Curtis 02313

MILITARY HERITAGE

NELSON at Trafalgar

Turkish Defense at Gallipoli

PEN & SWORD: A History of War Correspondents

Crossing the Rhine: Roman Raid of Revenge

KOREAN WAR'S Forgotten "Hook"

PLUS: VW in WWII, Union General Mansfield, Nonfiring Weapons, Game Reviews and More!

FEBRUARY 2007

$4.99US $6.99CAN

02>

0 74808 02313 4

RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL FEB. 26

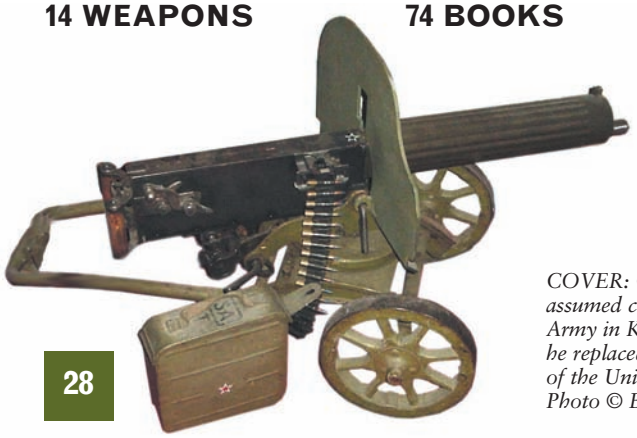
MILITARY HERITAGE • FEBRUARY 2007 Volume 8, No. 4

MILITARY HERITAGE

february 2007

features

columns



COVER: General Matthew Ridgway assumed command of the U.S. 8th Army in Korea in 1950. Later, in 1951, he replaced MacArthur as commander of the United Nations forces in Korea. Photo © Bettmann/CORBIS.

Military Heritage (ISSN 1524-8666) is published bimonthly by Sovereign Media, 453-B Carlisle Drive, Herndon, VA 20170. (703) 964-0361. Periodical postage PAID at Herndon, VA, and additional mailing offices. Military Heritage, Volume 8, Number 4 ***Subscription Services, back issues, and Information:*** **1(800) 219-1187** *or* write to Military Heritage **Circulation, Military Heritage, P.O. Box 1644, Williamsport, PA 17703.** Single copies: $4.99, plus $3 for postage. Yearly subscription in U.S.A.: $16.95; Canada and Overseas: $21.95 (U.S.). Editorial Office: Send editorial mail to Military Heritage, 453-B Carlisle Drive, Herndon, VA 20170. Military Heritage welcomes editorial submissions but assumes no responsibility for the loss or damage of unsolicited material. Material to be returned should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. We suggest that you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a copy of our author's guidelines.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Military Heritage, P.O. Box 1644, Williamsport, PA 17703.

En route to Gallipoli, poet Rupert Brooke met a less romantic death than the one he had imagined.

FELLOW POET WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS ONCE CALLED Rupert Brooke "the handsomest man in England," and few people who ever met Brooke—male or female—would have disagreed. The son of wealthy, well-connected parents (his father was a house master at the famous Rugby School), the golden-haired Brooke rose effortlessly to rarified levels of fame and adulation in the late-summer twilight of England's Georgian Age, an era that died in the trenches of World War I alongside Brooke's entire generation.

Like most Europeans, Brooke expected the looming war to be brief and glorious. "Well, if Armageddon is on, I suppose one should be there," he said airily, when told of the outbreak of hostilities in August 1914. With the help of high connections (he numbered Winston Churchill and Prime Minister Herbert Asquith among his acquaintances), Brooke managed to secure a commission in an elite new unit, the Royal Naval Division.

On leave that December, Brooke wrote a series of five "war sonnets" that would make him famous. They were full of high-sounding odes to patriotism, nobility, and sacrifice—sentiments that American writer Ernest Hemingway, himself a veteran of World War I, would later term "obscene." At the time, however, they perfectly expressed the mood of a certain type of well-bred Englishman, who could say of the war, in all seriousness, "Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,/And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping." Many of those stalwart young men would fall in the first hour of the Battle of the Somme.

Brooke would not be among them. In March 1915 he boarded a troopship bound for the Gallipoli Peninsula, where, ironically, his friend Churchill had promoted a scheme to relieve the Western Front by mounting a new offensive on the Turkish-held Dardanelles Strait. "I've never been quite so happy in my life," he wrote to Prime Minister Asquith's daughter, Violet. "I suddenly realize that the ambition of my life has been—since I was two—to go on a military expedition against Constantinople."

It was an ambition he was not destined to fulfill. While still en route to the front, Brooke was bitten by a mosquito at Port Said, Egypt, a trifling sting that soon erupted into full-fledged blood poisoning. Already weakened by fever and dysentery, the athletic young poet died with shocking suddenness on April 23, 1915—Shakespeare's birthday. Two of the five fellow officers who buried him would die themselves at Gallipoli.

No less a personage than Winston Churchill wrote Brooke's obituary in the London Times. Whether heartfelt or cynical, the tribute was calculated to raise British morale at a time when the first news of the Allied landings at Gallipoli was expected momentarily. Brooke, wrote Churchill, "expected to die; he was willing to die for the dear England whose beauty and majesty he knew; and he advanced towards the brink in perfect serenity, with absolute conviction of the rightness of his country's cause. He was all that one would wish England's noblest sons to be."

Some of Brooke's other friends resented the near-canonization that followed his death and the way that he was turned into a recruiting poster for the war that had killed him. "The deans and great-aunts who picture Brooke as a kind of blend of General Gordon and Lord Tennyson," said one, "never got the faintest feeling of his being a human being at all."

In a way Brooke died too soon, before the full horrors of the Western Front would present themselves to the other poets of his lost generation. Had he lived, it is likely that he would have written, as they did, more realistic poems about the mechanized killing machine that destroyed so many of their friends and brothers and, all too often, themselves. As it was, Brooke wrote his own epitaph in "The Soldier," a poem that has become one of the best-loved sonnets in the English language. It begins: "If I should die, think only this of me:/That there's some corner of a foreign field/That is forever England." □

Roy Morris Jr.

MILITARY HERITAGE
VOLUME 8 NUMBER 4

SOVEREIGN MEDIA COMPANY, INC.
453-B Carlisle Drive
Herndon, VA 20170

SUBSCRIPTION, CUSTOMER SERVICE, AND BUSINESS OFFICE
1000 Commerce Park Drive, Suite 300
Williamsport, PA 17701
(800) 219-1187

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

By Steven L. Ossad

When Union general Joseph Mansfield fell at Antietam, he became the oldest general on either side to be killed in combat.

Library of Congress

Union troops under Maj. Gen. Joseph Mansfield exchange fire with Confederates defending the Cornfield at Antietam in this sketch by Alfred R. Waud for *Harper's Weekly.* By then, Mansfield had already been mortally wounded.

FOR MORE THAN 45 YEARS, JOSEPH MANSFIELD PREPARED HIMSELF for the ultimate test of a soldier—high command in time of war. After a long and successful career marked by bravery in the field and rapid promotion during the Mexican War, celebrated achievements as a military engineer, and a distinguished tenure as inspector general of the U.S. Army, the moment he had waited for all his life arrived early on the morning of September 17, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Md.

Mansfield, a descendant of the first English colonists and the youngest of five children, was born to Henry Mansfield, a prosperous Connecticut East Indies trader, and his wife, Mary Fenno Mansfield, at New Haven, Conn., on December 22, 1803. Just months after his birth, his mother was granted a divorce on grounds of adultery after she discovered her husband openly living with a woman in St. Croix, Virgin Islands. Soon afterward, the family moved to Middletown so that Mary could be close to her family.

Lieutenant Colonel Jared Mansfield, an uncle and professor at the new military academy at West Point, began lobbying for young Joseph's admission, writing frequently to President James Monroe and Secretary of War John C. Calhoun. In 1817, still shy of his 14th birthday, Joseph was accepted to the academy, the youngest member of his class and one of the youngest ever admitted to West Point. Graduating second out of 40 in the class of 1822, he was commissioned in the prestigious Army Corps of Engineers just before his 19th birthday.

With America planning long-term defenses in order to give teeth to the Monroe Doctrine, such a commission was a dream assignment for the bright young engineer. Mansfield spent the next quarter-century as a military engineer, mostly building coastal fortifications along the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts. He met his greatest challenge in 1830 when he was dispatched to Georgia to take over the construction of Fort Pulaski. A massive, five-sided stone edifice with mounts for 150 cannon, the fort was built on Cockspur Island at the mouth of the Savannah River to protect the city of Savannah from naval attack. One of the first junior officers assigned to Mansfield's command was another recent West Point honors graduate, 2nd Lt. Robert E. Lee, who was responsible for preliminary site development and design. For more than 14 years, Mansfield supervised the major construction project.

Thanks to his familiarity with the Texas coast as a result of his frequent expeditions to locate suitable supply depot locations, Mansfield was appointed head engineer of General Zachary Taylor's Northern Army at the outbreak of the Mexican War in 1846. Accompanying Taylor on the march across the disputed territory

between the Nueces and Rio Grande Rivers, Mansfield's first major assignment was the construction of Fort Texas (later renamed Fort Brown), a star-shaped, earthen fort opposite Matamoras, near present-day Brownsville, built to anchor the American position on the Rio Grande.

Several weeks after the opening skirmishes of the war, Taylor marched his main force to the coast to secure his supply lines, leaving behind several officers, including Mansfield, and 500 men to defend the fort. Mexican gunners opened their assault on May 3, 1846, and for six days kept the fort under siege and artillery fire. With no relief in sight, the Americans boldly took the offensive. Mansfield led a band of soldiers out of the fort and blew up Mexican fortifications, bolstering morale. Taylor's subsequent victories at Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto forced a Mexican withdrawal. Mansfield was brevetted major for "gallantry and distinctive service" in defending the fort. He was not modest about his achievements, observing in a letter to his wife, Louisa, that General Taylor owed his success "more to my opinions before the battles of Palo Alto & Resaca than to any other circumstances."

That September, during the approach to the city of Monterrey, Taylor's army came under artillery fire that halted their advance. Mansfield, accompanied by a squadron of dragoons and a company of Texans, led a small group of engineers forward to conduct a reconnaissance of the Mexican defenses. Such assignments were typical for the engineers of the time, whose training, drafting, and map-making skills made them invaluable to their commanders for conducting intelligence and planning missions. Mansfield's field observations were crucial to the final attack plan, and on September 23, 1846, he personally led a column of volunteers, with a sword in one hand and a spyglass in the other. Seriously wounded in the leg, he was brevetted to lieutenant colonel for "gallant and meritorious conduct." Visited daily by Taylor during his five-month convalescence, Mansfield recovered sufficiently to act as an adviser during the Battle of Buena Vista on February 23, 1847. He was brevetted yet again, this time to colonel, becoming one of a very few officers who received three brevets during the war, a list that included Robert E. Lee, George McClellan, and Joseph Hooker.

Library of Congress

Civilian volunteers help load a wounded soldier into a wagon while others assist a field surgeon with an amputation, one of thousands at Antietam.

In spite of his record, however, Mansfield remained a captain in the engineers, the result of reductions in the Army and a glacially slow system of advancement. On May 28, 1853, Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, impressed by Mansfield's work on the board of engineers and a witness to Mansfield's courage in Mexico, promoted the 50-year-old captain to colonel and inspector general of the Army, with responsibility for the vast territory west of the Mississippi. It was a rare instance of an officer jumping several ranks in contravention of the normal seniority rules. General-in-Chief Winfield Scott, Taylor's rival during the Mexican War, opposed the move, viewing Mansfield as a "Davis man," but the new inspector general proved to be both effective and independent in his duties.

For the next eight years, Mansfield was one of the most traveled men in the country. He toured the New Mexico Territory, the Division of the Pacific, the Departments of Texas, Utah, California, and Oregon, and finally returned to Texas, where he remained until that state voted for secession. After a danger-filled journey back to the capital, Mansfield was placed in command of the Department of Washington on April 27, 1861, and three weeks later he was named one of the first of the newly authorized brigadier generals in the Regular Army.

With responsibility for the defense of Washington and its environs, Mansfield put his vast expertise on defensive fortifications to work, supervising the planning and construction of the entire system of earthwork installations that protected the capital throughout the Civil War. One of his most important decisions was to seize and fortify the southern bank of the Potomac, especially Arlington Heights, without waiting for orders and over General Scott's objections.

In August 1861, Mansfield was assigned to the Department of Virginia, first commanding a brigade at Norfolk, then a division at Suffolk. It was essentially occupation duty, boring and routine, except for one dramatic moment. While on duty at Newport News, Va., on March 8, 1862, Mansfield witnessed one of the great moments in naval history when the ironclad CSS *Virginia* (better-known as the *Merrimack*) savaged the Union fleet, sinking the USS *Cumberland* and capturing the USS *Congress*. Personally directing the shore batteries and the riflemen of the 20th Indiana Volunteers, Mansfield ran between the exposed positions with his white head bared,

Library of Congress

Mansfield spent months in Washington politicking for a field commission. He got his wish when he was given command of XII Corps two days before Antietam.

inspiring his men and helping to rescue *Cumberland*'s survivors. The encounter was not without some risk, as Mansfield described in a letter to his wife: "I came very near being killed again. I had just dismounted & stepped into my room to write a telegram to Genl Wool when a large shell from the Merrimac went through smashing everything before it & knocking down my chimney & stopped just behind my chair as I was writing. Fortunately it did not burst & I was saved again."

Mansfield was serving as military governor of Norfolk when Maj. Gen. George McClellan selected him to command XII Corps, formerly Maj. Gen. Nathaniel Bank's II Corps in the Army of Virginia, in the aftermath of Maj. Gen. John Pope's defeat at Second Bull Run. Mansfield was seized with a premonition of impending disaster. At the close of a visit with Navy Secretary Gideon Welles, an old friend from Connecticut, he took his leave, declaring, "We shall probably never meet again." Just hours before departing Washington on September 13, 1862, Mansfield penned a brief note to his old West Point teacher Sylvanus Thayer "to say that if I never see you again, that I have not forgotten your inestimable favors to me."

Arriving on the eve of what everyone expected would be a great battle, Mansfield was completely unacquainted with his hastily assembled staff. In the two days that preceded the battle, he did not impress the officers in his corps. Although well aware of his reputation and struck by Mansfield's distinguished physical appearance, senior division commander Brig. Gen. Alpheus S. Williams described him in a letter to his daughters as "a most veteran-looking officer, with head as white as snow," but also as "a most fussy, obstinate officer." Mansfield, for his part, seemed overwhelmed by his responsibilities, and perhaps in compensation intervened often in the movement and deployment of brigades, regiments, and batteries, bypassing the chain of command and causing even more than the normal confusion in the ranks.

The ordinary soldiers of the corps, however, had a distinctly positive reaction to their new commander, whose genuine enthusiasm and warm personality outweighed his apparent inexperience in leading combat troops. Hit hard during the Second Bull Run campaign, the men needed all the encouragement they could get. Williams's 1st Division had lost nearly all its field officers, and its ranks were so reduced that several of the old regiments mustered only 100 men. Five new regiments had been added, all green and barely three weeks away from home. In the rapid marches from Frederick, Md., many had been lost to straggling and

Photo by Steven L. Ossad

Mansfield's grave. He was the oldest general killed in the war.

desertion. Altogether, XII Corps numbered 12,300 soldiers, including noncombatants, and contained 22 regiments of infantry and three batteries of light artillery. It was the smallest corps in the Army of the Potomac.

After receiving orders just after midnight on September 17 to support Hooker in his dawn attack, Mansfield's men crossed Antietam Creek via the upper bridge at 2 AM and bivouacked on the Hoffman and Line farms, about a mile behind Hooker's left. Because of the nearness of the enemy, the men were ordered to lie down with their arms; but few were able to sleep, including the commander. Mansfield moved constantly among his troops, waking Williams several times with new directions before finally spreading his blanket near a fence corner close to the Line house, where he was able to get a few hours of fitful sleep.

At the first explosion of cannon fire at daybreak, Mansfield led his corps toward the sounds of battle without waiting for food or coffee. He had no idea what his mission was—general support of Hooker, exploitation of a breakthrough, or defense against a possible Confederate counterattack. McClellan had issued no specific instructions. From the moment they started to move, his men were under fire from four batteries of Confederate artillery sited on the plateau opposite the Dunker Church. Slowed by the cannon fire, the advance was even more confused because of Mansfield's frequent pauses for unit detachments and reattachments, although none of the halts was long enough to allow the men to boil their much-needed coffee.

Reflecting attitudes developed over a lifetime in the Regular Army, Mansfield had little confidence in the volunteers and ordered his men deployed in "column of regiments in mass." In such a formation, regiments were deployed 10 ranks deep, instead of two ranks as in the conventional line of battle. Williams's division was on the right and Greene's was on the left, with

the line extending from farmer David R. Miller's house on the Hagerstown Pike southeast across the Smoketown Road.

From the first, Mansfield seemed to be everywhere, riding up and down the line, shouting encouragement to his men and generally behaving like a junior commander whose blood was up. While at first he appeared to the men as "a calm and dignified old gentleman," he soon seemed "the personification of vigor, dash and enthusiasm," riding "with a proud, martial air and full of military ardor." By 6:30 AM, the head of his lead column had reached the middle of an open field west of John Poffenberger's woods, and Mansfield rode forward to personally reconnoiter the ground. Williams then ordered Brig. Gen. Samuel W. Crawford's brigade of regulars and green Pennsylvania men to abandon the massed formation and deploy into line of battle. At the same time, Mansfield was informed that I Corps was hard pressed and needed immediate help.

Riding back to his command, Mansfield saw Crawford's men maneuvering and immediately ordered Williams to halt the deployment. Even though the men were still under intense artillery fire, he ordered them again to mass in dense columns. Williams protested, but Mansfield refused to allow the men to spread out in the open field, repeating once again his concerns that if the green volunteers were deployed in line they would be impossible to control and might break and run.

Mansfield planned to move his corps via the Smoketown Road to the northwest corner of the Cornfield and into the East Woods and renew the attack against the left of the Confederate line held by Maj. Gen. Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson. The earlier attack by Hooker's I Corps had nearly broken through, dissolving only after terrible losses. Another push might crack the weakened enemy line, and the old soldier was determined to make the attempt at the head of his corps. Ignoring his staff, Mansfield personally guided the veteran 10th Maine Volunteers to its position in the van of Crawford's brigade as it entered the East Woods. He then turned back to guide the green 128th Pennsylvania to the field.

Astride his horse on a knoll just behind the front line, Mansfield paused with a group of officers and watched the rest of Crawford's brigade move into position. As soon as his men opened fire, however, Mansfield spurred his mount and rode up to the front rank of the 10th Maine. Fearing that they were shooting at Hooker's men retreating through the East Woods from the carnage of the Cornfield, he started screaming,

Continued on page 80

By Albert Mroz

The much-loved Volkswagen was the brainchild of two designers, Ferdinand Porsche and Adolf Hitler.

THE VOLKSWAGEN, OR "PEOPLE'S CAR," THAT SO MANY MILLIONS have known for more than half a century had its genesis in Nazi Germany. Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, who designed the Volkswagen, had to share the concept with none other than Adolf Hitler. And though the Volkswagen may have first been intended for use as a civilian recreational vehicle, it was quickly transformed into three basic military iterations: the Kommandeurswagen (commander's car), Kubelwagen (bucket car), and Schwimmwagen (amphibious car). The VW's transformation into a military vehicle was a rapid metamorphosis over which Porsche had no control.

The original concept for a German Kleinauto (small car) was in part a response to the phenomenal success of the Ford Model T. The German motorcycle company NSU decided to venture into the small-car business and hired Porsche to design such a car. The prototype was known as the Type 32 of 1932, and was only one of numerous prototypes before the actual Volkswagen went into series production. Porsche had considerable experience in automotive design. Born and educated in the Czech Republic, his mentor was Hans Ledwinka, designer of the early rear-engine air-cooled Tatra. Porsche believed in Ledwinka's design. In 1900, at the age of 25, he showed his Lohner-Porsche-Electrochaise, powered by electric motors, causing a sensation at the Paris World's Fair

In 1905, Porsche joined the Austro-Daimler Company and designed his first race car, the Prince-Heinrich-Wagen. Through racing-car design, Porsche realized early on the importance of aerodynamics, and this influenced most of his later automotive designs. Wind-resistance tests helped him create highly successful racing cars for Auto-Union. Before

Author's Collection

ullstein bild

RIGHT: Laying the foundation stone at the Volkswagen factory at Fallersleben on the occasion of Adolf Hitler's 50th birthday.

FAR RIGHT: Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, Robert Ley, and Hitler.

TAKE AIM AT YOUR FAVORITE WAR MOVIES FROM BELLE & BLADE!

PLEASE CHECK BOX	VHS	DVD
Band of Brothers #BOB	☐ $ 99.98	☐ $ 79.98
The Bridge #E2	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 29.98
Stalingrad 1992 #E3	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Stalingrad 2003 #LING		☐ $ 34.98
Stalingrad 1958 #W925	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Enemy at the Gates #EATG	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
Attack and Retreat #E71	☐ $ 24.98	☐ $ 29.98
Winter War #E15	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Come and See #KINC	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Saving Private Ryan #ZX1	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
Story of G.I. Joe #TX1	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
Cross of Iron #XOF	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Triumph of the Will #E16a	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 39.98
Jap War Music CD #JWM	☐ $ 29.98 CD	
Das Boot #E4A(uncut)		☐ $ 39.98
Black Hawk Down #BHD	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 29.98
We Were Soldiers #WWS	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Luftwaffe Set #MMDX	☐ $199.98	☐ $149.98
The Blue Max #E8	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Crimson Romance #E9	☐ $ 19.98	
The Red Baron #E10	☐ $ 19.98	
All Quiet West Front #E13	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Men Against Tanks #E17	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Punishment Battalion #ED1	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Flying Tigers #AC52	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
The Hunters #Hunt		☐ $ 19.98
Star of Africa #E22	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Fei-Hu Documentary #FEI	☐ $ 24.98	☐ $ 24.98
Tora Tora Tora #TORA	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
German Jets #JTS		☐ $ 19.98
Rough Riders #ROUGH		☐ $ 19.98
Piece of Cake Set #GM109	☐ $ 79.98	☐ $ 59.98
The Beast #BST		☐ $ 29.98
Bravo 20 #BRV		☐ $ 19.98
Luftwaffe Music CD #LMCD	☐ $ 24.98 CD	
Dr. Strangelove #AC40	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
A Yank in the RAF #AC107	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Lost Command #0773		☐ $ 29.98
Memphis Belle #AC67		☐ $ 19.98
Thunderbolt #NF622	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
Flying Leather Necks #FLX		☐ $ 19.98
Duellists #X267	☐ $ 14.98	☐ $ 24.98
Chg.of Lt.Brigade #X228	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Zulu #E23	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Zulu Dawn #RT2	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Tuskegee Airmen #TUSK	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
633 Squadron #AC84	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Dambusters #E26	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
Battle of Britain #E27	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Dark Blue World #0827	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 29.98

PLEASE CHECK BOX	VHS	DVD
Devil's Brigade #WX74	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Spirit of St. Louis #SOSL		☐ $ 19.98
Reach for the Sky #ACB	☐ $ 29.98	
Hell is for Heroes #WX146	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
War Lover #AC101		☐ $ 19.98
Victory thru Airpower #VA		☐ $ 39.98
Where Eagles Dare #WX377		☐ $ 19.98
Battleground #BT		☐ $ 19.98
Sergeant York #SGT		☐ $ 29.98
Sahara #WW404	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 29.98
Flight of the Phoenix AC48	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
BAT 21 #BAT21	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Spitfire #E46	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
Stearman's #HVP2800	☐ $ 24.98	☐ $ 24.98
Scipio Africanus #HANN2	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 34.98
The Big Lift #AC17	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Target for Today #V42	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Combat Season1 #CBT1		☐ $ 79.98
Combat Season2 #CBT2		☐ $ 79.98
Combat Season3 #CBT3		☐ $ 79.98
Combat Season4 #CBT4		☐ $ 79.98
Combat Season5 #CBT5		☐ $ 79.98
12 O'Clk High (Peck) #AC99	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Lost Battalion #EX2	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Winds of War #3W		☐ $ 99.98
Battle HYMN #BHY		☐ $ 19.98
Wake Island #WIX		☐ $ 19.98
German Gun Footage #GGC	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 29.98
German Heli Footage #GHF	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
300 Spartans #300		☐ $ 19.98
Final Countdown #FCW	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Joyeux Noel WWI #JOY		☐ $ 29.98
Rat Patrol #1 #RAT		☐ $ 39.98
Tiger Tanks #TIGR		☐ $ 19.98
A Walk In the Sun #E66	☐ $ 24.98	☐ $ 19.98
High and Mighty #HIGH		☐ $ 19.98
Island in the Sky #IIS		☐ $ 19.98
BaaBaa Blacksheep Seas 1 #BBB		☐ $ 39.98
Odd Angry Shot #WX240	☐ $ 29.98	
Too Late the Hero #LT		☐ $ 19.98
Man Who Wd B King #B83		☐ $ 24.98
Sound Barrier #BSB	☐ $ 29.98	
The Vikings #MGM		☐ $ 19.98
God is My Co-Pilot #GIMC	☐ $ 29.98	
12 O'Clk High Set1 #12NS1	☐ $150.00	
12 O'Clk High Set2 #12NS2	☐ $150.00	
12 O'Clk High Set3 #12NS3	☐ $150.00	
Wild Geese #WG2	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
March or Die #MOD	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
8th Air Force Hat #8THHAT	☐ $ 18.00	

Here's your chance to own some of the best war films around. Add these quality-guaranteed movies to your collection to treasure for years to come!

ALSO try our terrific t-shirts! M-XL: $25/XXL: $30

	PLEASE CIRCLE SIZE			
Stuka/Rudel #STUKA	M	L	XL	XXL
8th Air Force Tour #8TH	M	L	XL	XXL
Japanese Zero Tour #JPTT	M	L	XL	XXL
Fallshirmjaeger Tour #AK02	M	L	XL	XXL
JG54 Green Hearts #JG54	M	L	XL	XXL
82nd Airborne #82ND	M	L	XL	XXL
101st Airborne #101ST	M	L	XL	XXL
Flying Tiger #FEIHUT	M	L	XL	XXL
Italian Aces WWII #ITACES	M	L	XL	XXL
JG26 Tour #JG26	M	L	XL	XXL
JV44 Tour #JV44	M	L	XL	XXL
JG52 Tour #JG52	M	L	XL	XXL
ME 163 Tour #ME163	M	L	XL	XXL
Star of Africa Tour #SOAT	M	L	XL	XXL

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

(_____) _____

Daytime Phone

☐ Check/Money Order enclosed. Make checks payable to Belle & Blade

Bill my: ☐ MC ☐ American Express ☐ Visa ☐ Discover

Signature_____

Account No._____

Exp. Date_____

Please add $6.50 shipping/handling per order
or 2nd Day FedEx only $12.50 per order
Full Line Catalog $3.00 or Free with order
NJ residents add 6% sales tax

Belle & Blade

124 Penn Avenue, Dover, NJ 07801
Fax: 973-442-0669

ORDER TOLL-FREE 24 HOURS 1-888-830-2316 CUSTOMER SERVICE: 1-973-328-8488 10AM-4PM EST, MON-FRI

starting his own design firm in 1929, Porsche worked for Daimler-Benz, helping develop the famous SS, SSK, and other Mercedes models.

When Hitler took power, Porsche announced his concept of a small, inexpensive car at the 1933 Berlin Auto Show. At the show, Hitler promised to transform Germany into a truly motorized nation. Porsche and Hitler met in May 1934 to discuss plans for the "People's Car." Porsche outlined the specs he had in mind. The car would have a one-liter displacement air-cooled motor, producing approximately 25-brake horsepower at 3,500 RPM, weigh less than 1,500 pounds, with four-wheel independent suspension to reach a top speed of 100 kilometers per hour. Hitler added specs according to his own vision: the car was to be a four-seater, get 100 kilometers per seven liters of gasoline, and maintain 100 kilometers per hour. Porsche proposed that the car be priced at around 1,550 marks ($620 at 1934 exchange rate).

ullstein bild

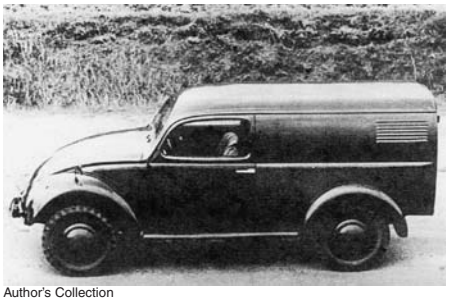
Hitler limited the price of the Volkswagen to 900 marks and gave Porsche only 10 months to build a prototype. Beating out other proposals, Porsche and his design team began building three prototypes in a garage at his home near Stuttgart. Hitler monitored the progress impatiently, then found out that Porsche was a Czech citizen. Dismayed, he quickly rectified the political problem by formally converting Porsche's citizenship.

The three prototypes, finished in 23 months, were successful from the beginning, once the front torsion bar suspension was "debugged" to make the twisting bars stronger and more flexible. Porsche, with his design team, which included his son Ferry, visited the United States to observe how Ford, Chevrolet, and Oldsmobile were mass-producing their cars. Hitler encouraged Porsche to go on the transatlantic journey, thinking that he would be well received by Henry Ford. During his earlier imprisonment, Hitler had read Ford's biography while writing his own *Mein Kampf,* and he believed he knew where Ford's sympathies lay.

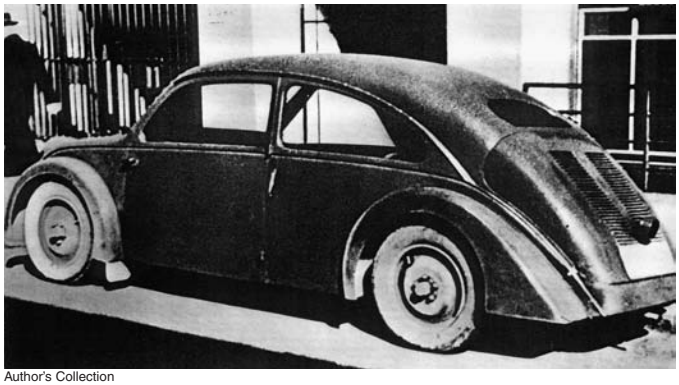
The road tests of the VW prototypes began in October 1936. At first, different motor designs were tried out, including a two-cycle and two-cylinder version, until Porsche settled on the "boxer" four-cylinder, four-stroke design. The essence of the boxer design was that all cylinders were arranged in a flat bank with all crank arms in one plane. The fan-assisted, air-cooled design was virtually immune from both overheating and freezing, unlike liquid-cooled engines. Simplicity and accessibility to various components was another advantage. The chassis and suspension of the Volkswagen used a basically flat platform with a central tube backbone that held the shift linkage and hand brake cable. The VW's suspension consisted of crank-link front and swing rear axles, with the wheels suspended individually. Instead of the usual leaf or coil springs, the VW used torsion bars, a revolutionary concept at the time.

The relative success of the three VW prototypes was a minor achievement in comparison to the goal of mass-producing such cars by the millions. Hitler, vowing to out-produce Ford in the United States, became agitated over what he called the industry's procrastination. On February 28, 1937, he warned during a speech that if private industry could not built such a car, it would no longer remain private industry. These histrionics foreshadowed what would face the Volkswagen company within a short time.

At the 1937 Berlin Auto Show, Hitler visited the exhibit where the latest automotive achievements were on display, among them the small Opel P-4, which was selling for 1,450 marks. Hitler listened to Adam Opel explain that this was his version of the Volkswagen, upon which the Führer stormed off angrily, warning that no private companies would be allowed to enter the small-car market on a competitive basis. Volkswagen was to be Hitler's offspring, and nobody except Porsche and his team were to have a hand in its cultivation. Hitler was using the "People's Car" to utmost political advantage. The Nazi brass formed a new company called Gesellschaft zur Vorbereitung des Volkswagens, funded by the German Labor Front. Now Porsche, his hands no longer tied financially, threw himself into the project like the dedicated engineer and businessman he was. A small factory was set up in Zuffenhausen, near Stuttgart, and 30 more prototypes were produced. Soon another 38 were built. Since few people in Europe fully understood the industrial science of automobile mass production on the scale that Hitler wanted, Porsche and his team returned to the United States to recruit engineers and executives and buy more equipment.



Author's Collection



Author's Collection

Author's Collection

ABOVE: Hitler takes a ride in an open Volkswagen Beetle with Reichsfuhrer-SS Heinrich Himmler, spring 1944. ABOVE RIGHT: A 1941 KdF Light delivery on Kubelwagen chassis. CENTER: VW Kleinauto prototype Type 32. BOTTOM: A 1941 VW four-wheel-drive Model 82E, also known as the Kommandeurswagen.

TAKE AIM AT YOUR FAVORITE WAR MOVIES FROM BELLE & BLADE!

