughter, Elizabeth, a few weeks earlier. It would take another 18 months of diplomatic maneuvering before Charles set foot once again on English soil—no thanks to the Spanish, who concluded a separate treaty with France in November 1659. Louis XIV immediately cemented the Treaty of the Pyrenees by marrying Philip IV's 13-year-old daughter, Maria Teresa, and uniting the two Catholic countries in the bonds of holy matrimony.

Upon his assumption of the throne, one of Charles II's first acts was to have Oliver Cromwell's body disinterred from its place of honor at Westminster Abbey and hanged in chains from the thieves' gibbet at Tyburn on the twelfth anniversary of Charles I's execution. The corpse was then beheaded, and Cromwell's head was stuck on a pole outside the abbey, where it remained for the next 20 years, a ghoulish relic of long-delayed, and somewhat redundant, royal revenge. For countless decades, English schoolchildren recited the macabre nursery rhyme: "Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead,/Heigho! Buried and dead!/ There grew a green apple-tree over his head,/Heigho! Over his head!/The apples are dried and they lie on the shelf,/Heigho! Lie on the shelf!/If you want e'er a one you must get it yourself,/Heigho! Get it yourself!"

In the end, the Protestants' crushing victory in the dunes at Dunkirk had proved as fleeting and impermanent as a child's sand castle on a stormy beach. In England, as on the Continent, the tides of fortune had shifted yet again, and another scion of the House of Stuart sat, however uneasily, on the English throne. □

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BY JOSHUA VAN DERECK

SHOWDOWN *in the* OZARKS

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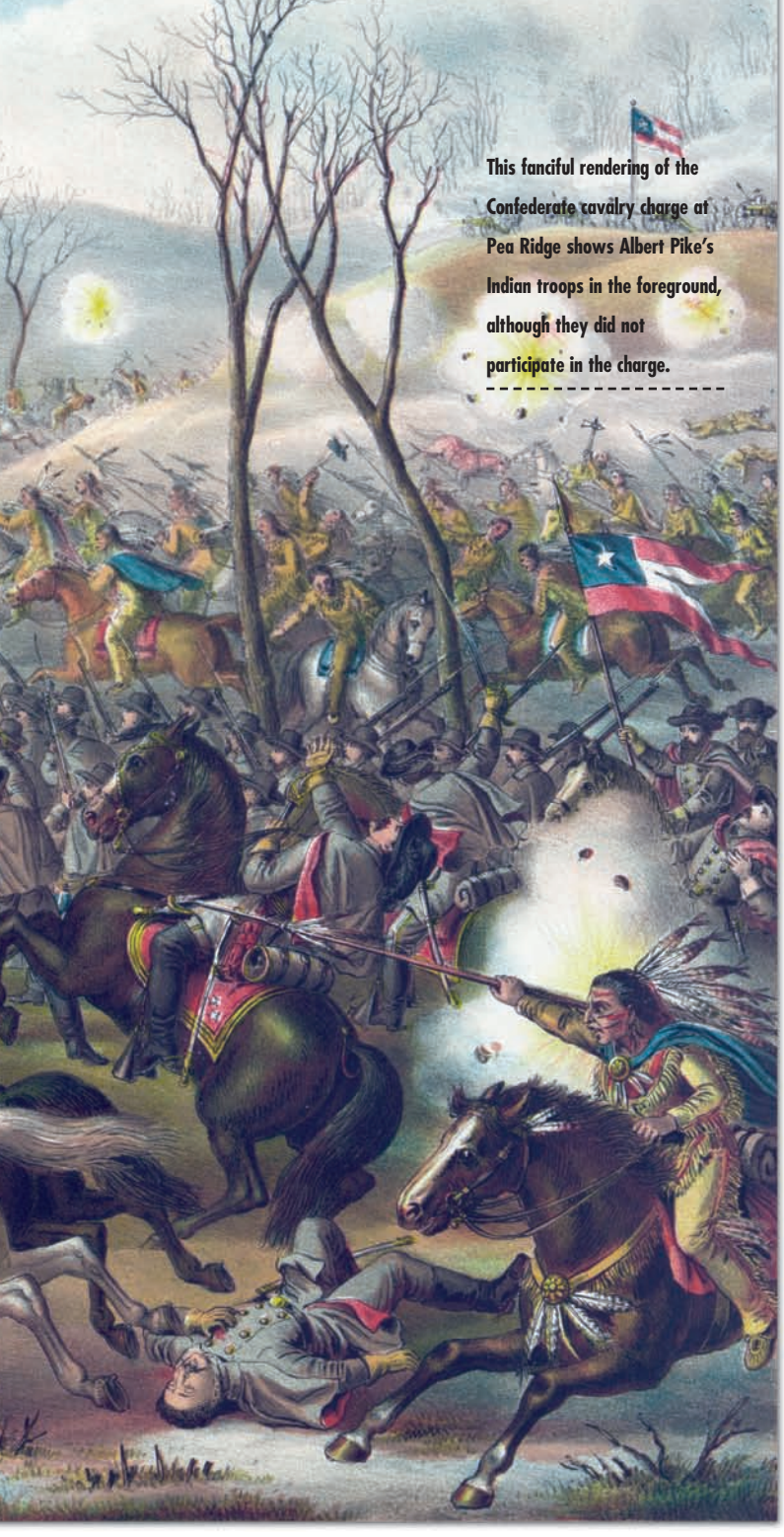
At snowy, muddy Pea Ridge, Arkansas, just across the border from Missouri, Union and Confederate forces met to decide the fate of the Show-Me State.

For three weeks in February 1862, Union Brig. Gen. Samuel Curtis led his Army of the Southwest on a 200-mile advance southward across the Ozark plateau in Missouri and into northern Arkansas. The February weather made for abysmal campaigning, pelting the men with snow and alternately freezing the primitive dirt roads or flooding them with mud. The advance was of such vital importance to the Union cause that Curtis's department commander, Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck, ordered it to proceed despite the terrible weather. Halleck was committed to a series of grand river offensives aimed at striking into the heart of Confederate Tennessee. However, as long as Rebel forces lurked in southern Missouri within range of the vital base of St. Louis, any Union gains in Tennessee would be untenable. Halleck ordered Curtis's army to advance through Missouri and drive



This fanciful rendering of the Confederate cavalry charge at Pea Ridge shows Albert Pike's Indian troops in the foreground, although they did not participate in the charge.

out the Confederate forces, securing St. Louis as a forward staging base.

The task was a logistical nightmare, but Curtis embraced the challenge. A diligent and methodical officer, he was an 1831 graduate of West Point and had gained substantial administrative expertise through work as a civil engineer and congressional representative from Iowa. Appointed as field commander in Missouri in December 1861, he immediately set about organizing his command and preparing a base of military and commissary supplies at the railhead at Rolla, which would serve as the launching point for a tenuous wagon supply line for the upcoming campaign.

The force Curtis had at his disposal was small—four tiny divisions, adding up to about 12,000 troops from Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, and Ohio. More than one-third of the men were foreign born, mostly German immigrants. They had rallied to the banner of the Union behind the appeal of the enigmatic Brig. Gen. Franz Sigel, who had served in the 1849 German revolution. Sigel was immensely popular with the German immigrant population. Seeking to defuse hostility between natives and immigrants, Curtis appointed Sigel second in command and gave him nominal charge of two of his divisions; both commanded foreign-born officers and troops made up mainly of immigrants. This segregated arrangement was not optimal, but it did help to ease tensions among the men.

Once Curtis was satisfied that his expeditionary force was thoroughly prepared, he began advancing southwest across Missouri. He moved steadily in the first weeks of February, driving Confederate forces out of their base in Springfield and toward the Arkansas border with surprising ease. In truth, the Confederates were stunned at the sudden appearance of the Union Army amid the wintry snow and were ill-prepared for a military confrontation. Under the command of former Missouri governor Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, a genial, portly officer of little experience or ability, the Confederates were a haphazard military force. Deficient in training and armed with a chaotic assortment of weapons, including shotguns, pistols, and old smoothbore muskets, they numbered about 7,000 men. Just across the border in Arkansas, however, was a substantial force of about 8,700 Confederate regulars—Texans, Arkansans, and Louisianans who were also waiting out the winter months in their camps.

Price decided to fall back toward these reinforcements, racing for the Arkansas border as fast as he could go. Scarcely halting for sleep along the way, Price's men fell back 50 miles in less than 36 hours. They kept going southward past the Confederate base at Fayetteville, Arkansas, until their commander finally recovered his composure and allowed his men to collapse into bivouac.

Curtis pursued the retreating Confederates vigorously until his advance likewise ran out of steam for want of supplies. By then, he had covered some 200 miles, and his supply line was growing increasingly tenuous. Moreover, his army was showing signs of wear, having lost many draft animals to exertion as well as a goodly number of shoes and outer garments, which had worn away through repeated exposure to the elements. The army was also diminished in numbers, as Curtis had detached about 1,500 men to garrison captured towns and guard the supply line. None of this was overly disheartening—Curtis had already accomplished all that he had set out to do, having secured Missouri from Rebel incursions and even overrun a small portion of Arkansas.

During the last week of February, Curtis decided to pull back his men a short distance to the north to forage and rest. In the meantime, he sent repeated requests to Halleck for reinforcements and supplies. In true engineer fashion, he also sited a defensive position along a range of bluffs on the north side of a stream called Little Sugar Creek. There, the Union army would concentrate in case the Confederates somehow recovered their pluck and decided to launch a counteroffensive.

That was precisely what the Confederates intended to do, although they did not know it yet. Price's Missourians were still in the midst of recovering from their harrowing retreat, and their allies in gray were camped nearby, having scrambled to concentrate in the face of the surprising Federal advance. These forces were under the command of Brig. Gen. Benjamin McCulloch, an adopted Texan and notable frontier Indian fighter. McCulloch, a friend of the legendary David

Crockett, was a veteran of the Texas War for Independence and the Mexican War as well as a former California gold prospector and representative for the Republic of Texas and to the United States Congress. As a military leader, he was a skilled administrator, tactician, and strategist, and he took good care of the men in his charge, a fact that showed in their high morale. Unfortunately for the Confederates, he and Price did not get along, and their squabbling had already led to a command change from above.

En route to take charge of the southern forces was Maj. Gen. Earl Van Dorn of Mississippi, a West Pointer who was a personal friend of Confederate President Jefferson Davis. Van Dorn, who had served along the Texas frontier in the U.S. Army before the war, had all of the necessary credentials for high command, but not the temperament. Impetuous to the core, he had little patience for staff work, logistics, or careful planning. He was very ambitious, however, and was excited about the prospects for a decisive victory over Curtis. Summarizing his strategic vision in a letter to his wife, he wrote, "I must have St. Louis—then Huzza!"

Envisioning a grand advance by all available Confederate forces in the trans-Mississippi, Van Dorn instructed Price and McCulloch to prepare for immediate action, and he moved to reinforce them with a series of units of Cherokee, Choctaw, and Chickasaw Indians from the nearby Indian territory. Brig. Gen. Albert Pike of Arkansas was nominally in charge of these unusual soldiers, having negotiated treaties with their tribes at the beginning of the war. The 900-odd Indians who made their way east for the campaign were not particularly well organized or drilled. Nevertheless, Van Dorn assigned them to McCulloch, hoping that they would prove at least somewhat useful.

