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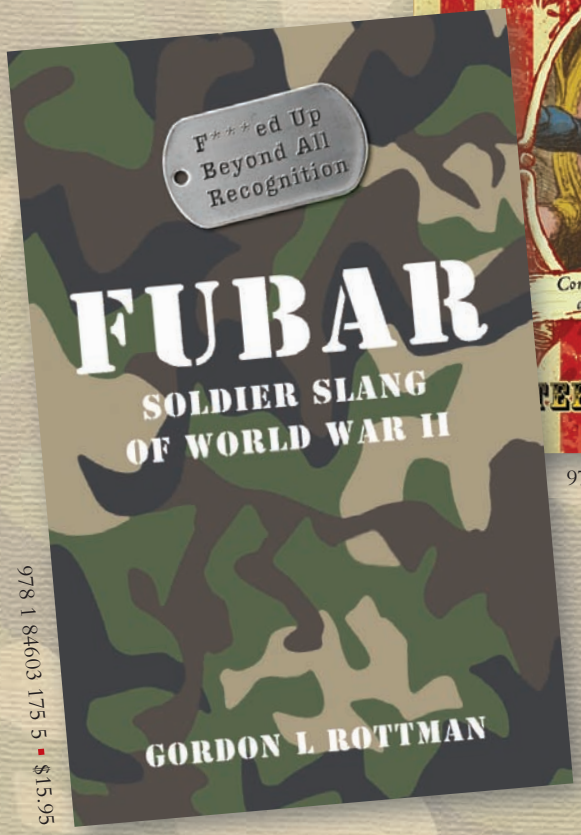

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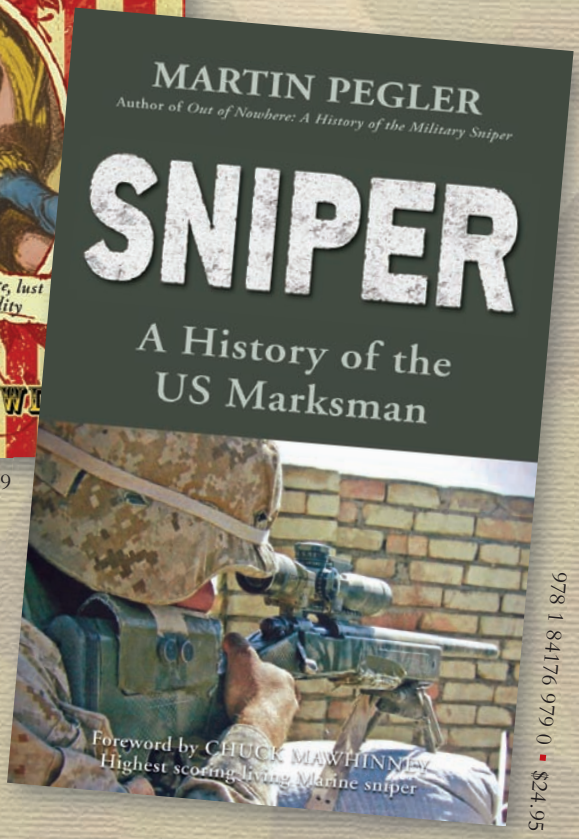

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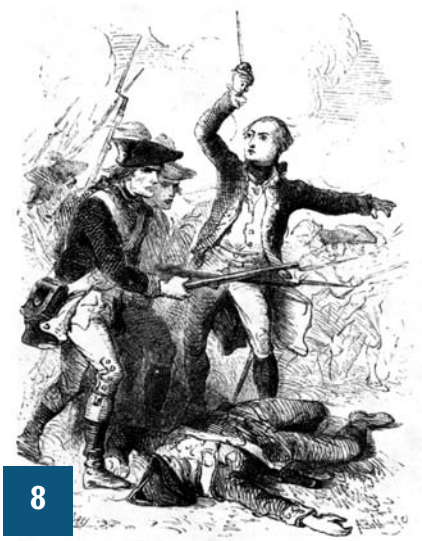

COVER: The First Crusade culminated in taking Jerusalem in 1099. In 1187, the Third Crusade was formed to retake Jerusalem from Saladin. Here Richard I is engaged in a fierce fight with Saladin in a painting by Philip Loutherbourg. ©New Walk Museum, Leicester City Museum Service, UK / Bridgeman Art Library.

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editorial

Unchastened by his defeat at Second Manassas, John Pope lit into the rebellious Santee Sioux, creating more problems for Abraham Lincoln.

JOHN POPE'S SECOND CAMPAIGN AS AN ARMY COMMANDER went considerably better than his first. Not that it did his reputation—or Abraham Lincoln's, for that matter—any particular good. Following his disastrous performance at Second Manassas, the Federal government shipped Pope about as far away as it was possible to ship a serving general—Minnesota. In that sparsely settled state, Union-loving men had flocked to the cause, creating a drain on available manpower that would have unexpected and tragic consequences for the families and friends they left behind.

Disgruntled by years of neglect by the government, particularly their underhanded treatment by Indian post traders, the Santee Sioux seized the opportunity left by the volunteers' departure to stage a brief but furious rebellion in the summer of 1862. Near starvation after traders refused them food because the Civil War-preoccupied Congress had delayed its annual appropriation of annuities, the Sioux rose spontaneously after trader Andrew J. Myrick turned them away with a dismissive shrug: "If they are hungry, let them eat grass."

At almost exactly the same time that Pope was leading the Union Army of Virginia to defeat at Manassas, the Sioux launched their rebellion by murdering five white settlers (including two women) at Acton, Minnesota. Tribal leaders urged Chief Little Crow to lead a war against the whites. At first, Little Crow demurred. "The white men are like locust," he warned. "They fly so thick that the whole sky is a snowstorm. You may kill one, two, ten, yes, as many as the leaves in the forest yonder, and their brothers will not miss them. Kill one, two, ten, and ten times ten will come to kill you."

Reluctantly, Little Crow agreed to lead the Sioux into battle. On the morning of August 18, the Indians attacked the Lower Sioux Agency and killed 13 whites, including trader Myrick, whose corpse was found with blood-stained grass stuffed into its mouth. The Sioux burned and looted the agency.

As Indian raids continued in the surrounding countryside, white refugees dashed for the safety of Fort Ridgely. Meanwhile, Governor Andrew Ramsey urgently requested reinforcements from Washington. "This is not our war; it is a national war," he telegraphed Lincoln. "More than 500 whites have been murdered by Indians." The Sioux continued their rampage through 20 Minnesota counties, killing some 800 settlers and carrying off untold numbers of women and children. There were widespread reports of torture, mutilation and rape.

Lincoln responded by naming Pope the commander of a newly created Military Department of the Northwest, with orders to end the bloodshed in Minnesota. Pope, in turn, directed Colonel Henry H. Sibley to put down the rebellion. "It is my purpose utterly to exterminate the Sioux if I have the power to do so," said Pope, less than chastened after his recent thrashing by Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. "They are to be treated as maniacs or wild beasts." With the help of the newly arrived 3rd Minnesota Regiment, which had been captured and paroled by the Confederates at Murfreesboro, Sibley attacked the Sioux at Wood Lake. After two hours of fierce fighting, the Indians dispersed westward into the open prairies.

A government commission was empaneled to try the ring leaders of the uprising, and 303 Sioux were condemned to death, often on flimsy or nonexistent evidence. Public outcry forced Lincoln to intercede and pare down the list to 38. The largest mass hanging in American history took place on the day after Christmas, 1862. Lincoln actually lost public support in Minnesota after the executions. When Ramsey complained that Lincoln would have preserved his popularity by hanging more Indians, the president responded dryly: "I could not afford to hang men for votes."

Roy Morris Jr.

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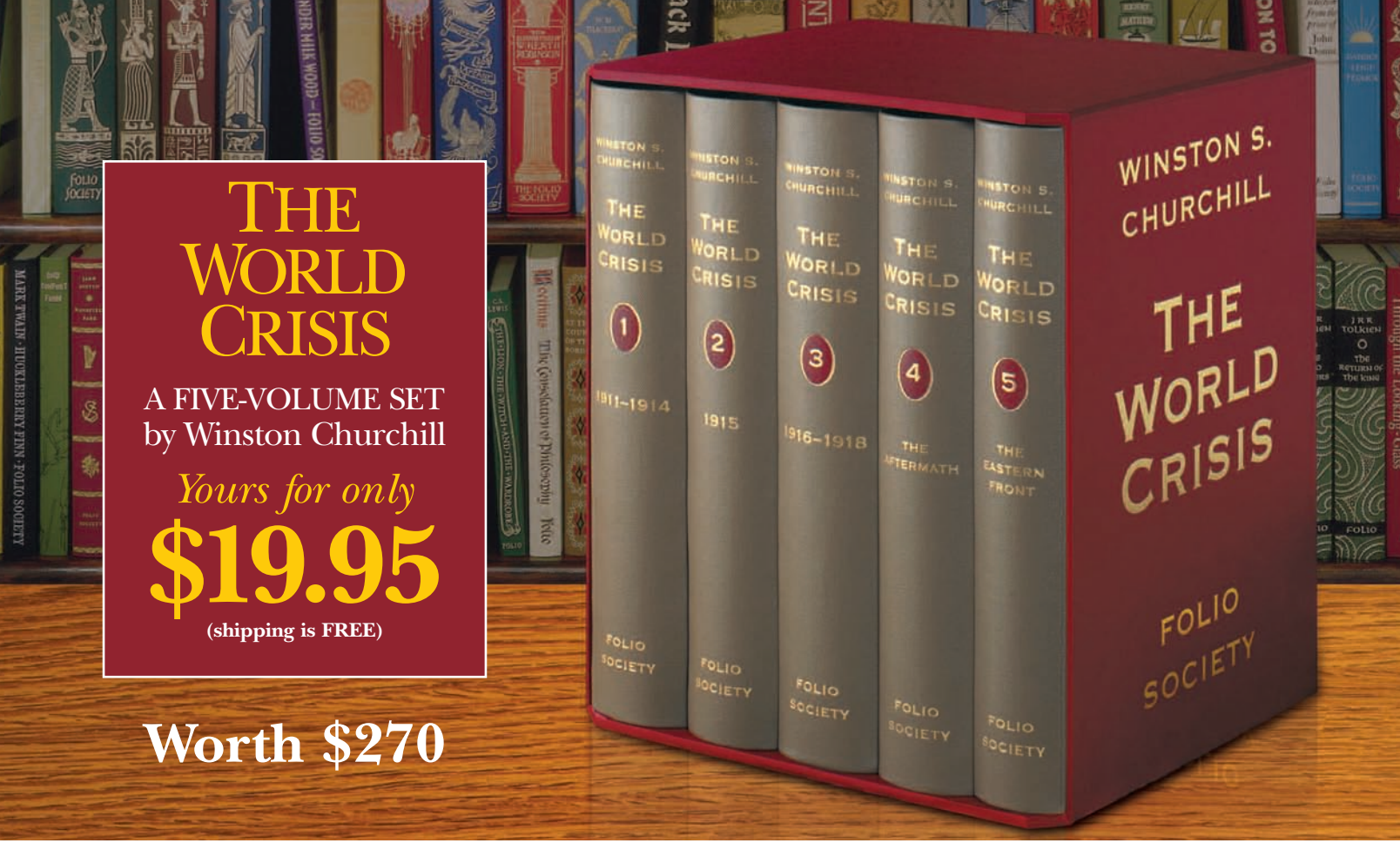

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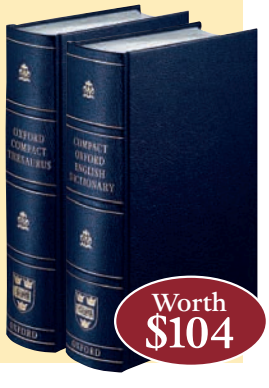

By William B. Allmon

New York City-born William Alexander served the patriot cause during the Revolution as the "Rebel Earl," Lord Stirling.

FALL THE GENERALS WHO FOUGHT ON THE PATRIOT SIDE DURING the American Revolution, none was more renowned than New York City native William Alexander, better known to his contemporaries as "Lord Stirling." Called a "great addition to the [Continental] army" by one contemporary, Stirling became one of George Washington's ablest lieutenants. He never hesitated when it came time to choose between America and the British Empire—he was a rebel from the beginning.

Although he was not born an earl, Stirling's origins were far from commonplace. His father, James Alexander, had supported the Jacobite rebellion of 1715 against King George I of England. After the rebellion collapsed in 1716, James Alexander fled to New York, where he became a lawyer and married a successful merchant named Mary Sprat. Their son William was born into respectable circumstances and a high social position on Christmas Day, 1726.

Doted on by his rich and successful parents, William received an excellent education in mathematics, surveying, astronomy, and general science. He fell into an easy working relationship in his mother's retail business. Allowed a free rein by his parents in business, law, and society, William built his own fortune in trading and shipping, becoming a major in the New York militia in 1754. He married Sarah Livingston, the daughter of prominent colonial merchant Philip Livingston, and became increasingly involved in public affairs.

When the Seven Years' War broke out between France and Great Britain, Royal Governor William Shirley of Massachusetts appointed Alexander his military secretary. Taking up his duties in 1755, Alexander assisted Shirley in planning and supplying a military expedition against French forts in western New York. After the campaign failed, Shirley was summoned back to London in July 1756 to account for his actions. Alexander loyally accompanied him to England and testified in Shirley's behalf before the House of Commons. Despite his efforts, Shirley was removed from his post as governor of Massachusetts.

Brooklyn Historical Society

Colonial troops under Lord Stirling retreat across Gowanus Creek after holding off the British long enough for Washington's army to regroup along Brooklyn Heights.

INSET: William Alexander, Lord Stirling.

Independence National Historical Park

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While living in England, Alexander reveled in the friendship of aristocrats such as the Duke of Argyle, William Pitt, George Greenville, the Earl of Bute, Henry Clinton, and Lord Shelburne. His embrace of high society was exemplified by his pursuit of the lapsed Scottish earldom of Stirling in 1757. In 1621, Charles I had awarded title to 10 million acres of North American land to the first Earl of Stirling, who was also named William Alexander. Henry Alexander, the fifth Earl of Stirling, had died without an heir. If Alexander could successfully become the sixth earl, he could lay claim to vast tracts of land. For three years, Alexander doggedly pursued proof of his claim to the title, but no link was found between his own ancestors and the fifth Earl of Stirling.

Eventually, Alexander's solicitor, Andrew Stuart, located two old men who recalled local gossip that Alexander was related to John Alexander, the uncle of the first Earl of Stirling. Stuart presented the case before a jury in Edinburgh, Scotland, in March 1759. After listening to the evidence, the jury declared Alexander "the nearest male heir to the last Earl of Stirling" and recognized his claim to the earldom, "with all its estates and honors."

Despite the ruling, Alexander was still not a peer—he would have to petition the House of Lords for acceptance of his title. "What must I petition for?" Alexander wrote to Stuart in late 1759. "The foundation of all the precedents and petitions is removed in my case and I have no competition. It is hard to petition when I have nothing to ask for." But with millions of acres in America at stake, he had no choice. On May 2, 1760, Alexander had the Earl of Holderness present his claim to the House of Lords, which referred the petition to the Lord's Committee of Privileges. In the end, the petition languished for nearly two years before the committee ruled against Alexander, saying he ought to be "considered as having no right to the said title."

Before the judgment was handed down, Alexander sailed for New York after five years in England. Undeterred by the snub from the peers, Alexander continued to insist that he was the sixth Earl of Stirling, and was addressed as "Lord Stirling" by his friends and family. Now a man of wealth and social prominence, he built a mansion near Basking Ridge, New Jersey, and settled into the life of a country squire. He remained a highly respected citizen, serving on the councils in New York and New Jersey, supporting organizations such as King's College in Columbia, New York, and promoting colonial farming, manufacturing, and mining. The rising tensions between Great Britain and its American colonies made little impression on Stirling.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Stirling joins the rear guard of 250 Marylanders confronting 10,000 British and Hessian troops on Long Island. Stirling was captured and later exchanged.

With his apparently pro-British activities, many colonists believed that he would side with London on the question of colonial independence.

Instead, when the American Revolution began in April 1775, Stirling declared himself openly to be a "friend of the liberties of mankind" and joined the American cause. His overriding reason for supporting the patriots, he wrote to New Jersey's loyalist governor, William Franklin, the son of Benjamin Franklin, was King George III's rejection of the colonists "most humble, dutiful and respectful petitions to the throne." For the rest of the Revolution, Stirling's support never wavered.

On November 7, 1775, Stirling was commissioned a colonel in the Continental Army and took command of the 1st New Jersey Regiment, which drilled throughout the fall and winter of 1775-1776 at Elizabethtown while the main American army besieged British forces in Boston. On January 3, Stirling and 120 civilian volunteers captured the British transport *Blue Mountain Valley,* along with her crew, her cargo of 107 tons of coal, 100 butts of porter, 15 tons of potatoes, 112 bushels of beans, 110 casks of sauerkraut, and eight hogs. The Continental Congress commended Stirling for his "alertness, activity and good conduct."

In early February 1776, Maj. Gen. Charles Lee, commanding Continental forces in New York City, ordered Stirling to report with his 500-man regiment. Moving quickly, Stirling and the 1st New Jersey arrived on February 6, and Lee set them to work fortifying the city. On March 1, Stirling was promoted to brigadier general on the recommendation of his friend, Congressman James Dunne. Delighted by the honor, Stirling assured Congress that he would do everything within his power to "merit the approbation of his countrymen."

Stirling took command of American troops in New York on March 7, when Lee left for Charleston, South Carolina. "His lordship is active and distinct," Lee wrote to Washington. "He will acquit himself well." Stirling built forts along the Hudson River and Brooklyn Heights on Long Island. Confident that his defenses could withstand a British attack, Stirling wrote to Washington, "I could wish General Howe would come here in preference to any other spot in America. Then I would have the honor of serving under your immediate command." Stirling's wish came true on April 13, 1776, when Washington assumed command of the 28,500 Continental soldiers defending New York. He gave Stirling command of the Army's 4th Brigade, made up of regiments from Maryland and Delaware.

The danger facing Washington's army became clear on July 2, when 32,000 British and Hessian troops commanded by General Sir William Howe and supported by 500 ships and barges, landed on Staten Island. It was an armed force larger than the entire population of New York or Philadelphia. Howe immediately ferried 20,000 troops from Staten Island to Long Island to confront Washington's army deployed on three main roads leading inland.

On August 25, Stirling's brigade joined Maj. Gen. Israel Putnam's 8,000 troops on Long Island, covering the Gowanus Road on the right flank, with Maj. Gen. John Sullivan's brigade

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guarding the central Flatbush Road and Colonel Samuel Miles's brigade watching the Bedford Road to the left. Concerned about the unguarded Jamaica Road on the extreme left flank, Stirling paid five officers $50 each to warn of a British advance from that direction. Expecting Howe to advance up the three main roads, Putnam and Sullivan saw no need for concern.

Stirling was asleep in Putnam's headquarters at 3 AM on August 26 when he learned that the British were advancing on his position. Rejoining his brigade, Stirling soon had Colonel William Smallwood's Maryland Regiment and Colonel John Haslett's Delaware Regiment marching through the early-morning darkness. At 6 AM, a half mile from the Red Lion Tavern on Gowanus Road, Stirling joined Colonel Samuel Atlee's regiment, which was skirmishing with 5,000 British troops led by Maj. Gen. James Grant. For the next four hours, although outnumbered 4-to-1, Stirling repulsed Grant's regulars. Meanwhile, Howe moved up the Jamaica Road, outflanking the patriot position, falling on both Miles's and Sullivan's brigade and crushing the American center.

With 10,000 British and German troops closing in, Stirling ordered his men to retreat, while he and 250 Marylanders led by Major Mordecai Gist counterattacked. Stirling, said one observer, "fought like a wolf," leading charge after charge while the rest of his brigade escaped. Realizing the battle was hopeless, Stirling ordered his men to scatter, with British and Hessians in full pursuit. It would be useless to attempt his own escape, Stirling recalled, and he surrendered his sword to Hessian General Philip von Heister, joining Sullivan and 1,079 American prisoners. Despite his capture, Stirling had fought well in his first battle.

That night, Stirling and Sullivan were taken aboard Admiral Richard Howe's flagship, HMS *Eagle,* and treated with great courtesy in an effort to get them to take peace proposals to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. Stirling, unconvinced of the admiral's good intentions, refused. In the end, Sullivan alone took Howe's proposals to Congress while Stirling remained in British custody.

On September 6, the Americans offered to exchange British Brig. Gen. Donald McDonald for Stirling. William Howe instead offered to exchange "Brigadier General Alexander, commonly called Lord Stirling," for Governor Monfort Brown of Providence Island, who had been captured in an American naval raid on the West Indies. Washington agreed, and Stirling was exchanged on October 6.

Rejoining the army the next day, Stirling took command of a brigade formerly led by Brig. Gen. Thomas Mifflin, Washington's adjutant, and joined the retreat from New York, across New Jersey, and into Pennsylvania. By December 16, after serving as rear guard while the rest of the army crossed the Delaware River, Stirling's 505 soldiers crossed into Pennsylvania and rejoined Washington's army. On Christmas Eve, Washington and his officers met in Stirling's quarters to discuss a plan to attack the Hessian garrison at Trenton, New Jersey, the next night.

Lord Stirling urges on his men at the Battle of Germantown in October 1777.

Stirling moved his tiny brigade to McKonkey's Ferry on the Pennsylvania side of the river, where they crossed into New Jersey. By 4 AM, the crossing was complete and Washington's 2,500-man force marched through snow, sleet, and bitter cold toward Trenton. At 7:45 AM, one hour after daylight, Stirling's brigade formed eagerly and advanced into Trenton, driving the Hessians before them. Forty-five minutes after the attack began, the Hessians surrendered. At the cost of only four wounded, the Americans captured 900 mercenary troops, killed 21, and wounded 90. Once again, Stirling had participated effectively and decisively. The victory was doubly satisfying to Stirling—many of the prisoners were the same Hessians who had captured him in August on Long Island.

After Trenton, Washington pulled his army back across the Delaware. Shortly afterward, Stirling was confined to bed with an attack of gout. He was recovering at his Basking Ridge estate when, on February 19, 1777, he was promoted to the rank of major general in the Continental Army. Thanking Congress for his promotion, Stirling promised, "I shall not omit any occasion of showing myself worthy of the confidence they repose in me."

That spring, Stirling joined four other divisional commanders—Sullivan, Nathaniel Greene, Adam Stephen, and Benjamin Lincoln—to oppose Howe's next move. On August 21, word came that 16,000 British troops were advancing on Philadelphia. Washington quickly marched back into the state, and the two armies collided at Brandywine Creek, south of Philadelphia. Stirling's division was placed in support on the right flank. That afternoon, Washington ordered his division to help stop the British advance. Moving without delay, Stirling took up position on the high ground south of Birmingham Meeting House and threw up breastworks.

British General Lord Charles Cornwallis attacked before Stirling's preparations were complete, and Stirling's 3,000-man division took the full brunt of the British attack. His division checked Cornwallis's advance for an hour and 40 minutes, with Stirling "acting his familiar role of stubborn and slowly yielding defense." As Stirling's line buckled, Washington appeared with Greene's division and covered the retreat. By holding his position, one observer wrote, Stirling "had proved once more his ability and courage as a battle leader."

Marching and countermarching across Pennsylvania, the patriots looked for a chance to strike back. Their opportunity came at dawn on October 4, 1777, when Washington's 11,000 men attacked Howe's 9,000 troops at Germantown. While Sullivan's and Greene's divisions attacked in a thick fog, Stirling's division remained in reserve. Eventually, Washington ordered Stirling to support Sullivan's advance. Moving forward, his division was delayed for half an hour by intense fire from British troops sheltering in the stone Chew House before Washington advised him to bypass it.

British reinforcements soon routed Sullivan and Greene. Deploying Colonel William Maxwell's brigade as a rear guard, Stirling once more covered a patriot retreat to Pennypacker's Mill. After Germantown, Stirling reported proudly, the British knew that "we can drive them before us for several miles altogether, and that we know how to retire in good order & defy them to follow us."

In late October 1777, suffering another attack of gout, Stirling took sick leave in Reading, Penn-

sylvania. While there, he uncovered a plot by Brig. Gen. Thomas Conway to replace Washington as commander of the Continental Army with General Horatio Gates. Viewing Washington as "indispensable to the cause of independence," Stirling reported the plot to his commanding general. "Such wicked duplicity of conduct I shall always think it my duty to detect," he told Washington. The plot was foiled. Stirling rejoined Washington's army at Valley Forge in late November and endured with his division the short supplies and demoralization throughout the harsh winter of 1777-1778.

On June 18, 1778, news reached Valley Forge that a British army led by Maj. Gen. Sir Henry Clinton had left Philadelphia for New York. Washington immediately set off in pursuit, marching his 12,000-man army into New Jersey with Stirling leading the fifth division. On June 27, Washington ordered Charles Lee, recently returned after 15 months in a British prison, to attack Clinton's rear guard at Monmouth Court House. Lee's attack failed, and Washington ordered Stirling to place his division on the American left. As his men moved up, they were attacked by the British 42nd (Black Watch) Regiment. Stirling held his ground for two hours, riding along the lines encouraging his men and

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Stirling made a stand around the Old Courtelyou House. He "fought like a wolf," the British said.

preventing the British infantry from striking the rest of the American line. Washington's aide, Alexander Hamilton, praised Stirling for rendering "very essential service in that battle." Clinton withdrew to New York that night, leaving Washington's army in possession of the field.

Sporadic fighting continued in New Jersey for the rest of 1778 and into 1779. Early in 1780, Stirling led an unsuccessful raid on Staten Island and later assisted Greene's attack on Springfield, New Jersey. Just before the Virginia campaign, Washington put Stirling in command of the Northern Department, with his headquarters in Albany. Stirling was at Saratoga in October 1781 when he received the glorious news of Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown. He celebrated the news by firing 14 cannons, one for each of the 13 colonies and "our friends in Vermont," which was still unincorporated.

Stirling remained in active command through 1783, but his attacks of gout got worse. On November 22, after a particularly severe attack, he wrote Washington, "Thank God I am recovering, tho' it is but slowly." On January 9, 1783, Stirling fell into a stupor. Two weeks later he died at the age of 57. He was buried with full military honors in the Dutch Cemetery at Albany. At the news of Stirling's death, Washington ordered the army into mourning for 30 days. "The remarkable bravery, intelligence and promptitude of his lordship in performing his duty as an officer have endeared him to the whole army," Washington wrote to Congress, "and make his loss more sincerely regretted." It was high praise, indeed, from the typically reticent commander. □

By Christopher Miskimon

After yeoman's service in World War II, the venerable Sherman tank saw several more decades of service in the Israeli Army.

The State of Israel

Israeli soldiers operate Super Sherman tanks during winter maneuvers in the Negev Desert, January 3, 1967. The tanks would soon prove their worth in combat.

FROM ITS INCEPTION, ZAHAL, THE ISRAELI ARMY, HAS BEEN FORCED to use ingenuity and improvisation to arm itself against its Arab enemies. In the first years of its life, the tiny nation of Israel, surrounded by enemies pledged to its destruction, found modern weapons few and hard to come by. Such armaments were desperately needed, and the Israelis became adept at filling the gaps in their inventory by acquiring whatever weapons they could from a variety of unusual sources. Once in hand, these weapons often had to be rebuilt or modified to remain effective. Many of them would have been considered obsolete on a European battlefield, but the Israelis made them work. They had no choice—defeat meant the annihilation of their state.

One of the best examples of Israeli ingenuity is their long use of the American-built M4 Sherman tank, that ubiquitous Allied workhorse of World War II. Often decried as inferior to its German opposites because of its relatively thin armor and less effective armament, the Sherman was nonetheless rugged, reliable, and capable of being modified and improved. It was this last quality that enabled the Israelis to use it so effectively.

At its birth, Israel's military possessed a limited number of armored vehicles, mostly scout cars and truck chassis hastily converted into armored cars with the addition of armor plating and a machine gun or two. Israel's initial tank force consisted entirely of old French Hotchkiss tanks, obsolete even in the beginning of World War II. Desperate for better tanks, the Israelis literally went to the scrap heap: junkyards in Palestine, Europe, and as far away as the Philippines together contained hundreds of tanks left over and abandoned during the recent global war. A British scrap yard in Palestine contained the salvageable hulks of one or two Shermans (sources differ). At least one more came from an Italian junkyard.

These tanks were smuggled back to Israel, at times disguised or mislabeled as "tractors," to become parts of the motley collection of weapons that could be used to preserve Israel's newfound existence. Since these tanks came from junkyards, they were generally unserviceable and required extensive work to get them into shape for combat. Some of the tanks had been "demilitarized" specifically to prevent anyone from reusing them. Often, this was done by drilling holes in the cannon tube or other mechanisms needed for the main weapon. Repairs were made, and the Shermans returned to action with the Israeli Army.

The polyglot nature of the Israeli Army meant troops often were grouped into units based on their native languages. One Sherman tank and two ex-British Cromwell tanks were grouped together in an "English Company," so named because its members all spoke English. This company was part of the 82nd Tank Battalion that helped capture Lydda Airport during the 1948 war. It also fought at Latrun, where some of its tanks were lost to an Arab Legion 6-pounder antitank gun. Fortunately for the Israelis, the Arab forces operating against them were not particularly well-mechanized for the most part.

After the United Nations cease-fire took hold in mid-1948, Israel used the breathing room to increase the size of its armored and mechanized forces. Although unable to purchase new vehicles, the Israelis had plenty of leftover World War II materiél to choose from, and this formed the backbone of Zahal's strength. Quickly, a force of some 300 half-tracks and 50 tanks was assembled. Most of the tanks were Shermans, still being gathered from scrap yards throughout Europe and elsewhere. The collection was a varied one, including M4A1 and M4A2 models with diesel engines. Their armament was a cross-section of guns the Shermans had carried into battle in Europe a few years before: 75mm and 76mm cannon and 105mm howitzers; a few of the tanks even sported World War I-era German-built 77mm field guns made by Krupp. These were installed to replace damaged guns or demilitarized weapons Zahal ordnance workers had been unable to restore to firing condition.

While the haphazard nature of the Zahal tank force meant a varied assortment of M4s was gathered, these followed the basic proportions of the Sherman tank. An M4A1 weighed in at 66,500 pounds. It was 19 feet, four inches long and eight feet, seven inches wide, and sat nine feet high. The crew of five included a commander, gunner, loader, driver, and assistant driver-hull machine gunner. The tank could achieve 24 mph on roads and 15-20 mph cross-country. Range varied from 100 to 150 miles, depending on engine type. The Shermans normally carried one coaxial and one hull-mounted .30-caliber belt-fed machine gun. While a .50-caliber M2 machine gun was usually fitted atop the turret, Zahal was at first short of these potent weapons and often fitted old German and Czech machine guns in their place. Later, when the French began to supply M2s, they were mounted in their original place. The Israelis gave the collective designation of M1 to its entire Sherman force.

During the 1948 war, Zahal had used its few tanks primarily in an infantry-support role, and initially that doctrinal role was retained. However, by the early 1950s this was changing. The original 82nd Tank Battalion had merged with the 9th Commando and 79th Mechanized Battalions to form the 7th Armored Brigade. Under the leadership of Uri-Ben Ari, a more offensive mind-set and tactics were practiced. In its 1952 and 1953 war games, Israeli infantry found themselves in mock retreat from attacking Shermans. This so impressed one observer of the maneuvers, Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, that he ordered more Shermans acquired at once.

By fortuitous coincidence, Israel found France a willing seller of surplus Shermans at this point. At the time, the French were fighting a guerrilla war in Algeria, and Egypt was giving the rebels support. In retaliation, France approved military assistance to Israel. Besides training Zahal officers at French military schools, the French also sold them 100 new AMX-13 light tanks and 60

TOP: An M4 Sherman medium tank in Israel's Yad la-Shiryon Museum combines a M4A4 hull and a M4A2 engine. LEFT: A Sherman M50 tank equipped with a Cummins diesel engine. RIGHT: M51 Sherman with a French-made 105mm gun, diesel engine, and wide track and suspension. The tank was used in the Six-Day and Yom Kippur Wars.