PLEASE CHECK BOX	VHS	DVD
Band of Brothers #BOB	☐ $ 99.98	☐ $ 79.98
The Bridge #E2	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 29.98
Stalingrad 1992 #E3	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Stalingrad 2003 #LING		☐ $ 34.98
Stalingrad 1958 #W925	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Enemy at the Gates #EATG	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
Attack and Retreat #E71	☐ $ 24.98	☐ $ 29.98
Winter War #E15	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Come and See #KINC	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Saving Private Ryan #ZX1	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
Story of G.I. Joe #TX1	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
Cross of Iron #XOF	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Triumph of the Will #E16a	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 39.98
Jap War Music CD #JWM	☐ $ 29.98 CD	
Das Boot #E4A(uncut)		☐ $ 39.98
Black Hawk Down #BHD	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 29.98
We Were Soldiers #WWS	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Luftwaffe Set #MMDX	☐ $199.98	☐ $149.98
The Blue Max #E8	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Crimson Romance #E9	☐ $ 19.98	
The Red Baron #E10	☐ $ 19.98	
All Quiet West Front #E13	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Men Against Tanks #E17	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Punishment Battalion #ED1	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Flying Tigers #AC52	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
The Hunters #Hunt		☐ $ 19.98
Star of Africa #E22	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Fei-Hu Documentary #FEI	☐ $ 24.98	☐ $ 24.98
Tora Tora Tora #TORA	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
German Jets #JTS		☐ $ 19.98
Rough Riders #ROUGH		☐ $ 19.98
Piece of Cake Set #GM109	☐ $ 79.98	☐ $ 59.98
The Beast #BST		☐ $ 29.98
Bravo 20 #BRV		☐ $ 19.98
Luftwaffe Music CD #LMCD	☐ $ 24.98 CD	
Dr. Strangelove #AC40	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
A Yank in the RAF #AC107	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Lost Command #0773		☐ $ 29.98
Memphis Belle #AC67		☐ $ 19.98
Thunderbolt #NF622	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
Flying Leather Necks #FLX		☐ $ 19.98
Duellists #X267	☐ $ 14.98	☐ $ 24.98
Chg.of Lt.Brigade #X228	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Zulu #E23	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Zulu Dawn #RT2	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Tuskegee Airmen #TUSK	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
633 Squadron #AC84	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Dambusters #E26	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
Battle of Britain #E27	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Dark Blue World #0827	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 29.98

PLEASE CHECK BOX	VHS	DVD
Devil's Brigade #WX74	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Spirit of St. Louis #SOSL		☐ $ 19.98
Reach for the Sky #ACB	☐ $ 29.98	
Hell is for Heroes #WX146	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
War Lover #AC101		☐ $ 19.98
Victory thru Airpower #VA		☐ $ 39.98
Where Eagles Dare #WX377		☐ $ 19.98
Battleground #BT		☐ $ 19.98
Sergeant York #SGT		☐ $ 29.98
Sahara #WW404	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 29.98
Flight of the Phoenix AC48	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
BAT 21 #BAT21	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
Spitfire #E46	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 24.98
Stearman's #HVP2800	☐ $ 24.98	☐ $ 24.98
Scipio Africanus #HANN2	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 34.98
The Big Lift #AC17	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Target for Today #V42	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Combat Season1 #CBT1		☐ $ 79.98
Combat Season2 #CBT2		☐ $ 79.98
Combat Season3 #CBT3		☐ $ 79.98
Combat Season4 #CBT4		☐ $ 79.98
Combat Season5 #CBT5		☐ $ 79.98
12 O'Clk High (Peck) #AC99	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Lost Battalion #EX2	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 19.98
Winds of War #3W		☐ $ 99.98
Battle HYMN #BHY		☐ $ 19.98
Wake Island #WIX		☐ $ 19.98
German Gun Footage #GGC	☐ $ 19.98	☐ $ 29.98
German Heli Footage #GHF	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
300 Spartans #300		☐ $ 19.98
Final Countdown #FCW	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
Joyeux Noel WWI #JOY		☐ $ 29.98
Rat Patrol #1 #RAT		☐ $ 39.98
Tiger Tanks #TIGR		☐ $ 19.98
A Walk In the Sun #E66	☐ $ 24.98	☐ $ 19.98
High and Mighty #HIGH		☐ $ 19.98
Island in the Sky #IIS		☐ $ 19.98
BaaBaa Blacksheep Seas 1 #BBB		☐ $ 39.98
Odd Angry Shot #WX240	☐ $ 29.98	
Too Late the Hero #LT		☐ $ 19.98
Man Who Wd B King #B83		☐ $ 24.98
Sound Barrier #BSB	☐ $ 29.98	
The Vikings #MGM		☐ $ 19.98
God is My Co-Pilot #GIMC	☐ $ 29.98	
12 O'Clk High Set1 #12NS1	☐ $150.00	
12 O'Clk High Set2 #12NS2	☐ $150.00	
12 O'Clk High Set3 #12NS3	☐ $150.00	
Wild Geese #WG2	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 19.98
March or Die #MOD	☐ $ 29.98	☐ $ 29.98
8th Air Force Hat #8THHAT	☐ $ 18.00	

Here's your chance to own some of the best war films around. Add these quality-guaranteed movies to your collection to treasure for years to come!

ALSO try our terrific t-shirts! M-XL: $25/XXL: $30

	PLEASE CIRCLE SIZE			
Stuka/Rudel #STUKA	M	L	XL	XXL
8th Air Force Tour #8TH	M	L	XL	XXL
Japanese Zero Tour #JPTT	M	L	XL	XXL
Fallshirmjaeger Tour #AK02	M	L	XL	XXL
JG54 Green Hearts #JG54	M	L	XL	XXL
82nd Airborne #82ND	M	L	XL	XXL
101st Airborne #101ST	M	L	XL	XXL
Flying Tiger #FEIHUT	M	L	XL	XXL
Italian Aces WWII #ITACES	M	L	XL	XXL
JG26 Tour #JG26	M	L	XL	XXL
JV44 Tour #JV44	M	L	XL	XXL
JG52 Tour #JG52	M	L	XL	XXL
ME 163 Tour #ME163	M	L	XL	XXL
Star of Africa Tour #SOAT	M	L	XL	XXL

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

(_____) _____

Daytime Phone

☐ Check/Money Order enclosed. Make checks payable to Belle & Blade

Bill my: ☐ MC ☐ American Express ☐ Visa ☐ Discover

Signature_____

Account No._____

Exp. Date_____

Please add $6.50 shipping/handling per order
or 2nd Day FedEx only $12.50 per order
Full Line Catalog $3.00 or Free with order
NJ residents add 6% sales tax

Belle & Blade

124 Penn Avenue, Dover, NJ 07801
Fax: 973-442-0669

ORDER TOLL-FREE 24 HOURS 1-888-830-2316 CUSTOMER SERVICE: 1-973-328-8488 10AM-4PM EST, MON-FRI

At the same time, the German Labor Front devised a scheme by which workers could buy a Volkswagen in advance. Through the Kraft durch Freude (Strength through Joy) organization, which sponsored all sport, travel, recreation, and leisure activities for industry workers, money was collected on a layaway basis. By the time World War II began when Germany invaded Poland on September 1, 1939, a total of 210 KdF Volkswagen sedans had been built. Only two prototype units were military versions. The rest of the KdF sedans were allocated to military officers as personal cars. Hitler was given the very first convertible Beetle built in 1938. Photographs of the vehicle were published in *Der Adler.*

The Kubelwagen (Bucket Car) idea stemmed from a meeting on January 17, 1938, between the SS-Fahrbereitschaft VW director, the director of Heereswaffenamt (Army Weapons Office), and other HWA officials. The purpose of the meeting was to see how the KdF Volkswagen could be turned into a military vehicle. Another meeting nine days later gave the Porsche company free reign as to how to achieve such a design. It was not until the beginning of November 1938 that the first Kubelwagen was shown. The initial rear-wheel-drive prototype was called the Type 62 and was compared to the standard HWA four-wheel-drive, four-wheel-steer military personnel car. The new design was met with approval, excepting the sheet metal, which was deemed too "civilian-looking." Further tests were also favorable, and the body was redesigned. Compared with the KdF sedan, larger tires were used, the rear track was widened, and ground clearance was increased.

Aside from the redesign of the sheet metal, one of the first military requirements for the Kubelwagen was that it would be able to run in first gear at 2.5 mph, the walking speed of a German soldier with backpack. The standard KdF-wagen's first-gear cruising speed was twice that—about 8 kph or 5 mph. At first a lower transaxle gear ratio was used, but this was still insufficient, so another alternative was adopted. By using a reduction gear at the end of each swing axle, the right speed was achieved. It also created more torque and provided a higher ground clearance for the VW "stand-alone" chassis, which would become a versatile platform for a variety of applications. Later, this reduction gear was used in VW buses and vans.

The Porsche team reluctantly redesigned the VW for its new military roles without having to redesign the drive-train, except for increasing engine displacement to 1.13 liters, which obtained 24.5 bhp. When an advisory contract with Daimler-Benz expired in 1940, the Porsche Company was recommended to the HWA to go into tank design, and Porsche would soon find himself as head of the Panzer Commission. At the same time, the Führer pushed for the military adaptation of the VW. Off-road capabilities were improved with the Type 82 Kubelwagen, which incorporated the crown-wheel-and-pinion gear reduction. Larger off-road tires were used and ground clearance was increased once more. The two Kubelwagen prototypes had bodies built by Ambi-Budd in Berlin in December 1939. Upon its acceptance as an official military vehicle, the Kubelwagen received the official designation of Le PKW-K1 Type 82.


Author's Collection


Author's Collection

TOP: A restored 1942 Kubelwagen Type 82. ABOVE: Interior of a restored 1943 Schwimmwagen Type 166.

The giant Wolfsburg factory, with its newly built "Strength Through Joy Town," was converted in 1940 to build war materiél. Large areas were turned into repair shops for the Junkers Ju88 bombers. Also, large quantities of mines were to be produced, as well as BMW aircraft engines. Toward the end of the war, V-1 bomb rockets were also assembled there. Manufacture of the "war contingency alternative" to the People's Car, the Kubelwagen, the Porsche version of the German Jeep, also got under way. This design was completely independent of the four-wheel-drive vehicle that the German Heereswaffenamt had built, which was much more expensive than the Kubelwagen. In January 1940, another version of the KdF, the 4x4 Type 86, was put through comparative testing at Eisenach. However, only two prototype vehicles of the Type 86 were ever built. The 4x4 continued as the Type 87.

As the Kubelwagen was being developed, on July 1, 1940, the Porsche Company was given a contract to build three variations of amphibious cross-country vehicle prototypes for the sum of 200,000 marks. The result, called the Schwimmwagen, was designated Type 128. The first prototype was based on a Type 82 Kubelwagen that had its doors welded shut. The entire body was sealed watertight, and a propeller that folded down to engage with a shaft extension from the engine crank moved the Schwimmwagen through the water. The Type 128 used the same 1.13-liter engine as in other military versions. It was capable of 10 kph in calm water, and calm water was imperative because the all-in-one design was heavy enough to be easily swamped by the smallest of wakes or waves.

Because of the Nazi hierarchy's lack of rapid decision making, production of the Kubelwagen was at an impasse until early 1940, when other comparison road tests proved the Kubelwagen to be superior to the HWA vehicle in many ways and cheaper to build. More than a year after the war started, production of the Kubelwagen finally ensued. The VW sedan with four-wheel-drive was called the Type 87. Running gear of the Type 87 was used for the Schwimmwagen Type 128 and Type 166. All VW 4x4s used the Kubelwagen chassis and 1131-cc engine.

In early December 1940, the Waffen-SS and the Porsche team conferred. The military wanted a small armored car, and on December 22 a contract was awarded. By January 14, 1941, the contract for the Type 823 armored Kubelwagen was amended to eliminate the armor and create another version called the Type 821, which was to be a radio car. Another version, an ambulance,

was called the Type 822. Mockup prototypes of each were built in 1941.

Two other iterations based on the Type 82 Kubelwagen were an intelligence car and a repair car. In addition, there were also versions with rail wheels and other special equipment, but these were built as one-off or in very small numbers. The VW platform was proving itself to be efficient, inexpensive, and, above all, extremely versatile. It was particularly well suited for off-road desert conditions, and approximately half of the vehicles produced were used very effectively by General Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korps. The "tropical" version included Kronprinz balloon tires without longitudinal treads to trap sand and soil, special air filters as well as a second fuel tank, intended for drinking water but used for gasoline to double the range in areas where refueling was a drastic problem.

In the desert, the VWs far out-performed heavier Allied vehicles as water-cooled engines overheated and trucks bogged down in the sand. The VW was amazingly effective in North Africa, and decades later this capability was proven again in the form of the "dune buggy" and "baja bug" used in professional racing under similarly harsh desert conditions. With partially deflated rear tires, the traction of the quick, rear-engine vehicles was impressive in off-road conditions of all kinds, including the snow and ice encountered during the invasion of Russia. In freezing temperatures the air-cooled engines performed even better. The problem was there were just too few of the vehicles.

From 1940 to 1943, a total of 630 KdF sedans were also built with the designation Type 60 at Wolfsburg. These had a "civilian" (i.e., pre-Kubelwagen) chassis and used the slightly smaller 986-cc engine. An ambulance version was designated Type 67. One-off versions included a pickup truck and delivery truck. Also built were 564 Type 87 sedans, the latter with the 4x4 Kubelwagen chassis. Other one-off variations included a box van (Type 81) and open truck (Type 825).

The Type 82E Beetle, like the Type 82 Kubelwagen, had the additional gear reducers in each rear wheel and used larger 5.25x16 off-road tires. These Beetles were delivered in matte black, to be painted by the Wehrmacht with tan or camouflage colors. Delivered to the SS, these were called Type 92SS and included such items as rifle racks in the rear interior, a bracket-held submachine gun in the right front interior, slide-out desk from the glove compartment, and first aid kit.

At about the same time as the Waffen-SS group ordered Kubelwagens, the HWA ordered 100 Type 128 Schwimmwagens. These were thoroughly tested and the Porsche firm was given an extensive contract to build the amphibious off-road vehicles. Another version of the Schwimmwagen, the Type 138, was dropped, but the Type 166 and Type 177 were slated for manufacture. The latter designation was to have a five-speed transaxle, which never went into production. By the end of the war, 14,276 Schwimmwagens were built, almost all assembled at the Wolfsburg factory with bodies supplied by Ambi-Budd from Berlin. Sixty-six percent of all the Schwimmwagens were the Type 166, which was smaller and lighter than the Type 128. Most of them were supplied to Waffen-SS divisions after the Type 166 went into production in 1942. Officers of advance units used them to move across country, ford rivers, and carry out reconnaissance by water, but many officers used them as platforms for duck shooting.

One of the more unusual theaters of operation for the VW during World War II was in the service of the Office of Colonial Policies. This German military section sent Type 82 E VWs and a Kubelwagen, along with a supply truck, on a trip to Afghanistan in June 1942. The vehicles were specially prepared for the trip. They were finished in high-gloss light paint and had chrome bumpers and door handles, ostensibly for protection against sand storms and oxidation. They also had auxiliary air vents in front of the windshield for ventilation, as well as extra louvers in the bulkhead between interior and engine for better cooling. Special air filters and off-road tires were also part of the equipment. The Office of Colonial Policies wanted to equip civil administrations with these types of vehicles.

Starting out in Berlin, the column drove through Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Bucharest, and Constanza on the Black Sea. They were then loaded on a Romanian freighter. After a sea voyage from Istanbul to Trabzon, the vehicles reached Teheran and then were driven to the Afghanistan border. Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop insisted that the Afghan government collaborate with Germany to battle British forces on the Eastern Mediterranean and in India. When Iran, on the side of Germany, was occupied by British and Russian troops, the order was given to destroy the VWs so that they would not fall into Allied hands.

Yet another metamorphosis of the VW took the form of a half-track. The Porsche firm embarked on building VW-derived "People's Tractors," with this series culminating with the

Type 151-1 half-track. It was also called the Kettenlaufwerk and was used successfully in small numbers both by the Afrika Korps and in Russia. Again using the VW platform, the Type 151-1 had three drive wheels of equal diameter on each side that powered the caterpillar tracks. Front wheels were of standard disc type used only for steering, as on nearly all half-tracks. It was used as a personnel carrier and tow tractor.

The Wolfsburg factory was heavily damaged by Allied bombing, but from May 1945 to the end of 1946, limited production continued with left-over parts. According to British military sources, during this time at least 1,785 VW Beetles were built, 977 with the KdF Beetle body and Kubelwagen chassis. Left-over Kubelwagens were also assembled when the factory was rebuilt under British Major Ivan Hirst. There were at least 10 variations of the Beetle with new designations and at least four for the Kubelwagen. The Ambi-Budd Berlin factory, now located in the Russian sector (soon to become part of East Germany) where Schwimmwagen and Kubelwagen bodies were pressed, was destroyed, so no additional vehicles with these bodies were assembled after 1946. In 1947, civilian VW Beetle production resumed. It was essentially the same Type 60 of prewar configuration.

At war's end, Ferdinand Porsche was arrested by the French military and accused of war crimes. However, he was found to be not personally responsible for the use of slave labor, and through the efforts of his family he was released. He and his son subsequently finished development of the Porsche sports car, which had first been built as a prototype before the war. The first 50 units were built in Austria in 1948, after which time Porsche's Stuttgart factory began building the Porsche 356 in 1950.

The VW Kubelwagen of WWII was resurrected in the late 1960s and early 1970s in the form of the VW "Thing," designated the Kubel 181. It was first developed for the German military and used by the Technische Hilfswerke, postal system, fire departments, and border patrol, gaining a modicum of popularity in the United States with assembly at the VW Puebla factory near Mexico City.

Although VWs in military guise were built in relatively small numbers, they had a noticeable impact during World War II, proving the versatility of the original design. Due to the politics of the day, the VW was underutilized and never achieved the universal acceptance of the American jeep. Once the war was over, though, the civilian, rear-engine, air-cooled VW was a great success for another half-century, assembled and exported around the world. □

By R.L. Healy

For 11 months, Mexican and American forces played a deadly cat-and-mouse on the much-disputed Texas border.

WHEN TEXAS ENTERED THE UNION IN 1845, AFTER NINE uneasy years as an independent republic, the mutual grievances between Mexico and the United States threatened to erupt into open hostilities. Regarding the annexation as an act of territorial aggression, Mexico abruptly terminated diplomatic relations with its northern neighbor. In Washington, its ambassador denounced the annexation for "despoiling a friendly nation like Mexico of a considerable portion of her territory." The American response to the parlous state of affairs was to deploy armed forces to the border, allegedly to protect Texas from armed invasion. In reality, the United States was playing a deadly serious game of cat-and-mouse with Mexico.

At the time of the Mexican protest, soldiers of the Army's First Military Department were stationed at Fort Jessup on the western border of Louisiana. On May 28, 1845, their commander, Brevet Brig. Gen. Zachary Taylor, a rough, disheveled old Indian fighter, was ordered by the War Department to defend and protect Texas "from foreign invasion and Indian incursions." Accordingly, in compliance with President James K. Polk's policy of protecting Texas and countering Mexican belligerence, Taylor selected Corpus Christi, a Texas settlement on the southern bank of the Nueces River, as his base camp in the newly acquired territory.

Despite the war fervor in Mexico and the deployment of American troops in Texas, the Polk administration continued its diplomatic efforts. In order to settle the border dispute, the United States was willing to assume all Mexican debts to American citizens, in return for the Rio Grande River being accepted as the common boundary line between the two nations. The government of General Jose Joaquin Herrera, however, refused even to receive an American emissary, fearing that such a reception would be construed as the establishment of congenial relations with the United States. Herrera was sensitive to critics like General Mariano Paredes, who slammed the government for admitting the American representative into the country "to arrange for the loss of the integrity of the republic."

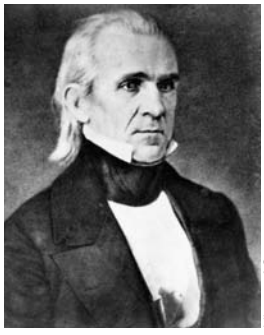
After Mexico rejected the American emissary for the third time, Secretary of War William L. Marcy ordered Taylor on January 13, 1846, to "advance and occupy, with the troops under your command, positions on or near the east bank of the Rio del Norte." Mexico castigated the stationing of American troops beyond the Nueces River, the generally accepted Texas-Mexico boundary, as blatant aggression. Although the move enhanced the possibility of a clash with Mexico, Polk's firm belief in the righteousness of America's claim and Mexico's continuing refusal to negotiate made it militarily imperative. The movement of troops into the disputed territory would facilitate the defense of American soil. The closer they were sta-

Library of Congress

Two weeks after the Thornton ambush, American troops under General Zachary Taylor defeated a much larger Mexican force at the opening of the Battle of Palo Alto.

tioned to the border, the better the chance of thwarting Mexican aggression.

After a seven-month-long encampment at Corpus Christi, the American force of nearly 4,000 soldiers set out for the Rio Grande on March 8. Taylor made every effort to assure the Mexican people that his intention was to protect American territory, not to launch an invasion against Mexico. His general orders, which asserted that the march was to be "beneficial to all concerned," were translated into Spanish and distributed among the residents of the Rio Grande region.



Library of Congress

President James K. Polk, author of Manifest Destiny.

Taylor's overtly pacific efforts did not prevent certain belligerent acts by the Mexicans against the American expeditionary force. When the Americans approached the Arroyo Colorado, a large salt lagoon, they met a party of Mexican soldiers who warned that the Americans would be fired upon if they tried to cross the Arroyo. The proclamation by General Francisco Mejia, commander of Mexican forces at Matamoros, condemned the United States and asserted Mexico's readiness to "oppose our naked breasts to the rifles of the hunters of the Mississippi." Taylor defiantly splashed across the lagoon.

While Taylor proceeded to the Rio Grande, Herrera's efforts to sustain his political power failed. Paredes, charging the Herrera administration with "seeking to avoid a necessary and glorious war," set up a new national regime. This change, in turn, prompted Polk to try again to convene negotiations with Mexico. But Paredes, who had taken office pledging to defend the Sabine River as the northern boundary of Mexico, was in no position to negotiate with the Americans and brusquely rejected the overture.

The American expeditionary force finally reached the upper east bank of the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoros, on March 28. After the playing of appropriate music and the hoisting of the colors, General William J. Worth, Taylor's second in command, immediately informed the Mexican forces at Matamoros of America's peaceful intentions. The Mexicans dismissed his assertion and reiterated that the American advance to the Rio Grande constituted an act of war. Accordingly, the Mexicans began the construction of Fort Paredes, which the Americans soon emulated by building Fort Texas, later renamed Fort Brown. Diplomacy between the governments had failed, and now two determined professional armies, facing each other across the disputed boundary, built their bastions and awaited their orders.

Unlike the encampments at Fort Jessup and Corpus Christi, the American stay on the Rio Grande was not without incident. Indeed, a fair portion of the command's time was spent in preventing desertions. While several soldiers were shot in their attempts to swim to the Mexican shore, another 30 escaped to form the San Patricio Battalion, an Anglo-Irish military component in the Mexican Army. At the same time, numerous acts of guerrilla warfare were waged against the American troops. Lieutenant Theodoric H. Porter's fatigue party was just outside the American camp when it was fired upon, leaving four Americans dead, including the lieutenant. And the acting quartermaster general, Colonel Truman Cross, was captured by rancheros, brutally lanced, and left naked and dead on the broiling plains. The situation on the banks of the Rio Grande was one of festering quasi-war, with desertions, sniper attacks, and a rising hatred on both sides.

Throughout this time, Taylor was engaged in a tense confrontation with the Mexican forces. On April 11, General Pedro de Ampudia, with 2,000 additional troops, replaced Mejia, with whom Taylor had exchanged several bitter dispatches, as the Mexican commander. He ordered the Americans to "break up your camp and retire to the other bank of the Nueces River" within 24 hours. Otherwise, he warned, "arms and arms alone must decide the question." In reply, Taylor cited his orders from the War Department as authority for his movements and position. Because Ampudia refused to let him use the river as a supply line, Taylor instituted a blockade at the mouth of the Rio Grande. On learning of this "simply defensive precaution," as Taylor characterized the blockade, Paredes proclaimed on April 23 the existence of a "defensive war" against the United States.

For the third time within the month, there was a change in the Mexican command. General Mariano Arista, bringing more troops to make the total force about 8,000 men, replaced Ampudia, who was considered incompetent. He brought orders from the minister of war, dated April 4, to attack the Americans. He communicated to Taylor "that he considered hostilities commenced, and should prosecute them." Taylor replied that he had "refrained from any act which could possibly be interpreted into hostility" and that he would not be responsible for the beginning of war.

On April 24, the same day he dispatched his note to Taylor, Arista ordered General Anastasio Torrejon, with his cavalry force of 1,600 soldiers, to cross the Rio Grande above Matamoros. Learning of this, Taylor deployed two squadrons of dragoons that evening, one above and one below Matamoros, to ascertain information about the Mexican maneuver. Captain Seth B. Thornton was assigned the task of investigating Mexican activities below the town of Matamoros. He was to survey 27 miles of territory with the purpose of discovering whether the Mexicans had crossed the river, their numbers and position, and their amount of artillery. His report was due the following day at noon.

The next morning, the American dragoons learned from inhabitants of the area that Mexican troops had crossed the river. Mistrusting the local residents, Thornton dismissed the information as a rumor, not regarding it as reliable enough to include in his reconnaissance report. After covering some 24 miles, Chapito, the principal guide, refused to continue, claiming that the area was sprawling with Mexican soldiers. Later, Thornton concluded that Chapito was a spy leading the Americans into a trap. In spite of the guide's desertion and Thornton's well-founded suspicions, the Americans were compelled to continue their march. They had learned that a Mexican cavalry force of 500 men and a party of Indians were behind them, which precluded their returning to camp.

Nearing completion of his assignment, Thornton decided to stop at the Carricitos ranch in order to verify the reports of the Mexican crossing. The ranch was enclosed by a chaparral fence and an impassable quagmire that bordered the river. Thornton led his command into the corral and proceeded to knock on the ranch door when Torrejon's soldiers, concealed in the chaparral, commenced a thunderous fire upon the American dragoons. Charging the enemy, the Americans were easily driven back into the open corral. Thornton's horse sustained a bullet wound, panicked, and galloped away. With the captain still in the saddle, it bolted from the enclosure, passed other obstacles, and swam the river below Matamoros.

In trying to leap a broad ditch, the horse fell and Thornton was thrown to the ground and knocked unconscious. With the captain incapacitated, his subordinate officer, Captain William J. Hardee, attempted to lead a mass escape across the open ground toward the river. The boggy surface, however, inhibited such a flight. Soon a Mexican officer approached and demanded that the Americans capitulate.

Hardee consented on the condition that they be treated humanely as prisoners of war. Sixteen of the detachment's 63 dragoons had been killed or wounded, including Thornton, who was taken prisoner along with his men.

At reveille on April 26, Chapito returned to the American camp to report the ambush and defeat. The report was confirmed within a few hours by a stricken dragoon sent in on a cart by Torrejon with a note saying he lacked the proper medical facilities to care for the wounded solder. From his rambling account, Taylor learned that the ambush was no simple guerrilla operation. Unlike the murder of Colonel Cross, the adversaries were uniformed Mexican soldiers executing a well-planned attack against American forces on territory that America claimed as her own. Abandoning his hitherto cautious approach, Taylor informed the Polk administration: "Hostilities may now be considered as commenced." He advised Washington to organize 12-month volunteer soldiers and requested the governors of Texas and Louisiana to provide an auxiliary force of nearly 5,000 volunteers, "which will be required to prosecute the war with energy, and carry it, as it should be, into the enemy's country."

Prior to the ambush of the Thornton detail, Polk already had concluded that American diplomatic efforts had been exhausted and decided to pursue a coercive approach with the Mexican government. The decision was not a spontaneous one, but rather the only remaining course of action that could possibly fulfill his territorial ambitions regarding Mexico. He wanted an agreement on the Rio Grande as the border between Mexico and the United States and he wished to acquire more territory at the expense of Mexico, specifically California. The president tried to obtain these ends through negotiation and by Taylor's advance to the Rio Grande, but the failure of these measures led him to conclude that only military force could achieve his ambitions.

On May 9, at the regular meeting of the cabinet, Polk brought up the Mexican question. "All agreed that if the Mexican forces at Matamoros committed any act of hostility on Gen'l Taylor's forces I should immediately send a message to Congress recommending an immediate declaration of War," he recalled in his diary. Even though no clear act of Mexican aggression had occurred, Polk believed that "we had ample cause of war, and that it was impossible that we could stand in status quo, or that I could remain silent much longer; that I thought it was my duty to send a message to Congress very soon and recommend definitive measures."

The cabinet meeting was held prior to Polk learning of the Thornton ambush. That same day, after the cabinet meeting, the president received dispatches from Taylor describing the encounter and containing his recommendations for armed retaliation. Immediately, Polk reconvened the cabinet. That evening, with its unanimous approval, he decided to submit a declaration of war to Congress, charging that Mexico "has invaded our territory and shed American blood upon American soil."

The ensuing war with Mexico, which would last for two fierce years, had begun with the ambush of Thornton's squadron of dragoons. This was later confirmed when General Arista boasted, "I had the pleasure of being the first to start the war." Although there had been various attempts to resolve the border dispute peacefully, they failed because both nations were intransigent concerning their territorial claims. It was only a matter of time before violence erupted. The Thornton ambush did not cause Polk to decide to go to war, but the attack expedited his declaration of war by one day and gained him the complete support of the cabinet and the near-unanimous support of Congress. A brief fusillade of musket fire in the Mexican chaparral had indeed started a major war. □

By Peter Suciu

Despite the red tape involved in their purchase, the value of WWII nonfiring automatic weapons has escalated over the last decade.

Author's Collection

ABOVE: A Marushin counterfeit-gun replica of the classic German Mauser "Broom Handle" automatic pistol. RIGHT: German troops man a real tripod-mounted MG-34 machine gun fitted with long-range sights. BELOW: Nonfiring StG-44m, also known as the MP-44, featuring a solid "dummy" receiver.

Signal

WORLD WAR II SAW GREAT ADVANCEMENTS IN FIREARMS technology. Many nations that entered the conflict with bolt-action rifles ended the war with a variety of complex submachine guns and assault rifles. While owning operational models of these weapons today is often costly and difficult because of the paperwork required, a nonfiring version can make an impressive display for modern collectors.

In all 50 states, owning an automatic firearm can be a costly endeavor, and in many locations simply impossible. Obtaining the necessary permits can be time-consuming and typically requires numerous background checks. Anyone considering applying for such permits should check state and local laws before doing so. Some communities have bans in place, and even with the proper federal licenses, adding such weapons to a collection can be difficult or even illegal. Nevertheless, historical firearms from World War II have escalated in value in the last decade. Virtually all of the few operational, fully automatic weapons are in private collections and thus are sold from collector to collector.

Author's Collection

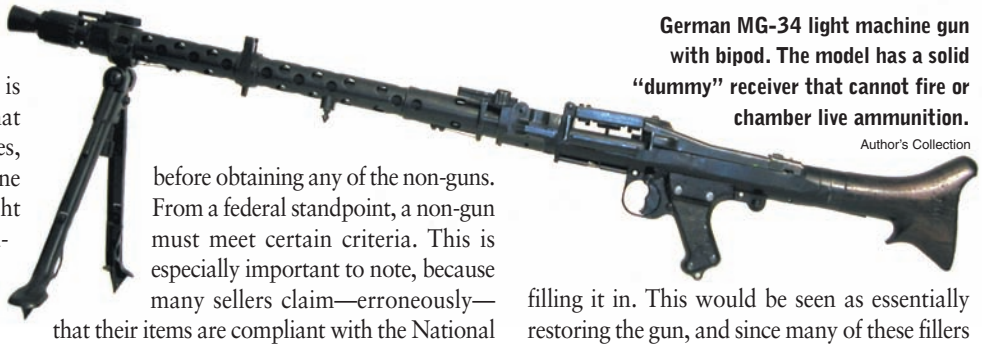
Today, even common weapons like the German K-98 bolt-action rifle and the American M1 Garand have become extremely desirable with collectors, and prices for models with matching numbers in good condition can easily exceed $1,000. These firearms typically don't require special paperwork or permits, but would-be collectors should consult local laws—New York City, for example, requires all long guns to be registered, and the M1 is on the list of banned weapons. San Fran-

cisco has essentially banned all firearms completely.

With full-automatic weapons, collecting is even more difficult. Firearms from WWII that typically require special permits and licenses, among them the infamous MP-40 submachine gun or the Thompson, are especially sought after these days and can fetch prices exceeding $10,000. Needless to say, most collectors cannot readily afford to met those prices. Fortunately, there is still hope for the collector who wants to own an impressive piece of World War II history but doesn't want to mortgage his house to do so. One way is to buy a non-gun, a firearm created—or, more accurately, recreated—from real parts. These are built from parts kits. The assembled gun looks complete but is not a working firearm. Such pieces cannot fire or even chamber ammunition. The receiver, the portion of the gun that chambers and essentially operates the weapon, is replaced or cut, rendering the weapon inoperable and thus legal to own in many states.

The nonoperating weapons make great display items, either mounted on the wall or used with a mannequin as part of a uniform showcase. Nothing completes the setup of an United States Marine uniform display like a period Tommy Gun, or a late-war Waffen-SS setup like a German MP-44 assault rifle. "Non-guns are becoming very popular because registered machine guns are becoming extremely expensive and some states even forbid ownership," says Nikki Whitsell, store manager of Allegheny Arsenal, one of several dealer firms that create nonoperational display items. Whitsell adds that non-guns are not restricted federally and are only restricted in a few states or cities. "With the non-guns you basically have about 80 to 90 percent of the real gun with a solid receiver; it cannot be fired, but it can be displayed. It looks like a real gun."

Collectors should check with local laws before obtaining any of the non-guns. From a federal standpoint, a non-gun must meet certain criteria. This is especially important to note, because many sellers claim—erroneously—that their items are compliant with the National Firearms Act (NFA) and the guidelines of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives (ATF). In fact, the ATF has no classification for dummy or non-guns, except to say what is not a gun. The Gun Control Act of 1968 defines the term "firearm" to mean, in part, "any weapon (including a starter gun) which will or is designed to or may be readily converted to expel a projectile by the action of an explosive" or "the frame or receiver any such weapon." Furthermore, the National Firearms Act specifies that a "machine gun" is "any weapon which shoots automatically more than one shot, without manual reloading, by a single function of the trigger [and] the frame or receiver of any such weapon."

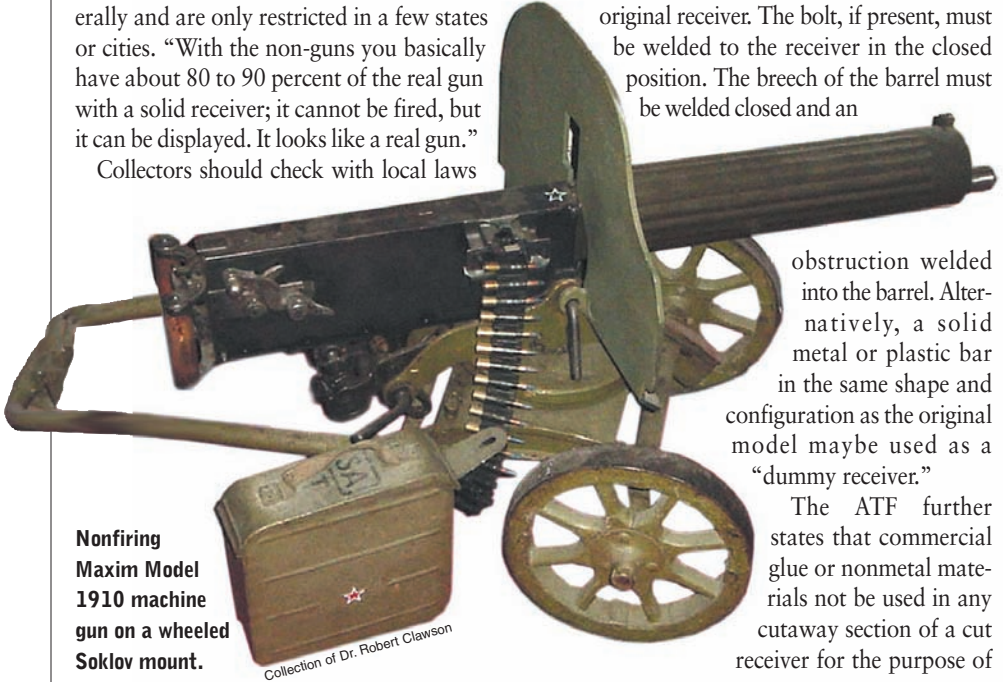


German MG-34 light machine gun with bipod. The model has a solid "dummy" receiver that cannot fire or chamber live ammunition.

Author's Collection

The NFA also specifies acceptable methods for creating a proper non-gun. A machine gun receiver that has been properly destroyed may be used to assemble a "dummy gun" that is not subject to the controls of the National Firearms or Gun Control Acts. When sections of destroyed machine gun receivers are used to build a dummy gun and the severed sections are welded back together, the dummy gun receiver must be at least one inch shorter than the original receiver. The bolt, if present, must be welded to the receiver in the closed position. The breech of the barrel must be welded closed and an obstruction welded into the barrel. Alternatively, a solid metal or plastic bar in the same shape and configuration as the original model maybe used as a "dummy receiver."

The ATF further states that commercial glue or nonmetal materials not be used in any cutaway section of a cut receiver for the purpose of filling it in. This would be seen as essentially restoring the gun, and since many of these fillers offer the same tensile strength as metal, this could result in the gun being restored to a firing condition. Essentially, it is a matter of the receiver. If you a have a receiver that was not properly destroyed, you have a machine gun.



Nonfiring Maxim Model 1910 machine gun on a wheeled Soklov mount.