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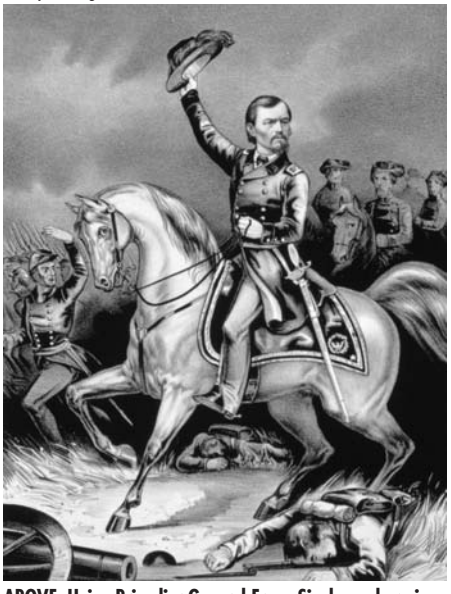

ABOVE: Union Brigadier General Franz Sigel was born in Germany. RIGHT: Brigadier General Samuel Curtis commanded Union forces at Pea Ridge.

Hurrying by horse and boat to his new command, Van Dorn moved with such haste that he did not even pause to change clothes after taking an unfortunate spill in an icy river along the way. By the time he arrived, he was feverish. Undaunted, Van Dorn held a council of war with McCulloch and Price on March 3 and settled on an immediate advance against Curtis. The two Confederate commands, which Van Dorn jointly styled the Army of the West, would move out shortly after dawn the next morning, their ranks comprising a little over 16,000 men of all arms and 65 cannons. In preparation for the offensive, however, Van Dorn had not conducted any reconnaissance, nor had he familiarized himself with the quality or character of his troops. He scarcely knew the officers, and he made no inquiries into supplies. He ordered the men to travel fast and light, each taking a weapon, 40 rounds of ammunition, and three days' rations—no heavy clothing or tents. The trains would contain one day's emergency rations. After that, the men would have to make do by foraging.

Through the opening flurries of a blizzard, the Confederate army set out at a breathtaking pace on the morning of March 4. One soldier recalled, "It seemed as if General Van Dorn imagined the men were made of cast-steel, with the strength and powers and endurance of a horse, whose mettle he was testing to its utmost capacity and tension. Scarcely time was given the men to prepare food and snatch a little rest." The army made good progress, but it was still two days' march shy of the Federal encampment, and the men had to sleep that night without tents, huddled up and shivering in the snow.

The next morning, Curtis received word from his scouts (including future gunfighting legend James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok) that the Confederates were coming, and he immediately recalled the various detachments of his army to the position he had laid out previously along Little Sugar Creek. Van Dorn's men toiled northward all that day and the next, skirmishing briefly with a rear guard that Sigel had inexplicably left behind in a dangerous position. By 5 o'clock in the afternoon of March 6, McCulloch's cavalry had located Curtis's defensive line, and Van Dorn called a meeting with his generals to discuss tactics. Nobody thought to mention the poor condition of the men, whose combat readiness had noticeably deteriorated during the course of the advance. As one Louisiana soldier recalled, "We arrived almost frozen and starved, having only one biscuit for breakfast that morning, and no prospect of supper." The men had reached the bottoms of their haversacks and, lacking tents or overcoats, they had scarcely managed to sleep over the past few nights. The result was that straggling and bone-wearying fatigue would soon become major problems.

All the same, Van Dorn enthusiastically entertained various offensive proposals. All three generals agreed that a frontal assault on Curtis's line would be foolhardy. McCulloch, who best knew the lay of the land in this part of Arkansas, suggested a limited turning movement of the Federal right wing. Such a maneuver might force the Federals to fight in the open. Van Dorn immediately seized on the proposal and expanded it into an enveloping maneuver with the whole army. He envisioned a spectacular surprise descent upon the Union position from the rear, severing Curtis's communications and line of supply and destroying the Federal Army in detail before its commander knew

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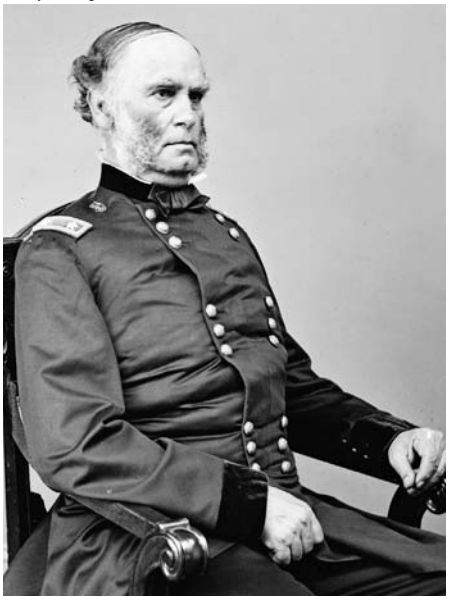


what had hit him. To bring this to pass, Van Dorn ordered Price and McCulloch to move out at once with their respective commands on an all-night march around the Union position. Price and McCulloch were horrified. "For God sake," Price said, "let the poor, worn-out and hungry soldiers rest and sleep." McCulloch protested as well, but Van Dorn had made up his mind and would not be deterred.

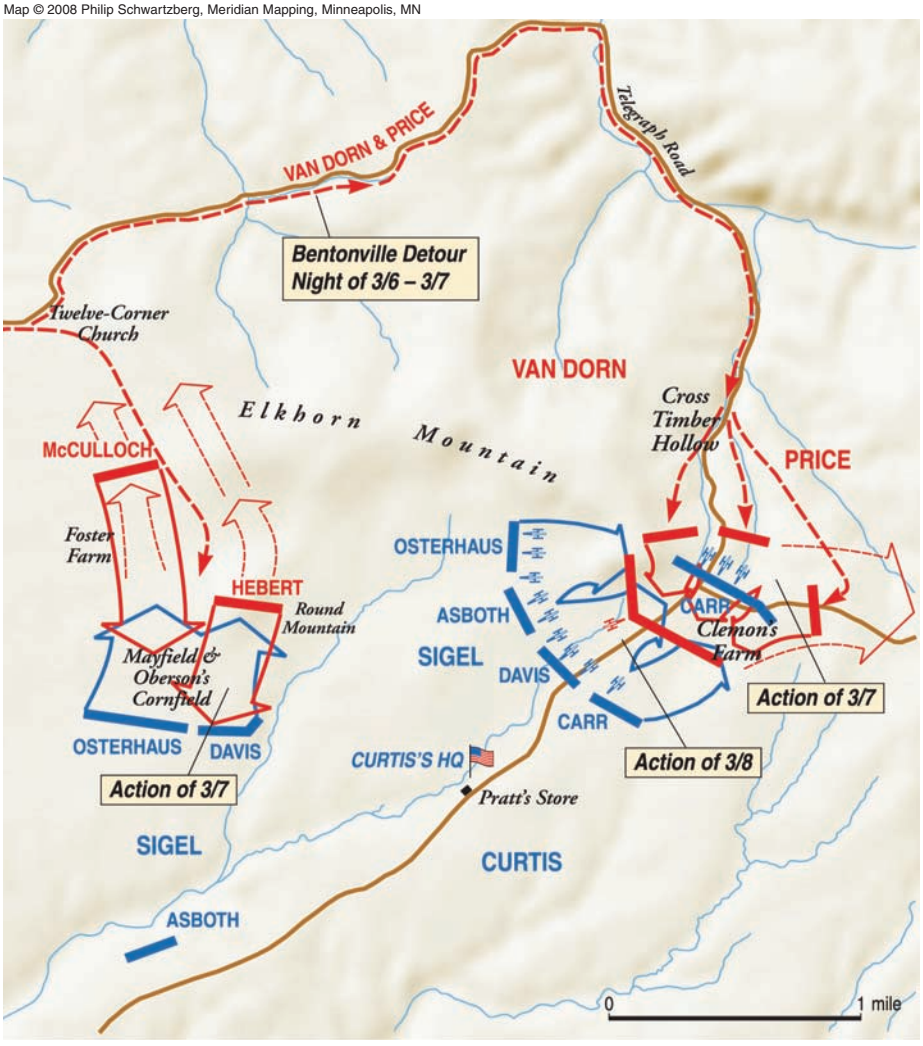
After ordering the men to build an extensive line of campfires to fool Curtis into thinking they were staying on the south side of Little

Sugar Creek, Price and McCulloch set out that evening on a long, slow, wearying march. "The night was one of intense severity," one Arkansan recalled, and the column of soldiers was forced to halt repeatedly. First, they encountered Little Sugar Creek, and Van Dorn learned that his army contained no pioneers. The men had to fashion a makeshift bridge of hewn logs over the icy stream. Next, they found their path along the gravelly road blocked by a dense cluster of felled trees that Curtis had arranged to discourage just such a movement as the Confederates were attempting. Price's Missourians in the van struggled through the night clearing the road. All the while, the Confederate column was thinning as starved and frozen men collapsed into desperate sleep. By the time the battle was finally joined, the Army of the West had only about 12,000 men in the ranks to engage Curtis's 10,500 troops, and they were hardly in fighting condition.

As dawn approached, some of Price's Missouri soldiers found crushed pieces of hardtack along the road where Union troops had dropped them. Watching his compatriots dig frantically for these unappealing cracker crumbs, one soldier remarked, "Who would have supposed that men ever get hungry enough to eat crackers that had been thrown in the dirt and run over by wagons?" An embittered Missourian replied, "When you get to supposing, who the devil would have imagined that an army would be marched all day and night without anything to eat, and then go into a hard day's fight on an empty stomach?"

Van Dorn did not worry about such complaints. He hurried to the head of the column, reaching it at about 8 AM on March 7. There he was delighted to learn that Price's men had reached Telegraph Road and were firmly astride the Union army's main line of supply. At this juncture, Van Dorn belatedly observed that the army was badly strung out along the road, an unfortunate occurrence that would delay the delivery of the blow he wished to strike. To hurry a concentration, he ordered McCulloch to turn his men south onto Ford Road, a shortcut that passed several miles to the west of Price's column. McCulloch would then reunite with Price and Van Dorn near a hostelry called Elkhorn Tavern, from which place they would press south and give battle. In effect, Van Dorn was choosing to divide his army at the last minute in the face of the enemy. It was a decision that would have far-reaching consequences.

Two miles to the south at his headquarters at Pratt's store, Curtis was in the process of evaluating intelligence reports detailing enemy movements around his right flank and rear.



Confederate commander Earl Van Dorn fatally divided his forces at Pea Ridge, forcing his troops to maneuver in bad weather over broken terrain. Union lines were more compact.

Federal pickets had first sighted Van Dorn's turning movement at about 5 AM, and it was becoming increasingly clear that a considerable body of enemy soldiers was approaching from the north. Curtis interpreted these reports as evidence that Van Dorn was trying to turn him out of his entrenchments—the very plan that McCulloch had proposed. It would be many hours before the Federal commander could actually bring himself to believe the improbable truth that Van Dorn had moved against him with his entire army.

At 9 AM, Curtis assembled his division and brigade commanders for a council of war. Informing the various officers of the intelligence he had received, Curtis listened patiently to their responses. Some counseled retreat, saying that the army had no choice since its flank had been turned. Others urged aggression. Curtis heard them out and then announced that the Army of the Southwest would stay and fight. Not ready to abandon his entrenchments and bare his men to a potential spoiling attack, Curtis pulled a detachment of about 2,500 infantry, cavalry, and artillery from his line and sent it northward to investigate. In command of this force he placed the steady German, Colonel Peter Osterhaus, whom he instructed to locate the Rebels, determine their numbers, and, if possible, engage them. Osterhaus struck straight for McCulloch's column on the Ford Road, where scouts had last seen the Confederates.