The State of Israel

Sherman tanks on display during Israel's 1957 Independence Day parade. Already the Israelis were experts at scavenging and combining parts.

surplus Shermans. With this fresh infusion of equipment, the Israelis were able to form two more armored brigades.

In 1956, Israel began to cooperate with France and Great Britain, which had plans to seize the Suez Canal after Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser nationalized it. Israel, for its part, was upset over Egyptian border raids. With renewed fighting impending, Israel asked France to supply 100 improved Shermans known as the M50. This tank mounted a long-barreled 75mm high-velocity cannon used in the AMX-13. To accommodate the new gun, an extension was built on the turret rear and a new gun mantlet was designed. Some models used a gasoline motor for propulsion, while others employed Cummins diesel engines. These improved tanks were referred to as "Super Shermans" and had a marked increase in firepower to offset the newer Soviet T34/85s the Arab nations were then starting to receive. Only a few of the Shermans were available in time for the 1956 war. Ironically, many of the Egyptian armored vehicles initially placed in the Sinai peninsula were also Shermans, including one company of M4/FL10s, a Sherman hull that mounted an AMX-13 turret. Equivalent to the Israeli M50s, they were also French-built, although by a different company.

During Operation Kadesh, as the Israelis labeled their part in the 1956 fighting, one battalion each of the 7th, 27th, and 37th Brigades were equipped with Shermans, including the few Super Shermans. The 7th fought at Abu Ageila and sent a detachment to aid Zahal paratroopers at Mitla Pass. Both the 7th and 37th Brigades fought at Um Katef, where the commonality of tanks on the two sides caused a tragic friendly-fire incident. On November 1, as Israeli units advanced against Egyptian positions from different directions, they mistook each other for the enemy. The 7th knocked out eight of the 37th's tanks before the situation was brought under control. (The Arab troops had quietly withdrawn before the Israeli arrival.) Overall, however, the Israelis fought well, skillfully using their old Shermans.

After the war Israel, now recognizing the utility and power of its armored formations, decided to increase the number of armored brigades from three to nine and organized these units into *ugdas,* division-sized groups that combined brigades for specific operations. As the nations opposing Israel began to shift into the Soviet bloc, Egypt and Syria in particular started receiving more advanced tanks, including T34/85s and T54s. This caused the Western nations to agree, in turn, to supply Israel, clandestinely in some cases but later openly. American M47 and M48 Pattons and British Centurions began to trickle into Zahal's inventory. Until enough were on hand, Israel had to make do with its force of now-outgunned Shermans and AMX-13s. Something was needed to plug the gaps.

That something was the M51, also called the Isherman. This was the ultimate evolution in Sherman battle tanks. Atelier de Bourges, the French company that developed the M50 Super Sherman, developed a 105mm cannon with lower recoil that the Sherman hull and a modified turret could withstand. These T23 turrets also had new mantlets and a rear turret extension. This potent modification made the tank heavier, and to compensate for the added weight, a new Cummins 460hp diesel engine, wider tracks and a new hydraulic system were also installed. Some 200 of Israel's Shermans were altered, breathing new life into the old design.

The tanks went into combat alongside Zahal's newer ones in 1967's Six-Day War. Israel, convinced that its neighbors were coordinating an all-out attack, decided to strike first, concentrating against Egypt before turning to Syria. Jordan also became involved. Shermans were used on all three fronts. A battalion of Ishermans took part in the attack on Abu Ageila, diverting the defenders' attention while a combined infantry-airborne assault took the position.

On the Jordanian front, the Sherman-equipped units had a harder time against Jordan's M47 and M48 Pattons. In one engagement, the Jordanians claimed 17 Shermans, destroyed around Jenin and Ya'Abad. In another fight, the Shermans came out on top, however. As a column of Jordanian M48s was retreating, it ran into a patrol of Israeli Shermans. A sharp fight broke out at point-blank range, and the Jordanians left behind 15 tanks on the field. Against the Syrians, Israeli tank losses were heavy because of the intense fighting. Ironically, the Syrian Army was equipped with refurbished World War II-era Panzer IV and Sturmgeschutz IV assault guns purchased from France—the same tanks the Shermans had faced two decades earlier.

Although the Shermans had done their part in the Israeli victory of 1967, after the war more modern tanks began entering the service, and the old workhorses were showing their age. The M51 models were kept, but many of the M50s were retired, a few being sold and others having their chassis converted into different types of vehicles. A few remained operational, and during the 1973 Yom Kippur War, Sherman tanks still served, although they had been largely supplanted by newer designs.

The Shermans' service was not yet over, however. The chassis of the venerable workhorses were used to create new vehicles and fill other roles in the Israeli arsenal. The first was the Model 50 self-propelled howitzer. Zahal had a large number of French-built Mle50 155mm howitzers on hand; these were mated to a Sher-

man chassis. The engine was moved to the front of the hull and the gun mounted in an open-topped compartment in the rear. Batteries of the guns served in both the 1967 and 1973 wars before passing into reserve use. The Mle50 howitzer had a range of 11 miles. An interesting variant of the vehicle was a fully tracked ambulance for evacuating wounded soldiers under fire. The Israelis have always been protective of casualties, and make every effort to evacuate wounded troops. The ambulance could carry four wounded soldiers and a medic in a fully enclosed rear compartment. When evacuating under fire, the vehicle had the advantage of being able to park its front end toward the incoming fire. This placed its thickest armor and entire engine compartment between the enemy and the evacuees, as long as the incoming fire was not of sufficient caliber to disable the engine with penetrating fire.

A second self-propelled gun also was built. The L33 conversion of the Sherman chassis mounted a Soltam M68 155mm howitzer in a large, fully enclosed armored superstructure, giving the crew protection from overhead shell bursts and fragments. The Soltam cannon had a range of 14½ miles. They first entered service in the Yom Kippur War and also served in the 1982 war in Lebanon.

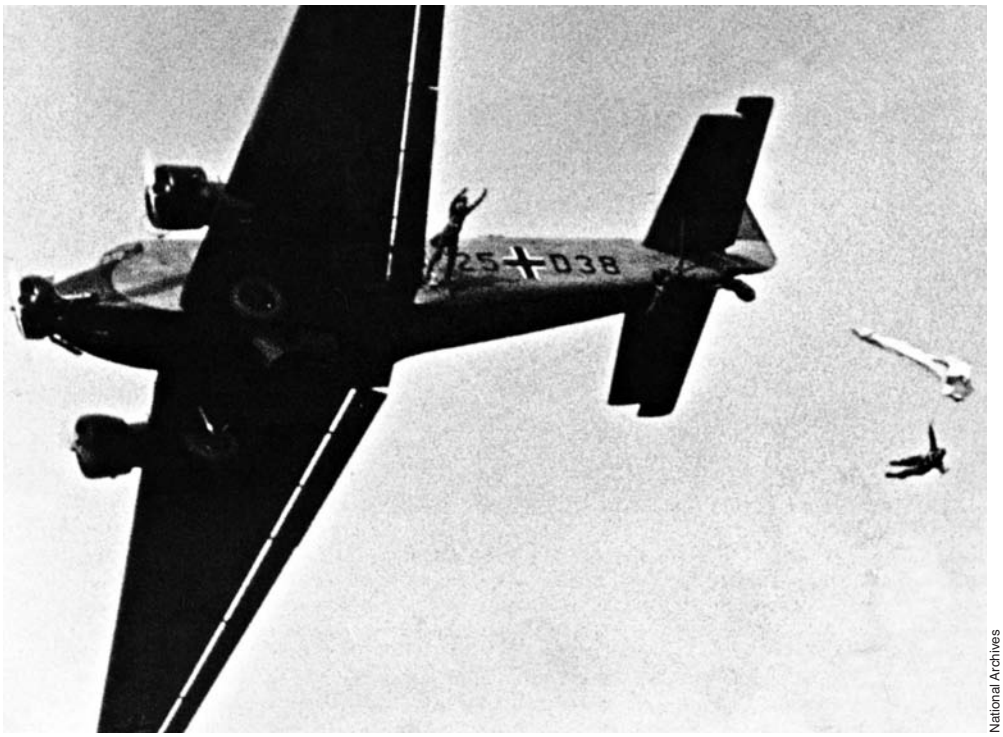
Another ingenious conversion was the Makmat 160mm mortar carrier. This vehicle has an open-topped compartment forward (the engine is retained in the rear) that holds a Soltam 160mm mortar. The high-angle fire of a mortar requires an open top. The front and side panels of the compartment can be folded down to provide easier access and more room for the crew, although at the sacrifice of some protection. The mortar carrier entered service in 1968. Two further Sherman variants included a multiple rocket launcher carrying four 290mm rockets and an observation vehicle with an extendable platform in place of the turret. The platform could be raised up to 90 feet and was used along the Suez Canal as a mobile observation post.

The Sherman in its various configurations filled gaps in the Zahal order of battle over the course of several decades, until the Israelis gradually were able to purchase more modern tanks. With French assistance, these Shermans were kept viable with upgrades to their weapons, engines, and hydraulic systems. When their usefulness as tanks ended, the chassis found new life as artillery and mortar carriers and a variety of battlefield support vehicles. If necessity is the mother of invention, then the Israeli Shermans are a testament to both the need and the ingenuity of the Israeli Army. □

By Richard L. Baker

Dummy paratroopers did their part to help the Allies win World War II in the flak-filled skies over Europe.

USING PARACHUTES TO INSERT LARGE FORCES BEHIND ENEMY lines quickly fostered the idea of also using decoys to sow doubt and confusion. The earliest known operational use of decoy, or dummy, paratroopers occurred during the Nazis' successful assault on Fort Eben-Emael during the 1940 blitzkreig. General Kurt Student, chief of German airborne forces during the war, was the tactical commander of the operation. Colonel Rudolf Witzig was a first lieutenant and commander of the sapper detachment involved in the attack on Fort Eben-Emael. He recalled that "a final stroke of ingenuity, characteristic of our thorough preparation was the plan to drop by parachute several groups of uniformed dummies behind the Albert Canal to the west. As we had guessed, this caused considerable confusion to the Belgium command."



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German paratroopers make training jumps in 1938. During the blitzkrieg two years later, they would use dummies to augment their numbers.

General Major Gerhart Schact was a senior German officer whose early military career included the attack on Belgium. As a first lieutenant, he commanded an assault group at Fort Eben-Emael. The airfields at Cologne-Osthem and Cologne-Zweilerlof were the takeoff points for the assault. Schact recalled that the "transportation plans were given a supplementary mission of dropping parachute dummy figures at a distance of forty kilometers from the objectives shortly after the landing of the gliders, in the area of the Fifth Belgium Division. This deceptive operation was successful for during the decisive first hours it misdirected the attention of a large part of the Belgian army."

The operations in Holland and Belgium were not the last time the Germans used dummy parachutists. A later operation provides insight into Nazi planning during the war. In December 1944, Adolf Hitler ordered Student to form a battle group of parachutists for action in the planned Ardennes offensive, the Battle of the Bulge. Eventually, the operation would prove to be poorly planned, inadequately prepared, and badly equipped. Among the limited supplies provided were "several dozen straw filled dummies that would be dropped on dummy landing zones to confuse the enemy." The assault group included 300 dummy figures, loaded for drops north of Camp Elsenburg to confuse the Americans. Overall, the Germans' airborne operations during the offensive were a resounding failure, but the deception effort was the most successful feature of the entire plan.

The Germans had developed an obviously effective deception method that did not go unnoticed by the other side. The Allies had started developing a paratroop decoy of their own in the late 1930s. They would use their dummy paratroopers with resounding success late in the war. The deception plans for

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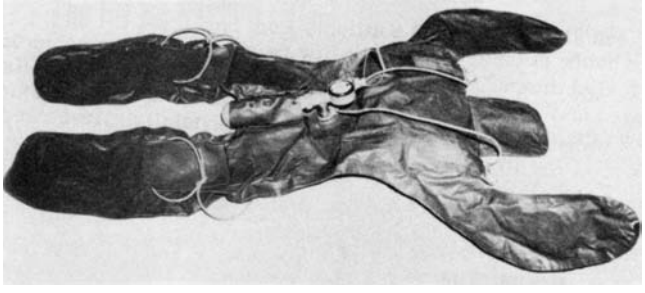

ABOVE: Dummy parachutist "Johnston" attends a dance at Fort Benning with a local lovely in October 1941. RIGHT TOP: The rubber paratrooper dummy could float—briefly. Note the primacord and inflation equipment. RIGHT BOTTOM: A rifle fire simulator (left) and machine gun fire simulator with an attached parachute pack. The Allies used these devices to augment the dummy paratroopers.

Operation Overlord, the Allied invasion of Europe, included four airborne diversions using paratroop dummies. Operations Titanic I, II, III, and IV were designed to confuse the German high command and influence the movement of their forces and reserves. Operation Titanic I simulated the dropping of one airborne division north of the River Seine. The action was intended to draw enemy reserves south of the Seine to the north. Two hundred dummies were dropped, along with noisemakers and Special Air Service (SAS) teams. The SAS teams conducted small assaults and cut communications, thus adding to the perception of a larger airborne assault.

Operation Titanic II deployed 50 dummy paratroopers and noisemakers. Its intent was to delay local reserves from moving westward toward the Allied landing beaches. Operation Titanic III used 50 dummies and accompanying noisemakers. It was designed to draw German counterattack troops to the southwest of Caen. It was to be accomplished in conjunction with the landing of the 6th Airborne Division. The final decoy drop was Operation Titanic IV; it was hoped that it would draw counterattack forces around St. Lo to the west. Another 200 dummies were used, supplemented with noisemakers. Again, two SAS teams were also dropped to create havoc and substantiate rumors of massive paratrooper landings.

The combination of decoys and commandos achieved many of the desired results. The dummies were described as being "in the shape of a man, but only about half size, because the dummy only had to be identified as a paratrooper in the air." George Freedman, an American manufacturer of rubberized clothing items working on a secret British contract, made 3,800 of the dummies in 1938. He and his brother Fred operated a small fabrication business in Ashland, Massachusetts. A British Trade Commission agent approached them in 1938, and they agreed to secretly produce "a small dummy paratrooper." The two brothers designed, tested, and produced a dummy they named "Rupert."

Freedman retained an interest in the project and later developed an inflatable version of the decoy. In 1942, he introduced his concept to an associate in the United States government. He called his experimental model "White Knight." Freedman was contracted in September 1943 to produce 5,000 rubberized, inflatable, dummy paratroopers for a secret U.S. Navy project. Completed in March 1944, his product was shipped off to England. White Knight evolved into what is now known as the Navy PD (Paratroop Decoy) Pack.

The August 1944 invasion of France saw the combat introduction of the Navy PD Pack. The complete unit included a rubber dummy, inflation equipment, and a demolition outfit. When thrown from the transport aircraft, the unit inflated and activated a delay fuse. Dropping at 15 to 20 feet per second from about 700 feet, the pack produced simulated automatic-rifle fire and then self-destructed some three minutes after hitting the ground.

The August 1944 employment of the Navy PD Pack was combined with the use of "Window," a tinfoil radar interference method, to support Seventh Army's amphibious landings. German commanders sent reserves to the drop zone, where considerable confusion prevailed. After-action reports summarized the effectiveness of the Allied deception effort.

The operation was prefaced by a successful airborne diversion designed to serve two purposes in the cover plan. First, it was to create the illusion of a southern airborne corridor; second, it was to simulate a false airborne drop zone by dropping rubber parachute dummies in several areas. The six aircraft used on the mission dropped Window en route to give the effect of a mass flight, and at 0205 on D-Day they dropped 600 dummies as planned on false drop zones north and west of Toulon. German radio reports indicated the complete success of the simple ruse. The rifle simulators and other battle noise effects used in the diversion functioned well and added to the overall realism of the feint. Afterward, Axis Sally, a German radio propagandist, referred to the decoys as the "product of a fiendish Anglo-Saxon mind."

Dummy paratroopers were also used as a deception tactic in the Pacific Theater. The planned assault against Hollandia, New Guinea, on April 22, 1944, included efforts to convince the Japanese command of an attack against another location in the area. Dummy parachutists were dropped in the area prior to the operation against Hollandia. Decoy drops were also included in operational plans for the invasion of the Philippines in October 1944. Further plans included using decoys during the 511th Parachute Infantry Regiment's landing in February 1945. The Navy PD Pack was also used in the operation.

The end of World War II did not bring about the retirement of the paratrooper dummy.

"Oscar," the code name for the American version, would live on in several incarnations, remaining in the American arsenal of deception techniques and devices well into the 1970s and beyond. The National Defense Research Committee (NDRC) coordinated the early American development of the paratrooper decoys. The Engineer Research and Development Laboratories (ERDL) was assigned the mission, and in May 1945 the ERDL approved three separate projects. The projects entailed the development of the paratrooper dummy, a rifle-machine gun simulator, and a mortar fire simulator.

Various deficiencies had been encountered with Rupert, the British cloth dummy, and the Navy PD Pack. ERDL's attempts to overcome these problems produced a series of trials and models of new paratrooper dummies. The first effort was to create a wind sock-type simulator. This model failed because complete destruction of the unit could not be achieved. This led, in turn, to the creation of a plastic-film figure that also exhibited problems with deployment and appearance. Next came Oscar, a composite cloth, plastic, and plaster figure.

ERDL first focused on the wind sock and plastic film versions, as it believed these models could decrease the cost of the Oscar unit. An inexpensive pasteboard container for storing and deploying the units was also planned. The dummy's fabrication and means of self-destruction were primary considerations in its development. The wind sock figure used the principle of inflation, as did the Navy PD Pack. It was designed to eliminate the PD Pack's rubber fabric and the required inflation equipment. Inflation was achieved by the passage of air through the figure while it descended. The four-foot high decoy came with a 12-foot diameter parachute. The first model had parachutes made from salvaged Army sheets. A series of tests was conducted and various modifications were made to try to achieve complete destruction and obtain realistic appearance in operation. The results proved unsatisfactory, as complete inflation could not be achieved. These poor results led to the abandonment of the wind sock principle and its replacement with the plastic film model.

The ERDL team developed several test models. The new Oscar had a solid head and feet appropriately weighted to hold the body in the proper position. The body was expanded by a series of plastic rings in the legs, trunk, and arms. It was composed of a lightweight camouflage suit with hands added to lengthen the arms. The decoy was found to have "a natural appearance in descent." The success of the

National Archives

ABOVE: Cloth, plastic, and plaster paratrooper dummies came in a variety of sizes. BELOW: American parachute dummies of the 504th Parachute Battalion at Fort Benning, Georgia, in 1942.

National Archives

design resulted in the construction of several plastic Oscars. A 0.04-inch thick vinyl sheet and a 1/8-inch cellulose nitrate sheet were used in fabricating the figures. The bodies were weighted by iron grits in the head, hands, chest, and feet.

A significant shortcoming was the inability to find a flammable material that would allow destruction of the dummy without the use of explosives. Two models of the plastic film figure were developed for testing: a three-foot figure and a four-foot figure. Several deficiencies were identified through testing. Vinyl proved to be an unsatisfactory material, susceptible to temperature variations. It became rigid at low temperatures, and at higher temperatures it stretched and was susceptible to damage in handling. Adding to these difficulties was the lack of parachutes able to handle the lighter-than-normal load. The need to have rigid heads and weighted feet, combined with the other difficulties, resulted in abandoning efforts to create a "light-weight completely collapsible figure."

The next stage of development produced a body made from cloth, plastic, steel, and plaster of Paris. Three sizes were developed to determine whether small-scale or full-sized models worked best. These included a three-foot, 35-pound decoy with a 12-foot parachute; a four-foot, 75-pound decoy with an 18-foot parachute; and a five-foot-10-inch, 125-pound model with a 28-foot parachute. All the models used the adaptation of flexible cellulose acetate rings in the trunk, legs, and arms to maintain fullness. Steel grit was carried in a chest pack to provide weight for stability and control. The plaster of Paris head and feet were molded hollow with burlap used as a reinforcement medium.

As testing continued, the body shape of the dummies improved until the likeness of an actual paratrooper emerged. Combined engineering tests occurred in March 1946 at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Comparisons of the three-foot, four-foot, and six-foot models were conducted. Tests were made with single units and in mass drops. Observations were taken at close range and at distances of up to one mile to determine whether the decoys were effective and realistic. Test results revealed that the three-foot dummy was unsatisfactory because of its small size. The six-foot dummy's weight and bulk made it extremely difficult to handle and restricted the number carried in the aircraft. The larger model did provide the best visual simulation, however. The conclusion was that the four-foot dummy presented a "satisfactory simulation" under controlled conditions. Imagineering Associates Inc. of Pasadena, California, was contracted to produce service test models of the four-foot dummy. The resulting model was 15 pounds lighter than the initial test version. Its major components included the dummy, self-destructive mechanism, parachute, pack, and pack carrier. Service tests were conducted at Fort Bragg from the fall of 1950 through the spring of 1951. Testing included single and mass drops at altitudes varying from 500 to 1,500 feet and air speeds ranging from 70 to 160 mph.

The testing resulted in a number of relatively minor modifications to the dummy and

Continued on page 73

By Peter Suciu

War comics depicting the heroics of Sgt. Rock and other American fighting men (and women) are making a comeback among collectors.

FOR THE BRAVE SOLDIERS OF EASY COMPANY, IT MUST HAVE SEEMED as though World War II would never end. And actually it never did, at least not for the hard-fighting GIs led by Sgt. Frank Rock. From 1959 through 1988, Sgt. Rock and his men fought their way across France, battling Hitler and his evil minions. Today, the good sergeant and his fellow comic-book warriors are making a spirited comeback with discerning collectors.

Sgt. Frank Rock reported for duty in 1959 in Issue 28 of *All American Men of War*. He continued the good fight until July 1988. In 2006, Joe Kubert brought him back in a new tale and DC Comics published an anthology of Sgt. Rock's adventures.

The history of comics goes back more than 100 years. Today, the different eras are broken down by certain genres and characters. The earliest era of true "comic books," known by collectors as the Platinum Age, lasted roughly from 1897 until 1937. While comic strips were popular in newspapers in the years prior to the Platinum Age, there were few actual comic books on the newsstands.

The Platinum Age of comics saw the introduction of humorous, satire-filled "funny books" and later the arrival of detective and science-fiction-themed comics. This led in turn to the era most associated in the popular mind with comic-book characters, the Golden Age (1938-1955). During this period, many of the enduringly popular superheroes, including Superman and Batman, arrived on the scene. When the United States entered World War II, these new heroes, along with Captain America and Wonder Woman, patriotically joined the fight. Wartime comic books featured the superheroes battling the Nazis openly and on covert missions behind enemy lines.

The Golden Age also saw the arrival of what is perhaps the first true war comic: *Classics Illustrated*. Based on adaptations from classic literature, the series of comics was introduced by Albert Lewis Kanter in 1941 for Elliot Publishing as *Classic Comics*. The original title was a 64-page adaptation of Alexandre Dumas's *The Three Musketeers*. After three issues, Kanter started Gilberton Publications, and in 1947 he changed the title to *Classics Illustrated*. The high-quality comic book, which unlike many other titles of the day actually kept old issues in print, ran a total of 169 issues through 1962. While not all the titles were obviously war-related, *Classics Illustrated* introduced many young readers to such war classics as *All Quiet on the Western Front, The Downfall,* and *The Red Badge of Courage*. Over the years, the *Classics Illustrated* title switched hands, and various reprints have reappeared, but to a generation of schoolboys (and girls) growing up in the 1950s and 1960s, *Classics Illustrated* was an open window on great literature.

The birth of the true war comic can be traced to publisher Bill Gaines, who would later go on to launch the immortal *Mad Magazine*. Gaines's father, Max, had been an editor at All-American Comics, which merged with DC Comics in 1944. Max went on to found Educational Comics, or EC, originally with the idea of releasing comics

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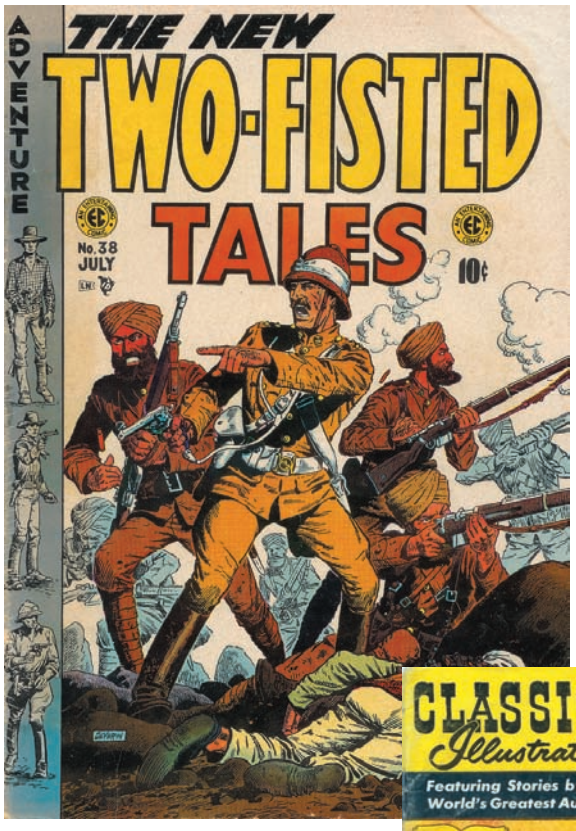

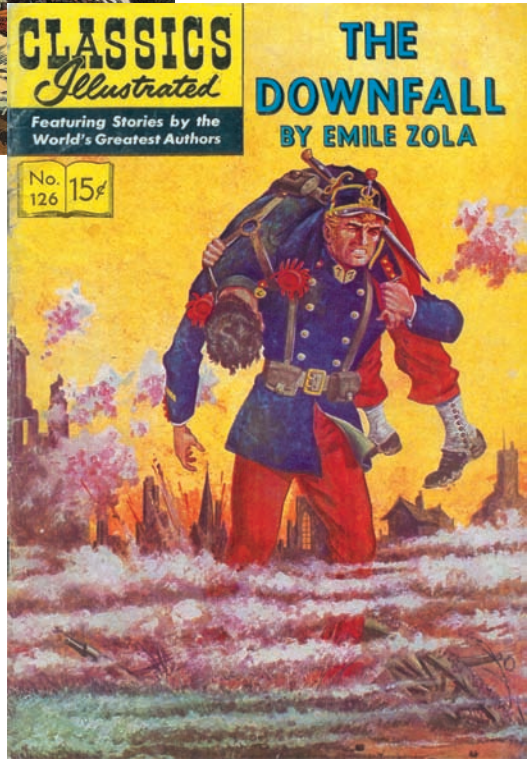

rify war and often spoke to the futility and human sacrifice involved in war. Kurtzman's comics were concerned with human values and Kurtzman was a stickler for detail. When he did a story about men in uniform, he made sure the uniforms were correct, including the helmets. This degree of accuracy in historical detail is unique to EC."

Despite such attention to detail, neither magazine lasted long beyond its debut. *Frontline Combat* ran for 15 issues until it was dropped in 1954, when *Two-Fisted Tales* was changed from a bimonthly publication to a quarterly release. The comic ran a total of 24 issues, ending rather confusingly with issue No. 41. This came about because of the unique numbering system of comics in those days. *Two-Fisted Tales* had picked up the numbering of a horror comic named *The Haunt of Fear,* which in turn had picked up the numbering from *The Gunfighter.* No doubt many a collector has searched in vain for that elusive issue number one, only to learn that it doesn't exist. But while neither of the comics lasted very long, they would serve as important springboards for artists who would return to the front lines with characters who would become household names for American

based on history, the Bible, and science. When Max died in 1947, Bill took the reins of the company, which changed its name from Educational to Entertaining Comics, but was still known in the trade as EC. Titles included crime fiction, science fiction, and horror, which soon attracted attention from parents' groups and even led to congressional hearings. This eventually spawned the formation of the Comics Code Authority.

In the early 1950s, cartoonist Harvey Kurtzman suggested to Gaines that EC publish an adventure comic, and *Two-Fisted Tales* was born. The comic mixed Indiana Jones-style adventure stories with cowboys and Indians, as well as various military-themed accounts. The bimonthly comic was published with a companion comic called *Frontline Combat,* which focused on a variety of military actions—from the Napoleonic era to the then-current Korean War. It is worth noting that while *Two-Fisted Tales* began as a rousing adventure-oriented comic book, the war tales in both books were quite antiwar in tone, an unusual approach during the Cold War days.

"They were ahead of their time in several ways," says Russ Cochran, publisher of EC Archives, which has rereleased many of the early EC comics in hardbound book form. "First and foremost, these comics did not glo-

youths a decade later.

The best-known comic-book hero in the war genre reported for duty in 1959. His name was Sgt. Rock—his rarely used first name was Frank—and he first appeared simply as "The Rock" in issue No. 28 of the comic book, *All American Men of War.* The character returned in a story called "The Rock" in issue No. 68 of *G.I. Combat* in 1959. While originally not as popular as *Two-Fisted Tales, G.I. Combat* began to slowly develop a rabid following with its innovative anthology format of recurring characters.

Sgt. Rock proved such a hit that writer-editor Robert Kanigher and artist Joe Kubert fleshed out the character. He returned in issue No. 81 of *Our Army at War* in April 1959, and he would go on to become a signature character of the comic-book community for the next 30 years. In 1977 the name of the comic book was changed to *Sgt. Rock,* and it was published until issue No. 422 in July 1988. For Sgt. Rock and the boys of Easy Company, World War II lasted quite some time.

Through the Silver Age and the later Bronze Age of Comics, *G.I Combat* and *Our Army at War* were two of the most popular war titles. The books actually began as rivals until DC Comics, the home of Superman and Batman, merged with rival NCC. Throughout the Silver Age, which lasted until the end of the 1960s, the war comic was in its heyday. Other recurring characters and plots included *The Haunted Tank,* which involved a WWII Stuart tank that was protected by the ghost of General "Jeb" Stuart, and *Johnny Cloud,* a Navajo fighter pilot. While both were popular, they failed to capture the two-fisted spirit of Sgt. Rock.

For collectors of militaria today, it is easy to look back on the early comics as part of what sparked their initial interest in collecting. "I still have some of the comic books that I had when I was a child," says North Carolina-based collector Bill Grist. "I am now 60 and they were at my parents' house. I rediscovered them several years ago in a closet. And I would say that in my youth the comic books pertaining to World War II had a great effect on my lifelong hobby of collecting militaria, along with stories from my father and uncles, who served [in the war]."

Unlike the earlier works in *Classics Illustrated* or *Frontline Comics,* the tales in DC's comics were far from historically accurate, did not follow actual events, and featured caricature villains. Today, many collectors laugh at the poor renderings of German uniforms with massive red swastikas on the side, but no doubt this artistic license made Sgt. Rock appear all the more heroic.

During the 1960s, even with an unpopular war taking place in Vietnam, the military-themed comics continued to be popular. And much like the jam-packed superhero arena, no one player would dominate the space. In 1963 another sergeant joined the fight against the Nazis—Sgt. Fury and his Howling Commandos. Published by Marvel Comics, which had begun in 1939 as Timely Comics, Sgt. Fury and his commandos were a bit more colorful and multinational than the men in Easy Company. Legendary artist-writer Stan Lee, who would later create the Fantastic Four, Spiderman, and the Hulk, was one of the creators behind Sgt. Fury.

