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MILITARY HERITAGE

September 2018

features

columns

Cover: The Wounded Cuirassier *was painted in 1814 by Théodore Géricault and depicts an anonymous French cavalry soldier. See story page 22. AKG Images.*

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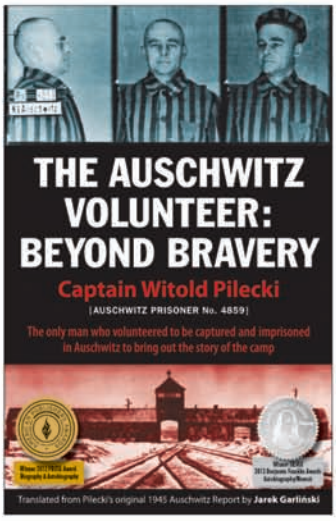

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Three Key Battles Before the Siege of Orleans

FOLLOWING ENGLISH KING HENRY V'S DECISIVE VICTORY over the French at Agincourt in 1415, the tide of the Hundred Years War in France remained in England's favor until the Siege of Orleans. Over the course of the next 13 years, English arms continued to hold sway over French arms. Henry's achievement unnerved the French and they generally remained on the defensive.

The first inkling that the French might be able to reverse the tide of war during its final phase occurred when an exhausted Henry returned to England in early 1421. Henry left his brother, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, as Normandy's regent, despite his inexperience as a commander.

Clarence had 5,000 men with which to wage offensive war. Determined to make a name for himself, Clarence launched a *chevauchee* into adjoining Anjou. Two years earlier a Scottish expeditionary force had arrived to assist the hard-pressed French. They just so happened to be in the region. Seeing an opportunity for a victory, John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, led the 6,000-strong Franco-Scottish army north from Touraine into Anjou.

Clarence acted precipitously without knowledge of the enemy's true strength. On March 22, 1421, he attacked Buchan at Bauge with his mounted vanguard, which was only a fraction of his force, without waiting for his archers to catch up. After an inconclusive charge, the English dismounted to press their attack on foot. Buchan's archers unleashed a devastating hail of arrows and the French and Scottish men-at-arms encircled the English. Clarence fought bravely but was slain. The English withdrew. Bauge was a badly needed victory for the French, but it was more a result of Clarence's incompetency as a commander than a triumph of Franco-Scottish arms.

Hard times awaited the French in the years immediately following Bauge. A major clash unfolded near the Burgundian town of Cravant on July 31, 1423, that pitted an Anglo-Burgundian force under Thomas Montague, Earl of Salisbury, against a Franco-Scottish force led by Count Louis of Vendome and Buchan deployed behind the River Yonne. Once again the Franco-Scottish army had the larger force, but this time the English had their full complement of archers on hand. What is more, the Burgundians deployed 30 *veuglaires* (primitive iron cannons). Lord Robert Willoughby, a veteran of Agincourt, drove a wedge with his English troops between the French and Scots. The French fled leaving the Scots to face the enemy alone. Anglo-Burgundian arms triumphed.

Lastly, the English victory at the Battle of Verneuil on August 17, 1424, resulted in even more devastating results for the Scots and was therefore dubbed the "Second Agincourt."

Following the death of his brother King Henry V, Duke John of Bedford arrived in France to take control as regent of the English forces in Normandy where the enemy had taken control of the town of Verneuil. In attempting to recapture the town, Bedford's 8,000 men faced a 14,000-strong Franco-Scottish army, replete with Milanese mercenaries.

Bedford deployed archers on both flanks and in a mobile reserve around his baggage carts. The French and Milanese cavalry skirted the archers on both wings, and briefly seized the baggage carts. But the mobile reserve counter-attacked routing the cavalry. Meanwhile, Bedford whipped the French in front of him and swung into the rear of the Scots. The English prevailed in spectacular fashion, destroying half of the enemy army.

Four years later, the English besieged Orleans. With their troops continuing to prevail in the majority of the clashes of the war, they had every reason to be confident. But they were beginning to experience serious manpower shortages that hampered their ability to stay on the offensive.

As for the French, they needed a miracle to put their arms on par with the English. Enter the Maid of Domremy, whose leadership, enthusiasm, and confidence changed the trajectory of the war.

—William E. Welsh

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WARFAREHISTORYNETWORK

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By Peter L. Boorn

Decorated general Sulla vanquished rivals, barbarians, and Eastern princes during his long career in service of the Roman Republic.

WHEN LUCIUS CORNELIUS SULLA FELIX WAS GOVERNOR OF Cilicia in 95 BC, he received an embassy from the Parthians. "One of the ambassadors, a Chaldean soothsayer, studied Sulla long and intently and finally proclaimed, 'This man must, of necessity, become the greatest in the world,'" wrote Greek historian Plutarch. This prediction had a profound effect on Sulla, who already was convinced that his own night dreams were a faithful guide to an ever-expanding destiny. Seventeen years later, just two days before his death, Sulla noted in his memoirs that the Chaldean also had prophesied that the Roman governor would die at the pinnacle of his good fortune.

Sulla was born of a noble but impoverished family in 138 BC. Until he was 31 years old, he lived a life of debauched penury, renting cheap lodgings in Rome and always consorting drunkenly with actors, musicians, dancers, and comics. His vices remained with him until he died. Plutarch, who became a Roman citizen, gives a vivid physical description, emphasizing Sulla's shock of golden hair, his fierce blue-gray eyes, and a face that was covered in coarse red blotches set against pale white skin.

The first turning of Sulla's fate came in 107 BC when he inherited two fortunes in rapid succession. One came from an aging mistress, and the other came from a stepmother who adored him. Armed with this lifeblood of politics, Sulla embarked on a late career in the Senate. In 107 BC, he became quaestor to Rome's foremost general, Gaius Marius.

At the time, Rome was at war with the Berber king, Jugurtha of Numidia, in what is now northern Algeria. Romans had bungled the war, which began in 112 BC. This was because Jugurtha not only had acquired considerable knowledge of Roman tactics, organization, and discipline as a mercenary cavalry commander under the Romans in Spain, but also because he took advantage of the fact that anyone in Rome could be bribed.

When an army invaded Numidia circa 110 BC, Jugurtha bribed several centurions to throw the battle. The Berber king then defeated the army in battle with his light cavalry.

When a frustrated Rome gave Marius the supreme command,

Legate Sulla led a powerful cavalry charge that broke apart the Cimbri army at Vercellae in Cisalpine Gaul. INSET: A bust of Lucius Cornelius Sulla Felix.

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Jugurtha had joined forces with his father-in-law, Bocchus, the king of Mauretania, in modern-day Morocco. When Sulla arrived in Africa with a formidable complement of cavalry, he was inexperienced and ill disciplined in the art of war, noted Roman historian Gaius Sallustius Crispus, known as Sallust. "Although he was without previous experience and untrained in war, [he] soon became the best soldier in the whole army," wrote Sallust.

Sulla put his hedonistic ways aside for a time and adopted an intensely practical concentration, according to Sallust. Yet Sulla's sordid past also worked to his advantage because he was able to relate to the common soldiers. He conversed with them in a serious or jocular manner as circumstances dictated. He did this whether in the works, on guard, or on the march.

Marius defeated Jugurtha in several minor battles. The defeats compelled Jugurtha to resort to guerrilla tactics, which deeply frustrated the Romans, who were in need of a final victory. Further complicating the situation, Jugurtha had fled Numidia to seek refuge with Bocchus in Mauretania.

The Romans needed a quick resolution to the conflict in order to meet a major threat from the north. The Cimbrian War, which began in 113 BC, marked the first time that Italia and the city of Rome had been threatened since the Second Punic War. As the war progressed, the approach of the Cimbri and Teutones had put Rome's northern front under tremendous pressure. These two Germanic tribes, which originally hailed from Jutland, numbered approximately 500,000 people.

At that point, Sulla proposed an audacious plan. At considerable risk to himself, Sulla offered to negotiate with Bocchus for the surrender of Jugurtha in exchange for the western part of the latter's domain. Bocchus debated whether he should turn over Sulla to Jugurtha, but ultimately the Roman's extraordinary luck prevailed. Jugurtha was led in chains to Marius. He was then taken to Rome where he was paraded in triumph. He was then placed in a pit under the Tullianum in Rome where he died of starvation in 104 BC.

The capture of Jugurtha marked the beginning of a falling out between Sulla and Marius, both of whom were supremely ambitious. Even though Marius received official recognition and a triumph for ending the war, it was widely known that Sulla had brought resolution to the conflict. A period coin shows Jugurtha kneeling in chains before Sulla, who is on a raised seat. As Sulla looms over Jugurtha, Bocchus offers him an olive branch.

At that time in Rome, the people were in a panic because the Cimbri and Teutones seemed unstoppable. Marius received supreme command of the Roman forces, and he chose as his co-consul Quintus Lutatius Catulus. Marius selected Catalus more for his malleability than his military skills for Catalus had a reputation as a poor general. Marius's army shadowed the Teutones, and Catulus's army observed the Cimbri. Sulla initially served as legate to Marius, but he swiftly realized that any independent move he might make would be checked by his jealous commander. For that reason, Sulla arranged to be transferred to Catulus's army.

Quaestor Sulla negotiated an agreement with King Bocchus of Mauretania in which the Romans received captured Berber King Jugurtha, a bothersome foe who had waged guerrilla war against the Romans.

Marius annihilated the Teutones at the Battle of Aquae Sextiae in 102 BC. Marius and Catalus joined forces to confront the Cimbri on July 30, 101, near the settlement of Vercellae in Cisalpine Gaul. At Vercellae, Marius commanded the left wing, Catalus the center, and Sulla the right. Sulla's wing was composed of both Roman and allied cavalry.

The reflection of the rising sun on the sea of Roman armor was so overwhelming that the Cimbri believed the sky was on fire. As they stood riveted in awe, a great cloud of dust enveloped their army, as well as that of the Roman left and center. The Cimbri cavalry hesitated, whereupon Sulla charged and routed them. The fleeing Cimbri cavalry subsequently disrupted the densely packed Cimbri infantry. The Roman infantry then waded into the disordered enemy infantry and hacked it to pieces. The two victories removed the threat posed by the Germanic tribes.

Once again, Marius received the honor of a triumph. Yet it was obvious to many that the foundation for the victory at Vercellae was the masterful performance by Sulla and his welled cavalry.

At that time in Rome two powerful political factions existed: the Populares and the Optimates. The former relied on the support of the plebeians, while the latter derived its power from the affluent caucus that dominated the Senate. Marius threw in his lot with the Populares, and by means of bribery, riots, and assassinations was elected consul an unprecedented sixth time in 101 BC.

As for Sulla, he became governor of Cilicia in 96 BC. While serving in that capacity, he repulsed a reconnaissance-in-force by the king of Armenia. When he returned to Rome in 92 BC, Sulla joined the Optimates.

Marius, who was a far less skillful politician than he was a soldier, managed to offend both factions during his sixth consulship. During a coup in 99 BC three consular candidates were murdered and widespread rioting erupted. In response, the Senate issued the *Senatus consultum ultimum,* a decree enabling the appointment of a dictator for a short term to resolve an emergency. This gave Marius the power he needed to crush the rebellion.

Sensing that his political position was untenable in the aftermath of the rebellion, Marius undertook voluntary exile. He journeyed to the east, stating that he wished to honor a vow he had made to the goddess Bona Dea, according to Plutarch.

At that point, the tide of political fortune flowed in favor of the Optimates. But by 91 BC the Populares gained complete control of the courts and appointed a wealthy politician, Marcus Livius Drusus, as tribune. Upon his appointment, Drusus extended citizenship to the entire population of Italia. The Senate immediately annulled this legislation and conspired to have Drusus assassinated.

When the Italians heard the news they "decided to revolt from the Romans altogether and to make war against them with all their might," according to Greek historian Appian. Thus began the Social War of 91-88 BC, which was caused by resentment among Rome's allies who were aggrieved because they were denied citizenship even though they had shed blood for the republic.

The Italians raised 100,000 troops and established the rival state of Italia. Both sides fielded armies that were virtually identical in composition. At one point, Rome came dangerously close to defeat. With its forces depleted, Rome was forced to conscript slaves to replenish its armies.

Sulla led a successful campaign in southern Italia that overwhelmed enemy strongholds and defeated the forces sent against him, covering him in glory. Meanwhile, other Roman forces stabilized the situation in the north.

One of Sulla's key victories occurred at Nola, just east of Naples, where he defeated an army of Samnites and Gallic auxiliaries. He then conducted a successful pursuit in which his forces killed 3,000 of the enemy.

The garrison of Naples was only willing to open one gate to the retreating rebels in an effort to reduce the chance that Sulla's troops, who were following closely on their heels, could rush in behind the refugees. This enabled Sulla's troops to slaughter 20,000 more enemy troops outside the city walls.

In the aftermath of his victory at Nola, Sulla was awarded the Grass Crown, the highest decoration that Rome bestowed on a general. The Grass Crown was given to a commander who had rescued an army that was in danger of capture or annihilation. Only seven other individuals received the Grass Crown in the entire 482-year history of the republic.

While the rebellion was winding down, Mithridates IV "The Great" of Pontus in Asia Minor took the opportunity to invade Rome's client states. To the delight of the commoners, Mithridates massacred thousands of tax gatherers and money lenders. After clearing the Romans from Asia Minor, Pontic forces advanced into Greece.

The Roman Senate entrusted Sulla with prosecuting the war against Mithridates, but Marius derailed those plans. Marius returned from Africa in 88 BC with an army and entered Rome. To obtain command in the east, Marius resorted to bribery. This touched off Sulla's First Civil War.

Sulla subsequently received orders to relinquish command to Marius. At that point, though, the Marian reforms rebounded on their maker. Sulla not only refused, but he undertook an action so audacious that all but one of his senior commanders refused to join him. Confident in the loyalty of his troops, Sulla turned his six legions back toward Rome. No other Roman commander had ever dared do that.

Sulla also returned to Rome in 88 BC. He encountered chaos and disorder, but there was no fighting. Marius, who had gone into hiding, was declared an enemy of the people. So eager was Sulla to finish his diplomatic business with Mithridates that he appointed as consul L. Cornelius Cinna, of whom he was suspicious, to carry on the war so that he could return to Greece.

At that point, Marius came out of hiding, raised an army of slaves, and cooperated with Cinna to capture Rome. The Senate reversed the decree outlawing Marius, who turned his troops upon the city. For five days Rome endured a reign of terror.

Sulla's legionnaires battle the Marians in Rome during Sulla's First Civil War. At the outset of his journey east to wage war against Mithridates of Pontus, Consul Sulla turned back to Rome to quell disturbances by force.

When Cinna and Marius declared themselves co-consuls in 86 BC, it was Sulla's turn to be outlawed. His property was seized and his family fled for their lives. This was the last act of 70-year-old Marius who, 17 days into his seventh consulship, died in his bed of natural causes.

Having returned to Greece, Sulla again turned his attention to defeating Mithridates. Advancing into Boeotia, he defeated two of Mithridates' generals. He then besieged and sacked Athens. He then vanquished another Pontic army at Chaeronea in 86 BC. The following year Sulla crushed yet another Pontic army at Orchomenus. With Greece lost, Mithridates sued for peace in 85 BC.

Once order was restored in the east, Sulla composed a letter to the conscript fathers informing them that he would soon return to Rome to punish those who had acted against him, but that those who were innocent had no reason to be fearful.

A cowed Senate attempted negotiation, but Cinna and his colleague C. Papirius Carbo prepared for war. In the spring of 84 BC, Cinna tried to embark his army for Greece, but his soldiers mutinied and murdered him. In 83 BC Sulla crossed the Adriatic Sea from Patrae in western Greece, landing at Brundisium. Although the road to Rome was open, Sulla decided instead to consolidate his position and raise additional troops.

The consuls for 82 BC were Carbo and the 26-year-old son of Marius, known as Marius the Younger. Between them they raised large numbers of troops to prosecute what would be known as Sulla's Second Civil War.

Sulla routed Marius the Younger at the Battle of Sacriportus. The youthful commander eventually killed himself. After securing Rome, Sulla marched north where he met Gnaeus Papirius Carbo in battle at Clusium. Clusium proved to be an indecisive affair, but afterward Carbo's men became demoralized. As a result, Carbo himself lost heart. He abandoned his men to their own fate and fled to Sicily where he was later slain.

The stage was now set for the final act of Sulla's Second Civil War. A huge army of Samnites and Lucanians, numbering upward of 70,000, descended on Rome. On November 1, 82 BC, they clashed with Sulla's army north of the city at the Colline Gate. Sulla's troops arrived following forced marches. Sulla and Marcus Licinius Crassus commanded the legions of the left and right wings, respectively.

Although his troops were greatly fatigued, Sulla attacked. Ferocious fighting ensued that lasted well into the night. Although Sulla was driven back in disorder against the city wall, Crassus prevailed. He led one of his units around the flank of the Samnite army and attacked it from behind. This enabled Sulla to launch a fresh attack and clinch the victory.

Sulla showed no mercy. The following day his army butchered 4,000 Samnite prisoners within earshot of the assembled Senate. The proscriptions that followed were more sustained, widespread, and thorough than those

Continued on page 63

By Mark Carlson

The loss of the USS *Scorpion* in 1968 sparked a mystery that tested the sleuthing skills of maritime experts.

The U.S. Navy pushed the USS *Scorpion* to the limits of endurance during the Cold War when the nation's nuclear submarines were on continual service searching for Russian submarines. As a result, key systems broke down.

EVEN IN THE AGE OF ULTRA-SOPHISTICATED NUCLEAR SUBMARINES, with their advanced computers, sonar, navigation, and communication systems, the hard truth is inescapable: the sea is the most hostile environment on Earth. It is totally unforgiving of human error or overconfidence. The pressures below 2,000 feet can crush a submarine like an aluminum can in seconds. For reasons that even now are a closely guarded secret, that happened in late May 1968 when the nuclear attack submarine USS *Scorpion* (SSN-589) sank in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean as she was returning from a long deployment. Ninety-nine officers and men were on board the *Scorpion*.

The *Scorpion* was third in the revolutionary new Skipjack class of nuclear fast-attack subs. She was commissioned at the Electric Boat Shipyard in Groton, Connecticut, on July 29, 1960. The rapidly changing Cold War arena demanded that each one of the U.S. Navy's nuclear submarines be on continual service for the purpose of locating and tracking Soviet attack and missile submarines. But time and constant service took their toll. The Navy was pushing the *Scorpion* to its limits; as a result, systems began to break down. There were serious oil leaks in the machinery, and sea water seeped in from the propeller shaft seal. Her depth was restricted to 300 feet, well above the 900-foot test depth. In 1967 she experienced vibration so severe it seemed that the entire boat was literally corkscrewing through the water. The cause was never determined. The crew had taken to calling their boat the "Scrapiron."

By 1968 it was obvious to the Navy's Bureau of Ships that the submarine was badly in need of major overhaul. Yet the demands of the Cold War made it necessary to send *Scorpion* and her officers and crew on one more deployment to the Mediterranean Sea to participate in joint NATO operations.

She would, however, sail with one less man. Electrician's Mate Dan Rogers, who refused to go on the cruise, flatly stated to Lt. Cmdr. Francis Slattery that every man on *Scorpion* was in danger.

The crew, while enjoying the occasional liberty in Italy, Sicily, and Spain, grimly worked to keep their weary submarine operating until they reached Norfolk, Virginia, at the end of May. The *Scorpion* left Rota, Spain, on April 28 and headed west across the Atlantic on or about May 20. Slattery radioed on May 21 that their estimated time of arrival was 1 PM on May 27.

When the *Scorpion* did not arrive at her berth at the Norfolk Navy Yard on May 27, repeated calls of *Scorpion*'s call sign, Brandywine, went unanswered. Even before the fearful family members dejectedly returned home not knowing what had happened to their loved ones, the Navy's situation room in the Pentagon was full of worried officers who were try-

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The *Scorpion* is shown in April 1968 in the Mediterranean Sea. The submarine had miraculously recovered from a hot run torpedo the previous year.

ing to determine why the submarine had gone missing. On the large Atlantic Ocean wall chart a line was drawn along the Great Circle route from Gibraltar to Norfolk. Somewhere along that 3,300-mile arc the *Scorpion* and her crew could be struggling to survive a serious mechanical casualty. Or she could be down, a word that had grim implications to the submarine service. In any event she had to be found. One thing was reasonably certain: the Soviets had nothing to do with the disappearance.

This is where Dr. John Craven, the chief civilian scientist of the special projects division and a skilled engineer, entered the picture. Craven, whose work had made him a legend in the Navy, had been instrumental in finding the lost H-bomb that had fallen into the sea off Spain when a B-52 collided with a KC-97 tanker. He had used a revolutionary method of calculating poker odds and mathematics to determine the probable location of the bomb. Despite universal scorn at his methods, Craven had led the Navy right to the missing weapon. He had been on the team that designed the Polaris missile launching system. Craven was not above unusual ideas. Upon hearing of *Scorpion*'s failure to arrive at Norfolk, he entered the situation room to see the grim faces staring at the vast Atlantic Ocean chart. He offered to help. Having few options, the Navy accepted his offer. The alternative was a protracted and probably futile air-sea search.