Collection of Dr. Robert Clawson

While this might seem fairly complex, the best advice is to purchase any non-guns from a specialized and reputable dealer, rather than from an individual at a militaria show or online, unless you are certain the item meets the aforementioned standards. You should check for local laws and be sure to ask any sellers if they are familiar with the National Firearms or Gun Control Acts. If they say no, then they can't possibly claim to be compliant to ATF standards. In such cases, it is best to walk away from any potential transaction. "The code of federal regulations, like all laws, is subject to varying interpretation," notes Matthew Siler of Siler Militaria. Unlike many other sellers of non-guns, Siler has actually sent examples of his receivers to the ATF's Firearms Technology Branch in West Virginia for review. "After careful study of the law, it seemed that with careful engineering one could produce a realistic dummy gun without running afoul of the law."

The other option for collectors is to buy a parts kit and assemble their own dummy gun. Of course, buyers should be sure to review all ATF guidelines and check with local law enforcement to make sure they are not inadvertently restoring a machine gun. To be sure they are in the clear, some collectors have even avoided anything too close to the actual parts. Advanced Russian and Soviet militaria collector Dr. Robert Clawson, emeritus professor of European Military Studies at Kent State University, says the numerous copies in his collection fill a void of otherwise unobtainable items. One Russian light machine gun even has a receiver that is nothing more than foam board painted flat black. Clawson says, "It doesn't fool anyone who knows anything about firearms, but it looks great from about 10 feet."

The downside to buying parts kits or nonfiring guns is that, as of last year, a ban has been placed on the importation of parts kits. The items that are already in the country are the last

Author's Collection

LEFT: Solid resin copy of a MP-40 submachine gun painted to replicate real metal.

Author's Collection

ABOVE: A Soviet PPSh-41, the most common submachine gun of World War II.

of the so-called "new" ones that collectors will be seeing. Considering that these have been produced for about the last 20 years or so, they can be still be readily obtained, but like the live-firing K-98s and M1 Garands, nonfiring weapons are only going to increase in price.

While the parts ban will no doubt mean that the non-guns made from real parts will be harder to find, collectors looking for display items still have several options. The most common solution over the last 40 years has been to buy a nonfiring replica, or counterfeit, gun. The early models of classic World War II weapons were extremely popular, as they closely resembled the real deal and had moving parts. Made of metal, they even had the weight and feel of the real guns, but with plugged barrels that made chambering or firing the guns impossible.

Rumors still abound that some of the so-called counterfeits can be converted to fire live ammunition. Considering that they were made of lighter-gage metals, this seems dubious at best, and one is advised to never try using live ammunition with any of these copies. Most of the copies came from Japan, but less desirable copies are starting to appear from China and India. Beware of online auctions when buying these; the photos may often be of a real weapon, but the delivered goods are cheap-looking plastic copies.

The Marushin replicas from Japan were considered to be among the best nonfiring counterfeit guns, and as a result they have become much sought after as collectibles in their own right. Counterfeit MP-40s, or Tommy Guns, once sold for under $100, but now fetch $400 or more. The craftsmanship in some of the models was truly outstanding. Clawson explains that while today most of these counterfeits require an orange plug, the early ones looked very convincing. "Why buy replicas?" he asks. "For one thing, some of the real guns cannot be obtained legally or just don't ever come on the market for budget-conscious buyers. If the idea is simply to display what they were like and not have a real lethal weapon, they do a job of substituting for the real thing if their quality is good enough."

And for some firearms, a real one—even of the non-gun variety—is simply impossible to obtain. The ultra-rare German FG-42, the automatic rifle used by the German paratroopers in the latter half of World War II, is considered almost unattainable. Live versions, when they show up for sale, have fetched $30,000 or more. Because the Marushin counterfeit version was never produced in large numbers,

these can cost around $1,500. For collectors looking to finish off a nice paratrooper display, such as one depicting the battle at Monte Cassino, the copies are considered essential.

In addition to the Marushin copies, which have declined in quality over the years, other versions of counterfeits have also begun to show up. Today, nonlethal versions of famous firearms are available in plastic varieties and can look quite convincing, but they won't fool anyone up close. This doesn't mean they are toys, and as with any replica firearm, care should be used in how and where they are displayed. Plastic ones can be made to appear even more realistc when used in your uniform or weapon display. If you have some skills with models, a little bit of paint can transform these into rather striking display pieces.

Many of these copies are actually made for sport. They can fire small yellow plastic balls for a game called Airsoft, which is similar to paintball. It is important to note that these are often classified as air guns, so again one should check with local laws. Many communities have banned the sale of air guns. However, combining the Airsoft game with traditional reenacting has been catching on, becoming yet another way to recreate history that doesn't involve purchasing and maintaining blank-firing weapons.

One other alternative to the deactivated or realistic copies are those made of resin or similar solid-mass materials. These solid guns, which typically have no moving parts, are ideal for displays, in part because of their light weight and the fact that virtually no laws prohibit their ownership. As always, common sense should be applied, especially if you are using them in reenactments or other living-history events. They do look quite convincing, so caution should be taken when carrying the—even though they are made of a plastic-like material, they shouldn't be considered toys. At a distance they look like the real thing, and hence are good for displays but not for kids to play with in the backyard.

"You can put these in your vehicle or carry them around at a reenactment and not worry about having a genuine gun being stolen or damaged," says Kevin Kronlund of Army Cars USA, who sells a variety of the mock firearms. "What used to be a big-ticket item to complete a vehicle restoration project has now become a reasonably priced alternative." Kronlund takes pride in making his guns look as realistic as possible, adding that his models are airbushed to give them a used look, and as a result no two guns are exactly the same. The materials are a combination of resin and fiberglass with metal reinforcement, so while you will still want to be careful in the field, these items can take a bit of light abuse.

Kronlund and other dealers offer a range of WWII weapons, including the M1 Garand, the MP-44 assault rifle, and the Thompson SMG, with both stick and drum magazine options. There are even .50-caliber machine-gun models, made with a steel rod down the length of the barrel to make them more rigid. Finding a real one, even in the non-firing configuration, for your jeep would probably be an expensive endeavor. Best of all, these resin guns don't have to be cleaned and rain won't damage them.

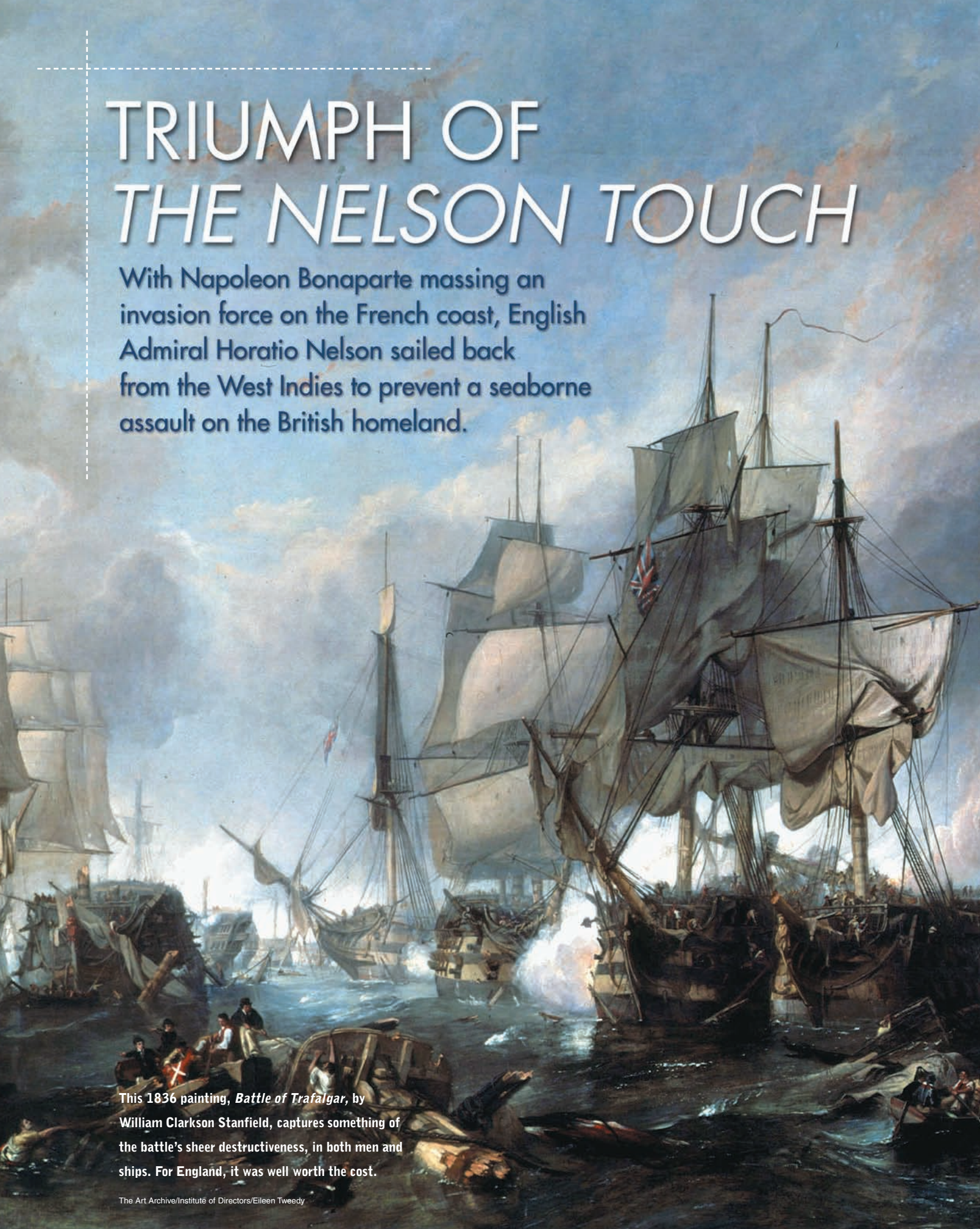
Clawson and other collectors agree that buying replicas comes down to how much one is willing to pay. Today, an MP-40 is still among the most sought-after non-gun, and a well-made one with good original parts around a convincing dummy receiver will easily cost more than $2,000. An exceptional piece could exceed the $3,000 mark, almost double the price these were fetching a few years ago. Even those old Marushin copies have gone up in value, with those from the 1970s being considered true classics by purists. These can be found at larger military shows and online, but be wary of online auctions or other Internet purchases. Plastic copies can typically be imported, but these are starting to fall into a legal gray area in some communities.

Collectors should not attempt to purchase or import any parts or non-guns. Most nations have different laws, and legal interpretations, that define a "non-gun." In the United Kingdom, for example, the law has changed over time, and current deactivation rules require the receiver to be welded shut, and all guns must be certified at a proof house either in Birmingham or London to make sure they meet proper standards. For these and many other reasons, American collectors shouldn't waste their money or time purchasing non-guns from other nations. In this post-9/11 atmosphere, even Canadian non-guns are best left in Canada.

There are plenty of reputable dealers stateside for non-guns and counterfeits. But as previously touched upon, check your local laws first. Once you're certain you're in the clear, a non-gun or copy displayed with a collection can make quite an impact. "They are fine display items," stresses Clawson, who says that many of his guests have been impressed with his nearly dozen nonfiring Soviet weapons, including Russian visitors who had only heard of the famous PPSh-41, the gun that practically turned the tide of war on the Eastern Front during World War II, but had never have seen one up close. "They go away shaking their heads in delighted amazement," he notes with pride. □

TRIUMPH OF *THE NELSON TOUCH*

With Napoleon Bonaparte massing an invasion force on the French coast, English Admiral Horatio Nelson sailed back from the West Indies to prevent a seaborne assault on the British homeland.



This 1836 painting, *Battle of Trafalgar,* by William Clarkson Stanfield, captures something of the battle's sheer destructiveness, in both men and ships. For England, it was well worth the cost.

The Art Archive/Institute of Directors/Eileen Tweedy

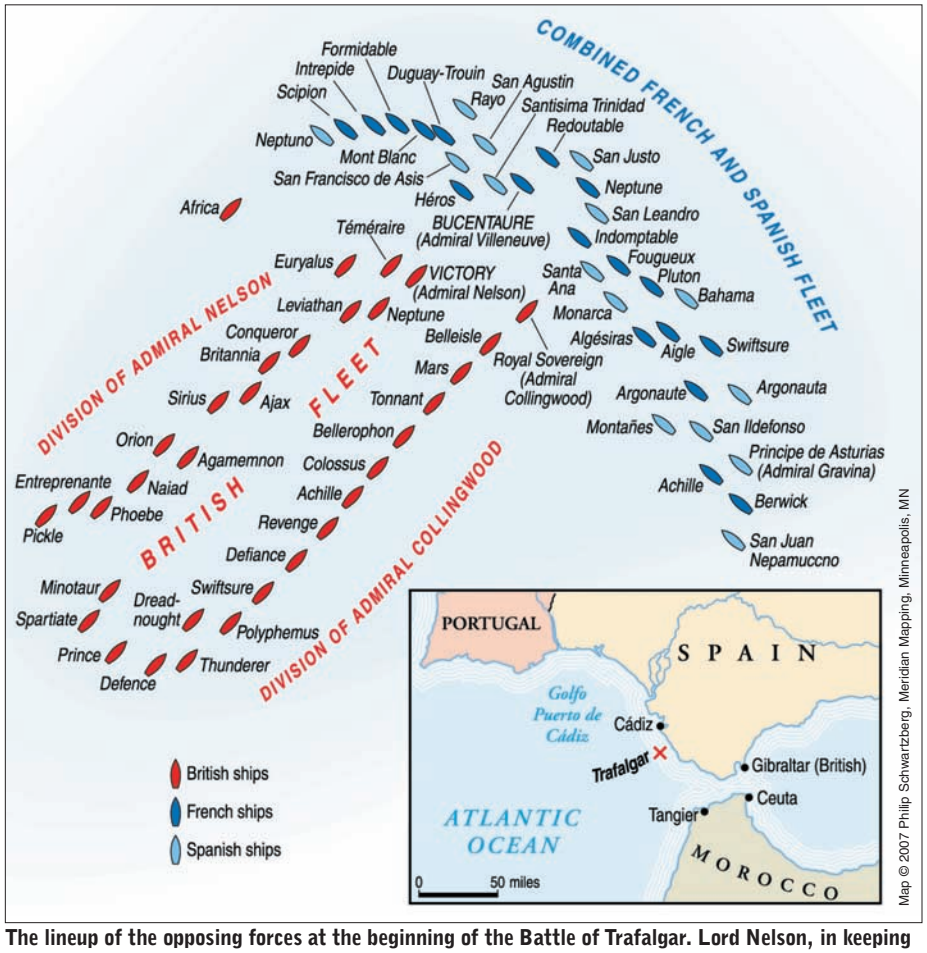
WHEN THE TREATY OF AMIENS WAS SIGNED ON APRIL 1, 1802, bringing peace between France and Great Britain after nearly a decade of war, there was wild rejoicing in England. In London, there were even scattered shouts of "Long Live Bonaparte." The elation, unfortunately, proved to be short-lived. The treaty ended active hostilities but did little to curb Napoleon's dynastic ambitions on the European continent, where he had already annexed Holland, the Piedmont, and the Mediterranean island of Elba. In addition, French troops had overrun traditionally neutral Switzerland and forced it to accept a constitution dictated by Napoleon.

The most important threat to the British, however, was France's negotiation of an alliance with Spain, which was still a major naval power. The English could not sit idly by and allow French expansion of its power to proceed, with Spain's help, on the high seas as well as on dry land. On May 18, 1803, England declared war again. Napoleon, undaunted, vowed in his Diary: "If the English want to make us jump the ditch, we will jump. They may capture a few frigates or a few colonies, but I will strike terror in London, and I prophesy that before the war is over they will weep tears of blood."

BY JONAS L. GOLDSTEIN

FOR THE FIRST TIME, NAPOLEON BEGAN TO seriously consider an invasion of England. As early as 1801, before the Treaty of Amiens, he had threatened such an attack, but the English downplayed the threat, expecting any move against the homeland to be at most an armed raid on London, not a full-fledged invasion. With the abrogation of the Treaty of Amiens, however, Napoleon began mobilizing his forces along the French coast of the English Channel. Now was the time—the continent was relatively calm, and French armies were not needed elsewhere. The proposed invasion was to consist of three basic elements: a flotilla large enough to ferry an army across the Channel, appropriate facilities and fortifications for the ships needed to transport the troops, and a massive invasion force capable of storming the English beaches.

Preparations began with improvements to the port of Boulogne and the building of the invasion flotilla. Napoleon had little experience with naval matters, yet he resisted delegating even the smallest details of the preparations. He decided on flat-bottom boats against the advice of his senior naval commanders, who feared that they would be lost crossing the notoriously treacherous Channel. He proceeded to award contracts for approximately 1,050 of these boats, with delivery of the first 310 by December 23, 1803. At least part of the financing for the shipbuilding was to come from wealthy private citizens, who were asked to donate a minimum of one vessel each. The boats so procured would be named after the donors.



The lineup of the opposing forces at the beginning of the Battle of Trafalgar. Lord Nelson, in keeping with his new plan, has divided his fleet into two wings, preparing to initiate "the Nelson Touch."

The invasion flotilla was made up of four distinct types of craft. First was the *prame,* a 110-foot vessel with a 25-foot beam and no real keel. This shallow-draught vessel, with its heavy rigging, was the most unstable in heavy weather. It had a complement of 38 sailors and 120 soldiers and was armed with 12 24-pound guns. The *chaloupe canonniere* was an 80-foot boat with a beam of 17 feet. It was armed with three 24-pounders and one eight-inch howitzer, and carried 152 men, including a crew of 22. The *bateau canonniere* was 60 feet long, with a beam of 14 feet. It carried one 24-pounder, one howitzer and one piece of field artillery, and sported a crew of six and 106 soldiers. The final class was the *peniche.* This was the smallest of the landing craft. It was 60 feet long, with only a 10-foot beam and no decking. It carried 71 men, including a crew of five, and a four-inch howitzer. The final two classes of boats proved to be the most numerous.

By the end of 1803, orders had been placed for approximately 1,300 vessels. In addition, 180 existing boats could be used, as well as approximately 700 transports, which had been built for fishing. The fleet was commanded by experienced Admiral Eustace de Bruix, who estimated that he could deliver an army of 114,000 troops to the south of England. Already, Napoleon was amassing these troops in camps spread along a 75-mile stretch of the French coast from Calais to Boulogne. By the summer of 1804, three army corps, totaling some 10 divisions, were ready for action. The camps were plainly visible to English eyes from the famous white cliffs of Dover, sending a collective shiver through the civilian population living on the coast. For years they had been making their children behave by reciting a nursery rhyme that warned them that Napoleon, "tall and black as [a] Rouen steeple," would tear them "limb from limb" if they did not mind their parents.

Each step taken by Napoleon was carefully observed by the British Navy, which blockaded the French fleet and dared it to venture into the open seas. In addition, the English repeatedly shelled the installations around Boulogne. At home, the government prepared for the threatened enemy invasion by forming volunteer units to defend the beaches, as well as drawing up elaborate evacuation plans for the women and children. A string of squat, bunker-like Martello towers was erected along the southern and eastern coastlines, and fortifications were strengthened along the Medway and Thames Rivers to prevent another penetration up the Thames Estuary like the one accomplished by the Dutch in 1667. In London itself, a register was drawn up of laborers, smiths, carpenters, and gardeners who could be called upon at a moment's notice to construct deep ramparts and ditches for artillery defenses.

Napoleon's plans called for naval squadrons to protect the invasion flotilla, and this meant ending British naval dominance of the English Channel, at least temporarily. In 1804, Napoleon wrote, "We have 1,800 gunboats and cutters carrying 120,000 men and 10,000 horses between Etaples, Boulogne, Wimereux, and Ambleteuse. If we are masters of the Channel for six hours, we are masters of the world!" That would prove to be easier said than done.

The renewal of the war posed a serious challenge to the British, who now were menaced by the combined sea power of France and Spain. When the Spanish, at Napoleon's insistence,

French warships wait in a conventional battle line for the oncoming British ships. "England expects that every man will do his duty," Nelson famously signaled his sailors and marines.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

declared war on Britain on December 12, 1804, the Combined Fleet, at least quantitatively, had the capability of seriously challenging the British on the seas. The problem of blockading the allied Franco-Spanish navy to forestall its support of an invasion became more complex, because Napoleon's ships of the line were based in a larger number of ports.

AS LONG AS THE WESTERN mouth of the Channel was in English hands, however, Napoleon could not successfully invade, no matter what the size of his combined forces. The French leader understood this full well. He needed to create a diversion to temporarily ensure Allied naval supremacy in the Channel and cover his invasion force. On December 4, 1804, he ordered Admiral Pierre de Villeneuve, his senior admiral afloat, to break out of the port of Toulon and sail for the West Indies. He was to be joined by Admiral Edouard Missiessy, after the latter avoided the British blockade of Rochefort. Villeneuve was to stay in the area for 60 days and do as much damage as possible to British possessions before heading back to Europe. Napoleon's calculation was that the British, impressed by the near-simultaneous departure of two French fleets and uncertain about the enemy's purpose, must send at least 30 ships in pursuit. This diversion would facilitate the operations of the Brest fleet, under Admiral Honoré Ganteaume, which would then land an advance army corps in Ireland and cover the crossing of the main body of French troops from Boulogne to England.

The greatest roadblock to Napoleon's ambitious plan of conquest was an old and all-too-familiar enemy—Admiral Lord Horatio Nelson. The 47-year-old Nelson had long been a thorn in the emperor's side. A native of Norfolk and a distant relative of Sir Robert Walpole, Britain's first prime minister, Nelson had gone to sea at the age of 12. He advanced rapidly through the ranks, seeing duty in the West Indies, the Revolutionary War, the Caribbean, and the Mediterranean, where he assumed his first command as captain of the 64-gun *Agamemnon*. He helped defeat the Spanish fleet at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent in 1797, and the next year he won a great victory over the French at the Battle of the Nile, which effectively ended Napoleon's ambition to make war on the British holdings in India.

Nelson was a brilliant commander, but also a rather unlucky one. He was shot in the back during the siege of Bastia, Corsica, in 1794, and lost the sight in his right eye after being struck by stone fragments at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent three years later. He had his right arm amputated after being shot in the elbow by a musket during an unsuccessful attempt to conquer Santa Cruz de Tenerife. At the Battle of the Nile he suffered a concussion, bruised face, and lacerations over his good left eye. In addition, he was plagued by an abdominal hernia caused by another wound, as well as the 18th-century sailor's regular afflictions of ship fevers and malaria. His much-publicized love affair with Emma Hamilton, the wife of the British ambassador to Naples, was a self-inflicted wound that likely had an adverse effect on his career as well.

When Nelson heard that Villeneuve was on his way to the West Indies, he vowed to pursue him at all costs. By the beginning of June, he wrote that he was "within six days of the enemy." However, the Combined Fleet was nowhere to be found. Nelson continued his search, island by island, but could not locate the French ships and returned to Gibraltar on July 20, 1805, setting foot on dry land for the first time in two years. Meanwhile, Villeneuve arrived at Martinique and remained largely inactive. When he learned that Nelson had exited the Mediterranean and was pursuing him, however unsuccessfully, he panicked and, in the company of his Spanish allies, headed for the open spaces of the mid-Atlantic.

Although he hoped to avoid contact, Villeneuve's goal was frustrated when he encountered a squadron of 15 British ships of the line commanded by Vice Admiral Sir Robert Calder on July 22, about 90 miles off Ferrol. During the ensuing battle, two Spanish ships were captured, but

the encounter was otherwise indecisive. Calder hesitated to renew hostilities, and lost sight of the French on the 26th. Two days later, the Franco-Spanish fleet safely entered Vigo. On August 1, they slipped into Ferrol, farther north, before doubling back to Cadiz. Napoleon's plan to have Villeneuve divert the British fleet while he moved his invasion flotilla across the Channel had been thwarted, almost inadvertently. Ironically, Calder was censured for not doing more to destroy Villeneuve's command, and was ordered back to Portsmouth to face court-martial. He was exonerated of cowardice but reprimanded severely.

DUE TO A DELAY IN COMMUNICATIONS, Napoleon did not learn of Villeneuve's misadventures until much later. He was still planning his invasion of the British Isles, and on August 20 he wrote to Ganteaume at Brest, "You have already received the order to proceed to sea. If the enemy are out of sight and have sailed for Ferrol, or are well out to sea heading for Villeneuve, our orders are that you should proceed to Boulogne where all is ready, and where, if we are masters of the sea three days, you will enable us to ring the knell of England."

When the emperor finally heard of Villeneuve's failure to create an effective diversion, he wrote, "There is no name for such behavior—it is beyond words. Villeneuve is a coward who should be ignominiously dismissed. He has no ingenuity, no courage, no interest in anything but himself; he would sacrifice everything to save his skin." In light of the naval setbacks, Napoleon decided abruptly to abandon his plans to invade England. During the spring of 1805, the British had made an alliance with Russia, and there was the possibility of a massive land attack on France from the east. Napoleon wrote to his foreign minister on August 23, 1805: "Under the guise of an armed neutrality, [Austria] will sign her subsidy treaty [with England], and the act of coalition [with Russia]; and in April, I shall find 100,000 Russians in Poland besides 15,000 to 20,000 English at Malta and 15,000 Russians at Corfu. Then things will be at a pretty pass. So I have made up my mind."

"Crippled but Unconquered," HMS *Belleisle* continues to battle in this vivid painting by William Lionel Wyllie.

The Combined Fleet remained sheltered at Cadiz, but there was little comfort or safety in numbers. Indeed, the French and Spanish sailors were a greater threat to each other in port than the English were to both on the high seas. To a man, the Spanish resented the humiliating treaty France had forced upon their nation in 1795, following Spain's unsuccessful invasion of the revolutionary new state. They took out this resentment on any stray French sailors they happened upon, and lethal dockside brawls were commonplace. Even the London *Times* correspondent in Cadiz took notice of the intramural bloodletting, observing that "scarce a night passes but the dead bodies of assassinated Frenchmen are found in our streets."

Later that summer, Villeneuve was ordered to return to the Mediterranean. When Napoleon's naval leadership pointed out the danger of this move, he replied brusquely that the Navy had failed him. "His Majesty counts for nothing the loss of his ships," his order read, "provided they are lost with glory." Obediently if grudgingly, Villeneuve sailed for the Straits of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. Napoleon, about to initiate his victorious Ulm-Austerlitz campaign against Austria, wanted the Combined Fleet to attack Austria's ally, Naples. To prevent one side from deserting the other in time of peril, the two nations' ships were intermingled in line of battle.

Meanwhile, Nelson had been given leave and sailed for Portsmouth aboard his flagship, *Victory.* He returned to his home (and Mrs. Hamilton) on August 22, 1805. However, on September 13, he re-embarked on *Victory,* being rowed off the beach to avoid the adoring crowds waiting at the dock. He arrived off Cadiz on September 27 and immediately took command of the British blockading fleet of 22 ships of the line. At his first meeting with his captains, Nelson outlined his plan of attack, which he termed without false modesty "The Nelson Touch." This plan became an order, which was issued to the fleet on October 9.

"The Nelson Touch" involved crushing the enemy, not just crippling him. The enemy's line was to be broken in two places, with massive confusion resulting from these penetra-

tions. The strategy was aggressive and simple and put great trust in the admiral's junior officers. It was the logical conclusion of a long argument between British naval tacticians about the utility of the melee versus the line. Nelson's plan contained the best of both. He retained the controlled approach to battle provided by the line, but with two lines of ships he was planning to break up the enemy formation, as advocated by the melee school, and bring maximum firepower to bear against a chosen segment of the enemy fleet. In his memorandum to his captains, Nelson gave the reason for his strategy: "I think it almost impossible to bring a Fleet of forty Sail of the Line into a Line Battle in variable winds, thick weather and other circumstances which must occur, without such a loss of time that the opportunity would probably be lost of bringing the Enemy to Battle in such a manner as to make the business decisive."

The new concept was based on Nelson's belief that in a turbulent situation, British superiority in seamanship would allow him to prevail. In addition, the attacks would occur on the center and rear of the enemy's line. In order for the enemy vanguard to participate, its ships would have to reverse course, taking them out of the fight for a potentially decisive period of time. Nelson explained: "I look with confidence to a victory before the van of the enemy could succor their rear, and then that the British fleet would most of them be ready to receive their twenty sail of the line, or to pursue them should they endeavor to make off." To a man, Nelson's subordinates approved the plan, which the admiral said had struck them "like an electric shock. Some shed tears, all approved—'It was new—it was singular—it was simple!'; and from admirals downwards, it was repeated—'It must succeed, if ever they will allow us to get at them! You are, my Lord, surrounded by friends whom you inspire with confidence.'"

Nelson eagerly waited for the exit of the Combined Fleet from the harbor of Cadiz. At dawn on Monday October 19, the British crews cheered as they spied emerging sails 12 miles to the east. The enemy had come out and was heading slowly southward toward the entrance of the Mediterranean. Nelson had 27 ships of the line to Villeneuve's 33 (18 French and 15 Spanish). The British immediately set sail, but could advance at only one to three knots. With the English still cruising out of sight, Villeneuve ordered his fleet to form three columns to ensure swift passage through the Straits of Gibraltar. A sudden wind shift soon threw them into disorder

At 8 AM on October 21, Villeneuve became aware of the pursuing British fleet and reversed his order of sail, heading northward back to Cadiz. Nelson continued to close in on him, and by dawn of the 21st, the English fleet was nine miles directly to windward of its opponent. As the sun rose over the horizon and there was sufficient light for signal flags to be seen, Nelson ordered his fleet into battle formation. In accordance with his plan for "the Nelson Touch," it formed into two columns. The largest and most highly situated battleships headed the columns, since they were best able to absorb damage, had the weight to break up the enemy line, and carried the most guns to take on concentrated enemy firepower until the ships behind them arrived to help.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

HMS *Prince* has lowered rescue boats for the crew of the French vessel *Achille.* A fast-spreading fire caused the ship to explode before the rest of the crew could be saved. Only one-fifth of the French sailors got out in time.

The northern column under Nelson contained the ships *Victory, Neptune,* and *Temeraire,* followed by nine two-deckers. The southern column was commanded by Admiral Cuthbert Collingwood in *Royal Sovereign*. The plan to break the enemy line would naturally allow the enemy to cross his "T" during the approach, causing potentially frightful damage. But Nelson was prepared to pay the price for what he considered his inevitable success. To restrict the damage from a head-on attack against the enemy, however, he intended to get in among the enemy as quickly as possible, ordering his ships to carry full sail and extra studding sails until they reached the enemy line, instead of the normal fighting rig of topsails only, which would avoid the mainsails from being set afire by stray gun flashes.

Villeneuve correctly ascertained that Nelson would not fight an orthodox line-against-line battle, but instead concentrate against part of his fleet. To counter this, the French admiral formed a "fast squadron of observation" under his second-in-command, Spanish Admiral Don Federico Gravina, that was to act separately from the line of battle wherever it was needed. Furthermore,

> Asked by CAPTAIN THOMAS HARDY which of the three nearest targets should be engaged, Nelson instructed, "TAKE YOUR PICK."

he instructed all his captains to join the action as soon as possible, and urged them to use aggressive boarding tactics to counteract the superior British gunnery. In this he was frustrated by Gravina, who tamely attached his ships to the rear of the line (where he saw that Collingwood was aiming), rather than using his freedom of action to maneuver against Collingwood's flank and disrupt his attack.

As the signal was given to prepare for battle, Nelson came on deck in his familiar frock coat, wearing four badges of honorary orders on his left breast. Although his subordinates warned him that his regal apparel might make him a particular target of enemy sharpshooters, Nelson

akg-images

believed that one of his chief functions during battle was to appear oblivious to the dangers involved, thereby inspiring his men to equal bravery. He was even braver than they knew, since Nelson was going into battle with a long-standing premonition of death, having been told by a fortune teller years earlier that she could see nothing of his life beyond the year 1805. Bidding farewell to Captain Henry Blackwood, who was leaving *Victory* to return to his own command aboard *Euryalus,* Nelson took his hand and said, "God bless you, Blackwood. I shall never speak to you again." Then he signaled his captains "that he depended on their exertions; and that if, by the mode of attack prescribed, they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an Enemy."

A SECOND MESSAGE, DIRECTED TO THE LESS-EXALTED sailors and marines in his fleet, became the most famous signal in naval history. As transmitted by Lieutenant John Pasco, chief signalman on *Victory,* it declared bluntly: "England expects that every man will do his duty." The wording troubled some of the men, who interpreted it as a subtle slur on their sense of devotion. Marine Lieutenant S.B. Ellis read the signal to his men aboard *Ajax,* "rather anticipating that the effect on the men would be to aw them by its grandeur." Instead, the men grumbled, "Do our duty! Of course we'll do our duty! I've always done mine, haven't you? Let us come alongside of 'em and we'll soon show whether we'll do our duty." In actuality, Nelson's original message had been changed, at Pasco's urging, from the more positive and personal: "Nelson confides [is confident] that ever man will do his duty." As Pasco explained, the word "expects" was in the signal corps vocabulary, while "confides" would have to be spelled out. Another officer suggested that England would be more powerful than Nelson—a debatable proposition, given the admiral's universal popularity among the men who sailed under him—and the revised message passed instantly from ship to ship.

At noon, *Royal Sovereign* came under fire. Collingwood's instructions had been to pass through the enemy line at the twelfth ship from the rear. Instead, he chose *Santa Ana,* which carried the flag of Gravina. The rest of his column followed *Royal Sovereign,* which remained under heavy attack, until the whole of the Allied rear was engaged or driven leeward. During the ensuing fight at close quarters, three British ships were badly damaged. The time had come for *Victory,* which had been sailing as though to attack the leading ships in Villeneuve's line, to turn against the center. Asked by Captain Thomas Hardy which of the three nearest targets should be engaged, Nelson instructed, "Take your pick."

Hardy chose the 80-gun *Bucentaure,* which happened to be the French admiral's flagship. As *Victory* passed across her stern, Hardy's gun crews fired a devastating broadside through her cabin windows, raking the length of her gun decks. Shots and splinters hurtled though the smoke as the ships on both sides exchanged a ferocious fire across the narrow stretch of intervening water. The enemy ships were now so close to each other that *Victory* crashed into a French vessel lying astern of *Bucentaure,* the 74-gun *Redoutable. Victory* rocked away at the first contact; but her yardarm became entangled in *Redoutable*'s rigging. The English gun crews worked their cannons, firing from the starboard side into *Redoutable,* and on the port side into the immense Spanish ship, the 140-gun *Santisima Trinidad.*

As *Victory* advanced, enemy shots were flying thickly against the British flagship. Barrages tore into *Victory*'s sails, ripping away bits of canvas and flinging them across the quarter deck. The first British ships going into action took the bulk of casualties as they found themselves surrounded by the enemy. However, as more British units entered the newly opened gaps in the Allied line, their superior gun drill and mutual fire support proved decisive. Admiral Pierre Dumanoir in *Formidable,* commanding the Allied van, was deceived by Nelson's initial feint before attacking the center. Consequently, he was late in ordering his ships to turn back against the attack, a movement further delayed by the light wind, which necessitated launching his ships' boats to tow them around.