Throughout the Silver Age of comics, the war theme would see the arrival of *The Unknown Soldier* and even enter the surreal world with *Weird War Tales* and *Star Spangled War Stories. The Unknown Soldier* was essentially the tale of a top-secret agent who was a master of disguise, and the stories were filled with as much science fiction as history. It was usually up to this nameless hero to stop the development of some nefarious Nazi secret weapon. *Weird War Tales* was the "Twilight Zone" of war comics, and usually featured a strange twist of fate, adding fantasy to the military setting. Today, *Star Spangled War Stories* is fondly remembered as "the dinosaur war

book," since it featured a recurring plot called "The War That Time Forgot" in which American soldiers found themselves battling dinosaurs and other monsters as often as they fought the Japanese.

Comic-book historians generally agree that 1970 was the year when there was a shift to darker themes, including the increased use of drugs and alcohol in many of the comics. It was also the twilight of the war comics, although many of the leading titles would continue until the middle of the 1980s. For such staple characters as Sgt. Rock and Sgt. Fury, the eternal struggle against the Nazis in Europe continued, but more momentous events were taking place behind the scenes. During the late 1970s, many of the veteran comic-book writers and artists began to retire, and a new generation of artists began to make names for themselves. This was evident in the style of art that emerged.

Much like the superhero comics, the war genre also took on a darker tone. This was most notable with the increasingly antiwar themes of the comics. The traditional heroes now were portrayed as antiheroes, and instead of patriotic themes, the comics stressed the overall futility of war. This was to be expected, as the United States was in the process of exiting the unpopular war in Vietnam. By the early 1980s, Sgt. Rock's glory days were very much in the past.

"The eventual ill fate of war comics was not from a lack of propaganda; it was from a lack of artistic grace and traditional idealism," explains Robert Lynch of Gary Dolgoff Comics. A longtime reader of comics, Lynch notes the changes in artwork and stories. "Compare Joe Kubert's brilliant Silver Age art in *All American Men of War* with his mostly

mediocre art in *Sgt. Rock* from the late Bronze Age," he says. "Whereas his earlier work was bold and creative, his later work was hardly frame-worthy."

Lynch says that some artists stopped caring about the integrity of their work and focused more on the sheer volume of it. "Another reason for the death of war comics was due to a large change in our combined idealism," he says. "War comics lean partly on the archetype of the independent man that we find in Western comics, and combine this with a band or small-group structure that we find in primates."

By 1981, however, with the arrival of President Ronald Reagan in the White House, the nation's mood began to change, and the view of the military improved accordingly. A new war comic emerged in the form of *G.I. Joe*. Based on the popular 12-inch action figure, the comic book was a relaunch for the toy line, one of the first toy-based comics and animated TV series that was directly related to a line of toy products. The first issue arrived in February 1982, and it ran until October 1994. At the same time, a line of Sgt. Rock action figures also appeared, in part to jump on the bandwagon of comic-based toys. And in 2002 a limited-edition 12-inch G.I. Joe version of Sgt. Rock was introduced, along with four of characters from Easy Company.

While the previous war comics focused on past conflicts, *G.I. Joe* was set in the modern day and relied on a James Bond-style battle between a secret special-ops force battling a sinister enemy bent on world destruction. Originally, G.I. Joe was to have faced a variety of enemies, with the "Joe Team" taking on various threats, including the equally powerful Soviet forces. But most important was their battle with the nefarious organization known as Cobra, which would become the staple enemy through the rest of the comic's run.

By the end of the Bronze Age and arrival of the Modern Age of comics, it was apparent that the war genre was a relic of the past. Readership was down, and as a result the war that had lasted for decades on the pages of these comics finally came to an end. *Sgt. Fury* ended its run in March 1987, and *Sgt. Rock*'s final issue was a year later, in July 1988. The new theme of comics—or graphic novels as they were increasingly called—focused on superheroes once again. These weren't the campy heroes of the Silver Age. A new crop of artists took pains to show such familiar heroes as Batman and Spiderman with recognizable human flaws.

This past year saw the welcome arrival of an original Sgt. Rock tale from Joe Kubert, entitled *Sgt. Rock: The Prophecy.* Following the larger graphic novel layout, the new book featured artwork superior to the Rock of the 1960s. If successful, it is possible that Easy Company could be back in business, returning to fight a new generation of evildoers.

Because of a new wave of nostalgia by baby boomers, the popularity of the old comics has picked up in recent years. For many militaria collectors, the comics of the Silver Age are most sought after, and the era of the big swastikas and sadistic Nazis are the best remembered today. Despite those flaws, or perhaps as much because of them, New Jersey militaria collector-dealer Kenneth Bolton says that it was there that his attraction to militaria was born. "It all began with war comics," Bolton says. "Since I was a child in the 1960s and couldn't afford to buy too much militaria, comics were the next best thing at 10-25 cents each. These depicted stories of heroes with great action flair and artistic scenes, which was a great appeal to preteens. War comics may still interest other militaria collectors, just because it reminds them of boyhood days. Now that we have grown to adulthood, we can afford the various militaria items that we always wanted."

Likewise, the Bronze Age comics are also gaining in popularity with collectors, says Brian Cunningham, editor of *Wizard,* a monthly magazine devoted to comic collecting. "Nostalgia mania, especially 1980s material, is in vogue right now," he notes. "With the war on terror and the situation in Iraq currently dominating headlines, war comics have become very popular and relevant again, both to old and new readers and collectors. Most of these titles ceased publication in the mid-1980s, and I don't see it as a coincidence or a surprise that more war comics have been produced since these events began."

Even if your mother tossed out those old comics years ago, there is still hope. Unlike the early Batman or Spiderman comics, which would require a second (and possibly third) mortgage on the house to buy, the early war comics are actually fairly affordable. Late Golden Age comics such as *Two-Fisted Tales* can be found online and from comics dealers for reasonable prices today, often below $100.

And even if you can't find the original, there is a good chance of finding a long-remembered tale in one of the recent anthologies. EC Archives has begun to release compilations of its early titles, while DC has rolled out multiple volumes of *The Haunted Tank* and *Sgt. Rock*. They may not be the originals, but they are the next best thing to a stack of old comics—a surefire invitation to vicarious time traveling back to your youth. □

WITH THE EYES OF THE WORLD WATCHING FROM THE NEARBY INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT, A SINGLE CHINESE REGIMENT PREPARED TO FACE THE FURY OF AN ENTIRE JAPANESE ARMY AT SHANGHAI.

CHINESE ALAMO: LAST STAND AT SIHANG WAREHOUSE

BY ERIC NIDEROST

On October 27, 1937, the Zhabei district of Shanghai began to burn, an enormous conflagration that stretched for five miles and filled the northern horizon from end to end, almost as far as the eye could see. The orange-yellow flames greedily consumed buildings and their contents, finishing the destruction already begun after three months of intense fighting between the Chinese and Japanese armies. Thick coils of smoke reached 3,000 feet into the air, obscuring the skies of central China. It was a spectacle never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it—the funeral pyre of a great city.

Some of the fires came from the fighting, but most had been deliberately set to cover the Chinese Army's retreat. The outnumbered Chinese had resisted gallantly, but many units now were reduced to mere shadows of themselves. When word came that the Japanese had gained ground outside the city and were threatening the Chinese flank, there was no other choice but to withdraw.

One unit was deliberately left behind, entrenched around a concrete warehouse just opposite the International Settlement. The officers and men of the 524th Regiment, 88th Division, knew only too well that their mission was suicidal, that they were being sacrificed to showcase Chinese courage, but they accepted their fate stoically. Their ordeal, which had started on October 26, would continue for another four days of brutal fighting, and the defense of Sihang Warehouse would rivet the attention of the world, with the American press quickly dubbing it "the Chinese Alamo."

Japanese marines prepare to open fire with machine guns on the outnumbered Chinese position at Sihang Warehouse in October 1937.

National Archives

Japanese marines move into position north of Suzhou Creek at Shanghai.

The Sino-Japanese War of 1937 had begun in a haphazard manner. Throughout the 1930s the Japanese military, imbued with an aggressive "samurai" spirit and rabid ultra nationalism, gained the upper hand in Japanese politics. In 1932 the Japanese seized Manchuria, China's rich northern province, and set up an "independent" government under the last emperor of China, Henry Pu Yi. It was a transparent ploy, mere window dressing to cover naked aggression, and few nations in the world community were fooled by it. The major powers, however, particularly Great Britain and the United States, were too preoccupied by the deepening economic depression to do more than lodge a few feeble and ultimately ineffectual protests.

China was in turmoil in the 1930s, torn asunder by Japanese aggression from without and internal dissension from within. The country was ruled by the Nationalist Party under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang was a pragmatic soldier-politician whose main obsession was the destruction of the Communists under Mao Zedong. To Chiang, Mao and his followers were like a deadly disease infecting the Chinese body politic. Chiang's Communist preoccupation was a godsend to Japanese militarists. After 1932 there was a series of incidents between the Chinese and Japanese, with the Chinese usually granting concessions and territory to the aggressors. Having digested Manchuria, Japan was still ravenous, nibbling away at the rest of China throughout the decade.

On July 7, 1937, a Japanese soldier went missing near Beijing. Eventually, the soldier returned unharmed (reports said he had been visiting a brothel). But local Japanese officers, always ready to find a pretext for open aggression, demanded restitution for the alleged kidnapping. If the usual pattern had held true, the Chinese would have granted more concessions, territory, or whatever else the Japanese wanted. But this time the Chinese flatly refused—a line had been drawn in the sand.

Intense fighting between the two sides broke out and quickly escalated into a major conflict. The Japanese soon occupied Beijing and large parts of northern China. The 1937 war was entirely unplanned, but, once begun, the Japanese were confident it would be a quick one. They hoped so. More than anything, the Japanese military did not want to be drawn south, because just across China's northern borders lay the Soviet Union, which the Japanese rightly considered a deadly enemy.

Chiang Kai-shek had other plans. The great Yangtze River of central China nourished the heartland of the nation and the center of its developing economy. China's economic and political capitals, Shanghai and Nanking, were located there. Chinese troops in Shanghai had fought the Japanese to a standstill in 1932; Chiang had every reason to believe he could repeat their performance. As a first step, he began pouring troops into Shanghai, including the crack 87th and 88th Divisions. German equipped and trained—they even wore the distinctive steel helmets soon to be familiar in World War II—the Chinese troops were elite forces who proudly bore the title, "the Generalissimo's Own."

The Chinese Nationalist Army—formally titled the National Revolutionary Army of the Republic of China—was a juggernaut on paper, boasting some 1.7 million men. Unfortunately, the bulk of the Chinese Army was made up of of semi-illiterate peasants who were poorly uniformed, trained, and equipped. Only around 300,000 men, some 40 divisions, were sufficiently equipped and trained to have a fighting chance against the ramrod-stiff Japanese Army. Of these, some 80,000 were members of the Generalissimo's Own.

In the mid-1930s, Shanghai was the richest, most progressive, and most decadent city in Asia. The city's core was dominated by foreigners, a legacy of China's troubled past. The International Settlement was ruled by a British-dominated Municipal Council, hard-headed businessmen whose primary interest lay in making a profit. The nearby French Concession was ruled as an out-and-out colonial possession of France and generally conveyed a kind of Gallic aloofness. Greater Shanghai was ruled by Chiang's central government. When the war broke out, it was Greater Shanghai that was to see the bulk of the fighting.

The International Settlement figured prominently in Chiang's overall plans. The Chinese could attack the Japanese garrison at Shanghai's Honkou district, which was small and vulnerable. A success at the Settlement's very doorstep would underscore China's strength and resolution in the face of Japanese aggression. There was even the possibility that the western powers, particularly Great Britain and the United States, would intervene on China's behalf. Accordingly, Chiang began pouring troops into the Shanghai region, including the elite 87th and 88th Divisions. Soon, there were upward of 50,000 Chinese soldiers in position. Consternation reined in the Japanese high command; they had no wish to be drawn into central China when northern operations were still in full swing. But the Chinese, as Chiang intended, had forced their hand.

IN THE MID-1930s, SHANGHAI WAS THE RICHEST, MOST PROGRESSIVE, AND MOST DECADENT CITY IN CHINA. THE CITY'S CORE WAS DOMINATED BY FOREIGNERS, A LEGACY OF CHINA'S TROUBLED PAST.

On August 12, Colonel Charles F.B. Price of the U.S. 4th Marine Regiment conferred with American Consul-General Clarence Gauss and

British Brig. Gen. Alexander Telfer-Smollett about the looming Shanghai crisis. At the same time, the Shanghai Municipal Council mobilized the Shanghai Volunteer Corps and formally requested support from the British and American garrisons. Under a long-standing arrangement, code-named Plan A, British troops from the Shanghai Area Force and American marines would man a defensive perimeter along the Settlement's borders. The Suzhou Creek border was of particular concern, because Zhabei, the Chinese district just beyond, had been the scene of brief but bloody fighting in 1932. Because the water table was only a foot or two below Shanghai streets, trenches could not be dug, and millions of sandbags had to be trucked into the area. Barbed wire was strung and sandbags stacked to form blockhouses, walls, and machine-gun emplacements. As marines and tommies moved into position, thousands of Chinese civilians poured over the bridges spanning Suzhou Creek, seeking refuge from the inevitable clash. Once the perimeter was manned, it was simply a matter of watching and waiting for the Japanese to appear.

National Archives

The wait proved to be a short one. Around 9 AM on August 13, Chinese troops exchanged small-arms fire with Japanese units. The Japanese responded in kind, and the Chinese 88th Division retaliated with heavy mortar attacks. Japanese Admiral Kioshi Hasegawa's Third Fleet vessels, which were on station in the Yangtze and Whangpoo Rivers, opened up with thunderous salvos. The Battle of Shanghai had begun.

On August 14, the Chinese began a major offensive, an attack that was designed to push the Japanese into the Whangpoo River. They almost succeeded. The outnumbered Japanese were mainly bluejackets and marines from the Special Naval Landing Force. It seemed as if the modern-day samurai were about to be humiliated at the hands of the despised Chinese. To be defeated in battle, and to have that defeat witnessed by the Western powers, was too much for the Japanese to bear. Soon, massive help was on the way. The Shanghai Expeditionary Army, under General Iwane Matsui, was assembled and sent to China immediately. It was a powerful force, built around the 3rd and 11th Divisions and totaling some 300,000 men, 300 guns, 200 aircraft, and the powerful presence of the Japanese Imperial Navy. The expeditionary forces made successful amphibious landings along the northeast coast at Boashan and elsewhere, and in so doing lengthened the battlefront. It now extended from Shanghai's city center, down the length of the Whangpoo, finally ending at the northeast coast area where the river emptied into the mighty Yangtze.

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LEFT: Colonel Thomas Clarke of the 6th Marines, 2nd Marine Brigade—sent to reinforce the 4th Marines—confers with two other British officers. FAR LEFT: Nationalist Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. BELOW: Chinese soldiers set up barricades in the Zhabei district on September 16, 1937, to counter Japanese advances.

The newly landed expeditionary force tipped the balance in favor of the Japanese. Because the battle front had widened, Chiang was forced to send troops to other locations. The Chinese offensive, poised on the very brink of success, ground to a halt. Superior Japanese weaponry also began to make itself felt, particularly artillery fire, tanks, and aerial bombardment. Ten Chinese soldiers died for every Japanese, but the Chinese refused to be broken. For some units, casualty rates of 1,000 an hour were not uncommon.

The battle for Shanghai became a slaughterhouse, a stalemate that conjured memories of Verdun and the Somme. "It was no longer," a witness said, "a war between armies, but between races. With mounting fury the two giants sprang at each other's throat." The Chinese held out for the

next three months, and the fighting was particularly heavy at Zhabei, just across from the International Settlement. The Settlement was a kind of neutral zone, where foreign reporters could observe the battle from relative safety. American journalist Emily Hahn and friends would go to the tower room atop the Cathay Hotel and watch the battle while sipping cocktails before dinner. Others congregated atop the Park Hotel and other such establishments, viewing the spectacle as if it were some Fourth of July pageant staged for their benefit.

Guests were warned not to go onto hotel roofs because shrapnel and bomb fragments were always peppering the air. Since the Chinese still held Nantao, on the other side of the Settlement and the French Concession, Japanese artillery would risk an international incident by arcing shells over the foreign-held area, a distance of some four miles. Settlement residents became inured to the once-frightening sound of shells going over their roofs, which one woman likened to the sounds of a freight train.

Chinese troops in the 87th and 88th Divisions at the north station, just before they were withdrawn to Sihang Warehouse. Note their German-made M1935 helmets.

National Archives

By the end of October, the Chinese Army was being bled white, but the stalemate continued. The Japanese concentrated their effort at Dachang, a little village six miles northwest of Shanghai proper and a key point in the Chinese line. Some 700 Japanese artillery pieces opened up, followed by massive air raids by 150 bombers. Smashed beyond recognition, the little "chicken village," so named because it supplied much of Shanghai's poultry needs, fell to the enemy on October 25.

Once there was a breach in the defense line, the Chinese flank was exposed. There was nothing to do but retreat in good order, withdrawing behind the south bank of Suzchou Creek as rapidly as possible. That meant abandoning the positions in Zhabei that had been held at such a huge cost in blood and treasure. Whole sections of the Zhabei district were in ruins, and shell-cratered streets and skeletal buildings reeked with the stench of smoke, cordite, and decomposing bodies.

Chiang Kai-shek was a realist, but he was loath to abandon Shanghai. He knew that a Nine-Power Conference was going to convene in Brussels on November 6, and he still retained hope that Western interests would intervene. China had to show that it was worthy of help, so another sacrifice must be made. A rear guard would hold out as long as possible, simultaneously demonstrating Chinese courage and buying time for the main army to escape.

His mind made up, Chiang ordered General Gu Zhutong to leave the 88th Division behind as a rear guard. Gu thought this was a terrible waste of one of China's best units, which already was decimated by three months of fighting. Nor did General Sun Yuanliang, the 88th's commander, want to see the whole division sacrificed on the altar of political expediency. It was finally agreed that a single regiment of the 88th would be left behind, while the rest of the division would be allowed to retire and regroup.

The forlorn task was given to the 524th Regiment, which was posted near some of the heaviest fighting at the North Railway Station. Lt. Col. Xie Jinyuan volunteered to command the regiment in its suicidal mission. After some hurried consultations, it was decided that Sihang Warehouse would be the spot where the 524th's last stand would take place. This was a six-story warehouse that had been a joint venture by four banks (in Chinese "Sihang" means "Four Banks"). Westerners knew the place as the Chinese Mint Godown.

It was an ugly, strictly utilitarian structure, but its thick, reinforced concrete walls were perfect for defense. The warehouse was literally on the edge of Suzchou Creek, the meandering waterway that separated Chinese Shanghai from the foreign-controlled International Settlement. British troops sheltering behind their sandbagged defenses had a grandstand seat for the coming battle. The warehouse was on Tibet Road, which continued on into the International Settlement across the New Lese Bridge that spanned Suzchou Creek.

Xie placed his troops with care. Makeshift fortifications were created just outside the warehouse building, consisting mainly of sandbags and sacks of corn, beans, and other goods that had been stored there. First Company took up positions on the left, along Tibet Road, while Third Company was stationed on the road to the right, just opposite the Bank of Communications building. Second Company fanned out to protect the warehouse's other three sides. Two heavy machine guns were placed on the roof, and other machine guns were distributed among the defenders on the ground.

When the Japanese realized the enemy was in

full retreat, they cautiously probed forward. By 1 PM on October 27, advance elements were approaching the vicinity of the warehouse. After some preliminary exchange of fire, a Japanese company attacked the warehouse from the west. They were met by determined resistance from Third Company. At one point, some 70 Japanese soldiers took shelter in a blind spot just to the southwest. It was indeed a blind spot—but only to defenders on the ground. Chinese soldiers on the roof spotted the cluster of Japanese and lobbed grenades down on their heads. Seven Japanese soldiers were killed and another 20 wounded from this deadly "rain." Captain Shi Meihao, commander of Third Company, was shot in the face during the fighting, but refused to relinquish command. Although blood was coursing down his face and soaking his uniform, he refused to withdraw until he was wounded again, this time in the leg.

The first Japanese assault was a failure, but before calling it a day, they set fire to the northwest corner of the warehouse; the defenders managed to put out the flames. About 9 PM, Xie, believing there would be no more Japanese attacks, ordered the men to cook dinner and repair fortifications. Two defenders had been killed and four wounded, while Japanese losses had been about 20 killed and an unknown number of wounded. The Sihang defenders faced the Japanese 3rd Division, considered one of the best of the Imperial Japanese Army. They also had mortar teams, artillery, and armor—probably Type 94 Te-Ke tankettes. The battle on October 27 was just an overture to the coming symphony of destruction.

The morning of October 28 saw the skies filled with the steady drone of aircraft engines—Japanese bombers flew overhead, but after a couple of aborted passes they were forced to return to their base. Sihang Warehouse was simply too near the International Settlement to risk full-scale bombing. The last thing the Japanese wanted was to blow up Western observers and cause an international incident. The Japanese also wanted to use mustard gas, but they were being watched too closely by Western newsmen and British soldiers to get away with it.

At 8 AM, Xie inspected the defenses and gave impromptu pep talks to his men. It was during one such roof inspection tour that a party of Japanese soldiers was seen creeping along Suzhou Creek. Xie interrupted his speech, grabbed a rifle, and took aim at one of the distant enemy soldiers. Drawing a bead, he pulled the trigger with a steady hand. A second later, a Japanese soldier fell into the rubble.

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ABOVE: The Zhabei district in flames after the 88th Division has withdrawn from the warehouse. The fire bordered the International Settlement along Suzhou Creek. The photo was taken from the Park Hotel. BELOW: Flourishing bayonets, a Japanese landing unit hugs a shattered wall as it advances on a Chinese position in Zhabei.

National Archives

The Japanese occupied the Bank of Communications building and launched a heavy assault on the west side. Chinese rifle and machine-gun fire sprayed lead into the oncoming brown-uniformed masses, but they refused to yield. The attack finally broke off after two hours. The Japanese had gained little, but did manage to cut off the warehouse's water and electricity.

The warehouse was now flanked on three sides, but the fourth side—the side that faced Suzchou Creek and the British Royal Fusiliers' positions in the Settlement—was left conspicuously open. The British also kept the New Lese Bridge open, which was a possible escape route for the beleaguered defenders. When Japanese soldiers tried to creep in on the fourth side, British tommies on the opposite bank trained their Lee-Enfield rifles at them. The Japanese got the message; they withdrew, and the fourth side remained open.

Normally there were over 1 million Chinese residents in the International Settlement, but their numbers had been swollen by hundreds of thousands of refugees. News of the heroic last stand was spread by radio reports and word of mouth. Soon, thousands of ordinary Chinese citizens, protected by the Settlement's neutrality, could watch the battle unfold before their eyes. It became a kind of bizarre sporting event, with Chinese spectators crowding Suzchou Creek's banks to

cheer on the defenders. At times an estimated 30,000 Chinese joined British soldiers and other Westerners to watch the show. When the crowds saw a Japanese movement, they would pass on the information to the defenders via enormous message signs in characters large enough to be read from a distance.

Whenever the Japanese had a setback or the defenders gained a temporary upper hand, loud cheers would erupt from the watching crowds. But support was more than visual. More than 10 truckloads of supplies were donated to help the men besieged in the warehouse. Food, fruit, clothing, utensils, and even personal letters were delivered under cover of night. Xie also arranged with British officers to evacuate the wounded to the safety of the International Settlement.

Earlier, a teenaged girl guide named Yang Huimin had been instrumental in passing messages back and forth between the besieged warehouse garrison and the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce in the Settlement. On the evening of October 28-29, the brave young woman brought over a national flag, emblem of the Chinese Republic. Because there was no flagpole, two bamboo poles were lashed together for the purpose. The red-and-blue banner was hoisted into place atop the roof, while thousands of Chinese spectators across the creek cheered and shouted, "Long Live the Chinese Republic!"

The battle for Sihang Warehouse was fought on two fronts—on the battlefield and in the court of public opinion. It was clear that the Japanese were losing, even as they made gains elsewhere. Foreign journalists, scenting a good story, flocked to Sihang Warehouse to report every detail. The press romantically dubbed the 524th Regiment the "Lost Battalion."

At one point, Xie was asked to produce a list of every man in the garrison. In that way, should they fall, their names would be remembered. But Xie feared the information would eventually fall into Japanese hands. The wily colonel gave out a regimental roster that dated from the beginning of the war, when the regiment numbered some 800 effectives. In reality, the Sihang Warehouse was defended by only 411 men, including 16 officers.

Author's Collection

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LEFT: Girl guide Yang Huimin holds the flag she brought to the besieged garrison inside the warehouse. RIGHT: A wounded member of the "Lost Battalion" is carried to an ambulance after the fighting at Sihang Warehouse.

When Japanese Admiral Tadeo Honda was interviewed by foreign newsmen, he grudgingly called the defenders "more or less heroes." Oddly enough, all the phone lines into the warehouse remained intact, and defenders could call out at any time. The Japanese issued an ultimatum: surrender or be wiped out. Xie was unimpressed. In a message to his superior, General Sun, he radioed defiantly: "Death is an unimportant question. The sacrifice of our lives will not be in vain."

Infuriated by the continued resistance and particularly the flag-raising ceremony, the Japanese set October 29 as the day for an all-out assault. The eyes of the world were upon them, and they were losing face. They opened with a heavy barrage of light artillery, exploding shell after shell against the warehouse's concrete sides. Soon, ugly craters appeared on the walls, smudged and blackened with smoke and jagged with twisted reinforcing rods. Concrete rubble was everywhere, and the air was heavy with the stench of cordite and dust.

The west side of the building lacked windows, but Japanese shell hits had punched enough gaps into the wall to provide the defenders with loopholes. The Japanese, acting in concert with infantry, then brought forward tankettes. The fighting grew so heavy the Chinese Third Company was pushed back from its position and forced into the warehouse. Japanese infantry came forward with scaling ladders, a curious throwback in an age of mechanized war. The Chinese simply pushed the ladders off or peppered the advancing enemy with rifle and machine-gun fire. Xie personally lent a hand, fighting alongside his men. The Japanese seemed on the brink of success. Desperate times called for desperate measures, and one Chinese defender wrapped grenades around his body and jumped into the midst of a group of Japanese soldiers, detonating the grenades and killing himself and 20 of the enemy. The Japanese attack was beaten back.

The Sihang defenders' morale was high, but the foreign observers in the Settlement had had enough. Misaimed bullets and shell fragments were falling in their midst, and with the battle escalating by the hour, it was feared that the fighting would spill over into the International Settlement. The British offered to broker a peaceful settlement that would end the warehouse siege. General Telfer-Smollett was a key player in the delicate negotiations, but he found his proposals a tough sell. The Chinese flatly refused to withdraw the men. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, American-educated and a power within the Chinese government, said coolly, "They must die that China can live." The "victory or death" rhetoric surprised and dismayed Western observers.

The battle opened again in the early morning hours of October 30. This time the Japanese were not about to squander precious infantry in a headlong frontal assault—they were going to pound the "lost battalion" into submission with artillery. Japanese batteries opened up about 7 AM and continued to fire throughout the day. At its greatest intensity, shells were coming literally every second, producing a cacophony that shattered the nerves and numbed the eardrums. Night fell, but the artillery barrage continued without letup. Japanese searchlights stabbed the sky, the probing beams fixing the battered warehouse to provide gunners a better target. The defenders

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK, AMERICAN-EDUCATED AND A POWER WITHIN THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT, SAID COOLY, "THEY MUST DIE THAT CHINA CAN LIVE."

National Archives

Author's Collection

ABOVE: The battered and smoking Sihang Warehouse, the "Chinese Alamo," during the battle. LEFT: The Sihang Warehouse as it appears today.

grimly held on, helped by the thick concrete walls and the Japanese reluctance to use heavy artillery or bombs.

Behind the scenes, Telfer-Smollett was still trying to convince Chiang Kai-shek to let the men retreat from Sihang Warehouse. The Generalissimo finally consented. The main Chinese Army already had successfully withdrawn, and the heroic stand had amply demonstrated Chinese courage to the world. There was no need to fight to the last man. The Japanese commander, General Matsui, agreed to the developing deal, which would allow the Sihang men to retreat into the International Settlement via the New Lese Bridge. There was to be a truce and cease-fire during the withdrawal, which was to start at midnight on November 1.

The subsequent withdrawal was marred by bad faith on the part of the Japanese. As the Sihang men left the warehouse and crossed the bridge, the Japanese suddenly opened up with machine-gun fire and artillery, raking the bridge with a hail of lead and forcing the Chinese to run through a gauntlet of fire. This was too much for the Royal Fusiliers, who manned a sandbagged pillbox that anchored and protected the Settlement side of the bridge. The British tommies were emotionally on the Chinese side, and were also tired of taking misguided Japanese fire without a chance to defend themselves. Four British soldiers had already been killed and another six wounded by stray Japanese bullets.

The British pillbox gave the Chinese covering fire, although this was strictly against orders and violated the Settlement's official neutrality. A Japanese machine gun was put out of action by British bullets, and Xie and 376 of his men managed to escape successfully. Telfer-Smollett had been sheltering behind the Chinese Bank during the withdrawal; he now greeted the heroes as they crossed over into the Settlement. Xie was the last to leave the warehouse and the last to cross the bridge into safety. Tears coursed down his cheeks as he accepted accolades from the British soldiers. He had not wanted to leave at all, and only did so under orders. Telfer-Smollett, overcome with emotion, exclaimed, "I have never seen anything greater!"

Cheated of their prey, the Japanese quickly reneged on the agreement. The "lost battalion" would absolutely not be allowed to retreat though the Settlement and rejoin the main Chinese Army. The Japanese would only consent if the solders left as refugees, abandoning all weapons, including the light and heavy machine guns they had brought with them. Xie flatly refused. Instead, battalion members were forcibly disarmed and interned by the Municipal Council. There was little else Settlement authorities could do, since by the time some 300,000 Japanese troops completely surround the foreign enclave, and the threat of an invasion was very real.

Japan engaged in diplomatic temper tantrums for the next week, refusing to attend the Nine-Power Conference and claiming that quantities of fresh food were found in the Sihang Warehouse after the siege. This, they said, was proof that Telfer-Smollett and the British were secretly aiding the Chinese. The British brushed off the allegations, but Japan's relations with Britain and the United States continued to sour. A Chinese collaborationist government was established at Shanghai, and in April 1941, Xie was assassinated by four of his own soldiers acting as agents of the new government. After the war, an elementary school was renamed in his honor. □

Broiling in their heavy armor beneath an Asian sun, hard-pressed crusaders endured a blizzard of Turkish arrows while waiting for reinforcements to come to their rescue.

Dorylaeum

FIRST CHRISTIAN-MUSLIM CLASH

BY SCOTT A. RICHARDSON

The Battle of Dorylaeum, fought on July 1, 1097, marked the first full-scale military clash between the Christian armies of the West and the Muslim armies of the East. As such, it would prove to be an educational experience for both armies, one whose final outcome would have an extreme influence on the course of the First Crusade.

The crusade to retake Jerusalem from the occupying Turks actually began two years earlier, with an impassioned plea by Pope Urban II in November 1095 on the behalf of Europe's Christian brothers in the Byzantine Empire. The Byzantines, as the nearest Christian targets of the rampaging and ever more powerful Seljuk Turks, had been fighting these persistent raiders for several years.

By March 1095, when Urban II held a meeting of leading European ecclesiastics, he heard from a delegation of Byzantine ambassadors that the war against the Turks was going quite well. Byzantine might had been pushing the Seljuks steadily back. The Byzantines could crush the Turks forever, the ambassadors explained to the pope, if only there were more troops for the army. They asked Urban to rally the European nobility to help save the first line of Christian defenses against the crush of Islam.

Urban did as the Byzantine mission asked—and more. Having been made aware that Christians on pilgrimage to Jerusalem were having trouble getting through Anatolia owing to Turkish harassment and were often turned away at the gates by the Muslims who controlled the city, Urban decided to launch a crusade to free Jerusalem and the entire Holy Land from Muslim domination.