Craven knew that the newly operational sonar surveillance system would be of little help on this search. The system's array on the sea floor filtered out all noise except that of machinery such as what was used on Soviet subs. He began by examining the readouts of underwater hydrophones located in the Canary Islands and Newfoundland. By linking the time scale of the two readouts, Craven and Naval Research Laboratory acoustic engineer Wilton Hardy found a suspicious series of five to eight underwater explosions around the time *Scorpion* would have been in the mid-Atlantic. The depth of the water was 11,000 feet, far deeper than any military submarine could survive. "How the hell are we going to find these poor bastards?" Craven wondered.

Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Thomas Moorer appointed Craven to head a technical advisory group. The group used estimates of *Scorpion*'s speed and course, comparing them to the acoustic anomalies found on the hydrophone readouts. Sure enough, all of them fell right on the submarine's track.

First, there was a single bang, followed 90 seconds later by more underwater rumbles that could only be the fatal sounds of a submarine's compartments imploding under immense pressure. It took only three minutes and 12 seconds. Then all was quiet. Craven contacted Moorer to inform him that *Scorpion* was probably lost. Moorer waited until some word had come in from the search ships and planes. But nothing was found. On June 5, the Navy announced that *Scorpion* and her crew were presumed lost. At that point, the Navy had to find and examine the wreck. Using the oceanographic research vessel *Mizar,* a systematic search of the sea floor with towed camera sleds failed to find the wreck west of the point where the first explosion had occurred. This made no sense.

Then Craven's team noted one odd discrepancy. At the moment of the first explosion, *Scorpion* had not been headed west, but east. What would make a submarine suddenly change course 180 degrees? Craven asked experienced submarine commanders and in every case he was told the same answer: a so-called hot run torpedo. When a torpedo activates onboard a submarine, it is called a hot running torpedo, which is highly dangerous. A submarine skipper's immediate response to the warning of a hot run is to order a 180-degree turn. This triggers a fail-safe device in the torpedo that shuts down the warhead.

If *Scorpion* had experienced a hot run torpedo while on the return voyage to Norfolk, Slattery would automatically have ordered an emergency hard left rudder to turn the boat around as fast as possible. According to the skippers Craven queried, this was drilled into every officer who conned a submarine. The *Scorpion* had recovered from a hot run torpedo in December 1967, and Slattery had performed exactly that maneuver. This scenario would put the wreckage east, not west of the coordinates of the initial explosion. Few officers gave this theory any credence, but Craven persisted. On October 29, *Mizar* found the shattered remains of *Scorpion* right where Craven's team said it would be. The hull was torn apart by violent forces, the stern was telescoped into the engine room, and the bow was smashed back toward the sail. The entire underside was ripped away. Scattered bits and pieces littered the sea floor like leaves after a storm. There was no doubt—the 99 crew members were dead.

What had happened? Was the submarine sunk by her own torpedo? Like all Cold War subs, *Scorpion* carried warshots, that is, live torpedoes. She carried 14 Mark 37 electric torpedoes, seven steam-powered Mark 14s, and two nuclear-tipped Mark 45s. It was common practice on an American submarine to perform maintenance on all of the submarine's equipment and weapons at the end of a patrol. With this in mind, Craven began investigating the possibility that one of *Scorpion*'s torpedoes had activated during a maintenance check. One of Craven's favorite maxims was that if a piece of equipment can be installed backward, it will be. Sure enough, he discovered that there had been several instances of torpedoes being activated while undergoing routine electronic maintenance because some of the testing units had transposed wiring. It seemed more and more likely that one of *Scorpion*'s torpedoes had exploded inside the hull. Craven was personally convinced, but he found no acolytes

among the Navy brass.

The Ordnance Systems Command (OSC), the department that oversaw the development and operation of every weapon in the Navy's inventory, steadfastly insisted that it was impossible for a sub's torpedoes to explode inside the hull; however, OSC did not deny that hot runs did occur. Understandably, the Navy was not anxious to accept the grim possibility that one of its boats and its crew had been killed by its own torpedo. Even more unnerving was the chance that every one of the submarine force's torpedoes was flawed. This is the official mindset Craven faced in the fall of 1968.

Examination of the wreck, first by *Mizar*'s towed cameras, then in 1969 by the bathyscaphe *Trieste II* showed no sign of serious hull damage in the region of the torpedo room, which would be expected if a warhead had detonated inside. Yet the photos did show that the torpedo room loading and escape hatches had been sprung open. This was a perplexing paradox in Craven's theory. Try as he might, he could not explain the contradiction.

ABOVE: A view of the *Scorpion*'s sunken bow section 10,000-feet deep in the Atlantic Ocean. The oceanographic research vessel *Mizar* located the submarine 400 miles southwest of the Azores. LEFT: Lt. Cmdr. Francis A. Slattery (left) and Dr. John Craven.

The Navy Board of Inquiry's final report suggested several possible reasons for the loss, but nearly all involved equipment failure, not the explosion of a weapon. That was where the matter ended, at least for the next 25 years. The families of the dead crew were left in limbo as to what had really happened.

The *Chicago Tribune* published a story in 1993 that the Navy had at last released the official report and videos of the wreck on the 25th anniversary of the sinking. Craven, then 69 and retired, was named as being instrumental in the search for the sub. It also mentioned his theory about the hot run torpedo. The article came to the attention of someone Craven had never met.

Charles Thorne had been the technical director of the Weapons Quality Engineering Center at the Naval Torpedo Station at Keyport, Washington, in 1968. Thorne, who was retired, had read the *Tribune* story and decided that he had to talk to Craven. The two men found that each was sure that *Scorpion* was lost from an exploding torpedo. But unlike Craven, Thorne had information that shed an entirely new light on the mystery.

The Mark 37 antisubmarine weapon acoustic torpedo, built by Westinghouse, had entered service in 1956. It was a marvel of underwater weapons technology; it weighed 1,400 pounds and was just over 11 feet long. It carried 330 pounds of HDX high-explosive in the warhead. Designed to sink enemy subs by blasting a hole in the tough outer hull, the Mark 37 was a deadly and efficient weapon.

The silver-zinc batteries were about five feet long and separated from the 330-pound warhead by a half-inch-thick partition. But there was a hidden flaw in the design that only became apparent in 1966 when the Mark 37 was already in service. Between the battery and the power cell was a tiny foil diaphragm only 1/7000th of an inch thick. This was supposed to rupture when pressure was applied by the ejection of the weapon from a torpedo tube, causing electrolytes in the power cell to fully activate the battery, which then started the motor. But this tiny part was very fragile and could easily be ruptured by a shock or vibration. The testing lab said the battery had no margin for safety and recommended the design be changed. Under pressure from the submarine fleet, the OSC refused to do so.

In April 1968 even as *Scorpion* was preparing to leave the Mediterranean and return home, Thorne's team had been testing the torpedoes and key components. Tests included subjecting them to shock, heat, vibration, and other conditions that might happen aboard a submarine. They subjected one of the 250-pound batteries to strong and sustained vibration. It was mounted on a table, and just as the technicians left the room, a huge explosion made the walls shake. They reentered to find the battery engulfed in blue-green flames that shot nearly to the ceiling. Shrapnel and smoking acid were sprayed all over the room. Only after determined effort did they manage to disconnect the burning unit and extinguish the flames. The battery had been distorted and melted from the intense heat.

A written alert was immediately sent to the fleet under Thorne's signature. The alert stated that all of the submarines in the fleet that carried Mark 37s with the flawed batteries should disconnect them immediately pending replacement. Even after the test, the OSC continued to insist that it was impossible for a battery explosion to set off a warhead. In fact, an OSC representative berated Thorne for suggesting such a thing in the alert.

The main problem the Navy faced was expediency versus caution. The submarine force needed torpedoes, and the manufacturers were hard pressed to produce the required numbers. As a result, the OSC was rushing into service torpedoes containing components that had not been fully tested. One company, subcontracted to produce the batteries, failed to manufacture even one that passed the quality control tests. But the Navy was in a bind. The service allowed that company to ship more than 200 batteries to the fleet. The unit that exploded in the testing lab was one of these. Upon hearing that *Scorpion* had sailed with at least one torpedo that contained a defective battery, Thorne became con-

Continued on page 63

By David A. Norris

The U.S. Navy devised special explosives to destroy the CSS *Albemarle,* an ironclad guarding the approaches to Plymouth, North Carolina.

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ABOVE: Lieutenant William B. Cushing. BELOW: Sailors aboard the USS *Miami* watch as the Rebel ironclad CSS *Albemarle* attacks the USS *Southfield* in a painting by Tom Freeman.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM B. CUSHING'S UNION NAVY STEAM LAUNCH chugged up the dark Roanoke River late in 1864. Any moment, her hand-picked crew expected to hear gunshots putting their mission and their lives at risk. But on that rainy night Cushing's crew passed one enemy picket post after another and heard nothing. They pushed on to the river town of Plymouth, North Carolina, in search of their target, the ironclad CSS *Albemarle*. As they closed in on the enemy gunboat, a barking dog shattered the quiet. Jolted awake, sentries hastily fired their muskets at the intruders. Ignoring the musket balls, Cushing steered straight for the enemy gunboat. Fastened to the bow of his launch was an explosive device that his commanders hoped would tip the balance of power in eastern North Carolina back to the Union.

With the exception of the heavily guarded port of Wilmington, the Union took the major coastal towns of North Carolina in early 1862. By the spring of 1864, the Confederate Army had not been able to eject Union troops from their strongholds of New Bern, Washington, Beaufort, and Plymouth. Union success at holding on was not due solely to the Army. Every North Carolina town held by the Union was within the range of U.S. Navy gunboats. Mobile and heavily armed, these floating steam-powered fortresses backed up the army against land attacks.

To break the stalemate, the Confederates placed their hopes in new ironclad gunboats. Union ironclads drew too much water to pass through the shallow inlets along the North Carolina sounds, limiting the North to wooden vessels. The Confederate Navy began building ironclads in 1862 at inland shipyards along the Roanoke, Tar, and Neuse Rivers. Cavalry raiders burned the partially built Tar River vessel in 1863, and construction delays hindered completion of the CSS *Neuse*. But, in a former cornfield by the Roanoke River at Edwards Ferry, the CSS *Albemarle* neared completion in early 1864. Union army commanders felt Edwards Ferry was too far inland for a cavalry raid and never ordered a strike on the shipyard. They would come to regret their decision.

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Lieutenant Gilbert Elliott of the Confederate Navy was 19 years old when he was given the task of managing the construction of the *Albemarle*. A law student by profession, Elliott had absorbed considerable knowledge of shipbuilding; his mother's family owned a shipyard, and as a law clerk in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, he worked for the owner of a shipyard.

After allowing a few months for seasoning the cut timbers, construction began in the spring of 1863. Using designs by John L. Porter, who was famous for his design work on the CSS *Virginia,* Elliott built a 158-foot-long gunboat. Her 60-foot casemate was octagonal in shape, with the port and starboard sides by far the greatest in length. Two layers of iron plate, two inches thick and seven inches across, were rolled at the Tredegar Iron Works in Rich-

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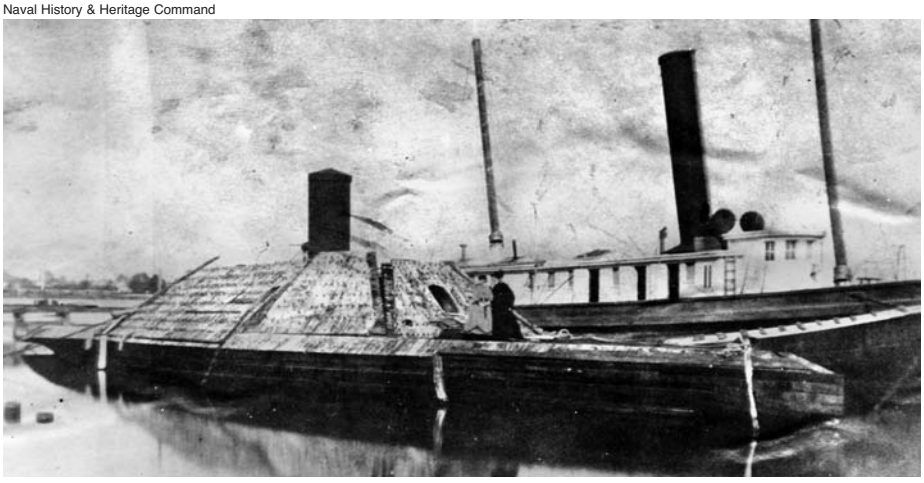


The salvaged *Albemarle* at Norfolk Navy Yard in 1865. The gunboat, which featured an octagonal casemate covered in two layers of armor plate, was armed with two Brooke rifled guns and an 18-foot bow ram.

mond and brought to the shipyard.

Elliott struggled with the supply and machinery shortages that plagued all Confederate shipbuilders. He scrounged up three portable sawmills, keeping one at the yard and shifting the other two wherever he could find suitable timber. Oakum was practically unavailable, so they caulked the gunboat's seams with local cotton. There was only one painfully slow drill to make river holes in the iron plating. Fortunately, Peter D. Smith, who owned the cornfield where the *Albemarle* was under construction, was also a talented inventor. Smith devised a drill that pierced the armor plates in four minutes rather than 20.

Elliott installed two 6.4-inch Brooke rifles onboard. The guns could rotate to fire through a porthole at the end of the casemate or an opening on either side. The vessel's third weapon was a heavy oak prow intended to serve as a ram. The ram jutted 18 feet forward from the bow and was covered with iron.

Elliott was desperate to finish the vessel in time to aid Brig. Gen. Robert F. Hoke's siege of the river port of Plymouth, North Carolina. Hoke's three brigades, detached from the Army of Northern Virginia during the wintertime lull in the Virginia campaigns, bogged down before Plymouth's land defenses. Aiding the defense of Plymouth were four Union Navy gunboats under Lt. Cmdr. Charles W. Flusser: the USS *Southfield, Ceres, Whitehead,* and his own *Miami*. Hoke had little chance of success with the gunboats adding their firepower to the forts guarding the town.

When the *Albemarle* headed down the Roanoke River, carpenters and blacksmiths rushed to finish their work as portable forges smoldered on the deck. Unable to steer in the narrow river, the ram floated downstream stern first, dragging chains from the bow to steady the hull. Cooke lost 10 hours when the engines broke down.

There was much worry about the obstructions placed in the river by the defenders of Plymouth. But the Roanoke was running unusually high. Ten feet of water flowed over the obstructions; the water level was just enough to get the *Albemarle* with her 9-foot draft over them.

Arriving at Plymouth at 2:30 AM on April 19, 1864, Cooke came under fire from a Union outwork, Fort Gray. He ignored the firing from shore and steered for the Union vessels.

Flusser's two largest steamers, the USS *Southfield* and the USS *Miami,* confronted the oncoming ironclad. At that point, the Roanoke River was about 500 feet wide. The Union gunboats, each about 200 feet long, were linked together with spars and chains. Flusser's flotilla carried 11 nine-inch Dahlgren guns, a pair of 100-pounder rifles, and a large array of 20-pounder Parrotts and howitzers. If they could clamp the *Albemarle* between the two largest gunboats, their combined batteries might score decisive hits through the enemy gun ports, or even crack the Rebel ship's armor.

Cooke charged directly at the enemy. The *Albemarle* rammed the *Southfield,* crushing the hull and piercing the boiler of the converted New York City ferryboat. Water rushed into the doomed *Southfield,* but the bow of the *Albemarle* remained trapped. The sinking gunboat threatened to pull the *Albemarle* down as well, but the *Southfield* lodged on the river bottom and rolled over, releasing the Confederate vessel.

Flusser personally fired the *Miami*'s big guns until a 100-pounder shell bounced off the armor plating. The shell hurtled back toward the *Miami* and burst, killing Flusser in the explosion. After the blast, the damaged *Miami* and other gunboats slipped away.

Shorn of naval cover, and with the Brooke rifles of the *Albemarle* turned against them, the garrison surrendered on the morning of April 20. The Confederates captured 2,500 prisoners and a great haul of heavy guns and supplies. The capture of Plymouth was the South's greatest victory in North Carolina. Union commanders in North Carolina reeled with shock. Twenty-five miles southwest of Plymouth, the Union garrison abandoned the town of Washington and fled to safety at New Bern. Panic and looting resulted in fires that destroyed much of Washington.

Hoping to build on their success, Hoke and Cooke planned for the *Albemarle* to aid a Confederate attack on Union-held New Bern. The fuel tender *Bombshell* and the river steamer *Cotton Plant,* which was towing troop boats, followed the armored gunboat when the force steamed from the Roanoke into the Albemarle Sound on May 5, 1864.

Just off Sandy Point a few miles east of the mouth of the Roanoke waited eight Union gunboats: the *Mattabesett, Sassacus, Miami, Ceres, Commodore Hull, Wyalusing, Whitehead,* and *Isaac N. Seymour,* under the command of Captain Melancton Smith. Although Smith had only wooden gunboats, his vessels had about 60 heavy guns deal with this "second *Merrimac*" that rapidly closed with them.

Cooke opened the battle late in the afternoon. His guns cut up the rigging, wrecked the launch, and wounded six men aboard Smith's steamer, the *Mattabesett*. Next, Cooke tried to ram the *Mattabesett,* but her captain avoided the collision.

Lieutenant Commander Francis A. Roe of the *Sassacus* saw that the *Albemarle,* after attacking the *Mattabesett,* was broadside to his steamer and only 400 yards away. Roe ordered, "Crowd waste and oil in the fires.... Give her all the steam she can carry!" Acting Master Charles A. Boutelle steered for "the junction of the casemate and the hull." Surgeon Edgar Holden felt that the *Sassacus* "sprang forward like a living thing" until "came the order, 'All hands lie down!' and with a crash that shook the ship like an earthquake, we struck full and square."

Boutelle landed the bow right where the aft end of the *Albemarle*'s casemate met the deck. Cooke's men were thrown off their feet by the impact, which shoved the ironclad sideways to port. Both ships remained underway, locked together, with the side-wheel paddles of the *Sassacus* splashing as the engines drove them at full speed. Under the weight of the Union steamer and the force of her engines, the *Albemarle*'s after deck was pushed under the surface. "Stand to your guns, and if we must sink let us go down like brave men," shouted Cooke

as water rushed in through the aft ports.

Roe's men threw grenades at the *Albemarle*'s hatches and tried to lob bags of gunpowder down into the smokestack. At point-blank range, Rebel guns fired into the *Sassacus*. One shot punched through its the starboard boiler, slashing steam pipes and machinery. "Steam filled every portion of the ship, from the hurricane deck to the fire-rooms, killing some, stifling some, and rendering all movement for a time impossible," recalled Roe. So many tons of water poured from the boiler that the *Sassacus* suddenly keeled to port and broke away from the *Albemarle*.

From the *Wyalusing*, nothing was seen of the *Sassacus* but a cloud of smoke and steam, and it appeared the gunboat had sunk. Indeed, Roe thought the situation so dire he threw his signal books overboard to prevent their capture. After some anxious moments, flashes of cannon fire stabbed through the clouds, revealing to the Union fleet that the *Sassacus* was afloat and some of her gunners had returned to their posts. "The maintenance of the fight with their guns after the frightful disaster of the boiler was worthy of the proudest day of our naval history," said Roe. Unable to make any headway, the *Sassacus* floated downstream, her guns blasting the *Albemarle* until she finally drifted out of range.

Captain Smith's flotilla had other stratagems ready. The *Mattabesett* and the *Commodore Hull* dropped a large fishing net in front of the enemy gunboat. Their captains hoped to entangle the *Albemarle*'s propellers and rudder, but the net had no effect on their armored adversary. The *Miami* attempted to run close to Cooke's vessel with a torpedo fixed on the end of a long spar, but the device would not detonate.

By 7:30 PM, Smith's combined fleet had inflicted considerable damage to the *Albemarle*. An enemy shot broke off the muzzle of the aft Brooke rifle, leaving only one serviceable gun. Her funnel was torn by shot and was unable to provide sufficient draft for the fires. Additionally, Cooke was out of coal.

The the *Albemarle*'s fireboxes flared anew, as the Rebel stokers threw in the ship's supplies of bacon, lard, and butter. Steam pressure climbed enough the get the vessel underway, and Cooke set a course back toward Plymouth. The battered Union flotilla did not attempt to pursue, but they had at least stopped the Confederate Navy from pushing farther into Union waters.

In the Battles of Plymouth and the Albemarle Sound, the fire from several dozen heavy guns did not hurt a single Rebel sailor in either action. Elliott wrote that only one sailor aboard the *Albemarle* was killed during the two battles:

a sailor who peeked out of a porthole at the *Miami* was shot dead by a pistol bullet.