In the meantime, Curtis continued discussing the situation with Sigel and other officers. He was soon interrupted with the astounding news that there was also a column of Rebel soldiers due north on Telegraph Road, advancing southward toward Elkhorn Tavern. Flustered, Curtis immediately dispatched Colonel Eugene Carr, a pugnacious and argumentative subordinate, with a brigade of about 1,400 men to engage the enemy and drive them away. Curtis sent the other officers back to their various commands and settled down at headquarters to await further developments.

Van Dorn, who was still at the head of Price's Missouri column, soon encountered enemy soldiers. At 10 AM, Federals had commenced nipping at the vanguard of his column with a scattering of skirmish fire. By that time, the Confederates had reached a forested ravine called Cross Timber Hollow, which marked the northern edge of Pea Ridge, a broad plateau covered with hardwoods and dense thickets of vines and brush. It was terrible ground for soldiers to fight on, since it did not afford much room to maneuver. At the edge of the ridge, Cross Timber Hollow was a low point just before the ground began ascending 300 feet to the top of the plateau. From the floor of the hollow, Van Dorn could see nothing of what lay beyond, and this blindness gave him pause. In truth, there was nothing more than a few companies of Federal cavalry at the front, but Van Dorn ordered Price to halt, deploy his entire force into a line of battle, and advance cautiously. It was a cumbersome maneuver to perform, and one that would take time. At one stroke, Van Dorn conceded an enormous advantage in time and terrain.

While Price's deployment was taking place, McCulloch's column of Texans, Louisianans, Arkansans, and Indians was shuffling down Ford Road to effect the junction that Van Dorn intended. Their advance was sluggish, as the men were weak with hunger and exhaustion, and the cavalry and artillery horses were jaded and no less famished than the men. McCulloch appeared to have lost some of his customary confidence, remarking cryptically to a group of Louisiana soldiers, "I tell you, men, the army that is defeated in this fight will get a hell of a whipping!"

McCulloch's column reached a point a little over two miles from Cross Timber Hollow. As they marched, the men listened intently to the growing sounds of musketry rolling from the east, where Price's men were skirmishing. All at once, however, their attention was fully occupied with matters closer at hand when hostile artillery fire erupted directly to the south.

Osterhaus had arrived per Curtis's instructions, and he sized up the situation immediately. Realizing that McCulloch's force represented a grave threat to the Federal rear, Osterhaus determined to launch a preemptive strike to keep the Rebels busy until he could report to headquarters and obtain reinforcements. Not waiting for his infantry to catch up, Osterhaus deployed three cannons and about 500 cavalry in the corner of a snowy wheat field, and ordered them to open fire. The resultant surprise was complete, as solid shot blasted the approaching Confederate columns. McCulloch was astounded, but recovered his composure quickly and ordered a massed cavalry charge against the thin Union line.

Thousands of mounted Texans and Arkansans wheeled their tired horses and spurred across the wheat field, screaming out Rebel yells and brandishing sabers, hatchets, knives, and shotguns. Firepower usually negated the shock value of massed cavalry, but this time the attackers had the advantage of overwhelming numbers, and they closed on the Federals almost immediately and commenced slashing and firing in a whirling storm. One of the Union defenders recalled, "In every direction I could see my comrades falling. Men and horses ran in collision crushing each other to the ground. Dismounted troopers ran in every direction."

Osterhaus's defense collapsed quickly, his cavalry breaking pell-mell for the rear. All three guns were lost. In a small accompanying action a short distance to the west, two companies of Union cavalry had the misfortune to blunder into Pike's Indians. After a short victorious fight, the Indians went wild, dancing about the fallen Federals, scalping (so it was reputed) the dead and murdering a number of the wounded. That was the extent of the Indian participation in the battle—Pike was unable to get them back into line.

The ill-fated Union stand had bought Osterhaus the time to deploy his infantry, which he positioned along the southern rim just to the south beyond a belt of trees. This line too was thin, and Osterhaus penned a hasty note to Curtis requesting reinforcement, then opened with his remaining cannons.

For McCulloch, the appearance of the new force was a further vexation, and he determined that he could not continue his march to join Van Dorn while leaving Federals waiting compactly in his rear. He would have to smash them. To do so, McCulloch ordered up his weary infantry, instructed his cavalry to reform, and began sending out orders to coordinate a fresh attack. At this point, he made the serious oversight of neglecting to send word to Van Dorn of what had happened. This omission left Van Dorn with the inaccurate impression that the two wings of his army were still on schedule for an imminent junction at Elkhorn Tavern.

Not satisfied that everything was in order, McCulloch rode up to his skirmish line for a last-minute reconnaissance in person. Nearing the belt of trees between the fields, he was suddenly met with a burst of musketry from Osterhaus's skirmishers. One of the bullets pierced his heart, killing him instantly. The general's staff was horrified, worrying that news of their beloved chief's death would demoralize the soldiers. "We must not let the men know that General McCulloch is killed," one officer declared, and the information was withheld from everyone except the next in command, McCulloch's cavalry commander, Brig. Gen. James McIntosh.

McIntosh was an impetuous character in his own right, and he had no sooner assumed command than he ordered a piecemeal resumption of the attack. Making matters worse, he opted to lead the advance from the front, riding exuberantly along with the lead regiment. There, in the midst of the same belt of trees where McCulloch had fallen, McIntosh was killed almost immediately by Osterhaus's skirmishers. The Confederate attack ground to a halt and confusion reigned. Most of the colonels were completely in the dark about who was in command; McIntosh's instructions had been uncertain at best. With no direction from above, the various officers decided to cancel the forward movement and await orders—orders that would never come.

In the meantime, four regiments of Arkansas and Louisiana infantry did attack, striking southward pursuant to orders McCulloch had given just before he died. This action was wholly unsupported by the rest of the force at hand, and Osterhaus managed to repulse it with the help of 1,400 new troops that Curtis had sent him in response to his earlier request.

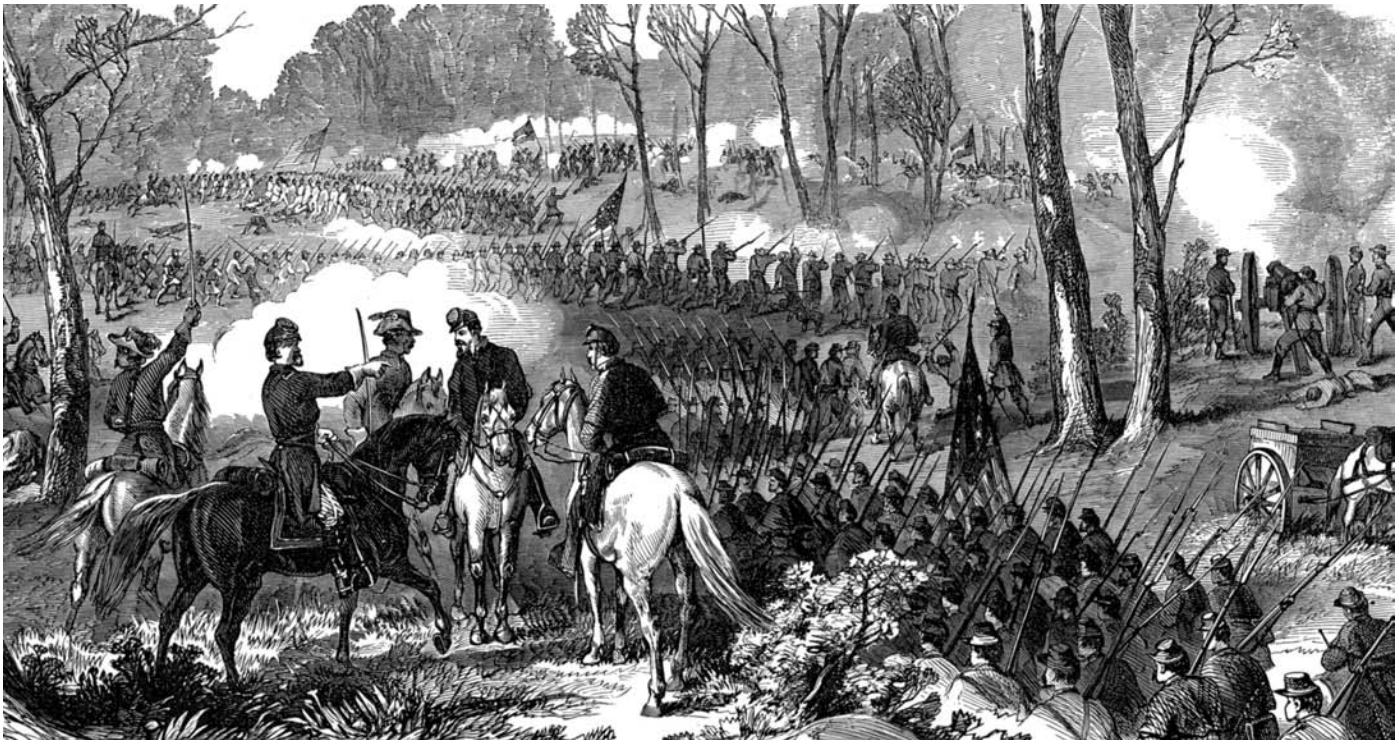
That ended the fighting on Osterhaus's front, although he kept his men alertly in position throughout the day, watching the thousands of milling Confederate soldiers for any sign of belligerence. None was forthcoming. The various colonels kept sending couriers back and forth looking for McCulloch and McIntosh, and McCulloch's staff never shared the critical information that the general was dead. The day passed agonizingly slowly, as the southern soldiers waited in the ranks, "in the most perplexed condition and mental anguish." Finally, news of McCulloch's and McIntosh's deaths got out in the late afternoon. Even then, no one assumed command assertively, and regiments drifted rearward, some retreating back the way they had come, others moving to join Van Dorn. Many men simply fell out and collapsed into sleep. Van Dorn, too, remained in the dark about what was happening with McCulloch's command. Still bottled up in Cross Timber Hollow, he was overseeing the final stages of Price's deployment when hostile artillery fire broke from the ridge to the front.

Carr had arrived at Elkhorn Tavern with his brigade. As with Osterhaus to the west, Carr immediately surmised that the Confederate force in his front was considerably larger than

his own command. (In fact, Price's column was down to about 5,000 exhausted men after subtractions due to straggling, but Carr had only 1,400 troops of his own with which to meet them.) After dispatching a courier to Curtis with the now-familiar request for reinforcements, Carr settled on a spoiling attack to discombobulate the Confederates, and he proceeded north in person to lead a battery into position to start the action.

This was the artillery fire that confronted Van Dorn, and Price's Missourians immediately ducked for cover as shrieking shots exploded overhead and pelted them with bark and leaves. In short order, Van Dorn summoned a battery to reply, and Price's men hurried forward two slope and opened fire before ducking to the ground. It was a clever tactic, for Price assumed that he was about to be struck by an assault and concentrated on defending himself instead of marshalling his strength for a renewed attack that might have enabled him to break free of the hollow. Reinforcing Price's passivity was Van Dorn's steady optimism that McCulloch would arrive shortly to strike the Federals in flank and clear the ridge.