Seated before a large crowd at Clermont, France, Urban decried the suffering of the Byzantine Christians, the loss of Christian territory to the Muslims, and the desecration of the holy shrines by the infidels. He then went a step further, informing listeners about the indignities and injuries suffered by pilgrims en route to Jerusalem. Once he had presented the facts, Urban launched his appeal. The Christian West, he said, should march at once to save their Eastern brethren and free Jerusalem. The French townspeople, some of whom would become the first crusaders, cheered loudly at the plan to re-take Jerusalem, calling out, "*Deus le volt* [God wills it]!"

Bohemond of Taranto, an Italian prince, answered Pope Urban's call and became one of the leaders of the First Crusade. Here his army is attacked by the Turks as it crosses the Wardar River early in the crusade.

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Leaders of the First Crusade, all sporting the Christian cross, include, left to right, Godfrey of Bouillon, Baldwin of Bouillon, Raymond of Toulouse, and Bohemond of Taranto.

"Your brethren who live in the east are in urgent need of your help, and you must hasten to give them the aid which has often been promised them," said the pope. "The Turks and Arabs have attacked them and have conquered the territory of Romania [the Greek empire]. They have killed and captured many, and have destroyed the churches and devastated the empire. If you permit them to continue thus for awhile with impurity, the faithful of God will be much more widely attacked by them. On this account I, or rather the Lord, beseech you as Christ's heralds to publish this everywhere and to persuade all people of whatever rank, foot soldiers and knights, poor and rich, to carry aid promptly to those Christians and to destroy that vile race from the lands of our friends. All who die by the way, whether by land or by sea, or in battle against the pagans, shall have immediate remission of sins. Let those who have been accustomed unjustly to wage private warfare against the faithful now go against the infidels and end with victory this war which should have been begun long ago."

Urban toured throughout France before returning to Italy, spreading the word of his crusade and finding popular enthusiasm wherever he went. European noblemen were eager to join the crusade as well, ensuring that the war would have ample military leadership and experience. Among the leaders were Bohemond of Taranto, an Italian prince of the earlier Norman invaders; Godfrey of Bouillon, often called the perfect Christian knight; and Adhemar, bishop of Le Puy, who was present at Clermont when Urban made his appeal and was the first person there to request permission to take up the cross.

The armies of the First Crusade marched out from various places. Although this would prove to be largely a French crusade, led by French nobles and fought by French commoners, individual leaders came from all across Europe. By April 1097, the majority of the crusader armies had arrived at the convergence point predesignated by Urban II: Constantinople. While the Crusaders, or Franks, as the Greeks uniformly referred to them, regardless of their nationality, were ostensibly meeting there to defend the Byzantines, their violent behavior suggested otherwise.

An ill-led, ill-provisioned, and ill-conceived "People's Crusade," led by Peter the Hermit, a bizarre religious leader, had arrived in Constantinople several months before the military professionals. While there, the mob of peasants, criminals, and fanatical mystics managed to thoroughly anger and insult their Byzantine hosts before marching away. When Godfrey and the other noble leaders arrived, it took only a few weeks before clashes between East and West began, first through raids against scattered country homes to seize provisions, then in attacks against homes outside of Constantinople for the sake of destruction, and finally a limited assault on the city itself.

The two alleged Christian allies were coming to blows—and during Holy Week, no less—destroying any sense of respect or mutual trust between the crusaders and the Byzantines before the armies were ever sailed across to Asia. Nevertheless, at the request of Emperor Alexius, the Crusaders agreed to fight alongside the experienced Byzantine forces to attack the Seljuk capital of Nicaea and clear a main road running to Jerusalem. The fortress-city was formidable and well defended. It was surrounded by a four-mile-long stone wall, which was in turn studded by no less than 240 towers. The city was bordered on one side by the Ascanian Lake, with walls coming right out of the shallow water. An assault would be difficult and a siege lengthy. The attack, however, struck at just the right time. At that moment the Seljuk sultan, Kilij Arslan I, was away in the East with most of Nicaea's garrison, fighting the Danishmend emir, Ghazi ibn Danishmend, over territorial disputes.

By June 3, 1097, the entire crusader army had arrived before Nicaea and had spread out to invest the city. Kilij Arslan, when informed of the city's investment, at first attempted to attack the crusader lines surrounding Nicaea. The attack failed and Kilij decided to sacrifice the city in order to carry on the fight later on the open ground of Anatolia. The crusaders continued to attempt to take the city by escalade and by mining the formidable walls, but to no avail. Crusader attempts to choke off the city failed because supplies were still being ferried across the Ascanian Lake. Byzantine Emperor Alexius was asked for assistance and dispatched a flotilla to drive off the supply ships, at which time the garrison requested to parley with the Byzantine commander for a truce.

As the discussions wore on and the Turks stalled for time, garrison leaders were informed that the crusaders were planning a general assault on the city for June 19. When the sun rose that day, the crusaders were utterly shocked to see the Byzantine imperial standard flying over the city. The garrison had surrendered overnight and allowed Alexius's forces to enter through a gate facing the lake.

The crusaders felt betrayed and angered. Not only were the nobles deprived of the glory they might earn through an attack, but they were also deprived the chance to capture and ransom Turkish nobles. The Turks instead were escorted to Constantinople under the protection of Alexius's troops for a comfortable incarceration. The crusaders were also deprived of the chance to gather booty and vent their rage on helpless citizens, an ugly but accepted aspect of medieval warfare. The crusaders had been promised great wealth fighting for the Byzantines, yet at the first opportunity to engender goodwill, Alexius had proven stingy. This was seen as both cowardly and dishonorable, and ruined whatever sway the emperor might have held with the crusader leaders.

The acrimony at Constantinople and the betrayal at Nicaea had a tremendous impact on the upcoming Battle of Dorylaeum. No longer having any faith in Alexius or his promises for assistance, Godfrey and other crusader leaders spurned his suggestions to approach Jerusalem along the coast, thereby keeping one flank protected and allowing provisions to be delivered to the army by the Byzantine navy. Alexius's suggestion was made in good faith, based upon years of experience fighting the Turks and knowledge of the approaching terrain, but despite the imminent logic of Alexius's suggestions, the crusaders were no longer in a frame of mind to hear any Byzantine points of view, regardless of how intelligent they may have been. The crusaders, wanting to avoid lengthy siege operations against a series of coastal towns, chose a quicker, more direct route through the heart of Asia Minor, one that would lead them directly to Dorylaeum.

Before marching away from Nicaea on June 26, they decided to break the army into two unequal sections to ease the difficulty of supply. The weaker vanguard, under the command of Bohemond, would march out immediately, while the bulk of the army, commanded by Godfrey, would follow approximately a day's march behind. Dividing one's army in hostile territory is typically considered a military sin, but in this case the division would actually have an unanticipated positive effect on the battle.

Kilij Arslan had been busy following his repulse at Nicaea. He made peace with Ghazi ibn Danishmend and formed an alliance against the common Christian foe, then called upon his vassal, Hasan of Cappadocia, to provide additional forces for an attack on the crusaders. Once he had gathered his sizable and experienced force, Kilij Arslan prepared to attack at the just the right location. Learning from his scouts that the crusaders were marching on the road to Dorylaeum, the Turkish commander was waiting in an ambush for them to arrive. Kilij Arslan marshaled between 25,000 and 150,000 men for the battle—the figures vary wildly—while the crusaders had only 10,000 to 15,000 men, including knights and foot soldiers, spread out in two wings of the army.

As Bohemond's vanguard neared Dorylaeum, he noted that his unit was being shadowed by scouts from Kilij Arslan's forces. On the night of June 30, he chose a plain near the north bank of the river Thymbres to encamp his forces. By camping on a plain, Bohemond inadvertently

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ABOVE: Exhausted from seven hours of fighting, the Turks at Dorylaeum crumple after their camp is overrun by a second crusader force.
LEFT: Crusaders wade across shallow water to scale the walls at Nicaea. The city fell on June 20, 1097.

Mary Evans/Edwin Wallace

ABOVE: Robert of Normandy, on the crusader left, braves Turkish arrows to lead his men forward at the height of the battle. OPPOSITE: Following their victory at Dorylaeum, the Crusaders marched east across Asia Minor, capturing Antioch in February 1098 and eventually marching triumphantly into Jerusalem a year later.

chose territory perfectly suited for the fleet-footed cavalry tactics of his enemy, but being near the river also meant that his left flank and rear were protected by the marshy ground.

At dawn on July 1, the Turks attacked the camp, taking Bohemond and his forces somewhat off guard. The Turks mainly utilized fast, lightly armed horse archers, who would ride around the enemy, shooting arrow after arrow into their midst, then fall back as fresh horse archers took over the attack. If the enemy attempted to counterattack, the horse archers would simply flee, usually drawing forces away from the main body so that they could be pounced upon and decimated. To stand and absorb the missile attack was to die a slow bloody death, while attacking the archers directly proved frustratingly difficult. The horse archers were as annoying as the swarms of flies

"HODIE OMNES

hounding the crusaders, and a good deal more dangerous.

Bohemond ordered the many noncombatants collected and secured in the center of camp, protected by a line of soldiers. Meanwhile, his forces reacted as European knights of the highest rank were expected to behave—aggressively. They quickly mounted their steeds and attacked the horse archers, with predictable outcomes. The archers would simply flee, easily staying out of reach of the knights' heavy chargers, or else turn to attack individual knights.

Bohemond could clearly see that this tactic was not working. Like all good commanders, he improvised. He ordered his knights to dismount and join the foot soldiers to form a defensive line around the camp. At the same time, he sent out messengers to the main army with pleas to come up as quickly as possible. His goal, as he informed his captains, was to protect the camp, hold out against the Turks as long as possible, and suffer as few casualties as possible until relief arrived. His knights largely listened, although one highly impetuous one disobeyed orders and rode out with 40 fellow knights, only to receive a serious trouncing. He returned shamefacedly to camp, having lost most of his men, suffered many fresh wounds, and also gained a concomitant amount of humility.

The first phase of the battle proved to be exceedingly harrowing for the crusaders. Not only was it against the knights' nature and training to stand by passively and allow lightly armored foes to pepper them with arrows, but standing fully armored in the hot July sun, as their thirst grew greater and greater, proved to be a serious ordeal. The knights were not the only ones to suffer through the nightmare of the Turkish attack. While the arrows were having little effect on the armored knights, they were taking their toll on the noncombatants and horses, while the sheer volume of missiles being flung at the crusaders meant that chinks in their armor would eventually be found. Some 2,000 crusaders died at Dorylaeum from arrow wounds.

After several hours of suffering under the barrage, the crusaders believed they would all die there, and they prepared to stand firm until the end. Surrounded by hostile forces from which there was no escape, they could neither fall back nor attack. They were surrounded by a force that, in their minds, was the very per-

DIVITES SI DEO PLACET EFFECTI ERITIS!"

sonification of evil on Earth, being attacked in a manner to which they were not accustomed. Battle chronicler William of Tyre expresses clearly that sense of inescapable doom: "The Turks surrounded our men and shot such a great number of arrows that rain or hail never darkened the sky so much, and many of our men and horses were injured. When the first band of Turks had emptied their quivers and shot all their arrows, they withdrew and a second band immediately came from behind where there were yet more Turks. The Turks, seeing our men and horses were severely wounded and in great difficulties, hung their bows instantly on their left arms under their armpits and immediately fell upon them in a very cruel fashion with maces and swords." Fulcher of Chartres, meanwhile, describes the noncombatants as being "huddled together like sheep ... trembling and frightened, surrounded on all sides by enemies."

Although things were not going well for the crusaders, Bohemond's choice of campsite served him well. The Turks were unable to entirely surround the crusaders and attack from all sides at once. Meanwhile, owing to the river to the rear and the marshy ground to the left, the Turks were unable to launch an all-out charge against the crusaders' vulnerable position, and instead could only keep up the harassing missile attack. Thanks to the favorable topography, Bohemond was able to maintain his position until noon, when, after several hours of suffering the pummeling, the nightmare ended as fresh crusader units began to arrive on the scene.

First to arrive were Godfrey of Bouillon and Hugh of Vermandois, leading a combined force of 50 knights that cut through the Turks to join their besieged comrades. Their arrival had an electric effect on the field. Not only did it energize and relieve the crusaders, it totally took the Turks off guard, and they fell back after the new Christian detachment joined the fight.

The fact that the army was split began to pay dividends. Kilij Arslan assumed that his scouts had been following the entire crusader army and believed that he had all of his enemy's forces trapped against the river. He likely assumed that he had the luxury of taking his time with a slow but steady attrition against them, while the crusaders were clearly in no position to fall back or attack. When Godfrey and Hugh arrived on the field and hacked their way through the Turks, he learned how wrong he was.

The fresh crusaders dismounted, bolstering and extending Bohemond's position. They continued to fight defensively and desperately, yet with the increased numbers they were also attacking their foe more often and with better results. The Turks had become more aggressive as well after the arrival of reinforcements, and were staying within range long enough for the crusaders to make several small successful attacks.

The fighting was still desperate when Raymond of Toulouse arrived with the bulk of the army. These forces slammed into the Turks' flank and pushed them back before joining the main crusader line. Once they did so, Kilij Arslan was presented with an intimidating foe. Strung out before him was the flower of European nobility and the finest military units the continent could muster. With Bohemond's original position marking the left flank, the crusaders deployed with Bohemond's nephew, Tancred, Robert of Normandy, and Stephen of Blois also on the left; Raymond

Map © 2007 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

and Robert of Flanders in the center; and Godfrey and Hugh on the right. The allied forces of the Byzantines were also in there somewhere, although Crusade chroniclers, because of pure chauvinism, do not mention them.

With the majority of the army on line, the crusader commanders decided to take the battle to their enemy, who were nearly exhausted and low on arrows after fighting without rest for close to seven hours. The crusader line rushed forward, yelling, "*Hodie omnes divites si Deo placet effecti eritis* [Today, if it pleases God ,you will all become rich]!" The Turks, caught off guard by the ferocity of the attack, fell back, but soon rallied and pressed the crusader line. The battle was devolving into a slugfest between two determined foes.

It likely would have remained so, eventually ending in a victory for the Turks because of their sheer numbers, if not for one unknown factor: another part of the crusader army, com-

manded by Adhemar of Le Puy, had not yet arrived on the battlefield. As the main body of the crusaders attacked along the Turk line, Adhemar led his detachment around the rear of the crusaders' position and crossed the river, shielding his movement by choosing a path that put hills between him and the Turks. Once across, he fell with utter ferocity on the Turkish camp, burning and destroying everything he could. The Turks, seeing their camp burning and their possessions being looted and coming under attack from the rear as well as from the front, broke and ran, fleeing from the field as quickly as their blown horses could carry them. The Battle of Dorylaeum was over.

After the battle it was discovered that Kilij Arslan had the bulk of his treasure with him in camp, all of which fell into the hands of the crusaders. They were able to plunder the wealth of their enemy and reassure themselves that God was indeed pleased for them that day. The Turks' gold was divided among the crusader nobles and knights, who then distributed a considerably smaller amount among their followers.

Dorylaeum was of major importance to the course of the First Crusade. There, Kilij Arslan had the chance to utterly stop the crusaders, perhaps forever. If he could have overrun Bohemond's position, then attacked and destroyed Godfrey's bulk of the army, the First Crusade would likely be remembered as nothing more than a slight incursion by European forces into Asia Minor. Had the finest nobles of France been killed, held for ransom, or sold into slavery, it would have taken very hearty Christian soldiers to make another attempt. The Crusades may well have been a nonevent had Dorylaeum ended differently.

Instead, when news of the spectacular vic-

UPWARDLY MOBILE BALDWIN OF BOUILLON

The Middle Ages are not ordinarily considered an era in which the term "upward social mobility" had much meaning, but for at least one of the crusaders who fought at Dorylaeum, his service there would allow him to write his own ticket in the future. Baldwin of Bouillon, brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, would act with aggression, desire, pride, and ruthlessness—all personality traits admired and respected by medieval French nobles—to rise to a level far beyond the one into which he was born.

Baldwin was the youngest son of Eustace II and Ida of Bouillon, minor members of the French nobility. Because feudal law at the time only allowed for family inheritance to be passed down to the eldest son, his life seemed destined to be one spent in quiet contemplation in some sequestered cloister, the typical destination for younger children of poor nobles These early assumptions proved to be wrong.

When the call came from Pope Urban II that launched the Crusades, Baldwin joined his brothers in enlisting with much enthusiasm. He quickly sold all the lands he had gained through marriage to his wife, Godvere of Tosni, and took her and their children with him when he left Europe. Unlike many Crusaders, Baldwin left France with no intention of ever coming back.

Following the Battle of Dorylaeum, Baldwin remained with the army during the march across Asia Minor. At Heraclea, he left the army in search of his own state, as well as to stop another minor nobleman from doing the same thing. Tancred, nephew of Bohemond of Taranto, was as destitute in land and a future as was Baldwin, and he had set out from Heraclea a day earlier with 100 knights and 200 infantrymen to take Tarsus as his own. When informed of this, Baldwin set out with 500 knights and 2,000 infantrymen to take from Tancred whatever Tancred might be able to take from the Turks.

Baldwin arrived at Tarsus three days after Tancred, only to discover that it had already been taken by his upstart rival. That mattered little to Baldwin; he simply demanded that Tancred transfer Tarsus to his authority or else suffer a sack of the city. Tancred wisely compared his small force to Baldwin's considerably larger one and surrendered his freshly won territory, marching away to find another city he could claim and actually keep.

Not long after taking possession of Tarsus, Baldwin demonstrated the cold ruthlessness that would characterize his climb to the top. A force of 300 Norman knights arrived from the main body of the army in response to a request sent them by Tancred for reinforcements. Even though they swore fidelity to Baldwin upon arriving at Tarsus, he would not allow the knights within the walls of his new fiefdom. While they encamped before the walls of Tarsus, the former Turkish garrison of the city returned to pounce on the undefended knights, slaughtering them to a man as Baldwin, safely ensconced behind thick walls, refused to rescue them.

The Bridgeman Art Library

Baldwin soon set forth again to seek his fortune, having decided that Tarsus was no place to establish a lasting legacy. He struck out toward the valley of the Euphrates, having been requested to do so by Christian Armenians in the region. As he approached, the Armenians rose up, and the few Turkish garrisons remaining either fled or were massacred by their former Christian subjects. Two local Armenian lords, Fer and Nicusus, joined Baldwin in his march. By the winter of 1097, Baldwin had completed his conquest of the land up to the Euphrates, capturing two major fortresses, Ravendel and Turbessel.

At Turbessel, Baldwin received an embassy from Edessa. The Armenian leader there, Thoros, wanted Baldwin to come to the city and essentially act as a well-paid mercenary to protect his holdings. Baldwin refused to come under any terms that did not suit him, and wrangled an agreement from Thoros to be adopted by him and declared his rightful heir. In early February of

tory reached Europe, support for the Crusade swelled, with ever more people pledging to take up the cross. Not only were people encouraged because the war was already proving to be a military success, with the chance for otherwise destitute peasants in Europe to plunder a sultan's treasure, but the Europeans truly believed that God was their guide and such victories were a statement of divine will. In their minds at least, the final victory at Jerusalem was a foregone conclusion.

Dorylaeum was a primer for both armies. Prior to Dorylaeum, Turks and Europeans had never fought in open combat (save for limited fighting at Nicaea), so the tactics, equipment, and character of the other's forces were unknown. Kilij Arslan, who earlier had slaughtered the poorly led People's Crusade, most likely assumed that all European forces could be decimated so easily. After Dorylaeum, he knew better, as his own words suggest. "When [Europeans] draw close to their adversaries they charge with great force like lions which, spurred on by hunger, thirst for blood," he recalled. "Then they shout and grind their teeth and fill the air with their cries. And they spare no one."

The crusaders, meanwhile, had learned the hard way that lightly armed horse archers could destroy even the haughtiest and best-equipped knight in Europe. Although it would take time for the knights to put aside their almost pathological urge to charge every foe before them, they would eventually learn how to handle these forces. By the time Richard the Lionheart and Saladin clashed during the Third Crusade, the two armies had perfected ways to fight each other. Future battles between the Christians and Muslims would prove to be highly technical, well planned and executed, resulting in bloody stalemates caused by the equality of the forces involved. All of this was a direct result of the Battle of Dorylaeum. □

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ABOVE: Baldwin, leading the crusaders against the Turks, became the most renowned Christian commander in the First Crusade. OPPOSITE: Bohemond's nephew, Tancred, captures Tarsus, upstaging Baldwin of Bouillon by three days.

1098, Baldwin arrived in Edessa after eluding a Turkish ambush. He was immediately adopted by Thoros, putting Baldwin one small step away from leadership of his entire lands. He had already acquired more than he could have dreamed of.

Not long afterward, Thoros was deposed and killed by the Edessenes in a popular uprising. It is unclear to what degree Baldwin was either aware of the plot or had a hand in it, but he was certainly the main beneficiary of Thoros's death. On March 10, 1098, a little over one month after arriving in Edessa, he took control of the government and ensconced himself as Count of Edessa.

Baldwin immediately set out to establish a strong, well-balanced government, approaching government from a distinctly "multicultural" approach. He used the talents of his fellow crusaders, encouraging them to marry Armenian nobility, as he had done following the death of his first wife. In addition to the Europeans, he also used the native Armenians as mercenaries, and even had Emir Balduk come live in Edessa with his bodyguard. He also allowed Muslims freedom of worship, another form of the mental flexibility that would enable Baldwin to climb yet higher.

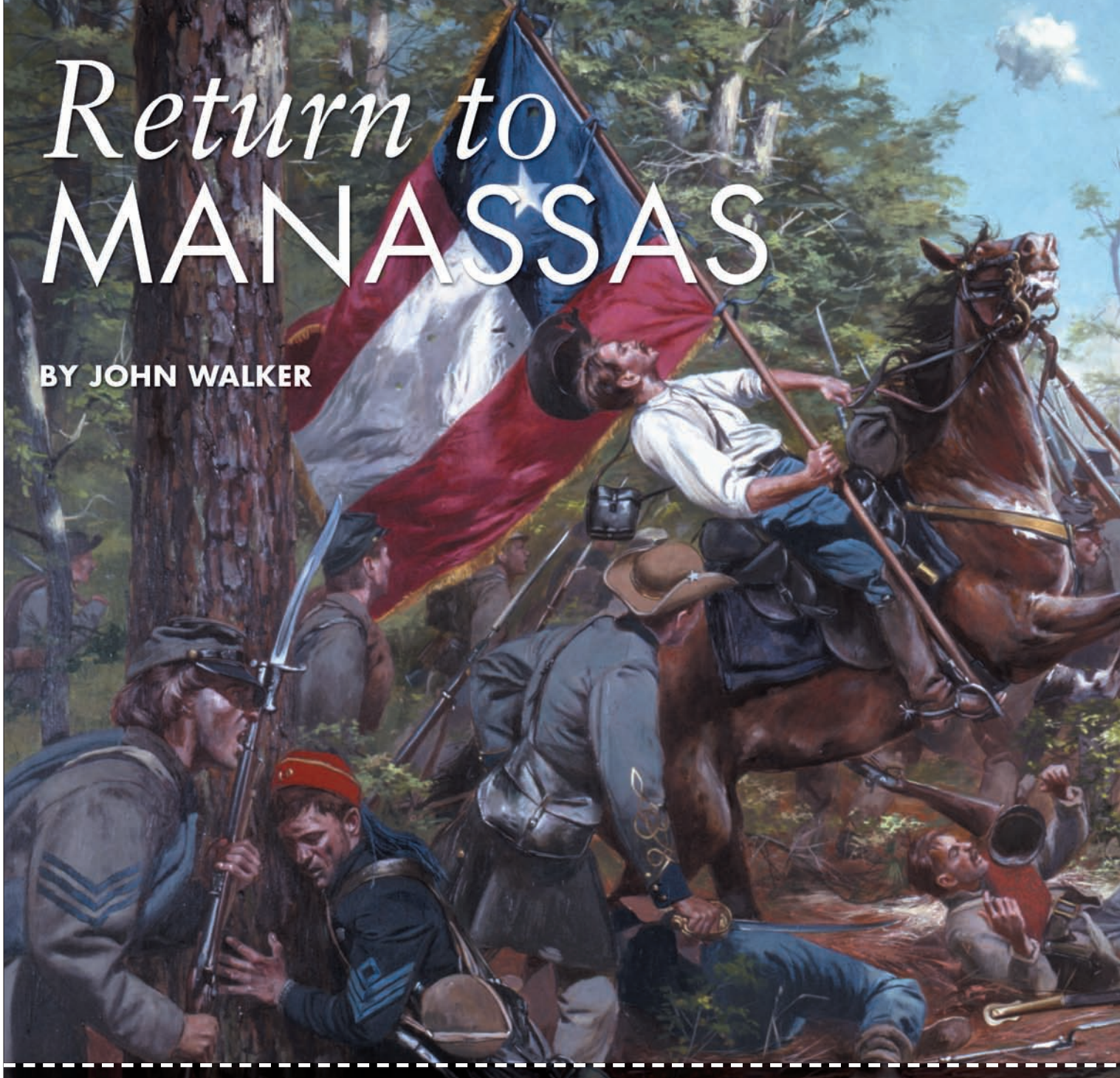
He was now the most renowned crusader, both in the Holy Land and in Europe, and flocks of European knights joined him. For the next two years Baldwin ruled his newly minted state as the crusade he had originally joined toiled its way closer and closer to Jerusalem. In 1099, after a long and exhausting siege, Jerusalem was taken by the crusaders, who unanimously chose Godfrey, Baldwin's brother, to rule over the city.

On July 18, 1100, Godfrey died, and a summons was sent to Edessa inviting Baldwin to assume his brother's position. He jumped at the opportunity and was crowned on Christmas Day, 1100, taking the title King of Jerusalem. During his subsequent 18-year reign, he entered into agreements with Italian trading towns such as Genoa and Venice, which would provide him the heavy equipment and other supplies for sieges in return for a trading quarter in the newly captured towns. As a result of this bargain he was able to capture Arsuf, Caesarea, Acre, Beirut, and Sidon from 1101 to 1110. He repulsed attacks from Egypt in several battles from 1102 to 1105, then attacked Egypt itself during a campaign lasting from 1115 to 1118, pushing all the way to the Red Sea.

By the time Baldwin died in 1118, the kingdom of Jerusalem was secure, well funded, well governed, and grudgingly accepted by its Muslim neighbors as an annoying fact of life. By the strength of his kingdom, Baldwin also strengthened the entire Christian territory in the East, making it a secure European island in a sea of Muslim enemies, one that would stand until the fall of Jerusalem in 1187. □

Return to MANASSAS

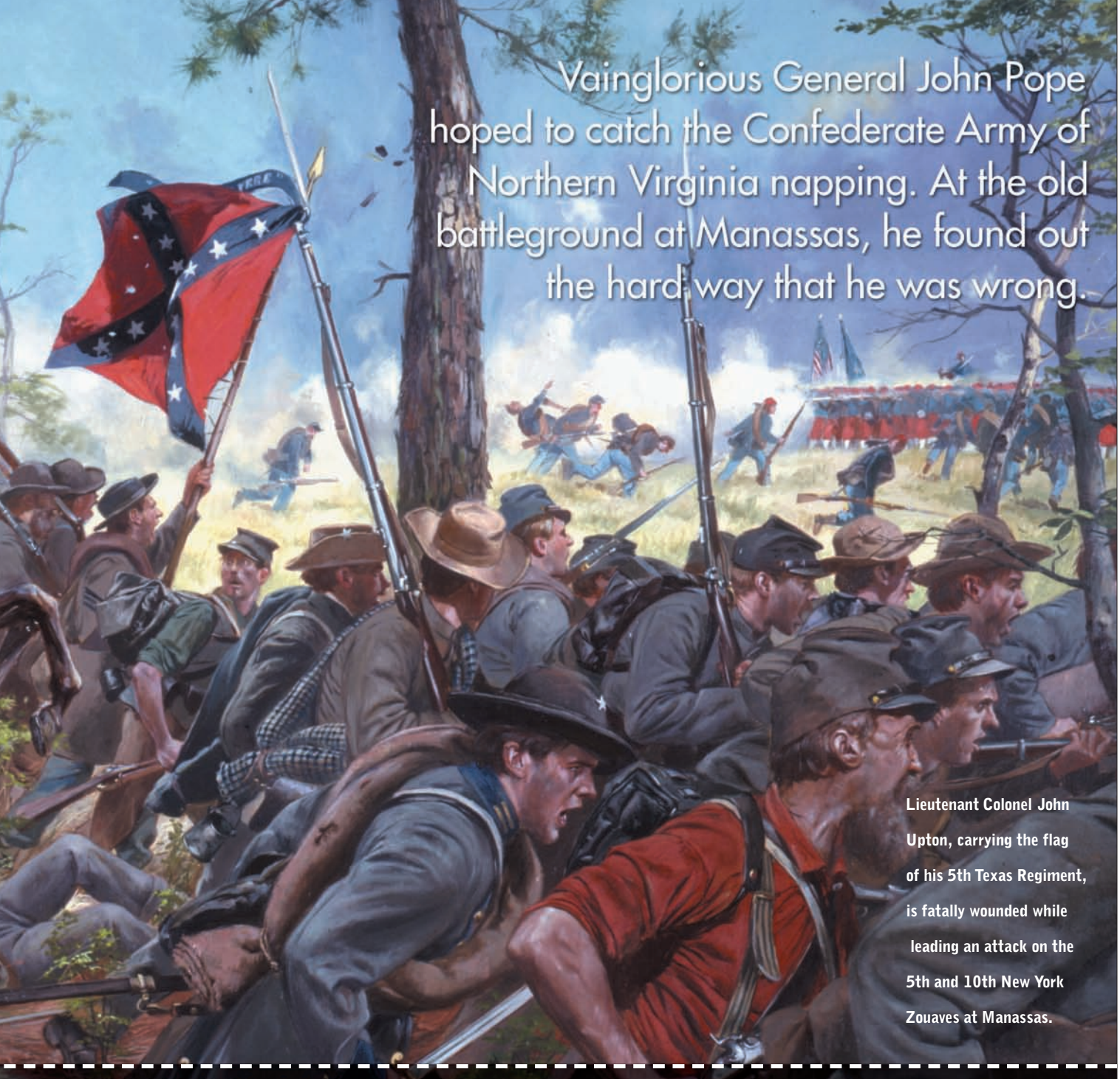
BY JOHN WALKER



When the sun rose on the morning of August 29, 1862, it ended a particularly hellish night for Maj. Gen. Irvin McDowell, commander of the massive 21,000-man III Corps of the newly formed Union Army of Virginia. Sent into north-central Virginia to threaten Richmond on a second front, McDowell had managed to get lost in the woods near Gainesville and lost touch with his command for 12 full hours. When he and his staff rode into Manassas Junction at dawn, he discovered that one of his three divisions—that of ailing Brig. Gen. Rufus King—had retreated during the night after a bloody two-hour clash with Confederate forces near Groveton. Another division, under Brig. Gen. James Ricketts, was four miles away at Bristoe Station, having withdrawn during the night from Gainesville.

In McDowell's absence, Maj. Gen. John Pope, overall commander of the Army of Virginia, had issued orders to each of McDowell's divisions for that day's planned operations, a massive strike against the outnumbered Confederate corps of Maj. Gen. Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson, dug in north of the strategic east-west Warrenton Turnpike near Groveton. Believing that he had Jackson boxed in, Pope planned an all-out attack on the troublesome and eccentric Rebel general. "The game is now in our own hands," Pope gleefully told his staff, "and I do not see how it is possible for Jackson to escape without very heavy loss, if at all."

To his dismay, Pope soon discovered that several of his units were not where he expected them to be. King and Ricketts had withdrawn from the Groveton-Gainesville area during the night. Convinced that he had to hold Gainesville for the morning's attack to succeed, Pope ordered Maj. Gen. Fitz-John Porter to march his V Corps and King's division to Gainesville (a much-chagrined McDowell would go along as well). Pope gave Porter and



Vainglorious General John Pope hoped to catch the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia napping. At the old battleground at Manassas, he found out the hard way that he was wrong.