After the Battle of the Albemarle Sound, the ironclad remained tied up at Plymouth. General Robert E. Lee urgently needed Hoke's troops to defend the Rapidan line at the outset of the Wilderness Campaign in the spring of 1864. Cooke was promoted to command the inland waters of North Carolina. Lieutenant Alexander F. Warley took over for him at Plymouth.

Warley worried over the vulnerability of his command, and he pleaded with local Army officers for extra guards to keep watch for Union moves. There was some cooperation. A few soldiers were stationed here and there downstream from Plymouth to keep an eye on the river. And a major outpost was established on a schooner anchored next to the wreck of the *Southfield*. According to Warley, aboard the schooner were an Army lieutenant and 25 soldiers with a field piece and a supply of signal rockets. But the protection was not as secure as it seemed. One of Warley's petty officers later complained that the *Southfield* pickets had more than once been found sleeping.

As long as she remained afloat, the Rebel ironclad and her guns remained a dire threat to Union control of eastern North Carolina. To find a way to destroy the *Albemarle*, Rear Admiral Samuel Phillips Lee turned to Lieutenant Cushing. The young lieutenant had made a name for himself with two bold forays to gather intelligence on the Cape Fear River around Wilmington. Cushing proposed two ideas. Lee rejected a plan to bring 100 men to the swamps across the Roanoke from Plymouth, launch inflatable rubber boats, and storm the *Albemarle*. Instead, he authorized Cushing's second plan: a swift attack by two steam launches. Armed with boat howitzers and spar torpedoes, the launches would rush the *Albemarle* and detonate their charges against the unarmored wooden hull.

One of the steam launches was captured on its way to the Albemarle Sound, but the mission went ahead with the remaining 30-foot launch, known simply as Picket Boat No. 1. Cushing headed up the Roanoke with 25 men on the rainy night of October 27-28, 1864. His force included a party towed behind in a small cutter; these men were to prevent the guards aboard the *Southfield* from firing any signal rockets.

Aboard the *Albemarle*, Master's Mate Lorenzo D. Pitt was officer of the deck. Lieutenant Warley had doubled the watch aboard the ironclad that night from three to six men. Most of the 60-man crew slept on board, and the rest bedded down nearby on the wharf.

A mile and a half downstream from Plymouth, Cushing passed unseen by any Army pickets on the bank. Ahead was the hulk of the *Southfield*, with the guard schooner tied next to it. Cushing passed within 30 yards of the schooner, but no one challenged them. Half a mile or so ahead lay the *Albemarle* at her moorings. They cast off the cutter to capture the guards on the *Southfield*.

The first warning the Rebels had was the sound of a barking dog. Awakened by the dog, a sleepy picket fired his musket. Pitt said he hailed from the deck of the *Albemarle* after spotting the boat 200-300 yards upriver. Receiving no answer, Pitt sprang the alarm rattle. His watchmen opened fire with half a dozen muskets. Awakened by the gunshots, Warley's crew rushed to their battle stations.

On the shore, soldiers lit a prepared bonfire. The flaring light revealed to Cushing something that he had feared: a log boom on the water that fenced in the gunboat. There was nothing to do but hope the logs were slimy with long exposure to the river water. Picket Boat No. 1 turned away in a circular path to gather as much speed as possible, then steered full steam ahead. Just after Cushing fired a blast of canister from the boat howitzer, the little engine generated enough momentum to jump the launch

over the slippery log barrier.

Scarcely 10 feet from the muzzle of a Brooke rifle aboard the *Albemarle,* the raiders could hear the commands as the gunners readied the big cannon. Bullets nicked Cushing's jacket as he used both hands to lower the torpedo. First pulling the right line to release the device, he tugged the left cord to detonate the powder. At the same instant the Rebels' Brooke rifle fired a blast of grapeshot over the heads of the raiders, the Yankee torpedo exploded.

As water thrown outward by the blast rushed over them, Cushing ordered his crew to abandon the launch. Musket balls splashed into the cold river as the Union sailors tried to swim downstream. Safety was with the nearest U.S. gunboat, which was 12 miles away.

Warley sent his carpenter below to check the damage. He quickly returned and told the captain there was "a hole in her bottom big enough to drive a wagon through." Working the ship's pumps and a donkey engine did nothing to prevent the keel from settling into the mud and sand of the Roanoke, with only part of the casemate remaining above the surface.

After hiding at the edge of Plymouth, Cushing stole a skiff the next afternoon. For hours that night, he rowed toward a light in the distance. It was the USS *Valley City,* which did not pick him up for some time. Everyone on board believed Cushing had died in the blast that sank the *Albemarle,* and the Yankee tars thought the little boat contained a Rebel saboteur with an explosive device. Of the steam launch crew, one other man escaped, two drowned, and the rest were rounded up by the Rebels. The cutter's crew took four Confederate prisoners off the *Southfield* and returned to the fleet.

Naval History & Heritage Command

Lieutenant Cushing and his fellow raiders abandon their launch as their spar torpedo explodes against the unarmored wooden hull of the *Albemarle.*

Shorn of naval protection, Plymouth fell to a Union force on October 31. For the remainder of the war, Union control of eastern North Carolina was assured.

Cushing and his crew were voted the thanks of Congress. A prize court awarded the raiders $77,298.70 for the destruction of the vessel. Seven surviving enlisted men were awarded the Medal of Honor. Cushing, like the other officers on the mission, was ineligible. Even the commander of the *Albemarle,* Lieutenant Warley, acknowledged of the daring raid, "A more gallant thing was not done during the war." □

DRAWN DEEP INTO THE VASTNESS OF RUSSIA, NAPOLEON'S ARMY CAUGHT UP WITH MARSHAL KUTUSOV'S ARMY 80 MILES FROM MOSCOW. THE STAKES WERE ENORMOUS.

By mid-afternoon on September 7, 1812, Russian troops had lost control of the earthworks on their left flank at Borodino. The defensive position known as the Bagration fleches had changed hands multiple times over the course of the savage fighting throughout the day.

French Emperor Napoleon's Grand Armée and Russian Tsar Alexander's Imperial Army were engaged in a titanic struggle on the road to Moscow in which approximately 250,000 men were crowded into a three-square-mile area along the Kolocha River. The compact area had been transformed from peaceful rural pastureland into a gruesome landscape in which thousands of dead and wounded soldiers lay amid a sea of dead horses and shattered equipment.

The linchpin of the Russian defense was the Great Redoubt, which dominated the center of the Imperial Army's position and remained in Russian hands. If the French could seize the strongpoint, it would put them in a position to pierce the Russian line and destroy Field Marshal Prince Mikhail Kutusov's army.

After two decades of war in which France had gone from a nation in the throes of civil war to a powerful empire, by 1812 it had conquered much of Europe. Napoleon had assimilated the Low Countries and parts of western Germany

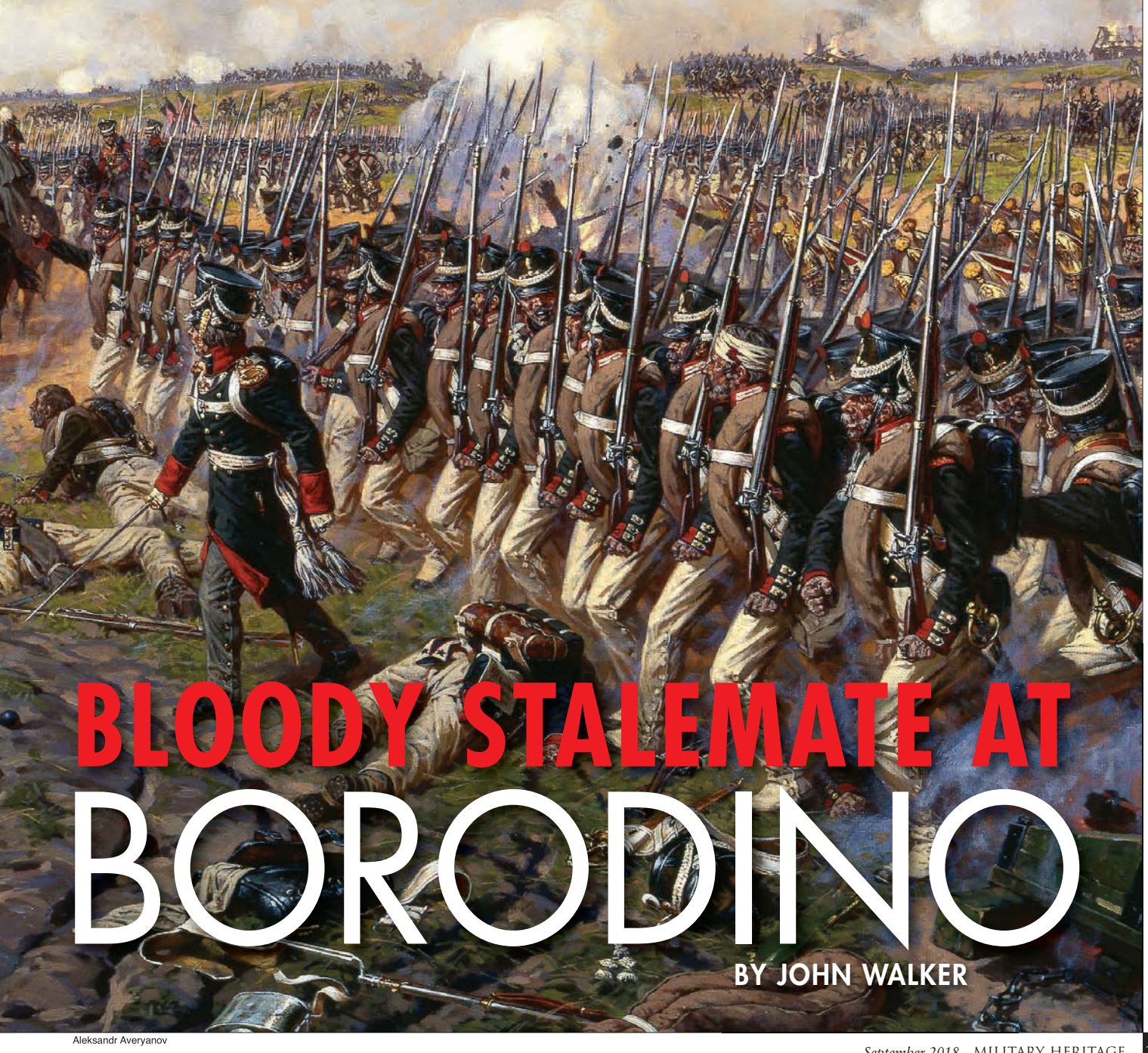
During the Battle of Borodino, Prince Pyotr Bagration leads Russian troops in a counterattack on the fleches after they had been captured by the French. He suffered a mortal wound from shrapnel.

and northern Italy into a strong core that was buttressed with various satellite states and confederations ruled by relatives and loyal allies. On the political and economic fronts, Napoleon busied himself with a governmental structure that would fuse his conquests and acquisitions and ensure the perpetuation of the largest European empire since that of ancient Rome.

The foremost impediment to such a resolution was Britain, with which Napoleon had become locked in a struggle for global maritime and continental supremacy. Unable to confront the British on the high seas, Napoleon tried to destroy it economically by closing the entire European continent to its trade, thereby securing a captive market for French manufacturing and agriculture. Napoleon's Continental System never succeeded entirely in preventing British goods from reaching mainland ports. In the case of Russia, the system forced the country to penalize itself by waging an economic war.

In an attempt to combat the smuggling of goods across the northwest German coastline, Napoleon in December 1810 annexed the Hanseatic towns and the Duchy of Oldenberg, the latter ruled by the father-in-law of Tsar Alexander's sister, Grand Duchess Catherine Pavlovna. These moves infuriated the tsar, who responded by issuing a decree that reaffirmed Russia's right to keep its ports open to the shipping of neutral countries and placed additional import duties on French luxury items and wines entering Russia. Although not an overt declaration of war, the decree essentially withdrew Russia from Napoleon's imperial system at a time when he was capable of raising an army of almost a million men.

In an ill-advised move meant to enforce his blockade along the Baltic coast, Napoleon in January 1812 annexed Swedish Pomerania. Although an ally of France, two years earlier Sweden



BLOODY STALEMATE AT BORODINO

BY JOHN WALKER

Aleksandr Averyanov

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Two days before the final battle, Russian cavalry wade into French infantry assailing the Shevardino Redoubt. The redoubt was too far in front of the main Russian line to be defended.

had elected one of Napoleon's own officers, Marshal Jean-Baptiste Bernadotte, as crown prince and heir to their childless King Charles XIII. Sweden had been at war with Russia as recently as 1809, but this new annexation threw it into the Russian camp, as evidenced by Bernadotte's signing of a friendship treaty with Alexander in April 1812. The new treaty secured Russia's northern flank in case of war with France. The following month Alexander signed a peace treaty with the Ottoman Empire that ended the six-year war between the two rivals and secured Russia's southern flank.

Fearing a Russian invasion of the Duchy of Warsaw, Napoleon ordered his dispersed armies eastward toward Prussia and East Poland, apparently believing a large-scale repetition of his 1807 campaign would not entail great risk. As a huge military buildup took place on both sides of the Polish border, Napoleon made plans to field an army vast enough to intimidate Alexander or, failing that, to force him into submission with a rapid blow. However, emergency levees in early 1812 that raised 400,000 new peasant conscripts, coupled with deep-seated military and social reforms, had transformed the tsar's army into a far more formidable one than the French had faced in central Europe in 1805 and 1807. With war a fait accompli, Alexander left St. Petersburg for his army's main base at Vilna on April 21, 1812, but he returned to his capital some weeks later, wisely allowing his commanders to conduct all subsequent operations.

Promising to return in two months, an overly optimistic expectation, Napoleon departed for the front on May 29, leaving Empress Marie Louise and their infant son with her father, Austrian Emperor Francis II, and reached the banks of the Niemen River on June 23. Preferring not to alienate his reluctant Prussian and Austrian allies, Napoleon intentionally did not stop in Warsaw. In the late 18th century, Austria, Prussia, and Russia had partitioned Poland. Although 90,000 Poles served in the Grand Armée, Napoleon had no intention of assisting his Polish allies to reunify their nation. In a Europe controlled by France, such dreams would have to remain unfulfilled.

Napoleon's resolve to field such a vast force, which included a 40,000-man cavalry corps under Marshal Joachim Murat to be used as a mobile spearhead, not only resulted in the greatest forage problem in the history of warfare, but also dictated the timing of the campaign's start. Napoleon invaded Russia with more than 200,000 horses. His massive army needed 30,000 horses for its artillery, 80,000 for its cavalry, and 90,000 for its supply train. The supply train carried enough provisions to support the 600,000-man army in hostile territory for 40 days.

The means to adequately feed so many horses outstripped the army's capabilities. The livestock would have to be fed on the new crop of hay and oats along the eastward march that would not be ready for harvest before the end of June at the earliest. "We were obliged to cut the grass of the meadows, and, when there was none, reap corn, barley, and oats which were only just sprouting," wrote Colonel Jean Boulart of the Imperial Guard's artillery corps. This not only destroyed the harvest but threatened the health of the horses because it failed to provide them with the nourishment required for forced marches.

Fed on unripe barley, oats, and even rotten straw taken from the thatched roofs of peasant huts, the dehydrated horses quickly came down with severe colic and dysentery and began perishing by the thousands. The flamboyant Murat was seemingly more concerned with his elaborate uniforms than the proper care and feeding of his animals.

The men of La Grande Armée began suffering food and fresh water shortages long before they began crossing the Niemen River into Russia on June 24, 1812. As provisions dwindled the troops in the lead columns began emptying barns and stables, harvesting crops, and looting peasant houses. Field Marshal Prince Michael Barclay de Tolly, Russia's minister of war and commander of the First West Army, moved quickly to put a scorched-earth policy in place. As a result, French follow-on units found only deserted villages, ravaged fields, and poisoned wells. Punishing marches over the primitive road system in searing heat and choking dust, interrupted by freezing rainstorms that turned the roads into muddy bogs, left heavy supply wagons far behind. As they proceeded east, Napoleon's columns steadily lost men and horses from thirst, hunger, and exhaustion.

Napoleon occupied Vilna without a fight on June 28. His focus at that time was on preventing a union of Barclay's First West Army

and General Prince Pyotr Bagration's Second West Army. But by placing his inexperienced brother, Prince Jerome Bonaparte, in command of 80,000 troops, he lost an opportunity for a quick victory. Prince Jerome and Marshal Louis Davout had a chance to trap Bagration's army early in the campaign, but Jerome's bumbling allowed Bagration to escape. Napoleon berated Jerome for his incompetence, and his brother resigned and departed for his home in Westphalia. Barclay's First West Army and Bagration's Second West Army united on July 21.

Napoleon hoped to overtake the Russians in the open and destroy them, but they continued falling back. He pursued them through Drissa, Polotsk, and Vitebsk. The French emperor caught up with the rear guard of the combined Russian army at the walled city of Smolensk. After two days of fighting in which the city was burned, the combined Russian army continued its retreat. At that point, the French were 310 miles from Moscow. Napoleon's obsession with achieving a decisive victory, and the relatively short distance remaining to reach Moscow, compelled him to press eastward even though his supply line was stretched far beyond the breaking point.

The Russian populace, army, nobility, and Tsar Alexander, though, were fed up with the continuous retreat, and now that Barclay and Bagration had joined forces there was a universal desire to stand and fight. The Russian defenders were deeply religious, illiterate serfs who had been conscripted for a lifetime of army service. They preferred to fight to the death rather than surrender an inch of sacred Russian soil.

Barclay was resented by aristocratic Russian officers as a Baltic German and not a true Russian. To reduce the friction plaguing his army's high command, Alexander named the 67-year-old veteran Kutusov as commander in chief, leaving Bagration and Barclay in their present posts. The army and nation were elated. Kutusov joined the army on August 29 during its eastward trek and searched for a good position from which to confront the French juggernaut.

On September 3 Kutusov arrived at Borodino, a small village on the New Smolensk Road just north of the Kolocha River. He inspected and quickly approved a position suggested by one of his aides that would allow him to deploy his entire army astride the New Smolensk Road behind the protection of the Kolocha River's steep banks. Thousands of militiamen were soon clearing woods, erecting earthworks, and dismantling entire villages to ensure clear fields of fire.

Kutusov believed Napoleon would advance eastward on the New Smolensk Road toward Moscow. On the morning of September 4, the general began making his dispositions, ordering the construction of several groups of unconnected redoubts along the line. The most impressive of these strongpoints was the Great Redoubt, or Raevsky Redoubt, studded with 12-pounder field guns, that was situated southeast of the village of Borodino.

The revered general put a great deal of effort into strengthening his right wing, which would be defended by Barclay's First West Army. Barclay's engineers oversaw the construction of sturdy earthworks around the village of Maslovo. Kutusov entrusted Bagration's smaller Second West Army with holding the mostly open ground on the left wing. His troops manned the Shevardino Redoubt, which was a dangerously exposed forward position. Kutusov set up his command post in the village of Gorki, which was situated a mile behind Borodino.

By midday on September 4, the Russian line ran diagonally for five miles from Maslovo near the confluence of the Kolocha and Moskova Rivers to the village of Shevardino. Although Barclay's army blocked the New Smolensk Road on the north end of the battlefield, the Old Smolensk Road three miles to the south lay undefended beyond Bagration's left flank. This road cut in sharply behind the Russian left wing from the west to join the main road to Moscow behind the Russian lines. If Napoleon pushed rapidly eastward along the Old Smolensk Road and turned the Russian left, he could get behind Kutusov's entire army and cut off its retreat route to Moscow.

Marshal Murat's vanguard arrived west of Borodino on the morning of September 5. It deployed in preparation for an advance against the Shevardino Redoubt. Finding the Russians preparing for battle, Murat promptly notified Napoleon, who arrived at midday to reconnoiter the enemy's

Both: Wikimedia

ABOVE: Suffering from multiple maladies, French Emperor Napoleon observed the battle from a folding camp chair. BELOW: Marshal Mikhail Kutuzov conducts a council of war in a peasant's cabin. Tsar Alexander, who detested the elderly commander, appointed him to overall command because he was widely popular with the Russian people and soldiers.

position. The emperor concluded that the Russian right wing was virtually unassailable while the open ground south of the New Smolensk Road offered better prospects. The Polish V Corps, which was led by Marshal Prince Josef Poniatowski, had arrived via the Old Smolensk Road to support an advance. With sufficient forces on hand, Napoleon decided to launch an attack against the Russian left wing.