Meanwhile, seven or eight enemy ships directed their broadsides against the British flagship. One cannonball struck John Scott, Nelson's personal secretary, and cut him almost in two. His blood splashed the admiral's uniform and rather startled the battle-hardened sailor. "Is that poor Scott that is gone?" Nelson cried. "Poor fellow." Eight Marines were killed by a ball that came tearing along the bulwarks. Scott's duties were taken over by Hardy's clerk, but he was killed before he had taken down a single word. Another shot hit *Victory*'s wheel, smashing it to pieces so that the ship had to be steered by 40 seamen laboring with all their strength to turn the immense tiller on the lower gun deck. Still another round splintered the foredeck, passing directly between Nelson and Hardy, who stopped in their tracks and looked at each other to see if either was wounded. Remarkably, only Hardy's shoe was injured, losing a buckle. "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long," Nelson assured him, praising the ship's crew for its "cool courage."

The Granger Collection, New York

ABOVE: The uniform coat worn by Nelson at Trafalgar shows the pinned right sleeve. He had lost the arm at the Battle of Santa Cruz de Tenerife. OPPOSITE: Nelson, lower right, lies mortally wounded on the top deck of his flag ship *Victory* at the height of the fighting. Modern scholarship suggests he was struck by a ricochet round from a French musket.

Victory struck the enemy's center and broke through the French line, battling savagely with *Temeraire, Bucentaure,* and *Redoubtable*. Hardy again asked Nelson if the four badges of chivalry on the admiral's coat might not make him too conspicuous, and Nelson answered that no doubt it was true, but there was no time for him to change. Meanwhile, the French ship *Neptune* raked *Victory*'s bow. The planned confusion, which was the stated intention of "The Nelson Touch," was taking place. *Redoutable* and *Victory* were firmly held together by an entanglement in their rigging, but the intense nature of the battle made boarding by either crew impossible.

SHARPSHOOTERS ON PLATFORMS ABOVE the main yards of *Redoutable* took aim at the crew members on *Victory*'s quarterdeck, which they could glimpse briefly through the swirling smoke. At this point, a counterattack by the Franco-Spanish van led by Dumanoir was beaten off by the British northern segment of ships. In accordance with Nelson's calculations, the French and Spanish ships were proving to be no match individually for the British, as the Allied ships struck their colors one after the other.

Villeneuve, in despair, tried to rally his men aboard *Bucentaure,* grabbing the imperial eagle and threatening: "I am going to throw this on board the English ship. We will go fetch it back or die." The threat was an empty one. *Victory* did not come close enough for Villeneuve to throw anything onto her, but in passing she let loose a cannon shot loaded with a keg of 500 musketballs that completely devastated the French upper deck.

As the sharpshooters in the masts of *Redoubtable* raked the decks of *Victory,* Hardy turned and saw Nelson fall to his knees, crying, "They have done for me at last. My backbone is shot through." The wound was from a musket ball that entered Nelson's left shoulder, passed through his left lung, broke two ribs and severed an artery before crashing into his spine and paralyzing him from the chest down. Ironically, in light of Hardy's warnings, Nelson was probably not hit directly by a French sharpshooter but by a ricochet from a stray bullet. He was carried below, but little could be done except to try to comfort him in his final agony. Nelson realized as much, greeting ship's surgeon William Beatty with the calm words, "Ah, Mr. Beatty. You can do nothing for me. I have but a short time to live: my back is shot through."

As it happened, Nelson was wrong about one thing—it took him several hours to die. He was laid onto a bed, stripped of his clothes, and covered with a sheet. Beatty conducted a quick examination, which confirmed the admiral's own judgment, and asked Nelson to describe his current condition. "He replied, that 'he felt a gush of blood every minute within his breast: that he had no feeling in the lower part of his body: and that his breathing was difficult, and attended with very severe pain about that part of the spine where he was confident that the ball had struck, for,' said he, 'I felt it break my back.'"

Hardy came below to comfort Nelson and congratulate him on the apparent victory. He informed Nelson that 14 or 15 enemy ships had already surrendered. "That is well," said Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." He implored Hardy not to throw his body overboard, and the captain replied, "Oh, no, certainly not." Nelson's last thoughts were of his lover. "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy," he said, "take care of poor Lady Hamilton." Hardy promised he would. "Now I am satisfied," said Nelson. "Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy went back on deck, and Nelson lapsed into speechlessness. A few minutes later—the exact time is unknown—he died. "I believe His Lordship has expired," said the ship's steward. Nelson had turned 48 three weeks earlier.

The remainder of the day was devoted to the British taking prizes. French attempts to use boarding tactics were blasted to pieces by British upper-deck heavy-caliber cannonades. The decks of all the ships involved in the fighting grew slick with blood, as powder-stained gunners sent round after round into each other's midst. In an area of the sea that was roughly two miles long and half a mile wide, dozens of English, French, and Spanish ships circled each other in a dance of death. French Lieutenant Henri Philibert, aboard the 74-gun *Algesiras,* described the confused

fighting that October afternoon: "From that moment it was no longer possible to make out anything of our fleet: we could only see the *Pluton* in front of us, which was in close combat with an enemy vessel [*Mars*]. There was also fighting behind us, but the cloud of smoke which enveloped us did not let us see anything. Our General gave orders to board, and everyone appointed for this went enthusiastically; although supported by a very lively volley of musket fire, nearly all of them fell victim to their courage and daring, because at that moment the enemy ship fired at us a whole volley of shots from the cannons on its upper decks and gangways."

SCENES OF CARNAGE WERE EVERYWHERE. Aboard *Pluton,* a French captain named Pernot recalled, "A cannon-ball piercing the second battery killed three men and wounded several others, of whom I was one. I fell, bathed in my own blood and that of the dead men. I remained there for some time unconscious. When I came to, I recognized one of my soldiers by the sound of his voice and begged him to lead me to the surgeon's post. He told me that he would already have done it, if he hadn't believed me dead." Another man believed to be dead was an unnamed ship's cobbler aboard *Revenge,* who had been struck in the head by the severed head of an English gunner. A shipmate later recalled, "No one doubted but that he was dead. As it is customary to throw overboard those, who, in an engagement are killed outright, the poor cobbler, amongst the rest, was taken to the port-hole to be committed to the deep, without any other ceremony than shoving him through the port: but, just as they were about to let him slip from their hands into the water, the blood began to circulate, and he commenced kicking. Upon this sign of returning life, his shipmates soon hauled the poor snob in again … he recovered so speedily that he actually fought the battle out." Afterward the cobbler joked that "it was well that I learned to dance, for if I had not shown you some of my steps, when you were about to throw me overboard, I should not be here now, but safe enough in Davy Jones's Locker."

Library of Congress

Nelson lies on a litter surrounded by Captain Hardy (standing), Surgeon Beatty (taking his pulse), and Chaplain Scott (rubbing his chest) in a contemporary painting by A.W. Devis.

Another unlikely survivor of the battle was 46-year-old Irish master's mate James Spratt, who led a party of boarders from *Defiance* onto the French ship *Aigle.* Holding his cutlass between his teeth in best pirate's manner, Spratt called for his comrades to follow him, leapt overboard and swam to the enemy vessel. He climbed aboard *Aigle* and fought his way through various decks before he reached the French colors and attempted to haul them down. Fighting off several grenadiers, Spratt turned to meet a French soldier who was attempting to bayonet him. He struck down the musket, but the gun went off and a ball struck him just below the knee, shattering both bones in his leg. Holding his bleeding limb over the rail of the French boat, Spratt called out, "Captain, poor Jack Spratt is done up at last." Taken back aboard *Defiance,* Spratt refused to allow his leg to be amputated. Against all odds, he recovered, spending 17 weeks in a Gibraltar hospital before returning to England, where he was given a sinecure at a Devon telegraph station and lived to the ripe old age of 81, amazing everyone with his continuing ability to swim in the ocean with one good leg.

After five hours of fighting, the battle came to an end. In all, 17 French and Spanish ships were captured and one sunk, and some 7,000 casualties were inflicted. Another 15 Allied vessels managed to limp away, including the French ship *Formidable,* commanded by Admiral Pierre Dumanoir, who enraged both English and Spanish sailors by firing into Spanish vessels that had already surrendered. The Spaniards aboard one of the surrendered ships, *Argonauta,* were so angry that they immediately offered their services to the British officer in charge of taking over their boat. Their weapons were returned and they were stationed at the lower deck guns, where they continued fighting against their erstwhile allies. British Captain Edward Rotheram, aboard *Royal Sovereign,* witnessed Dumanoir's act and pronounced it "worthy of the days of Robespierre." Several months later, after he had been taken to London as a prisoner of war, Dumanoir actually wrote a letter to the London *Times* denying that he had deliberately fired at his allies, although he conceded that a few "stray shots" may have hit them. His denial was received skeptically by most readers.

The final battle action involved the French ship *Achille,* which had been badly damaged by *Revenge, Swiftsure,* and *Polyphemus*. Drifting helplessly to the southeast, *Achille* was set upon by *Prince,* which fired three parting broadsides that smashed the crippled ship's masts. Within minutes a fire blazed uncontrollably across *Achille*'s upper decks. *Prince* immediately lowered boats to rescue the French sailors who were jumping overboard from the stricken vessel. Two other British ships, *Pickle* and *Entreprenante,* also sailed in close to pick men out of the sea. At 5 PM, *Achille* blew up, "a sight the most awful and grand that can be conceived," said one British officer. "In a moment the hull burst into a cloud of smoke and fire. A column of vivid flame shot up to an enormous height in the atmosphere and terminated by expanding

into an immense globe, representing, for a few seconds, a prodigious tree of flames, speckled with many dark spots, which the pieces of timbers and bodies of men occasioned while they were suspended in the clouds."

Achille's explosion put an emphatic exclamation point on one of the most decisive victories in British naval history. Nelson, who had not lived to see the victory, had taken 27 ships into the fight—not one had surrendered. The next three days were spent battling a fierce storm that blew in from the Spanish coast. Admiral Collingwood, who succeeded his old friend in command of the British fleet, managed to send his most damaged ships to Gibraltar, while he organized a new blockade of Cadiz. Prisoners were exchanged, and the Spanish governor of Cadiz generously opened his hospitals to the British wounded. "Our officers and men who were wrecked in some prize ships were received like divinities," said Collingwood, "the priests and women distributing wine and bread and fruit amongst them. The soldiers turned out of their barracks to make room for them; whilst their allies the French were left to shift for themselves, with a guard over them to prevent their doing mischief. All the Spaniards speak of us in terms of adoration."

Collingwood dispatched the schooner *Pickle* to carry the news of the great victory back to England. (Legend has it that Collingwood chose *Pickle* for the honor as a way of repaying her commander, Lieutenant John Lapenotiere, for having saved his life years earlier after a shipwreck.) It took Lapenotiere nine days to reach England. He arrived on the somewhat inauspicious 200th anniversary of Guy Fawke's Day, when rebels had attempted to blow up Parliament. For the rest of their lives, English men, women, and children remembered what they were doing when the heard the news of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar. Many, including Prime Minister William Pitt, were so stunned that they could not sleep. King George III was awakened with the news at half past six the next morning, and members of the royal family burst into tears. Emma Hamilton was still in bed when messengers from the Admiralty were ushered into her bedroom. The look on their faces was enough to cause Nelson's infamous lover to scream and fall into a 10-hour swoon. Her first words, when she finally spoke, were: "What shall I do? How can I exist?" Hundreds of other women, widows or possible widows themselves, descended on the Admiralty to ask the same questions of naval officials there.

Napoleon, who already had turned his back on the Navy before the battle, was unusually reticent upon hearing of the French defeat at Trafalgar, although he expressed admiration for the fighting qualities of Nelson. The day before Trafalgar, he had won another great victory of his own at Ulm, Germany. Frederic de Borrienne, the private secretary to the emperor, wrote:

> "HE CANNOT BE SAID to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honors, and at the HEIGHT OF HUMAN FAME."

"Napoleon received at Vienna intelligence of the disastrous battle of Trafalgar. In France, that event was only known by report, and through the medium of the foreign newspapers, which were then prohibited. So completely did Napoleon succeed in veiling that disaster in obscurity, that previous to restoration it was scarcely known in France. Napoleon was profoundly afflicted at this event, but at the time he did not express his mortification." The emperor immediately drafted orders for the French fleet at Brest to revenge the Trafalgar disaster, but cooler heads eventually prevailed and Napoleon countermanded the order.

Trafalgar ended any real threat of invasion of the British Isles. To the very end, Napoleon believed that his naval leaders had failed him. The finality of the Battle of Trafalgar was symbolized by the fate of its three leading admirals: Nelson was killed, Spanish Admiral Gravina died of his wounds, and Villeneuve perished under highly questionable circumstances after being exchanged and returning to France. Alleged to have committed suicide, the disgraced admiral was found dead in a locked hotel room, with six stab wounds to his chest and heart. Many people, then and later, suspected that he had been murdered by agents of Napoleon who wished to silence a possible critic and embarrassment to the emperor.

The "annihilation" battle that Nelson had sought was largely achieved, since more ships of the line were taken than in any previous battle of the sailing era. But the immediate effects of Trafalgar were limited. It prevented the Combined Fleet from interfering in Mediterranean operations, but those operations—the Russo-British invasion of Naples—were themselves invalidated by French victories at Ulm and Austerlitz. Trafalgar did not stop Napoleon's march through Europe, but it did prevent any resumption of his westward ambitions. It also gave the British breathing space to rebuild their deteriorating fleet and encouragement to continue the fight despite the setbacks of their allies.

As for Nelson, whose body was returned to England in a heavily guarded cask of brandy, the victory at Trafalgar propelled him into the first rank of British heroes. He was given a state funeral and buried in accordance to his wishes at St. Paul's Cathedral. Villeneuve, then a prisoner of war, attended the ceremonies. Lady Hamilton did not. The poet Robert Southey, who published one of the first Nelson biographies in 1813, summed up the feelings of the country as a whole: "He cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honors, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory." □

FURTHER READING

Roy Adkins, *Nelson's Trafalgar.* New York: Viking Penguin, 2005.

Albert Carr, *Napoleon Speaks.* New York: The Viking Press, 1941.

J.F.C. Fuller, *The Decisive Battles of the Western World.* London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1955.

Christopher Hibbert, *Nelson, a Personal History.* Reading Mass.: Addison Wesley, 1994.

Albert Marrin, *Napoleon and the Napoleonic Wars.* New York: Viking, 1991.

Roger Morris, *Nelson, the Life and Letters of a Hero.* London: Collins and Brown, 1996.

Carola Oman, *Napoleon at the Channel.* New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1942.

Oliver Warner, *Nelson's Battles.* Annapolis, Md.: U.S. Naval Institute, 1965.

Teutoburger AVEN

Highly disciplined Roman infantry, fighting under the imperial banner, battle German tribesmen in 81 AD.

OPPOSITE: Germanicus Caesar. The marble bust is in the Louvre.

wald GED

With the memory of their slaughtered comrades fresh in their minds, the Roman legionaries at the Long Bridges fought with one thought and one will—revenge.

Library of Congress

akg-images/Peter Connolly

BY MICHAEL D. GREANEY

ARMINIUS, WAR LEADER OF THE CHERUSCI, A POWERFUL GERMAN tribe on the east bank of the Rhine, was livid. Germanicus Cæsar, the nephew and adopted son of Tiberius Claudius Cæsar, the new emperor of Rome, had just carried out a devastating and insulting raid deep into Cheruscan territory. The object of the raid was to rescue Segestes, Arminius's sworn enemy, who was under house arrest and in danger of being executed for his efforts to broker a peaceful resolution to the ongoing conflict between the Cherusci and the Romans. Not only had Germanicus rescued Segestes and a large number of his family, he had also carried off Segestes' daughter, Arminius's pregnant wife, who had probably not wished to be rescued in the first place. The only one without any qualms was Segestes himself.

Immensely pleased to have carried out such an audacious raid under the very nose of a formidable enemy, Germanicus was the soul of diplomacy. He promised Segestes that his children and relatives would be kept safe and not enslaved as rebels, and that Segestes himself would be given refuge in Gaul. Germanicus then retreated across the Rhine and, once again displaying his innate tact and diplomatic skills, gave full credit for planning the raid to Tiberius, who knew nothing about it. At a stroke, Germanicus had managed to pull off an amazing feat of arms through sheer audacious nerve.

Arminius, the victor over the Romans at Teutoburgerwald six years earlier, wasted no time in organizing a counterstrike. He rallied the Cherusci, as well as a number of the surrounding tribes, to his side. A particular coup on Arminius's part was to secure the allegiance of his paternal uncle, Inguiomerus, a long-respected ally of the Romans. Anticipating just such a pursuit by his rivals, Germanicus needed to take quick action to create a diversion and blunt the force of the anticipated Cherusci attack. He sent Aulus Cæcina Severus, a veteran of long service in Pannonia and Dalmatia, with his four legions through the territory of the Bructeri to the Ems River east of the Rhine. Cavalry cohorts under Pedo Albinovanus were detached and sent across the border into Frisia, bordering the North Sea. Germanicus then took his remaining four legions in a hastily constructed fleet across a lake that was drained by the Ems. The cohorts, cavalry, and marine contingent reunited at the river, where they were joined by a force from the Chauci, a local tribe that was loyal to Rome.

NEXT, GERMANICUS SENT A SMALL NUMBER OF cohorts under Lucius Stertinius to checkmate the Bructeri, who had begun burning their personal effects preparatory to making an all-out assault. This military potlatch was a long-standing custom among the German tribes, symbolizing to the gods that the warriors had nothing to lose. During the ensuing battle, Stertinius's men recovered the lost eagle standard of the 19th Legion, one of the legions massacred at Teutoburgerwald alongside their ill-starred commander, Publius Quintilius Varus, in 9 AD. Stertinius's contingent rejoined the rest of the army, which then burned and pillaged its way through the country between the Ems and the Lippe Rivers until it drew near the killing ground at Teutoburgerwald. There, Germanicus diverted the troops to bury what remained of their luckless comrades and to pay their final respects. Most of the men had friends and relatives among the slain.

They easily located Varus's camp, as well as a shattered breastwork and shallow entrenchment where a remnant of the original force had made its last stand. The ground was strewn with heaps of whitened bones of men and horses. Interspersed among the litter of military equipment were trees bearing human skulls nailed to the trunks, gory tokens of sacrifice to the German gods. Nearby groves, sacred places for the northern tribes, contained grisly altars where senior officers had been sacrificed. There were also pits in which Roman prisoners had been tortured and gibbets from which they had been hanged.

A mass grave was constructed, with Germanicus laying the first sod on the funeral mound. By paying tribute to the fallen at Teutoburgerwald, he hoped to turn a military expedition to avenge Rome into a political campaign for the conquest of Germania. This was contrary to Tiberius's express orders. The policy under Augustus and Julius Caesar before him had been to extend the reach of Rome more or less peaceably wherever possible, relying on the innate desire of the barbarians to enter the empire and eventually become Romans themselves. It was not a policy that could be carried out by force of arms, as Germanicus rather optimistically believed.

Whatever the motive for Germanicus's funereal ceremony, the effect on the troops was dramatic. To a man they were filled with a seething anger that matched the sorrow and horror they felt at the scene of a crime committed against their friends and relatives—indeed, the entire Republic. Having prepared his men emotionally to meet the enemy, Germanicus ordered a swift pursuit of

Library of Congress

The Granger Collection, New York

Arminius and his followers. Catching up with them a short time later, the Romans believed that Arminius had made a grave tactical mistake, leaving the safety of the deep woods and making camp on open ground. Germanicus sent his cavalry ahead to rush the camp and sweep them back toward the main Roman force, catching the enemy in a classic pincer movement that was straight out of Frontinus's *Strategemata,* a well-known Roman textbook on battle tactics.

Unfortunately for the Romans, Arminius's apparently foolish mistake in making camp on open ground was a trap. Arminius immediately turned his men around to face the Roman cavalry and, at the same time, gave the signal for a force previously concealed in the woods to charge the Roman flank. The cavalry was thrown into confusion by the unexpected assault by presumably unsophisticated barbarians. In fact, many of the Cherusci had themselves served as auxiliaries in the legions and were fully the equal of any Roman, as Varus had discovered to his mortal cost. The horsemen began to fall back.

Library of Congress

ABOVE: A sculpted relief from the fortress at Mainz depicts slaves, chained together at the neck. The unfortunate prisoners were probably either Germans or Celts. LEFT: Arminius at the Battle of Teutoburgerwald, 9 AD. He and his Cherusci warriors destroyed three full Roman legions in the battle, frustrating Roman plans to conquer Germany. LEFT TOP: Another relief shows Roman legionaries in fighting positions.

The reserve cohorts immediately went in to stiffen the line, but were disorganized by the retreat of their comrades. The Germans began to force the Romans into marshy ground, a sure death trap for the cavalry. The situation began to take on the appearance of another Teutoburgerwald. At that moment, however, almost as if he were following a script, Germanicus brought up the regular legions in battle formation, a frightening panorama of the virtually unstoppable Roman war machine. At the sight of the dreaded eagle standards, the Germans retreated again, this time in earnest, leaving the Romans in possession of the field, but with nothing to show for their trouble—Arminius

had escaped with his entire force intact. Germanicus's luck had stuck by him, but it was beginning to look like it might be wearing a little thin.

Germanicus began his own retreat to the Ems River. The legions that had come by way of the river re-embarked on their ships, and some of the auxiliary cavalry were given orders to return to the Rhine by way of the Frisian seacoast. Cæcina's four legions were once again put back under his direct command, and he was told to return to the Rhine via the "Long Bridges," an extended causeway built a number of years previously by Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus through a vast swamp. The order caused Cæcina no little concern, as he worried that effecting repairs and protecting the workers would be impossible with his reduced force. To make matters worse, the causeway was now in terrible shape.

Cæcina's route of march was everything that made Germania a nightmare for troops raised in wide-open Gaul or on the sunny Mediterranean. The ground was treacherous at best, all slimy bogs and sticky mud, with the occasional rushing stream to drown the unwary. The immediate landscape around the causeway was composed of rolling hills and woods. Arminius already occupied the high ground. Germanicus apparently had assumed that the Cherusci chieftain had run off and gone into hiding. On the contrary, Arminius, by dint of forced marches and knowledge of the territory, had managed to overtake the heavily laden Roman column. Cæcina hesitated briefly to assess the situation, then fortified a position at the beginning of the causeway from which the repair work could be carried out and the workers defended.

ARMINIUS IMMEDIATELY ORDERED AN ATTACK. For a change, the swamp was as impassable for the Germans as it was for the Romans. Undeterred, Arminius's men kept up tremendous pressure on the front and the flanks of the Roman position, trying to break through and attack the workers. Having received their orders, the workers resolutely continued making their repairs. Between the sounds of the battle and the din of construction, the clamor was tremendous. This only encouraged the Germans, who were accustomed to using noise as an extra weapon in battle.

Once again the situation seemed like a replay of the disaster of six years earlier. The Roman soldiers were bogged down by heavy armor in soft footing and could not maneuver well in the soaked ground. Standing in waist-deep water, it was impossible even to take the proper stance for throwing javelins. This had no effect on the Germans, who did not generally throw their spears but used them as unhilted swords, thrusting them at the enemy rather than using them as missiles. And while the swampy ground made fighting difficult for the Romans, the Germans were used to it and employed it to their advantage. They also had the advantage of being accustomed to fighting hand-to-hand in a melee. Being much larger physically than their Roman counterparts, the Germans had a much longer reach with their spears. Severely shaken by the sudden presence of an enemy who should have been many miles away, the Roman soldiers began to flag. As nightfall brought an end to the fighting, defeat seemed certain.

Library of Congress

Memorial for Marcus Caelius Rufus, a senior centurion who was killed at the age of 53 at Teutoburgerwald.

Inspired by their early success, the Cherusci and their allies set to work in the dark to make life miserable for their adversaries. They diverted streams from the hills down into the low-lying area occupied by the Romans, destroying all the hard work accomplished during the day. To escape, the soldiers would have to start from scratch. Calm and stolid as ever, Cæcina remained unmoved at the sight of the reversals. Temperamentally the exact opposite of the impetuous Germanicus, he refused to budge from his commanded duty. Stubborn commitment was exactly what the situation required. Like any good engineer, Caecina used the tools he had been given. The only viable option he saw was to maintain his position until the wounded could be evacuated and the greater part of his army moved to a place of safety. As long as the Germans could be kept in the hills, the Romans could make their way along the remains of the Long Bridges. This would not permit them to bring their heavy baggage with them, but the army itself would be saved.

BETWEEN THE HILLS AND THE CAUSEWAY ALONG THE edge of the swamp was a small area of flat ground, enough to form a thin line of battle. Cæcina put the 1st Legion in the post of honor, the vanguard, directly in front of the hills, where they would be the obvious target of any assault. The 5th Legion was placed on the right flank, the 21st Legion on the left. The 20th was put in reserve to hold off any pursuit. Now all they could do was wait.

Even if the Romans had not been kept awake by their anxiety, the shouts, singing, and celebrations of the Germans would have kept them from sleeping. Those few who did get some sleep were plagued by nightmares. Many of the legionaries had heard detailed descriptions of the horrors suffered by their comrades six years before—not to mention the fact that they had recently visited the site itself. The current situation was much too close for comfort to the earlier slaughter. Nor were the similarities lost on Cæcina. He too had a nightmare in which he saw Varus, covered with blood, rising up out of the swamp and calling to him. Varus held out his hand, either in supplication, friendship, or warning, but he was rebuffed by Cæcina, who did not want the slightest hint of Varus's ill luck rubbing off on him.

At first light, the 5th and 21st Legions withdrew from their positions on the Roman flanks. Not willing to sacrifice themselves merely to buy time for the rest of the army, the legions took up positions on a small, level space beyond the swamp, with the 1st Legion squarely between them and the hills where the Germans lurked. From a relatively secure situation, the Roman position was now wide open to attack. Assuming the move to be some sort of trick on the part of the Roman commander, Arminius did not attack immediately. Observing the enemy's heavy baggage and equipment mired down in the mud and rolled over into ditches, he now showed himself, but still refrained from launching an attack. The Romans attempted to regroup and cover their exposed flanks, but the situation quickly dissolved into chaos. Cohorts and maniples

Library of Congress

ABOVE: Tombstone of auxiliary cavalryman Vonatorix at Bonn. He wears the familiar Roman scale armor and wields a short spear.

became entangled with one another, and individuals began abandoning their places in the line, intent only on securing their safety.

Seizing the opportunity, Arminius finally ordered an attack. At the head of a picked force of shock troops, the Cherusci chieftain screamed out a defiant challenge, warning the Romans that another of their armies had gotten itself into the same trap as the doomed Varus at Teutoburgerwald. As if to prove his boast, the Germans broke through the Roman line and began wreaking havoc, making the horses their special target. The animals, panicking at the smell of their own blood and that of their masters, bolted and spread even more confusion, trampling the fallen and becoming mired in the swamp. Meanwhile, German archers kept up a heavy fire, preventing the standard-bearers from bringing up the eagles. The Roman troops had no obvious rallying point. Cæcina was everywhere, trying to keep the line together, until his horse was killed under him. The Germans immediately moved in to capture him, but the 1st Legion arrived on the scene in the nick of time and rescued their commander.

Cæcina ordered an immediate withdrawal. Fortunately for the Romans, the Germanic tribesmen were more interested in gathering loot than in pursuing their enemies. As night drew near, Cæcina and his army forced their way back onto solid ground. A camp needed to be built, and most of the necessary equipment had been lost, but Caecina, imaginative to the last, managed to make do with what was at hand. Sod was cut and earthworks thrown up, a proper Roman camp finally taking shape while the pickets of the 20th Legion kept careful watch.

MOST OF THE MEN STILL HAD NO TENTS, AND there were no medical supplies to assist the wounded. Rations, for the most part, had been spoiled by their soaking in filth and blood. Men sat around their miserable fires and predicted their own deaths on the morrow. A horse broke loose and ran through the camp, causing a rapidly spreading rumor that the Germans were once again upon them. The soldiers made a rush for the main gate, positioned strategically on the side away from any expected attack. Realizing that the reported attack had no basis in reality, Cæcina attempted to restore order. He threw himself across the main gate, blocking the opening with his body. Not even the panicky soldiers were so desperate as to trample their own commander in their haste to escape. They halted, and the tribunes and senior centurions eventually persuaded the men that it was a false alarm.

The near disaster had a beneficial effect. Cæcina collected the men in front of his headquarters and made a speech. He reminded them that the only way to survive was to fight, and the only way to fight was to make careful plans and stick to them. Nodding their heads in shamed agreement, the soldiers listened. The

GERMANICUS AND CALIGULA

In ancient Rome, politics and family were inextricably linked. The incestuous nature of the ruling Julio-Claudian dynasty was well embodied by the brief but notable career of Germanicus, who rose to the heights of power, only to be cast down by his own blood kin.

Germanicus was born in 15 BC, the son of Nero Claudius Drusus and Antonia Minor. His grandfathers were the noblest of Romans—Caesar Augustus and Marc Antony, respectively. Future emperor Claudius was his brother. He was a particular favorite of Augustus, who seriously considered naming him his successor before choosing Germanicus's uncle, Tiberius, instead. In recompense, Augustus forced Tiberius to adopt Germanicus and name him his eventual heir to the throne.

After the death of Augustus in 14 AD, the Roman Senate appointed Germanicus commander-in-chief of the imperial forces in Germania. He proved his loyalty to Tiberius by putting down a rebellion by the legions, who wanted Germanicus as their emperor instead. He subsequently led the legions to victory over the Cherusci and their allies, gaining sweet revenge for the horrific massacre of four Roman legions at Teutoburgerwald six years earlier.

Germanicus's victories did little to endear him to his uncle. Jealous, perhaps, of the younger man's popularity with the army and the masses, Tiberius sent Germanicus into glorified exile at Antioch, Syria. Germanicus further aggravated his uncle by paying an ill-advised visit to Egypt, where he was greeted warmly by the native populace as Marc Antony's grandson.

The provincial governor of Syria, Gnaeus Calpurnius Piso, was also jealous of Germanicus, who removed him from power and exiled him to an island off the coast

ordinarily stolid commander had sufficient eloquence to persuade the men to stay inside their defenses until the enemy actually approached. At that point, the entire force would break out as one and make straight for the Rhine. If they ran away again as they had just attempted, they would only meet their unfortunate predecessors' fate in the same hideous forests and dismal swamps.

Cæcina collected the remaining horses belonging to the tribunes and legates and, starting with his own, assigned them to the best fighters in the army. They would provide the sharp edge of a wedge that would break through the German line in the event of an actual attack, followed by the regular legions.

The German commander had his own problems. As a popular leader, Arminius could not simply order his chiefs and men to do as he wished—he had to persuade. His plan, consistent with his Roman military training, was to wait for the enemy to begin its march the next day, for they did not have the supplies or time to outlast the Germans in a siege. The Germans would then be able to drive, by sheer force of numbers, the legions into the swamp, where they would be destroyed. It would be Teutoburgerwald all over again.

Inguiomerus, Arminius's paternal uncle, had a different view of the matter. The right way to proceed was in traditional fashion, he believed, surrounding the enemy camp and attacking on all sides simultaneously. This would result in more prisoners to enslave and more loot to be taken. The majority of the Germans favored Inguiomerus's plan. At first light, the Germans started filling in some ditches, threw bridges across others, and began swarming up the unguarded earthworks surrounding the Roman camp. Reaching the top of the embankments, the Germans were encouraged by the sight of a few Roman soldiers milling about in apparent fear and confusion. Victory was once more in their grasp. With joyous shouts they poured down into the camp.

Library of Congress

Relief from monuments at Adamklissi, Romania, provides an accurate view of equipment worn by Roman legionaries during campaigns.

Once the bulk of the German army was deep in the camp, trumpets rang out for the Roman cohorts to attack in turn. Letting loose with their own shouts, the Romans sprang from their hiding places and fell on the German rear. Calling out "No woods or swamps here!" and "Fair field, fair chance!" the men of the Legion began mowing down the enemy without mercy. The Germans, egged on by their leaders and enflamed by their almost unbroken stream of recent victories, had committed the worst blunder that soldiers could make—they had grown overconfident. In light of the previous day's events, they had expected to meet an undisciplined horde of frightened, defeated, and poorly armed men. Instead, the terrifying sight of the Roman war machine was bearing down on them from behind, while their presumed victims ceased their aimless activity and began grimly to complete the encirclement. The attackers were now the attacked.

GERMAN INITIATIVE COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED. Expecting an easy victory, they had fallen into the same sort of trap the Romans had encountered six years earlier. The ensuing slaughter was also the same. The Germans were nearly wiped out, although most of their leaders managed to escape. Arminius, probably with an inkling of what would happen when his tribesmen rejected his carefully made plan, escaped without a scratch, His uncle Inguiomerus was not so lucky. As instigator of the battle plan, it was up to him to lead the attack personally. He was badly wounded.

The slaughter of the Germans went on for the rest of the day. Some of the tribesmen managed to escape from the death trap in the Roman camp, only to be pinned against the swamp. There the Romans exacted a bloody revenge for Teutoburgerwald.

It was not until night fell that the Romans returned to camp. They still had no food, no supplies, and little equipment, and many were more seriously wounded than before. But as the historian Tacitus later remarked, "They had their cure, nourishment, restorative, everything in one—victory."

Viewed objectively, Germanicus had not acted wisely in his short but intense campaign across the Rhine. He had endangered the Republic at a time when things were just beginning to return to normal by undertaking an

Continued on page 80

of Syria. Germanicus died under suspicious circumstances in Antioch on October 10, 19 AD. It was rumored that his corpse bore the marks of poisoning—blue and black streaks, foaming at the mouth, and a heart that would not burn on the funeral pyre. Piso was suspected of foul play and brought back to Rome to face trial. He committed suicide before his likely conviction. It was widely believed that Tiberius had played a part in Germanicus's death, if only from a distance.

Whatever the case, Germanicus exacted a posthumous revenge. His son Gaius Julius Caesar Germanicus, nicknamed Caligula (Little Boots), became emperor in 37 AD, after Tiberius was smothered to death in his bed by the prefect of the Praetorian Guard. Caligula's short four-year reign was filled with remarkable cruelty and sexual perversion, including incestuous relationships with all three of his sisters, one of whom was personally disemboweled by Caligula while pregnant with their child.

Caligula eventually named himself a living god and appointed his favorite horse to a seat in the Senate. He forced the wives of prominent senators to work in a royal brothel and enjoyed recounting his amorous exploits to their husbands. The emperor also enjoyed watching executions while eating his supper. Once, when he could not find enough convicts to feed to the lions in the arena, he simply had innocent spectators thrown to the beasts. "Let them hate me, so long as they fear me," he said of the Roman people.

Caligula was assassinated in 41 AD by the same Praetorian Guard who had killed his predecessor. His wife and infant daughter were murdered along with him. Recent scholarship has tended to attribute Caligula's insane cruelty to encephalitis or meningitis resulting from a serious illness he suffered shortly after ascending the throne. Whatever the cause, Caligula's name has gone down in history as a virtual synonym for murderous capriciousness and the absolute corruption of absolute power. □

"I ORDER YOU TO

Troops of the 6th Gurkha Rifles, led by Major C.J.L. Allanson, attack the fortified Turkish position on Sari Bair Ridge in this painting by Terence Cuneo.

DIE"

As Allied forces hunkered down on the shell-wracked beaches of the Gallipoli Peninsula, Turkish forces under a rising young leader named Mustafa Kemal rallied to defend their homeland.