Lieutenant Colonel John Upton, carrying the flag of his 5th Texas Regiment, is fatally wounded while leading an attack on the 5th and 10th New York Zouaves at Manassas.

Painting by Don Troiani, www.historicalartprints.com

McDowell vague orders concerning what they were to do when they reached their objective. Although he did not issue specific orders for them to attack Jackson's exposed right flank, Pope fully expected them to do so once they reached the field. In a welter of confusion and misapprehension, the Union Army was about to commence the Second Battle of Manassas.

As the sun rose, Jackson's troops, spread out for almost two miles, could see Union infantry and artillery massed on Henry Hill and Chinn Ridge. With Maj. Gen. James Longstreet still hurrying through Thoroughfare Gap to join him, Jackson moved his three divisions a short distance northeast behind an embankment of the unfinished Manassas Gap Railroad, a ready-made system of defensive works running from Sudley Springs down to the Warrenton Pike. Maj. Gen. A.P. Hill's 4,000 men took up positions on the critical left flank, 200 yards behind the embankment. On Hill's far left, Brig. Gen. Maxey Gregg's brigade of South Carolina regiments dug in on a ridge overlooking Sudley Road, 60 yards behind the unfinished railroad. Anchoring the Confederate center was the division of Brig. Gen. Alexander Lawton; two brigades were posted along the embankment and the remaining two, under Brig. Gen. Jubal Early, were held in reserve. On Jackson's right, Brig. Gen. William Starke threw out skirmishers on the embankment; the remainder of his division waited in three lines 200 yards behind the skirmishers on a wooded ridge.

Major General Franz Sigel, the senior Union officer on the field, was unaware of Jackson's exact location or strength, but he sent his troops forward along a two-mile front, feeling for the enemy's line. Brig. Gen. Carl Schurz's two brigades were on the Union right, marching north astride the Manassas-Sudley Road. Brig. Gen. Robert Milroy's Independent Brigade was on

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Schurz's left; and Brig. Gen. Robert Schenck's two brigades advanced astride the Warrenton Pike toward the enemy's right. The division of Brig. Gen. John Reynolds moved up on Schenck's left, south of the pike.

One of Schurz's brigades quickly clashed with Rebel skirmishers in the woods on the extreme Confederate left. Hearing the firing, Gregg ordered Major Edward McCrady's 1st South Carolina forward, and it collided with the 54th and 58th New York Regiments. Despite orders to avoid a general engagement, Gregg committed more troops, sending in the 12th South Carolina under Colonel Dixon Barnes. Schurz committed another regiment as well, and the woods in front of the rocky knoll began filling with smoke from the fire of 1,500 muskets.

Milroy, Schenck, and Reynolds, meanwhile, dispatched their troops against Jackson's center and right; Milroy moved north of the pike toward the Groveton Woods, driving back Rebel skirmishers there. As Schenck's brigades advanced along the pike with Reynolds to their left and approached Groveton, they came under intense fire from eight Rebel batteries deployed in front of Starke's division northeast of the Brawner home. After Schenck asked that he send a battery north of the pike to outflank and drive off the Rebel guns, Reynolds sent forward a Pennsylvania battery and the infantry brigade of Brig. Gen. George Meade. Reynolds's four cannons moved north of the pike and up the slope near the Brawner home, unlimbering several hundred yards south of Shumaker's line, and an intense artillery duel raged for the next hour.

Milroy, an impetuous Indiana lawyer who despised West Pointers, committed a serious tactical error after hearing heavy firing coming from Schurz's front a half mile to his right. Although he actually knew little of Schurz's situation, he decided to send two regiments 600 yards across the enemy front in support. His troops, rather than coming up abreast of Schurz's line, advanced 400 yards across open ground into the front of Lawton's division along the embankment, where they were raked unmercifully by massed sheets of musket fire. Milroy committed another regiment; when it was routed he sent in his fourth and last regiment, which got to within 50 yards of the embankment before it too withered under heavy fire and fell back.

Schurz sent his entire division forward; two regiments fought their way across the unfinished railroad into a cornfield opposite Gregg's 14th South Carolina, but Confederate cannons and reinforcements drove the attackers back to the excavation. Two more Union regiments pushed through the woods and fought their way to the embankment across from Gregg's right where it connected with the brigade of Brig. Gen. E.L. Thomas. Hill's defenders held, and the fighting settled into a vicious stalemate.

Skirmishing and artillery fire continued through the morning while the other half of General Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia edged closer to the battlefield. Brig. Gen. John Bell Hood's Texas Brigade was in the lead. When the gray columns reached Gainesville, Lee turned the infantry units left onto the Warrenton Pike while Maj. Gen. J.E.B. Stuart's cavalry continued ahead to reconnoiter. At 10 AM, Hood arrived and moved his brigade into positions facing east, its left astride the pike. Colonel Evander Law brought up his brigade on Hood's left and connected with Jackson's right, after which Brig. Gens. D.R. Jones, James Kemper, and Cadmus Wilcox moved their divisions into line and sent out large numbers of skirmishers. The weight of Hood's arrival pushed back Reynolds. Lee's line now stretched for almost four miles and resembled a pair of huge, gaping jaws ready to snap shut.

Having reached the battlefield ahead of his foot soldiers, Longstreet deployed his artillery along a low, clear ridge 200 yards northeast of the Brawner home, from which Confederate guns could bracket the Federal positions near Groveton as well as the open field in front of Starke's division on Jackson's right. Soon, 19 of Longstreet's cannons were dueling with Union batteries near Groveton, less than a mile away. Lee wanted an immediate advance, but Longstreet balked. Unsure of the ground to his

front or the exact positions of the enemy forces, he asked for more time to conduct a reconnaissance.

Meanwhile, Porter and McDowell had been marching 14,000 men up the Manassas-Gainesville road, with Brig. Gen. George Morell's division leading the column and Brig. Gen. George Sykes's division of regulars close behind. About two miles short of Gainesville, they spotted huge dust clouds to their front indicating a large enemy presence (Stuart, immediately noticing Porter's advance, had ordered Captain Thomas Rosser to have his 5th Virginia horse soldiers drag brush and twigs along the ground as a ruse). At 11 AM, the men of Morell's lead brigade approached a ridge over Dawkins' Branch and spotted mounted Confederates to their front. Brig. Gen. Charles Griffin sent half of the 62nd Pennsylvania ahead as skirmishers.

When the sounds of skirmishing to his front increased, Porter halted his column and con-

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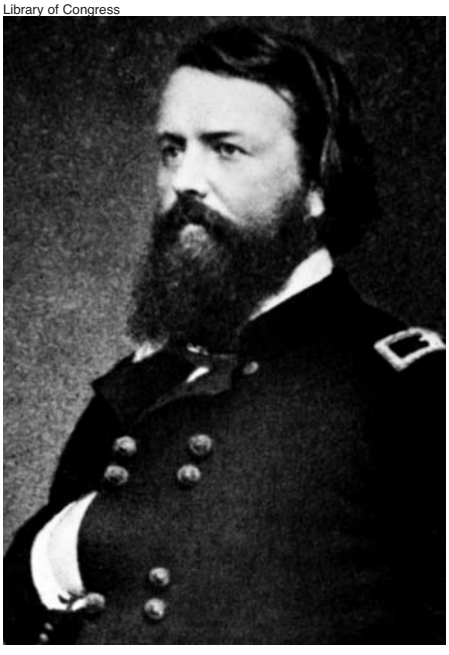
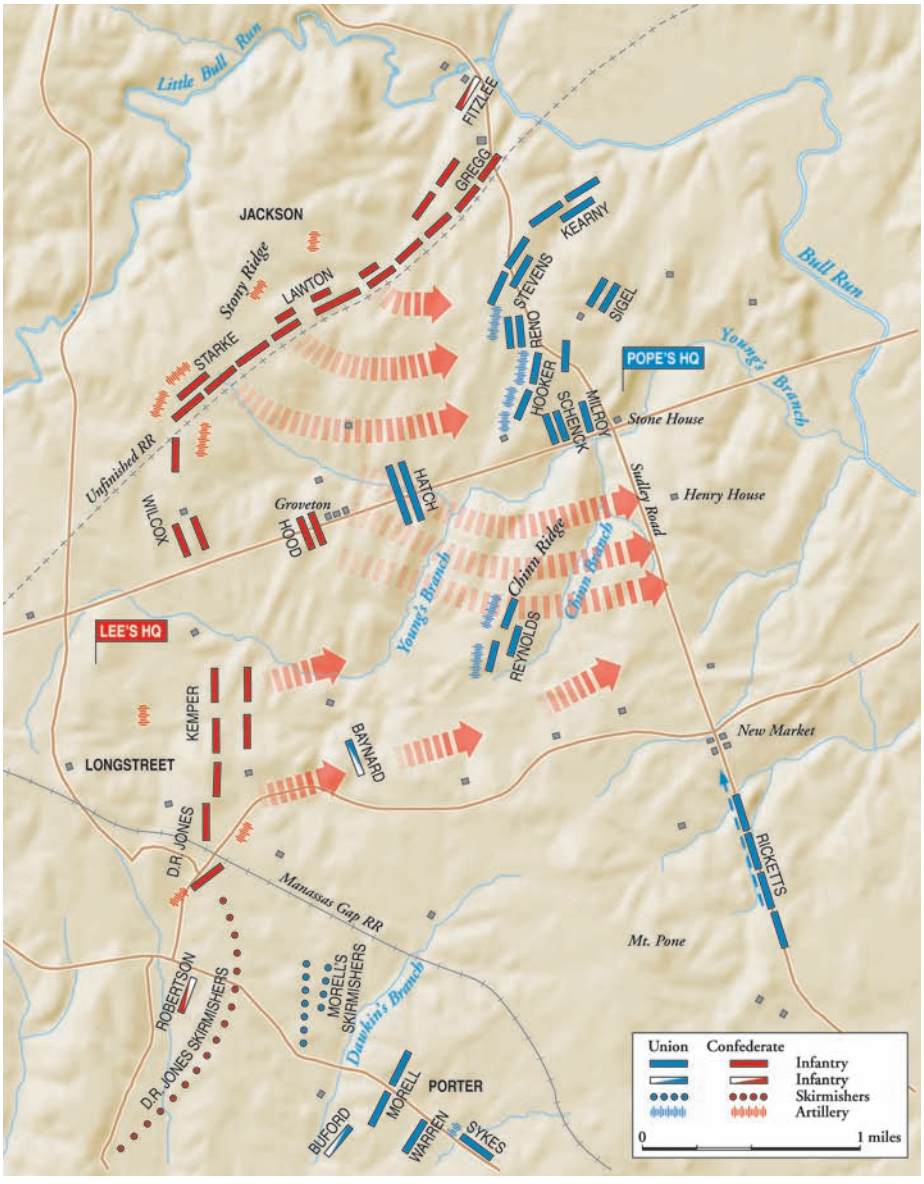


ferred with McDowell, who had received a dispatch from Brig. Gen. John Buford that a huge Rebel column, Longstreet's corps, had passed through Gainesville that morning. Just then new orders from Pope arrived, instructing Porter and McDowell to continue their march, halt if they connected with friendly troops, and be prepared to fall back to Bull Run that evening. With a Confederate force of unknown size to his front, Porter decided to sit tight. He pulled his divisions into defensive positions astride the road and remained there for the rest of the day.

With Porter's corps stalled, McDowell countermarched King's division (now commanded

Map © 2007 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN



ABOVE: Major General James Longstreet, on the Confederate right, led one of the largest counterattacks of the war on the afternoon of August 30, 1862. Stonewall Jackson pressed the Union right. LEFT: Major General John Pope, commanding the Union Army of Virginia, hoped to catch Robert E. Lee napping. OPPOSITE: German-born General Franz Sigel led the all-German 41st New York at Second Manassas. "I fights mit Sigel," the soldiers bragged.

by Brig. Gen. John Hatch, King having been incapacitated by a fit of epilepsy) back to the Manassas-Sudley road to connect with Ricketts's division moving up from Bristoe Station. Meanwhile, Pope arrived on the field at 1 PM and was pleased with what he found—skirmishing along a two-mile front and Jackson "brought to a stand." Pope was convinced that his decision to send Porter and McDowell up the road to Gainesville would turn out to be a stroke of genius; when they arrived they would be in perfect position to launch a devastating strike against Jackson's exposed right flank. The problem was that none of Pope's orders said anything about an attack upon enemy forces; Pope simply assumed Porter and McDowell would attack Jackson's right and based his plan of attack on that bit of particularly wishful thinking.

Pope ordered Maj. Gen. Samuel Heintzelman to "occupy" Jackson by testing the Rebel center; a frontal assault by Brig. Gen. Cuvier Grover's brigade would be supported by Brig. Gen. John Robinson's brigade. Grover's three frontline regiments made it to within a few yards of the embankment before they were spotted by the Georgians of Thomas's brigade, who rose and delivered a deadly massed volley. The blue line slowed only briefly before carrying the embankment in a bayonet assault.

Grover's sudden thrust threatened to cut off Gregg's brigade from the rest of Jackson's line. Gregg withdrew Barnes's 12th South Carolina from his far left and sent it to Thomas's aid as the fighting escalated. The survivors of Grover's first wave, trapped in a deadly pocket of fire along a 500-yard front, were suddenly overlapped on both flanks, and in minutes Grover's attack sputtered and his survivors streamed to the rear, leaving behind 486 troops killed or wounded.

Pope was growing anxious—it was late afternoon and Porter and McDowell had not yet appeared. Another piecemeal, unsupported Union assault, this one against Jackson's center by the 1,500-man brigade of Colonel James Nagle, met the same fate as Grover's: very little accomplished at a cost of another 500 casualties. Pope, sending a preemptory order to Porter to attack at once, ordered another strike, this time by Maj. Gen. Philip Kearny against the Rebel left near Sudley Church. Shortly after 5 PM, Kearny sent 2,700 men forward with orders to wrap around Hill's left and drive the defenders out of the excavation. Kearny personally led three regiments into battle over ground covered with dead and wounded. The 63rd Pennsylvania on Kearny's left soon lost contact with its two sister regiments—the 105th Pennsylvania and 3rd Michigan—in the thick underbrush.

Meanwhile the 105th Pennsylvania and 3rd Michigan struck Gregg's South Carolinians, who fled after suffering severe losses, exposing the flank of Gregg's brigade, which was now under frontal assault by the 40th and 101st New York and the 4th Maine. After the exhausted 1st and

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ABOVE: This Currier & Ives print gives a somewhat prettified version of what was a brutal fight on the old killing grounds at Manassas. OPPOSITE: Stonewall Jackson's "foot cavalry" marched quickly and fought fiercely at Second Manassas.

13th South Carolina also broke for the rear, the embattled Gregg appealed for help; it arrived in the shape of Brig. Gen. Lawrence Branch's three North Carolina regiments, who crashed against Kearny's right and slowed his advance. Gregg, brandishing his grandfather's Revolutionary War sword, called out, "Let us die here, my men," while groups of soldiers formed a strong line of resistance on a hill 200 yards behind the embankment.

Early hurried to the front, leading 2,500 reserve troops, and emerged from the woods to find the Confederate line barely holding along the lower slopes of Stony Ridge. Early's nine regiments crashed into Kearny's line and overwhelmed the exhausted attackers, who were low on ammunition and had suffered heavy losses in 45 minutes of intense fighting. Within 10 minutes of Early's arrival, Kearny's entire force was streaming back through the woods, pursued as far as the embankment, ending the fighting on Jackson's front for the day.

With less than two hours of daylight remaining, Lee again suggested a general advance. Longstreet demurred once more, suggesting a reconnaissance in force to prepare for an attack the following morning. Lee agreed, calling off a general advance set for the next morning and deciding instead to wait for an attack by Pope. Meanwhile, Pope sent an optimistic message to General-in-Chief Henry Halleck in Washington, estimating his losses at between 6,000 and 8,000 while grossly overestimating the Confederate casualties and claiming that the enemy was retreating toward the mountains. In fact, Lee's two wings occupied virtually the same ground they had the previous day, and Longstreet had been bolstered by the arrival of Colonel Stephen D. Lee's artillery battalion and the infantry division of Brig. Gen. R.H. Anderson.

Porter arrived early on August 30, adding 8,000 more troops to Pope's force. Pope met with his commanders at his headquarters near the Warrenton Pike-Sudley Road intersection, and they convinced him to launch a renewed strike against the enemy left, where some success had been gained the previous day. Pope agreed but issued no direct orders; instead, the morning hours passed while Pope waffled, paralyzed by indecision, trying to reconcile his belief that the enemy was retreating with numerous reports to the contrary.

At 11 AM, McDowell and Heintzelman asked to be allowed to reconnoiter the Union right on their own. While they were gone, Pope made up his mind—the Rebels were retreating, a pursuit was in order, and Porter was to attack immediately. A bit later, when McDowell and Heintzelman returned from their half-hearted reconnaissance and reported that they had seen little evidence of a strong enemy presence, Pope was further convinced. At noon he issued revised orders for a two-pronged pursuit. Rather than attacking, Porter would instead lead the pursuit west along the Warrenton Pike, supported by Hatch and Reynolds. Ricketts's division, backed by Heintzelman, would pursue Jackson along the road leading from Sudley west to Haymarket. The chase was to begin at once. Pope told his officers, "Press the enemy vigorously during the whole day."

Porter prepared to launch the largest Union assault of the battle. He faced a formidable task. To Porter's front were some of the best troops in Lee's army—Jackson's old division, now commanded by Starke—holding a strong position behind the unfinished railroad, arrayed in two lines of battle 200 yards apart. Porter's men would have to cross almost 700 yards of open pastureland, the last 150 sharply uphill, to close with the enemy. At 3 PM, Porter's 10,000 men poured out of the woods like an avalanche, the sudden appearance of the blue columns sending a shock wave through the Confederate ranks. Colonel Leroy Stafford's Louisiana brigade, arranged in two lines, held Starke's left; to Stafford's right, the 42nd Virginia of Colonel Bradley Johnson's brigade waited in the unfinished railroad at its deepest point—the "Deep Cut," as it was known. On the right of the 42nd, where the railroad bed

The Granger Collection, New York

ran over flat ground, Johnson's 48th Virginia waited in a grove of trees 80 yards in front of the excavation.

On the Union right, the 24th and 30th New York emerged from the timber and were immediately struck by a massed volley fired from the excavation by Stafford's 1,000 Louisianans. The blue line recoiled but continued forward as clouds of white smoke began to obscure the field. When the New Yorkers reached Schoolhouse Branch, the Confederates rose and fired a second volley. Unbroken, the 24th and 30th closed on the excavation. Meanwhile, Brig. Gen. Daniel Butterfield's units were pushing across the field. At Schoolhouse Branch, the men of Brig. Gen. Benjamin Roberts's brigade felt the sting of enemy rifle fire from their front and artillery fire from their left. By now S.D. Lee had brought the full weight of his 18 guns to bear from the ridge 1,000 yards away. Roberts's men paused for a few moments before continuing on, the din of battle rising to a deafening roar.

The smoke, dust, and noise combined to sow confusion in the Union ranks. The 1st Michigan made it to within 50 yards of the embankment before it was halted by enfilading fire and went to ground. The 13th New York and 18th Massachusetts advanced to within yards of the excavation, took cover behind bushes and rocks, and continued their fire. On Roberts's left, the 17th New York emerged from the woods and moved forward alone. Without stopping at Schoolhouse Branch, the men of the 17th reached the base of the slope leading up to the unfinished railroad and rushed up the hill with a mad yell. When they reached the crest in front of Johnson's brigade 50 yards from the excavation, a deadly blast of artillery and musket fire halted their line.

The exposed 48th Virginia promptly turned and headed for the rear. Along a quarter-mile front, the fighting raged unabated at extremely close ranges. Convinced that his two remaining regiments could not hold, Johnson ordered his two reserve units, the 1st Virginia Battalion and the 21st Virginia, to leave the woods and come up in support. The two fresh units moved into the open field and were promptly shredded by massed volleys of musket fire. Fewer than 300 men made it across the field, tumbling into the Deep Cut alongside the 42nd Virginia.

The retreat of the 48th Virginia opened a dangerous gap between Johnson's right and Brig. Gen. William Taliaferro's left. Jackson, after ordering Hill to reinforce the battered Rebel right, sent a request to Lee and Longstreet, asking for reinforcements. Longstreet concluded that sending a division of infantry would take too much time; the attack, he said, must be broken by artillery instead. Longstreet ordered Captain Will Chapman's Dixie Battery to move to a low knoll just north of the pike. Chapman's four guns added their fire to that of S.D. Lee. The Confederate cannons pinned the attacking Union columns against the railroad, making retreat nearly impossible.

Back at Groveton Woods, Porter concluded that sending additional troops across 700 yards of ground dominated by Rebel cannons would lead to disaster and decided to withhold Sykes's entire reserve division. Porter decided against committing his reserve brigades on the right, essentially abandoning the other Union troops to their fates. Almost an hour of sustained combat had pushed the Confederate defenders to their limits; some were leaving the line to scavenge among the dead and wounded for ammunition while others had resorted to throwing rocks at their enemies. By that time, however, the Federal onslaught was almost spent. When a fresh brigade from Hill's division came up in support, the crisis ended for the southerners. All along the line Union officers passed the order to retreat.

Moments after Porter's attack dissolved, Longstreet and Lee simultaneously ordered a general advance of the Confederate right wing. With no more than three hours of daylight remaining, one of the largest counterattacks of the entire war got under way. Longstreet's objective, Henry Hill, was almost a mile and a half away and shielded the Union route of retreat along the Warrenton

Library of Congress

Pike. About 500 yards west of Henry Hill lay Chinn Ridge, the only terrain feature blocking Longstreet's legions. Another 500 yards farther west, directly in the path of the oncoming gray tide, waited Colonel Gouverneur Warren's brigade of two Zouave regiments. Just after 4 PM, the 5th Texas moved out of the woods and started forward. On their left was Hampton's Legion, many of its men veterans of the fighting 13 months earlier, along with the 18th Georgia and 4th Texas. Four fresh Confederate regiments entered the open fields into the path of the 10th New York's skirmishers, who managed to get off one massed volley before they were overwhelmed and fell back in panic.

The Zouaves could not see their enemy through the clouds of smoke. By the time the fleeing skirmishers of the 10th finally cleared the 5th New York's front, the men of Hood's brigade were already at the edge of the woods just 40 yards away. The 5th Texas outflanked the left of the 5th New York, while Hampton's Legion and the 18th Georgia crashed against their center and right. The colorfully dressed Zouaves made easy targets in the open field. In the first three or four minutes, the 5th suffered at least 100 casualties. Warren yelled out an order to retreat but could not be heard above the din; without orders to fall back, many Zouaves stubbornly held their ground. After another few minutes it became clear that to remain where they were was folly, and every man who could run broke to the rear, closely pursued by screaming Confederates.

As the Zouaves hurried down the slope leading to Young's Branch, Hood's troops moved to the crest of the ridge and slaughtered them as they attempted to follow Warren across the stream. In the first 10 minutes on the ridge, some 300 men of the 5th New York had been killed or wounded; at least 120 were killed outright—one of the heaviest regimental losses of the entire war.

After pausing at Young's Branch, Hood's four regiments splashed across the stream and headed up the slope. Hood's brigade advanced almost a mile, but its rapid pace put the men far ahead of the rest of the Southern forces. Knowing that his men needed cover, Hood ordered his regiments to the right toward a patch of woods. Convinced that his tired troops were not in sufficient numbers to capture Chinn Ridge, Hood decided to wait for reinforcements.

In short order, the 18th South Carolina charged out of the woods toward the Union left, only to be hit in the flank by artillery fire and in front by the fire of the 73rd and 25th Ohio. Next came the 17th South Carolina, commanded by that state's former governor, Colonel John Means, who soon fell mortally wounded. The Union regiments crumbled and fell back beyond the crest of the ridge. Three brigades of Kemper's division arrived in the fields south of the Chinn house as the fighting raged on. Kemper's front line consisted of the brigades of Brig. Gen. Micah Jenkins and Colonel Eppa Hunton, with Colonel Montgomery Corse's brigade 250 yards behind.

Thousands of Confederates in several lines of battle advanced up the ridge and closed on the Union line from three directions. When Hunton and Jenkins advanced toward the crest of the slope against the Union center and left, the blue-clad forces unleashed a devastating volley that staggered parts of Jenkins's line. Within minutes, however, the Confederates reorganized and came on once more, to within 40 yards of the Federals. The battle continued along a 400-yard front, the outnumbered Union brigades suffering horrendous losses.

As the Union line was pushed slowly back along the crest of the ridge, Confederate horse-drawn artillery reached Bald Hill southeast of Chinn Ridge and began firing into the Union left. This new flanking fire was more than the Federals remaining on the slope could bear; the blue line atop the ridge wavered and then broke altogether. Belated reinforcements arrived as the blue lines collapsed and watched as waves of Confederates advanced in deep, dense masses. Minutes later the remaining Union troops on Chinn Ridge, facing insurmountable odds, withdrew, leaving Chinn Ridge in Confederate hands.

Fortunately for Pope, the stubborn defense of Chinn Ridge gave him time to arrange his remaining troops into formidable defensive positions on nearby Henry Hill. At 5:30 PM, Pope ordered the right wing of his army to pull back on line with his left on Henry Hill. By 6 PM, he had four brigades on Henry Hill along a half-mile front extending from north of the Henry house ruins into and beyond the woods on the southern edge of the plateau. Three batteries on the crest of the hill would fire in support of the

Union line; more troops were on the way.

Longstreet and Lee had been working to gather additional units for the drive on Henry Hill. The first to respond was Brig. Gen. R.H. Anderson, whose division left the Brawner farm at 4:50 PM, its three brigades crossing to the south of the pike for the two-mile march east. Longstreet ordered Wilcox to advance his division as well; unfortunately, Wilcox misunderstood the order and sent only one of his three brigades south of the pike and on toward Henry Hill. While these units began their march to Henry Hill, D.R. Jones renewed the Confederate advance, sending both of his brigades to capture the vital Warrenton Pike-Sudley Road intersection. His men got to within 200 yards of their objective before Union troops on Henry Hill spotted the movement.

Reynolds immediately ordered Meade's brigade to attack the Confederate column, and with artillery firing over their heads, Meade's men moved down the slope. The sudden appearance of Meade's brigade on the Georgians' right crushed Jones's hopes of cutting off the enemy units on Dogan Ridge. Brig. Gen. Henry Benning wheeled his men to the right to face Reynolds's line, pointed to the artillery on the hill above it, and ordered his regiment to charge. Anderson's brigade wheeled to the right as well and moved up on Benning's right. Minutes later nearly 3,000 Georgians were moving up the western slope of Henry Hill along a half-mile front, the largest single movement of Longstreet's attack.

Benning's regiments emerged from the Chinn Branch valley into the face of the combined fire of Meade, Seymour, Milroy, and the Union batteries. The gray line recoiled but recovered and continued up the slope, getting to within 80 yards of the enemy. On the Confederate right, Anderson's troops moved through heavy timber toward the crest. As they came out of the woods, Anderson's men recoiled from an initial volley but kept coming as well, getting to within 50 yards of Sudley Road before taking cover and continuing the fight.

Every frontline Union brigade was now heavily engaged. Despite the Union artillery and the formidable positions held by the defenders, the fire of the Georgians was putting tremendous pressure on the Federal line. Jones's brigades were delivering such a fire that the Union line, and not the Confederate, was wavering; Reynolds's two left-flank regiments gave ground, along with the bulk of Milroy's men, who abandoned Sudley Road altogether. The 15th Georgia seized the opportunity and lunged forward into the breach, gaining a foothold on the road just yards from the Yankee batteries. The situation on the Union far left deteriorated as well when a Confederate battery arrived, its four cannons opening fire from near the Conrad home directly on the Union left, raking the thin blue line.

The entire Union defense on Henry Hill was in crisis. After Milroy and Meade appealed for help, Lt. Col. Robert Buchanan's brigade came up at the most opportune moment. After getting his first three regiments deployed, Buchanan rode back and got his remaining two, the 3rd and 5th U.S., and placed them in the center of the Union line. The appearance of fresh troops after 45 minutes of heavy fighting was more than Benning's four tired regiments could bear. The 17th Georgia, on Benning's right, gave way, exposing the right of the 15th Georgia, and although they tried mightily to hold onto their salient on the road, the men of the 15th finally fell back down the hill to Chinn Branch. The situation on Benning's left deteriorated as well; the 20th Georgia, suffering in the open under a rain of shells fired from Henry Hill 300 yards away, was ordered to pull back. At that point, although the fighting continued sporadically for another 30 minutes in the growing darkness, the Confederate attempt to overrun Henry Hill essentially came to an end.

By 7 PM, the retreat on the Union right to the heights east of Sudley Road was complete, the blue army presenting a solid front even though division and corps cohesiveness had eroded significantly. By 11 PM, most of Pope's army had crossed Bull Run at the stone bridge or at Farm's Ford a half mile to the north, their ebbing spirits further dampened by a driving rainstorm. More than 3,000 dead and 15,000 wounded littered the field. Jackson had suffered almost 4,000 casualties, while Longstreet had lost more than 4,700 men killed, wounded, or missing in less than four hours—some 15 percent of the Confederate forces engaged. Pope's army, defeated but essentially intact, had suffered 13,824 casualties—1,716 killed, 8,215 wounded, and 3,893 missing.

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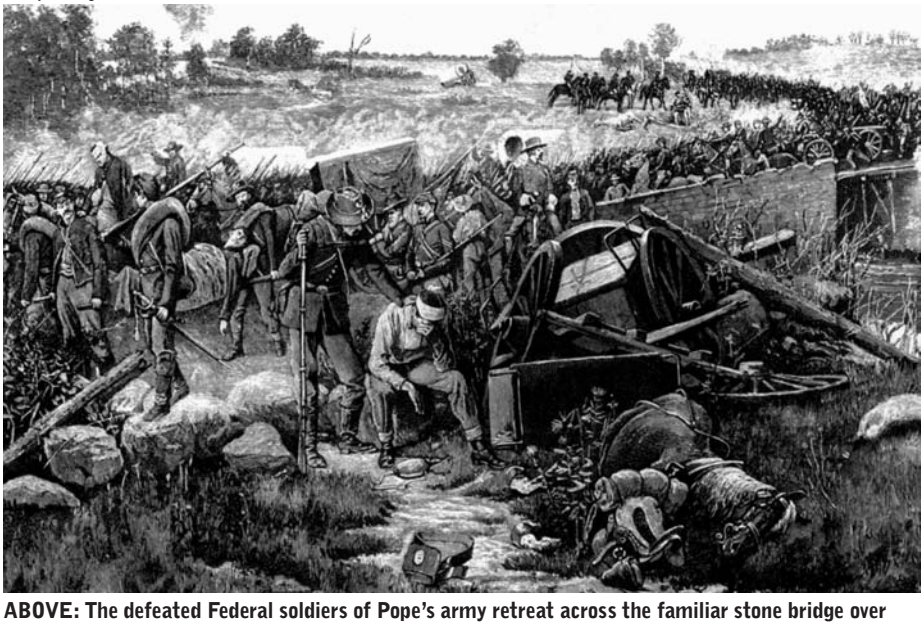


ABOVE: The defeated Federal soldiers of Pope's army retreat across the familiar stone bridge over Bull Run, heading away from the battlefield. OPPOSITE: Colonel Gouverneur Warren's Zouave brigade is overpowered by Longstreet's massive attack. Warren, later a hero at Gettysburg, ordered his men to save themselves.