In response to his subordinates' pleas to adjust his flawed positions, on September 5 Kutusov ordered the Russian left wing to withdraw eastward into a new line that would run south from Borodino to the village of Utitza on the Old Smolensk Road. The Shevardino Redoubt would remain manned. Its purpose was to retard the French advance. He ordered General Nikolai Tuchkov's III Guards Corps out of the reserve, along with 1,500 Cossacks and 7,000 militiamen, astride the Old Smolensk Road just south of Utitza, and deployed four regiments of jaegers into the wooded area on Tuchkov's right, consolidating his new line between the New and Old Smolensk Roads. However, Kutusov insisted on keeping both the II Corps of Lt. Gen. Karl Baggovut and the IV Corps of Lt. Gen. Aleksandr Osterman-Tolstoy in their original positions on the right wing where he still expected Napoleon to strike.

The tip of the Russian defenses, the unfinished Shevardino Redoubt, had by that time become an isolated salient. Napoleon ordered Davout to immediately liquidate it with the troops at hand. It took seven hours and 35,000 soldiers to seize the redoubt, which changed hands several times and was destroyed by French artillery fire at a cost of 6,000 Russian and 4,500 French casualties. Realizing the position had become untenable, Barclay ordered the survivors to withdraw on the night of September 5-6 to Bagration's new line.

Both armies used September 6 to make the final dispositions of their forces for the impending battle. After 10 weeks of marching and skirmishing, the soldiers of both armies were eager for battle and aware of the high stakes involved. A solemn religious procession that included Kutusov and his staff, Orthodox clergy, and the revered icon of the Virgin of Smolensk took place within the Russian lines. There was no such event on the French side, though, given that Napoleon's multinational army was almost entirely secular.

All: Public Domain

Clockwise from top left: Pyotr Bagration; Michael Andreas Barclay de Tolly; Jerome Bonaparte, Napoleon's untalented brother; and Eugene de Beauharnais, Napoleon's intrepid stepson. Bagration desired a pitched battle with the French, whereas de Tolly favored a Fabian strategy. OPPOSITE: Opposing infantry fight with bayonets and clubbed muskets for control of a key position. French frontal attacks against staunchly defended field fortifications resulted in heavy losses.

In a last-minute preparation, Kutusov also ordered the construction of three additional earthworks on a piece of high ground west of Semenovskaya village, a mile south of the Great Redoubt, that would become known as the Bagration fleches. The rocky ground and a shortage of tools impeded the Russians' progress. When hostilities resumed the following morning, they had not finished building the fleches.

After Napoleon's deployment south of the main road and seizure of the Shevardino Redoubt negated any possible Russian offensive actions, Kutusov resolved to stand on the defensive and inflict crippling losses on the attackers. As for Napoleon, he intended to bludgeon the weak Russian left until a breakthrough was achieved.

Although he was suffering from a severe cold and recurrent bladder infection, Napoleon was up at 3 AM on September 7 and at his command post on a mound behind the ravaged Shevardino Redoubt. Sitting on a folding camp chair, Napoleon could see the entire battlefield and had drawn up his elite Imperial Guard Corps, 18,500 strong, alongside and behind him, safely out of artillery range. When 102 French guns opened fire at 6 am against the Russian left and center manned by Bagration's Second Army, they were answered in kind by Russian artillery, and the fighting at Borodino commenced once again. The reeds and brushes along the Kolocha River were alive with Russian jaegers. Behind them on rising ground were deployed massed ranks of Russian cavalry and infantry in front of the redoubts, on whose parapets gleamed brightly polished bronze cannons. More massed bodies of troops could be seen behind the redoubts.

Kutusov deployed his 120,000 regulars into deep, narrow columns backed by large concentrations of artillery. They were opposed by the Grand Armée's 103,800 men. The French had 587 guns, and the Russians had 640 guns.

Kutusov's army included 10,000 Cossacks and 31,000 militiamen. The militia troops took no part in the fighting. Their task was solely to remove the wounded and form a cordon behind the front lines to prevent desertion. Rejecting Davout's proposal to outflank the weak Russian left, Napoleon instead ordered Davout's I Corps to attack directly forward into the teeth of the enemy's defenses. The responsibility for the flanking maneuver lay with Poniatowski's corps, which was deployed farther south on the old road.

The troops of both sides were exposed to massed artillery fire as they waited to go into battle. The French guns pounded the Russian positions, particularly the earthworks, throwing up clouds of dust, which when mixed with smoke from the defending guns, created an impression of a vast, swirling sea.

With its 18 cannons firing as fast as possible, the Great Redoubt resembled an erupting volcano. Maj. Gen. Prince Eugene de Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, whose IV Corps held the French left opposite Borodino village and the Great Redoubt, quickly occupied Borodino after sweeping away three battalions of advanced Lifeguard Jaegers, who lost half their men in the brief action. Two more of Eugene's divisions crossed the Kolocha, but a Russian counterattack drove them back across the river.

Meanwhile, Marshal Davout unleashed a fierce ground assault against Bagration's southernmost fleche. Davout sent a total of 22,000 troops from three divisions who deployed for battle in brigade columns. The divisions were Maj. Gen. Louis Friant's II Division, Maj. Gen. Joseph-Marie Dessaix's IV Division, and Maj. Gen. Jean Compans' V Division. They were opposed by the three divisions that constituted Lt. Gen. Mikhail Borozdin's VIII Corps. The Russians, who were outnumbered, suffered substantial losses from the devastating French artillery fire.

Compans' division, which was spearheaded by the renowned 57th Line Infantry Regiment and 30 guns, moved ahead and quickly disappeared into the dust, smoke, and fog. French voltigeurs brushed aside Russian skirmishers. After exiting the woods on the far bank of the Kolocha and closing upon the southernmost

fleche, Russian guns pummeled the 57th Line. "Suddenly, from that peaceful plain and the silent hills, volumes of fire and smoke were seen spouting out, followed by a multitude of explosions, and the whistling of bullets tearing the air in every direction," wrote Brig. Gen. Philippe Paul de Segur. Compans was struck in the shoulder and unable to continue commanding his troops.

Seeing the confusion, Davout, who was known as the Iron Marshal, assumed command. He led the 57th Line Regiment forward only to have his horse shot out from under him. He tumbled to the ground so hard that his men believed he was dead. General Gene Rapp arrived to replace him, only to find Davout alive and again commanding the 57th as it seized the earthwork, albeit temporarily. Rapp, one of Napoleon's most trusted aides, led the 61st Line Regiment forward and was wounded.

To the south, Poniatowski attacked Utitza and the wooded slopes and forests adjacent to and north of that village. His efforts were aided by the transfer of some of the Russian units in the sector to the hard-pressed fleches to the north. Kutusov dispatched two divisions from General Karl Gustav von Baggovut's corps to reinforce Tuchkov's troops, who stood between Poniatowski and the Russian rear. Tuchkov was killed in the seesaw, indecisive fighting in and around Utitza, where the Poles finally found themselves, despite valiant efforts, unable to make a breakthrough. Poniatowski's depleted corps spent the rest of the day in a fruitless battle of attrition astride the Old Smolensk Road and in the woods to its north.

A furious Russian counterattack soon expelled the French from the southern fleche. Yet a second assault was rapidly mounted. Rapp, who led Compans' division, was supported by Dessaix's division and elements of Maj. Gen. Jean Junot's VII Corps. Meanwhile, Maj. Gen. François Ledru's division of Marshal Michel Ney's III Corps attacked the nearby second fleche. A battalion of grenadiers braced for the attack in each fleche. Seven more battalions were deployed in columns to the rear.

The French captured both redoubts in fierce melees. The flimsy earthen parapets crumbled under the storm of shells from the French artillery. With the cramped conditions making reloading fouled muskets nearly impossible, foot soldiers on both sides resorted to the bayonet. Maj. Gen. Prince Mikhail Vorontsov, commanding the Second Combined Grenadier Division, was wounded in the fighting. By 8:30 AM his division had been annihilated. Of his 4,000 troops, 3,700 were killed, wounded, or missing.

Davout had gained possession of the two advanced Bagration fleches. The French initially failed to see the third fleche to the northeast. Bagration quickly led a counterattack that expelled the French. But Marshal Ney, who commanded three divisions totaling 10,000 men and was supported by 7,000 of Ledru's Westphalians, recaptured the key positions. In desperation, Bagration turned to Barclay for help rather than to Kutusov. To his credit, Barclay responded within the hour, dispatching three guards regiments, three cuirassier regiments, eight grenadier battalions, and 36 guns to support Bagration.

The fleches proved to be death traps for the French. They were simple earthen works that were open at the back and had ramparts no more than six feet high. Once the French had taken them, they found themselves facing multiple lines of Russian troops. It was only after they had taken the second fleche that the French realized there was a third fleche. While Russian guns shelled the French ranks, Maj. Gen. Dmitry Neverovsky led his 23rd Infantry Division in a counterattack that drove the French from the fleches. The French rallied for another assault. Both sides fed reinforcements into the fray. The French attacks and Russian counterattacks succeeded each other one after the other, leaving thousands of dead and wounded men and horses strewn across the smoke-covered field.

Napoleon remained at the Shevardino Redoubt throughout the battle. "Every time I returned from one of my numerous missions, I found him sitting there in the same position, following all

Aleksandr Averyanov

Map © 2018 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

Napoleon decided to hurl the weight of the Grande Armée against the Russian left flank. At the climactic moment, Napoleon was unwilling to commit his Imperial Guard.

the moves through his pocket telescope and issuing his orders with imperturbable calm," wrote Colonel Louis Lejeune, a French aide-de-camp.

After deploying his various infantry and cavalry corps for battle, Kutusov remained at his command post near Gorki for almost the entire day, unable to see the battlefield, doing little more than releasing reserves when requested. This left Barclay and Bagration, who were quite competent to manage a defensive battle in which no grand maneuvers were attempted on either side, to conduct operations.

With the French again in possession of all three fleches in the late morning, Bagration rallied his troops for a final effort and led them in himself. The counterattack succeeded, but at the moment of triumph Bagration was struck in the leg by a shell fragment that inflicted a mortal wound. His troops lost heart, and the next French attack cleared the Russians from the fleches for good, driving them back across the ravine of the Semeonovka stream all the way to the ruins of the village of Semenovskaya, where houses were collapsing under the French bombardment.

"There are no words to describe the bitter despair with which our soldiers threw themselves into the fray," wrote Ivan Lubenkov, a Russian captain. "It was a fight between ferocious tigers, not men, and once both sides had determined to win or die where they stood, they did not stop fighting when their muskets broke, but carried on, using butts and swords in terrible hand-to-hand combat." The French had committed 40,000 infantry and 11,000 cavalry to capture the fleches.

Both commanders had tapped into the bulk of their reserves by noon. Having redeployed Osterman-Tolstoy's IV Corps from his unmolested right wing to bolster his center and left, Kutusov agreed to send a combined cavalry force north across the Kolocha River in a small-scale raid to harass Eugene's left and rear. This force, which consisted of Count Matvei Platov's Cossacks and General Fyodor Uvarov's I Cavalry Corps regulars, numbered 8,000 men and a dozen cannons. The spoiling attacks conducted by Platov against the French baggage train and Uvarov against Eugene's infantry ranks accomplished little. Kutusov judged them both to be failures. The sudden appearance of enemy cavalry close to Eugene's supply train and headquarters while he was making preparations to attack the Great Redoubt, prompted the usually unflappable commander to postpone his attack. He dispatched 17 cavalry regiments to deal with the unexpected threat. The Russian mounted foray succeeded in delaying Eugene's attack on the Great Redoubt for two hours. This gave the Russians time to regroup and shore up their battered left wing.

The defenders of the Great Redoubt were commanded by General Prince Nikolai Raevsky. "We built these batteries ourselves," Raevsky wrote. "A sapper officer advised us to dig a series of wolf-pits 150 meters before the redoubt as the position was at risk of being overrun by cavalry. We did this and now all we had to do was await the enemy."

Although hastily constructed, the four-sided, earthen Great Redoubt was nevertheless formidable. Erected on a 200-yard-long hillock, the Great Redoubt faced west. It consisted of two 70-yard-long shoulders that met at a 90-degree angle in the center of the Russian front line. The redoubt was extended by fortifications to its flanks. Unlike the fleches, the Great Redoubt had protection in the rear, consisting of a double wooden palisade with an eight-foot high inner wall and a six-foot-high outer wall.

Raevsky's VII Corps was tasked with defending the Great Redoubt and part of the Russian line on its left, but when the fighting escalated farther south he had to dispatch troops to help Tuchkov. When Eugene launched his first attack against the Great Redoubt, Raevsky was in command of two infantry divisions, six jaeger regiments, and an 18-gun artillery brigade. The bulk of the jaegers were posted in a skirmish line to the redoubt's front while the two infantry divisions and 19th Jaegers were posted alongside and to the rear, ready to launch counterattacks against the French. After a devastating artillery bombardment inflicted appalling losses upon the defenders both inside and outside the Great Redoubt, Eugene sent in one division from the northwest, commanded by General Jean-Baptiste Broussier, which was quickly repulsed.

General Charles Antoine Morand made the second attempt, and this time soldiers of his 30th Line Regiment managed to scale the approaches, pass through the embrasures, and enter into the Great Redoubt, forcing Raevsky to temporarily abandon his command post. With most of the 30th Line still fighting outside, though, Morand's unsupported attackers inside the works faced the inevitable counterattack alone. The Russians soon retook the

Great Redoubt, though at a heavy cost. General Alexander Kutaisov, the highly regarded commander of the Russian artillery, was killed in the counterattack. Kutusov did not replace Kutaisov, which meant the Russian superiority in this arm was never adequately brought into play for the rest of the day.

With his advance stalled, Eugene crossed back to the north bank of the Kolocha River in the early afternoon, both to bolster the troops under attack there by enemy cavalry and to prepare his three divisions for the next assault on the Great Redoubt. The withdrawal of IV Corps, though, left only General Louis-Pierre Montbrun's II Cavalry Corps to fill the large gap in the French line where they suffered under massed artillery fire that severely thinned their ranks and destroyed their morale. Marshal Marquis Emmanuel de Grouchy's III Cavalry Corps was sent to cut up any Russian infantry in the area, but failed when the Russians withdrew into squares. After Grouchy's troopers returned to their lines, the French redoubled their artillery bombardment. The shelling killed and maimed thousands of men and horses in the tightly packed Russian ranks.

With a breakthrough on either wing doubtful, the French could only achieve victory in the center. Situated roughly in the Russian line between the Great Redoubt and the fleches and already burned and virtually demolished, the village of Semenovskaya had been destroyed by French artillery fire. Murat's cavalry swept in to deliver a potentially decisive blow. Although thousands of Russian grenadiers in the village fought to the death, the French advance drove them from the burning village.

For a short time Kutusov's army was split in two. Appeals to Napoleon by Davout, Murat, and Ney to commit the Imperial Guard Corps were made. But Napoleon was not inclined to commit the Guard so deep in enemy territory. He believed it was essential to preserve it for future actions. As a result, a chance for victory was lost. Napoleon also failed to make optimum use of Murat's cavalry. Receiving no order to exploit the gap in the enemy's line, Russian reinforcements drove them back from the area around Semenovskaya village. The cavalry remained immobile for several hours during which they suffered heavy losses, including the loss of Montbrun from Russian cannon fire. The Russians brought up more reserves and plugged the gap, which enabled the Russian line to remain intact.

At 2 PM Eugene unleashed a massive, coordinated infantry and cavalry attack against both the front and flanks of the shapeless Great Redoubt, sending in three infantry divisions in a frontal assault while French heavy cavalry attacked from left and right. Half of Osterman-Tolstoy's corps, sent from the Russian right, and Maj. Gen. Peter Likhachev's 24th Infantry Division occupied the redoubt. In the tumult, Maj. Gen. Auguste de Caulaincourt, commanding the II Cavalry Corps, attempted to lead French cuirassiers into the rear of the redoubt, but he was cut down by a cannonball when fierce Russian fire broke up his charge.

Brigadier General Johann von Thielmann, commanding the Saxon Heavy Cavalry Brigade, led eight Saxon and two Polish cavalry squadrons against the rear of the redoubt. His officers and sergeants forced their horses through the crumbling embrasures and into the seething cauldron where French cavalrymen and Russian infantrymen were engaged in a momentous struggle. When the French infantry poured over the breastworks, Likhachev was captured, the defenders annhilated, and the Great Redoubt irretrievably lost.

"The Raievski Redoubt and the area around it offered an aspect which exceeded the worst horrors one could ever dream of," wrote Lieutenant H. Brandt of the Vistula Legion, which was attached to the French Young Guard. "The approaches, the ditches, and the earthwork itself had disappeared under the amount of dead and dying, of an average depth of six to eight men, heaped one upon the other."

Gathering all the exhausted horsemen he could find, Eugene attempted an advance to exploit the fall of the Great Redoubt. Though the French cavalry had suffered dreadful losses storming

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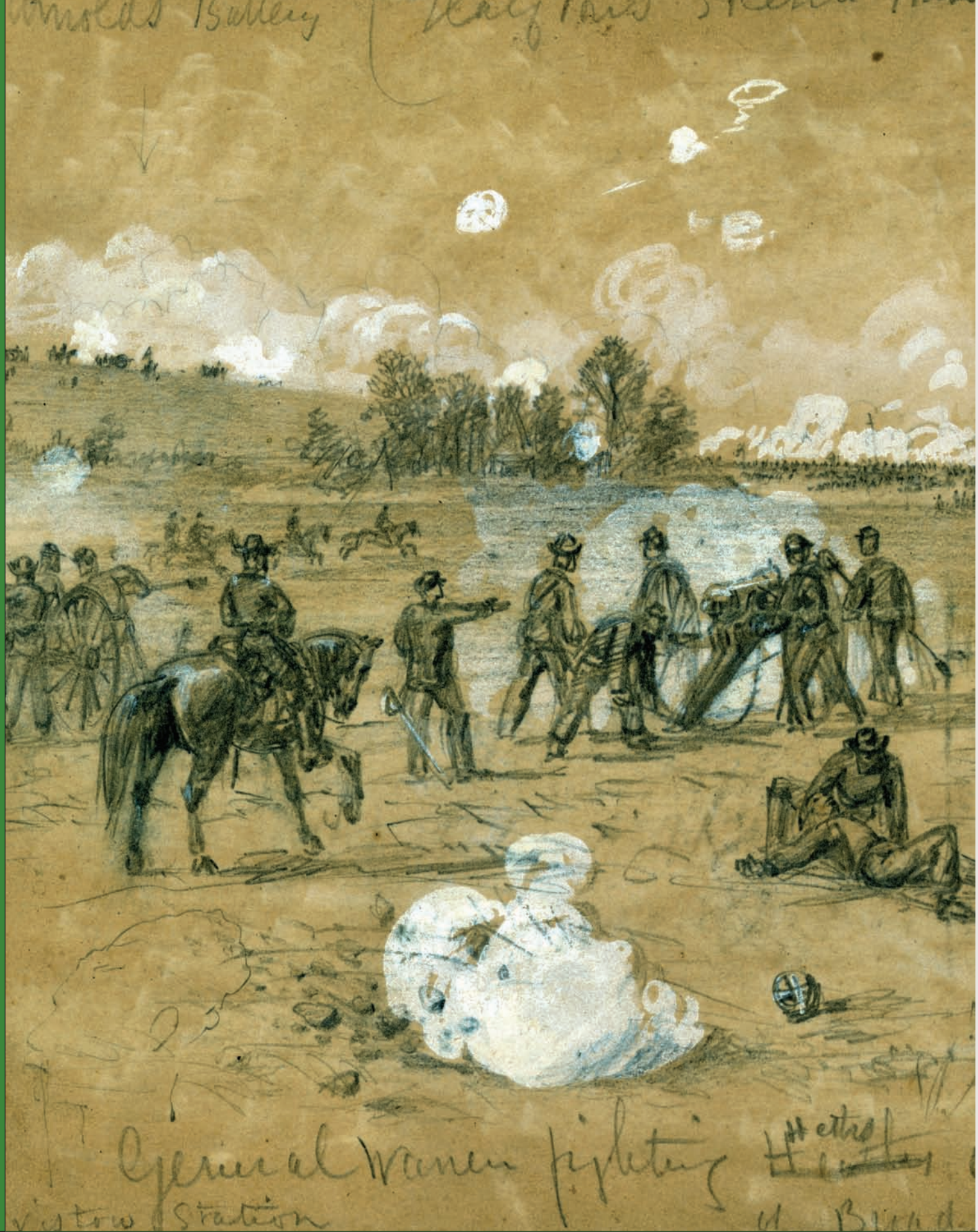
Napoleon arrives in Moscow to find it aflame and bereft of supplies. He failed to destroy the Russian army and had greatly underestimated Tsar Alexander's political resolve.

the redoubt and their horses were in terrible condition, they still outnumbered their foe by a substantial margin. Barclay therefore committed his remaining cavalry reserves, the elite Chevaliers Guardes among them, who finally drove back the French cavalry after two hours of confused fighting. The Russian infantry formed squares when French cavalry squadrons stormed their new line. With no additional reserves and Napoleon still refusing to commit the Guard, the redoubtable Prince Eugene was unable to accomplish anything further.