The battle raged monotonously. One participant remembered, "The incessant crash of musketry and roar of artillery, amid curtains of rising smoke, appeared both to sight and sound as if two wrathful clouds had descended to the earth, rushing together in hideous battle with all their lightning and thunder." Curtis finally arrived at the front, having been drawn northward by the steady roar of gunfire. It had been a taxing morning for him. Curtis located Carr and rode up to confer with him, braving the crash of Confederate shrapnel. After a short conference, Curtis turned around to return to headquarters, having assured Carr that another brigade would soon be coming up to help him hold his position. On the way back, Curtis passed by the army's trains where they were stationed in a field just south of Elkhorn Tavern. Curtis immediately ordered the trains moved to a safe location. It was a difficult maneuver for the teamsters to effect, but they did it



Pea Ridge fighting from the Union perspective, as depicted in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*.

more on their own initiative. There was a clear path to a reasonable incline in the terrain at the edge of the hollow, and the Missouri gunners were able to deploy their pieces to good effect, blasting the Federals with a blistering barrage of metal. The duel was uneven at the beginning—14 Confederate guns against four Federal pieces.

Carr's gunners were pounded; limber chests exploded with great eruptions of fire and smoke, and Carr sustained a minor injury. The lopsided duel would probably have been more destructive but for the massive quantities of smoke the guns put up, which hovered densely in the hollow, making accurate fire all but impossible. To support the guns, Carr ordered forward his infantry, and the men shuffled about a third of the way down the uneven, icy well, providing a little breathing room for Carr in case he found it necessary to fall back.

At 12:30 pm, the first reinforcements arrived for Carr in the form of a brigade of 850 men. Carr immediately swapped out the beat-up artillery battery in his front line for a fresh one, and he ordered the new infantry to deploy and attack the enemy. This they did twice, and both times were repulsed. Price's men were armed mostly with shotguns and outmoded smoothbores, but the smoke on the field was so dense that the Federals approached within 100 yards, and at that distance, the weight of numbers told. Carr was forced again to reassume a defensive posture, and the battle settled into a stalemate.

At 2 PM, Van Dorn finally learned by messenger that McCulloch was not coming to the rescue, information that trigged a change in tactics. Van Dorn immediately set about preparing for a frontal assault up the face of Pea Ridge. Realigning the weary Missouri soldiers took time, however, and in the midst of the movement the Confederate commander received a report that there was a clear path up the ridge to the east around the Federal right wing. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Van Dorn modified his plan and ordered Price to take a portion of his command out of line and up the ridge to strike the Federals in flank. If the two attacks could be coordinated, they would pin Carr in position and roll up his line, clearing the ridge entirely.

The entire Union Army surged forward on the morning of March 8 in a spirited counterattack. Painting by Andy Thomas.

Painting: Andy Thomas; www.andythomas.com

The wait for Price's men to move into position was agonizingly long; the Confederate soldiers were reaching the limits of their physical endurance. Slumped on the cold, rugged ground, many fell asleep in spite of the continuing crackle of gunfire. Price, whose wounded arm was tied up in a sling, finally moved into position on the ridge with a detachment of 2,000 men and 11 guns. From there, he opened a brisk bombardment on Carr's right wing. Unfortunately for him, Carr was not surprised, and in fact had prepared for just such an eventuality by refusing his right flank.

Carr had sensed that the long lull in the fighting corresponded to a Confederate buildup, and although he had only about 2,200 men in line to face Van Dorn's command of 5,000, he was well placed to meet them, especially along his refused right flank, which enjoyed the cover of a breastwork of fence rails and logs. Price attempted to soften the Union position with a sustained artillery barrage, but the fire was largely ineffectual, and the subsequent assault was a bloody disaster. "We were met by a most terrific and deadly volley of musketry," remembered one participant. The Missourians quickly returned to their jump-off point. Undaunted, Price opened with his artillery to try again.

In the meantime, Van Dorn had heard Price's attack and ordered in the rest of the infantry straight up the face of the ridge. The terrain was not suited to linear battle, and the men, some of whom had to be awakened to participate, were hardly in condition for a vigorous assault. The result was a stumbling confusion of overlapping lines, with the men slipping and tangling their way through snags and brush. Carr's men heard the approaching enemy soldiers crunching leaves before they could see them through the smoke. All at once the ridge erupted in musketry as the two sides came to grips with each other at less than 100 yards. The firing "was extremely heavy," one officer recalled. The Confederate assault spent its forward momentum almost immediately, and the fighting settled into another stationary battle of attrition.

Somewhere in the midst of the chaos, Van Dorn finally received confirmation that McCulloch was dead and that his command was effectively without leadership. Van Dorn was too engaged in the fighting to respond actively to the disheartening news. He simply sent a quixotic order addressed to the ranking colonel to "hold his position at all hazards."

By now, the weight of numbers was beginning to tell on Van Dorn's front. His right overlapped Carr's left, and as the Federal soldiers fell backward, the Confederates came whooping on. The advance was chaotic and disjointed, but it was enough, and Carr determined grimly to order a retreat. Price meanwhile had repeated his futile frontal assault on the Union breastwork before resorting to a more cautious attempt to turn the position. Carr's men held on doggedly. Many who were too badly wounded to leave the field stayed at their places, sitting on the ground reloading and firing.

The Confederates swarmed over the top of the ridge and captured several cannons, but their movement quickly lost all remaining semblance of cohesion. Men fell out by the hundreds to search Elkhorn Tavern and the bodies of the fallen Federals for any scrap of food they could find. Those who did press on found out unhappily that Carr was still dangerous and resourceful, even in retreat. He had located another strong position some 600 yards to the rear along a fence on the south side of a cornfield. There he rallied his men and commenced punishing the exhausted Confederates, who flung themselves raggedly at his new line.

In a climactic flourish, Curtis arrived on the

dusky field in person at the head of his last division, which he had pulled from the entrenchments along Little Sugar Creek to rescue the beleaguered Carr. The force Curtis brought with him was small—only about 500 men—but its arrival had an electric effect on Carr's division. Curtis ordered an immediate counterattack, and when Carr's brigade commanders complained that they were out of ammunition, he told them to charge with bayonets. This they did. "Such a yell as they crossed that field with, you never heard," one colonel recalled. "It was unearthly, and scared the rebels so bad they never stopped to fire at us or to let us reach them."

The reversal was complete, but it was night now, and Curtis realized that he would have to finish the job in the morning. With this in mind, he pulled back the men into a compact line and ordered Sigel to bring up the forces that had been engaging McCulloch's command, thereby effecting a concentration of the entire army. Curtis retired for the night in good spirits, confident of success the next day.

Across the field, the Confederate soldiers of Price's command also passed the evening in an upbeat state. They suffered from lack of food and warmth, but most believed that they had won the day. Little was done to ready them for the next day's fighting. Van Dorn did not concern himself with dressing ranks or realigning units. He did send orders to one of McCulloch's colonels to bring that wing to Elkhorn Tavern. McCulloch's men were still far away, however, and after making another terrible night march they arrived at dawn, staggering with fatigue and half-dead with cold and hunger.

Van Dorn arose feeling refreshed on March 8, having finally recovered from his illness. Hastily he reorganized his line, bringing up some of McCulloch's haggard men. Then he opened the action with a strangely weak infantry probe against the cornfield where Price's attack had petered out the previous night. Curtis was unimpressed. Leaving two of his divisions in position south of the cornfield, he ordered Sigel to swing his command around to the left and open the day's attack with a preliminary artillery bombardment. Sigel complied immediately, and the result was the most intense, sustained bombardment to date on the American continent. It lasted over two hours and was brutally effective. "It was a continual thunder," one man recalled. "A fellow might have believed that the day of judgment had come."

Cowed by the thunderous artillery fire, Confederate soldiers hugged the ground while Van Dorn struggled to bring up his own batteries to reply, only to learn that his ammunition trains had gone missing in the night. The trains had followed the army on the march around the enemy's Little Sugar Creek entrenchments, but Van Dorn had not kept track of their movements or thought to send orders to ensure that they followed closely. The result was that they were still far to the rear, some five to six hours away, and the Confederate soldiers and cannoneers on the scene were out of ammunition.

Impetuous as he was, Van Dorn realized that the game was up, and he ordered a peremptory retreat. As the Confederates began pulling out, Curtis launched a massive infantry attack with his whole force. They went in "with banners streaming, with drums beating and every man and officer yelling at the top of his lungs." Some Confederate regiments did their best to resist the Union tide, but many were already retreating. Van Dorn was at the head of the withdrawal, and he left the field while a substantial portion of his army was still engaged. He did not even bother to ensure that all units got the order to retreat, which meant that many men were abandoned to their own devices. They scattered as they saw fit, fading into the countryside.

As it became clear that the Confederates were in retreat, Curtis rode his lines exuberantly, shouting: "Victory! Victory!" He was especially proud of the final push of his infantry. As he wrote later, "A charge like that last closing scene has never been made on this continent. It was the most terribly magnificent sight that can be imagined." In the glow of success, Curtis momentarily lost track of Sigel, and the German general added a rather eccentric epilogue to the battle. Having convinced himself that the Federal attack was a desperate attempt to break free for a retreat instead of the final victorious jab at a defeated foe, he gathered his two divisions and broke across Cross Timber Hollow in a farcical lunge for the rear. It took Curtis a full day to catch up with him.

In the meantime, broken and demoralized, the surviving Confederates staggered across northern Arkansas in search of food. They pillaged farms, slaughtering and eating animals raw. "I was so hungry I even picked up turnip peelings out of the mud and ate them," one Missouri soldier recalled. Eventually, Van Dorn managed to lead them south to a supply depot, where they slowly recovered. Once safely settled in, Van Dorn began blaming everything and everyone for the reversal. He refused to call it a defeat, insisting, "I was not defeated, but only foiled in my intentions."

Regardless of such claims, the disastrous impact of Pea Ridge on Confederate fortunes was immense. Van Dorn lost some 2,000 men in the battle and an untold number of deserters and casualties due to illness and exhaustion, while he inflicted only 1,384 casualties on Curtis's Army of the Southwest. More important, Curtis succeeded in his objective of securing Missouri for the Union. St. Louis would never again be seriously threatened, and Missouri would serve as stable base for the 1862 river offensives in Tennessee, which proved to be a smashing success. The Union victory at Pea Ridge was a blow from which the Confederacy would never fully recover. □

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While their comrades manned the deadly trenches of the Western Front, a polyglot force of one million Allied troops languished in the dreary Greek port of Salonika, far from the center of action.

BY JOHN W. OSBORN, JR.

World War I in the Balkans

GARDENING

The Germans mocked it as their largest prisoner-of-war camp, and French Premier Georges Clemenceau was hardly less withering in his opinion of the Allied stronghold at Salonika, Greece. "What are they doing?" he demanded. "Digging! Then let them be known as 'the gardeners of Salonika.'" For the one million men who made up the Army of the Orient represented the Allies' most polyglot force—British, French, Arab, African, Indochinese, Foreign Legionnaires, Serbs, Russians, Italians, and Greeks—it was no laughing matter. Together they languished for three years around the dreary Greek port in what military historian Brig. Gen. S.L.A. Marshall later termed "without a doubt the most ponderous and illogical campaign of World War I." During that time, they experienced 225 days of hard fighting while enduring some of the worst political infighting and the highest disease rate of the war.