With the Union facing its gravest threat since the commencement of hostilities, President Abraham Lincoln on September 2 reinstated Maj. Gen. George McClellan to command of all the Federal forces in and around Washington; Pope was banished to Minnesota to command Union troops fighting a Sioux uprising there, his 74 days in command of the Army of Virginia making for one of the sorriest chapters in the history of the United States Army. Conversely, the fortunes of the Confederacy had never looked brighter. Less than six months earlier, Southern armies had been on the defensive everywhere: New Orleans lost, Corinth and Richmond threatened, Missouri gone, and the entire Mississippi Valley seemingly about to follow. Now the South had regained the initiative and was on the offensive in every major theater of the war. The Confederacy had reached its true high-water mark at Manassas. Never again would it be as close to victory. □

A HOBBIT ON THE

Smoke and ash drifted across the shattered ground. Dead faces peered up with lidless eyes from pools of stagnant water. Black flying objects screeched downward, bringing terror and death to the soldiers huddled below, while on the horizon the sky blazed red-orange with flame and the entire earth shook.

This is the fictional world described in J.R.R. Tolkien's immensely popular trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings*, but it was based on the awful reality of the Western Front in World War I. Perhaps no other war has produced such an illustrious array of writers. Out of this fiery cataclysm, names such as English writers Robert Graves, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke, and Siegfried Sassoon—to say nothing of such American writers as Ernest Hemingway, e.e. cummings, and John Dos Passos, and German author Erich Maria Remarque—have been etched into public

BY O'BRIEN BROWNE

perceptions of World War I-inspired literature. Ironically, Tolkien, perhaps the most famous and widely read writer to emerge from the conflict, is almost never associated with it.

Yet World War I had a major creative impact on Tolkien, informing the universal themes that make his novels so vivid. Brooding evil arises out of the East, a grand alliance of forces forms in the West, and a war for the future of civilization takes place in a nightmarish lunar landscape filled with surging armies and killing machines—the very things Tolkien experienced first-hand in World War I. In particular, male friendship, fortified by the shared hardships of warfare, stands out in Tolkien's writings, and it jars modern readers to read Tolkien's foreword to the second edition of *The Lord of the Rings*. "By 1918," he writes, "all but one of my close friends were dead."

In 1889, Queen Victoria sat on the British throne, dourly surveying her mighty empire, which spread out from the British Isles

A British soldier searches for a dead comrade's identity disc after the disastrous attack at the Somme. Painting by Frank Crozier, who also took part in a similar British rout at Gallipoli. INSET: A reflective J.R.R. Tolkien in his study long after the war.

SOMME

Australian War Memorial

A YOUNG WRITER, J.R.R. TOLKIEN, witnessed the worst single day of British military history—World War I's Battle of the Somme—and lived to tell about it imaginatively in his best-selling trilogy, *THE LORD OF THE RINGS*.

National Archives

British infantry trudges through the rain toward new lines at Guillemont during the 1916 Somme campaign. RIGHT: Robert Quilter Gilson died going over the top at the Somme. OPPOSITE: J.R.R. Tolkien as a signal officer in the 11th Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers.

to India, Egypt, Australia, Canada, and much of the rest of the planet. Britain's powerful navy protected homeland and colony alike; her small professional army was battle hardened from fierce colonial wars. This was the world into which John Ronald Reuel Tolkien was born in Bloemfontein, South Africa, in 1892. Three years later, his mother brought him and his brother to England to escape the harsh African climate. Shortly afterward, the family was crushed to learn that Tolkien's father had died of rheumatic fever. They moved to Sarehole, just outside the grim industrial city of Birmingham, where Tolkien's mother gave him an excellent education at home. Her death in 1904 was another body blow to the young boy. The Tolkien children were raised by an aunt and a family friend.

At school, Tolkien's linguistic gifts blossomed, and he excelled at Latin and ancient Greek, before devouring German, Gothic, Welsh, Finnish, and other languages. Tolkien was a member of his school's cadet corps, riding with a territorial cavalry regiment in 1912. He made best friends with Christopher Wiseman, Geoffrey Bache Smith, and Robert Gilson, and together they founded the Tea Club of the Barrovian Society, or TCBS, named after their meeting place, the Barrow Store. It was an idealistic, irreverent, and pretentious little group. The witty aesthetic Gilson dreamed of becoming a renowned architect; Wiseman, sensitive and talented, wished to be a musician; literature-loving G.B. Smith longed to be a poet; and Tolkien, dreamy, ambitious, and hardworking, wrote tales of elves, dwarfs, and heroic supermen, inventing his own private languages for them.

Upon graduation, Tolkien was accepted into Oxford University, where he majored in Old English and Germanic languages while developing a relationship with Edith Bratt, his childhood sweetheart. Against the background of romance and ivy-covered university walls, Tolkien observed the slowly escalating tensions among the nations of Europe, which finally exploded into all-out war in 1914 after the assassination of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand.

Although many European men enthusiastically dashed to the colors of their respective nations to participate in a war that was to be over by Christmas, others greeted the conflict with indifference or repulsion. For his part, Tolkien decided to complete his studies and then join up, a primarily financial choice. Tolkien had always been desperately poor, and his only chance for survival after the war was to find a job in academia. After struggling so hard to better himself, Tolkien did not welcome the war, which symbolized for him "the collapse of all my world." Still, after graduating with a first-class degree in 1915, he prepared to enlist in the British Army.

Tolkien's friends in the TCBS had already reached the same conclusion. Gilson had joined in November 1915, going into the Cambridgeshire Battalion, later to be transferred to the 11th Battalion, Suffolk Regiment as a second lieutenant. Smith followed his friend a month later, the young poet being accepted into the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, although he would later be transferred to the 19th Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers, also as a second lieutenant. Like Tolkien, Wiseman opted to enlist later, going into the Royal Navy in summer 1915 to serve on the battleship HMS *Superb*. Although it was a hard decision for the young men, in reality there was little choice but to volunteer. "In those days," Tolkien later recalled, "chaps joined up, or were scorned

publicly. It was a nasty cleft to be in."

In 1915, the war was not going well for Great Britain and its allies. As Tolkien and his friends went through boot camp, the character of the war transformed, becoming more protracted and deadly than anybody had foreseen. The Lancashire Fusiliers, for instance, had taken part in a bloody but failed landing against well-entrenched Turkish forces at Gallipoli. On the Western Front, British forces had suffered appalling losses at Neuve Chapelle while Russians and Austrians battled it out in the Carpathian Mountains. On the home front, a German submarine campaign was strangling much needed food and weapon supplies. And in April 1915, a new horror appeared: along a four-mile stretch of the Ypres Salient in Belgium, the Germans struck combined French, Algerian, and Canadian divisions with a terrible new weapon—168 tons of chlorine, the world's first poison gas attack. That autumn, Great Britain suffered 50,000 casualties in the Battle of Loos.

At this bleak hour, Tolkien and the three other members of the TCBS gathered one last time to discuss literature and the future. On June 28, the 23-year-old Tolkien enlisted in the Lancashire Fusiliers, no doubt desiring to be close to G.B. Smith but also choosing the unit because it was full of Oxford men. This was typical of British Army recruiting at the time—young men joined up en masse by town, school, or trade, organized into regiments sporting such quaint names such as the Tyneside Commercials or the Manchester Pals; G.B. Smith's battalion was known as the 3rd Salford Pals. The idea was that units made up of friends, relatives, and colleagues would be more cohesive and motivated on the battlefield. The tragic corollary to this thinking was that when the fighting was particularly intense, such close-knit groups would also fall en masse, wiping out entire school classes or neighborhoods in the space of a few bloody moments.

Because of his language expertise, Tolkien was trained in Yorkshire as a signals officer, responsible for battalion communications with headquarters. He learned map reading, Morse code, message sending via carrier pigeon, and field telephone operation. He memorized the art of station call signs—tactical voice communications with letters or digits representing companies, platoons, and sections—and also how to use signal flags and discs, flares, lamps, and heliographs as well as "runners," soldiers who carried hand-written notes to headquarters under fire.

Like all new soldiers, Tolkien found boot camp dull, Army bureaucracy intolerable, and most of his commanding officers insipid. "War multiplies the stupidity by 3," he wrote. But in training camp, a more subtle transformation was occurring within him. Great Britain's first volunteer army had thrown together men from all walks of life and all social classes, and Tolkien developed "a deep sympathy and feeling for the 'tommy,' especially the plain soldier from the agricultural counties." In socially stratified prewar England, Tolkien the Oxford man would normally never have had anything to do with such "commoners."

On June 2, 1916, Tolkien received his embarkation orders. Now married to Edith Bratt, he visited her for the last time, harboring little hope that he would ever see her again. As he later remembered, "Junior officers were being killed off a dozen a minute. Parting from my wife then was like death."

One by one, Tolkien and his friends went off to battle. While Wiseman experienced a comparatively "clean" war in the Navy, seeing sporadic action, Tolkien, Gilson, and Smith entered a war zone of gothic horrors for which nothing in their comfortably sheltered young lives had prepared them. Moving up into the front lines, they witnessed the genius of their enlightened epoch being used to kill masses of men. The earth of northern France was ripped up and broken, oozing mud from countless shell holes, the rotting bodies of dead men and horses littering the ground, grotesquely entwined with the hulks of rusting guns, smashed wagons, and barbed wire. The trenches were torn up by shell blasts, rat infested and mud filled, and adorned with hunks of putrid flesh and smashed equipment.

Tolkien disembarked on June 6, 1916, at Étaples, from where he and the 11th Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers, under the command of Lt. Col. Laurence Bird, were transported by train to the great British communication and supply center at Amiens and billeted near the front lines. The battalion was transferred to 74th Brigade, 25th Division for an upcoming offensive on the Somme River. Tolkien was assigned to A Company.

Neither he nor his men were aware of it, but they were about to participate in the greatest attack in the history of the British Army, the "Big Push" that Army planners had designed to break through the Germans lines in the rolling, chalky countryside near the Somme. After a massive artillery barrage, the Germans would be either dazed or dead, and the British Army would simply stroll over no-man's-land, occupy the trenches, and roll up the rest of the enemy's forces before breaking out into open ground. The war could be brought to a sudden and decisive close. That, at any rate, was the plan.

"MY SAM GAMGEE IS INDEED A REFLECTION OF THE ENGLISH SOLDIER, OF THE PRIVATES AND BATMEN I KNEW IN THE 1914 WAR, AND RECOGNIZED AS FAR SUPERIOR TO MYSELF."

Because the vast majority of the men were green, Tolkien and his fellow officers were instructed to lead their troops into battle in parade fashion—long, even lines marching against the Germans in waves, their bayoneted rifles held "at the slope," tilted slightly forward. For a week before the attack, 1,500 British guns had pulverized the German positions to soften them up and cut the dense wire entanglements through which the attacking British were to weave. Zero hour was set for 7:30 AM, July 1, 1916. Some 200 battalions, containing 100,000 British troops, would go over the top. Gilson's and Smith's units were among those moved up to take part in the initial attack; Tolkien's unit was held in reserve.

The morning of the attack was a poet's morning of golden sunshine and wildflowers swaying gently in a faint breeze. It had rained the night before, and freshness was everywhere. Suddenly, at 7:28 AM, a massive heap of dirt, German soldiers, and trees suddenly lifted into the air as

British sappers blew mines under the German trenches, in one place scooping out a 90-foot-deep crater in the earth. This was followed by an eerie silence. Then, all along the line, the shrill sound of whistles trilled as British officers signaled their men to attack. The Army slowly surged up jumping-off ladders and began walking slowly toward the enemy lines.

Gilson had blown his whistle and led his men over the top. Their target was the enemy trenches near the village of La Boisselle. As Gilson and the 11th Suffolk advanced, they soon realized to their horror that the wire before them had not been cut by the artillery fire and that the Germans, well-protected in deep dugouts, had survived the massive bombardment. The Germans waited for the advancing British to come into range, then opened up with machine guns, small arms, and artillery fire. Before the leading wave had advanced 100 yards, men began dropping everywhere. A wounded company commander wrote: "My very last memory of the attack is the sight of Gilson in front of me and [another officer] on my right, both moving as if on parade, and both a minute or two later to be mortally hit." The first of Tolkien's friends had fallen. In a few moments, the 11th Suffolk had suffered 691 casualties. "My chief impression," Tolkien wrote to Smith, reflecting on Gilson's death, "is that something has gone crack."

Smith, an intelligence officer in the 19th Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers, was also in action at the Somme. On July 4, he and his men attacked the Leipzig Salient, a strongly fortified section of the German line on Thiepval Ridge. Once again, the attack was repulsed with heavy losses. Smith survived, writing in a very nonpoetic manner in his battle report, "Owing to hostile MG [machine-gun] fire the advance was made by short rushes. Casualties were heavy."

After Smith and his battered men were pulled out of the line for leave, he ran into Tolkien in the village of Bouzincourt, and the two old friends talked about their experiences.

Tolkien kept up with his writing as well as he could under the circumstances. He recalled working on some of his stories "in grimy canteens, at lectures in cold fogs, in huts full of blasphemy and smut, or by candle light in bell-tents, even some down in dugouts under shell fire." But such occasions were rare. "You might scribble something on the back of an envelope and shove it in your back pocket," he later wrote, "but that's all. You couldn't write. You'd be crouching down among flies and filth."

The war continued. In late October, Tolkien and his men were involved in bloody fighting to take Regina Trench, located a mere 200 yards from the British lines. Tolkien was stationed at battalion headquarters at Zollern Redoubt. The attack began at precisely 12:18 PM with an artillery barrage, before waves of British soldiers rushed toward the German trench. This time the artillery fire was effective

Suffolk Record Office

Tolkien's battalion of the Suffolk Regiment in camp in England prior to its departure for France.

Luckily for him, Tolkien had not taken part on the disastrous opening day of the battle, when a staggering 60,000 British soldiers fell, 20,000 of them killed outright. Held in reserve, his unit watched the lines of British wounded and German prisoners stream past. When elements of the 11th were thrown into the fighting, Tolkien was kept back to act as communications officer for the battalion. On July 14, he slogged through the battered remains of the village of La Boisselle, he and his men hauling signal flares, lamps, and rolls of telephone wire to maintain communication with headquarters. The 11th attacked German trenches around Ovillers and the fighting was fierce. Tolkien's company commander was killed, just one of the 267 casualties the 11th suffered in two weeks of fighting. Tolkien was made battalion signal officer in command of several noncommissioned officers and privates.

Throughout July and August, the 11th was yanked in and out of the line several times. In late summer it was engaged in hard fighting at Thiepval Wood, especially a section of the German line known as the Schwaben Redoubt. Tolkien, with eight runners under his command, was assigned again to battalion headquarters. While the battle stormed about him, Tolkien had to ensure that vital battlefield information went out to his superiors while simultaneously coping with runners being wounded or killed and telephone lines being severed by hostile gunfire.

enough to catch the Germans by surprise, and many were killed, wounded, or captured. One of Tolkien's signalers was hit while carrying a pigeon basket; he joined 160 other men who were casualties, among them many officers knocked out while crossing no-man's-land. For Tolkien and the 11th, this was the last fighting of the Battle of the Somme before they were pulled out of line for a much needed rest.

After surviving four hellish months in one of the war's deadliest battles, Tolkien succumbed to the most humble but ubiquitous enemy of all—lice. With a fever of 103 degrees, he was sent back to Great Britain in early November, diagnosed with trench fever, a disease akin to

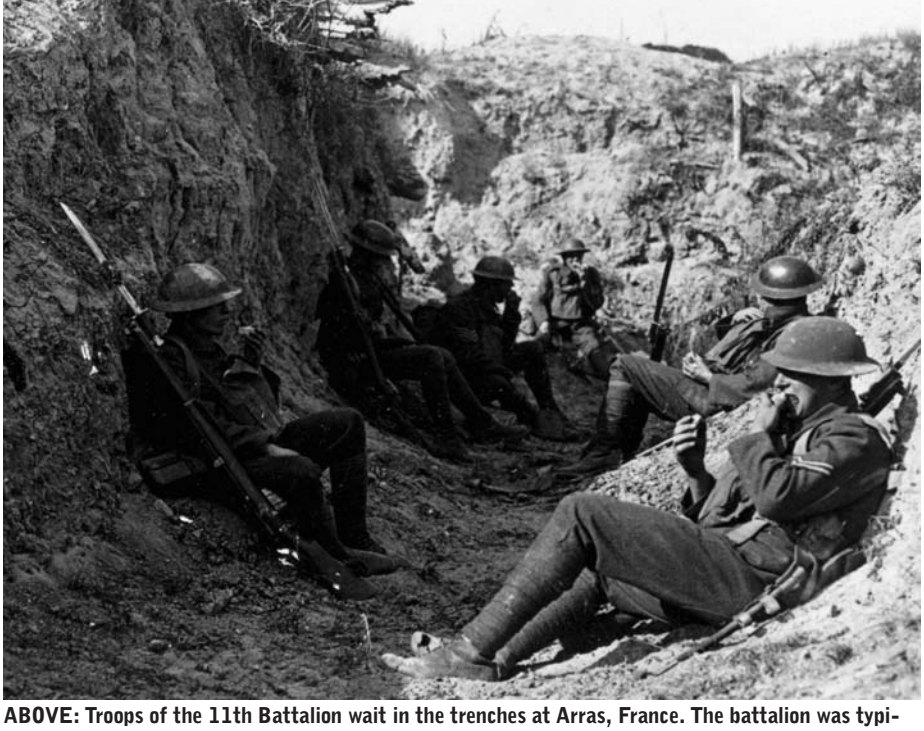
typhus that was spread by infected lice. A vicious, debilitating, sometimes deadly disease, trench fever nevertheless was considered a "blighty wound," a nonfatal wound that ensured that the victim would be sent back to Old Blighty—soldier slang for Britain—to recover. Such wounded men were congratulated by their envious comrades; hearing about Tolkien's condition, G.B. Smith immediately wrote: "Stay a long time in England. I am beyond measure delighted."

Tolkien spent the rest of the war in Harrogate Sanatorium and other Army facilities. In September 1918 he was deemed incapable of returning to active service. Back at the front, Tolkien was sorely missed. Although he often dismissed his war service with typical English self-deprecation, Tolkien was considered a good officer. On leave in 1917, Wiseman visited the convalescing Tolkien, telling his friend that he hoped Tolkien would not be sent back to the war. "It is you and I now," Wiseman had written to him earlier. Throughout 1917 and 1918, Tolkien was struck by recurring bouts of trench fever and was in and out of the hospital. Whenever he was well enough, he continued to fulfill his duties, being promoted to full lieutenant. He also found time to write an unpublished elegiac piece on Gilson and Smith, and worked on his stories and languages

Meanwhile, his surviving friends were still at war. As Tolkien lay feverishly in bed, G.B. Smith and his men were settling down in the tiny village of Souastre, behind the front lines. Smith's stay was uneventful until in late November 1916, when he was hit in the arm and buttock by shell fragments. At first, it was believed he received his own "blighty wound." But by the first week of December, Smith was dead, killed by gangrene from the foul battlefield soil that infected his wounds.

After the war's end in 1918, Tolkien worked as an associate professor before he became a full professor of Anglo-Saxon languages at Oxford University. He continued to work on his novels, beginning with *The Hobbit* in 1937. Although he denied that World War I had any influence on his subsequent writing, warfare permeates Tolkien's Middle-Earth just as it permeated Europe in the first half of the 20th century. No writer can divorce himself from the fires of his own experience—if he did, he would have nothing to write about. Contradicting himself later, Tolkien admitted that his stories had been "quickened to full life by war."

Tolkien and his three friends are reflected in the four Hobbits—Frodo, Sam, Merry, and Pippin—in the wildly popular trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings*. The Hobbits' long journey



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ABOVE: Troops of the 11th Battalion wait in the trenches at Arras, France. The battalion was typically hard hit by casualties. BELOW: A German 5.9-inch naval gun, removed from a battleship, prepares to launch a gas bombardment. Note the gas masks on the gunners.

from the verdant fields of the Shire to the barren, evil land of Mordor neatly mirrors Tolkein and his friends' journey from green England to the ruined stretches of northern France. Endlessly marching, they leave the West to battle a dark power in the East, much as real-life British soldiers did. The characteristics of Tolkien's friends appear in the Hobbit's personalities. The fun-loving G.B. Smith, for instance, serves as the model for Pippin. Sampson Gamgee, a well-known Edwardian doctor who invented Gamgee Tissue used in surgery, lent his name to Tolkien's character Sam Gamgee, who himself was a composite of the men he had fought beside. "My Sam Gamgee," Tolkien remembered, "is indeed a reflection of the English soldier, of the privates and batmen I knew in the 1914 war, and recognized as so far superior to myself."

A vast array of Tolkien's imagery could have been lifted directly from a World War I battlefield guide. There are the Dead Marshes, for example, "a place where the dead lay underneath a noxious film of stagnant water," and the "Noman-lands" arid and lifeless, "choked with ash and crawling muds, sickly white and grey and pocked with great holes." Hobbits Frodo and Sam take cover in craters much like shell holes, and a "foul sump of oily

National Archives

ABOVE: German infantry advance over a newly captured British trench during the last German offensive in the spring of 1918. BELOW: Perhaps staged after the battle, this photo claims to show the 11th Battalion in action at Polygon Wood in September 1917. Tolkien served as a signal officer.

Suffolk Record Office

many-coloured ooze lay at its bottom." Mordor's fumes recall the Germans' use of mustard gas, while the white and gray mud is similar to the deadly sucking muck of the Somme, where the chalky ground had been pulverized by artillery barrages. "The Dead Marshes," Tolkien freely admitted, "and the approaches to the Morannon owe something to Northern France after the Battle of the Somme."

Among the great attractions of Tolkien's Middle-Earth are the realistic landscape descriptions and detailed maps he created for his imagined lands, reflecting the skills he had learned in map-reading and drawing courses at Army signalers school. Much of Tolkien's world—the Hobbit holes, trolls' caves, underground Dwarf and Elf kingdoms—mirrors the subterranean existence he experienced on the front lines in France, living in fetid trenches and deep dugouts.

Tolkien's love of huge and heroic battles, such as the fall of Gondolin in *The Silmarillion,* the Battle of the Five Armies in *The Hobbit,* or the great war epic in *The Lord of the Rings,* have their origins in the real-life Battle of the Somme. Tolkien always denied, however, that the Orcs, a cruel race, represented German soldiers. He wrote to his son in 1941: "I have spent most of my life studying Germanic matters (in the general sense that includes England and Scandinavia). There is a great deal more force (and truth) than ignorant people imagine in the 'Germanic' ideal."

Tolkien's details reveal his military training: the skill with which Sam makes a smokeless fire; how the men of Gondor, like army engineers, build bridges and defensive works; and the Hobbits' backpacks, much like a soldier's kit of rolled blankets, cooking pans, spoon and fork, tinderbox, and a small store of salt, show an accuracy that any soldier would appreciate. And just as Tolkien's trench fever recurred in debilitating waves, so too does Frodo suffer from painful fits long after the wars of Middle-Earth have drawn to a close, leaving him lying prone on his bed. "I am wounded," he tells Sam, "wounded; it will never really heal"—a sentiment many physically or emotionally scarred soldiers from any war can share. Significantly, the destruction of the Dark Lord's empire in *The Return of the King* is powerfully reflected in reality as World War I swept away several great kingdoms—Czarist Russia, the Ottoman Empire, Imperial Germany, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The impact of the war on Tolkien's works was obvious to those who knew him best. Tolkien's close friend and fellow Oxford scholar, C.S. Lewis, author of the *Chronicles of Narnia* books and a veteran himself, recognized the war in Tolkien's writing. The conflict that dominates *The Lord of the Rings,* Lewis pointed out, "has the very quality of the war my generation knew. It is all here: the endless, unintelligible movement, the sinister quiet of the front … the lively, vivid friendships." Finally, in 1944, Tolkien admitted the effect of the war on himself, writing to his son Christopher, then serving in the Royal Air Force, "I hope that in after days the experience of men and things, if painful, will prove useful. It did to me."

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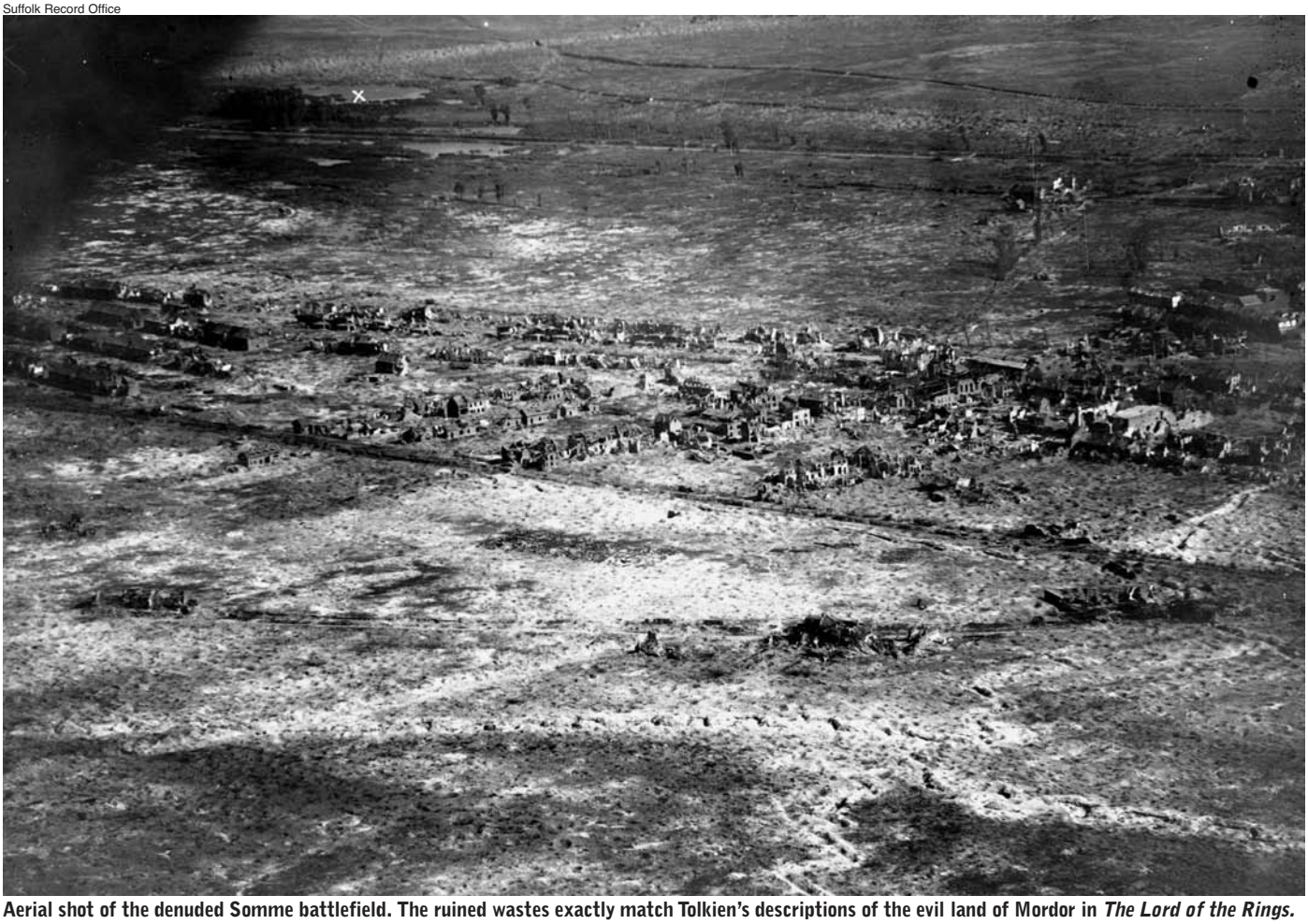

Aerial shot of the denuded Somme battlefield. The ruined wastes exactly match Tolkien's descriptions of the evil land of Mordor in *The Lord of the Rings.*

Paul Fussell's influential *The Great War and Modern Memory* argues that the romantic epic suffered a fatal wound in the "stupid" and "senseless" First World War. Tolkien would have disagreed. In stark contrast to the disillusionment and antiwar sentiment of the postwar period, Tolkien unabashedly kept alive the tradition of war as a noble and romantic ideal. He not only rejected modernism, but revived the heroic epic in English literature. The romantic epic lives on with vigor and dash in Tolkien's cavalry charges, his beautiful princesses, and shimmering enchanted forests. Since his death in 1973, millions of Tolkien's books have continued to sell around the world, and he is easily the most unique, influential, and widely read writer to emerge from the inferno of World War I. A three-movie trilogy of his works directed by Peter Jackson concluded by sweeping the Academy Awards in 2004.

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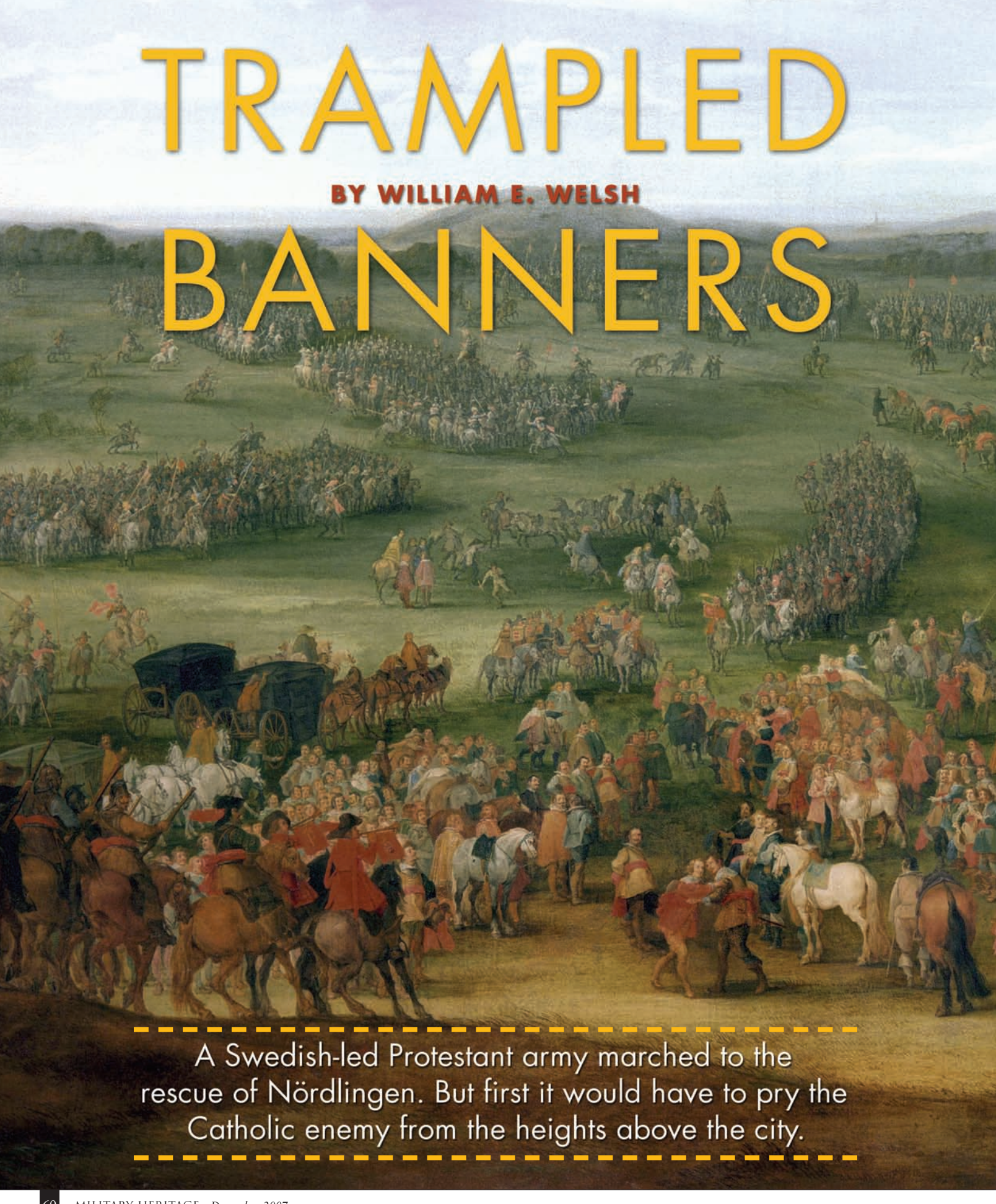
But such creativity had its costs. Like many former soldiers, Tolkien downplayed, suppressed, and even denied the effects of the war on him, yet they stayed with him all his life. In 1940, writing to his son Michael who had volunteered to fight in World War II, Tolkien hinted at the things he had lost in the First World War. "I was pitched into it all, just when I was full of stuff to write, and of things to learn," he said, "and never picked it all up again." He and Christopher Wiseman—the only survivors from the TCBS—remained lifelong friends, meeting whenever they could to remember their friends in better times.