Upon hearing of the Great Redoubt's fall, Poniatowski mounted another advance on the French right at 4 PM, capturing Utitza village and the knoll upon which it stood, before halting an hour later while the defenders pulled back to their main line. By 5 PM the Battle of Borodino was nearly over. Both armies were bloodied and exhausted. Napoleon's Grand Armée had advanced roughly to the site of the Russian positions at the start of the battle. Barclay's forces, battered but not broken, had retired only a short distance to the east to the next ridge. This was hardly the outcome Napoleon had desired. Too weary to pursue, the French withdrew to their original lines.

The bloodiest single day's fighting of the Napoleonic era thus ended in an exhausting stalemate, neither commander having achieved his objectives. The cost of Kutusov's flawed dispositions was staggering. He suffered 43,000 casualties, which when added to those lost earlier at Shevardino

Continued on page 70



IT TOOK ONLY MOMENTS FOR A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO TURN INTO A TRAP. SEVERAL days of pursuit in October 1863 through northern Virginia at last brought Lt. Gen. Ambrose Powell Hill within sight of the retreating Union troops of the Army of the Potomac. Without waiting for all of his men to come up, Hill sent two brigades of Maj. Gen. Henry Heth's division after the Yankee soldiers retreating across Broad Run. It seemed Heth needed to pause his advance only a few minutes in order to brush aside some skirmishers from his right, but the skirmishers were merely a screen in front of the 8,000 men of Maj. Gen. Gouverneur K. Warren's II Corps.

An antebellum railroad bed provided the bluecoats with an excellent fortified position, and Warren's muskets felled hundreds of Heth's men before they could reach them. Yet there was a weak spot in the Union line where the Brentford Road crossed the Orange and Alexandria Railroad; the flat terrain there offered no cover for the defenders. A charge by Brig. Gen. John R. Cooke's North Carolinians threatened to break through the 42nd New York. It looked like Hill's III Corps of General Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia just might crack the Union lines on October 14 in the Battle of Bristoe Station.

Lee needed a victory. The three-day Battle of Gettysburg in July 1863 had ended the second Confederate invasion of the North. Withdrawing across the Potomac River into Confederate territory, Lee's Army of Northern Virginia was pursued by the victorious Army of the Potomac under Union Maj. Gen. George Gordon Meade.

In October 1863 Ambrose Powell Hill's corps stirred up a hornet's nest of Yankees along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad in northern Virginia.

REBEL BLUNDER AT BRISTOE STATION

BY DAVID A. NORRIS

Meade followed the Confederate retreat without provoking a major battle. Lee continued giving ground, in the process abandoning Culpeper Courthouse for Meade to take over as his headquarters on September 13. Lee eventually pushed south across the Rapidan River before halting near Orange Courthouse.

The two sides had taken up new positions along the Rapidan line. Lee was operating without Lt. Gen. James Longstreet's 12,000-strong I Corps. With Chattanooga, Tennessee, threatened by Maj. Gen. William Rosecrans's Army of the Cumberland, Confederate President Jefferson Davis ordered Lee to send Longstreet's corps to join General Braxton Bragg's Army of Tennessee in northern Georgia. Although Lee objected to the division of his army, Davis told him that the threat to Chattanooga called for drastic measures.

On September 9, the I Corps troops of the Army of Northern Virginia began boarding trains at Orange Court House. Part of Longstreet's corps reached Bragg in time to help the Confederates win their decisive victory at Chickamauga Creek on September 19-20.

Major General Gouverneur Warren, shown on horseback, had proven himself an intuitive fighter at Gettysburg. Three months later he once again proved himself a steady commander at Bristoe Station.

All Images: Library of Congress

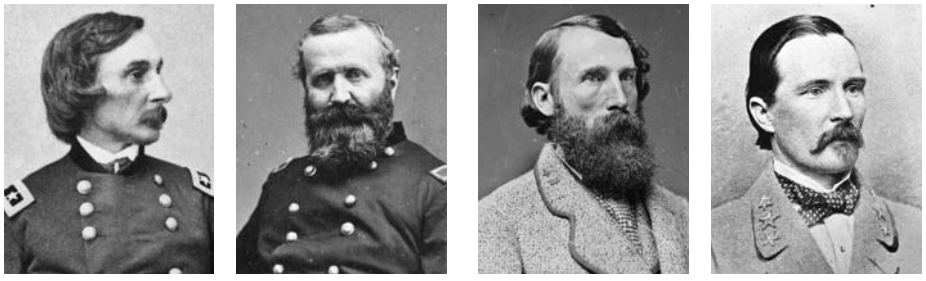
Without Longstreet's detachment, Lee was down to about 48,000 officers and men. Even with his diminished numbers, Lee kept an eye open for the possibility of a new campaign before the onset of winter. His chance came in late September when Lt. Gen. Joseph Hooker was detached from Meade, taking the XI and XII Corps with him. Like Longstreet's men, Hooker's troops were earmarked for the Trans-Appalachian Theater.

Hooker's transfer left Meade with an army of 78,000. With the odds against him so sharply cut down, Lee planned a new offensive. On October 9, the Confederates left their camps northeast of Orange Courthouse. They crossed the Rapidan and then headed northeast on a course roughly parallel with the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, which was a few miles to their east. "Our progress was slow, as the march was by circuitous and concealed roads, to avoid the observation of the enemy," wrote Lee. Dividing his cavalry, the Rebel commander left Fitz Lee to hold the old line south of the Rapidan, and sent Lt. Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart's cavalry corps to protect the right of the main army.

With Lee on the move, Meade withdrew toward the Rappahannock. His intention was to reach Centreville. Meade was closer to Centreville than the Confederates, and he had the additional advantage of taking the most direct route, which was nearer the path of the Orange and Alexandria. Several miles to their west, Lt. Gen. Richard Ewell's II Corps and Hill's III Corps pushed forward in hope of overtaking Meade before he could settle into stronger defenses at Centreville.

An October 13 attack by Stuart's cavalry on a Union wagon train ignited the First Battle of Auburn. A tempting prize, the train carried 100 ammunition wagons and 125 ambulances and stretched for two miles along the roads. But Stuart's scouts had failed to detect two nearby large bodies of Union infantry, the II and III Corps.

Brigadier General John Buford, who led the First Division of Maj. Gen. Alfred Pleasonton's cavalry corps, escorted the wagons. Late in the day, Stuart realized that his riders were trapped between the wagon train and several thousand foot soldiers. Stuart hid his men in a ravine all night, only a few hundred yards away from some of the camps of Warren's corps. At 3 AM on October 14, Warren's men broke camp and resumed their march parallel to the railroad, never realizing how close they were to Stuart.



ABOVE: Among the principal commanders at Bristoe Station were (l to r) Maj. Gen. Gouverneur K. Warren, Brig. Gen. Alexander Hays, Lt. Gen. A.P. Hill, and Maj. Gen. Henry Heth. BELOW: Even though the Confederates are most often associated with bridge burnings, the Yankees burned the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock River during the Bristoe Campaign.

Meanwhile, Ewell's II Corps and Hill's III Corps had reached Warrenton, about eight miles west of Auburn, on the night of October 13. Early on the morning of October 14, both corps marched east on different roads with plans to unite at Greenwich. Ewell had a more direct route through Auburn Mills, while Hill's men marched farther north through New Baltimore and skirted around Buckland Mills.

After a short march, Brig. Gen. John C. Caldwell's brigade of the II Corps crossed Cedar Run and stopped on a hill overlooking the creek. The Union men fell out, and soon blazing campfires glowed in the half-light across the hilltop as the soldiers waited for their morning coffee to boil. "[It] had not fully dawned and heavy mists in the valley enveloped them in almost impenetrable obscurity," recalled Warren.

The path assigned to Ewell brought him up behind Caldwell's troops. While mist cloaked the approaches to the hill, the Yankee campfires threw the bluecoats into high relief for the Rebel artillery. At 6:15 AM, the explosions of Confederate shells startled the camp. "The first shell ... smashed the hospitable coffee-pot which Father Corby, Dr. Powell [the regiment's chaplain, and their surgeon] and the writer were filling for breakfast that was rudely interrupted," recalled a veteran of the 108th New York. A more lethal shellburst killed seven men.

Caldwell's men abandoned their coffee to find cover on the far edge of the hilltop. Officially, the Second Battle of Auburn, this clash of the morning of October 14, also was known as the Battle of Coffee Hill. Warren's corps withdrew and pressed on to Catlett's Station and beyond, heading for Bristoe Station, just beyond which they would cross Broad Run.

Ewell was delayed by the early morning clash at Auburn, and therefore it was Hill who next drew closer to the Yankees. Heth's division reached Greenwich at 10 AM. Captain John A. Sloan of the 27th North Carolina in Cooke's brigade remembered the exuberant optimism of his men that day. At Greenwich they walked through a deserted Union camp. "Their campfires were still burning, many articles of camp equipage were lying around, everything showing that a panic had seized them and that their retreat was hasty and terrified," wrote Sloan. "We hastened on in pursuit, at a rapid rate, capturing their stragglers at every turn." Yankee

A sketch of Bristoe Station made in 1862 shows that many of the buildings had been burned to the ground during the Second Manassas Campaign.

coats, knapsacks, and other gear littered the roads, adding to the impression that the enemy was in headlong retreat. "It was almost like boys chasing a hare," recalled another North Carolinian.

The II Corps had been, wrote Sergeant John H. Rhodes of Battery B, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery "almost continually on the march or in line of battle since the morning of the 12th." Rhodes' battery was one of the first Union units to reach Bristoe Station.

Thirty miles southwest of Washington, D.C., Bristoe Station sat on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, just southwest of the railroad's bridge across a creek called Broad Run. Five miles or so to the north were the fields where the First and Second Battles of Manassas were fought in 1861 and 1862, respectively.

Established when the railroad came through in 1850, Bristoe Station served the rural community of Bristow, which was a short distance to the west. (Many wartime sources used the spelling Bristow Station.) During the earlier fighting in the area, much of Bristow was destroyed. Sergeant Rhodes recalled that the village had disappeared and that there were "only a few burnt chimneys remaining."

Riding with his staff, Hill received reports that he was closing in on the enemy. They scooped up about 150 stragglers and learned that they were on the heels of Maj. Gen. William Henry French's Union III Corps. Ahead of his troops, Hill paused early in the afternoon on a rise west of Bristoe Station. Below, he saw thousands of Union troops. Most of them were already beyond Broad Run, and safe for the moment.

But the Rebels tiring 15-mile march did not appear to be for nothing after all. It looked like the last of the rear of Meade's army was still squeezing across the ford at Broad Run near Bristoe Station. Some soldiers marched toward and beyond the stream, while others rested and relaxed on the plain. It presented a golden opportunity to strike and shatter a substantial piece of the Union Army when it was awkwardly sprawled across both sides of the stream. The men of the 27th North Carolina "were in the highest spirits, confident not only of victory, but of destroying or capturing everything in front of us," wrote Sloan.

Broad Run was no great obstacle. Soldiers could march across the railroad bridge that spanned the creek, or they could easily ford the stream above and below the bridge. Hill decided "that no time be lost, and hurried up Heth's division, forming it in line of battle along the crest of the hills and parallel to Broad Run." At the point where the Confederates approached Broad Run, the stream ran roughly north to south before bending to the east below the railroad bridge.

Hill had ridden some distance ahead of his infantry. At every passing moment, he fretted that the enemy was slipping away. Heth was about 1½ miles west of Bristoe Station when orders arrived from Hill. The orders stated that Heth was to arrange three of his brigades "in line of battle perpendicular to the road ... holding the Fourth Brigade as a reserve, which was to continue its march by the flank," Heth wrote in his battle report.

Heth deployed William W. Kirkland's 1,500 men with their right flank touching the road and brushing against the left of Cooke's 2,500-man brigade. Henry H. Walker's brigade, following behind, was ordered to move to Kirkland's left, and Joseph. R. Davis's brigade was held in reserve.

Kirkland was still shuffling his troops when a courier dashed up with an urgent message from Hill. Because the Yankees were "retreating rapidly and that expedition was necessary," Hill instructed Heth to push ahead immediately "with the two brigades then in line."

When Heth's soldiers stepped into a cleared stretch of land, they saw the enemy about three quarters of a mile ahead of them. Several guns of Lt. Col. William T. Poague's battalion perched on a hilltop and opened fire on the Yankees. Heth saw that Poague's shells "threw them into much confusion, and all that were in sight retreated across Broad Run."

"On seeing this, General Hill directed me to move by the left flank, cross Broad Run, and attack the fugitives," wrote Heth. But before Heth could change direction, "a heavy column of the enemy" was spotted to his right. Heth hesitated, and asked for Hill's instructions. The commander had Heth wait for 10 minutes, then ordered him to resume his advance by the left flank.

Cooke, whose men were closest to the enemy, personally went to Heth. The Yankees, warned

Cooke, would assault his right as he moved forward. Hill assured them that Maj. Gen. Richard H. Anderson's division was being dispatched to cover Cooke's right.

The Orange and Alexandria tracks shot as straight as an arrow toward the bridge over Broad Run. The tracks ran atop artificial embankments and, where needed, made cuts through small hills. Between the embankments and cuts, the railroad offered a line of fortifications extensive enough to protect several thousand troops.

Unknown to Heth and Hill, the troops of Warren's II Corps knew the Confederates were approaching on their left and rushed to occupy the ready-made defenses provided by the railroad bed. Sergeant Milton Ellsworth of the 19th Massachusetts recalled that a bit earlier that day, the regiment crossed Kettle Run, a stream that passed under the railroad just over one mile southeast of Bristoe Station. For the march from Auburn that morning, the 59th New York had been posted as flankers on Warren's left, but the New Yorkers were pulled back into line after the army crossed the creek. Ellsworth was suspicious because their regiment was still shadowed by soldiers.

Although the unknown flankers were reportedly wearing blue coats, when the matter was reported to Warren, the general sent the 59th New York to confront them. The mystery men opened fire, revealing themselves to be Confederates. The enemy fire was heavy enough to drive the New Yorkers back, and the 19th Massachusetts fell back to the railroad. Finding they were at a stretch where the rails ran over an embankment about three feet high, the bluecoats used it as a breastwork and took cover behind it.

The bluecoat divisions of Brig. Gens. John C. Caldwell, Alexander Hays, and Alexander S. Webb were arrayed from the Union left to the right. Behind them on ground 30 to 40 feet higher

ABOVE: Union infantry wade through Broad Run during the runup to the battle. Lt. Gen. A.P. Hill's failure to reconnoiter the situation cost the Confederates dearly. OPPOSITE: Union troops shown move at the double quick to take up a strong position behind the railroad embankment at Bristoe Station. Union musketry shattered Confederate charges during the heated engagement.

in elevation were three batteries with a total of 16 guns. Four guns of Lieutenant Thomas Frederick Brown's Battery B of the 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery also were within range on high ground across Broad Run. Brown's guns stood near a windmill built before the war to pump water for passing locomotives.

Warren's men had just settled into their new defensive line when Kirkland and Cooke pressed forward after 2 PM, their combined front roughly parallel with the streambed of Broad Run. But this put the Rebels at an oblique angle to the divisions of Webb and Hays. Cooke was within half a mile of the railroad, and both Rebel brigades were subject to enfilading artillery fire. As the Union skirmishers pulled back, heavy musket fire poured from the railroad cuts and embankments.

The Confederate brigadiers pivoted to maneuver their men into line parallel with the railroad. Once in line, they pushed forward to drive the enemy from its position. The strength of the Yankee line at that point was still unclear to the Rebels. Sergeant Ellsworth wrote afterward of his regimental commander "directing the colors to keep down and out of sight" as the Confederates closed in on them.

"We had scarcely emerged from the woods and began to advance down the hill, when Gen. Cooke ... was shot and fell from his horse severely wounded," wrote Sloan. "Col. Gilmer, in command of our regiment, was shot down about the same moment."

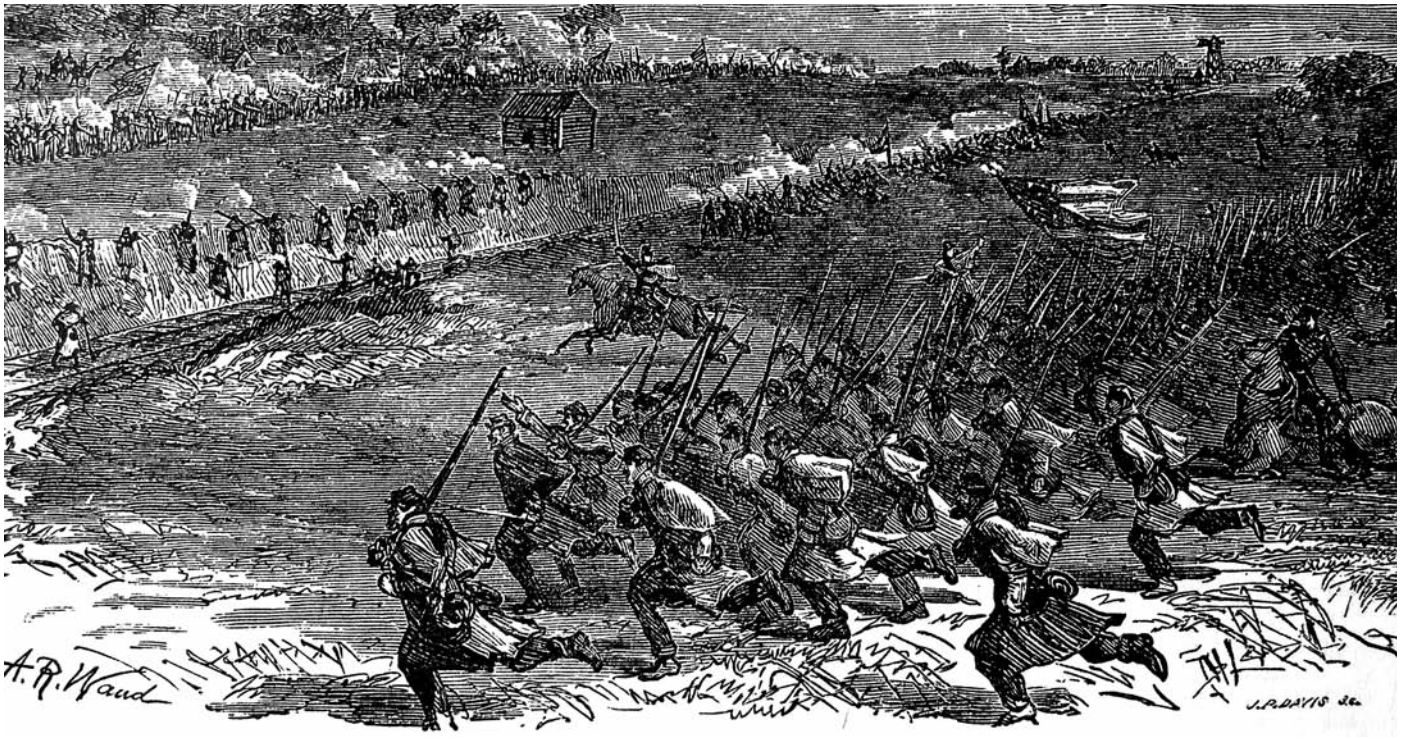
Command of Cooke's brigade devolved to Colonel Edward D. Hall of the 46th North Carolina. Lt. Col. George Whitfield took over for Gilmer. Whitfield warned Hall that his regiment must either charge or fall back, rather than remain where they were, trapped in the open. Hall ordered a charge. Without waiting for the rest of the brigade to assemble, Whitfield led his men "double-quicking down the hill, our men falling at every step," wrote Sloan. "When we came to within a few yards of the railroad, the enemy rose up from behind the embankment and poured a volley into our ranks which almost swept the remnant of us out of existence. At this juncture some of our company sought shelter in a little shanty on our left, where they were afterwards captured by the enemy."

Across the creek, Brown's battery had an admirable firing position to rake the charging Confederate infantry. But the Rhode Islanders were isolated from their own infantry, and the gunners were menaced by a small force of Rebel skirmishers.

A bugler named John F. Leach managed to corral 13 Union stragglers partly by brandishing his saber. Mounted on a battery horse, Leach took charge of his hastily assembled force. As if he were an officer, the bugler rode up and down his little line of infantry. Three of his men combined their fire to kill a Confederate sniper who was shooting at them from a tree. Leach was later trapped under his horse when his mount was shot down. While dragging himself back to his feet, the bugler was injured when an enemy shell exploded and slashed his right leg with an iron fragment. Yet the motley band of stragglers held, leaving Brown's guns free to bombard Kirkland's men. After his injuries were patched up, Leach survived the battle and the war.