BY VICTOR J. KAMENIR

IN THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD, most students of military history would be hard-pressed to identify the time, place, or antagonists of the Canakkale Campaign. However, they would readily recognize it by its English name—Gallipoli. The Allied troops who went ashore at Gallipoli believed they were fighting for democracy. Few Westerners realized (or at any rate admitted) that their Turkish opponents were fighting for an even higher ideal—they were defending their country. A significant portion of the Turkish soldiers who fought in the Canakkale Campaign were recruited from the towns and villages of the Gallipoli Peninsula. With their families close behind the battle lines, these soldiers were literally fighting for their homes. To them, the Allied soldiers were invaders who had come to defile their country and their Muslim faith.

In 1915, World War I was in its second year. On the Western Front, the inexorable meat grinder of trench warfare had replaced the early war of maneuver. Stalemated British, French, and German armies stared at each other across the scarred Belgian and French countryside. Meanwhile, on the Eastern Front, where operations of Austro-German and Russian armies still maintained some measure of fluidity, things were beginning to bog down there as well. The eyes of both sides turned south, toward the Ottoman Empire. With the Turks firmly in command of both the Dardanelles and Bosporus Straits, a vital supply route between Russia and Western Europe had been cut. Russia needed weapons and munitions from England and France. In turn, those two countries needed Russian food shipments. To England and France, Turkey seemed like the soft underbelly through which a serious blow could be delivered at Germany. The Germans, for their part, were looking for a place to divert British and French efforts and relieve some of the pressure on the Fatherland.

Australian War Memorial

ABOVE: Turkish soldiers take shelter in a dugout trench at Kanle Sirt. The formidable Turks proved surprisingly tenacious during the Gallipoli campaign. RIGHT: German General Liman von Sanders commanded the Turkish forces.

For more than a decade, the German and Ottoman empires had maintained close ties, especially in the military sphere. Shortly before the start of the war, a German military mission of almost 100 officers arrived in Turkey, invited there to overhaul the creaking Ottoman war machine. One of the most senior members of this mission was General Otto Liman von Sanders, who was destined to play a key role in the Gallipoli campaign. When the war started, Turkey initially maintained its neutrality. Then, in an act of either calculated effrontery or callous arrogance, England withheld two battleships it had been building for Turkey. The Turks' indignation was understandable, since they had already paid for the battleships. Not only was England keeping the vessels, it also refused to return its client's money.

GERMAN WARSHIPS SOON ENTERED THE PICTURE. On August 10, 1914, hotly pursued by combined British and French squadrons, two German vessels, *Goeben* and *Breslau,* took refuge in Turkish territorial waters. In a sham sale, Turkey acquired the ships from Germany. Re-flagged under Ottoman colors and bearing the new names *Midilli* and *Yavuz,* the two ships were still manned by their German crews, who went through the ridiculous charade of wearing fezzes and pretending to be Turks. A rueful pun made the rounds: "*Deutschland uber Allah.*"

Turkey decided to enter the conflict on the German side. On October 27, the two newly acquired warships sailed into the Black Sea, bombarded several Russian cities on the north shore of the sea, and sank two merchant vessels. Although damage was minimal, Russia immediately declared war on Turkey. Great Britain and France quickly followed suit, and on November 3 combined British and French squadrons bombarded Turkish military installations near the entrance to the Dardanelles Straits, heavily damaging two small forts. Turkey, in turn, formally declared war on England and France. Another country had been drawn into the European bloodbath.

The Ottoman Empire was separated into the European portion and the Asian portion by the narrow Sea of Marmara. The Dardanelles Straits formed the gates to that British lake, the Mediterranean Sea, while the Bosporus Straits guarded the entrance to the Black Sea, dominated by Russia. The Gallipoli Peninsula (anglicized name of the small town of Gelibolu on the European side of the Dardanelles) gave its name to the upcoming campaign in the English-speaking world. The Turks named the campaign after the town of Canakkale, on the Asian side of the straits.

Hoping for a quick knockout blow, the British government planned to force the Dardanelles Straits, enter the Sea of Marmara and bombard the Turkish capital of Istanbul into submission. Original Allied plans drawn up by Winston Churchill, the British First Lord of the Admiralty, called for naval actions alone. However, six months of naval bombardments and raids by marine landing parties did not have much success. The British and French squadrons operated on predictable sailing patterns, and the Turks laid a series of mine fields across their routes. On March 18, Allied naval squadrons received a terrible mauling at the hands of the Turks, resulting in three Allied battleships sunk and three more crippled. The British abruptly changed tactics and placed the Army in charge of forcing the Dardanelles Straits. British General Sir Ian Hamilton was

Imperial War Museum

appointed to command the Mediterranean Expeditionary Forces, which included Australian and New Zealand (ANZAC) contingents as well as English.

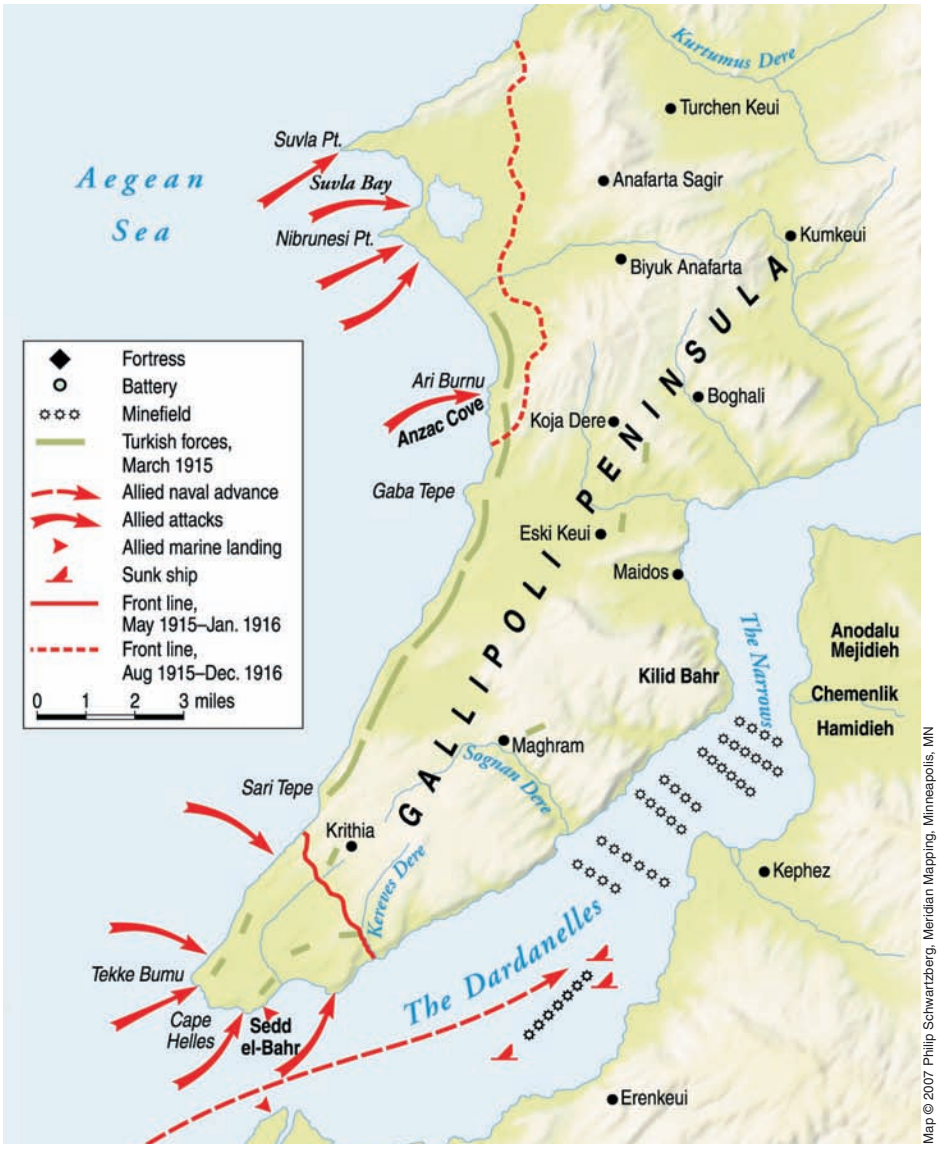
On March 24, the Turkish premier, Enver Pasha, offered Liman von Sanders command of the Fifth Army, which was being organized to defend the Dardanelles. A typical product of Prussian military upbringing—professional, aloof, and nonpolitical—Liman von Sanders readily accepted the offer and wasted no time departing for his new command. On March 26,

he set up headquarters in the small port town of Gallipoli. Efforts to improve defenses at the strategic straits began at once. At the time, the Fifth Army was composed of five divisions deployed along both the European and the Asiatic coasts of the straits. Each division was made up of nine to 12 battalions, each numbering between 800 and 1,000 men. By the time of the Allied landings, another division, the 3rd, had arrived.

The Asian side of the straits, characterized by low hills and large tracts of flatlands, was more susceptible to Allied landings. The coast of the Gallipoli Peninsula on the European side consisted of very mountainous terrain with steep slopes and deep ravines. Immediately behind the beaches, the landscape was dotted with small woods and thickets. Farther inland, the peninsula became flatter and more open for maneuver. Liman von Sanders considered the Asian shore the place most likely to see an Allied landing. It was, however, the most heavily defended sector of the Turkish defenses. The Gallipoli Peninsula, on the other hand, offered only a handful of likely places to land enemy troops. One of them was the southern tip of the peninsula at Sedd-el-Bahr, completely covered by the guns of British warships. After landing there, the next immediate Allied objective inland would be the Achi Baba ridge. From this ridge, the British would be able to put a large part of the Turkish defensive works under fire.

Another likely landing place was on the north side of the Gulf of Saros, at Bulair. From this place to Maidos, the Gallipoli Peninsula is only approximately four miles wide. If the enemy could cut the peninsula along the line from the Gulf of Saros to Maidos, a considerable part of the Ottoman Fifth Army would be cut off and surrounded. In his memoirs, British Seaman Joseph Murray wrote, "No doubt the Turks were wondering exactly where and when we would strike; as invaders it was for us to choose the time and place. The Turks had to remain where they were, ready to defend their homeland."

Before Liman von Sanders took command of the Fifth Army, the Turkish troops were distributed evenly along the entire perimeter of the Gallipoli Peninsula, without any reserves allocated to halt the enemy in case they breached the shore defenses. Liman von Sanders completely reorganized Turkish deployment. He pulled back the bulk of his troops, leaving company- and platoon-sized detachments to watch the possible landing sites. Since he considered the Gulf of Saros the most likely landing location on the peninsula, Liman von Sanders repositioned the 5th and 7th Divisions close to it.



The Dardanelles Straits, leading directly to the Turkish capital at Istanbul, offered a tempting target for British planners, particularly First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill, who hoped to relieve pressure on the Western Front.

The 9th Division was centered on the southern tip of the peninsula and the 19th Division was placed in strategic reserve in the center. The 3rd and 11th Divisions were allocated to defend the Asiatic side of the straights. By using internal lines of communication, Liman von Sanders would be able to rush reserves to the threatened sectors.

To conceal Turkish redeployments, most movements were done during the night. Work on improving the roads began at once to prepare them for the higher traffic of supplies and reinforcements. To toughen up his troops, grown complacent in their previous static defensive positions, Liman von Sanders ordered them to conduct training marches and maneuvers. This training also had to be conducted at night to shield them from British warships, which would immediately rain shells on any group of Turks, however small.

In the early morning of April 25, Liman von Sanders began receiving reports that hostile landings were taking place. The 3rd and 11th Divisions defending the Asiatic side reported heavy fighting with the French troops landing around the Besika Bay. At the same time, British warships lying off Sedd-el-Bahr (called Cape Helles by the British) were laying down a heavy barrage covering the landing of British troops under fire from the Turkish 9th Division. More naval gunfire soon announced further enemy landings.

Quickly dispatching the bulk of the 7th Division to the Bulair Ridge, Liman von Sanders hurried ahead of them, accompanied by his German adjutants. From the bare Bulair Ridge, they had

a full view of the Gulf of Saros. While the British were heavily bombarding the area, they were not landing any troops there yet. Reports began filtering in. At the southern tip of the peninsula, the British were taking tremendous casualties but bringing in more and more troops. The Allies were not having any success against the 9th Division at Gaba Tepe. However, the British occupied the heights at Ari Burnu, to which the bulk of the reserve 19th Division under Lt. Col. Mustafa Kemal was hurrying.

LIMAN VON SANDERS ESTIMATED THAT his 60,000 troops were facing upward of 90,000 Allies, supported by an incredible array of warships. The Turkish high command was amazed to count almost 200 Allied warships and transports facing them. By mid-afternoon, Liman von Sanders received news that the French landing at Besika Bay has been repulsed, and that it seemed to have been a diversion. The enemy actions at the Gulf of Saros appeared to be a mere demonstration as well. The Turkish defenders put up a very spirited fight against the invading Allies. In many places, the British troops hitting the beaches were mowed down under an unrelenting hail of Turkish bullets. Many small groups of Allied soldiers managed to penetrate the shore defenses and move inland, melting away along the mazes of ravines, gullies, and thickets.

Australian War Memorial

Members of the 9th Australian Light Horse Regiment man a machine-gun post on Turks Point, to the left of Walker's Ridge. The spot was only 120 yards from the enemy position across the way.

The fight was far from being one-sided, however. The full weight of British naval guns was brought to bear on Turkish positions. Rear Admiral R.J.B. Keyes recalled, "The enemy's position was obliterated in sheets of flame and clouds of yellow smoke and dust from our high explosive. It seemed incredible that anyone could be left alive in the enemy's position, but when the fire was lifted that ghastly tat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire broke out again, and took toll of anyone who moved." A less exalted viewer was British midshipman H.M. Denham, who noted, "We opened fire on the Turks with twelve-pounders. I could see a dozen of them rush out of their trench, run fifty yards, lie flat with our men's rifle bullet splashes all around them. When we directed our fire at them I saw a lot of heads, legs and arms go up in the air; however, they fought very bravely."

The Allies had gained a foothold at the southern point of the Gallipoli Peninsula and were constantly bringing in reinforcements. The whole of the Turkish 9th Division under Colonel Sami Bei had been committed to the fight and still more troops were needed. Liman von Sanders ordered two battalions from the 7th Division to be moved there by boat from Maidos. He also sent three battalions from the 5th Division, in readiness at the Gulf of Saros, to Maidos to follow those of the 7th Division. The 19th Division, although holding its own at Gaba Tepe and Ari Burnu, was heavily engaged against Australian and New Zealand forces.

Even though he suspected that the Allied movements at the Gulf of Saros were a feint, Liman von Sanders remained on the Bulair heights throughout the night. On the morning of April 26, he ordered units from the 5th and 7th Divisions, along with most of the field artillery of the two divisions, to Maidos for transportation to the southern tip of the peninsula. Meanwhile, he left his chief of staff, Lt. Col. Kazim Bei, in charge of the remaining troops at the Gulf of Saros. Bei had orders to send his remaining troops to Maidos if no enemy landing manifested itself the following day.

Mustafa Kemal, leading his 19th Division, was one of those rare men whom providence places at exactly the right place at exactly the right time. On the morning of the Allied landings, Kemal's division was held in reserve approximately five miles away from the shores. Its sister division, the 9th, bore the brunt of Allied assault, and its commander urgently requested reinforcements. Kemal personally took charge of one of his regiments, a company of cavalry and an artillery battery, and hurried forward. As he later described in his memoirs, Kemal stopped on a crest of a hill to wait for his troops to catch up. While he sat resting his horse, he spotted a group of retreating Turkish soldiers from the 9th Division. They informed him that they were out of ammunition and were being closely followed by the British. Kemal quickly saw a skirmish line of British soldiers climbing up the hill. He ordered the few 9th Division soldiers to fix bayonets and lie down. He later wrote, "As they did so, the enemy too lay down. We had won time."

In the late morning, as more and more units from his 19th Division began arriving opposite the landing sites, Kemal organized a counterattack against the ANZAC positions. Leading toward the 57th Infantry Regiment, the 36-year-old officer addressed his men. "I don't order you to attack," he said. "I order you to die. By the time we are dead, other units and commanders will have come up to take our place." While containing more that a little dramatic flair, Kemal's orders reflected his correct estimation of the situation: hold at all costs.

During April 25 and the next few days, the 57th Regiment lived up to its commander's expectation—casualties were so heavy that the regiment practically ceased to exist. To recognize the sacrifice of men of the 57th Infantry Regiment, the Turkish government did not reconstitute the unit, retiring its number with honors. Throughout the day, Kemal continued feeding reinforcements into the maelstrom. The Australians and New Zealanders tenaciously clung to their slivers of shoreline, soaking up casualties themselves and dealing out even greater casualties to the counterattacking Turks. One of the Turkish regiments advancing on the left flank, the 77th, composed mainly of unsteady Arab recruits, broke and ran after suffering severe loses. Kemal quickly shifted a battalion from the right to plug the gap. By the time night mercifully fell, the bloodied beachheads, gullies, hilltops, and slopes were littered with the carnage of war. Corpses of fallen Turks, Australians, New Zealanders, British, and Arabs presented a nightmarish landscape. The moaning of wounded made it seem as if the hills themselves were crying out in anguish.

While Kemal's division suffered terrible losses, he scored a moral victory over the Allies. The casualties among the Australian and New Zealand soldiers were also so great that their brigade and divisional commanders convinced Maj. Gen. William Birdwood, commander of the ANZAC contingent, to request that they be evacuated. The expedition's commander, British General Sir Ian Hamilton, denied the request, instead advising, "You have got through the difficult business, now you have only to dig, dig, dig, until you are safe." As ANZAC shovels bit into the rocky soil, the Allies lost the initiative.

All through the fighting on April 25, Kemal managed to contain the Allied advance. For his role in events, he would be awarded the Turk-

ish Order of Distinguished Service. Later, Kaiser Wilhelm II would award Kemal Germany's Iron Cross. Extremely outspoken and nationalistic, Kemal soon came to disagree with the overall commander at Gallipoli, Liman von Sanders, who preferred to have German officers in key positions. Kemal's attitude and language in addressing his Turkish and German superiors were not always the most politic. Despite multiple ruffled feathers, his personal courage and abilities were never in doubt, and on May 1 he was promoted to the rank of full colonel.

Heavy fighting continued for the next two days. The Allies, intent on breaking through to the hinterland of the peninsula, threw more and more men into the fighting. For their part, the Turks were just as determined to push the invaders back into the sea. As the result, neither side gained their objectives. By the beginning of May, stationary warfare, reminiscent of Western Europe, had developed on the peninsula. Despite large quantities of blood shed on both sides, progress was measured in feet. Two distinct fronts soon took shape: at Sedd-el-Bahr (Cape Helles) and Ari Burnu (ANZAC Cove).

To minimize the effectiveness of British naval gunfire, Liman von Sanders ordered his troops in the first line to dig their trenches as close to the British as possible. With the opposing trench lines within a grenade's throw from each other, British naval gunfire could just as easily hit a friend as a foe. However, the British ships still could rain heavy fire onto Turkish second and subsequent lines of defense. Turkish villages and small towns on the Gallipoli Peninsula were turned to rubble by British naval gunfire. The once-beautiful port town of Maidos was left in ruins. The town of Gallipoli was severely damaged. Krithia, located just one mile north of the battle lines at Sedd-el-Bahr, was reduced to a heap of rubble. Allied warships, cruising the waters of the Aegean Sea with impunity, were able to bring a punishing flanking fire across almost the entire peninsula. Especially hard hit were the Turkish flanks, resting on the Aegean Sea in the west and the Dardanelles in the east.

The resupply situation of the Turkish Fifth Army was extremely difficult. The railhead nearest to the front lines was at a small town of Uzun-Kupru in Thrace (modern-day Bulgaria). Since the Turkish Army had no trucks, all supplies had to be moved by horse- and ox-drawn wagons, a journey of several days. The overwhelming majority of supplies coming to Gallipoli arrived by boat from the Asiatic mainland across the Sea of Marmara. As British and Australian submarines tried unsuccessfully to close the supply line, the Turkish Army continued the struggle. At the beginning of the campaign, even entrenching tools were hard to come by. During their attacks on the British trenches, Turkish infantrymen often carried away any digging implements they could capture and scavenged wood, bricks, and other materials from destroyed villages. Even sand bags were in short supply. When several thousand of them did arrive, large numbers of the precious items were used to patch up the ragged uniforms of the Turkish soldiers.

Four more Turkish divisions—the 4th, 13th, 15th, and 16th—arrived to reinforce Liman von Sanders's depleted command. These divisions brought several batteries of much-needed heavy artillery. Even though consisting mostly of older models, the guns proved invaluable in counteracting British artillery, which was being landed on the peninsula in increasing numbers. The Turkish Navy, particularly its two German-crewed ships, contributed two machine-gun detachments of 12 weapons each to the Gallipoli defenses.

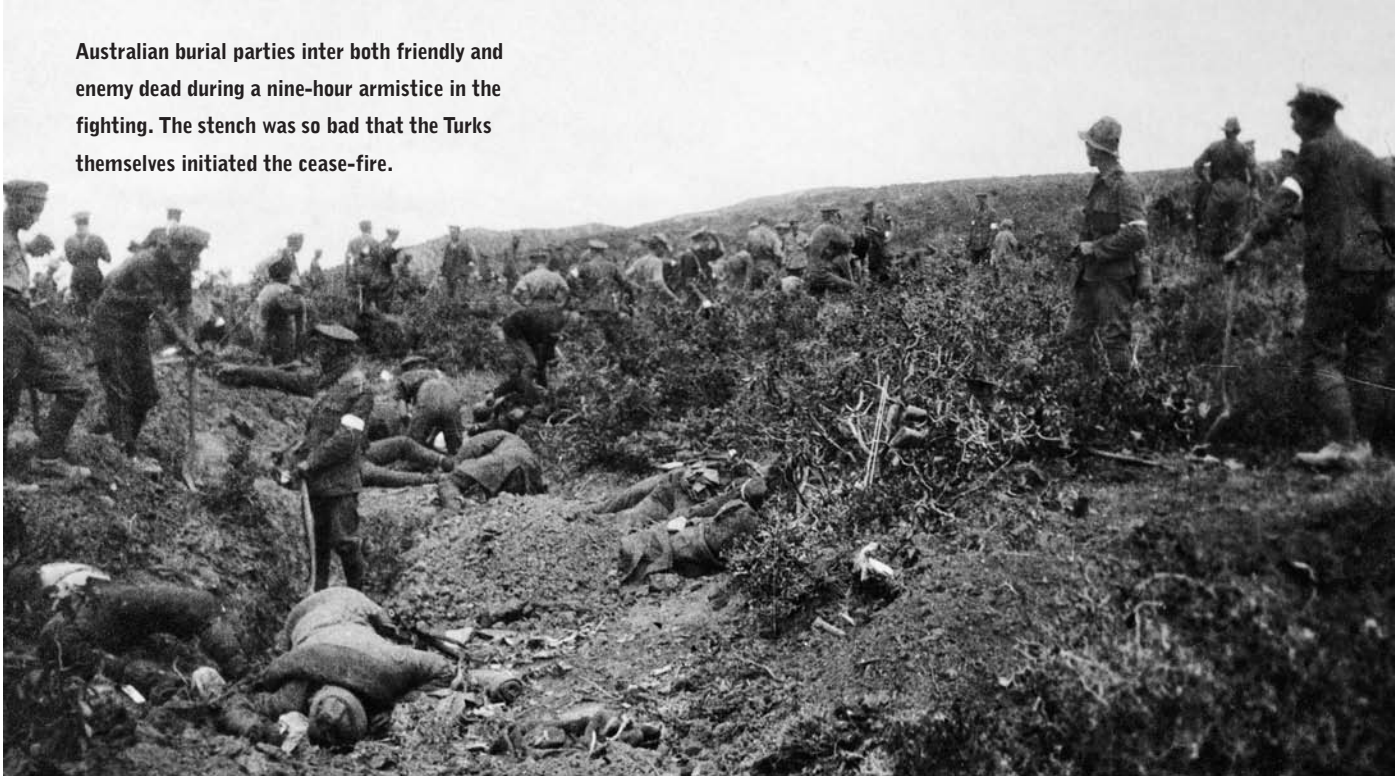
DURING THE NIGHT OF MAY 18, the newly arrived Turkish 2nd Division attacked the Allies at Ari Burnu. It succeeded in breaking through the first British trench line and reaching the second. However, the British immediately counterattacked and pushed the exhausted 2nd Division back to its starting position. Casualties on both sides were heavy, with the 2nd Division losing 9,000 men killed and wounded. In his memoirs, Liman von Sanders took the blame for the attack's failures, citing insufficient artillery preparation and quantity of ammunition. British losses were significant as well, and British command requested a cease-fire to collect and bury their dead. Liman von Sanders agreed to halt the hostilities for one day on May 23.

Turkish infantry, fighting on their home soil, spring from the trenches to counterattack British and ANZAC forces at Gallipoli. Some 218,000 Turkish casualties were suffered during the campaign, including 66,000 killed.

National Archives

At the end of June, a provisional German company of 200 commissioned and noncommissioned officers joined the Fifth Army. However, the unfamiliar climate and Allied fire quickly reduced its numbers. Distributed in small groups along the whole front, the Germans nevertheless proved invaluable in supervising Turkish engineering and construction efforts. A significant weakness in Turkish positions was the gap between the Ari Burnu and Sedd-el-Bahr fronts. While the Turkish flanks at Sedd-el-Bahr were anchored on the water, the flanks at Ari Burnu were hanging in the air. Advancing through the Anafarta Valley, the Allies could threaten both Turkish fronts and cause them to give up their positions.

At the beginning of August, five fresh British and ANZAC divisions were landed at Ari Burnu



Australian War Memorial

Australian burial parties inter both friendly and enemy dead during a nine-hour armistice in the fighting. The stench was so bad that the Turks themselves initiated the cease-fire.

and Suvla Bay. In the evening of August 6, Liman von Sanders received alarming reports that a strong Allied force was moving north along the coast from Ari Burnu, aiming at the Anafarta Valley. Immediately, he moved troops from the Turkish 9th, 7th, and 12th Divisions to parry the new threat. As the forward elements of the 9th Division reached the Koja Chemen Mountain, they discovered that the British infantry was advancing up the opposite slope of the same mountain. In a brief and decisive counterattack, the Turks completely drove the British off the mountain. Leading from the front, German Colonel Hans Kannengiesser, commander of the 9th Division, was killed by a bullet through the chest.

HEAVY FIGHTING FOR THE HILLS AROUND THE Anafarta Valley continued through August 7, as the outnumbered Turkish soldiers from the 9th Division hung on waiting for reinforcements. After a grueling forced march, the 7th and 12th Divisions reached the threatened area the next day. Liman von Sanders appointed Kemal the overall commander of all Turkish forces on the Anafarta Front. His six divisions, centered on the two villages, Great and Little Anafarta, became known as the Anafartalar Group ("Anafartalar" in Turkish is plural for Anafarta). Throughout August 9, Kemal launched attack after attack at the British lines. In extremely bloody fighting, the Allies were pushed back to the coast in several places. Not lacking in bravery, the British and ANZAC troops tenaciously hung on to several key pieces of hilly terrain. On the evening of August 10, Kemal personally led another attack. After a difficult contest, the British were driven off all the dominating terrain at the head of the Anafarta Valley.

During the attack on August 10, Kemal was hit in the chest by a spent piece of shrapnel. Fortunately for him, the shrapnel struck his pocket watch, leaving him unscathed. He later presented this watch to Liman von Sanders, who in turn gave Kemal his own watch, bearing his family's coat of arms. On August 15, the Allies launched their own strong attack from Suvla Bay northeast toward the Kiretch Tepe Ridge. Their initial attack was a success, driving the Turks off a large portion of the ridge. A Turkish battalion composed largely of policemen from the Gallipoli Peninsula bore the brunt of the attack. It was almost completely annihilated, and its commander, Captain Kadri Bei, was killed.

Throughout August 16, the British continued heavy pressure on the beleaguered Turks. Turkish reinforcements were rushed forward and had to attack in daylight, in full view of supporting British warships. Turkish casualties from flanking naval gunfire were frightening, but the Allied ground advance was held up at all points. On August 21, the British launched another all-out attack against the Anafarta Valley. The fighting was as futile as it was bloody. The Allies made no progress, losing 15,000 men killed and 45,000 wounded. Turkish losses were equally frightening, forcing them to commit the last reserves, including the dismounted cavalry.

Had the British been able to break through the Kiretch Tepe Ridge onto the wide Anafarta plain, the Turkish Fifth Army would have been outflanked and forced to stand and die or else fall back, ceding the Gallipoli Peninsula to the British. As it was, due to the incredible tenacity of the Mehmetciks (Turkish equivalent of American doughboys), the British merely extended the front lines at Ari Burnu. Liman von Sanders attributed their failure to the timidity of British

FURTHER READING

Eric Wheeler Bush, *Gallipoli*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1975.

Kevin Fewster, Vecihi Basarin, and Hatice Basarin, *Gallipoli: The Turkish Story*. Australia: Allen & Unwin, 2003.

Otto Liman von Sanders, *Five Years in Turkey*. Annapolis, MD: Williams & Wilkins, 1928.

Andrew Mango, *Ataturk: The Biography of the Founder of Modern Turkey*. New York: Overlook Press, 2002

Alan Moorehead, *Gallipoli*. New York: Harper & Row, 1956.

Joseph Murray, *Gallipoli As I Saw It*. London: William Kimber, 1965.

commanders in waiting too long at the coast before pushing inland. The British, for their part, underestimated how quickly the Turks could rush reinforcements to the threatened sectors.

On September 20, Kemal fell ill with malaria. Upset over real or imagined slights, he offered his resignation on September 27. While Liman von Sanders attempted to smooth over matters, Kemal remained unpersuaded. His relations with the German commander continued to deteriorate. On December 5, Liman von Sanders granted Kemal unconditional medical leave.

The fighting at Anafarta was the high point of the almost nine-month campaign, although the Allies continued half-hearted attacks throughout September and October. At the end of October, the Allied command began planning the evacuation of their troops from Gallipoli. An Austrian mortar battery arrived in mid-November, followed by an Austrian howitzer battery in December. The Austrian gunners, well-trained and -equipped, contributed significantly to the Turkish defenses in the later stage of the campaign. Along with approximately 500 Germans, the Austrian artillerymen were the only non-Turkish troops fighting the Allies at Gallipoli.

Toward the end of November, the Turkish forces gathered for a decisive counteroffensive on the Allied positions. Their objective was to pierce the junction between the Ari Burnu and Anafarta fronts. Mock defensive positions were constructed behind the front and Turkish divisions assigned to participate in the attack were rotated back to practice offensive operations. However, before the offensive was launched, the Allies evacuated the Ari Burnu and Anafarta fronts. The Allied command planned and executed the withdrawal so skillfully that the Turks never realized what was about to happen. During the night of December 19, under covering fire from British warships, Allied land forces slipped away from the blood-soaked beaches. Liman von Sanders praised the Allied efforts: "The withdrawal had been prepared with extraordinary care and carried out with great skill."

While the Allies evacuated their men from Ari Burnu with hardly a loss, they had to leave behind a trove of supplies and war materiél: ammunition, tents, spare parts for cannons and machine guns, canned food, hand grenades, even a few small steamers and more than 60 rowboats. Supply-starved Turkish forces distributed the booty among all theaters of operation. Now Liman von Sanders was able to concentrate all of his forces against the only remaining Allied beachhead at Sedd-el-Bahr. The Turks kept up a steady pressure on the

Continued on page 80

MUSTAFA KEMAL ATATURK

Throughout history, grateful nations have commonly bestowed honorific names on their past leaders. It was not often, however, that a man would be called the father of his nation by a grateful populace during his own lifetime. Mustafa Kemal Ataturk was just such a leader.

The product of a cosmopolitan society, Kemal was born in 1881 in Salonica, then a Greek city in the Ottoman Empire. At birth, Mustafa, an ethnic Turk, was given only a first name, as was common. At the age of 12, he entered military school, where one of his teachers gave him the second name Kemal, meaning "perfection," in recognition of his scholastic abilities and achievements.

In 1905, Kemal graduated from a military academy in Istanbul with the rank of staff captain. While stationed in Damascus, he became one of the founding members of the clandestine "Fatherland and Freedom" society established by military officers opposed to Sultan Abdul Hamid. In 1907, Kemal's movement merged with other opposition parties to form the Committee of Union and Progress (CUP). With majority of its members being in their 20s and 30s, the new organization became popularly known as the "Young Turks."

Australian War Memorial

The movement steadily gained momentum, and in 1908 national elections brought the Young Turks, headed by another prominent member, Mehmed V, to power. However, internal upheaval tempted other countries to take advantage of the instability in Turkey. In 1911, Italy invaded the Ottoman province of Libya, and by 1912 Turkey had lost the majority of its European possessions.

Between 1911 and 1913, Kemal served in several combat field command positions from Libya to Bulgaria. The Gallipoli campaign launched his political career, although after the campaign ended, Kemal was still virtually unknown to the general Turkish public. However, his accomplishments were quite familiar to the Turkish officer corps, which helped him win more prominence among the Young Turks.

After Turkey capitulated at the end of World War I, British, French, Italian, and Greek forces occupied large portions of the former Ottoman Empire. As the foreign powers began carving up the humiliated empire, nationalistic Turks began to rally around Kemal. In mid-1919, due to his inflammatory oratory against occupying powers, Kemal was posted away from Istanbul to the eastern part of the country. Once there, he lost no time establishing an army to resist the foreign occupation of Turkey. The War of Turkish Independence began in 1920 (a misnomer, since the Allies never had any intention of occupying the whole of Turkey), with the majority of fighting taking place between the Turkish and Greek forces.

Kemal's efforts attracted attention from far abroad—his picture was featured on the cover of the March 24, 1923, issue of *Time* magazine. By the end of 1923, the Western powers agreed to leave Turkey, and on October 29 the Republic of Turkey was proclaimed, with Mustafa Kemal as its first president. After coming to power, Kemal launched a series of far-ranging political, economic, religious, and social reforms intended to transform Turkey from the "sick man of Europe" into a modern state. His efforts ranged wide, from adapting European-style surnames and dress codes to religious tolerance, literacy campaigns, and granting women voting rights.

On November 24, 1934, the Turkish Grand National Assembly bestowed the surname Ataturk (meaning "Father of the Turks") upon Mustafa Kemal for his immense contributions to his country. Kemal Ataturk, remained in his position as president until his death on November 10, 1938, from cirrhosis of the liver. His passing was mourned by an entire grateful nation. To this day, Ataturk's portraits can be seen in a majority of Turkish public buildings, many private homes, and on all banknotes. There is hardly a town in Turkey without an Ataturk statue. Each year on November 10 at 9:05 AM (the exact time of his death), commemorative ceremonies are held throughout the country to honor the man who did so much to modernize his nation. □

Risk-taking British correspondents dodge exploding shells to film action during the Balkan War in this illustration from *Le Petite Journal*, Nov. 3, 1912. INSET: Ernie Pyle, the GIs best friend and chronicler during World War II.

akg-images

National Archives

THE PEN & THE SWORD

A BRIEF HISTORY OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS

From ancient cave drawings to the Internet, men have been reporting their wars almost as long as they have been fighting them.

BY ROY MORRIS JR.

MEN HAVE BEEN REPORTING their wars almost as long as they have fighting them. The first prehistoric cave drawings depicted hunters bringing down wild animals, and spoken accounts of battles, large and small, formed the starting point for the oral tradition of history. All native cultures have mythologized warfare and glorified warriors, often giving them divine status. The Greek poet Homer's epic works, *The Odyssey* and *The Iliad*, recounted the Trojan War and its aftermath, and *The Song of Roland* told of the Moorish invasion of Europe. The greatest of all writers, William Shakespeare, memorialized England's dynastic wars in his plays, and John Milton's epic poem *Paradise Lost* depicted the armies of God and the armies of Satan arranged "in dubious battle on the plains of heaven." Even Jesus, the ultimate peace-giver, was shown in the Gospels driving the moneylenders from the temple at the point of a whip.