Tolkien experienced pain all his life—the early deaths of his parents, financial hardship, the war. Like many people, he retreated into his mind, and there he found an enchanted land of heroes, beauty, and great deeds. Still, the memories remained. "I can see clearly now in my mind's eye," Tolkien recalled, "the old trenches and the squalid houses and the long roads of Artois, and I would visit them again if I could." He never did, except in his books.

The war changed Tolkien, as it changed everyone. It injected loss and sadness into his writing, and made his descriptions more poignant because they were more real. Mordor could not have existed had Tolkien not experienced it firsthand on the Somme. But the war also taught him to value positive things as well—pity, beauty, heroism, loyalty, and the meaning of friendship—themes that run throughout all of his works and still reflect the lives and aspirations of millions of readers today. □

TRAMPLED BANNERS

BY WILLIAM E. WELSH



A Swedish-led Protestant army marched to the rescue of Nördlingen. But first it would have to pry the Catholic enemy from the heights above the city.

Catholic forces hold the high ground below Nördlingen in this 1634 painting by Pieter Muelener. Despite repeated Protestant attacks, the Catholics maintained their advantage throughout the day.

akg-images

From within the walled city of Nördlingen in the Upper Palatinate, a lone rocket arced slowly skyward on the night of September 3, 1634. Its glittering tail streaked across the night sky before bursting into flame. The initial blast was followed by several more in quick succession. The signal rockets were a desperate cry for help by the small garrison trapped inside the Free Imperial City to a substantial Protestant relief force camped six miles west at the village of Bopfingen. The stranglehold that a strong Catholic force of 18,000 Bavarian and Imperial soldiers had on the city was growing tighter with every passing day. Since their arrival on August 17, the Catholics had camped on a crescent-shaped string of hills surrounding the town, pinning the inhabitants inside the city.

The Catholics' siege works lay within 500 yards of the town's main walls. Earlier that day, they had unleashed a ferocious bombardment on the town, whose walls were too weak and whose garrison was too small to save it from destruction. The inhabitants of Nördlingen were panic-stricken—with good reason. Three years before, 24,000 Protestants had been slaughtered when ruthless Catholic mercenaries pillaged and burned Magdeburg on the Elbe River. The people of Nördlingen could expect a similar fate.

By 1634, the Thirty Years' War had dragged on for 16 years. It began as a test of wills when Ferdinand, king of Bohemia and soon-to-be-elected Holy Roman emperor, sought to impose strict Catholic doctrine on staunchly Protestant parts of Bohemia. Following the Defenestration of Prague on May 23, 1618, during which an angry mob flung two of Ferdinand's deputies out of a palace window in Prague, the Bohemian estates voted out Ferdinand and installed Frederick V of Palatinate as their new king.

Catholic forces, including Imperial forces fielded by Ferdinand and the Catholic League armies financed by Elector Maximilian of Bavaria, eventually gained the upper hand over the Protestants, until King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden interceded on the Protestants' behalf. After landing with his troops in June 1630 on the shores of Pomerania, the gifted and brilliant Swedish commander personally led his forces to stunning victories over Catholic armies at Breitenfeld and Lützen. The latter victory came at great cost, however, when the Swedish king was fatally shot from his horse while leading a counterattack.

After Gustavus's death, Sweden forged a new alliance with the Protestant princes of southwest Germany through the establishment of the League of Heilbronn. The league gave the Swedes a forward base in southwest Germany from which to continue offensive operations against the Catholic League's Imperial armies. The Protestants' new leader was German noble Bernhard Saxe-Weimar, an aggressive but arrogant commander who had fought admirably under Gustavus. Protestant operations in the south German corridor would be split between Bernhard and Gustav Horn, marshal of Sweden, a solid tactician but a more cautious general than his German ally.

ABOVE: Dashing General Ottavio Piccolomini led a force of 7,000 Spanish cuirassiers at the Battle of Nördlingen. OPPOSITE: Twenty-six-year-old Archduke Ferdinand, the new Holy Roman Emperor, led the Catholic forces at Nördlingen. Painting by Peter Paul Rubens.

Bernhard and Horn inherited a troubled Protestant army comprising Swedish professionals and German mercenaries. For all his genius, Gustavus had neglected the welfare of his men, many of whom had not been paid properly for their service in the army. In 1633 there was open mutiny in the ranks, and Bernhard took advantage of the situation to press the Swedish chancellor for a hereditary title. To placate Bernhard and bring the mutiny to an end, the league provided back pay to the troops, granted estates to some of the officers, and named Bernhard the duke of Franconia. By August 1633, the now-appeased army prepared to resume offensive operations against Catholic forces.

Bernhard and Horn led independent commands. Horn's Swedish forces operated in Baden, while Bernhard threatened Bavaria from the Danube River. On November 13, Bernhard captured the Free Imperial City of Regensburg. Meanwhile, a third Protestant army under Swedish Field Marshal Johan Baner was in Silesia regrouping for an attack on Bohemia. Horn and Bernhard planned to reunite for an offensive that would secure southeastern Germany for the Protestants and carry the war into Bavaria.

Facing attack from two different directions, the Catholic forces, commanded by 26-year-old Archduke Ferdinand, the king of Hungary, confronted a tough choice. Rather than defend Prague against Baner, Ferdinand chose instead to march west in the hope of clearing the Danube corridor and linking up with his cousin, Prince Fernando Hapsburg, the archbishop of Toldeo. The Cardinal-Infante, as he was known, was leading 15,000 soldiers from northern Italy to the Spanish Netherlands, where he was to take over as the region's new governor.

The Spanish troops marched along the so-called Spanish Road that led through the Alps. The Cardinal-Infante's orders from his brother, King Philip IV of Spain, allowed him the leeway to assist his cousin before proceeding to the Netherlands. Aware that Horn and Bernhard were operating independently, the archduke and his field commander, Count Matthias Gallas, saw a golden opportunity to devour their opponents piecemeal. In early May, the Imperialists broke camp in Pilsen and marched south to Regensburg.

A Protestant garrison numbering around 3,800 held Regensburg. Bernhard was camped nearby with about 10,000 troops, but his corps was outnumbered more than 2-to-1 by the advancing Catholics, who grew stronger with the addition of Bavarian reinforcements. Gallas besieged Regensburg on May 23, while Bernhard stood by helplessly. Bernhard had no choice but to propose a union with Horn. This forced the Swedish marshal to cut short his siege of Überlingen on Lake Constance and march to Bernhard's assistance.

While the siege of Regensburg dragged on through June into July, Horn and Bernhard linked up on July 12 in Augsburg, astride the Baden-Bavarian border. Hoping to divert the Imperialists, they crossed into Bavaria and overran the garrison at Landshut on July 22. The Protestant onslaught was so fierce that the Catholic commander, Johan Aldringer, was trampled by his own troops while trying to rally them. Despite the Swedish victory at Landshut, Regensburg fell to the Catholics four days later. The Protestant army got some much-needed breathing room when the Imperialists unexpectedly countermarched east to block a two-pronged Protestant threat against Bohemia by Baner and Saxon general Hans von Arnim.

Aware that the Cardinal-Infante had reached the Tyrol, Horn and Bernhard again split up, with Horn moving south to check the Spanish prince's advance while Bernhard rested his force in the meadows along the Danube and awaited the Imperialists' return. The Protestant commanders acted too soon—the Saxons quickly lost heart and the threat to Bohemia did not materialize. The Catholics countermarched and continued rolling back the Protestant position in southern Germany by laying siege to Donauworth, a key gateway city in Bavaria, on August 13. Falling back before the larger enemy force, Bernhard reunited with Horn again near the Free Imperial City of Ulm on August 16. That same day, the Catholics stormed and captured Donauworth.

While the Catholics seemed invigorated by their successes, the Swedish forces and their German allies were suffering from disease and lack of supplies. The Catholic commanders had

no intention of stopping their offensive at Donauworth; they made a 90-degree turn north and marched 17 miles to Nördlingen, which was occupied by 500 Swedish troops and 100 militia. Arriving before the city walls on August 17, the Catholic host encamped on a string of hills that lay south of the town. After a lengthy delay, part of which was spent trying to improve the morale of their forces, Baner and Horn arrived on August 23 with 16,000 troops and camped at Bopfingen, upstream from Nördlingen on the Eger River. The Catholic force before Nördlingen comprised 12,000 Imperialists and 6,000 Bavarians. Marching to a rendezvous with his cousin Ferdinand, the Cardinal-Infante was somewhere to the south with 15,000 crack Spanish troops.

The Protestants were rapidly losing control of the situation. Bernhard and Horn agreed that they could not let a third strategic city fall to the Catholics in such a short span of time. Not only would it demoralize their troops, but the loss of yet another city might force some of their allies in southern Germany to switch sides. Nördlingen was only a half day's march from Bopfingen, and the two Protestant marshals intended to await reinforcements from three separate groups led by Otto Ludwig, duke of Württemberg, and Count Johan Cratz von Scharffenstein. Among them they comprised 15,000 additional Protestant troops.

A week after their arrival in Bopfingen, Bernhard suggested that the Protestants attempt to relieve the garrison from the north, where the Catholics had posted pickets but had not built entrenchments. On August 24, the Protestants advanced on Nördlingen from the north bank of the Eger, but there they encountered terrain unsuitable to large-scale maneuvers. As they approached the river opposite Nördlingen, they found thick marshes that were impractical for cavalry and hard going for foot soldiers. The brief foray, however, was not entirely without success, as Horn managed to ferry 250 musketeers across the river to the city, raising the garrison strength to 850 men.

Four days later, the first sizable group of Protestant reinforcements arrived in Bopfingen. These consisted of 5,500 militia from Württemberg and another 1,000 professional soldiers rounded up from nearby garrisons. Cratz's and Ludwig's forces also were en route, but Ludwig had to march from Breisach on the upper Rhine, which was a full week's march away.

While the Protestants awaited further reinforcements, the Catholics sprang into action. They had spent the first two weeks constructing siege works that bottled up Nördlingen from the south. By the first of September, they had enough guns in place and advanced close enough to the city's walls to consider an assault. A furious bombardment began on September 3, badly shaking the already fragile morale of the garrison and townspeople. The following day, Gallas ordered part of the army to storm the city. The hasty assault was repelled at the cost of 500 casualties. The repulse was overshadowed by the arrival of the Cardinal-Infante later in the day with 12,000 Spanish foot soldiers and 3,000 horsemen. The Catholics now outnumbered the Protestants 33,000 to 22,500.

Since the formation of the Heilbronn League more than a year before, Bernhard and Horn had been more rivals than partners. A council of war on the night of September 4 was contentious, as the two archrivals sought to impose their own views on the council. Although Cratz was within a day's march with 3,400 troops, Horn characteristically advised waiting another week for Ludwig to arrive with as many as 6,000 additional troops. Bernhard, ever aggressive, believed that it was imperative for the Protestants to attack at once to relieve the beleaguered garrison. His confidence and determination swayed the council, which voted in his favor.

Fearing that the Cardinal-Infante may have reinforced the Imperial-Bavarian army by the time of their attack, the Protestants planned to avoid a costly frontal assault against the enemy's fortified position on the heights south of the city. Instead, they hoped to seize key positions from which to threaten the Catholic supply route to Donauworth and force the Catholics to withdraw, thereby lifting the siege. To accomplish this, the Protestant army would swing south through the Swabian

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Jura, a forested plateau that the locals referred to as the Arnsberg, and link up with Cratz's reinforcements before marching into battle.

The Protestants planned a circuitous route to mislead the Catholics into thinking they were withdrawing. The plan called for the Swedish-German forces to march south to the village of Neresheim, where they would link up with Cratz and leave their supply wagons, then turn back north into the Arnsberg toward the Catholic position at Nördlingen. On the night of September 5, the Protestants broke camp and began their march.

East of the Arnsberg the land dipped down into a defile before rising about 1,600 feet to a three-mile-long, V-shaped chain of nine distinct hills, with Nördlingen situated at the top right of the formation. Inside the chain of hills the land dipped downward to a flat plain known as the Herkheimerfeld. Nestled in a vale between two hills were the hamlet of Ederheim and the Rezen, a small stream that served as an obstacle to advancing troops. Two miles east ran the road from Nördlingen to Donauworth.

The Protestants' knowledge of the area's geography was sketchy at best. A strong screen of Croatian scouts backed by Catholic dragoons stationed in the Arnsberg made it impossible for the Protestants to properly reconnoiter the ground over which they would advance. Indeed, they envisioned the terrain directly south of Nördlingen as one large hill. Once they deployed, it quickly became obvious that Allbuch hill was the key to the entire position. If they could roll up the left side of the V and succeed in dislodging the Catholics from the Allbuch, the Catholic position would become untenable.

Bernhard commanded the Protestant left wing, and Horn commanded the right. The two commanders agreed that once the Protestants deployed, Horn would lead the attack with five infantry brigades, while Bernhard would protect the most exposed flank and rear of the army with three infantry brigades. In addition to the eight infantry brigades, the Protestants had 37 squadrons of cavalry, 1,000 dragoons, and 68 guns.

On the morning of September 5, the Protestants broke camp and headed south, skirting the edge of the Arnsberg on the first leg of their march. Croatian scouts shadowed their movement and quickly sent word to Gallas that the Protestants were on the march. The Protestants continued south to Neresheim, where they linked up with Cratz. Born into a Catholic family, Cratz had fought under Count von Tilly in the first phase of the Thirty Years' War, but when Elector Maximilian of Bavaria gave command of the Bavarian forces to another general, he promptly switched sides. His personal style in many ways mirrored that of Bernhard—vain and quarrelsome.

Leaving their baggage under guard at Neresheim with a portion of the Württemberg militia, the Swedish-German army entered the Arnsberg with Bernhard leading the vanguard and Horn following with the main body and rear guard. They passed through two more villages before entering the thickest part of the forest. At about 3 PM, scattered musket fire rang through the woods as the Protestants ran headlong into a wall of Imperial and Spanish dragoons firing arquebuses. The resistance was sharp enough to force Bernhard to deploy some of his troops into the line of battle. The Protestants eventually forced the Catholic dragoons to quit the woods and take up new positions on the heights above Nördlingen. With the sun beginning to descend in the afternoon sky, Bernhard had to make as much headway as possible before nightfall in order to gain a secure foothold for the following day.

ABOVE: A sweeping panorama of the Battle of Nördlingen gives a stark view of the confused but desperate fighting.

© Palazzo Pitti, Florence, Italy/The Bridgeman Art Library

Gallas had anticipated a Protestant advance along the south bank of the Eger and had deployed large numbers of infantry on the hill closest to the town. The Imperial infantry held the Catholic right, while the Spanish troops had filed into position on the Catholic left. In the late morning, the Catholics broke ranks, thinking that the Protestants were marching away from Nördlingen. By mid-afternoon they once again stood to their arms in preparation for a full-scale battle. Bernhard spent the second half of the afternoon driving the enemy dragoons steadily back. By 6 PM, the fight had spread. To check Bernhard's advance, Spanish commander Diego Felipe de Avila de Guzman, the marquis of Leganes, rushed 500 crack musketeers to the wooded Heselberg hill. By this time Bernhard was anxious for Horn to join the fight and relieve pressure on his weary soldiers. Having established the position of his corps on three of the nine hills overlooking Nördlingen, Bernhard broke off the fight to rest his troops.

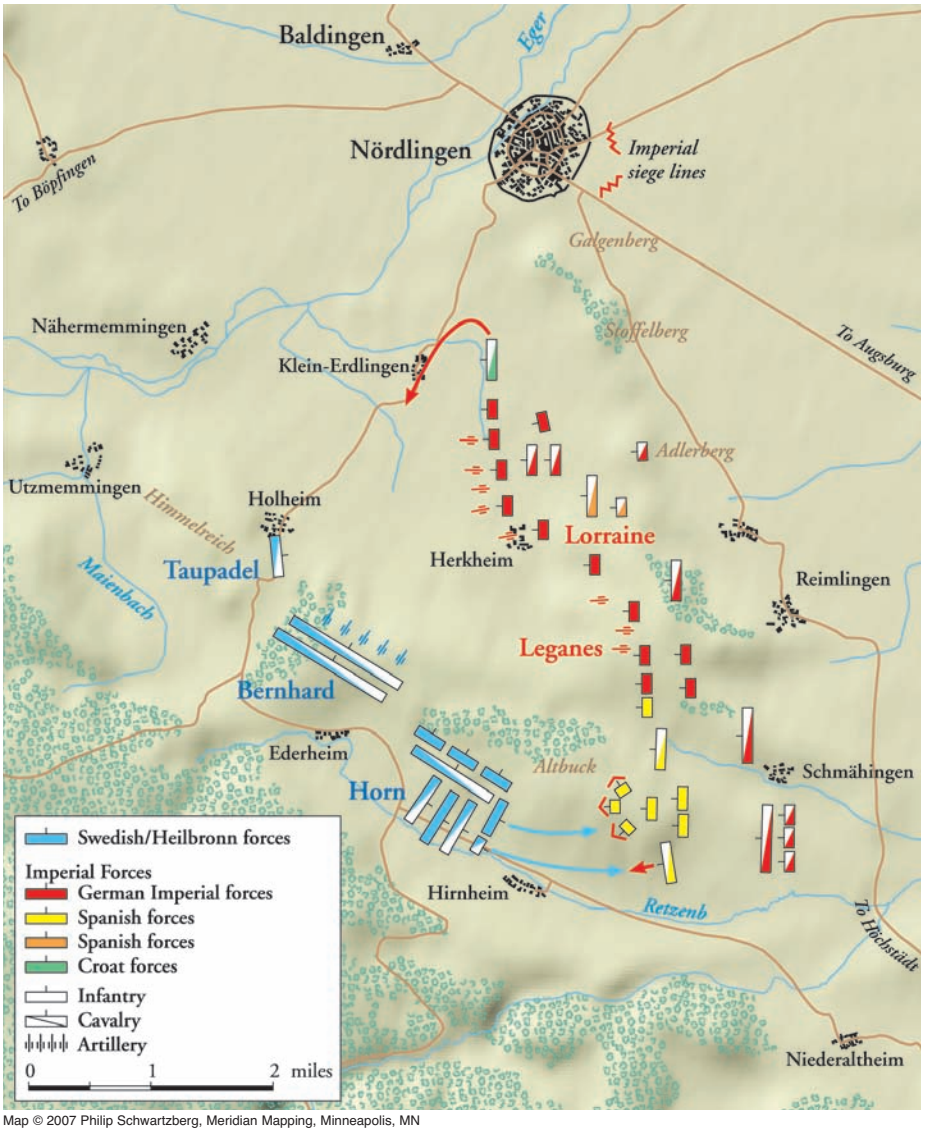
The Swedish troops under Horn were having great difficulty hauling their artillery along the narrow path through the Arnsberg. The Swedish foot had finally exited the Arnsberg at 10 PM, but Horn's cavalry did not reach the field of battle until midnight. Nevertheless, a portion of the Protestant infantry resumed the fight where Bernhard had left off. Despite the near total darkness that had enveloped the battlefield, they pressed on, and after two hours of fighting drove the small Catholic force from the heights.

When the Protestants exited the Arnsberg, Gallas correctly deduced that they would try to turn the Catholic position with an assault on the Allbuch and Schonfeld hills. To counter the threat, he sent orders to the principal Spanish officers to begin immediately constructing fortifications on both hills. Throughout the night, the Spanish and Imperialists toiled to create the best fortifications possible on short notice. By dawn, the Spanish had completed three redoubts atop the Allbuch. The southernmost redoubt was occupied by one regiment, the center redoubt by two regiments, and the northernmost by a regiment and a battalion.

The Catholics further strengthened the redoubts with 14 guns. Count Giovanni Maria Serbelloni, the Spanish artillery commander, oversaw the Allbuch entrenchment and commanded the forces on that key position. Should Serbelloni need assistance, he could draw on three more Spanish regiments stationed to his immediate rear. Altogether the Spanish deployed nearly 7,500 foot, more than half of their infantry, on or near the Allbuch. Guarding this force's flanks were 3,000 Spanish cavalry under Gerardo di Gambacorta.

AS THE PROTESTANTS FELL BACK THEY WERE HARRIED BY CATHOLIC CUIRASSIERS, WHO RODE AMONG THEM SLASHING AND STABBING.

Leganes had stationed four infantry regiments atop the hill. Duke Charles of Lorraine commanded the bulk of the 5,000 Imperial and 3,000 Bavarian foot soldiers stationed on the Catholic right flank atop the remaining high ground. Supporting the right flank were nearly 10,000 cavalry. Gambacorta and Imperial General Ottavio Piccolomini led nearly 7,000 cuirassiers stationed in two echelons between the Schonfeld and the Allbuch, while Johan von Werth commanded 3,000 Bavarian cuirassiers covering the right flank. The Catholic line bristled with some 50 guns.



Map © 2007 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

An artillery duel began between the two opponents shortly after sunrise. Horn's troops filed into position on the flat ground south of the Heselberg. His force consisted of five infantry brigades and 19 cavalry squadrons. The deployment of the Protestant forces was constricted by the narrow space between the hills. Because of this, Horn had no alternative but to deploy his troops in four echelons of alternating infantry and cavalry. The infantry brigades had a half-dozen field guns and averaged 1,750 to 2,000 men each, for a total of about 9,400 men. Saxon General Johan Vitzhum von Eckstadt would lead the first wave of the attack, while Horn would direct the subsequent waves.

Horn's cuirassier regiment was the first to come to grips with the enemy. They rode to the south side of the Allbuch, where they found themselves forced to cross a ravine to reach the hill. Slowing down as a result, they received withering fire from the Toralto Regiment, one of the so-called Old Tercios in the Cardinal-Infante's army that were renowned for their fighting prowess. The armor-plated horsemen charged uphill toward the redoubt manned by the Toralto men. The attack fizzled out almost immediately when the horsemen were taken in flank and rear by two regiments of Burgundian heavy cavalry guarding the extreme left of the Catholic line. They would have been cut to pieces had it not been for the timely assistance of two Protestant heavy cavalry regiments. All three Protestant regiments promptly retired, just as their infantry was ascending the hill.

The infantry, which numbered nearly 3,400 men, drove straight uphill toward the redoubt manned by 1,500 Spanish soldiers. During the bloody melee, both Catholic colonels were cut down by Protestant musket fire. The defenders abandoned the redoubt and fell back toward the rear of the hill. While the Protestants milled about the captured fortification, a powder wagon exploded in their midst, causing substantial casualties and disorienting many survivors of the blast. At that moment, the 1,800-strong Idiaquez Regiment, another of the storied Old Tercios, surged forward and overran the Protestants, dislodging them from their newly captured position. As the Protestants fell back they were harried by Catholic cuirassiers, who rode among them slashing and stabbing. The struggle lasted about an hour before the Catholics regained control.

Horn ordered forward a second wave of attackers, totaling some 3,200 muskets and pikes. As the Protestants ascended the hill, Horn rode forward to rally the soldiers who had survived the initial attack. The second wave had even less luck than the first, and in a short period they were descending the hill, having taken a sound beating from the entrenched Catholic defenders. The scene was repeated at least seven more times as Horn, who seemed oblivious to casualties, tried to take the hill by sheer force of will.

In an effort to keep the Catholics from reinforcing their left wing with troops from their right, Bernhard ordered his first echelon of cuirassiers down from the Heselberg onto the Herkheimerfeld. The eight squadrons, numbering about 1,120 men, wore protective helmets and breastplates and were armed with wheel-lock pistols and sharp sabers. Bavarian and Imperial counterparts rode forth to engage them. The cavalry clash swirled over the plain, with the Protestants taking significant casualties before the overwhelming Catholic firepower drove them back toward their own lines.

From the Heselberg, Bernhard watched the repulse with great concern. He ordered Cratz to ride into battle with the second echelon of cuirassiers. Seeing yet another wave of Protestant cavalry enter the fray, Gallas ordered the Imperial army's cavalry reserve to shift northward in case the Protestants gained the upper hand. Bernhard's cuirassiers repeatedly charged the Catholics, only to be repulsed by the growing numbers of enemy cavalry.

At 8 AM, three hours after the Protestant assault on the Allbuch had begun, Johan von Thurn's brigades marched into battle. Instead of reporting to Horn as instructed, Thurn led his two brigades, comprising five regiments, directly to the Allbuch, where he launched a full-scale assault on the northernmost redoubt. Despite outnumbering the defenders, Thurn's force suffered severe casualties and was unable to pry the Catholics from their barricades. Rather than pull back, Thurn ordered his men to hold their ground on the exposed slope of the Allbuch.

The tide of battle began to shift rapidly in the Catholics' favor, and they struck hard at Thurn's vulnerable position. Thurn's men began to fall dead or wounded in droves as the Catholic musket fire took its toll. Out from the vale between the Schonfeld and Allbuch, Imperial and Spanish cuirassiers rode forth and charged Thurn's foot from the rear, further opening gaps in their ranks. Realizing that the enemy now controlled the field, the Protestant cavalry retired to the safety of the rear. Thurn ordered his men to cut their way out. Less than half of his 3,350 men made it back to the Heselberg.

After five hours of fierce fighting, Horn broke off his assault on the seemingly impregnable Allbuch at 10 AM and rode off to confer with Bernhard about a general retreat. Just as Horn arrived, Bernhard ordered his last few cavalry squadrons down onto the Herkheimerfeld to help the other Protestant units disengage from a seemingly unwinnable cavalry action. Bernhard suggested to Horn that they entrench and await reinforcements from Ludwig. Horn insisted that the Protestant army must quit the field before it was destroyed. Bernhard eventually consented and agreed to fight a holding action while Horn attempted to withdraw into the Arnsberg. Once Horn's wing reached the safety of the forest, Bernhard would gradually disengage.

On the Herkheimerfeld, the Catholic cavalry was forcing the Protestants back at every turn. Cratz tried to rally the flagging Protestant horsemen, to no avail. All along the Catholic line, soldiers and generals watched with awe as their horsemen pursued their adversaries with a vengeance. Several echelons of cavalry swept onto the Heselberg, dislodging and dispersing Bernhard's infantry brigade. The rout occurred so quickly that Bernhard had no time to rally his men. Unsaddled and wounded twice, Bernhard would have been captured had not a fellow soldier offered him his own horse to escape.

Horn planned to withdraw his forces along the narrow valley between the Heselberg and the Resen until he reached a ford that would take him through Ederheim. From there he intended to continue until he reached the road into the Arnsberg. By placing his artillery near the front of the column, Horn hoped to prevent its loss should the Spanish attack his rear. It turned out to be a grave mistake. No sooner had the vanguard started marching than the Catholics struck Bernhard atop the Heselberg.

Meanwhile, as Horn's vanguard neared Ederheim, a large group of Bavarian cuirassiers charged down the south slope of the Heselberg into the retreating column. Slashing with their swords, they threw the column into confusion and cut it in two. The gap grew larger as Croatian scouts swarmed into the fray, harrying Horn's already demoralized troops. Some infantry managed to make it across the Rezen into Ederheim, but the artillery and the main body were cut off several hundred yards from the ford. Rather than protecting their comrades, the Protestant cavalry scattered in every direction. Many of Horn's foot soldiers threw down their weapons and begged for quarter. Large numbers were shot or stabbed on the spot.

Three full Protestant brigades were destroyed in the massacre, and Horn was captured. The destruction of the Protestant army continued throughout the day and well into the night. The job of chasing down the remnants of the Protestant army was largely given to the Bavarian cavalry and Croatian scouts. The Croatians located the Protestant baggage train at Neresheim, where they slaughtered the guards and plundered the contents. It was a decisive Catholic victory.

Protestant losses far eclipsed those of the Catholics. The Protestants lost 8,000 killed and wounded and another 4,000 captured, while the Catholics lost 3,500 killed and wounded. The Catholics captured 450 Protestant flags and 68 guns—as well as Horn and Cratz. With no army left to raise the

akg-images

ABOVE: Terrified civilians beg for their lives as a rabble of soldiers torches their homes following the Battle of Nördlingen. OPPOSITE: Protestant forces, led by German noble Bernhard Saxe-Weimar and Swedish marshal Gustav Horn, bogged down on the flat land south of the Heselberg heights. Catholic forces counterattacked the Protestant right.

siege of Nördlingen, the garrison promptly surrendered and was spared the sword. The victory enabled Gallas and Ferdinand to capture many key cities in the Upper and Lower Palatinates and Württemberg. Without the Swedes to support it, the Heilbronn League ceased to exist, and the Catholics gained control of southern Germany. Within the year, Ferdinand II negotiated a treaty with the German Protestants that ended the fighting in war-torn Germany. The Peace of Prague in May 1635 brought the armies of the rebellious princes back into the fold of the Holy Roman Empire.

Nördlingen and the Peace of Prague marked a key turning point in the Thirty Years' War. After 17 years of religious warfare, the German Lutherans and Ferdinand's Catholics were reconciled with each other. But the war was not over yet. The rulers of Sweden, France, and the United Provinces were not about to allow Ferdinand to maintain unchallenged control over Germany. The same month that peace was proclaimed, France declared war on Spain and fighting flared anew in the Rhineland. Germany would not know peace for another 13 years. □

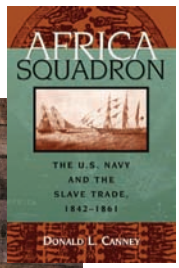
By Al Hemingway

Despite its noble intentions, the Navy's African Slave Trade Patrol was ineffective in combating the traffic in human beings.

IN 1819, THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS PASSED LEGISLATION PROHIBITING the international slave trade and mandating that anyone apprehended while participating in the sordid business would be put to death. To enforce the new law, the United States Navy established the African Slave Trade Patrol to search the waters off the West African coast for American ships participating in the illegal trade.

Unfortunately, in the wake of the War of 1812, the Americans were still sensitive to any foreign country, especially Great Britain, boarding their vessels and meddling with American shipping. As a result, the Navy withdrew its ships from the patrolling detail, and it would not be until two decades later that a permanent unit would be formed to fight the "peculiar institution" of slavery.