Cooke's men pushed to within 40 yards of the railroad. The 19th Massachusetts "lay quietly, having the greatest confidence in our ability to take care of them, until they came very near to us, when we arose and emptied our guns in their faces and cheered and charged over the road," wrote Ellsworth.

Three color bearers of the 27th North Carolina were shot down in only a few minutes. Corporal William C. Story picked up the banner and held it for the rest of the battle. Lt. Col.



Although the Confederates were close to breaking through parts of the Yankee formations, their bold charge was in vain. Hill had sent them ahead while failing to provide reinforcements to exploit their temporary success and decisively break Warren's II Corps.

Whitfield was shot, and command of the 27th fell to Major Joseph C. Webb, who ordered the regiment to withdraw. The remaining men pulled back to take cover behind the crest of a hill.

Some of Cooke's troops reached the point where the Brentsville Road crossed the rail bed. That section of the Union line was held by the 42nd New York, known as the Tammany Regiment," of Colonel James E. Mallon's brigade. The New Yorkers occupied a vulnerable spot in the Union line, a stretch where the rail bed transitioned from cut to embankment, leaving a piece of level ground with no premade defenses.

The Tammany Regiment's losses at Antietam and Gettysburg had been made up with conscripts who found themselves in their first battle. Part of their line, manned by these new conscripts, wavered until Mallon steadied them. Starting the war as a private, Mallon rose quickly in rank. He was commissioned a colonel of the 42nd New York on March 17, 1863. Mallon and most of the regiment were Irish American, and so they appreciated their new colonel taking command on St. Patrick's Day.

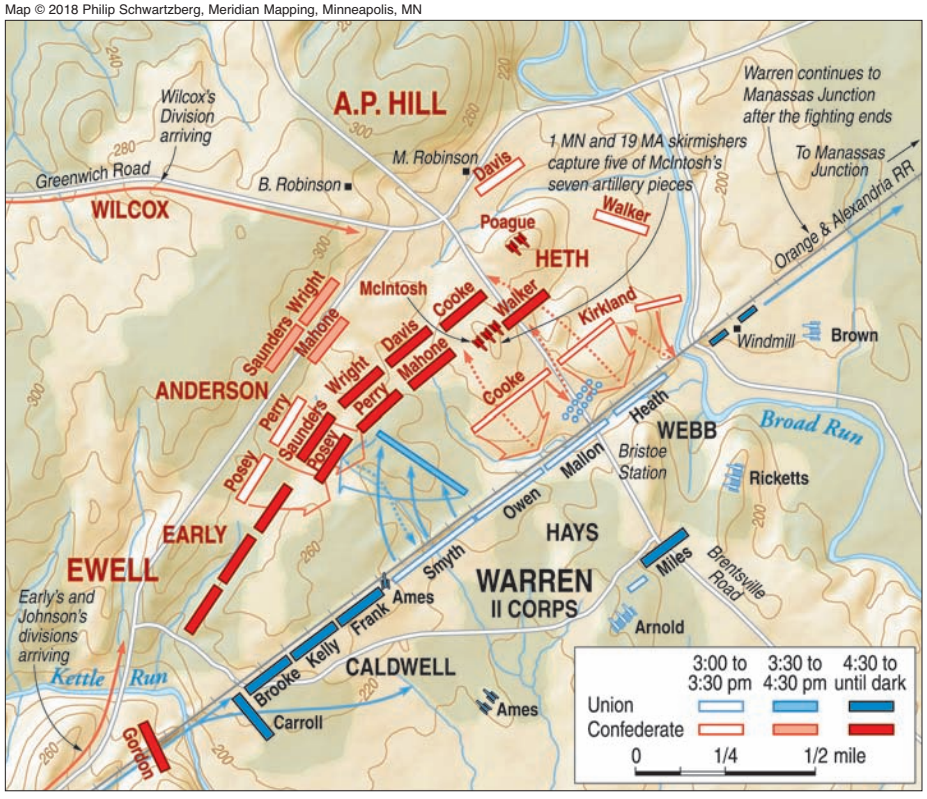
Mallon rallied the regiment along the Brentsville Road. He then ordered a charge that drove back the Rebels and restored the line. During the fierce fighting Mallon fell mortally wounded when a bullet struck him in the stomach. His men carried him a short distance behind the lines where surgeons and assistants had found a ditch deep enough to provide some shelter while they gave emergency aid to the wounded. Behind them, Union guns on the crest of a hill lobbed shells over their heads toward the Confederates. Mallon lingered there for half an hour until he died, becoming the highest ranking Union officer killed at Bristoe Station.

On the Confederate left, Kirkland was struck by a bullet that smashed into his left forearm. About 1,000 yards northeast of the spot where Mallon fell by the Brentsville Road, some of Kirkland's troops broke through the Union defenses and poured down the steep slope of the railway cut. The 11th North Carolina, on the extreme left of the Rebel battle line, had the most success. Followed by some of the 52nd North Carolina, the Confederates found themselves in the approximately 100-yard gap that separated Webb's right flank from the Broad Run railroad bridge. The 82nd New York of Colonel Francis E. Heath's brigade, which anchored Webb's right, lost seven men killed and 19 wounded. The 82nd had the distinction of suffering the highest number of men killed in any of the Union regiments that fought that day.

To the left of the 82nd New York was the 15th Massachusetts, also of Heath's brigade. So far, the Massachusetts regiment had fought the battle while divided into two ranks. The soldiers in the front rank lay on their left sides, firing over the iron rail, while the rear rank reloaded and passed up their muskets. Approximately 20 Rebels made it far enough down the tracks to lay down flanking fire into the 15th Massachusetts. The regiment suffered two killed and nine wounded during the battle. Most of the casualties occurred during the moments that Kirkland's charge hit its peak.

Once in the sights of Union muskets ahead of and beside them, Kirkland's troops also were raked by Brown's Rhode Island guns just across the stream. Shells lobbed by other Union batteries posted behind Webb and Hays burst among them. Command of the 11th North Carolina fell to a captain, the highest ranking officer still on his feet. Several hundred of Kirkland's brigade surrendered rather than be shot down scrambling out of the railroad cut into an open field swept by muskets and artillery. Webb reported that the Confederates who attacked his division lost 300

Map © 2018 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN



ABOVE: Situated four miles west of Manassas on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, Bristoe Station was a key crossing point on Broad Run. A.P. Hill's decision to feed more troops into the fight achieved higher casualties, but not victory. OPPOSITE: Battery B of the 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery held high ground along Broad Run. Union batteries were always well served and therefore respected by the Rebels.

prisoners and two battle flags. Many of the captives were rounded up while taking shelter in some old huts in an abandoned camp built during one of the previous campaigns fought in the area.

Although the Confederates were close to breaking through parts of the Yankee formations, their bold charge was in vain. Hill had sent them ahead while failing to provide reinforcements to exploit their temporary success and decisively break Warren's II Corps. Both of Heth's embattled and unsupported brigades reeled back, leaving behind hundreds of casualties.

On the Rebel left, Walker's men were pulled back from across Broad Run, but it was too late. By the time Walker was in place, the attack had already collapsed.

As the Rebel onslaught lost steam and rolled backward, Cooke's men flowed past a detachment of Major David G. McIntosh's artillery battalion. When ordering Heth's brigades forward, Hill had sent McIntosh's guns to cover them from a rise overlooking the battlefield. Hill had failed to get word to the brigade commanders, though, and Colonel Hall had been unaware of the need to protect the guns. "Our losses both by casualties and straggling shortened our line so much that … the left of the brigade was some distance to the right of the guns," wrote Hall.

McIntosh, however, wrote of the retreating infantry "falling back through the guns." The major said that he tried to rally the foot soldiers, but he was unable to stop any of them. One of the artillery officers, Lieutenant William T. Wilson, was knocked down and wounded by a shell.

Stranded without support, the Confederate guns kept up their fire. Aside from a round or two of canister thrown at the enemy foot soldiers, they concentrated on the more distant enemy artillery. A courier set out to notify Hill that McIntosh's guns were in peril, and their position was untenable. Hill never received the message.

Leaving seven guns in action, McIntosh left for a short time to find a new firing position for two of his guns. One of the guns met with an accident. Feeling it unwise to open fire with a single gun, the major returned to the other guns. Upon his return to the battalion, he found that his other seven guns had fallen silent. Lieutenant Samuel Wallace reported that he no longer had enough men able to work the pieces. Later reports counted three gunners dead and two officers and three dozen men wounded at Bristoe Station. Forty-four of the battery's horses were disabled in the action. The major ordered his men, who had taken cover in the bush, to drag the guns away by hand.

As the men prepared to haul away their pieces, enemy soldiers appeared over the crest of a hill in their front. They were skirmishers from the 1st Minnesota and the 19th Massachusetts of Webb's division. The skirmishers swarmed over five of the Rebel guns. His gunners outnumbered, McIntosh ordered his men to withdraw, pulling away their caissons and limbers as quietly as possible. Colonel Hall and General Walker dispatched soldiers to protect McIntosh's guns, but by the time they arrived, the Yankees had rolled their prizes away.

Sergeant Daniel Corrigan of the 19th Massachusetts set out on foot to take the enemy guns, but he rode back in triumph. Two companies of the regiment were thrown out in front as skirmishers after their regiment helped make prisoners of many of Cooke's men. The wary lieutenant in charge of the skirmish line kept most of his men close at hand, but he allowed Corrigan and two other men to man the guns. Corrigan "limbered up one of those taken by the Nineteenth, mounted the saddle leader and drove it in triumph down the field and over the railroad track with a bump into the lines, amid a shower of balls from the enemy and a storm of cheers from his comrades," recalled a fellow soldier.

On the Confederate left, Anderson sent forward the brigades of Brig. Gens. Carnot Posey and Edward A. Perry. They also found Warren's infantry comfortably protected by the railroad. The two guns placed by the railroad further protected the Union infantry. Federal skirmishers tried to cut into the gap between Anderson's left and Heth's right, but Posey and Perry pushed them back. The clash on this part of the field was brief, but Posey fell with a mortal wound. Some Confederate guns were dragged into position and traded shots with the Union artillery, but night soon fell and the firing ended.

Behind the tracks, Warren's men waited. About 9 PM, a staff officer brought new orders to the 19th Massachusetts. The II Corps was withdrawing beyond Broad Run. The staff officer relayed instructions that "no word of command was to be given above a whisper, and each man was to keep his hand on his canteen and dipper to keep them from rattling." Striking matches was forbidden, and smokers could only dream of their pipes or cigars. As the Yankees slipped away into the night, Rebel campfires flared only a few hundred yards away. Occasionally the retreating Yankees heard scraps of Confederate fireside conversations, or the despairing groans of wounded men still lying between the lines. After daybreak on October 15, Meade's troops settled into their old campsites and earthworks around Centreville.

There was no triumph in the Confederates

holding the ground where they had fought hours before. Captain Sloan wrote that after dusk soldiers "with litters and canteens of water, repaired to the battlefield to take care of the wounded." Hill's troops were poised to continue the fighting when the sun rose again. But the morning sun shone upon no enemy troops, just the empty defenses along the railroad that the Yankees had abandoned in the dark hours before.

Bristoe Station was a brief battle with heavy losses for the South. The Confederates had about twice as many troops on hand at Bristoe Station as the Union, which was atypical for a Civil War battle. But Hill had deployed only a fraction of his forces, leaving two brigades to bear the full brunt of the resistance against three Union divisions.

Confederate losses were nearly three times those of the Northern forces. Heth reported 143 killed, 773 wounded, and 445 missing, for a total of 1,361. Cooke lost approximately 700 men and Kirkland slightly more than 600. Heaviest hit was Cooke's 27th North Carolina, which suffered 290 men and 33 officers killed, wounded, or captured. Each of the two Confederate brigades that attacked the Yankees along the railroad lost more men than Warren's entire corps. Because of the shelter offered by the embankments and cuts, Union losses amounted to only 540 casualties.

Anderson's division, barely involved in the action, had only 54 casualties. But Posey had been killed, and Cooke and Kirkland were both severely wounded. The two wounded generals would not return to action for months.

Hill expressed ambivalence about his management of the battle. "I am convinced that I made the attack too hastily, and at the same time that a delay of half an hour, and there would have been no enemy to attack," he wrote in his battle report. "In that event I should have equally blamed myself for not attacking at once."

Heth defended the performance of his troops. "No military man who has examined the ground, or who understands the position and the disproportionate number of contending forces, would attach blame to these two brigades for meeting a repulse," wrote Heth. "Had they succeeded in driving the enemy in their front before them … it is probable that the two brigades would have been captured by the enemy unengaged on their right."

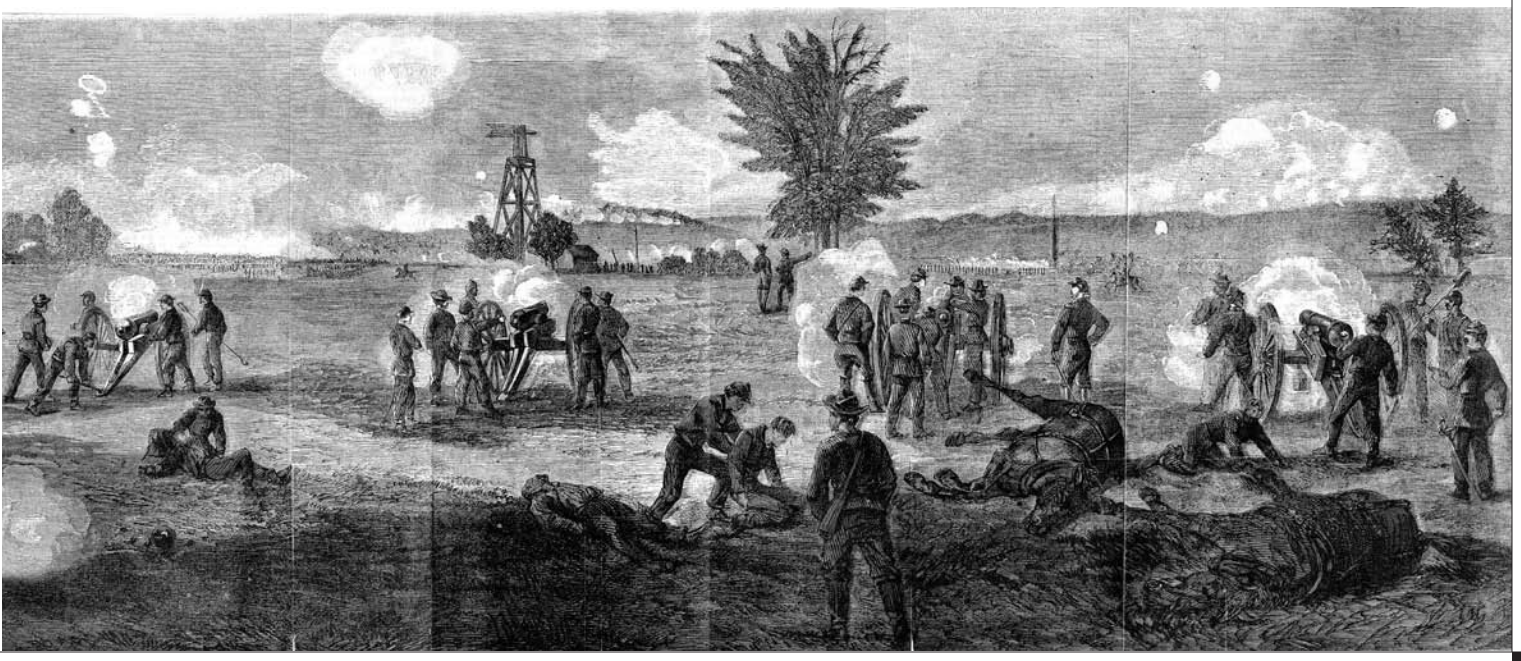
Many of the Confederate officers and soldiers who fought at Bristoe Station felt a deep sense of betrayal at the way the battle was managed at the top. "A worse-managed affair than this fight at Bristoe Station did not take place during the war," wrote Captain John A. Sloan, summarizing the feelings of many of the survivors. "With the rest of our corps in the rear, at a moment's call, Cooke's and Kirkland's North Carolina brigades were made to fight this battle alone."

A dreary rain fell on the battlefield as Lee looked over the scene of the disaster with Hill on the following day. The Army of Northern Virginia could ill afford the losses incurred for no appreciable gain. "Bury these poor men and let us say no more about it," Lee told Hill.

Three days after Bristoe Station, Lee wrote Confederate President Jefferson Davis that Meade "is now reported to be fortifying at Centreville." Attacking the fortifications would be costly, and turning Meade's flank would simply drive him to safety in the vast tangle of defenses surrounding Washington, D.C. Feeding the army from the countryside around Centreville was impossible for any length of time because the region had been picked clean from continual campaigning. The Yankees had burned the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock, thereby rendering the Orange and Alexandria useless to the Rebels. Thus, Lee returned to the Rappahannock.

At Lincoln's urging, Meade opened a final operation in late 1863. Pushing south across the Rapidan River, Meade sought to bring battle to Lee's army. But, the Confederates fortified a strong defensive position behind a stream called Mine Run. On the morning of November 30, Warren observed the well-placed Confederate lines. Knowing an attack would be repelled at a horrendous cost, Warren cancelled the assault, which could well have been a mirror image of Bristoe Station. Meade concurred, and the Union troops withdrew to go into winter quarters above the Rappahannock, ending the active campaigning of the fateful year of 1863 in the Eastern Theater.

The Union offensive that began in the spring of 1864 marked a new phase of the war in Virginia. Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, who became commander of all Union armies in March of that year, would accompany the Army of the Potomac in the field. Although the cautious Meade would remain the army's commander, he would be under Grant's direction. Unlike the slow maneuvering and minor clashes of the fall 1863 campaigns, the fighting of 1864 would open with the Battle of the Wilderness; thereafter, Grant's aggressive tactics would keep the armies clashing nearly every day until the collapse of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the Confederacy itself, in April 1865. □



IN November 1455 a most extraordinary ecclesiastical court convened in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris at the behest of the French Inquisition. No less than Pope Callixtus III had appointed three judges, including the archbishop of Reims, the highest officer of the church in France, to preside. Clergymen from across Europe attended. As many as 115 witnesses were called, from peasants and soldiers to priests and noblemen. At issue was whether French King Charles VII had committed heresy and used witchcraft in achieving victory over the English in the Hundred Years War. The crux of the matter turned on events a generation past, thought by some miraculous and by others diabolical.

The defendant herself was not present, having those long years past been accused, tried, and brutally punished. Her testimony and that of witnesses, though, had been entered into the court record and survive today. In that first trial, in 1431, she had referred to herself, in the medieval French of her day, as Joan the Maid. She was already famous as Joan of Arc.

In his youth Jean d'Orleans, Lord of Valbonais, Count of Dunois and Longueville, had known the Maid well. "I think that Joan was sent by

The English siege of Orleans began in October 1428 and lasted seven months. French commander Joan of Arc broke it in seven days.

BY DON HOLLWAY

God, and that her behavior in war was a fact divine rather than human," he testified 2½ decades later. "Many reasons make me think so."

In February 1429 Dunois, then just 26, was known only as the Bastard of Orleans, but his rank in French service was that of a lieutenant general. "Bastard" was a term of respect, and it meant that his father, Louis I, Duke of Orleans, had acknowledged him as his son. Dunois and his 200 knights had joined Charles de Bourbon, Count of Clermont-en-Beauvaisis, to intercept an English supply caravan at Rouvray, north of Orleans. The convoy, which consisted of 300 wagons and carts "laden with victuals, and with much war gear as cannons, bows, bundles, arrows and other things," according to the *Journal of the Siege of Orleans* compiled at the time, was protected by 1,500 English knights, foot soldiers, and archers under Sir John Fastolf. Seeing the French readying an attack, they circled their wagons in a hedge of sharpened stakes "and put themselves in good order of battle, waiting there to live or die; for to escape they had scarcely hope, considering their small number against the multitude of French."

The French numbered 4,000 knights and men-at-arms, not to mention a Scottish force led by Sir John Stewart of Darnley, the Constable of Scotland. The Scots and French had formed the Auld Alliance in 1294 to keep the English in check, but in this case could not agree on tactics. The terrain at Rouvray was flat, perfect for cavalry, but despite his numerical advantage Clermont, recalling the hedges of stakes that had foiled French

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Joan of Arc appears invincible in a romantic depiction by 19th-century artist August Gustav Lasinsky. She turned the tide of the Lancastrian phase of the Hundred Years War, setting the stage for Charles VII's defeat of Henry VI's lieutenants.

"THERE WAS IN HER SOMETHING DIVINE"

knights at Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, and the longbows that had slaughtered them, insisted they wait for reinforcements. His own archers were unable to drive the English out of their wagon park, and his cannoneers' nonexplosive stone balls caused few casualties and small annoyance, except that smashed supply casks scattered salt-cured herring everywhere. This was in preparation for Lent, when both sides disdained meat. Darnley, on the other hand, was too eager to attack. "He disobeyed the order which had been given to all that none should dismount, for he began to assault without waiting for the others and, at his example, to help him, dismounted likewise the Bastard of Orleans ... and many other knights and esquires with about 400 combatants," according to the *Journal*.