The profession of war correspondent, however, is a comparatively new development in human history. Scholars have long debated the identity of the first such correspondent. Candidates as varied and ancient as the Greek historian Thucydides, who wrote about the Peloponnesian War in 424 BC, and Roman emperor Julius Caesar, who described his conquest of Gaul in 55 BC, have been advanced—although in both cases, the authors' chronicles were written several years after the wars themselves. William Watts, the probable author of a 17th-century account of Swedish King Gustavus Adolphus's campaigns during the Thirty Years' War, is another frequently mentioned candidate. But Watts's anonymous reports, published in a pamphlet entitled the *Swedish Intelligencer,* came several months after the events themselves, and Watts composed them in London, far from the scene of the European fighting.

Two early 19th-century newspaper reporters, Henry Crabb Robinson of the *London Times* and Charles Lewis Gruneison of the *London Morning Post,* have been put forward as early war correspondents. Robinson, a barrister by profession, accepted an offer from the *Times* to relocate to Altona, Germany, in 1807 and send back reports of French emperor Napoleon Bonaparte's 1807 campaign. With the help of a friendly German editor, Robinson poured over public documents and mingled with the social elite to send back accounts, mostly rumors, of Napoleon's progress on the continent. Datelined "From the Banks of the Elbe," Robinson's articles added little real detail to the hearsay gossip, and he made no attempt to reach the battlefield, reporting on the Battle of Friedland, for example, six days after it occurred.

The next year, Robinson headed south to report on the Spanish revolution "from the shores of the Bay of Biscay." Again he arranged with a local editor to use already published news reports as the basis for his articles, and he was not even aware that the Battle of Corunna had taken place until he went to dinner one night and found the dining hall deserted. "Have you not heard, sir?" a waiter asked. "The French are come; they are fighting." Robinson walked down to the harbor and climbed aboard a ship, where he reported hearing the sound of cannons "come from the hills about three miles from Corunna." He later observed English wounded and French prisoners brought into the city, but he missed completely the death of English commander Sir John Moore in the battle.

GRUNEISON ALSO WENT TO SPAIN, three decades later, to report on the ongoing Carlist revolt. More industrious than Robinson, Gruneison accompanied the British Legion and attached himself to the headquarters of King Don Carlos. Although a music critic by training, Gruneison proved to be an industrious reporter, going to the scene of the Battle of Villar de los Navarros and several smaller actions. After one encounter, he personally managed to prevent the massacre of prisoners by prevailing on the Spanish commander as a fellow Mason to spare the men's lives. After the Battle of Retuerta, Gruneison was arrested on suspicion of being a spy, and narrowly missed being executed. Returning to England, he later served as the newspaper's Paris correspondent, organizing a carrier pigeon service between the French capital and London. He saw no further fighting.

Perhaps the best candidate for the honor of first war correspondent is *London Oracle* reporter John Bell, who reported on the Duke of York's European campaign in 1794. Bell, who owned the newspaper, embarked for Flanders in April of that year to report on the British expeditionary force that had landed in the Netherlands to cooperate with the Allies against the revolutionary French. Announcing his attention to "establish a chain of regular correspondents with every part of the Allied army, and to take every possible method of obtaining French papers with more regularity and dispatch than has hitherto been practicable," Bell described his motives in words that could have been written by professional war correspondents a century later: "As I shall, for some time, be in the very neighborhood of the contending armies, it is my intention to send you a regular and faithful diary of whatever passes worthy the attention of your readers. I shall write frequently in the field, or under the first hedge that affords me safe retreat; and therefore must be satisfied with facts, without ornament or exaggerated coloring, which on such occasions is too frequently adopted in the diurnal publications."

In contrast to Robinson, Bell eschewed the safety of cities for the authenticity of the battlefront, witnessing one British cannonade from a nearby tower and finding himself in the midst of the action during the Battle of Courtray, on May 17-18, 1794. His vivid account of the battle, written on the field, described "the confusion of unhappy defeat" and pictured the soldiers staggering away "with fatigue almost insupportable." Bell's scoop of the British defeat at Courtray preceded the official announcement by two days, and he later predicted the imminent fall of Ypres, warning that "if Ypres falls, I think all of this part of the country is lost."

In some ways, Bell was the first celebrity war correspondent. His departure for the front was widely publicized, and in an era when most newspaper columns were uncredited, Bell's name was prominently featured above his battle reports and often at the end of the articles as well. The *Oracle* itself was quick to trumpet the correspondent's scoops, crowing: "The other newspapers will, as usual, copy our intelligence tomorrow." The British government complained predictably about Bell's implicit criticism of its efforts, and rival newspapers criticized his "contradictory and false rumors" as the work of a "vagabond Jacobin." By the end of the year, Bell was forced to sell the *Oracle* to settle the debts he had run up while covering the war.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

In the United States, the meteoric rise of newspapers had helped the patriots win the Revolutionary War by keeping the colonists abreast of events in the field and printing morale-boosting broadsides and sloganeering pamphlets. At the time, there were no active correspondents covering the fighting, although *Massachusetts Spy* editor Isaiah Thomas, a member of the Sons of the Liberty, managed to print his own eyewitness account of the first clash between English and American forces at Lexington, Mass., in April 1775. The subsequent War of 1812 saw comparatively little on-scene reporting, and the most famous firsthand account from the battlefield was not a journalist's prose report, but rather Baltimore attorney Francis Scott Key's spirited poem on the defense of Fort McHenry, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

When war broke out between the United States and Mexico in 1846, an enterprising New Orleans journalist, George Wilkins Kendall, was quick to intuit the circulation-growing opportunities of the conflict. As publisher of the *Picayune* in New Orleans, the closest major American city to Mexico, Kendall was in the best position to monitor the war. Hurrying to the headquarters of General Zachary Taylor at Matamoros, Kendall set up a field office, recruited a staff of able correspondents, and arranged for his dispatches to be carried by horseback to Veracruz, where they were transferred to a fleet of fast boats and taken back to New Orleans. To maximize time, Kendall outfitted the boats with typesetting equipment and a stable of compositors. By the time the boats docked, the stories were ready for the presses.

The rules of engagement—or nonengagement—for correspondents had not yet been formulated, and Kendall and other journalists often went into battle alongside the American troops. While sending back newspaper reports of the fighting, Kendall also served as an aide-de-camp to General Taylor, captured a Mexican

Library of Congress

cavalry flag, and suffered a bullet wound to the knee. By war's end, he was answering to the honorary rank of "Major." Another journalist, *New Orleans Delta* reporter James L. Freaner, earned the nickname "Mustang" after he killed a Mexican officer and appropriated his horse.

By all accounts, *Picayune* reporter Christopher Haile, a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, was the most accurate and accomplished correspondent in the field. He covered the fighting at Resaca de Palma, Palo Alto, and Monterrey before being commissioned a first lieutenant in the infantry during the siege of Veracruz. Two former *Picayune* staff members, John Peoples and Charles Callahan, set up their own newspaper in camp, which they called the *Veracruz Eagle*. When the action moved on to Mexico City, they followed General Winfield Scott's army and started a second camp newspaper, the *American Star.* Besides accounts of battles, the quasi-official publications also carried articles on promotions, transfers, courts-martial and executions, along with more welcome news from the home front. The ever-enterprising Kendall simply enclosed issues of the *Star* along with his letters from the front. By war's end, no fewer than 26 field newspapers were being published on Mexican soil.

Five years after the Mexican War ended, another major war broke out in Europe, the first since the end of the Napoleonic Wars in 1815. The Crimean War, involving Great Britain, France, and Russia, was fought primarily on the desolate Crimean Peninsula of southwestern

Library of Congress

ABOVE: Battle of Cerro Gordo by an unknown artist. New Orleans *Picayune* publisher George Kendall accompanied American troops during the fighting in Mexico. LEFT TOP: William Howard Russell, photographed in the Crimea by Roger Fenton in 1855. LEFT: The disastrous charge of the Light Brigade outside Sevastopol made the brigade immortal, as it did Russell, who observed the attack from a ridge nearby.

Russia, bordering the Black Sea. The origins of the war were obscure, involving a squabble between Christian and Orthodox monks over control of holy shrines in Jerusalem, but the larger stakes involved long-standing Russian ambitions to gain access to the Mediterranean through the Turkish-controlled Bosporus Strait. Great Britain and France, as allies of the Turks, were not about to let that happen.

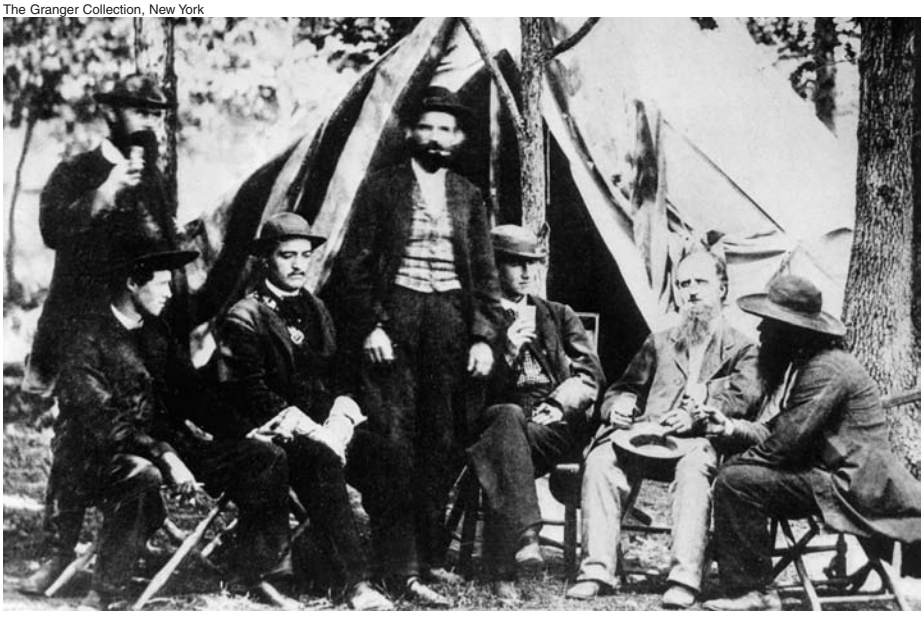
The ensuing war saw the emergence of the first world-famous war correspondent, *London Times* reporter William Howard Russell. The Irish-born Russell, who had grown up a burly street fighter in Dublin and Liverpool, was an inspired choice. Not only was he personally fearless, but he was absolutely committed to telling the truth, which he dubbed "Miss Verity," regardless of whom he offended. Dispatched first to Malta by *Times* editor John Delane, who promised the initially reluctant Russell that he would be "home by Easter," the 33-year-old reporter arrived in the Crimea in the spring of 1854. He would not set foot on British soil for another two years.

RUSSELL WASTED LITTLE TIME ALIENATING THE POWERS that be, including the British commander Lord Raglan, who ordered his officers not to talk to the snoopy intruder. From the beginning, Russell was outraged at the lack of planning evinced by the British Army, whose officers often seemed more concerned with enforcing a strict gentleman's dress code than they were with providing for the needs of their men. "The management is infamous," Russell wrote to Delane, "and the contrast offered by our proceedings to the conduct of the French most painful. Can you believe it—the sick have not a bed to lie upon? They are landed and thrown into a rickety house without a chair or table in it. While these things are going on, Sir George Brown only seems anxious about the men being clean-shaved, their necks well stiffened and waist belts tight.

He insists on officers and men being in full rig; no loose coats, jackets, etc." Russell wondered, "Am I to tell these things, or hold my tongue?" To his credit, Delane instructed his reporter to tell the truth, and began circulating Russell's private letters to his friends in Parliament, initiating a low grumble of discontent among back-benchers at the government's conduct of the war.

RAGLAN'S JUNIOR OFFICERS HARASSED RUSSELL, cutting down his tent whenever his back was turned and refusing to issue him rations. Higher ranking officers denied his requests to join their camps. In the end, this worked to Russell's favor, since he was forced to get his information from the soldiers themselves, writing down their accounts of the Battle of the Alma on an improvised table made from a wooden plank laid across two water casks. His next account, following the Battle of Balaclava, created a sensation. Climbing a high ridge overlooking the fortified port of Sevastopol, Russell watched the Russian Army attempt to break the siege by attack-

The Granger Collection, New York



"I HAVE NO FEELING against you personally, but you are regarded as the enemy of our set, and we must in SELF-DEFENSE WRITE YOU DOWN."

ing the Turkish line. The British rushed reinforcements into the area, including the Light Brigade of Cavalry, whose frequently drunk commander, Lord Cardigan, was ordered to stop the Russians from carrying away some Turkish cannons. Cardigan interpreted the vague order to mean instead that he was supposed to charge the bristling rank of Russian guns.

Russell's account of the ensuing charge made him—and the Light Brigade—famous. "Surely this handful of men are not going to charge an army in position?" he wrote. "Alas! It was but too true—their desperate valor knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. At a distance of 1200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. With a cheer that was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. At thirty-five minutes past eleven [the charge had begun 25 minutes earlier] not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of those bloody Muscovite guns."

Russell's account of the charge of the Light Brigade, which was quickly followed by British poet-laureate Alfred Lord Tennyson's famous poem of the same name, stirred emotions on the home front and led briefly to an upturn in public support for the war. In the meantime, however, Russell continued reporting the dire conditions of the common soldiers, whom he termed "miserable, washed-out, worn-out spiritless wretches." The government denied that anything was wrong and attempted to censor the *Times*' dispatches, claiming that they were aiding the enemy. Queen Vic-

Library of Congress

toria's stiff-necked consort, Prince Albert, got into the fray, complaining loudly and openly about "that detestable *Times*." A friendly photographer, Roger Fenton, was dispatched to the Crimea to take morale-boosting photographs of well-ordered camps, teeming harbors, smiling officers, and happy allies sharing a smoke and a drink. Fenton managed to lie by omission, and even his most famous photograph, "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," was false, purporting to show the valley in which the Light Brigade had charged, but depicting instead a meaningless gully littered with spent cannonballs.

By the time Fenton's photographs had been displayed to a credulous public, it was too late to save the discredited government of Prime Minister Lord Aberdeen. His replacement, Lord Palmerston, invited Russell to lunch after the correspondent returned to England in 1856, and startled the newsman by asking him, in all seriousness, what he would do if he were comman-

Painting by William Trego, U.S. Naval Academy

LEFT: Federal soldiers make a hasty retreat back to Washington after the First Battle of Bull Run. W.H. Russell's accurate account of the Union panic made him persona non grata to Union commanders. OPPOSITE LEFT: *New York Herald* reporters, part of the so-called "Bohemian Brigade" that brought the Civil War into American living rooms. OPPOSITE RIGHT: Editorial staff of the New York *Tribune,* including Horace Greeley (seated third from right) and Charles A. Dana (standing at center).

der-in-chief. Russell, finding himself much sought-after, wrote a book about his Crimean War experiences and set out on a well-attended lecture tour. He was later knighted by Queen Victoria's successor, King Edward VII, who told him avuncularly, "Don't kneel, Billy, just stoop."

Russell's fame preceded him to America, where he arrived just in time to witness the opening battle of the Civil War. After chatting with new president Abraham Lincoln (who supposedly told him that the *Times* was the greatest natural force in the world "except, perhaps, for the Mississippi River"), Russell dined with Secretary of State William Seward, who sought his favor in winning English support for the North. On July 16, 1861, Russell headed for Manassas, Va., where a major battle was taking place for control of a key railroad junction. Three miles from the battlefield, he was caught up in a panicky backwash of Union soldiers, civilians, and government officials who were fleeing from phantom hordes of Confederates. The North had lost the battle. One fear-crazed soldier pulled a pistol on Russell and attempted to shoot him—fortunately for the correspondent, the gun failed to fire. When his subsequent account of the battle appeared in the *Times,* angry Northerners accused Russell of exaggerating the panic. Some said he had lied, others said he had been drunk under a tree at the time of the battle. Denied permission to travel with the Union Army, Russell returned to England in disgust. He would later cover the Austro-Prussian War, the Franco-Prussian War, the Paris Commune, and the Zulu War, but he would not return to America for the remainder of the Civil War.

It was just as well. There were more than enough Americans on hand to cover the war without Russell's help. Some 500 journalists attached themselves to the Union Army during the course of the war, and another 100 reported the war from the Southern side. Never before had a war been so thoroughly written about, and the crush of reporters did not always sit well with commanders in the field. Union general William Tecumseh Sherman's feud with the press started early and lasted late. It began in the fall of 1861, when he succeeded Brig. Gen. Robert Anderson as commander of the Department of the Cumberland, whose responsibility it was to safeguard President Lincoln's home state of Kentucky. When Sherman met with Secretary of War Simon Cameron and requested another 60,000 troops to hold the state, a reporter for the *New York Tribune,* unknown to Sherman, was on hand taking notes. His subsequent report characterized the general as "insane," "stark mad," and displaying "strange conduct," and Sherman was immediately removed from command and nearly sacked from the Army.

Understandably bitter about the press's role in his removal, Sherman acquired a lifelong aversion to journalists, whom he termed "a dirty set of scribblers who have the impudence of Satan." He soon crossed swords—or pens—with one such scribbler, *New York Herald* correspondent Thomas W. Knox, nicknamed "Elephant" for his large size and even larger ego. During the initial stages of the Vicksburg campaign, Knox reported that Sherman was "so exceedingly erratic that the discussion of a twelve month ago with respect to his sanity was revived with much earnestness. Insanity and inefficiency have brought their result." When Sherman read the article, he had Knox arrested and brought before him. Knox was unrepentant. "I have no feeling against you personally," he told the enraged general, "but you are regarded as the enemy of our set, and we must in self-defense write you down." Sherman wanted to court-martial Knox for violating Army regulations requiring all news reports to be approved by the commanding general in advance, but settled instead for kicking him out of camp. Ironically, Sherman's action may have saved Knox's life. Not long after his banishment, three fellow reporters were blown out of the water while attempting to run the Vicksburg batteries. Knox always believed he would have been aboard the ill-fated boat as well. Sherman, told that the shelling had killed three reporters, responded, "Good! Now we'll have news from hell before breakfast."

NOT ALL GENERALS HAD SUCH AN ADVERSARIAL relationship with the press. Indeed, Union General-in-Chief Ulysses S. Grant owed his career to two friendly journalists. The first, Welsh reporter Sylvanus Cadwallader performed his greatest service to Grant by not writing a story about the general's drunken antics aboard the steamship *Diligent* in June 1863. Cadwallader was the only journalist to accompany Grant on a two-day inspection tour of Union positions around Vicksburg. "I was not long in perceiving that Grant had been drinking, and that he was still keeping it up," Cadwallader admitted many years later. "He made several trips to the barroom of the boat, and became stupid in speech and staggering in gait." Grant, who had a history of binge drinking when under stress, drank heavily throughout the trip, and Cadwallader acted more as nursemaid than reporter, finally getting the general to lie down and sleep it off. Had he reported Grant's actions accurately, it is highly likely that Grant would have been relieved of command before Vicksburg fell and his reputation soured.

Grant was also well served by another New York journalist, former *Tribune* editor Charles A. Dana, who like Cadwallader first made his acquaintance at Vicksburg. Dana had traded in his reporter's pen for a governmental post as assistant secretary of war. His job was to report on Grant's conduct to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, who had been hearing disturbing rumors about the general. Grant, displaying the first signs of the surprising political skills that would later carry him to the White House, cultivated Dana's friendship and treated him as a military equal. Dana, in turn, sent back glowing reports on Grant's leadership skills, cementing his hold on command. Six months later, performing a similar duty in Tennessee, Dana gave a less receptive Maj. Gen. William Rosecrans disastrous marks for mishandling the Battle of Chickamauga, and sent Lincoln and Stanton entirely misleading reports about Rosecrans's alleged plans to abandon Chattanooga. When Rosecrans was removed, Dana humbly suggested that Grant be given the post, and his rapid success in

breaking the Confederate siege (using Rosecrans's own plans) led to Grant's transfer to Virginia, where he ultimately would defeat Robert E. Lee and win the war.

The single most impressive scoop of the war was made by *New York Tribune* reporter George Smalley at the Battle of Antietam in September 1862. Smalley spent much of the battle—the bloodiest single day in American history—acting as an unofficial messenger for Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker, who commanded one of the Union corps at Antietam. Riding from one end of the battlefield to the other, Smalley had two horses shot from under him and Rebel shrapnel tore his coat. After Hooker was wounded, Smalley withdrew to a small farmhouse crowded with other wounded soldiers, where he began writing a firsthand account of the battle, which he termed "the greatest fight since Waterloo."

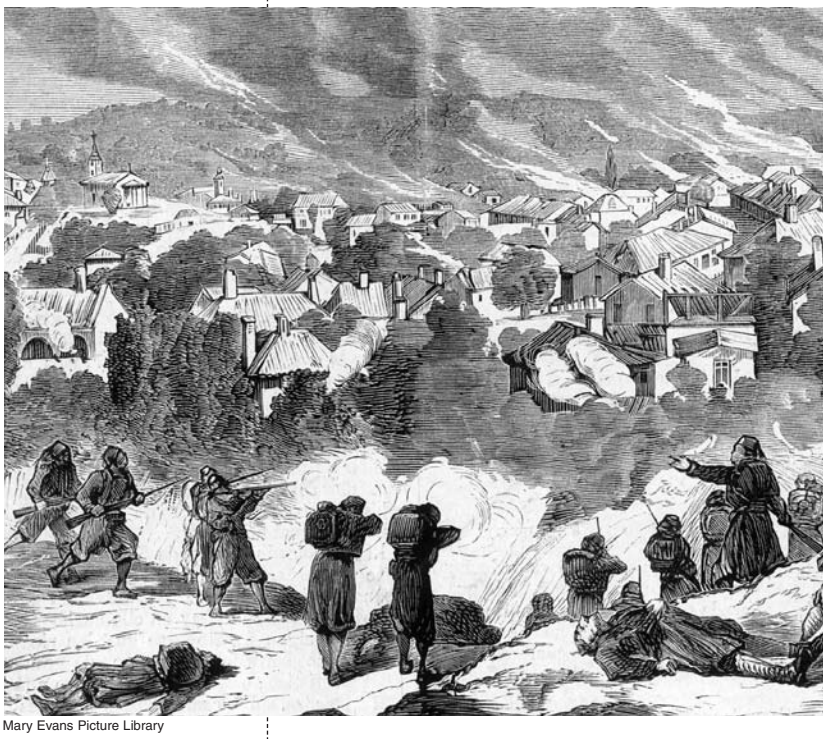
COMMANDEERING ANOTHER HORSE, HE SET OUT FOR Frederick, where he dictated several pages of descriptive reporting to a sleepy telegraph operator before jumping on a train bound for Baltimore. Talking his way onto a military train, Smalley made it to New York City the next morning, writing all the way. The *Tribune* brought out a breakfast extra edition containing six columns of Smalley's report, the first news the North had of its first significant victory in the war. Fourteen hundred other newspapers picked up the story, and *New York Evening Post* editor William Cullen Bryant called it "a truly admirable account, which ranks for clearness, animation and apparent accuracy with the best battle pieces in literature, and far excels anything written by Crimean Russell."

The Army's various campaigns against the Plains Indians following the Civil War received a good deal of coverage in the newspapers of the day, but most of it was eastern-based editorializing that was far removed from the widely scattered encounters on the frontier. One luckless newsman, however, 40-year-old Mark Kellogg of the *Bismarck Tribune,* did manage to get himself killed alongside Colonel George Armstrong Custer and the rest of the 7th Cavalry at the Battle of the Little Bighorn in June 1876. Kellogg, a part-time journalist and law clerk, was a last-minute replacement for *Tribune* editor Clement A. Lounsberry, who was scheduled to accompany Custer on the expedition, but had to cancel when his wife became ill. Kellogg, an inveterate Indian hater who signed his dispatches "Frontier," eagerly took his place. His last report to Lounsberry concluded: "We leave the Rosebud [Creek] tomorrow, and by the time this reaches you we will have met and fought the red devils, with what results remains to be seen. I go with Custer and will be at the death." He was. Months later, a scouting party came upon Kellogg's decomposing remains in a ravine overlooking the Custer battlefield. He had been scalped, and one ear had been lopped off. He was identified by his curiously patched boots.

In Europe, a new generation of correspondents followed in the footsteps of William Howard Russell. One of the most prominent was Archibald Forbes, a German-speaking Scotsman who recently had resigned his commission after serving five years in the British Royal Dragoons. When the Franco-Prussian War broke out in 1870, Forbes chose to cover the German side of the war for the *London Daily News*. His first dispatch, following the Battle of Gravelotte in August 1870, was a classic of firsthand observation, depicting Prussian king Wilhelm I and his chancellor, Otto von Bismarck, nervously waiting for news of the outcome: "The old King sat, with his back against a wall, on a ladder, one end of which rested on a broken gun-carriage, the other on a dead horse. Bismarck, with an elaborate assumption of coolness which his restlessness belied, made pretence to be reading letters. The roll of the close battle swelled and deepened till the very ground trembled beneath us. The hoofs of a galloping horse rattled on the causeway. A moment later [General Helmuth von] Moltke, his face for once quivering with emotion, sprang from the saddle, and running to the King, cried out, 'It is good for us; we have carried the position, and the victory is with your Majesty!' The King started to his feet with a fervent 'God be thanked!' and then burst into tears. Bismarck, with a great sigh of relief, crushed his letter in the hollow of his hand."

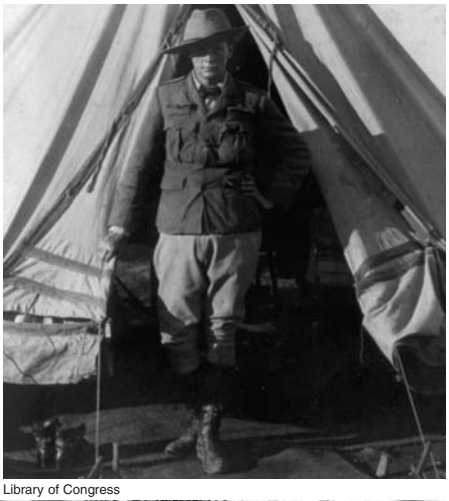
Thanks to his closeness to the German high command, Forbes was one of only two journalists—a Dutch correspondent was the other—to witness French emperor Napoleon III's abject surrender to Bismarck at an isolated weaver's cottage following the climactic Battle of Sedan in September 1870. He further traded on his unexcelled access by persuading German commanders to give him advance details of their plans to bombard Paris. Armed with the plans, Forbes telegraphed a before-the-fact account of the bombardment to the *Daily News,* which preset the report in type. As soon as he heard the first gun go off, Forbes instructed a waiting telegraph operator to signal "Go ahead," and the newspaper rushed his scoop into print two full days before his competitors.

A second resourceful *Daily News* reporter in Paris that fall was an Englishman with a decidedly French-sounding name. Unlike Forbes, Henry Labouchere was trapped inside the besieged city, where he entertained readers with a lively account of his gastronomical vicissitudes. Signing himself "Besieged Resident," Labouchere sent his articles to London by balloon—a colorful means of transport that gave added zest to his reporting. "I confess I am not one of those persons who snuff up the battle from afar and feel an irresistible desire to rush into the middle of it," Labouchere admitted. "To be knocked on the head by a shell merely to gratify one's curiosity appears to me to be utmost height of absurdity." Instead, the urbane reporter focused on his fellow Parisians' inventive means of cooking their less than haute cuisine meals, which included eating all the animals in the Paris Zoo and concocting gruesome stews composed variously of dogs, cats, donkeys, squirrels, and something called all too graphically "salami of rat."



Mary Evans Picture Library

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: A young Winston Churchill as a war correspondent at Bloemfontein, South Africa, during the Boer War. San Francisco *Bulletin* reporter McKay takes notes in camp during the Modoc Indian War, while scouts keep a lookout for hostile warriors. Rampaging Turks burn the town of Kujaschwatz, Serbia, during the Bulgarian war for independence. From *La Illustracion Espanola y Americana,* August 1876. A young Winston Churchill as a war correspondent at Bloemfontein, South Africa, during the Boer War.



Library of Congress

One of Forbes's associates at the *Daily News,* the grandly named, American-born Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, made journalism history later that decade with his impassioned reports from the far eastern stretches of Central Europe. MacGahan first attracted attention with his daring coverage of a Russian expedition against the Muslim city of Khiva in the spring of 1873. Writing for the *New York Herald,* MacGahan described an attack on the Muslims by Cossack cavalry: "Down the little descent we plunge, our horses sinking to their knees in the yielding sand, and across the plain we sweep like a tornado. Then there are shouts and cries, a scattering discharge of firearms, and our lines are broken by the abandoned carts, and our progress impeded by the cattle and sheep that are running wildly about over the plain. It is a scene of the wildest confusion. I halt a moment to look around me. Here is a Turcoman lying in the sand, with a bullet through his head; a little farther a Cossack stretched out on the ground, with a horrible saber cut on the face; then two women, with three or four children, sitting down in the sand, crying and sobbing piteously, and begging for their lives."

The Granger Collection, New York

National Archives

When fighting erupted between the Ottoman Turks and Bulgarians in 1876, the *Daily News* hired MacGahan to cover the story. He traveled to the Balkans, where he found Turkish irregulars, called Bashi-Bazouks, engaged in a systematic reign of terror against the rebellious Bulgarians. Scores of villages had been burned to the ground, and thousands of residents, including some Germans, Greeks, and Armenians, had been slaughtered. In the town of Panagurishte, MacGahan witnessed bearded Turks plucking infants out of their cradles with bayonets and tossing them into the air before spitting them again on their blades. Women and young girls were raped and murdered in the streets. "The procedure seems to have been as follows," wrote MacGahan. "They would seize a woman, strip her carefully to her chemise, laying aside any ornaments and jewels she might have about her. Then as many of them as cared would violate her, and the last man would kill her or not as the humor took him."

In one churchyard, MacGahan came upon the corpses of some 3,000 murdered villagers: "It was a fearful sight—a sight to haunt one through life. There were little curly heads there in that festering mass, crushed down by heavy stones; little feet not as long as your finger on which the flesh was dried hard; little baby hands stretched out as if for help; babes that had died wondering at the bright gleam of sabers and the red hands of the fierce-eyed men who wielded them; children who had died shrinking with fright and terror; mothers who died trying to shield their little ones with their own weak bodies, all lying there together festering in one horrid mass."

MacGahan's impassioned reporting led Russia to declare war on Turkey in Bulgaria's behalf. The subsequent war lasted for 11 months and ended with a Russian victory and the independence of Bulgaria from Turkish rule. MacGahan, weakened by a fall from a horse and other injuries, covered the war from the top of a gun carriage, sending his final story from Constantinople in the spring of 1878. He contracted typhus and died there on June 9, having had the honor of being

National Archives

Library of Congress

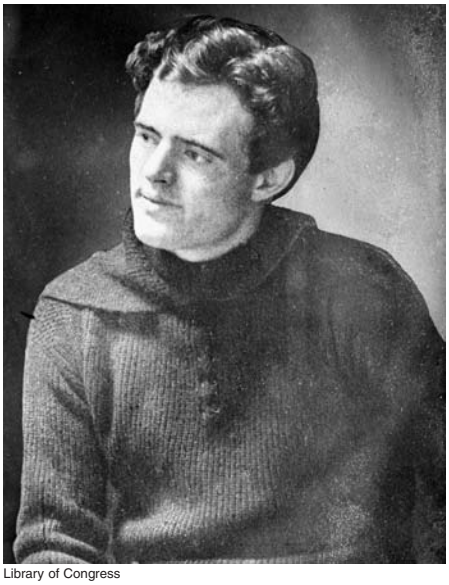
ABOVE: Scripps-Howard columnist Ernie Pyle shares a cigarette with some 1st Division Marines on Ie Shima on April 8, 1945. He was killed later that same day by a Japanese machine gunner. RIGHT: Sir Philip Gibbs of the *London Daily Chronicle* intentionally soft-peddled the horrendous British losses at the Battle of the Somme. FAR RIGHT: American novelist Jack London spent a frustrating few months covering the Russo-Japanese War in 1904. He was almost court-martialed for punching a thieving Japanese soldier.

the only newspaper reporter to ever personally start a war and liberate a country. For years afterward, his death was commemorated by grateful Bulgarians at an annual requiem mass in Tirnova.

Another late 19th-century correspondent made his name in Africa, and quite a name it was—Winston Churchill. The aristocratic Churchill, son of Lord Randolph Churchill and his beautiful American-born wife, Jennie Jerome, had entered the British Army in 1894 and served with the 4th Hussars in India, where he wrote for the *London Morning Post* in his spare time. With an indefatigable nose for adventure and self-promotion, Churchill managed to get himself seconded to the 21st Lancers in time for Lord Horatio Kitchener's famous punitive expedition against the Muslim army of the Mahdi in the Sudan. Joining the army outside Omdurman in late August 1898, Churchill arrived just in time to take place in the last great cavalry charge in English history.

RIDING INTO THE SWIRLING MIDST OF sword- and spear-wielding dervishes, Churchill fired away with his Mauser pistol, killing several tribesmen and barely managing to escape with his life back to his own lines. There he beheld the other survivors making their way from the field, "a succession of grisly apparitions; horses spouting blood, struggling on three legs, men staggering on foot, men bleeding from terrible wounds, fish-hook spears struck right through them, arms and faces cut to pieces, bowels protruding, men gasping, crying, collapsing, expiring." The charge, Churchill told readers back home in England, "was of perhaps as great value to the Empire as the victory itself. England may rise refreshed and, contemplating the past with calmness, may feel confidence in the present and high hope in the future. We can still produce soldiers worthy of their officers—and there has hitherto been no complaint about the officers."

Two years later, Churchill went to South Africa to cover the newly started Boer War. Once more combining the roles of army lieutenant and newspaper correspondent, Churchill eagerly boarded a train bound for the front. When it was intercepted by Boer commandos, Churchill narrowly missed being shot for carrying a sidearm while "masquerading" as a correspondent. Only the fact that he had dropped the gun before being taken prisoner prevented the future prime minister from being killed at the age of 24. Imprisoned in a makeshift jail at Pretoria, Churchill subsequently escaped and made his way across 300 miles of hostile bush to Lourenco Marques, where he sent a stalwart dispatch to the *Morning Post*: "I am very weak but I am free. I have lost many pounds but I am



Library of Congress

lighter in heart. I shall also avail myself of every opportunity from this moment to urge with earnestness an unflinching and uncompromising prosecution of the war." His escape, and the best-selling book he wrote about it, *London to Ladysmith via Pretoria,* made Churchill famous and set him on his way to becoming, four decades later, England's greatest modern prime minister.

Another well-bred and adventurous young aristocrat—this time an American—also traded on his experiences in a foreign war to rise to the heights of political power. His name was Theodore Roosevelt, and although he was something of an author himself, his glamorous service in the Spanish-American War was left to others to recount. In this, Roosevelt had the good luck to be friends with the most famous correspondent of his day, *New York Journal* contributor Richard Harding Davis. By the time the war had begun in April 1898, Davis's flamboyant boss, *Journal* publisher William Randolph Hearst, had spent months preparing the public for the noble undertaking. Caught up in a press war with rival publisher Joseph Pulitzer of the *New York World,* Hearst shame-

lessly beat the drums for war, wiring freelance illustrator Frederick Remington (who was already in Cuba and worrying about the lack of action), "You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war."