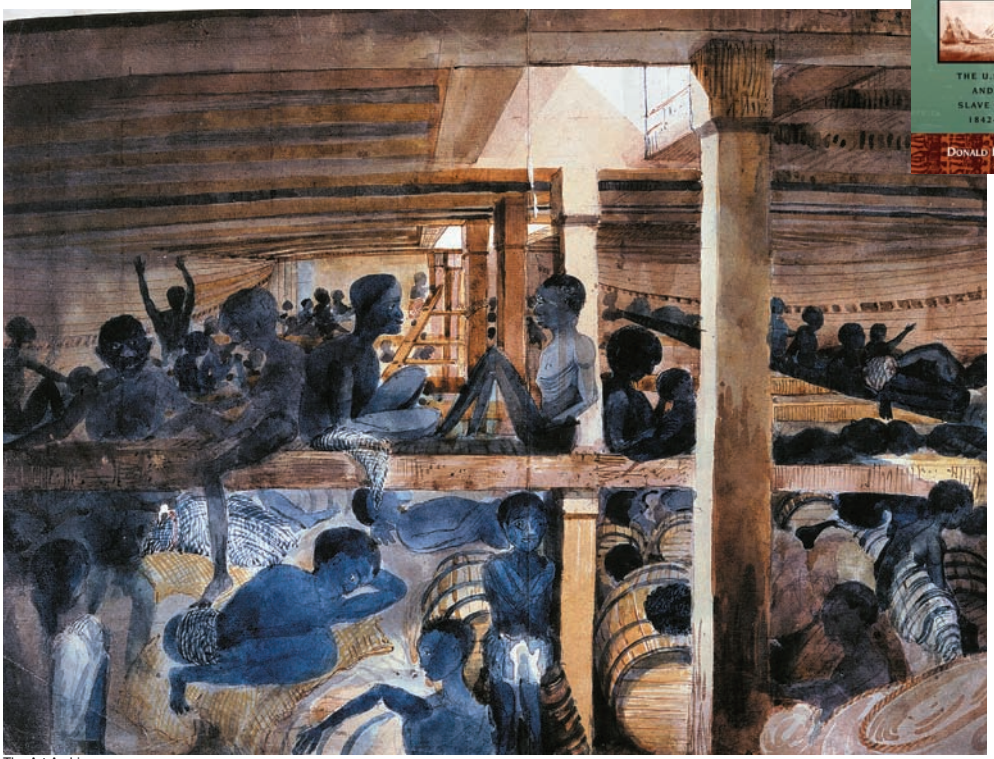
In his new book, ***Africa Squadron: The U.S. Navy and the Slave Trade, 1842-1861*** (Potomac Books, Washington, DC, 2007, 277 pp., illustrations, notes, index, $27.50, hardcover), author Donald L. Canney closely examines the performance of the Navy's role in interdicting slave ships on the high seas and preventing them from reaching the United States. For the period between 1824 and 1842, American slave traders plied their human trade unimpeded by the U.S. Navy. Ships laden with slaves for the United States sailed to Cuba and Brazil at increased rates. British vessels, however, halted and boarded American ships that they suspected of carrying human cargo for sale to southern plantation owners.



With the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842, the United States once again agreed to supply ships to patrol the African coast. The African Squadron was organized in 1842. To motivate the crews, prize money was offered. For each African rescued and handed over safely to American authorities, crew members were awarded $25 apiece.

Despite the monetary attraction for officers and crews, duty in the African Squadron was miserable. Terrible weather conditions, the Navy's official indifference, and the apathy shown by the American judicial system frustrated both officers and sailors alike. Although many of the squadron commanders and officers were Southern-born, they carried out their duties enthusiastically. Many of the officers felt pity for the inhumane treatment of the Africans forced aboard the slave ships.

Lieutenant T.A.M. Craven, commanding the U.S. Steamer *Mohawk*, wrote, "The Negroes are packed bellow [sic] in as dense a mass as possible for human beings to be crowded. These unfortunate creatures are obliged to tend to the calls of nature



The Art Archive

Artist Lt. Francis Meynell, who served aboard HMS *Albatross,* captured the horrible conditions slaves endured aboard ships—in this case, the Spanish slave ship *Albanez*—bound for the U.S. South.

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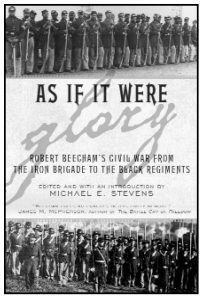

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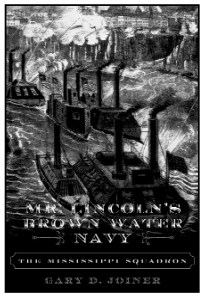

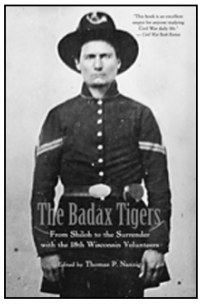

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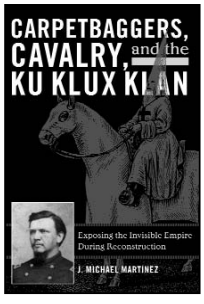

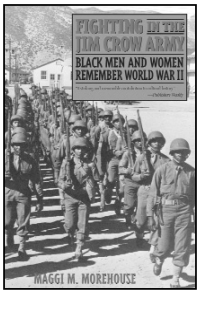

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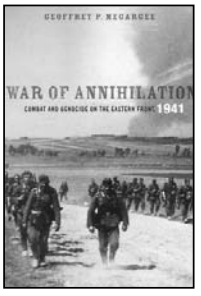

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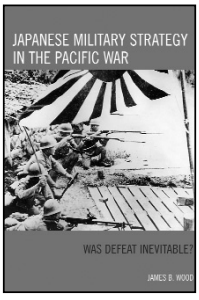

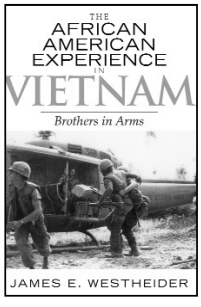

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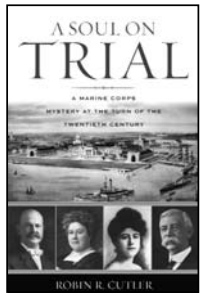

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in this place and here they pass their days, their nights, amidst the most horridly offensive odors of which the mind can conceive, and this under the scorching heat of the tropical sun, without room enough for sleep, with scarcely space to die in."

During most of its tenure, the African Squadron enjoyed limited success. Ironically, it was not until the late 1850s, under the administration of pro-Southern President James Buchanan, that the unit began to develop into an effective force. Between 1859 and 1860, seven ships were seized, freeing over 4,000 slaves. The last action the squadron was involved in was off the coast of West Africa in 1860 when the USS *Marion* dispatched a contingent of sailors and Marines to protect American lives and property. Tragically, by then it was "too little too late," as the United States stood on the brink of civil war.

Despite its good intentions to rid the high seas of the horrible activity, and the Navy's assistance in establishing the African colony of Liberia with rescued slaves, the unit had a less than shining record. While the majority of commanders attempted to fulfill the mission, many of the secretaries of the Navy were "pro-slavery Southern politicians," writes Canney, and their intentional neglect doomed the unit from the beginning.

As Canney concludes, "The result was an unusual situation where the zeal of individual vessel commanders often exceeded the expectations of the department, which was seemingly content with merely maintaining a presence on the slave coasts and thereby preventing embarrassing actions by the British against American seagoing commerce."

Flying Death: The Vietnam Experience, HMM-164 Crew Chief by Samuel K. Beamon, Author House, Bloomington, IN, 2007, 216 pp., photos, $15, softcover.

Vietnam was America's first truly integrated war. It would be the first time, on a large scale, that whites and blacks would fight alongside each other. During that turbulent period, the Civil Rights Movement was gaining momentum. Black groups, some advocating violence as well as peace, were formed. Some blacks were torn between their race and their perceived duty to their country.

Sam Beamon was such a man. Born and raised in Waterbury, Connecticut, he was fortunate to have loving parents who instilled pride, honor, and a sense of duty in him. When the Vietnam War heated up, Beamon enlisted in the Marine Corps. He was a crew chief aboard a CH-46 Sea Knight helicopter in Helicopter Marine Medium (HMM)-164 during his 19 months in Vietnam and participated in numerous combat operations.

Being a member of a crew aboard a helicopter in Vietnam was not an easy task. The many hours of down time necessary to repair the complicated pieces of machinery and keep them airborne were taxing. More than that, there were the combat hours logged by the crews to support the ground troops in some of the most difficult terrain ever experienced by Americans during time of war.

Beamon had to fight another battle as well. He was one of the few blacks in his squadron and therefore felt that "he had something to prove." And prove it he did. Beamon earned the Combat Action Ribbon, 16 Air Medals for participating in over 300 missions, and a host of other awards during his service. Most important, however, he earned the respect of his fellow Marines, and they formed a bond that still exists to this day.

Beamon returned home to continue to fight for equality. He quickly earned everyone's respect and admiration. He served 28 years in the Waterbury Police Department, retiring as a lieutenant in the Youth Division. He was past commandant of the Brass City Detachment of the Marine Corps League and past commander of American Legion Post 135.

To this day, long after he stepped in the yellow footprints at Parris Island, South Carolina, Beamon still carries himself like a Marine. "Life is a learning experience, but it is also precious, fragile and very short," he writes. "It should be cherished. Nobody can promise you tomorrow and whatever you decide to do in life—be the very best that you can be."

F-100 Super Sabre at War by Thomas E. Gardner, Zenith Press, St. Paul, MN, 2007, 128 pp., photos, $19.95, softcover.

Zenith Press has just published their most recent entry in the "At War" series profiling various military units, equipment, and ships. The F-100 Super Sabre is an excellent choice for the series. It was the world's first supersonic jet fighter, emerging on the scene just prior to the Soviet MiG-19. It broke speed and altitude records, and soon other planes followed in its wake: the F-102 Delta Dagger, F-104 Star Fighter, F-105 Thunderchief and F-160 Delta Dart.

Dubbed the "Hundert," soon shortened to the "Hun," the plane quickly earned the respect of the pilots who flew it. The author, Thomas Gardner, a mechanical engineer, has written a most comprehensive book on the aircraft. He examines every detail of the plane, including its engine, afterburner, landing gear, fuel system and cockpit. No part of the aircraft is left untouched. In addition, detailed drawings and illustrations plot the jet's performance, and a chronological chart follows important dates in the design, manufacture, and final retirement of the world's first jet fighter.

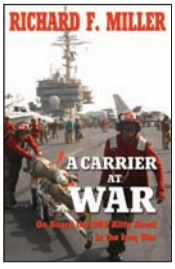
Last Flag Down: The Epic Journey of the Last Confederate Warship by John Baldwin and Ron Powers, Crown Publishers, New York, New York, 2007, 352 pp., maps, $25.95, hardcover.

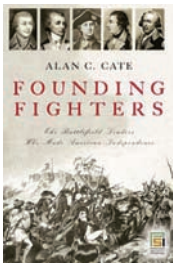
Sometimes historical gems are found in attics. Such was the case of one family, which discovered the diary of Lieutenant William Conway Whittle, the executive officer aboard the CSS *Shenandoah,* the last Confederate warship to lower her colors and surrender at the conclusion of the Civil War. John Baldwin, who coauthored the book, is a descendant of Whittle, and has studied his journal for years. His highly readable and exciting account of a ship at sea during time of war certainly brings to life an extraordinary tale of heroism and endurance.

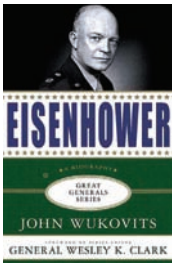
Shenandoah was one of the most successful raiders built by the Confederacy. Although undermanned, far from their homes, and with no means of resupplying their stores on a regular basis, the vessel's crew nonetheless performed admirably. Soon, *Shenandoah* had earned a well-deserved reputation for stalking and plundering Union ships. The vessel also did damage to Northern whaling ships as she sailed throughout the world. Whittle took great pleasure in disrupting northern commerce. He wrote, "It is to me a painful sight to see a fine vessel wantonly destroyed but I hope to witness an immense number of painful sights until our foolish and inhuman foes sue for peace."

Although *Shenandoah* received word that the war had ended, she nevertheless persisted in her attacks on Union shipping well after hostilities had ended. Finally, on November 5, 1865, the Stars and Bars were lowered for the last time on *Shenandoah*. Most of the crew and officers could not return to their homes, however, because the United States considered them pirates and a price was on their heads. It would be years before many could return.

The story of *Shenandoah* and her indomibitable crew is a remarkable tale made even more fascinating by the journal of Lieutenant Whittle. His attention to details creates a larger-than-life picture of a remarkable voyage.







A Carrier at War: On Board the USS Kitty Hawk in the Iraq War by Richard F. Miller, Potomac Books, Dulles, Va., 2007, 243 pp., photos, maps, index, $17.95, softcover.

When author Richard Miller was ready to leave on his assignment to be imbedded with the crew of the USS *Kitty Hawk,* William Fowler, director of the Massachusetts Historical Society, reminded him to keep a diary. "Remember the debt you owe to those Civil War veterans upon whose diaries, letters, journals and memoirs you have feasted for all these years." Fowler said.

Miller heeded Fowler's suggestion, and as a result he has written a lively account of life aboard an aircraft carrier during the Iraq War. Although not a professional journalist, Miller embraced the assignment because he staunchly believes that "all wars share certain characteristics and that, if nothing else, the brain chemistry—the adrenaline, sleeplessness, aggression, guilt, and war's strange seductiveness—transcends time."

The author was allowed to roam the ship freely to talk to both officers and enlisted personnel alike to gain a well-rounded picture of what it is like to serve aboard an aircraft carrier during wartime. He was able to visit the hangar area, flight deck, engine room, and bridge to gather information. The result is both a fascinating book in its own right and a worthy tribute to those young men and women who served aboard *Kitty Hawk* during the Gulf War.

Founding Fighters: The Battlefield Leaders Who Made American Independence by Alan C. Cate, Praeger Publishers, Westport, CT, 2006, 250 pp., index, $49.95, hardcover.

What were the military leaders like in the Revolutionary War? Certainly everyone knows George Washington and Benedict Arnold, but what of the lesser-known figures who played a prominent role in the American war of independence. Military historian Alan Cate examines 15 of the most dashing and interesting generals to emerge from that conflict.

Richard Montgomery was one such man. Originally serving in the British Army, Montgomery resigned his commission, moved to New York, and married into a prominent family. When hostilities erupted between England and her colonies, he offered his services to the Continental Army. Raising an army, he invaded Canada and joined forces with another well-known Revolutionary War personality, Benedict Arnold, to attack Quebec. While assaulting a blockhouse, Montgomery was killed, the attack fizzled, and the army was forced into full-blown retreat. Montgomery's star might have shone bright, had the Canadian campaign been a success. As it was, his untimely death was a severe blow to the American cause.

Other interesting Revolutionary War figures such as Francis Marion, George Rogers Clark, Daniel Morgan, and Horatio Gates are also discussed in detail in the book. "These men made war," writes Cates, "and in so doing helped make a nation."

Eisenhower by John Wukovits, Palgrave MacMillan, New York, New York, 2006, 204 pp., photos, index, $21.95, hardcover.

When John Eisenhower was asked to describe his famous father, General Dwight David Eisenhower, he said, "His greatest claim to brilliance rests on his utter relentlessness in the pursuit of his goal." In this new addition to the Great General Series, author (and frequent *Military Heritage* contributor) John Wukovits delves deeply into the life of our 34th president. He concentrates on the five qualities Eisenhower possessed to achieve victory in World War II—focus, teamwork, empathy, media savvy, and devotion to duty.

These important traits, writes Wukovits, "helped guide and define Eisenhower's life." The Kansas native did not let his ego get in the way of performing his duty as a professional soldier. Unlike such fellow World War II generals as Douglas MacArthur and George S. Patton, Eisenhower put victory in Europe at the top of his to-do list—ahead of his own personal interests and drive for glory. While not lacking for ego, Eisenhower was able to subsume his personal goals in the service of the greater good, in this case the destruction of Adolf Hitler and his evil henchmen.

Eisenhower's wife, Mamie, said of her husband after his death that he should be remembered because of "his honesty, integrity, and

admiration for mankind." Wukovits, while not writing a strict hagiography, agrees with the First Lady's views.

Iraq and Back: Inside the War to Win the Peace by Colonel Kim Olson, USAF (Ret.), Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2006, 211 pp., photos, index, $26.95, hardcover.

For anyone still needing a firsthand account of why the war in Iraq is failing horribly, Colonel Kim Olson's engrossing book is the right choice. While on active duty, she assisted U.S. Army Lt. Gen. Jay Garner in his failed efforts to assist in rebuilding the war-ravaged country and setting up a coalition government. She also helped to set up humanitarian aid to the thousands of Iraqis left homeless after the initial wave of fighting had ended.

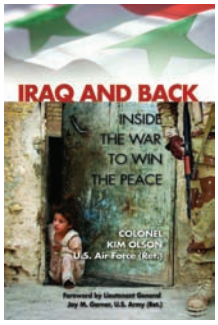
Instead of getting the nation on the path to recovery, however, Garner's and Olson's efforts to accomplish their mission failed miserably. Olson and her counterparts were repeatedly cautioned to disregard warnings about the growing insurgency, being told misleadingly by Bush administration figures that "the proclamations [were] crafted by ill-informed policy makers."

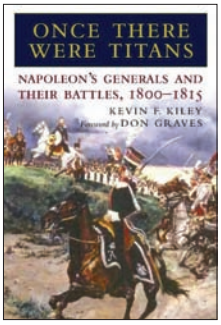
Olson and her staff received regular death threats, and attempts were made on her life and on others in the delegation. In spite of this, she was adamant about traveling the countryside to see firsthand the effects of war on the civilian population. Especially compelling is her attempt to help refugees find missing family members in "Saddam's killing fields." Her poignant letter describing the squalid conditions in Umn Qasr, where the children ran out begging for water, is riveting.

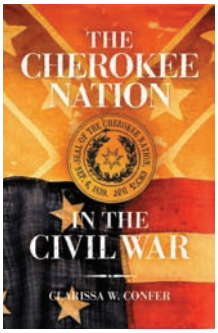
All concerned Americans should read Olson's book and discover for themselves the Bush administration's terrible shortcomings in dealing with the aftermath of the Iraq invasion, written from the point of view of an eyewitness who was intimately involved in the process. It will definitely shock you.

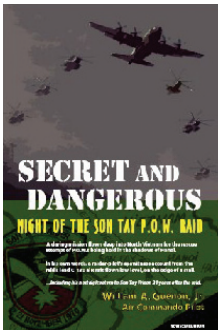
Navy: An Illustrated History by Chester G. Hearn, Zenith Press, St. Paul, MN, 2007, 192 pp., photos, index, $29.95, hardcover.

For those readers looking for books dealing with the sea, then *Navy: An Illustrated History* is made to order. Author Charles Hearn traces the lineage of the U.S. Navy from its birth in 1775 up to the present day. The founding fathers could not have dreamed when they established the Continental Navy that it would evolve into the greatest seagoing power the world has ever seen. Included in its current arsenal are 276 active ships, over 4,000 aircraft of all types, and almost half a million military personnel.









Crammed with color and black-and-white photographs and detailed maps, Hearn's book fully details the daring exploits of John Paul Jones and other leaders who fought Great Britain's mighty flotilla. Hearn continues the story up to the Iraq War and a gives a glimpse into the Navy of the 21st century, where new technology is the guiding factor in determining America's fleet and its newfound mission to combat terrorism around the world.

The Cherokee Nation in the Civil War by Clarissa W. Confer, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, OK, 2007, 199 pp., photos, maps, index, $24.95, hardcover.

The American Civil War is often called "the brothers' war." Families were torn apart when taking either a Union or Confederate stance on the conflict. Nowhere was this felt more sharply than within the Cherokee nation, where the white man's fighting left their homeland in ruins, overrun by regular forces from the Northern and Southern armies and also by roaming bands of merciless guerrillas and bushwhackers.

The author goes into minute detail on the horrible effects the Civil War had on the Cherokee, including policy-making within the tribe, the various military campaigns they participated in, the period after the war, and the devastating effects of Reconstruction on the Cherokee community. Perhaps the two greatest Cherokee leaders were John Ross and Stand Watie. Both are closely examined to demonstrate how the war created horrific upheaval in their personal lives and eventually left them destitute.

This is an intriguing account of a lightly examined aspect of America's bloodiest conflict, as seen through the experiences of her earliest occupants. As Confer writes, "The American Civil War marked the beginning of the end of the independent Five Nations." The Cherokee and other Indian tribes did not start the Civil War, but they certainly endured more than their share of suffering in it.

Once There Were Titans: Napoleon's Generals and their Battles, 1800-1815 by Kevin F. Kiley, Greenhill Books, St. Paul, MN, 2007, 320 pp., maps, notes, index, $39.95, hardcover.

"As a group they were arguably the greatest collection of military talent to ever serve one man," writes Kevin Kiley in his new book *Once There Were Titans*. "Few commanders in military history were better served by their subordinates."

Just who were these men who were willing to risk terrible weather, arduous military campaigns, and even death for their emperor? Kiley answers that question and more in his detailed account of Napoleon's generals. He profiles 59 officers who played prominent roles under Napoleon, from the Battle of Marengo in 1800 to Ligny in 1815, men such as Alexandre de Senarmont, Jean Eble, Francois Teste, and the much lesser-known but nonetheless important Jean-Francois Boulart.

These generals, and many others like them, formed a loyal nucleus around their Corsican leader. There is no denying Napoleon's military genius, but he also had a variety of dependable generals on whom he could rely for counsel. By doing so, the "Little Corporal" led his forces to numerous victories—even if he usually claimed all the credit for himself.

Secret and Dangerous: Night of the Son Tay Raid by William A. Guenon, Jr., WagonWings Press, Ashland, MA, 2007, 140 pp., maps, photos, $15.00, softcover.

One of the most daring raids ever conducted behind enemy lines was the incursion into North Vietnam by Special Forces soldiers to liberate prisoners from the Son Tay prison camp. Now there is finally a fascinating firsthand account by an Air Force pilot who flew the lead aircraft, dubbed *Cherry One,* on the mission. Bill Guenon, Jr., gives the reader a close look at the preparation and execution of the raid deep into enemy territory. He also returned to Vietnam many years after the action to visit Son

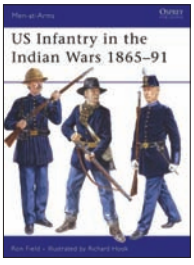
Tay and share his vivid memories of that fateful night with his former enemies.

Although the raid did not free any prisoners (they had been moved by the North Vietnamese some months prior), it did achieve some beneficial results for those who were imprisoned. "Within three-four days of 'Banana One's' planned crash landing in the middle of the compound, all the American POWs were joined together in Hanoi for the first time," wrote Brig. Gen. Jon A. Reynolds, USAF (Ret.), a former Son Tay inmate, in his introduction to Guenon's book. "Several men who had been in solitary confinement for over four years found themselves with roommates for the first time. Morale soared. The Vietnamese were visibly shaken. Even though not a man was rescued, the raid was still the best thing that ever happened to us. God Bless the Raiders."

Future Weapons by Kevin Dockery, Berkley Publishing Group, New York, New York, 2007, 326 pp., photos, index, $24.95, hardcover.

The evolution of military firearms has captivated people for years. But what of the future weapons that soldiers will carry into battle? Will they be able to withstand the rigors of combat? Historian, author, and armorer Kevin Dockery has written a book that examines the sidearms, rifles, and rocket launchers that will accompany troops into the field when they deploy in future conflicts.

Each weapon has a list of data that includes caliber, length, load, muzzle velocity, sights, and weight both loaded and empty. Another interesting topic discussed is the probable use of robotic soldiers and the likelihood of waging war in both space and cyberspace. "On these pages are the weapons that are being built today and in the years to come," says Dockery. "These are not imaginary pieces of hardware. They are weapons that will be used to fight the immediate conflicts of today and the wars of tomorrow."

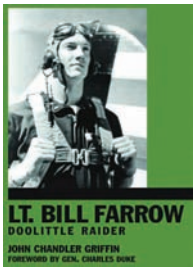


US Infantry in the Indian Wars 1865-91 by Ron Field, Osprey Publishing, New York, New York, 2007, 48 pp., photos, illustrations, index, $15.95, softcover.

Whenever the Indian campaigns in the West are discussed, the infantry is rarely mentioned. Most Americans believe that the colorful battles and skirmishes fought on the Great Plains were strictly cavalry affairs and that the foot soldier sat out the bloody engagements in relative safety inside a fort.

Nothing could be further from the truth. United States infantry units, referred to as "Walk-a-Heaps" by Lakota Chief Crazy Horse, endured arduous marches in tracking down hostile Indians. From 1866 until 1891, the U.S. Infantry took part in 221 battles, sometimes with, other times without the cavalry. The Medal of Honor, our nation's highest award, was presented to nine officers and 61 enlisted men during that period.

As with all Osprey publications, the book is richly illustrated with color paintings and rare photographs depicting the uniforms and sidearms and rifles carried by the soldiers. The publisher has offered another worthy contribution to the Men-at-Arms series that readers will find most interesting.



Lt. Bill Farrow: Doolittle Raider by John Chandler Griffin, Pelican Publishing Company, Gretna, LA, 2007, 269 pp., photos, index, 424.95, hardcover.

On April 18, 1942, 16 B-25B Mitchell bombers took off from the deck of the USS *Hornet,* the first time that Army Air Corps planes were flown from a U.S. Navy carrier during wartime. The raid was a huge morale booster in the wake of the recent surprise attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese, when the United States sustained thousands of casualties.

One individual who participated in the famous attack was Lieutenant William Glover Farrow, a native of Darlington, South Carolina. Unfortunately, Farrow was captured and executed along with Lieutenant Dean Hallmark and Corporal Harold Spatz on October 15, 1942, after being tried by a Japanese kangaroo court. Farrow's loved ones never learned his fate until after the war, when his letters and an urn containing his cremated remains were recovered.

The author has done meticulous research to recreate the life of a brave American by interviewing family members and reading his letters. It is a fitting tribute to a courageous group of Americans who flew their planes deep into Japanese territory to demonstrate Japan's vulnerability from the air, and in doing so became part of American military history. □

intelligence

Continued from page 23

parachute. The paratrooper decoy was judged an "excellent airborne diversionary simulator." A realistic appearance in descent was achieved, deceiving actual paratroopers. It was touted as the "central item of equipment around which an airborne diversionary operation would evolve." Recommendations were that the decoy be classified as standard equipment and added to the U.S. inventory. When the final report of ERDL was issued in October 1955, Oscar became a regular member of the United States Army's airborne forces. Oscar entered the Army arsenal as the "simulator, decoy paratrooper: self-destructive," federal stock number item (FSN) 1080-650-0201.

How Oscar was to be used and the doctrine for his employment were discussed in early 1955. No official Army doctrine was then available, but the Army Field Forces Board and the Army Airborne Center did present opinions on the subject. They suggested that decoys should be used individually or in small groups to simulate espionage or guerrilla operations. The decoy should be used with actual airborne forces, but in adjacent areas to deceive enemy forces about the number of paratroopers involved. Oscar was expected to aid in diverting enemy reserves, disrupting their intelligence, sowing confusion among enemy forces, reducing reaction against friendly airborne forces, and impacting enemy morale.

These ideas became part of Army doctrine for airborne operations in 1959. Planning included using dummy and decoy devices to augment deception in operations. The use of decoys was a recommended practice found in field manuals until 1977. Unofficial references citing limited use in Korea and Vietnam do appear. Oscar stayed in the Army arsenal for nearly 33 years, being dropped from the Army stock number listing in July 1977.

Oscar was the culmination of years of research and experience in the use of paratrooper decoys. From the humble beginnings of simple straw-filled uniforms, the decoy evolved through a variety of means, methods, and materials. The dummies presented significant advantages for assaulting forces while they created serious problems for defenders, causing considerable confusion on the battlefields of Europe and the Pacific. The concept contributed to the success of the Allies' airborne operations during World War II. Oscar earned his stripes and deserves to be considered one of the most successful deception devices of the entire war. □

Glory Days 2 is real-time strategy game for the Nintendo DS.

Nintendo's Gameboy DS has never been a platform that wargamers buy specifically for wargames. It is a system that has a lot of good games, but it doesn't have any "killer application" wargames that would force a military hobbyist to pick one up. Which is not to say that there are no war-themed games for the DS, just that none of them have the simulation rigor of PC wargames. **Glory Days 2** from Secret Stash Games is a new war-themed game that fits this mold exactly, fun but not a hardcore simulation.

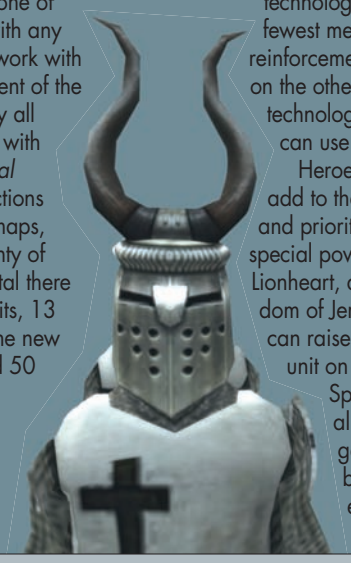
The game play of *GD2* is that of a side-scrolling real-time strategy game. Over the course of 16 missions, the player takes the roles of three different pilots involved in an unnamed war in relatively modern times. Some missions put the player in a helicopter, others in an airplane. The player then does two jobs at once. Mostly he pilots the aircraft, but at the same time he also manages and deploys his ground forces. The graphics are 2-D and the viewpoint is from the side, so the map is one long line, although the terrain is different in each mission. At each end of the battlefield is a player's base. Troops are dispatched from the bases and where they meet the battle is joined in a big push of war. When one side's troops take the other's base, the mission is over.

How the player flies the air support is critical to winning the game. The player will rescue civilians, which are basically converted to money as soon as they are dropped off at the base. The player can also airlift troops to fortresses on the battlefield, which they can man and fight from. One screen on the DS shows the player and his aircraft. The other shows where the hot spots are and give a graphic indication of how the battle is going overall. For a game in a this genre, *GD2* can be relatively easy because there aren't that many things the player has to keep track of at once. Older gamers should note, however, to make sure they have their reading glasses on when they play. Given the size and resolution of the display, it is difficult to distinguish one side's infantry from the other.

Only a year after the release of the base game, Sega has released a huge expansion pack for *Medieval II Total War.* **Medieval II Total War Kingdoms** includes four brand-new campaigns, each modeling a different era and region. These campaigns are essentially four separate games as none of them combine with any of the others or work with the original content of the base game. They all stand alone, but with the signature *Total War* multiple factions and expansive maps, they contain plenty of game play. In total there are 100 new units, 13 new factions, nine new agent types, and 50 new buildings. There are also new multiplayer maps and a hot seat multiplayer mode, but overall the game play itself is unchanged by this update.

Two of the campaigns are pretty familiar to gamers: Britannia and the Crusades. The Teutonic campaign is less familiar, and the Americas is the least previously modeled of all the campaigns. It consists of the Spanish versus the Aztecs, the Mayans, and the Appachean Tribes. As is the form in all four campaigns, each faction has its own units, its own heroes, and its own buildings. For example, the Spanish have the best technology, but they have the fewest men and very limited reinforcements. The Apaches, on the other hand, have little technology at the start, but can use any they capture.

Heroes and special units add to the player's options and priorities. Heroes have special powers. Richard the Lionheart, a hero for the Kingdom of Jerusalem, for example, can raise the morale of every unit on his side of the battle. Special units are usually particularly dangerous when they can be employed properly, such as the Byzantines' Greek Fire units, which are deadly if they can be deployed at the right points.



A much simpler game that treats the same period as the *Total War* franchise is **The History Channel: Great Battles of Rome** from Slitherine Software. This is essentially an update of Slitherine's *Roman Arena* game. This version is available for the PS2 and PSP as well as the PC. In addition, it contains 50 minutes of audio and video from various History Channel programs about Rome. Players who don't have *RA* shouldn't hesitate to pick it up, but those who do probably don't need to buy it again.

As in the first version, *THC: GBoR* eschews the strategic layer that the *Total War* designers place above their tactical game. This game is all about the battles themselves, and over 100 from the entire history of the Republic and the Empire are modeled. As in history, these battles are largely determined by the deployment of the units because once the battle starts, the player is limited in what orders he can issue. Also, the battles go very quickly, most in under 5 minutes. If the player fails to win, he just restarts the battle and tries a different deployment this time. □

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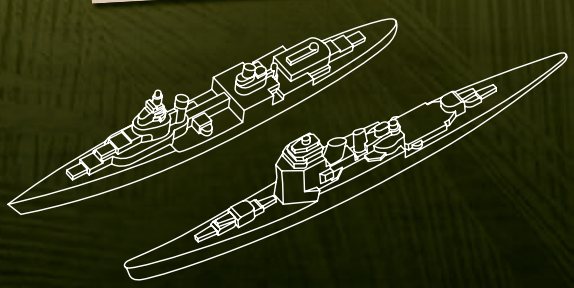

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