Following the outbreak of the war in August 1914, Serbia had twice thrown back Austrian offensives, largely owing to the brilliant leadership of General Rudomir Putnik. (That Putnik was able to fight the Austrians at all was due, ironically, to the Austrian emperor: Putnik was at an Austrian health resort when war broke out and could have been legitimately interned, but Franz Joseph graciously let him return to Serbia.) With Austria openly seeking allies for a third offensive, Serbia appealed to the Allies for an additional 150,000 troops. Events would turn on the prevarications of two Balkan monarchs.

Although he looked and acted like a buffoon, it was said of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria that his "fool's cap covered a very shrewd and persistent brain." The Allies offered him territorial concessions to keep him neutral, but in the end his pro-German sentiments and long-held ambition to reach the Aegean Sea through eastern Macedonia brought him into the enemy camp. On September 6, 1915, Bulgaria signed a treaty with Germany and Austria to join in attacking Serbia to gain control of Macedonia. Only the leader of the Bulgarian Agrarian Party, Alexander Stambolski, had the courage to oppose the king. "This policy will not only ruin our country, but your dynasty," he warned, "and may cost you your head." For that dire prediction Stambolski was sentenced to death for treason, but the punishment was commuted to life in prison.

On October 5, the first Allied troops began landing 50 miles south of the Serbian border at Salonika. That same day, German and Austrian forces invaded Serbia to the north. Two days later, without a formal declaration of war, Bulgaria invaded Serbia from the east. The Serbians fought desperately, but they were disease ridden, exhausted, and so short of ammunition that they could fire only a single shell for every 50 fired by the Austrians. Belgrade fell to the Austrians four days later, and German and Bulgarian forces linked up.

Meanwhile, in a month of campaigning, the Allied force—only a third of what the Serbians had requested—managed to advance only 100 miles northward, some 40 miles from the Serbs. A Serbian general ordered to counterattack wrote his superiors: "No one can expect these troops to go on fighting, even less can they be expected to launch an offensive attack. They are too few in number, their clothes are in rags, they have no boots, and they are starving. If we do not get out soon, our scanty stock of supplies will give out. Let us retreat now, for otherwise all hell will break loose."

With the escape route to Salonika blocked by the Bulgarians, more than 300,000 Serbian soldiers and civilians turned west for one of the war's great tragedies. It developed into an epic, three-week-long, 100-mile march over the mountains to Albania and the Adriatic coast. A British nurse, M.I. Tatham, who accompanied the Serbs on the march, recalled, "The stream of refugees grew daily greater—mothers, children, bedding, pots and pans, food and fodder, all packed into the jolting wagons; wounded soldiers, exhausted, starving, hopeless men and (after the first few days) leaden skies and pitiless rain and the

British forces land at Salonika, Greece, on April 25, 1915, in this engraving by Charles Dixon. The Brits called the Allied backwater "the birdcage."

IN SALONIKA

awful, clinging, squelching mud."

The Serbs suffered temperatures of 20 degrees below zero, rampant typhus and dysentery, and repeated assaults by hostile hill tribes. Wounded and sick soldiers were abandoned, and those falling out from sheer exhaustion were also left behind. The Serbs ate their own horses, and surgery was performed without anesthesia. In the end, some 20,000 civilians died during the retreat. The elderly King Peter rode in an oxcart, an ailing Putnik in a sedan chair (he had to relinquish command at the end of the march and died in France in 1917). Government ministers and Allied diplomats alike slept on straw along the way. Even after the survivors reached the Adriatic coast, they starved and suffered for another four months until, in April 1916, the Allies shipped 260,000 Serbian soldiers to the Greek island of Corfu for refitting, then transported them to the Allied stronghold at Salonika.

Serbian Premier Nikola Pasic blamed "the indecision and inactivity of our allies" for Serbia's defeat, but King Peter remained defiant. "I believed in the liberty of Serbia as I believe in God," he said. "I am tired, bruised, and broken; but I shall not die before the victory of my country." He would have to wait. The Allied expedition to Salonika would continue to drag on for almost three years. The Serbian appeal for assistance had reached the Allies just 13 days before the invasion. The British were wary—Prime Minister Henry Asquith called it "a wild goose affair"—but reluctantly agreed to transfer the 10th Division from the Gallipoli front. The French were more forthcoming, although it soon appeared that their enthusiasm had as much to do with finding a command for a controversial general as with helping the Serbians in their hour of need. Although not without ability, General Maurice Sarrail owed his rise to his strong support in leftist French political circles. Commander in Chief Joseph Joffre distrusted Sarrail and relieved him

of command of the French Third Army in July 1915. Even in the midst of world war, however, French politics remained as ideological and chaotic as ever, and to avert the type of parliamentary crisis over which French cabinets were routinely toppled, Sarrail was given the Salonika command to appease his supporters.

Almost as soon as they began, the Allied landings were stopped in their tracks by another royal problem in the Balkans. King Constantine of Greece professed neutrality, but his motives were long suspected by the Allies—he happened to be the kaiser's brother-in-law. Constantine was also locked in a power struggle with Greece's leading statesman, Prime Minister Eleutherios Venizelos, who was staunchly pro-Allied. Since Greece had a treaty obligation to help defend Serbia, Venizelos favored the landings, but on the day they began and Serbia was invaded, the king suddenly fired Venizelos.

The future of the Salonika expedition teetered in the balance. The British were ready to abandon the enterprise, but the French were determined to continue. The landings at Salonika resumed,

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ABOVE: Allied commander Maurice Sarrail on horseback at Salonika with Greek Prime Minister Eleutherios Venizelos, bearded in black. RIGHT: German General Friedrich von Scholtz. FAR RIGHT: King Ferdinand I of Bulgaria, with his son, Prince Boris, during the First Balkan War in 1913.

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leaving the Greeks with the unpalatable choice of tacitly supporting them or fighting to stop them. With no unified command, Sarrail began moving his forces toward Serbia through the Vardar Valley; the British 10th Division followed a week later. Although easily routing the few Bulgarians they encountered, the Allied advance was slow. "All our moves have been done in inky blackness and usually under rain and on very ill-defined tracks in the hills," 10th Division Captain G.H. Gordon wrote home.

On November 16, the Allies reached their farthest point north, where the Crna River flows into the Vardar Valley. But bad weather and the first appearance of the campaign's worst scourge—disease—had disastrous effects on the Allied effort. The 10th Division alone reported 1,700 cases of frostbite and illness, and on December 5 the Bulgarians suddenly counterattacked. Within a week the Allies were back south of the Greek border.

The military high command in London recommended immediate withdrawal. Chancellor of the Exchequer David Lloyd George, an early proponent of the expedition, angrily told War Minister Lord Kitchener, "It seems you and the Germans want the same thing." An English correspondent at Salonika, G. Ward Price, observed: "The Salonika expedition is not doing [the Germans] any vital harm; it is Bulgars, not Germans, who are being killed by our attacks. The German High Command knows that Salonika is a heavy drain upon the resources of the Allies."

At an Allied conference, Asquith argued Salonika was "from a military point of view dangerous and likely to lead to a greater disaster." The French resisted, partly for diplomatic reasons but also because of the political repercussions of relieving Sarrail. Meanwhile, Sarrail seized control of Salonika from the Greeks, expelling the enemy consulates that Athens had allowed to continue to function and spy on the Allies. Over the next four months, the Allies constructed a 70-mile-long defensive line of barbed wire, machine-gun emplacements, dugouts, and concrete positions 20 miles north

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of town. But while he was building up the front, Sarrail was also dividing it. His habitual arrogance and penchant for intrigue soon alienated British General Sir George Milne and the other Allied commanders.

To disgruntled British soldiers, Salonika was "the birdcage." The troops in the front lines relieved the enforced inactivity with soccer matches for the enlisted men and fox hunts for the officers. The Bulgarians sportingly held their fire to let the Brits play soccer and sent back hunting dogs that had wandered into their lines. Occasionally, however, there were brutal trench raids between the forces. Salonika itself was a squalid riot of prostitution, alcohol, and inflated

The Art Archive/Musée des 2 Guerres Mondiales Paris/Gianni Dagli Orti

Serbian troops retreat under harsh winter conditions in December 1915. Temperatures fell to 20 degrees below zero on the three-week retreat to Albania.

prices. Disease, both malarial and venereal, ran rampant: 20 percent of the entire British Expeditionary Corps was hospitalized in October 1917, and only 18,187 British were eventually treated for combat wounds, as compared with 481,262 treatments for disease. The French fared no better. A similar disease rate, low morale, and lack of leave led to a mutiny. Adding to the misery, a fire on August 17, 1917, gutted half of Salonika and left 80,000 people homeless. Another disaster that cemented Salonika's hard-luck reputation occurred when a French troopship delivering 3,500 reinforcements was torpedoed, with just 200 surviving.

With the front swelled to five British divisions, four French, six Serbian, one Italian, and one Russian brigade, Sarrail planned an offensive for August 1, 1916. Inevitably, it was postponed, and the Bulgarians launched their own preemptive offensive on August 17. Bulgarian armies swept from the west down the Kenali Valley, pushing back the Serbs and capturing the Greek town of Florina, and from the east down Rupel Pass into Macedonia. Two German divisions attacked the British southwest of Lake Dorian, 40 miles from Salonika. The Serbs finally stopped the western attack in four days of hand-to-hand fighting at the town of Ostrovo. The eastern attack stalled at the Struma River line held by the British. Nine days after it started, the Bulgarian counteroffensive was over.

Sarrail finally launched his own offensive at 6 AM on September 12, 1916. In 18 days of hard fighting, the Serbs took the twin peaks of Mount Kalmakcalan. The British soon stalled in the Vardar Valley, but the French and Russians under General Victor Louis Emelien Cordonnier retook Florina, drove the Bulgarians out of the San Marcos monastery, and reached the Kenali Valley on the Greek-Serbian border. But Cordonnier had another foe to contend with in his rear. He had a long-standing feud with Sarrail, who aggravated it by bombarding him with messages: "Press forward with all your forces." "Go forward on your flank, I count on you." "March ahead. March ahead. March ahead."

The Bulgarians had built a strong trench system in the bare, marshy valley. Cordonnier wanted to avoid a frontal assault and even made the war's first reconnaissance flight by a general to scout for an alternative. But upon landing, he found a preemptory order from Sarrail for a frontal assault the next morning. That assault, on October 6, and another one eight days later, failed dismally, producing 1,490 French and 600 Russian casualties. Sarrail summarily relieved Cordonnier; Milne and every other Allied commander protested the move to his own government.

Monastir fell on November 19. By his original timetable, Sarrail had intended to capture it on the eighth day of the offensive. Although the Serbs, coming from the south, had taken Monastir, Sarrial reported it to Paris as "the first French victory since the Marne." The Serbs, conveniently unmentioned in the report, had suffered the brunt of the casualties in the offensive—27,000 men, or one-fifth of their army. British officer R.W. Imbrie found little to cheer about. "If Verdun seemed the City of the Dead," he wrote, "Monastir was the Place of Souls Condemned to Wander in the Twilight of Purgatory."

Winter brought the offensive to an effective halt, although it was not officially called off until December 11. In the year of Verdun and the Somme, there had been about 80 days of hard fighting along the Salonika front. With over a half million men now under his control, Sarrail planned a spring offensive along a 140-mile front aimed at the Bulgarian capital of Sofia. French, Italian, Serbian, and Russian forces were to attack on the Crna River front, while Milne offered to assault the Bulgarian positions above Lake Dorian, which commanded several major

Map © 2008 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

ABOVE: The Allied stronghold at the port of Salonika attracted a polyglot force of one million defenders from England, France, Africa, Indochina, Serbia, Russia, Italy and Greece.

roads into Bulgaria. In so doing, Milne was taking on one of the most formidable natural fortresses in Europe, with ridges 2,000 feet above the lake upon which the Bulgarians had built defensive positions in five feet of concrete.