A battalion of reporters, photographers, and artists descended on Cuba that spring. Besides Davis, the best-known—and far and away the most talented—was the brilliant young novelist Stephen Crane, who had created a sensation three years earlier with his Civil War novel, *The Red Badge of Courage*. The almost suicidally fearless Crane—"The coolest man, whether army officer or civilian, that I saw under fire at any time during the war," Davis marveled—strode around in a white linen raincoat, habitually smoking a cigarette, while Spanish marksmen peppered the ground around him. No admirer of Roosevelt, with whom he had crossed swords while Roosevelt was assistant police commissioner of New York, Crane correctly reported the first encounter of the Rough Riders at Las Guasimas as "a gallant blunder," criticizing Roosevelt's handpicked unit for its "remarkably wrong idea of how the Spanish bushwhack." Davis, who had also termed the affair "an ambush," rushed into press with a follow-up story that sought to deflect criticism of Roosevelt by claiming absurdly that there was "a vast difference between blundering into an ambuscade and setting out with full knowledge that will find the enemy in ambush."

Roosevelt and Crane studiously avoided one another during the days leading up to the climactic battle of the war, at San Juan Hill on July 2, 1898. There the Rough Riders, with Roosevelt in the lead, made one of the most dramatic charges in American history, routing Spanish defenders from their fortified position atop Kettle Hill (Davis incorrectly confused Kettle Hill with San Juan Hill, which was beside it, in his report). Even Crane had to admit that the charge, made without orders and in the face of withering rifle fire, was remarkable. "It was the best moment of anyone's life," he conceded generously. For his part in the battle, Roosevelt later was awarded a much-delayed Medal of Honor, and traded on the famous exploit to win election first as governor of New York, then as vice president to William McKinley, and finally to the presidency when McKinley was assassinated by an anarchist in 1901. Crane's legacy was less fortunate. He contracted a serious fever, probably malaria, in Cuba's tropical heat, and it quickly developed into tuberculosis. Eighteen months later he was dead, still a few weeks shy of his 29th birthday.

Crane's work as a war correspondent encouraged another famous American author, Jack London, to accept a roving commission from Hearst to cover the Russo-Japanese War in 1904. London, a hard-drinking former oyster pirate and Klondike gold miner, had risen to fame as the author of *The Call of the Wild*. "I entered upon this campaign with the most gorgeous conceptions of what a war correspondent's work in the world must be," London recalled later. "I remembered Stephen Crane's description of being under fire in Cuba. I had heard of all sorts of conditions of correspondents in all sorts of battles and skirmishes, right in the thick of it, where life was keen and immortal moments were being lived. In brief, I came to the war expecting to get thrills. My only thrills have been those of indignation and irritation." Frustrated by the tight control of war news by Japanese commanders, London finally exploded, punching a soldier who was stealing his horse's fodder and getting arrested by the authorities. Only a personal telegram from Richard Harding Davis to President Roosevelt prevented London from being court-martialed and executed by his captors.

THE HEAVY CENSORSHIP OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR foreshadowed the even tighter control of war news by the United States and her western allies in World War I. The correspondent's job ceased being a romantic gallop on horseback to the front and became a ceaseless wrangle with Army bureaucrats behind the lines. Lord Kitchener, in command of Britain's armed forces, had long despised journalists—he called them "drunken swabs"—going back to his unhappy experience with Winston Churchill at Omdurman. He instituted tight control of correspondents, saddling each journalist with a "conducting officer" who traveled at his side, read his dispatches, and told him when and where he could visit the front. In addition, Kitchener issued orders making it a shooting offense to be caught taking photographs of the war in the trenches, resulting in World War I being perhaps the least photographed major war in modern history. When all else failed, the Army appealed to the correspondents' sense of patriotism. Philip Gibbs of the *London Daily Chronicle* noted ruefully, "We wiped our minds of all thought of personal scoops and all temptation to write one word which would make the tasks of officers and men more difficult or dangerous. There was no need of censorship of our dispatches. We were our own censors." This led Gibbs to write of the Battle of the Somme, the bloodiest defeat in British history: "It is, on balance, a good day for England and France. It is a day of promise in this war."

America's most famous war correspondent, Richard Harding Davis, refused to operate under such humiliating limitations. After rushing to the war in time to see the first German troops enter Brussels in 1914, Davis was arrested by German soldiers who found a photograph in his pocket showing him wearing a British-style military uniform (actually a copy of the Boer War-era tunics, which the Anglophiliac Davis had adopted for his personal use). "It is clear that you are a British officer out of uniform, taken inside our lines," he was told. "You know what that means." Davis was spared summary execution, but was forced to walk 50 miles to the rear on a bruised ankle.

"DEAD MEN IN WINTER and dead men in summer. Dead men in such monstrous infinity that THEY BECOME MONOTONOUS."

His treatment was less brutal at the hands of the English and French, but no less frustrating. Refused permission to visit the front lines, Davis eventually returned home, saying disgustedly, "The day of the war correspondent is over. I'm not about to write sidelights."

When the United States entered the war in 1917, General John J. Pershing, commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force, instituted similar censorship of American journalists. Pro-British correspondent Frederick Palmer was hired by Pershing to oversee his fellow American correspondents as part of the Army's G-2 Intelligence Department. Under Palmer's management, all dispatches were read and censored before being transmitted back to the United States. In one particularly ludicrous instance, a report that grateful French civilians had presented Americans with cases of wine was killed because "it suggest bibulous indulgence by American soldiers which might offend temperance forces in the United States." Palmer even censored journalists' expense accounts. *Chicago Tribune* reporter Floyd Gibbons, violating Palmer's limitations on unauthorized trips to the front, paid a heavy price when he was machine-gunned by German forces while accompanying a platoon of Marines across an open field near Belleau Wood in June 1918. Gibbons survived the shooting but lost an eye, and from that time on wore a black eye patch that became his trademark.

Continued on page 81

FIGHTING FOR THE HOOK

A mixed bag of English-speaking United Nations forces fought a series of bloody battles with Chinese and Korean Communists for a small piece of strategic real estate known as "THE HOOK."

PEERING INTENTLY THROUGH A TELESCOPE, General Lemuel C. Shepherd, the commandant of the Marine Corps, scanned the shell-pocked Korean terrain in front of his position. Shepherd had made a special visit to the Korean front lines to obtain a firsthand view of the Main of Line of Resistance (MLR) his Marines were defending. In the early spring of 1952, under orders from the U.S. Eighth Army in Korea, the entire 25,000-man 1st Marine Division had moved from the east-central sector of the country to the western part of I Corps to man positions along the extreme left flank of an area called the Jamestown Line. In early March the Marines, joined by the attached 1st Korean Marine Corps, completed the move. Maj. Gen. John T. Selden, 1st Marine Division commander, now had 32 miles of harsh country to defend.

BY AL HEMINGWAY

Marines engage in ferocious close-hand fighting during the Korean War in this color painting by Colonel Charles Waterhouse.

Colonel Charles Waterhouse Historical Museum

National Archives

LEFT: Marines dig in on a barren, shell-torn hillside formerly occupied by the Communists.

SHEPHERD, FOR HIS PART, WAS CONCERNED about the leathernecks' difficult assignment. In front of their positions was a small speck of land protruding beyond the MLR like a huge thumb. This seemingly insignificant feature, called the Hook by those who had to defend it, dominated the approach to the vital Samichon Valley. The landscape surrounding the Hook was a defender's nightmare—steep, rugged hills inundated the countryside. If the Chinese managed to break through the Marines' lines, they could march unhindered all the way to Seoul, the capital of South Korea. As poor a military position as the Hook was, the Marines had no alternative but to occupy it. In enemy hands, the consequences would be catastrophic. Chinese occupation of the Hook would afford a corridor for the enemy to outflank the right flank and reach the Imjin River. This in turn would not only cut off the Marines from the adjacent 1st Commonwealth Division, but also probably render the entire United Nations position beyond the Imjin untenable.

Throughout the spring and summer of 1952, Marines and other Allied units battled the Communists for the various hills and other important terrain features. These bitter, sharp clashes were dubbed "the outpost battles." In early October, the 7th Marines occupied the Jamestown Line near the Hook. To keep a watchful eye on their adversaries, the Marines established two small combat outposts, Seattle and Warsaw. On October 2, the Chinese struck at Seattle and seized it. Concerned about the Hook, the defenders decided to create another position dubbed Ronson (so named after a Marine had misplaced his Ronson lighter there after a night patrol) about 275 yards west of the Hook. Warsaw was 600 yards northeast of the salient.

The leathernecks' main problem was manpower. The Marines, plus attached units, had 5,000 troops to defend the Hook. To alleviate the shortage, "clutch platoons" were organized, using Marine cooks, clerks, and motor transport personnel to perform Minuteman-type assignments. They could quickly be formed into reserve rifle platoons in extreme emergency conditions. The leathernecks were not only outmanned, but they were outgunned. To their front were the 356th and 357th Regiments, 119th Division, and 40th Chinese Communist Forces (CCF). Numbering about 7,000 men, the Chinese also possessed 10 battalions of artillery—something the Marines notably lacked—approximately 120 guns in all. In addition, the Marines also suffered from a severe shortage of 105mm and 155mm howitzer shells.

Enemy activity increased dramatically in the last week of October; thousands of artillery rounds were fired on Marine emplacements. Most of the enemy fire was concentrated on the Hook, Warsaw, and Ronson. Marine and Army artillery units responded, trying to silence the enemy guns. Air strikes and tanks guided by forward observers attempted to halt the incessant bombardment. Everyone was braced for the inevitable assault.

On the cold night of October 26, a company from the 3rd Battalion, 357th Regiment attacked Ronson's small group, raining down mortar and artillery rounds. Trying in vain to hold on, the riflemen responded with automatic weapons fire. It was no use—every American defender was killed. While Ronson was being overrun, a large enemy force from the 9th Company, 357th Regiment descended on Warsaw, which was defended by a reinforced platoon from Company A, 1st Battalion, 7th Marines. Lieutenant John Babson quickly radioed for "box me in" fire (artillery fire that formed a protective shield around the outpost). Despite the heavy shelling, the Chinese penetrated the perimeter. The fighting was hand-to-hand. Just past 7 PM, a clutch platoon was readied to reinforce Warsaw when a radio transmission was received: "We are being overrun." The outpost was assumed lost. However, just before 8 PM another message requested variable-time fuses to be detonated over the imperiled position. This was the last word heard from the defenders of Warsaw. Only three Marines survived the Communist attack.

As the two outposts were being decimated, a massive bombardment saturated the Hook itself. "Some 34,000 rounds of CCF artillery were used to soften the position before seizure," Lt. Col. Norman Hicks wrote, "and when the enemy assault came, there were few able to resist." Captain Paul Byrum's Company C, 1st Battalion, 7th Marines guarded the important hill. He decided to reconnoiter the ridgeline after receiving a call from Ronson that they were being overrun. He and a sergeant were forced to split up because of the Communist mortar barrage. The sergeant was later killed, and Byrum was buried four times with dirt from near misses.

> "Five gooks jumped out of nowhere and went for O'Brien. The guy must have had tremendous reflexes, because he dropped all five."

At exactly 7 PM, the Chinese converged on the Hook in a classic three-pronged maneuver. In less than an hour the enemy had reached the main trench line of Charlie Company. "They were coming over the ridge, gangs of them yelling and blowing horns," said Pfc. James Yarborough. "They had a horn that sounded like a milk cow. We couldn't get our guns to

work, and we only had two hand grenades. I threw one and my buddy had the pin pulled and was ready to throw the other when he got hit. I threw it."

Yarborough and his friend managed to emerge from the bunker and lay motionless near the concertina wire on the perimeter. "I lay there and watched the bunker about two and a half hours," he recalled. "My buddy was still close to it. Finally they came out and it looked as if they were going to shoot him. I still had my carbine and I fired to scatter them. Somehow I got through the wire. My buddy, he got away too."

CHINESE INFANTRYMEN BREACHED THE WIRE AND infiltrated the trenches. A forward observation team from Battery F, 2nd Battalion, 11th Marines directed accurate fire on the enemy attackers. When they lost communications, 2nd Lt. Sherrod Skinner, Jr., directed his men to leave the bunker and continue to fight. Trapped by the overwhelming enemy numbers, he organized a makeshift defensive position and poured fire into the advancing Communists. During the intense combat, Skinner was struck twice while attempting to replenish the machine-gun squads with ammunition and grenades.

Despite their heroic stand, the Marines were outnumbered by the Chinese. Skinner ordered everyone back to their bunkers. Corporal Franklin Roy and Pfc. Vance Worster killed a dozen enemy soldiers before depleting their ammunition. Skinner felt their only hope was to play dead. As the men lay motionless, the enemy searched them. As they were departing, they tossed chicoms (Chinese hand grenades) into the bunker opening. One of the projectiles peppered Worster's legs with shrapnel. Skinner rolled over on another one, taking the full brunt of the explosion, which killed him instantly.

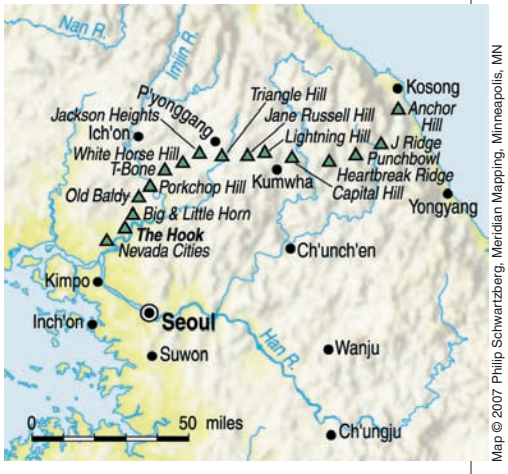
Although wounded several times, Roy crawled from the sandbagged bunker and discovered a box of hand grenades. He began lobbing them at the enemy until he exhausted his supply. He finally made his way to friendly lines and informed them of what had happened. Unknown to Roy, Worster had already succumbed to his wounds. Skinner was awarded a posthumous Medal of Honor, and Roy and Worster received Navy Crosses for their bravery.

The determined attack on the Hook soon forced Charlie Company from its positions. By dawn, the Communists had gained a toehold on the Hook. Marine historian Lt. Col. Robert Heinl, Jr., present during the battle, later commented, "Soon it was apparent that a serious situation confronted the 7th Marines. This was clearly reflected in the faces and demeanor of the regimental commander and executive officer. Enemy fire was unceasing, and his attack continued." What remained of Charlie Company had climbed a crest overlooking the Hook and began firing down on the occupants. A platoon from Able Company, originally slated to go to Warsaw, joined them there, keeping the Communists in check and preventing their advance.

More reinforcements were needed, however, if the enemy was to be driven from the Hook. Captain Fred McLaughlin's Able Company, 1st Battalion, 7th Marines was tapped to link up with Charlie Company and retake the all-important position. McLaughlin had just minutes to devise a plan of attack. He told Lieutenant Stanley Rauh to take a platoon, dig in on the left flank, and deliver as much firepower as possible to create a diversion. Meanwhile, he would take the remaining force of approximately 150 men around the right flank.

Just before daylight, Rauh's men moved out. As the Marines made their way toward the Hook, the Communist shelling became heavier. When their radio was destroyed by enemy fire, Rauh grabbed a tank's infantry phone in the rear of the tracked vehicle. Suddenly a white phosphorous round impacted close to them, and Rauh and a sergeant were wounded. The intense heat from the shell fused shut the bolt on Rauh's carbine and scorched his hands. Because of the lack of water, his men urinated on his hands to stop the burning.

Reaching the command post, Rauh found Byrum still alive. He set out to rescue several isolated pockets of trapped Marines who had been fighting all night. Pfc. Enrique Romero-Nieves picked up an armful of hand grenades and singlehandedly assaulted an enemy bunker. When a bullet shattered his arm, he continued his advance using his belt buckle to pull the pins from the grenades as he moved forward. He survived to be presented a Navy Cross.



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


Australian War Memorial

Chinese positions in the Forward Platoon area of the Hook, looking due east. The grass-tufted ridge in the foreground is Ronson Run, which connected enemy positions in the Hook. INSET: The Hook guarded the vital Samichon Valley approaches to Seoul.

Marine and Army rounds began impacting on Warsaw to prevent the enemy from using the position as a forward observation point. Heavy fighting continued at the Hook as Marine tanks positioned themselves on any flat surface they could find and pounded the Chinese now holding fortifications that had been held by the leathernecks a few hours before. Fighter aircraft strafed and napalmed enemy troops attempting to reinforce the Hook from the former Marine outpost on Warsaw. In spite of the superb support, the battle was far from over. The enemy displayed no signs of retreating from the Hook. Rauh recalled: "Communications on the hook were terrible due to the incoming, the terrain and the general confusion of battle. At one point I was talking to the battalion by radio not three feet away from and facing my radioman when a grenade landed on his chest, killing him—I didn't get touched—only severely jarred. A few moments later a mortar fragment tore the flesh off above my knee."

The situation at the Hook was desperate. Colonel Thomas C. Moore, Jr., 7th Marines commander, had no choice but to release his last reserve company. Realizing that Able Company and the remnants of Charlie were too weak to push the enemy off the Hook, Moore decided to send in Company H, 3rd Battalion. The enemy, now consolidating forces and moving on the adjacent Hill 146, had to be stopped.

WHILE THE BELEAGUERED MARINES WERE immersed in bitter fighting to regain the Hook, the CCF hurled themselves against the nearby outposts of Carson-Reno-Vegas. Defending these positions were elements of the 2nd Battalion, 7th Marines. A patrol from Company E had just set up an ambush when two CCF companies, moving to attack Reno, wandered into their fields of fire. Just as the enemy was about to advance, the riflemen opened fire, catching the Communists completely by surprise. A few hours later the Chinese returned in force, assaulting the Marines' perimeter in waves. As the enemy pressed forward, the leathernecks took shelter in their reinforced bunkers while artillery from the 11th Marines caught the CCF units in the open, forcing them to retreat. Reno had been saved.

In the predawn hours, How Company slowly made its way toward the Hook. At 8 AM, Captain Bernard Belant ordered his company forward. Leading the charge was 2nd Lt. George H. O'Brien, Jr., from Fort Worth, Texas. With his platoon following him, he zigzagged down the slope toward the main trench line. A burst from an enemy rifle struck him in the arm, slamming him to the ground. Undaunted, O'Brien leaped to his feet and continued the assault. He tossed hand grenades in enemy bunkers as he urged his men on.

One eyewitness account of O'Brien's actions that day noted, "Five gooks jumped out of nowhere and went for O'Brien. The guy must have had tremendous reflexes, because he dropped all five. He was also wounded, but did this stop him? Hell, no! He continued to lead his platoon. He must have been a hell of an officer." For four hours O'Brien's platoon held off

Australian War Memorial

ABOVE: Private Peter Couch and Corporal Bill Laws of the 2nd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, look out at enemy lines in the Hook. BELOW: Wreckage of a machine-gun position manned by the 1st Battalion, Black Watch.

Imperial War Museum

the Chinese. When they could advance no farther, the platoon formed a defensive perimeter and waited for any enemy counterattack. O'Brien remained with his men until they were relieved by a fresh unit. For his actions at the Hook, O'Brien later would have the Medal of Honor draped around his neck by President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

In spite of the valorous attempts to retake the Hook, the enemy still held onto it. On the morning of October 27, Company I, 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines was told to move up and attack. With artillery support from the 11th Marines and additional firepower from four Corsairs, the first platoon had made it to the crest and by mid-afternoon the entire company was advancing. A company of CCF troops was pouring rifle and automatic weapons fire at the leathernecks, who literally had to crawl toward their objective. Chinese gunners were also delivering devastating fire on the regimental command post.

By 5 PM, Item Company Marines had fought their way to the trenches but were forced to pull back when the Communists opened an overwhelming broadside of machine-gun and rifle fire. Most of the riflemen sought refuge on the reverse slope to avoid being caught in an enemy barrage. By nightfall, Company B, 1st Battalion, 7th Marines was assaulting the enemy trenches at the Hook on the left of Company I. Baker Company infantrymen found it tough going as they reconnoitered the many shell craters that dotted the battle-scarred landscape to reach their jumping-off point and strike at the enemy.

Just past midnight on the 28th, the Marines charged, blasting the Chinese with small-arms fire. A flurry of chicoms met the attackers head-on. Throughout the night, Marine artillery hammered the CCF units. By dawn the Hook was taken. Captain Fred McLaughlin, in charge of retrieving any dead and wounded after the battle, later remembered, "I went around an abandoned trench line at one point and there was a face looking at me from the side of the hill. It was just like it was painted on the side of the hill. It was a Chinese trooper who had been blown into the side of the hill, just the face. We dug these people out. I don't know how many. It seems to me that over a period from 0800 in the morning until 1500 in the afternoon, we probably located 40-50. Most of them were Chinese but we did recover quite a number of American boys who had given their lives up there on that awful hill that day."

After the savage fighting to seize the Hook, General Mark W. Clark, commander of Allied forces in the Far East, penned a letter to Secretary of Defense Robert Lovett admonishing the Department of Defense for the shortage of artillery shells. The following year, Congress conducted a series of hearings to explore the situation. It was too late for the young men who had died at the Hook. The penetration by the Chinese of the MLR and the capture of the Hook for 36 hours was the first time the enemy had held any Marine outpost for a long time. In the end, the Chinese paid dearly for their incursion, losing 494 killed and 370 wounded. Marine losses were significant as well, with 82 killed, 386 wounded, and 27 missing. The

Chinese, however, were determined to capture and hold the valuable piece of land at any price. Soon they would return.

On November 3, Company D of the 1st Black Watch Regiment and the Canadian Princess Patricia Light Infantry relieved the Marines. Lt. Col. David Rose, commanding officer of the 1st Black Watch Regiment, immediately set out to rebuild and reinforce the fortifications on the Hook, Ronson, Warsaw, the Sausage (a ridge near Hill 121), and Hills 121 and 146. Although the Jocks (slang for British soldiers) did not particularly like their new assignment of digging improved trenches, Rose realized the importance of the task. An improved barbed wire system was installed and communication units laid a new complex pattern of wireless sets and field phones, in some cases doubling and even tripling the number to enhance communications in the event of another attack.

Australian War Memorial

Body of a slain Chinese soldier lies outside the Australian-held position in the Hook, late July 1953.

Rose's elaborate plan was only half completed when, on the night of November 18, Chinese soldiers were spotted by sentries at Warsaw. The enemy quickly overran Warsaw and assaulted the Hook. From their positions at Yong Dong, about 2,500 yards away, machine gunners from the Duke of Wellington Regiment supported the Black Watch by firing on fixed lines across the Samichon Valley and over the heads of the Black Watch. In the end, the Dukes expended over 50,000 rounds in 11 hours. Private Neil Deck of the 3rd Battalion, Canadian Princess Pats later recalled, "In total, we were on the Hook three nights that time. On the second and third nights, I dug the trench deeper as it had been destroyed by the shelling. It was cold and the ground was frozen, so I used a pick when I heard a hissing noise coming from the bottom of the trench. I reached down and felt some cloth. Pulling on it, I realized it was a coat with a body inside. It was one of the British. He was bloated and the noise I heard was the air coming out of him after I had punctured him with the pick. I got sick to my stomach again."

The Chinese withdrew, but a short time later the all-too familiar sound of a bugle pierced the night air as the enemy swarmed back over the Hook with a vengeance. The Jocks of the Black Watch were forced to pull back under the sheer

Continues on page 82

AUSTRALIAN AT THE HOOK

During the battle for Hill 111 on the night of July 24-25, 1953, Sergeant Brian Charles Cooper was in charge of a 10-man machine-gun section of the 2nd Royal Australian Regiment located on the extreme right flank of How Company, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines. Cooper's Aussies were instructed to cover the western approaches to the Hook itself, situated approximately 1,000 yards away. At 9:30 PM, enemy artillery slammed into their position, quickly followed by a determined frontal assault from a Chinese company that breached the unit's defenses. It was later estimated that 4,500 rounds fell on Cooper's men.

"Back at my own gun position, we started receiving incoming bombardment again and copped a direct hit on the ammo bay," wrote Private Ron Walker. "I was blown axle over apex and winded. Dan Mudford was staggering around and was wounded. He was bleeding from the ears and his face was sand blasted. A little later, Corporal 'Kipper' Franklyn received a shrapnel wound to his left arm which severed an artery. Blood was squirting 18 inches high. I sent him to the CP as well. I was still requesting illumination flares when Sergeant 'Coop' Cooper warns that he has called our own artillery directly onto us."

Cooper recalled: "The only course of action I could see, given that we had some cover and the enemy none, was to use my radio to call friendly artillery fire down upon our own position. It was delivered with great accuracy and deadly effect. Friendly artillery fired 13,500 rounds in that battle and much of it fell on our position. I was personally stressed by the blast that knocked me over."

Cooper organized his men, plus 11 Marines who had made it out alive from their position, in a defensive perimeter and told his small group to maintain a steady stream of small-arms fire and grenades at the Chinese. Even though the Communists vastly outnumbered the Aussies, they never penetrated their temporary lines. Master Sergeant Charles Owens, USMC (Ret.) recalled: "Sergeant Cooper gave the 2nd platoon (Company H, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines) machinegun fire in front of our position and his own because of the enemy in my trench line. He also sent a British tank to my position to carry out my wounded."

For his exceptional bravery, Cooper would survive and be awarded the Australian Military Medal. His citation read in part: "Throughout the whole night Sergeant Cooper set an outstanding example of cool, cheerful and courageous leadership which was splendid inspiration not only to his own section but also to the men of the U.S. Marines with whom he was fighting."

Years later Owens, together with Brig. Gen. William McCulloch, former commanding officer of Company H, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines, and company Gunnery Sgt. William Parks, wrote a letter to Lt. Gen. P. Cosgrove, chief of staff of the Australian Army. In it, Owens and the rest "expressed our surprise that Sgt. Cooper had not received the Victoria Cross [Britain's highest military award] for his extraordinary heroism on the night of 24 July."

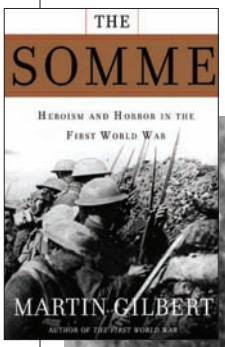
Fifty years after the action on Hill 111, Brian Cooper went to Townsville, Lavarack Barracks, home to the 2nd RAR, when the regiment finally received its official battle honors for its actions at the Hook. On July 24, 2003, the street where battalion headquarters is located was renamed Sergeant B.C. Cooper Street. □

Australian War Memorial

Corporal Brian Charles Cooper of the 2nd Battalion talking on a field telephone on Hill 159.

By Al Hemingway

The Battle of the Somme ushered in new technology for 20th-century warfare that resulted in horrendous casualties.



Genuine combat shots, such as this still of a Vickers machine gunner, were incorporated into the film *The Battle of the Somme,* which was released while the battle was being fought. The film was the first to show death in battle to a British audience.

JUST BEFORE 7:30 ON THE MORNING OF JULY 1, 1916, AN EAR-SHATTERING explosion shook the earth near the village of Beaumont-Hamel in France. At 7:28 AM, another 16 blasts sent streams of dirt and rock skyward. The detonations were the signal for one of the bloodiest encounters of World War I—the Battle of the Somme—where an entire generation of properly raised young Englishmen died, many of them in the first hour of the attack.

In his new book, ***The Somme: Heroism and Horror in the First World War*** (Henry Holt, New York, 2006, 332 pp., photos, map index, $27.95, hardcover), well-known British historian Martin Gilbert recounts the criminally misbegotten strategy that led to the offensive that was supposed to break the fighting will of the German Army. Gilbert also pays due homage to the men who climbed "over the top" and ventured across the desolate and barren land that claimed their lives.

As the year 1916 opened, the British, French, and their allies remained in a stalemate with German troops in a series of trenches that meandered for nearly 1,000 kilometers from the Belgian coastline, through the French countryside, to the border of Switzerland. Between the two armies lay a stretch of ground dubbed no-man's-land. Here was nothing but disease and death, and life in the trenches proved almost unbearable for the soldiers who manned them.

In late 1915, French General Joseph Joffre formulated a plan to "drain the German forces of reserves." The French commander-in-chief's scheme was a battle of attrition—"territorial gain was a secondary aim." However, when German commander General Erich Von Falkenhayn put pressure on Joffre's forces at Verdun, the French leader prodded British General Sir Douglas Haig to expedite the operation for fear that the Germans would "bleed

France white." The Somme, from that point on, would become a predominately British operation. Haig called for a massive bombardment that supposedly would send the enemy scurrying for cover while the infantry advanced across no-man's-land. This would, the British hoped, blast a breach in the German line that could be exploited by the cavalry, which would race forward to seize enemy positions.

Twenty-seven divisions from the British Expeditionary Force (BEF) formed the bulk of the attack force. They were opposed by 16 battle-hardened divisions from the German 2nd Army. Unfortunately for the British, many of their artillery rounds were duds, and the enemy easily withstood the tremendous salvo inside massive concrete fortifications that had been meticulously designed and constructed. When the barrage lifted, German machine gunners remanned their positions and poured a devastating fire at the unshielded British troops.

The Somme ushered in the first use of the Lewis machine gun, which replaced the Vickers gun, and the first employment of tanks, although half of the 50 mechanical monsters that reached the battlefield were soon unfit for duty. In time, these new weapons would inflict horrendous casualties and transform the scarred ground into a bloody and surreal area that made "their screams of pain and cries for help, heard in the facing trenches of friend and foe, rent the day and night."

Most English battalions sustained 50 percent losses at the Somme, and some, like the 1st Battalion, Newfoundland Regiment, fared even worse. Of the 810 in the unit, 310 were killed and 350 were wounded. Only 68 soldiers walked away unscathed. Wrote one officer of the regiment: "It was a magnificent display of trained and disciplined valour, and its assault failed of success because dead men can advance no further."

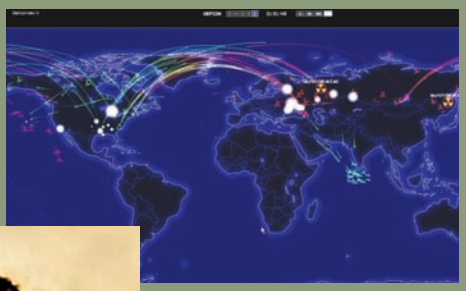
The Allies kept the pressure on the Germans until November 1916, when winter put a halt to combat operations. By then, the casualty lists were horrific: more than 300,000 British, Commonwealth, French, and German troops had been killed and another 600,000 wounded. As Gilbert points out, "The Battle of the Somme was one of the most costly battles in the history of warfare. The battlefield of the Somme remains, 90 years after the battle, a somber, powerful, and constant memorial, and salutation, to the vast armies of men who fought here: those who

simulation gaming *By Eric T. Baker*

Shogun has cool, innovative mechanics.

One of the new classics in war-themed board games is *Wallenstein* by German designer Dirk Henn from Queen Games. While that game simulates two years out of the 30 Years' War, Henn and Queen have released a new game based on the *Wallenstein* mechanics called *Shogun,* which is set in feudal Japan during the Sengoku (Warring States) period. The game is for three to five players and takes around two hours to play. One of the oddities of it is that the map is double sided; players can choose which depiction (there are differences in province size and sea routes) they wish to play.

Shogun carries forward most of *Wallenstein*'s innovative mechanics, and refines some of them. The players' turn order, for instance, is bid on in *Shogun,* and the players' special abilities are randomly tied to the bidding and the order. This is all great, but the important question is, Does *Shogun* use the cube tower? The answer, to everyone's joy, is yes. Basically, the cube tower is a way of randomizing how many armies will actually arrive and fight in any battle. In practice, the tower doesn't affect the game as much as it might because the randomness encourages people to fight only when they have overwhelming odds. Still, it is a very cool mechanic in what is a very enjoyable game.

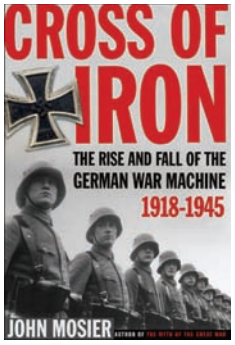


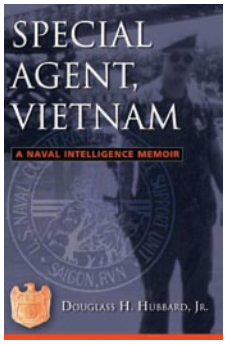
Instead of a single country at risk, *Defcon,* for the PC from Introversion Software, places the entire world in the middle of thermonuclear war. The game places the player in control of one of six super powers. The goal is to cause the most destruction possible to the other powers while defending the player's own borders as much as possible. The game starts at Defcon 5 and no one is allowed to actually fight until the game reaches Defcon 3. At Defcons 3 and 2, players can no longer build, but spar with their conventional forces. At Defcon 1, the nukes come out. Players use the starting turns to position the resources that will make or break them once the warheads start flying.

Defcon is a very simple game in that there are only six units and no resource management. The play is all in balancing what kind of units the players buy and where they deploy them. The game is depicted in wire frame graphics that are a pretty direct steal from the movie *Wargames,* but are still very effective in their stark simplicity. This applies to the game's mechanics as well. They are uncomplicated, but they allow for many, many strategies.

At the other end of the spectrum is *Great Invasions* for the PC from Indie Games Productions. Set in the European Dark Ages, between 375 and 1066 AD, the game has the player manage a region over time, commanding the place even as it changes names, peoples, and religions. In fact, the player is often in charge of multiple kingdoms or states while competing against many more. The game has 150 historical nations/ tribes/people and 30 religions and heresies. Players compete militarily, economically, and diplomatically. □

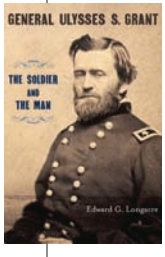
were killed, those who were wounded, and those who survived with only the mental scars of the savage conflict. The agony of war took its toll on the Somme in full measure. The heroism and horror of war were seen there without disguise, unembellished and unadorned."





General Ulysses S. Grant: The Soldier and the Man, by Edward G. Longacre, Da Capo Press, Cambridge, Mass., 2006, 338 pp., photos, maps, index, $26.00, hardcover.

"I can't spare this man," President Abraham Lincoln once said of General Ulysses S. Grant. "He fights." Lincoln uttered these words shortly after the Battle of Shiloh in April 1862, where Union casualties exceeded 13,000 killed and wounded. At the time, newspaper editors and politicians were clamoring for the head of the man who they believed was responsible for the carnage.



Grant kept his silence during this war of words. His military career, as it had on so many other occasions, hung in the balance. But Lincoln saw something in Grant that most of his other generals did not possess—the will to fight and bring an end to the Civil War that was tearing the nation apart. His unremarkable face masked an indomitable spirit, and his unprepossessing attitude perfectly embodied the common soldiers of his command.

Historian Edward Longacre examines in detail Grant's early years, his troubled relationship with his parents, his days at West Point, and his "hardscrabble years" after he resigned from the Army to try his hand at farming. Longacre also touches on another aspect of Grant's makeup that proved detrimental to him on several occasions—his bouts with alcohol. These periods of hard drinking usually came when he was separated for long periods from his wife Julia and their children. Grant was devoted to his family, and when he was away from them, he frequently fell into depression and melancholy that spurred his heavy consumption of alcohol.