The Scots had given up the advantage of numbers, and Dunois' knights the advantage of fighting from horseback, but Clermont still hesitated to risk his cavalry against English archers. "When the English saw that the great battle [the main French formation], which were quite far off, came on timidly, and joined not with the Constable, they charged out swiftly from their park and struck among the French who were on foot, and put them to rout and flight," stated the *Journal*.

In the Battle of the Herrings fought on February 12, 1429, Stewart was slain, as were most of the Scots and those French who had joined the attack. Dunois, with his surcoat and shield of blue with gold fleurs-de-lis (for the dukes of Orleans were of royal blood), made a prime target in the swarm of poorly equipped men-at-arms. He was struck in the foot by an arrow: "Two of his archers dragged him with great difficulty out of the press, put him on a horse and thus saved him," stated the *Journal*. The French knight Etienne de Vignolles "rallied to the number of sixty or

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The English prevailed on the defense in the Battle of the Herrings fought in the midst of the siege of Orleans. Stone balls from French artillery shattered supply casks filled with salt-cured herring.

eighty combatants and struck at the English who were thus scattered, so that they killed many," according to the *Journal*. "And certainly had all the other French turned about as they did, the honor and profit of the day would have been with them."

But Clermont and the main French army "never even pretended to succor their companions, as much because they had dismounted [to fight] on foot against the general agreement, as because they saw them almost all killed before their eyes." They left the field to the English, covered with dead men and dead fish, to be remembered ever after as the Battle of the Herrings. A few days later Clermont abandoned Orleans as well, leaving Dunois and his few remaining defenders on their own.

Eighty years into the Hundred Years War, France was at its low point. The English and rebel Burgundians ruled half the country. In October 1428 Thomas of Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, and John Lord Talbot, who was called both the "English Achilles" and the "Scourge of France" by the French, had surrounded Orleans and cut it off from the south. If the city capitulated, the river Loire would bear the English into the heart of France, and the Valois Dauphin Charles VII would fall. Although Charles was the heir to Valois France, the Treaty of Troyes of 1420 signed by the late King Charles VI set forth that the infant English King Henry VI was the King of France; however, the treaty was not recognized beyond the areas controlled by the English and Burgundians.

"I was at Orleans, then besieged by the English when the report spread that a young girl, commonly called the Maid, had just passed through Gien [upriver from Orleans], going to the noble Dauphin, with the avowed intention of raising the siege of Orleans and conducting the Dauphin to Reims for his anointing," said Dunois.

In the spring of 1429 news of this 17-year-old girl from Lorraine in the eastern Meuse valley was all over France, or at least the half of it that was still French. It was said she talked to angels. They had told her of the Battle of the Herrings, even though her little village of Domremy was 200 miles away. With this revelation she had convinced the commander of neighboring Vaucouleurs to outfit her with men's clothing, a horse, and an armed escort. They had ridden 300 miles through enemy territory to the dauphin's castle at Chinon.

Dunois had sent his own riders to the palace to learn the truth of this. They said this Maid had recognized Charles, though she had never met him and even though he, advised not to trust her, had disguised himself as a courtier. She spoke to him in private of secrets only he and God could know and had indeed promised to raise the siege of Orleans and see him crowned king. It had been prophesied that France would be saved by a virgin from Lorraine, and so Charles ordered a suit of armor made for her, and a 12-foot white banner trimmed in silk with painted saints and fleurs-de-lis, and sent la Pucelle, the Maid, to join his army.

At Blois, downriver from Orleans, Joan found an army of 2,500 soldiers and a supply train with wheat, cattle, sheep, and pigs. The dauphin had called upon any captain who could supply troops, regardless of quality: dregs scraped from garrisons and militias of cities still loyal, mercenaries, and *ecorcheurs* (flayers). The ecorcheurs were unemployed soldiers who dabbled in banditry. They stole, drank, gambled, and caroused with prostitutes and camp followers.

All of this Joan abhorred and forbade, and, in what seemed to be yet another miracle, she was largely obeyed. "She would not permit any of those in her company to steal anything; nor would she ever eat of food which she knew to be stolen," said squire Simon Baucroix. "She

would never permit women of ill-fame to follow the army. None of them dared to come into her presence; but, if any of them appeared, she made them depart unless the soldiers were willing to marry them."

"She was very vexed if she heard any of the soldiers swear," added Jean II, the Duke d'Alençon. "She reproved me much and strongly when I sometimes swore; and when I saw her I refrained from swearing." In 1429 d'Alençon was just 20, but in 1455 he still recalled the effect this petite Maid, with her dark eyes and complexion and short black hair, had on him and the other men.

"Even though she was a young girl, beautiful and shapely, and there were many times, when helping her to put on her armor or otherwise, I saw her breasts [under her clothing]; and sometimes her legs completely bare when dressing her wounds, and I went near to her many times, and I was strong, young and in my prime, never did I feel carnal desire towards her from any sight or contact I had with the Maiden; neither did any of her soldiers or squires, based on what I heard them say many times," said d'Alençon.

Joan wished to cross the Loire and advance directly on the strongest English positions north and west of Orleans, but the caravan kept to the south bank and on April 29 arrived at Checy, five miles east of the city. Dunois crossed the river to meet them. The Burgundy Gate in Orleans' eastern wall was still open, and small parties of men entering or leaving were of little concern to the English. Two and a half decades later Dunois well remembered his first encounter with Joan. She wore white armor; in other words, armor that was plain and unadorned, and had the look of a knight, but none of the manners. "Are you the Bastard of Orleans?" she asked.

"Yes, and I am very glad of your coming!" he replied.

"Is it you who said I was to come on this side [of the Loire], and that I should not go direct to the side where Talbot and the English are?"

"Yes, and those more wise than I are of the same opinion, for our greater success and safety."

"In God's Name, the counsel of My Lord is safer and wiser than yours," she said. "You thought to deceive me, and it is yourselves who are deceived."

"I had begged her to cross the river and to enter the town, where many were longing for her," said Dunois. "She had made a difficulty about it." He finally convinced her that their first duty was getting the provisions into the city (actually the army turned back for Blois),

Musee Dobrée / Wikimedia

Joan wore unadorned armor and rode a white horse. The French viewed many incidents in her military career as miracles.

but that presented another problem. "It was necessary to load the convoy on boats, which were procured with difficulty. But to reach Orleans it was necessary to sail against the stream, and the wind was altogether contrary."

"This succor does not come from me, but from God Himself, Who, at the prayers of Saint Louis and Saint Charlemagne, has had compassion on the town of Orleans," said Joan.

"At that moment, the wind, being contrary, and thereby preventing the boats going up the river ... turned all at once and became favorable," said Dunois. "They stretched the sails; and I ordered the boats to the town."

That evening Joan, with her white horse and banner, in her gleaming new armor, rode through Orleans by torchlight. Baucroix testified to her reaction: "In God's Name!" she said. "Our people are hard pressed.... My Lord has sent me to succor this good town of Orleans. Hope in God. If you have good hope and faith in him, you shall be delivered from your enemies."

Dunois called a council of war the next day to explain the military situation to Joan. Orleans, with its south wall to the Loire, formed a salient in the English lines. Its only link to friendly territory was a quarter-mile stone arch bridge, with a fortified, twin-towered gatehouse, les Tourelles, connected by drawbridge to the south bank. At the onset of the siege the English had made that their primary objective, and stormed its outlying boulevard, bulwark, in the ruins of the Convent of the Augustins. The French put up a stalwart defense, killing 240 English and losing 200 of their

own. With Salisbury threatening to undermine their position, they abandoned the Augustins and pulled back into the Tourelles.

Like the bridge, the gatehouse had been built in the 12th century, before the advent of gunpowder. Although it had been recently strengthened, English cannons rendered it indefensible. So the French had withdrawn into the city altogether, cutting the bridge behind them. The English had fortified the Tourelles, as well as the ruins of the Augustins and Saint-Jean-de-Blanc, just to the east.

The good news was, three days after taking the Tourelles, Salisbury had been standing in an upper window of the Tourelles and was struck by a French cannonball. He had died soon after, leaving command to the less aggressive William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk. Without enough men to take the city, Suffolk had settled for building strongpoints in a circle around it; without enough men to storm them, Dunois and the Dauphin had settled for a siege.

But Joan would not settle. She wanted a fight, and for that they would need men. Dunois' lieutenant de Vignolles, the hero of the Herrings, called La Hire (Hedgehog) for his bristly temper, took her side; other knights were dubious. Dunois insisted Joan at least wait until he rode to Blois to fetch back the army. "On her return I saw she was quite vexed that, as she told me, the captains had decided not to attack the English on that day," recalled her page, Louis de Coutes, who was 14 years old at the time.

That evening Joan went out to the farthest point of the bridge over the Loire, where the French had fortified their side of the break in the span. Calling out to the English opposite, she told them "if they would yield themselves at God's command their lives were safe," according to the *Journal*.

Sir William Glasdale commanded the Tourelles. As de Coutes recalled, he shouted back, "Do you wish us to surrender to a woman?" Glasdale "answered basely, insulting her and calling her 'cow-girl,' shouting very loudly that they would have her burned if they could lay hands on her."

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French King Charles VII of the House of Valois (left), and Jean de Dunois.

While Dunois was gone, Joan rode about the city, scouting the English positions. "I went there shortly after and saw the works which had been raised by the English before the town," said d'Alençon. "I was able to study the strength of these works: and I think that, to have made themselves masters of these—above all, the Fort of the Tourelles at the end of the bridge, and the Fort of the Augustins—the French needed a real miracle. If I had been in either one or the other, with only a few men, I should have ventured to defy the power of a whole army for six or seven days: and they would not have been able, I think, to have mastered it."

On the fourth day came news of Dunois' return. Joan, La Hire, and their soldiers rode out to meet him, right past the Boulevard Saint-Loup, east of Orleans, where the English had fortified another former convent. The garrison there, looking out on Dunois' huge new French force, gave it no excuse to attack.

This was because Fastolf supposedly was en route within a day's ride with English reinforcements. In reality, he would not leave Paris for another month. Joan was thrilled: "Bastard, Bastard, in the Name of God I command you that, so soon as you know of the coming of the said Fastolf, you will let me know; for, if he passes without my knowing, I promise you I will have your head."

Dunois, by now familiar with Joan's sense of tact, assured her he would. She lay down to rest but not long afterward leaped from her bed, rousing those with her and scolding de Coutes, "Ha! Bloody boy, you did not tell me the blood of France was being shed!"

How she knew it is another of Joan's mysteries. A force of 1,500 French had taken it upon themselves to assault the Boulevard Saint-Loup. "These captains and other warriors were all amazed at her words; most of them took up arms, and went with her to assault the bastille of Saint-Loup, which was very strong," wrote French chronicler Enguerrand de Monstrelet.

Suddenly the besiegers were besieged. While archers, crossbowmen, and handgunners fired from behind pavises to keep the defenders' heads down, the attackers laid their scaling ladders against the convent walls and climbed, relying on shields and kettle helmets to ward off rocks, arrows, and quarrels raining from above.

Once over the top, the fighting was man-to-man, with sword and axe, mace, and war hammer. Accounts make no claim that Joan took direct part in the fighting, for she hated to shed blood herself, but this was her first battle, and with her white banner and silvery armor she was the shining inspiration for victory. About 140 English were killed and 40 captured. "The fortification was entirely demolished and delivered to fire and flame," wrote De Monstrelet.

"From that hour, the English who, up to that time, could, I affirm, with two hundred of their men, have put to rout 800 or 1,000 of ours, were unable, with all their power, to resist 400 or 500 French; they had to be driven into their forts, where they took refuge, and from whence they dared not come forth," wrote Dunois.

No more needed to be done. The road east was clear, Orleans could be supplied indefinitely, and its garrison was strong. That was not enough for Joan. The next day she led the army out of the Burgundy Gate and across the river on an improvised pontoon bridge toward the Port Saint-Jean-de-Blanc. Like Saint-Loup on the north bank, this was too far east and too exposed for its own defense. "The English who were in it no sooner saw the French coming than they went away and withdrew into another stronger and bigger bastion called the Bastion of the Augustins," recalled Jean d'Aulon, a knight appointed by Charles to be Joan's squire and bodyguard.

Supported by fire from the Tourelles just behind it, this was an entirely different proposition. French willpower faltered, and the enemy took advantage. "The English sallied out of the Tourelles in great strength, shouting loudly, and made a charge against them which was very strong and harsh," stated the *Journal*.

Dunois was wrong. A few English could still overawe a horde of French—unless Joan was with them. "At once the Maid and La Hire, who were always before them to guard them, couched their lances and were the first to strike among the enemies," said d'Aulon.

"In God's name, let us go on bravely!" cried Joan.

"Thereupon all the others followed them, and began to strike at the enemy in such fashion that by force they drove them to retire and enter again into the bastion of the Augustins," said d'Aulon. The French poured in after them. "There were killed or taken the greater part of the enemy; and those who were able to save themselves retreated into the Fort of the Tourelles, at the foot of the bridge."

Joan wished to attack the Tourelles immediately, but Dunois called a halt for the night. It had been a great victory, the greatest since the

beginning of the siege. He and his captains held a council of war to which she was not invited. Her confessor, Father Jean Pasquerel, remembered that afterward a knight informed her they were resolved not to attack in the morning: "The town is full of supplies; we could keep it well while we await fresh succor, which the King could send us; it does not seem expedient to the Council that the army should go forth tomorrow," said the knight.

"You have been to your Counsel, and I have been to mine, and believe me the Counsel of God will be accomplished and will succeed; yours on the contrary will perish," replied Joan. She then told Pasquerel, "Rise tomorrow morning even earlier than you did today; do your best; keep always near me; for tomorrow I shall have yet more to do, and much greater things; tomorrow blood shall flow from my body, above the breast."

"The next day, in the morning, the Maid sent to fetch all the lords and captains before the captured fort [the Augustins], to consult as to what more should be done. French knights could hardly show timidity in front of a teenage girl," testified d'Aulon. They agreed to attack after all.

Before they could reach the Tourelles gatehouse, though, the French in the Augustins would have to overcome no less than seven successive obstacles. Its outer wooden palisade was quickly smashed by French bombards, only to reveal behind it a ditch 10 feet wide and 20 feet deep. Crossing points had to be filled with fascines of sticks and branches while, from the far side, the English atop an earthen bulwark kept up a barrage of arrows, bolts, and cannonballs. This bulwark, 25 feet wide, surrounded the bastion on three sides, separated from it by a dry moat, 20 feet deep and 35 feet across. All this had to be crossed before the French could reach the bastion itself, with sheer 40-foot walls of stone, and all that before they could cross a 25-foot drawbridge over the riverbank to the Tourelles itself.

"[The French] made the assault from all sides making every effort to take it, in such manner that they were before the Boulevard from morning till sunset without being able to take it or gain it," recalled d'Aulon.

It was the bloodiest battle since Agincourt. The French came out from the city across the bridge to lay down timbers across the gap and menace the Tourelles from that side, and boatmen upstream filled a barge with flammables as a fireship, which jammed beneath the drawbridge, threatening to cut off the English on the riverbank. Meanwhile, every time they broke the English lines the French poured through en masse, but their tide came to a crashing halt at the foot of the bastion. "I was the first to set a ladder against the fortress on the bridge, and, as I raised it, I was wounded in the throat by a crossbow bolt," said Joan.

Panthéon de Paris / Wikimedia

Joan of Arc waves her banner as French men-at-arms assault the English-held, fortified gatehouse known as Les Tourelles. Joan was wounded in the day-long assault.

The bolt penetrated "half-a-foot between the neck and the shoulder," said Dunois.

Both sides must have thought it a fatal wound. The French quickly bore Joan off to the rear, even as the English cheered, "[We] killed the witch!"

"When she felt herself wounded, she was afraid, and wept," recalled Father Pasquerel, admitting that some of the soldiers wished to use magic charms on the wound. "I would rather die than do what I know to be a sin," Joan told them. She confessed herself to the priest.

"And the lords and captains who were with her, seeing that they could not well gain it [victory] this day, considering the hour, which was late, and that all were very tired and worn out, it was agreed amongst them to sound the retreat for the army; which was done," said d'Aulon.

This occurred at about 8 PM, according to Dunois. "I was anxious that the army should retire into the town," he said. "The Maid then came to me, praying me to wait yet a little longer."

How this teenage girl could recover so quickly from a six-inch-deep wound is another of her miracles, but attested by many who witnessed it. Some accounts, likely apocryphal, even have her pulling out the bolt herself. "Saint Catherine comforted me greatly," she said when asked about it later. "And I did not cease to ride and do my work."

Joan then mounted her horse and rode to a vineyard where she remained by herself in prayer for about half an hour, according to Dunois.

D'Aulon remembered standing before the moat, "fatigued and worn out," and handing Joan's banner to a soldier named La Basque. But, fearing "by reason of the retreat, evil would ensue,

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ABOVE: After clearing the Loire Valley of English forces, Joan participated in the unsuccessful attempt to take Paris from an Anglo-Burgundian army in September 1429. OPPOSITE: Nineteen-year-old Joan was burned at the stake in 1431. She immediately became a national hero to the French.

and that the fort and Boulevard would remain in the hands of the enemy," he asked La Basque to go down with him to the foot of the wall, hoping the troops would follow the flag. La Basque agreed, and d'Aulon, holding his shield over him against the rain of arrows and stones, led the way back down into the moat. He looked back to see the Basque still standing on the lip of the moat, flag in hand: "La Basque, is this what you promise me?"

But at that moment Joan returned to the fight. "Returning and seizing her banner by both hands, she placed herself on the edge of the trench," said Dunois.

"Watch!" she told her men, waving the banner. "When you see the wind blow my banner against the bulwark, you shall take it!"

"At sight of her the English trembled, and were seized with sudden fear," said Dunois. "Our people, on the contrary, took courage and began to mount and assail the Boulevard."

"Be not afraid!" Joan told them. "The English will have no more power over you."

The Basque took Joan's standard and plunged into the moat with it, bearing it to the wall. "Joan, the tail [of the banner] touches it!" cried a man-at-arms.

"In, in, the place is yours!" said Joan.

By now no one on either side believed Joan could be defeated, or even killed. Some claimed to see the Archangel Michael and St. Aignan, patron saint of Orleans, riding in the sky.

"Glasdale, Glasdale, yield," Joan shouted. "Yield to the King of Heaven. You have called me 'whore': I pity your soul and the souls of your men."

As the French swarmed over the walls of the bastion the English within threw down their weapons. Glasdale and his knights made for the burning drawbridge to the gatehouse, but as they pounded across, it gave way. Glasdale fell into the Loire and, weighed down by his armor, drowned. "Joan, moved to pity at this sight, began to weep for the soul of Glasdale, and for all the others who, in great number, were drowned, at the same time as he," recounted Father Pasquerel.

The English in the Tourelles surrendered. The drawbridge and bridge were repaired, and by torchlight Joan rode over them into the city that night. Church bells pealed. Hymns were sung. "The Maid and all the army were received with enthusiasm," said Dunois, who rode at her side. "Joan was taken to her house, to receive the care which her wound required. When the surgeon had dressed it, she began to eat, contenting herself with four or five slices of bread dipped in wine and water, without, on that day, having eaten or drunk anything else."

She could be forgiven her lack of celebration, for everyone knew the bulk of the English army was still out there beyond the wall. Another half-dozen bastions remained to be taken. Before sunrise the following day the English forces that were still situated on the plains around Orleans assembled before the trenches of the town.

Armed and armored, Joan rode out with Dunois and the French army beyond the wall, but forbade them to attack on a holy day. "At some points [they] were very near to each other for the space of an hour without touching each other," stated the *Journal*. It was something that the French "submitted to with a very ill grace, obeying the will of the Maid."

Suffolk and Talbot may have hoped the French knights could be goaded into making another ill-considered charge into the teeth of English longbows; failing that, they would not make such a charge themselves. "The hour being passed, the English set off and marched away, well ordered in their ranks ... and raised and utterly abandoned the siege which they had maintained before Orleans since the twelfth day of October 1428 until that day," stated the *Journal*. The siege had lasted seven months. Joan of Arc had ended it in seven days.

"I heard from the captains and soldiers who took part in the siege, that what had happened was a miracle; and that it was beyond man's power," said Alençon. Taking over as official commander of the French army, he nevertheless willingly took Joan's advice. "In all she did, except in affairs of war, she was a very simple young girl; but for warlike things bearing the lance, assembling an army, ordering military operations, directing artillery, she was most skillful," he said. "Every one wondered that she could act with as much wisdom and foresight as a captain who had fought for twenty or thirty years. It was above all in making use of artillery that she was so wonderful."