To make matters worse for Milne, 12 hours before his offensive was to start, at10 PM on April 24, 1917, a wire-cutting party brought in a Bulgarian prisoner who reported that the Bulgarians knew the attack was coming and had reinforced their positions. Rather than throw off the timetable for the whole offensive by delay, Milne ordered the attack to go in on schedule. The prisoner was right. The Bulgarians had brought up 33 searchlights to illuminate the battlefield. British coming up the Jumeaux Ravine south of the lake were bathed in light, then shelled; soldiers not killed by the initial explosions died when they were thrown against the walls. The Bulgarians poured machine-gun fire down on the British. At dawn, the British were ordered to retreat.

Other British attacked the first line of the Bulgarian defenses, a hill called the Petit Couronne. The Bulgarians shouted down taunts, "Come on Johnny," but the British finally captured the lower western slopes, then held off four counterattacks. By midday it was clear that the British positions on the Petit Couronne were too exposed from fire from the upper slopes, which were still in Bulgarian hands. Again the British withdrew.

A second British assault on May 8 was another failure. Not a single Allied soldier managed to come within two miles of the Grand Couronne, the central keep of the aptly named Devil's Citadel. Its ramparts would stand for another 16 months. In all, the assault along Lake Dorian cost the British 5,000 casualties, 25 percent of its combat losses in the campaign, with nothing to show for it but the capture of a few farmhouses across the Sturma River. By the summer the British abandoned even these, leading G. Ward Price to comment, "The only forces to hold the Sturma Valley are the mosquitoes, and their effectives may be counted by thousands of millions."

The assaults on the Crna also ended in disaster. The Russian brigade broke through, became isolated on a hill a mile behind the Bulgarian lines, then was shelled by Allied artillery because of a communications failure. Half the brigade was killed, the other half captured. The Italians had their own communications fiasco—a cancellation order by Sarrail reached them too late for a disastrous 8 AM assault. The French, with many of their men just out of hospitals, failed to press their attacks. Serbian losses along Dobropolje Ridge east of the Crna were such that their chief of staff pleaded with Sarrail to halt the offensive. He did so on May 22, but only after the misconceived offensive had cost the Allies another 14,000 casualties. In the recriminations that followed, Milne blamed bad intelligence, the Italians blamed Sarrail, and Sarrail blamed the Serbians.

Sarrail's 28-day offensive was the last major fighting on the Salonkia front until September 1918. In between, events were dominated by a ruthless power struggle in Greece and repeated reshuffling of Allied command. The front became entangled in Greek politics, as the country verged on civil war. Venizelos fled Athens ahead of the king's order for his arrest and established a rival regime on Crete and in Salonika, where he raised his own troops to fight with the Allies. (One of his officers had a unique method of recruitment—burning down houses of those refusing to serve.) The king retaliated with a campaign of assassination against Venizelos's supporters. "Between me and the king there is a lake of blood," declared Venizelos.

Allied suspicions about the king's professed neutrality hardened when the Greeks handed over key defensive positions on their border to the Bulgarians. Determined to be rid of the king for good, Sarrail organized demonstrations against him in Salonika while treating the Venizelos regime as the lawful government. After clashes with Royalist forces outside Athens during which the Allies demanded that

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Bulgarian troops attack a Serbian position in October 1915. The Serbian Army was driven out of the country, ending up in Salonika. The British and French then took on the Bulgarians with no success, leaving the Salonika front unmoved until the end of 1918. Note the Serbian line to the right of the smoke.

they hand over their artillery, the Allies imposed a naval blockade on January 17, 1917. The final straw came when Constantine sent his brother-in-law—the kaiser—a message saying that he prayed for Germany's victory. On June 1, Sarrail in turn sent him an ultimatum demanding his abdication. "I will not be treated as a tribal chieftain," Constantine said, then left the next day for Switzerland. The crown prince went too, leaving the throne to the second son, Alexander. Back in power, Venizelos brought Greece into the war, ruthlessly purged Royalist officers, and delivered 250,000 Greek troops to the Salonika front.

The king's downfall was followed six months later by an even less lamented event. Georges Clemenceau had become premier of France, and one of his first acts was to fire Sarrail. His successor as Allied commander in chief, General Louis Guillaumant, worked hard to restore inter-Allied relations and morale, but six months later he was recalled to be military governor of Paris. The general who was to lead the Allies to final victory on the Salonika front took over. General Louis Franchet d'Esperey had an excellent record on the Western Front and had even been considered as Joffre's successor as commander-in-chief of the French Army, but his devout Catholicism had led him to be blocked by the same political group that backed Sarrail. D'Esperey set the tone for his leadership with his first words to the Allied officers assembled to meet him on the Salonika dock: "I expect from you savage vigor."

Desperate Frankie, as D'Esperey was known by the British, would get all the vigor and savagery he demanded in an offensive he launched on September 14, 1918. The offensive opened with a barrage of 500 guns. If rather small by Western Front standards, the bombardment for the Salonika front was crushing—a German general called it "an iron storm" that "approached hurricane force." Although German General Friedrich von Scholtz commanded the front, the German presence was down to two corps. Meanwhile, the British and French had used the infusion of Greek forces to transfer thousands of troops back to the Western Front.

Knowing that the Germans and Bulgarians expected him to attack on his right, D'Esperey instead aimed for his left and center, sending the Serbs against Korzyak Mountain and the French against Dobropolje Ridge. The Serbs fought their way up the sheer rock face of the mountain in eight hours, depending on cold steel and raw courage. On Dobropolje Ridge, the French, including four Senegalese battalions, used flamethrowers in their first appearance on the Salonika front to burn out Bulgarian machine gun positions, then held their ground against five counterattacks. Adding to the kaleidoscope of nationalities making up the Allied force at Salonika was a newly formed division of southern Slavs, including Slovenes, Croats, Bosnians, Montenegrins, and Macedonians.

By September 17, the French had driven a salient 20 miles wide six miles into the Bulgarian positions around Dobropolje Ridge; the Germans began evacuating their units west to avoid being cut off. The Bulgarian commander on the ridge pleaded with King Ferdinand to make peace. He received the angry royal response: "Go out and get killed in your present lines."

To keep the Bulgarians from rushing reinforcements to the ridge, D'Esperey ordered British and Greek forces to attack east of Lake Dorian on September 18. Fighting that day and the next, they managed to finally take the Petit Couronne and the town of Dorian, but otherwise met disaster. The British managed to fight their way to the summit of the Grand Couronne, then were driven back by intense machine-gun fire.

On Pip Ridge, British units, many of whose men were ill with malaria and were hardly able to walk, suffered 30 percent casualties. To add to their misfortune, they were caught in their own artillery barrage. Bulgarian shellfire started a grass fire that, fanned by the wind, drove

the Greeks back. When the British and Greeks returned to try again on September 21, they found the Grand Couronne and Pip Ridge deserted. Von Scholtz had ordered a withdrawal along the entire front. Von Scholtz's plan was to draw the Allies on, stretch their supply lines, then attack on their flanks. But for the Bulgarians, withdrawal almost immediately turned into panicked flight, as they abandoned their guns, stores, and supplies. The Royal Air Force remorselessly bombed and raked the fleeing columns, killing more than 700 Bulgarians in the Kosturino defile.

British forces crossed into Bulgaria on September 25. By then, war weariness and a collapsing economy had taken their toll on the country. To try to rally the troops, King Ferdinand released his old enemy Alexander Stambolski from prison and sent him to the front; 15,000 troops immediately declared a republic with him as its head. The rebellion was quickly crushed with German reinforcements and Stambolski went into hiding, but other mutinies continued to break out among the Bulgarians.

THE SEEDS OF YUGOSLAVIA'S POST-COMMUNIST DISINTEGRATION INTO CIVIL WAR AND ITS DESCENT INTO ETHNIC CLEANSING COULD BE SAID TO HAVE BEEN PLANTED BY THE "GARDENERS OF SALONIKA."

The final knockout blow to the Bulgarians would be delivered by the French. Riding in a fast car, D'Esperey had caught up with North African cavalry driving past the Crna on Prilep. He ordered them to continue 60 miles north and take Skopje, the main city of northern Macedonia. For three days the cavalry disappeared, trekking up the broken ground of the 5,000-foot Golenisca Plateau, leading their horses more often than riding them. At dawn on September 29, the cavalry came charging down on the surprised enemy in Skopje, shouting Arab war cries. The Bulgarians fled in all directions while the Germans fought back to the train station, then escaped on an armored train.

A French lieutenant described the scene in Skopje: "Ammunition dumps were exploding, shooting up red and black flames. The railroad station was aflame too. The city was full of fleeing and exhaust[ed] enemies, unable to fight." Bulgarians were already in Salonika negotiating an armistice with D'Esperey when news of the fall of Skopje left them no bargaining room. At 10 PM that same day, the Bulgarians signed a complete capitulation, agreeing to evacuate all occupied Greek and Serbian territory, expel remaining Germans and Austrians, disarm and demobilize their army, and let the Allies use their railroads. The armistice went into effect at noon on September 30.

"The first of the props had fallen," commented Sir Maurice Hankey, secretary of the British War Cabinet. The reaction of Germany's de facto military dictator, General Erich Luden-

Bulgarian soldiers gather outside their primitive but effective "bunker" on the Salonika front in Macedonia, January 10, 1917.

Ullstein Bild / The Granger Collection

Library of Congress

British infantry in the 10th (Irish) Division man the front lines on Kosturino Ridge in Serbia, December 1915.

dorff, was more unexpected: a shrieking, foaming-at-the-mouth, falling-to-the-floor hysterical fit; a day later he was telling the kaiser to sue for peace. In the meantime, D'Esperey kept driving north into Hungary. His advance units were crossing the Danube on Armistice Day. After three years of indecisive stalemate, "the gardeners of Salonika" had advanced more than 400 miles north in seven weeks' time.

The Salonika campaign cost the Allies 165,800 combat fatalities, 75 percent of them Serbian. British and French dead were 7,840 and 1,584, respectively, while Bulgaria suffered 76,729 fatalities (there are no separate figures for Germany). Although Salonika was secondary in Allied priorities, several of the participants of the Salonika campaign made out quite well. Guillaumat became French Minister of War, D'Esperey was elevated to Marshal of France, Milne became chief of the Imperial General Staff and a field marshal. The biggest Allied loser, perhaps appropriately, was Maurice Sarrail. He sat out the rest of the war, but in 1924 his still-faithful following got him a last chance, governing Syria. Within a year Sarrail had a major uprising on his hands, and was quietly relieved of his post.

Alexander Stambolski proved only partly right about his 1914 warning: King Ferdinand did lose his throne, but his dynasty continued to rule until it was driven out by the Communists after World War II. The king himself lived in peaceful exile, studying insects and birds. In that, he was luckier than Stambolski who was overthrown as prime minister, forced to dig his own grave, had an arm hacked off, and was shot by revolutionaries.

Constantine returned to the Greek throne in 1920, after his son suffered one of the most ignominious royal deaths in history (he died from blood poisoning after he was bitten by a pet monkey). Three years later, Constantine again was forced into exile, this time by a homegrown revolution, and he died a few weeks later. Eleutherios Venizelos was named prime minister of the republic that followed, before being driven into exile himself by the military.