Grant, however, overcame this affliction to lead his troops to victory in the Civil War. Once a relatively unknown colonel of volunteers, whom many referred to as "Useless Grant" because of his many failures in civilian life, he rose to be commanding general of all Union Forces. In the end, he defeated Confederate General Robert E. Lee, his exact opposite in many ways and a general whom many considered unbeatable.

This compelling account of Grant's life is recommended for all Civil War buffs and for those who are interested in flawed individuals whose actions nevertheless helped shape the country we live in today. Certainly Grant was one of those individuals. As Longacre writes, "One quality, more than any other, which he had acquired at an early age, had brought him this far—a determination to forge ahead, once he had set a course, and never turn back, no matter how many swollen, angry rivers barred his path."

A Guide to the Battles of the American Revolution, by Theodore P. Savas and J. David Dameron, Savas Beatie, New York, 2006, 360 pp., maps, index, $34.95, hardcover.

For anyone needing a comprehensive look at nearly every battle of the American Revolution, *A Guide to the Battles of the American Revolution* is right up your alley. In addition to providing a brief synopsis of each engagement, the authors offer a look at the British and American perspectives leading up to the fighting. Information includes the date, region, commanders, time of day, length of action, weather conditions, and strength of each army. Each summary also includes a description of the terrain, an account of the fighting, the casualties involved, and the outcome and impact of the battle.

This meticulously researched book offers the reader a handy reference guide and suggested reading on specific campaigns. It could well become an indispensable tool for history teachers preparing a lesson guide for the American Revolution.

Cross of Iron: The Rise and Fall of the German War Machine, 1918-1945, by John Mosier, Henry Holt, New York, 2006, 319 pp., notes, index, $27.50, hardcover.

Author John Mosier contends that at the outbreak of World War I, the German Army was the best in the world. The Army's educational level, officer ranks, and tactics outshone their adversaries. Only the arrival of the American Army in Europe tilted the weight of the war for the Allies and eventually brought an end to the conflict.

Many Germans believed that they had not lost the war militarily, but were duped into signing a false treaty. This prevailing attitude remained with Germany and led to the eventual rise of Adolf Hitler, eventually sparking worldwide conflict. The writer makes some interesting observations on German war atrocities. Although quick to blame the hardcore SS units, the Wehrmacht (people's army) was not as innocent as it often appears. Mosier points out incidents in which regular German troops massacred legitimate prisoners of war.

Cross of Iron is an insightful book that examines the creation of one of the world's greatest armies. Sadly, with the ascent of a madman to power, it would deteriorate into mere "thugs in uniform," a discredit to the nation and the honorable soldiers who fought for it in a bad cause.

Special Agent, Vietnam: A Naval Intelligence Memoir, by Douglass H. Hubbard, Jr., Potomac Books, Dulles, Va., 2006, 268 pp., photos, maps, index, glossary, $26.95, hardcover.

Although the Vietnam War produced many heroes on the battlefield and countless acts of self-sacrifice and generosity, there was also a sordid side to the conflict. Murder, black market smuggling, and enemy infiltrators were just a few of the things that special agents such as Douglas Hubbard, Jr., were forced to investigate.

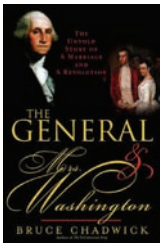
Hubbard, who did three consecutive tours in Vietnam, offers the reader a glimpse into the shadowy world of criminal investigation. As a member of the Office of Naval Intelligence, he examined everything from the suicide of a model Marine to the gang rape of a Vietnamese woman. He traveled the length of the country from March 1969 until March 1972 performing such work.

Not only does the author relate his own experiences, but he also covers the early years of the ONI and its role in counterespionage and criminal investigations. Agents traveled to the field and had to endure the same hardships as the Marines and sailors they accompanied. *Special Agent, Vietnam* is a captivating story of an overlooked part of any war—the chaotic and often dangerous world of the criminal investigator

The General and Mrs. Washington: The Untold Story of a Marriage and a Revolution, by Bruce Chadwick, Sourcebooks, Naperville,

IL, 2006, 416 pp., index, $24.95, hardcover.

He stood six feet, three inches tall, weighed 200 pounds, and "walked ramrod straight," looking every bit the soldier. She was barely five feet tall and was described as "plump and plain looking." Together, however, they formed a perfect union. They were George and Martha Washington, our nation's first president and first lady.



The Washingtons had a tragic home life. Martha lost her first husband and two of her children before they reached the age of five, and her epileptic daughter Patsy died in George's arms. Despite their sorrows, the two had a happy marriage. Martha was the epitome of the loving wife who was there to comfort her husband during his most stressful times. Although from one of the richest families in Virginia, she traveled to his winter encampments to bring him solace and encouragement during the darkest times of the Revolution. Everyone she met was touched by her kindness and generosity.

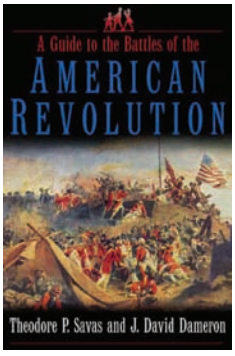
The editor of the *Alexandria Advertiser and Commercial Intelligencer* wrote after her death on May 25, 1802, "She was the worthy partner of the worthiest of men, and those who witnessed their conduct could not determine which excelled in their different characters, both were so well sustained on every occasion."

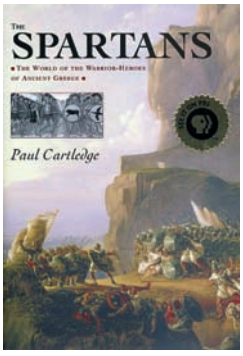
We Were One: Shoulder to Shoulder with the Marines Who Took Fallujah, by Patrick K. O'Donnell, Da Capo Press, Cambridge, MA, 288 pp., photos, maps, hardcover, $25.00.

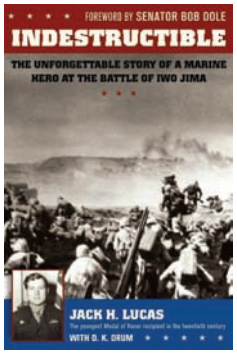
Award-winning journalist Patrick J. O'Donnell traveled to Iraq to write the story of soldiers fighting on the ground in an alien and increasingly hostile environment. He was subsequently imbedded with the 1st Platoon of Lima Company, 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines, during the Battle of Fallujah in late 2004.

In Fallujah, described as the Hue City of the Iraqi War, the 1st Platoon become involved in dangerous house-to-house fighting in the terrorists' haven in the Jolan district. The insurgents used the civilian population as human shields, hid explosives as booby traps, and deployed suicide bombers everywhere, hoping to take an American life when they detonated bombs rigged to their bodies. When the battle was over, the 1st Platoon had sustained 35 casualties.

O'Donnell depicts in graphic detail the sights and smells of urban combat and the bravery of the young leathernecks, whom he describes, with some justice, as the "next greatest generation."



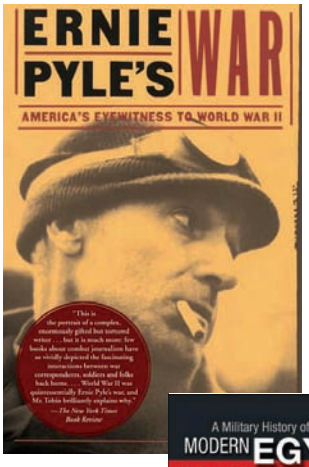


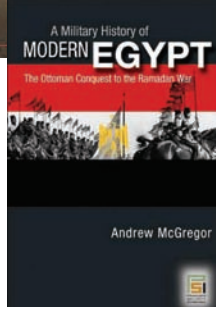


A Military History of Modern Egypt: From the Ottoman Conquest to the Ramadan War, by Andrew McGregor, Praeger Security International, Westport, CT, 2006, 312 pp., maps, glossary, notes, index, $49.95, hardcover.

"In writing this work," explains historian Andrew McGregor, "it occurred to me that I was writing not just a military history, but also a chronicle of human cruelty and suffering." Egypt, indeed, has seen more than her share of pain and suffering. Invading Romans, Turks, French, and British have all conquered and occupied the country, but the Egyptians have still survived as a nation and a people. Ironically, it was the British who fostered Egyptian independence and transformed its army into a strong and nationalistic force.

The author traces the saga of Egypt's military battles and campaigns from ancient times until the 1973 Ramadan War. Today, he notes, Egypt's armed forces are in trouble. Poorly trained and earning meager wages, recruits have little education and find it difficult to learn the new technologies that today's armed forces must employ if they are to guard their countries against acts of terrorism. If Egypt wishes to be a bastion of stability in the unstable Middle East, McGregor notes, she must solve these and other looming problems.





Ernie Pyle's War: America's Eyewitness to World War II, by James Tobin, Free Press, New York, 2006, 319 pp., photos, notes, index, $15.00, softcover.

The common foot soldier of World War II had no greater friend than Ernie Pyle. The Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist often wrote of the hardships that the infantrymen endured and tried to bring them to life for their friends and families back home.

Born on a farm in Indiana, Pyle was a local reporter before becoming editor of the *Washington Daily News* in the nation's capital. During the Depression, he traveled the breadth of America writing about the unusual people and places he encountered. These stories were later published in a book entitled *Home Country.* But it was World War II that would catapult Pyle to the center stage and transform him into a beloved writer who championed the plight of the distinctly average but still uncommon young men on the front line who were risking their lives daily.

Sadly, Pyle would meet his death on the small island of Ie Shima during the Battle of Okinawa. Historian James Tobin successfully shows Pyle's inadequacies as well as his strengths. He was, says Tobin, "naïve and narrow" about politics and had become increasingly depressed as he witnessed combat and death, eventually coming to the despairing conclusion that in war "everything is dead." *Ernie Pyle's War* is a thought-provoking and compelling book about one of America's greatest war correspondents.

Indestructible: The Unforgettable Story of a Marine Hero at the Battle of Iwo Jima, by Jack H. Lucas with D.K. Drum, Da Capo Press, New York, 2006, 212 pp., photos, index, $22.95, hardcover.

At the tender age of 14, Jack Lucas fooled recruiters and enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps in 1942, eight months after Pearl Harbor. In early 1945 he was a stowaway on one of the transport ships bringing the leathernecks to the island of Iwo Jima. On February 19, 1945, Lucas stormed ashore with the 1st Battalion, 26th Marines, 5th Marine Division, on Red Beach. The following morning several enemy grenades were thrown at his squad. Diving on them and pushing the projectiles into the volcanic ash that was so prevalent on Iwo Jima, Lucas covered the grenades with his body to shield his comrades from certain death. Miraculously, he survived the blast.

For his courage that day, Lucas would ultimately be awarded the Medal of Honor. This was just the beginning of an incredible story for a man who would escape death time after time throughout his life. Lucas's story of courage and survival is a fascinating tale that deserves to be told well, as he and co-writer D.K. Drum have done.

The Greatest U.S. Army Stories Ever Told: Unforgettable Tales of Courage, Honor and Sacrifice, edited by Iain C. Martin, Lyon's Press, Guilford, CT, 2006, 264 pp., $24.95, hardcover.

Dating back to the Revolutionary War, the U.S. Army has had a proud tradition of loyal and honorable service to the nation. Iain C. Martin has selected vignettes from Washington's crossing the Delaware in the Revolution to the present-day Iraq War. Each short story is told through the eyes of an individual soldier who participated in the different battles.

From Private Joseph Plumb Martin, a member of the Connecticut militia who fought at Yorktown, Virginia, to former Marine turned author Mike Tucker, who was imbedded with various U.S. Army units in Iraq for 14 months, the book offers a unique glimpse at each campaign as seen through the eyes of those who lived it. For readers who relish such firsthand accounts, this book will take you into the world of the combat soldier who has witnessed some of the bloodiest fighting in American history.

Air Combat: An Oral History of Fighter Pilots, by Robert F. Dorr, Penguin Group, New York, 2006, 343 pp., photos, index, $24.95, hardcover.

Whenever Robert Dorr writes a book, everyone interested in air operations should consider adding it to their home libraries. He has written another gem in *Air Combat: An Oral History of Fighter Pilots.* In Dorr traces the combat exploits of pilots from World War II to the present day, ongoing conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan.

In addition to letting the pilots tell their own stories, the author includes data on the type of aircraft they flew. Information includes engine, performance, weights, dimensions, armament, and maiden flight of the plane. It is the firsthand accounts, however, that will keep readers glued to their seats. These are real stories of the "top guns" who faced death every day in hostile skies over enemy territory. In some cases, they are still flying into harm's way, including pilots under-

taking combat missions in today's Iraq.

"We've been given conflicting information about whether Taliban soldiers and Al Qaeda fighters have any capability to reach up and touch us," explains Captain John, "but on some missions we do see muzzle flashes. On one, my backseater thought he saw a rocket-propelled grenade being fired in our general direction." Dorr's book is highly recommended for any air-combat buff.

Gators of Neptune: Naval Amphibious Planning for the Normandy Invasion, by Christopher D. Yung, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2006, 292 pp., maps, notes, glossary, index, $34.95, hardcover.

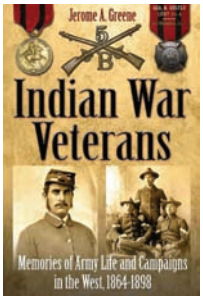
There have been numerous books dealing with Operation Overlord, the Allied invasion of Normandy in World War II. However, as author Christopher Yung somewhat surprisingly discovered, only a handful of them describe the planning of the amphibious part of the operation dubbed Operation Neptune.

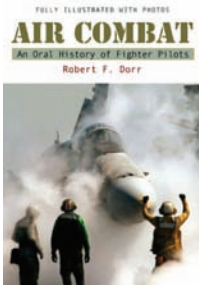
There were eight different navies participating in Neptune. The naval force was on a scale never before seen in amphibious warfare. In all, nearly 7,000 ships took part—1,213 warships, 4,126 transport ships, and 1,600 support vessels. It took two years of intense planning to conceive Neptune. The overall commander was British Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, who had two successful landings under his belt, in North Africa in 1942 and Sicily the following year.

Yung pays tribute to all those who made Neptune a resounding success. "Beyond the innovations in tactics and equipment that made the operation possible," he writes, "human beings were central to Neptune's planning and execution. People of flesh and blood, with personal ambitions and flaws, dedicated themselves to making Operation Neptune a success."

Indian War Veterans: Memories of Army Life and Campaigns in the West, 1864-1898, by Jerome A. Greene, Savas Beatie, New York, 2006, 432 pp., photos, illustrations, maps, index, $45, hardcover.

No other period of American history has been more glamorized in movies and television than the Indian wars of the late 19th century. Stirring cavalry charges and the endless rehashing of Colonel George Armstrong Custer's disastrous defeat at the Little Bighorn in June 1876 have given the era a misleadingly romanticized look.





In his new book, Jerome Greene provides readers with a fascinating account of the real men, officers and enlisted alike, who served during that era on the American frontier. Greene shows how the veterans of the campaigns against the various Indian tribes organized fraternal and educational groups to secure pension benefits for qualified veterans who were injured during their service.

The book contains interviews with veterans of the fighting. "About midnight, my outfit reached Camp Robinson after passing through some of the camps and witnessing the Indians in their hideous make-ups dancing around fires and singing their death songs," writes Chris Madsen of Troop A, 5th U.S. Cavalry. "It was easy to read in their manners what they would have done to us had they been masters of the situation. As it was, their weird songs and unearthly yells almost chilled the blood in a man's veins." *Indian War Veterans* is a useful addition for all those intrigued by this particularly colorful episode in American history.

The Spartans: The World of the Warrior Heroes of Ancient Greece, by Paul Cartledge, Overlook Press, New York, 2006, 304 pp., photos, illustrations, maps, $27.95 hardcover.

Often called "the world's leading expert on Sparta," Paul Cartledge has written a riveting account of the Spartans' warrior society in ancient Greece. Known for their fighting prowess, Spartans under King Leonidas defended the pass of Thermopylae in 480 BC. There, some 300 hand-picked warriors fought to the death against the overwhelming force of Persians under Xerxes, giving their fellow Greeks time to prepare their forces for the ultimate defeat of the Persians at the Battle of Salamis.

Cartledge divides his book into three sections to explain the rise and fall of the Spartan empire. He examines the role of women in Spartan society, as well. Surprisingly, Spartan women could own property and land and were able to express openly their political views. But it was the warrior tradition that best embodied the Spartan world and made them fearless warriors even in the face of death. As one Spartan said at the Battle of Thermopylae, when he heard that the Persians had enough arrows to block out the sun: "So much the better—we shall fight in the shade." □

soldiers

Continued from page 13

"Stop, you are firing into our own men!" The Maine veterans, whose colonel had just been felled by Rebel sharpshooters, insisted that the men to their front were the enemy.

Sergeant E.J. Libby and Private Thomas Waite, standing close by, told Mansfield that "we were not firing at our own men for those that were firing at us from behind the trees had been firing at us from the first." Other members of Company K also pointed out that the men facing them—veterans of the 21st Georgia and 4th Alabama Regiments—were dressed in gray and were even then aiming their rifles at them. Finally convinced that he had erred, Mansfield said, "Yes, yes, you are right," and almost immediately was struck in the chest by a bullet. His head drooped and his body sagged against the saddle, but he was able to guide the stricken horse along the Hagerstown Pike toward the rear. At first no one knew that the general had been wounded. Then the wind blew open his coat, revealing his blood-soaked shirt. At this point some soldiers helped Mansfield dismount and took him to the rear. The lines of battle rolled forward and the attack of XII Corps proved to be just one more futile effort to force the Confederate line.

Mansfield was taken in an ambulance to the makeshift hospital at Line's house less than a mile away. There he was attended throughout the next 24 hours by a team of three surgeons, as well as Captain Clarence H. Dyer, his faithful aide-de-camp, who stayed at his side throughout the ordeal. Drifting in and out of consciousness, alternately asking after the well-being of his comrades and uttering words of prayer, Mansfield gradually weakened and died just a few minutes after 8 on the morning of September 18.

Mansfield's moment of glory had lasted less than a half-hour. All around the spot where he fell were the mortal remains of his shattered corps. At least 275 men lay dead and another 1,470 wounded were crowded into the small area around the East Woods, a casualty rate of nearly 20 percent of those engaged. Posthumously confirmed as a major general of volunteers, Mansfield was the longest serving soldier on the field that day and the highest ranking casualty of the Battle of Antietam. He was also the oldest graduate of West Point, as well as the oldest general, to be killed in battle during the Civil War. He died at his post, with his face turned toward the enemy—a fitting epitaph for any soldier, no matter how long the service or brief the glory. □

avenged

Continued from page 49

expensive and rash campaign with no practical or achievable result other than personal glory. He then thoughtlessly put four of his legions in an untenable situation, leaving Cæcina and his men at the mercy of Arminius. But the biggest disaster of the entire campaign was yet to come—and it was not even at the hands of the Germans.

While Cæcina was holding off Arminius in the swamps east of the Rhine, Germanicus had continued his withdrawal by ship up the Ems River. He quickly reached the mouth where the Ems emptied into the North Sea. To lighten the burden of the vessels, Germanicus turned over the 2nd and the 14th Legions to Publius Vitellius, whom he ordered to proceed the rest of the way by land, following the shoreline into Frisia. Germanicus was worried, in light of the recent drought, that the draft of the vessels would not permit passage through shallow water or low tide if they were too heavily laden. Vitellius at first made rapid progress. Then, on the ides of September, a terrible storm roared off the North Sea. Wind and rain hammered the Roman column and turned the countryside into a trackless swamp. Inundated by surging waves, men drowned outright or were sucked under and trampled by the feet of their fellow soldiers and pack animals. Survivors struggled through water that reached their necks in some places.

Finally, Vitellius and his men managed to make their way to higher ground inland, without fire, food, clothing, or shelter. The losses were appalling. Virtually the whole of Vitellius's command was wiped out in less than an hour. The waters receded when daylight came, and the survivors made their way to an estuary of the Ems, where they found Germanicus and the rest of the fleet. Ingloriously, they returned to Roman soil.

Tiberius was understandably angry with his adopted son. He immediately relieved Germanicus of command and recalled him to Rome. Had not the emperor genuinely loved his brother Drusus's son, the punishment might have been far more serious. As it was, Germanicus was greeted as a hero upon his return. Demonstrating anew the vagaries of public opinion, the younger man continued to enjoy almost complete popular support, while Tiberius incurred widespread censure for his supposed jealousy of his dashing heir. Such was the life of a Roman emperor, and such was the continuing power of the ever-bothersome Germans to make manifest trouble whenever and wherever they chose. □

gallipoli

Continued from page 57

British lines, watchful for any further sign of withdrawal. When an Allied pullback was detected during the night of January 8, the Turks launched a determined effort to trap as many British troops as possible on the beaches. The British rear guard put up a spirited fight, aided by booby traps, land mines, and naval gunfire. In spite of losing many men, the Allies once again achieved an orderly withdrawal and evacuated Sedd-el-Bahr.

By the morning of January 9, jubilant Turkish forces held the whole peninsula. An even greater amount of war booty had been abandoned on the southern tip of the peninsula. Ragged Turkish soldiers gleefully fell upon the riches the British left behind. Liman von Sanders recalled, "What the ragged and insufficiently nourished Turkish soldiers took away cannot be estimated. I tried to stop plundering by a dense line of sentinels, but the endeavor was in vain. During the ensuing time we saw the Turkish soldiers on the peninsula in the most incredible garments which they had made up from every kind of uniform. They even carried British gas masks for fun."

During the height of the Dardanelles campaign, Liman von Sanders commanded 22 infantry divisions in the Fifth Army. Turkish losses amounted to 66,000 men killed and 152,000 wounded. Of those wounded, 42,000 soldiers were later returned to duty. Allied casualties reached upward of 200,000 men killed, wounded, or missing in action. The men evacuated from the Gallipoli beaches later were shipped to France, smack into the bloodbath of the Western Front trenches.

As for Gallipoli, it would be difficult to find another location where so many men from so many nations fought and died in such a small place. Turks, Germans, British, Australians, New Zealanders, French, Indians, Senegalese, Arabs, Austrians, Gurkhas, and others were locked in mortal combat where bravery was never in short supply. Years later, while serving as the president of Turkey, Mustafa Kemal would write: "Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives … you are now lying in the soil of a friendly country. Therefore rest in peace. There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehmets to us where they lie side by side now here in this county of ours. You, the mothers, who sent their sons from faraway countries, wipe away your tears; your sons are now lying in our bosom and are in peace. After having lost their lives on this land they have become our sons as well." □

Continued from page 67

By the time the next American army landed on French soil, in June 1944, press restrictions had eased greatly. Appreciating that the country was in a fight for her very existence, supreme Allied commander Dwight Eisenhower ordered his officers to give accredited correspondents all reasonable assistance. "They should be allowed to talk freely with officer and enlisted personnel and to see the machinery of war in operation in order to visualize and transmit to the public the conditions under which men from their countries are waging war against the enemy," Eisenhower directed. Provided such official cooperation, most correspondents chose to stick close to headquarters, content to give readers "the big picture." The celebrated novelist Ernest Hemingway was even given his own jeep and driver to tool about France, where he mostly reported his own misadventures at the head of a highly irregular group of French resistance fighters.

The most celebrated correspondent of World War II took the opposite approach. Ernie Pyle, whose columns ran in an astounding 300 daily newspapers and 10,000 weeklies, concentrated on the individual soldiers, the anonymous, mud-begrimed GIs who tramped across Europe one step at a time. "I love the infantry because they are the underdogs," he wrote. "They are the mud-rain-frost-and-wind boys. They have no comforts, and they even learn to live without the necessities. And in the end they are the guys that wars can't be won without." The diminutive journalist became a familiar sight in the frigid foxholes of Western Europe, sharing his rations and cigarettes and writing about the war from an enlisted man's humble point of view.

Eventually, Pyle's self-identification with the suffering soldiers took a toll on his health, and he went back to the United States for a much-needed rest, observing, "If I heard one more shot or saw one more dead man I'd go off my nut." Pressed to cover the island-hopping soldiers and Marines in the Pacific Theater, Pyle reluctantly pulled on his boots once again, despite having a premonition that he would be killed. On April 8, 1945, just weeks before the war ended, a Japanese machine-gun bullet struck him in the head on the island of Ie Shima, making Pyle one of 37 American journalists to die in the war. His final column, found crumpled in his pocket, lamented: "Dead men in winter and dead men in summer. Dead men in such monstrous infinity that they become monotonous."

Since World War II, modern technology has largely supplanted the individual war correspondent. Motion pictures, television, radio, and now the Internet have made possible the instant transmission of vivid images from any place on the globe. Vietnam, often called the first televised war, engendered a number of fine correspondents, including David Halberstam, Michael Herr, Peter Arnett, and Sydney Schanberg, but it is largely remembered for its visual images. Burning Buddhist monks, a naked little girl running down a road screaming after an airborne napalm attack, a Viet Cong guerrilla summarily shot in the head on the streets of Saigon—these are the images of a long and increasingly unpopular war, one that played out nightly on the television screens of a horrified nation.

In reaction to the supposedly detrimental effect that press coverage had on the public's willingness to support the war in Vietnam, military and governmental control of wartime images has tightened dramatically. The ongoing war in Iraq has seen the "embedded" reporters of the first Gulf War replaced by a steadily shrinking pool of isolated journalists hunkered down in the heavily fortified Green Zone, prohibited by regulations—and savage guerrillas in the streets—from presenting a truly comprehensive picture of the war. Even photos of the returning caskets of dead soldiers have been deemed off-limits to the news media by a rigidly controlling administration in Washington. "We died on the wrong page of the almanac," Tennessee-born poet Randall Jarrell wrote of World War II bomber pilots' unnoticed deaths. There are no Ernie Pyles in Iraq today, and the American public is all the poorer for it. □

FURTHER READING

Philip Knightley, *The First Casualty.* New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1975.

Nathaniel Lande, *Dispatches from the Front.* New York: Henry Holt, 1995.

William Manchester, *The Last Lion: Winston Spencer Churchill.* Boston: Little, Brown, 1983.

Joyce Milton, *The Yellow Kids: Foreign Correspondents in the Heyday of Yellow Journalism.* New York: Harper & Row, 1989.

Louis M. Starr, *Bohemian Brigade: Civil War Newsmen in Action.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1954.

Michael S. Sweeney, *From the Front: The Story of War.* Washington, DC: National Geographic, 2003.

Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation 1. Publication Title- Military Heritage Magazine 2. Publication Number- 1524-8666. 3. Filing Date- 10/16/06. 4. Issue Frequency- Bimonthly 5. Number of Issues Published Annually 6. 6. Annual Subscription Price $18.95. 7. Complete Mailing Address of Known office of Publication- 453 B Carlisle Drive, Herndon VA 20170, Fairfax County. Contact Person: Mark Hintz. Telephone 703-964-0361 X 21.8. Complete Mailing Address of Headquarters or General Business Office of Publisher- 453 B Carlisle Drive, Herndon FA 20170. 9 Full Names and Complete Mailing Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor- Publisher-Mark Hintz, 453 B Carlisle Drive, Herndon VA 20170, Editor Roy Morris Jr, 453 B Carlisle Drive, Herndon VA 20170, Managing Editor- Carl Gnam, 453 B Carlisle Drive, Herndon VA 20170. 10. Owner- Sovereign Media Inc, 453 B Carlisle Drive, Herndon Va 20170, Mark Hintz, 453 B Carlisle Drive, Herndon VA 20170, Carl Gnam-453 B Carlisle Drive, Herndon VA 20170, 11. Known Bondholders, mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages, or Other Securities. None.12. Tax Status: Does Not Apply. 13. Publication Title- Military Heritage Magazine. 14. Issue Date for Circulation Data Below- December 2006. 15. Extent and Nature of Circulation Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months. a. Total Number of Copies (Net Press Run) 65,625. b. Paid and/or Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541 19,907. 2. Paid In-County Subscriptions 0. 3.Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution 16,760. 4. Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS 0.c. Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation 36,667. d. Free Distribution by Mail (1) Outside County as Stated on Form 3541 0. (2) In-County as stated on form 3541 0. (3) Other Classes Mailed through the USPS 0. e. Free Distribution Outside the Mail 0. f. Total Free Distribution 0. g. Total distribution 36,667. h. Copies not distributed 28,958. i. Total 65,625. j. Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation 100%. Actual No Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to filing Date. a. Total Number of Copies 61,176. b. Paid and/or Requested Circulation (1) Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions Stated on form 3541 18,150. (2) Paid In-County Subscriptions 0. (3) Sales Through Dealers and carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales and other Non-USPS Paid Distribution 25,500. (4) Other Classes Mailed through the USPS.0. c. Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation 43,850. d. Free distribution by mail (1) Outside County as stated on form 3541 0. (2) In-county as Stated on form 3541 0. (3) Other Classes Mailed through the USPS 0. e. Free Distribution Outside the Mail 0. f. Total free distribution 0. g. Total Distribution 43,850. h. Copies Not Distributed 17,326. i. Total 61,176. j. Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation 100%. 16. Publication of Statement of Ownership Publication required will be printed in the February 2007 issue of this publication. 17. Signature and Title of editor, Publisher, Business Manager or Owner, Mark Hintz. Date 10/16/06.

Continued from page 73

weight of the advancing Chinese. With the support of the Centurion tanks from B Squadron, the Royal Inniskilling Dragoons finally drove off the CCF soldiers, and the Hook was once again in Allied hands.

After a two-month respite, the Black Watch returned to the Hook in January 1953. Companies were deployed to Hills 121 and the Sausage. One company from the Dukes established headquarters on Hill 146. Nothing changed as the Chinese artillery kept up the tempo with steady bombardments. Their guns, secreted in the sides of hills, were pulled out to fire and then rolled back to be hidden away from U.N. spotter planes.

In the spring, the Hook exploded in colors as the fields came alive again with flowers and weeds. There was no time, however, to admire the scenery. On May 7, 1953, an observation plane was shot down as it was attempted to locate Communist artillery pounding Commonwealth positions on the Hook and surrounding hills. The Jocks on Warsaw saw CCF units massing for an apparent assault. After ordering a withdrawal from Warsaw, Rose radioed for artillery support. Corps artillery sent 72 eight-inch shells screaming into the enemy troops. This seemed to take the wind out of the Chinese for the moment.

By 2 am, the Communists were back. This time the British soldiers from Ronson anticipated the enemy's intentions. The Chinese were cut to pieces as the 20th Field Regiment sent proximity-fused high-explosive rounds and three-inch mortar shells near Ronson. Turkish units assisted the Black Watch with additional support. Fearing that the British unit had been overrun, an English-speaking Turkish officer telephoned the Black Watch CP and talked to Lt. Col. Rose. "How, many casualties have you?" the Turkish officer asked. "A few," replied Rose. "Have you withdrawn?" the officer asked. "The Black Watch do not withdraw," snapped Rose.

Rose, however, was close to being overrun; the Chinese had managed to crawl to within a mere 20 yards of his forward trench line. One machine gun nest, manned by Black Watch privates, let loose 7,500 rounds at the enemy hordes. After a fierce counterattack, the Black Watch drove the enemy back. On May 12, the battered Black Watch was relieved by elements of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. In addition, two troops from C Squadron, 1st Royal Tanks brought their Centurions up for additional punch in the event of another attack.

As the night progressed, Chinese loudspeakers kept up a constant haranguing, warning the Dukes that they would be ousted from the Hook by an overwhelming CCF force. At 11 pm on May 17, the enemy was heard approaching the Hook. An artillery barrage made them retreat, and in the ensuing action a CCF soldier was captured. He relayed the unpleasant information that the Dukes were outnumbered five-to-one and that another major assault was imminent. For the following 10 days, the Communists and the Dukes were in a constant sparring match. Patrols from both sides were dispatched to learn each other's intentions. Sometimes they would engage in brief but hot firefights. Artillery duels were a daily occurrence. "Bunker life was particularly unsavory with having to share one's abode with rats, mice and other vermin and being inundated with various insecticides and smells of petroleum-burning heaters in a confined underground situation," recalled Lieutenant Alec Weaver of the 2nd Royal Australian Regiment (RAR) of his tour of duty on the Hook.

In the darkness on May 29, approximately 100 Chinese infantrymen attempted a lateral approach from Hill 121, trying to capture Ronson. They were spotted and annihilated as they tried in a vain attempt to charge, and 30 mangled bodies were on the wire the next morning as testimony to the futility of the attack. During this period, more than 37,000 shells were fired from British guns. In addition, an unbelievable 10,000 mortar rounds were discharged, as well as 500,000 rounds of small-arms ammunition. One American howitzer let loose an illumination round every two minutes for seven hours. When the full extent of the devastation on the Hook was revealed, 10,000 Chinese shells had ploughed the terrain into six-foot furrows and leveled it like a well-worn football field. Hundreds of Chinese had been killed and thousands wounded. The Dukes had lost 28 killed and 121 wounded and 16 missing. For their heroic defense of the Hook, the Dukes were presented with a battle honor for their colors that read: "The Hook 1953." Headquarters Company of the 1st Battalion was even renamed Hook Company.

The war, unfortunately, was not over—peace talks between the two sides were painfully slow. Realizing that a truce was near, the Chinese were determined to seize as much terrain as possible, and the Hook was high on their list. Another series of attacks against the Hods and the surrounding hills was planned. Throughout the month of July, the Chinese stepped up offensive operations near the Hook. Boulder City, a Marine outpost, came under heavy attack as well. On the night of July 24, Chinese forces with orders to fight to the last man moved against Hills 111 and 119. Company H, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines was tied in with a machine-gun section from the 2nd RAR led by Sergeant Brian C. Cooper.

In an area designated Betty Grable, the enemy began to form. Allied artillery hammered them as they readied themselves for the coming attack. The CCF units descended on Hill 111 and were soon in the trenches fighting hand-to-hand. British artillery sent scores of high-explosive rounds toward Hills 111 and 119. The machine-gun section from the 2nd RAR on the leathernecks' right flank also provided timely support. "The scream and thud of incoming artillery and mortar fire was constant," wrote Private Ron Walker of the 2nd RAR, "the only difference being the closeness of the burst. Whilst being showered with lumps of dirt and debris I waited for the one burst that might be destined to silence me forever."

Fighting also erupted on Hill 121 as action continued for the next several days on almost every hill and outpost. "Medium shells sounding like express trains passed over us with plenty of crest clearance," wrote Bruce Matthews of the New Zealand 16th Field Regiment. "But right above our heads 16th Field's 25-pounder shells were just clearing our crest. An occasional shell exploded over us. Toward midnight, the tempo of the artillery eased off. The U.S. Marines still had an intact line." After the battle was over, a young British officer from one of the artillery units that had supported the Marines visited their regimental headquarters. He read to the amazed leathernecks the long list of the different types of rounds that had been fired in their behalf. When he finished, the Marine staff was astounded at his flawless rendition. He then smiled and said, "But I am authorized to settle for two bottles of your best whiskey."

On July 27, an armistice was signed, ending the Korean conflict. Search parties combed the area around the Hook for any dead, wounded, or missing. Lieutenant Weaver of the 2nd RAR remembered, "The carnage was awe inspiring and the stench overbearing. It was a great relief to be able to leave our battered trenches and the horrific scene." Sadly, the heroic actions of those who fought so bravely on the Hook have been swept into the dustbin of history. But for those who were there, it remains as vivid today as it did more than 50 years ago. Survivor Ron Walker summed it up best: "There was a certain reluctance to leave, as if a certain something had been left behind and more time should be spent looking for it." □