King Peter finally returned to a liberated Serbia that, with the Austro-Hungarian Empire destroyed, expanded with the southern Slav lands to form Yugoslavia. His grandson would be driven out by Adolf Hitler and kept out by Marshal Josef Broz Tito, eventually dying drunk and near destitute in Los Angeles in 1970. The seeds of Yugoslavia's post-Communist disintegration into civil war and its descent into horrific ethnic cleansing could be said to have been planted—however inadvertently—by "the gardeners of Salonika." □

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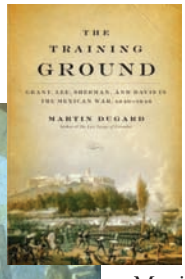
By Al Hemingway

Future Civil War generals on both sides received their professional baptism of fire on the killing fields of Mexico.

WHEN WAR WITH MEXICO ERUPTED IN 1846, THE UNITED States was woefully unprepared. The regular army was well below its authorized numbers and could only field slightly more than 5,000 officers and soldiers. Some of these officers, however, would shine brightly in the ensuing conflict and learn valuable lessons that they would remember all too well when the country was plunged into civil war in 1861.

In his latest offering, ***The Training Ground: Grant, Lee, Sherman, and Davis in the Mexican War, 1846-48*** (Little, Brown, Boston, 2008, 446 pp., notes, index, maps, photos, $29.99, hardcover) historian Martin Dugard examines the roles of these future generals in the Mexican conflict and how some of them would use these hard-earned lessons to gain fame and glory in the Civil War a decade and half later.



Virginia-born Robert E. Lee was an obscure if politically well-connected captain at the outset of hostilities, and he would rise to fame with his daring behind-the-lines exploits. On several occasions, General Winfield Scott would send Lee, an engineer by training, on dangerous scouting missions to find paths or build roads so that Scott's army could outflank his adversaries. On one such clandestine assignment, Lee was forced to hide behind a log for several hours to avoid being seen by Mexican soldiers filling their canteens at a nearby spring. Lee's bravery would earn him the respect and admiration not only of Scott, but of many on his staff as well.

A young second lieutenant (later captain) named Ulysses S. Grant, Lee's counterpart in the next war, would also come under fire and perform heroically, especially during the Battle of Chapultepec. Grant penned numerous letters to his soon-to-be wife Julia describing the battles, personalities, countryside, and attitudes of the American soldiers participating in the fighting. These letters, plus Grant's insightful memoirs, provided Dugard with valuable information to give readers an accurate accounting of the unfolding events. "The men engaged in the Mexican War were brave, and the officers of the regular army, from highest to lowest, were educated in their profession," wrote Grant in his memoirs. "A more effi-

Library of Congress

Young Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant and his men heroically hauled a battery of mountain howitzers to the cupola of the Church of San Fernando in Mexico City and opened fire. The painting was done by Emanuel Leutze for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

cient army for its number and armament I do not believe ever fought in a battle."

Another officer present at the fighting in Mexico who would play a prominent role as a general officer in the Confederate Army was the eccentric Thomas J. Jackson of Virginia. Assigned to the "flying artillery," Jackson was everywhere on the battlefield, providing outstanding artillery support to the advancing infantrymen. In the next war, he would win an immortal nickname—"Stonewall" Jackson—before being mortally wounded by friendly fire at the Battle of Chancellorsville in May 1863.

Many other future Civil War leaders also served during the Mexican War and distinguished themselves under fire. Among those seeing action were George Pickett, Joseph Hooker, George B. McClellan, George Meade, Richard Ewell, Abner Doubleday, Ambrose P. Hill, Lewis Armistead, and Jefferson Davis, the future president of the Confederacy, to name a few. Braxton Bragg, who would command the major Confederate army in the western theater of operations from Perryville to Chattanooga, was particularly cool under fire. On the flip side, he was detested by his subordinates, who tried to kill him on several occasions. Dugard describes Bragg as "a tyrant, despised by his troops for his fanaticism about discipline and protocol"—traits that would carry over to the Civil War and do much to alienate him from the men he led into battle and, all too frequently, to defeat.

When the Mexican War ended with an improbable American victory in 1848, many of the ranking officers resigned their commissions to enter civilian life. Low pay, slow promotion, and unrewarding duty on the bleak western outposts were underlying factors in their mass exodus. When the nation split asunder after Fort Sumter in April 1861, many of these former officers again donned their respective uniforms and took up arms against each other. When the Civil War ended in 1865, these same officers remained friends. Even a bloody war that nearly tore the country apart could not entirely destroy the esprit de corps instilled into these "band of brothers" on the parade grounds at West Point and the killing fields of Mexico. "The Mexican War was our romance," Grant remembered.

Tanker War: America's First Conflict with Iran, 1987-1988 by Lee Allen Zatarain, Casemate, Drexel Hill, PA, 2008, 448 pp, illustrations, index, $32.95, hardcover.

With the current saber-rattling toward Iran, the present administration would do well to take a long, hard look at the first undeclared war between the United States and Iran during the late 1980s. Hostilities with the large Middle Eastern nation likely would be quite different from the often bungled efforts in Iraq. Instead of cowering in their bunkers during the conflict like the Iraqi army in the first Gulf War, the Iranians swiftly retaliated with air attacks against American warships.

In writing *Tanker War,* author Lee Allen Zatarain used recently released Pentagon documents and numerous firsthand accounts from veterans who had served in the Gulf at that time. The impetus for hostilities between the United States and Iran had started, ironically enough, seven years earlier when Iraq declared war on Iran. Ecstatic with his overthrow of the Shah's regime, the fanatical Iranian ruler Ayatollah Khomeini called upon his Iraqi neighbors to oust their secular dictator, Saddam Hussein, whom he termed a "puppet of Satan." Hussein retaliated by launching a massive preemptive invasion of Iran, initiating the greatest bloodbath since World War II.

In 1984, Iran began a series of operations in the Persian Gulf. In retaliation, the Ayatollah's forces seized Al-Faw, Iraq's only port on the gulf and threatened Basra, Iraq's second largest city. Iran's banzai-style assaults were repelled with horrendous casualties. The cost of the war, in terms of human life and money, was devastating to both countries.

The United States became actively involved when the belligerents began attacking neutral vessels transporting oil from the region. In March 1987, 11 Kuwaiti ships were reflagged under the Stars and Stripes to provide protection from air attack by Iraqi or Iranian planes. That May, the USS *Stark* was struck by a pair of French Exocet missiles, fired from an Iraqi jet, killing 37 crew members and wounding 21 others. The "Tanker War" soon escalated, with covert operations and the largest naval convoy since World War II. It was dubbed Operation Earnest Will. Tensions in the Gulf increased as each side poised for action.

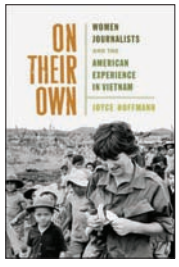
In April 1988, after one American ship was disabled by a mine, the U.S. Navy planned retaliatory strikes against Iranian oil platforms. In Operation Praying Mantis, a naval force sank two Iranian vessels and three speedboats. It was the largest naval action since the end of World War II and the first surface-to-surface missile engagement in the Navy's history.

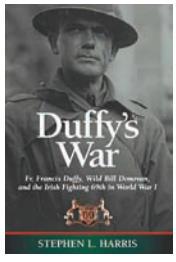
Zatarain has certainly done his homework,

producing a compelling account of the military action in the region as well as the behind-the-scenes political intrigue. In doing so, he delves into a tragic incident involving the USS *Vincennes*. In July 1988, *Vincennes* erroneously shot down an Iranian civilian airliner thinking it was an F-14 fighter jet. Although the United States government never apologized publicly, it did eventually pay millions of dollars in benefits to the families of the 290 Iranians killed aboard the aircraft.

By 1989, the "Tanker War" was over. The long and bloody Iran-Iraq conflict had ended as well. Within a few years, coalition forces would again see action in the gulf after Hussein invaded Kuwait in the summer of 1990. Following the conclusion of the first Gulf War in 1991, the American public demonstrated little interest in the region. It was not until the invasion of Iraq in 2003 that the American people took notice once again.

Although America's focus since then has been on Iraq and Afghanistan, Iran is dangerously close to becoming an active participant in the fighting. Self-described "war president" George W. Bush would be well advised to heed the words of one Iranian official, who pointed out: "It is easier entering the Gulf than leaving it."





The Devil Dogs at Belleau Wood: U.S. Marines in World War I by Dick Camp, Zenith Press, Minneapolis, MN, 2008, 128 pp., illustration, index, $19.95, softcover.

In his new book, retired Marine Colonel Dick Camp pays homage to the leathernecks who fought and died at the Battle of Belleau Wood in 1918. The book is accompanied by 100 photographs depicting the savage fighting encountered by the American forces in the hellish terrain located just outside Paris. There the Marines, attached to the U.S. Army 2nd Infantry Division, were given the arduous assignment of halting the German advance toward the French capital. It would be their first combat in the war. The Germans were amazed at the excellent marksmanship ability of the "youngsters in the forest green uniforms." This shooting ability would play a pivotal role during the operation.

The taking of Belleau Wood cost the Marines dearly. Thousands would die and countless others would sustain serious wounds. The cost would be worth it; young Marine officers would learn valuable lessons that they would utilize during the next conflict. Future Corps commandants such as Lemuel Shepherd, Clifton Cates, and Thomas Holcomb would forever remember the firsthand experience they received at Belleau Wood and apply that experience ably when they faced the Japanese in World War II.

On Their Own: Women Journalists and the American Experience in Vietnam by Joyce Hoffman, Da Capo Press, Cambridge, MA, 2008, 448 pp., illustrations, index, $26.00, hardcover.

Vietnam was a war of many firsts. It was America's first truly integrated war, where African Americans fought alongside whites on a large scale. It introduced the nation to numerous terms and strategies, some good and some bad, that have became a part of the American psyche. The conflict also witnessed a large corps of female journalists accompanying soldiers into combat. Many of them played an instrumental part in reporting the war and then wrote books recounting their experiences while serving in Southeast Asia.

Perhaps the best-known of the women journalists in Vietnam was the legendary Dickie Chapelle. She became a favorite of the Marines and traveled with them on some of their combat operations. Sadly, Ms. Chapelle was killed when she stepped on a land mine in 1965. She remains the only female correspondent killed in action during an American conflict.

The author has done a superb job of telling the tale of a large group of relatively unknown women who braved the gender barrier and ventured into a war zone to cover the fighting.

Duffy's War: Fr. Francis Duffy, Wild Bill Donovan, and the Irish Fighting 69th in World War I by Stephen L. Harris, Potomac Books, Washington, D.C., 2008, 434 pp., illustrations, index, $19.95, softcover.

No other chaplain in World War I gained more notoriety than Father Francis Duffy, chaplain for the famed Irish-American regiment the "Fighting 69th," later redesignated the 165th Infantry. Duffy, a professor of psychology and ethics at St. Joseph's Seminary in New York, joined the regiment when it headed overseas. Aboard the troopship, he would have doughboys lined up "as long as the mess-line" to hear confessions, and would say Mass at an altar constructed from a long plank sitting atop two nail kegs.

Father Duffy's presence on the battlefield was

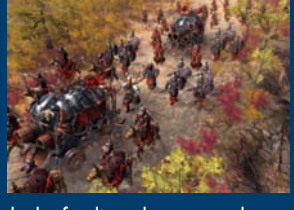
simulation gaming *By Eric T. Baker*

Russians vs. Crusaders vs. Mongols in 3-D

The Golden Horde from WordForge for the PC is a real-time strategy game set during the 13th century, right after the death the Genghis Khan. There are three campaigns: one for the Russians, one for the Crusaders, and one for the Mongols. In each case the player is pitted against the other powers in a series of battles and scenarios, some based on historical battles and events. Multiplayer is only supported over LAN; there is no Internet multiplayer support.

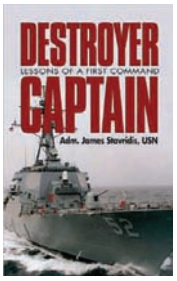
Besides its setting, what makes *GH* different from other RTS games is its RPG elements. Unlike other games, the player doesn't build a different sort of barracks to create each unit type. Instead he uses barracks to create men, who then have to be trained as soldiers and equipped with weapons that are made in forges (or looted off the battlefields). On the plus side, this makes troops in *GH* more versatile because they can be archers one turn and spearmen the next. On the minus side, it takes a long time to build a fighting force because so many elements have to be created and brought together.

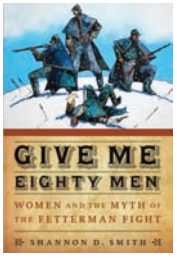
Overall, *GH* isn't as good a game as it should have been. The graphics are colorful and 3-D, but there are not as many terrain types and figure animations as expected from the current generation of games. The



lack of online play means that most players will only ever fight the AI. The controls are standard, but limited. There are RPG elements, but no compelling characters or story to help carry the player through the campaigns. *GH* is a fair game that has the virtue of being set in a time period that has not been

nothing short of inspirational. He consoled the wounded and knelt over the bodies of the dead to give them their final rites. For his heroism, Dufy would be presented with the Distinguished Service Cross, the nation's second highest military award. The book is a remarkable tribute to the memory of Duffy and the unit's equally legendary commander, William "Wild Bill" Donovan." Harris has tracked down old diaries, gleaned period newspapers, and found letters from those who served in the regiment to tell the Fighting 69th's illustrious history.





Destroyer Captain: Lessons of a First Command by Admiral James Stavridis, USN, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2008, 202 pp., photos, $22.95, hardcover.

It takes a special individual to successfully command a warship in the U.S. Navy. Running the vessel in the most efficient manner and keeping her in top condition in the event of war are constantly on the mind of the captain. Equally important is gaining the respect of the men who serve under the commanding officer. Without that respect, morale will disintegrate and the efficiency of the ship will ultimately suffer.

Admiral James Stavridis, current head on the U.S. Naval Southern Command, has written an intriguing book dealing with his tenure as commanding officer of the USS *Barry*, at that time a brand new Arleigh Burke-class guided missile destroyer. From 1993 to 1995, Stavridis and his 340-man crew logged more than 150,000 nautical miles and participated in United Nations operations off Haiti in the fall of 1993, the embargo in the Balkans in the summer of 1994, and combat duty in the Persian Gulf.

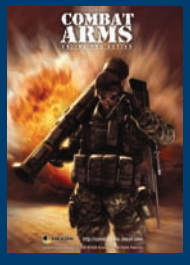
Due to naval downsizing in the 1990s, surface vessels such as the *Barry* saw more and more sea duty as the number of ships being constructed by the Navy declined. During his 27 months at the ship's helm, Stavridis estimates that he and his men were away from their home port an incredible 75 percent of the time.

Stavridis's book is an insightful read for those who enjoy tales of the sea and want to get a close look at what it was like for a young officer sailing the seas in the turbulent days of the late 20th century.

Give Me Eighty Men: Women and the Myth of the Fetterman Fight by Shannon D. Smith,

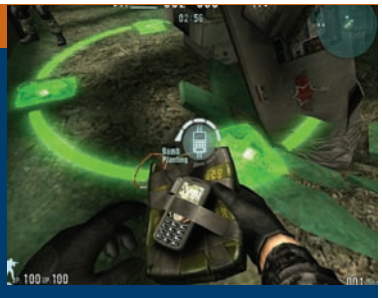
done to death.

Combat Arms for the PC from Nexon is a first-person shooting online multiplayer death match game in the style of *Counter-Strike*. What makes it different from *C-S, PlanetSide, Team Fortress,* or any of the other purely multiplayer online shooting games on the market is that *CA* is completely free. It isn't an add-on to some other game that has to be purchased and players don't even need a credit card to download the client. Just go to the website, create an account, download the client, and jump in the game.



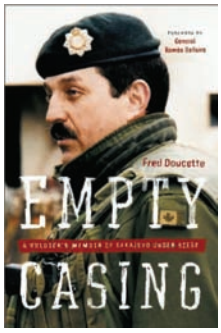
As for the game itself, there are a variety of modern small arms from assault rifles and machine guns to grenades and knives. All of the weapons are based on real-world munitions and most of them can be customized with things like silencers, scopes, and extended magazines that are purchased for in-game money. These upgrades can be transferred within a class of weapons, but not universally: a silencer bought for one assault rifle will work on another, but not on a pistol. The matches are for up to 16 people and player rankings are kept.

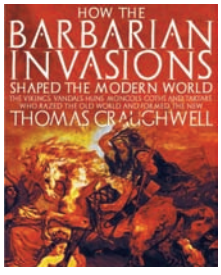
Nexon is promising monthly updates to *CA* in the form of new maps and weapons. On the way is a store that will let players buy cosmetic items for their characters and clans with real-world money. Nexon's pledge is that anything with a combat effect will only be available for in-game money, so it is the players with the most skill and time logged who will have the best gear. *CA* is not as polished as some of its competitors, and hopefully Nexon will implement medkits or a healing class in one of its updates, but for the price, CA is a perfectly playable game.



University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, NE, 2008, 237 pp., photos, illustrations, index, $39.95, hardcover.

Myths have a way of becoming reality. Such is the case in the Fetterman Massacre in December 1866, when U.S. Army Captain William J. Fetterman rode into a "perfectly executed" ambush by Ogala Sioux not far from Fort Phil Kearney in present-day Wyoming. The Indians, upset because white settlers were traveling through their lands after the discovery of gold in Montana, attacked wagons, working parties and trappers in retribution.





Colonel Henry B. Carrington, a political appointee with no prior combat experience, was in command at the fort. Fetterman, by contrast, was a seasoned veteran of the Civil War. The men disagreed and did not get along. Fetterman, described as arrogant in nature, allegedly told Carrington: "Give me eighty men and I could ride through the entire Sioux nation."

When a wood train was attacked, Carrington quickly dispatched Fetterman. Instead, he was ambushed and his entire command was wiped out. In the ensuing investigation, Carrington's wife and ex-wife came to his defense, saying it was Fetterman's arrogance that caused the massacre. He disobeyed direct orders from Carrington not to cross Lodge Trail Ridge, which would dangerously expose his men to attack, they charged. Due to the convincing testimony of the two ladies, Carrington was eventually exonerated of all blame in the tragic incident.

Smith's research has led her to a different conclusion in the case. She discovered that Fetterman, a bachelor with no family, actually respected the Sioux and their superb fighting abilities. She claims the women "carefully manipulated the public perception of this event and left a permanent and inaccurate imprint on the historical record." Had Fetterman had a wife or mother to step forward to defend his honor, Smith says his name might have been cleared. Instead, he has become linked to another officer who was killed and his entire command obliterated—George Armstrong Custer—but whose spouse, Libby, carefully protected his image for years after his death.

Empty Casing: A Soldier's Memoir of Sarajevo Under Siege by Fred Doucette, Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, Canada, 2008, 228 pp., photos, index, $34.95, hardcover.

Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) can strike even the most hardened soldier. After three decades of honorable service in the Canadian Army, Fred Doucette retired. Although now a civilian, the horrific events he witnessed in Bosnia would haunt him forever.

PTSD is not new to war veterans. It has been called soldier's sickness, shell shock, and battle fatigue. It can be triggered by the most innocent of things. In Doucette's case, he was sipping a cup of coffee in a mall when he observed a small boy looking for his mother. The vulnerable expression on the child's face mentally transported Doucette back to Bosnia, where he had served in the mid-1990s as a member of a Canadian peacekeeping force. It reminded him of the countless refugee children left homeless by the bloody conflict. The needless genocidal killings and mass graves left an indelible mark on Doucette's psyche. His book is a plea for returning soldiers not to be "discarded like an empty casing and left on the battlefield to disappear into dust."

How the Barbarian Invasions Shaped the Modern World: The Vikings, Vandals, Huns, Mongols, Goths, and Tartars Who Razed the Old World and Formed the New by Thomas J. Craughwell, Fair Winds, Beverly, MA, 2008, 320 pp., photos, index, $19.99, softcover.

It is unfathomable how someone like Attila the Hun, an untamed, barbarous individual, could possibly be responsible for positively altering the history of the world. But that is exactly what author Thomas J. Craughwell maintains. Out of the burning rubble of countless villages and cities ravaged by Attila emerged modern Europe. One event logically followed the other, even if Attila certainly had no intention of bettering the lives of his victims.

Genghis Khan, another example cited by Craughwell, captured European engineers, builders, scientists, artists, and other craftsmen and had them teach their skills to the Mongols. He also wisely opened the Silk Road and traded with Asia Minor, North Africa, and Europe. Khan was no ordinary barbarian who looted and plundered for the fun of it. His far-reaching ideas included nation building and he sorely desired his people to be educated. Craughwell writes convincingly about the barbarians' exploits and "how they set off a string of events that resulted in the world we know today." □

queenston heights

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of Fort Erie across from Buffalo. The British refused his demand and were able to take advantage of the delay to recover the captured batteries and repair the Chippewa bridge.

Smyth put off the main invasion several times and, beset as Van Rensselaer had been by widespread sickness in camp and by the continuing reluctance of the militia to fight on Canadian soil, abandoned the plan altogether. Smyth left the army, returned to his native Virginia, and was elected a congressman. Despite his failure at Niagara, Van Rensselaer's popularity remained high. He was nominated to run against Tompkins for New York governor, a campaign he lost before going on to serve in the U.S. House of Representatives.

The Niagara fiasco had shown that a large part of the American population was not in sympathy with the war—at least not with annexing Canada. Niagara also showed that the United States needed a more professional regular army, properly commanded and disciplined, to contest with the British and regular officers. Militia were not to be depended upon in combat, and inexperienced, politically appointed generals were simply not up to the task.

The war itself ground on for two more years. Harrison defeated a combined force of British and Indians in the west, and American troops burned York (the current Toronto) but were unable to take Montreal. America won naval victories in the Atlantic, on Lake Champlain, and on the Great Lakes, and the British attacked and burned Washington, D.C., in retaliation for the attack on York. Treaty negotiations began in 1813 and were settled with the Treaty of Ghent, signed in Belgium on December 24, 1814. General Andrew Jackson, unaware of the treaty, defeated a British force at New Orleans on January 8. The United States Senate ratified the treaty five weeks later.

The treaty did not secure America's rights on the high seas—a particular bone in its craw—but the end of the Napoleonic wars assured that the British would no longer need to impress American seamen. Indian opposition to American expansion in the Northwest was ended. The nation emerged with a new sense of itself and, equally important, with an army that was more professional, better trained, and better led. It was the army the nation would take into Mexico 30 years later and the army that would provide the backbone for Union hopes in the Civil War 20 years after that. In a way, the United States—however painfully—had come of age on the slopes of Queenston Heights. □

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