There followed a strikingly quick chess match, played out in the Loire Valley. A little over a month after the relief of Orleans, the French captured Suffolk and half the English army by direct assault on the city of Jargeau, a dozen miles east. Five days later they took the bridge over the Loire at Meung-sur-Loire, 10 miles west of Orleans. By the time Fastolf belatedly marched from Paris, the English had 5,000 men, but so many French had flocked to Joan's cause that they were nearly outnumbered. When she faced off with them near Beaugency, they backed down.

"The chief English captains in Beaugency saw that this Maiden's fame had completely turned their own fortune, causing them to lose several towns and fortresses which had gone over to the enemy, some by attack and conquest, others by agreement," said De Monstrelet. "Moreover, their men were mostly in a sorry state of fear and seemed to have lost their usual prudence in action. They wanted to withdraw into Normandy and their leaders did not know what to advise or to do."

On June 18 the English retreated north. Near the village of Patay, learning the French were in close pursuit, they turned to make a stand. Seeing the English longbowmen set to work on their hedge of stakes, just as they had done at Crécy and Agincourt and the Herrings, d'Alençon asked Joan for advice. According to Dunois, she just said, "Have all of you good spurs?"

"What do you mean?" asked the captains. "Are we, then, to turn our backs?"

"Nay, it is the English who will not defend themselves, and will be beaten; and you must have good spurs to pursue them," she said.

D'Alençon recalled that many of the French still dreaded English arrows, but Joan said, "In God's name, we must fight them! Even if the English hang from the clouds, yet we shall have them! For God sends us to punish them. Today the gentle Dauphin will have the greatest victory he has won for a long time! My Voices have told me that the enemy will be ours."

With that La Hire led the 1,500-strong French vanguard in a charge at full gallop. The English archers had no time to complete their hedge. They fled in a rabble, and the French knights cut them down. Burgundian mercenary Captain Jean de Wavrin, whose father had been killed fighting the English at Agincourt, fought in the English ranks; he saw Fastolf flee on horseback, to his disgrace. "And before he had gone, the French had thrown to the ground the lord de Talbot, had made him prisoner and all his men being dead, and were the French already so far advanced in the battle that they could at will take or kill whomsoever they wanted to," said an eyewitness. "And finally the English were there undone at small loss to the French."

The English lost 2,000 killed; French casualties were extremely light. De Coutes remembered Joan "had great compassion at such butchery. Seeing a Frenchman, who was charged with the convoy of certain English prisoners, strike one of them on the head in such manner that he was left for dead on the ground, she got down from her horse, had him confessed, supporting his head herself, comforting him to the best of her power."

The destruction of the English army was complete. "After the deliverance of Orleans, and all these victories Joan went with the army to Tours, where the King was," testified de Coutes. "There it was decided that the King should go to Reims for his consecration. The King left with the army, accompanied by Joan, and marched first to Troyes, which submitted; then to Chalons, which did the same; and last to Reims, where our King was crowned."

Her work was done. "Many times in my presence Joan told the King she would last but one year and no more; and that he should consider how best to employ this year," said D'Alençon.

In May 1430, a little over a year after her arrival at Orleans, Joan ventured out of Compiegne against the Burgundians when the drawbridge was raised behind her. Although accusations of treachery were made, they were never proved. The Burgundians captured her on May 23 and sold her to the English, who sealed her fate. Needing an excuse for their defeats, they had Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who was an English sympathizer, try her in Rouen on charges of heresy and, when his inquisitors were unable to prove that, with dressing as a man. The outcome was never in doubt. "Wood was prepared for the burning before the preaching was finished or the sentence pronounced; and as soon as the sentence was read by the Bishop, without any interval, she was taken to the fire," recalled court clerk Maugier Leparmentier.

A year and a week after her capture, 19-year-old Joan was burned at the stake on May 30, 1431. The executioner himself swore that at the moment of her death a white dove took wing toward France, and that her heart would not burn. The English scraped it up with her ashes and discarded both in the river Seine.

Cauchon died in 1442, but many of the witnesses at Joan's first trial testified, albeit some rather uncomfortably, at her second trial. In June 1456 the Church proclaimed Joan of Arc not only innocent, but a martyr. In 1920 she was named a saint. She was the only person ever to be both condemned and canonized by the Catholic Church.

By then the people of France had long since raised her to the stature of a national heroine. Of all the personalities of the Middle Ages she is the most studied and well-known, yet her visions and miracles remain mysteries to this day, no better explained than by those who knew her best. "Neither I nor others, when we were with her, had ever an evil thought," said Dunois, adding, "There was in her something divine." □

Museum of Fine Arts

HOUSTON'S STUNNING VICTORY

Following the Alamo, it was anyone's guess whether the remaining Texans could whip Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna's juggernaut. But Sam Houston rose to the task.

BY ERIC NIDEROST

Library of Congress

ON March 11, 1836, General Sam Houston rode into Gonzales, a small town near the Guadalupe River in Texas. He brought momentous news: a convention had gathered at Washington on the Brazos River, and after much debate, some of it acrimonious, declared Texas an independent republic from Mexico. But Houston was no mere messenger; his main task was to marshal forces for the defense of the fledgling state.

Houston knew his task was not going to be easy, but he soldiered on, both literally and figuratively. Still, what he saw in Gonzales must have been sobering. "I very soon discovered that I was a general without an army serving under a pretended government that had no head, and no loyal subjects to obey its commands," he said.

When he arrived he found 374 men waiting for him, raw militia, some of whom had never fired a shot in anger. They lacked food, and some of them lacked arms and ammunition. But their greatest flaw was their total lack of training and discipline, the two pillars of any effective fighting force. For the most part they were yeomen farmers with a sprinkling of frontiersmen, hunters, and all around ne'er do wells of a type that usually were drawn to wilderness areas.

This Texas Army was a sorry spectacle to Houston's discerning eye. Some wore buckskins, black and greasy from long use and exposure to rain, while others wore farmer's garb. A few so-called town types sported businessman's attire, with a tail coat or frock coat over a shirt and vest.

Headgear was as varied as the individuals who wore it. "Here a broad brimmed sombrero overshadowed the military cap at its side; there a tall begum [top hat] rode familiarly beside a coonskin cap," said Noah Smithwick, a member of the Texas Army.

But more troubling was their resistance to the most rudimentary forms of military discipline. They preferred to elect their officers, men who could be removed if they issued too many unpopular orders. As militia this rag-tag conglomeration was an imperfect instrument, but Houston was determined to avoid a fight until he felt they were ready to take on the Mexican Army.

When Houston arrived all minds were focused on the unfolding drama taking place some 50 miles away at San Antonio. A rebel garrison of fewer than 200 men found itself under siege in an old mission that had been converted into a makeshift fort. The mission was the Alamo, now enshrined as a legendary landmark of American history. The Alamo was surrounded by a large Mexican army under the personal command of Mexico's dictator, General Antonio Lopez de Santa

Texans storm the Mexican Army's breastworks at San Jacinto in a painting by American artist Henry Arthur McArdle. The Mexican Army was literally caught napping on the afternoon of April 21, 1836.

Charles Shaw / The San Jacinto Museum of History

Anna y Perez, and it was not known how long it could hold out.

On March 11, the same day Houston arrived at Gonzales, word came about the fall of the Alamo. Andres Barcenas and Anselmo Bergaras were the bearers of these bad tidings, which Houston believed but needed confirmed before he could proceed further. As the news spread through the Texas Army some of the men began to show signs of real agitation. Houston knew he had to nip this panic in the bud, so he arrested the two men as spies for Santa Anna. They were later released, but the action had its desired effect, and the soldiers calmed down.

On March 13, Houston dispatched three men, including his best scout, Erasmus "Deaf" Smith, to the west to confirm the Alamo's fall. Meanwhile, Houston made his first attempts to organize this amorphous mass of raw civilians into real soldiers. To begin with, some sort of organization was needed, so he created a 1st Texas Volunteer Regiment with Colonel Edward Burleson in command. As the army swelled with new recruits, a second regiment would be formed.

Houston's scouts came back a few hours after they departed, bearing evil tidings. Smith and his companions came upon a dispirited and very weary band of Alamo survivors. The party included Susanna Dickenson and her infant daughter Angelina and the late Lt. Col. William B. Travis's slave Joe. They recounted the Alamo's last moments in chilling and graphic detail.

The survivors also carried a letter confirming the Alamo's fall, written in English by Santa Anna's aide, Juan Almonte. The news was not just bad, it was devastating, especially to the residents of a small town like Gonzales. No fewer than 32 Gonzales men had answered Travis's plea for help, and now all were dead. In one stroke 27 women were widows and approximately 100 children lost fathers.

The resulting scenes in the streets of the little town were horrid. Cries and lamentations filled the air, and the weeping was so heart rending even the toughest male observer was moved. Some of the women were almost hysterical with grief, and Houston did what he could for them. Wagon transportation was arranged for the Gonzales families so they could accompany the Texas Army.

The news was like a stone dropping into a pond, spreading ripples of fear and consternation through the ranks. Around 25 men deserted, obliquely proving Houston's point: The Army of Texas was more apparent than real. It needed training and discipline if it ever hoped to win a victory over Santa Anna. No doubt a few deserters succumbed to fear, but there was another, even more compelling, reason to decamp: the safety of their families. Many probably left to make sure their loved ones would be out of harm's way.

But it seems the bulk of the Texas Army wanted to fight, and fight as soon as possible. Seething with anger, they wanted to avenge those compatriots who had been so ruthlessly slaughtered. Their righteous anger was augmented by a kind of cocksure quality that many Americans had at the time.

In the 1820s, Texas was a frontier outpost with a few thousand Hispanics living in a handful of missions and isolated settlements. These Spanish-speaking Mexican Texans, or Tejanos, faced two threats: annihilation by hostile tribes like the rampaging Comanche or political takeover by Americans who might flood over the unprotected border.

The Mexican government decided to allow immigration from the United States but would require the newcomers to become loyal Mexican citizens. If these Anglos would also agree to learn Spanish and become Catholics, at least on paper, they would be rewarded with generous grants of fertile land.

Stephen Austin, an American who spoke Spanish and genuinely respected Hispanic culture, was made empresario, a kind of land baron or developer who would screen and settle prospective applicants. These early American Texicans were also to form a kind of buffer between the Hispanic settlements and the hostile Indian tribes. Austin's settlement of 300 families, which was dubbed the Old 300, was an immediate success, and on the whole the two disparate peoples, the Tejanos and Texicans, got along well.

But the Mexican government grew alarmed when it realized the "Texians" were vastly outnumbering the Tejanos. There were approximately 4,000 Hispanics and 35,000 Americans residing there by 1835. The Mexican government tried to slow further U.S. immigration. It was already too late because a whole section of southeastern Texas was being rapidly Americanized.

The Texas Revolution broke out in late 1835. A new dictator, General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, tried to establish an authoritarian government in Mexico. As a

result, Anglos and Tejanos rose up and expelled Mexican forces from Texas.

Texas settlers, seemingly triumphant, began to drift back to their farms. But anyone who underestimated Santa Anna did so at their peril. Even before Mexican troops were defeated, Santa Anna was forming plans to raise an army and deal with these Norteamericano interlopers personally. He led a 6,000-man army into Texas, surprising all by conducting an almost unheard of winter campaign. The Alamo was put under siege, and on March 6, 1836, taken by storm.

Thus, Houston found himself in a predicament that would have taxed even a Caesar or Napoleon. He was in personal command of approximately 300 men at Gonzales, on paper the main army of the newly fledged republic. There were also isolated units scattered all over the length and breadth of Texas, formations that were supposed to rally to Houston at the earliest opportunity. James Walker Fannin had the largest group, some 400 men, around 125 miles away at Goliad. Even before the fall of the Alamo was confirmed, Houston sent Fannin a message ordering him to join the Gonzales army at once. Houston confided in Fannin, telling him he feared the mission fortress was indeed lost.

Fannin had attended West Point but had dropped out well before graduation. It was obvious most of the military academy's training failed to make much of an impression on him. Even though bad luck played a role, most of Fannin's impending tragedy was his own doing. As a soldier he was brave enough, but also cursed with a fatal indecisive streak that would ultimately doom him and his men.

Fannin could not make up his mind about retreating, at first ordering a withdrawal, then canceling that order. In the end, Fannin and his men were caught in the open by Mexican cavalry under General Juan Jose Urrea. Harassed by Mexican fire and tortured by a burning sun, Fannin's men suffered terribly from thirst. Fannin finally surrendered "at discretion," meaning he threw himself on the mercy of Santa Anna.

Urrea, an honorable soldier, almost certainly was sincere in his conviction that the prisoners would be well treated. He was wrong. Santa Anna wanted to erase the American presence in Texas by executing all insurgents that fell into his hands. On Palm Sunday, March 27, 1836, 342 prisoners were marched out and shot. A handful managed to escape or were hidden by sympathetic Mexicans. Fannin himself was shot in the head, paying the price for his inept leadership.

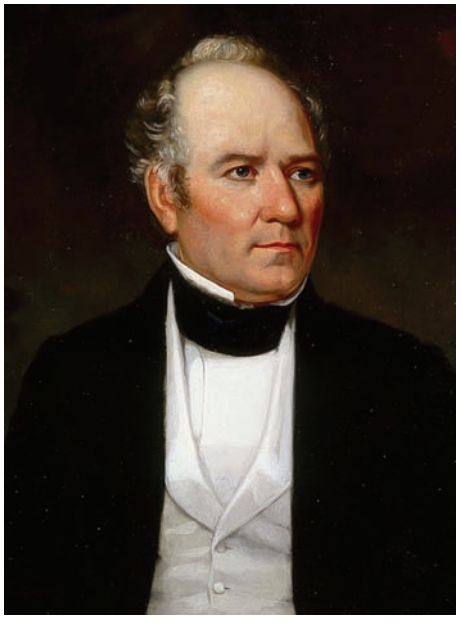
Santa Anna's Army of Operations had been bloodied at the Alamo. Casualty figures are disputed, and even today are subject to fierce debate. Historians estimate losses at upward of 300 killed. The figure includes wounded who subsequently died, because Santa Anna did not bother to bring any medical staff. But it did not matter much to the dictator, who once said, "What are the lives of soldiers than so many chickens?"

With his cavalier attitude toward human life, whether his men or the enemy, Santa Anna was not much impressed by the insurgent resistance. Fannin's bungling and subsequent surrender seemed to confirm Santa Anna's low opinion of these seemingly incompetent Americanos and their Tejano allies. The general even briefly considered returning to Mexico, but allowed his underlings to persuade him to stay.

The dictator divided his army, sending units across the length and breadth of Texas. The First Brigade under General Antonio Gaona was ordered to sweep northwest, harrying the rebels from San Antonio to the Colorado River. Urrea, his Fannin-Goliad mission accomplished, was to advance along the coast, taking on any Texans he might encounter. Santa Anna and the main army headed for Gonzales, where Houston and the main Texas Army was located. The vanguard of the Mexican Army, which was led by General Joaquin Ramirez y Sesma, would soon reach Gonzales. If Ramirez y Sesma could catch Houston, he might be able to harry him until Santa Anna's main body arrived.

In the meantime, Houston had decided on a full-scale retreat. He needed to buy some precious time to train his men into some semblance of a real army. There were other considerations as well. Gonzales was on the border of Hispanic Texas, and it made sense to pull back into Anglo settlement territory to the east. There were a number of rivers there that could be used for defense, and Anglo Texas might yield hundreds more recruits.

Museum of Fine Arts, Houston / Wikimedia



Unknown

ABOVE: General Sam Houston (left) had exemplary leadership skills but was at the core a politician, while General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna had extensive military experience having fought Spanish, French, and American foes. OPPOSITE: The invasion of Texas by the Mexican Army in January 1836 sparked an exodus of civilians who fled north away from the invaders in what was known as the "runaway scrape."

This is not to say the Texas Army shunned Hispanic help. Captain Juan Nepomunceno Seguin was a Tejano who joined the revolutionary cause. Eight Tejanos were among the men who fell at the Alamo. Seguin formed a Tejano company that performed vital duties for Houston and the revolution. They scouted for the Texas Army, protected outlying ranches from Indian attacks and, most importantly, escorted fleeing Anglo families from Mexican cavalry patrols.

The retreat began in the predawn hours of March 14, 1836. Houston was moved by the plight of the Gonzales residents, particularly the grieving widows and their families. So he burned some army baggage to free up wagons to be used for their transport. Houston adopted a scorched earth policy; nothing would be left for the enemy. Gonzales residents would accompany the army, and their town would be put to the torch.

The army trudged along, and since it was still nighttime, they were enveloped in a pitch-black

darkness that matched their depressed mood. They soon entered a thick oak forest that made it even darker. The only light was several miles to the rear, where a burning Gonzales cast a strange yellow-orange glow in the sky. After a brief rest, Houston decided to continue on to Burham's Ferry on the Colorado River, a waterway not to be confused with the more famous stream that flows through the Grand Canyon.

In the meantime, the advances made by the Mexican Army caused thousands of Anglo-Texans to flee, a mass exodus known to history as the "runaway scrape." It was the rainy season in Texas, and intermittent rains made the rude unpaved roads muddy quagmires. Long columns of Anglo Texans, mainly women and children because their men were joining the army, trekked through the viscous muck trying to stay ahead of Santa Anna's victorious legions.

The refugees grew exhausted and, with food scarce hunger weakened bodies and made them more susceptible to disease. Fevers spread, there were outbreaks of measles, and people started to die. One refugee recalled that 5,000 people were desperately trying to cross the San Jacinto River at Lynch's Ferry. All along the refugee trails, a shout of "the Mexicans are coming" was liable to start a stampede.

The Texas Army reached Burham's Ferry on March 17 and quickly made camp. The next day a drizzly, clammy rain returned, turning their bivouac into a sea of mud. The following day the army crossed the Colorado, putting the river's wide, deep, and swift waters between them and the approaching Mexicans. Runaway scrape refugees were also helped across, and when the last person was safely on the eastern bank, the ferry was destroyed.

Library of Congress

Sam Houston's Texians exacted revenge at San Jacinto, screaming "Remember the Alamo!" and "Remember Goliad!" as they stormed the Mexican camp. After Texas became a state in 1845, Houston was immediately elected to the U.S. Senate.

General Ramirez y Sesma, in hot pursuit, caught up with Houston a few miles downriver from Burham's Ferry. Unfortunately for the Mexicans, the Colorado River was between them, serving in effect as a moat that protected the Texans. Houston allowed a small group to have a brief skirmish with Ramirez y Sesma to take the edge off their hunger for combat, but would allow no major engagement.

After a brief stop to burn San Felipe de Austin, the old capital of the original Anglo settlement, the march continued until it reached Groce's Crossing on the Brazos. From March 31 to April 13 the army stayed in camp, drilling under Houston's careful and demanding eye. More men came in, and Houston was pleased to receive two cannons, gifts from the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, that were quickly dubbed the Two Sisters.

At the time the boundary between Mexican Texas and the United States was the Sabine River. There is some circumstantial evidence to suggest that Houston, if all else failed, planned to retreat as far as the Sabine. Santa Anna's line of supply and communication, already overextended, would be stretched to the breaking point. But there was another consideration: clandestine help from the United States. At that moment General Edmund Pendleton Gaines was on the border, leading a U.S. Army of Observation. Yet Houston was an opportunist; he was going to attack if he felt his men were ready, and if Santa Anna made a mistake large enough to exploit. He was not going to arbitrarily stick to some secret plan at all costs.

Houston's army was bulked up by U.S. soldiers, troops who arrived in full uniform and kit. They were strictly unofficial; however, they were deserters who had skipped out when Gaines was not looking. That, at least, was the cover story, and Houston formed them into a regiment of regulars as opposed to a regiment of volunteers. Being for the most part fully armed, they were a welcome addition to the Texas Army.

Then Santa Anna made a mistake, and it was an error the magnitude of which was going to cost him the war. Impatient at what he considered more of a farce than a military campaign, he decided to try and capture the rebel interim Texas government. The dictator managed to cross the Brazos by trickery, something that even Houston had not thought he could do. Colonel Juan Almonte, who again spoke perfect English, hailed an unsuspecting black

ferryman and asked him to bring his barge to the west bank. Once the ferry crossed over, Mexican soldiers jumped out of the bushes and secured the vessel.

Once his army was ferried over the Brazos, Santa Anna hurried on to Harrisburg, on Galveston Bay, where the Texas interim government was sheltering. They learned of the Mexican approach in the nick of time, with literally minutes to spare.

His surprise coup almost succeeded. President David Burnett and his cabinet had taken a boat to row to Galveston Island. They had pulled away minutes before and were still so close that arriving Mexican cavalry could have opened fire across the water. Colonel Almonte, seeing Mrs. Burnett in the boat, chivalrously declined to shoot. But in his haste to round up the rebels, Santa Anna had forged ahead with only 700 men. That made him vulnerable to a possible Texas counterstroke.

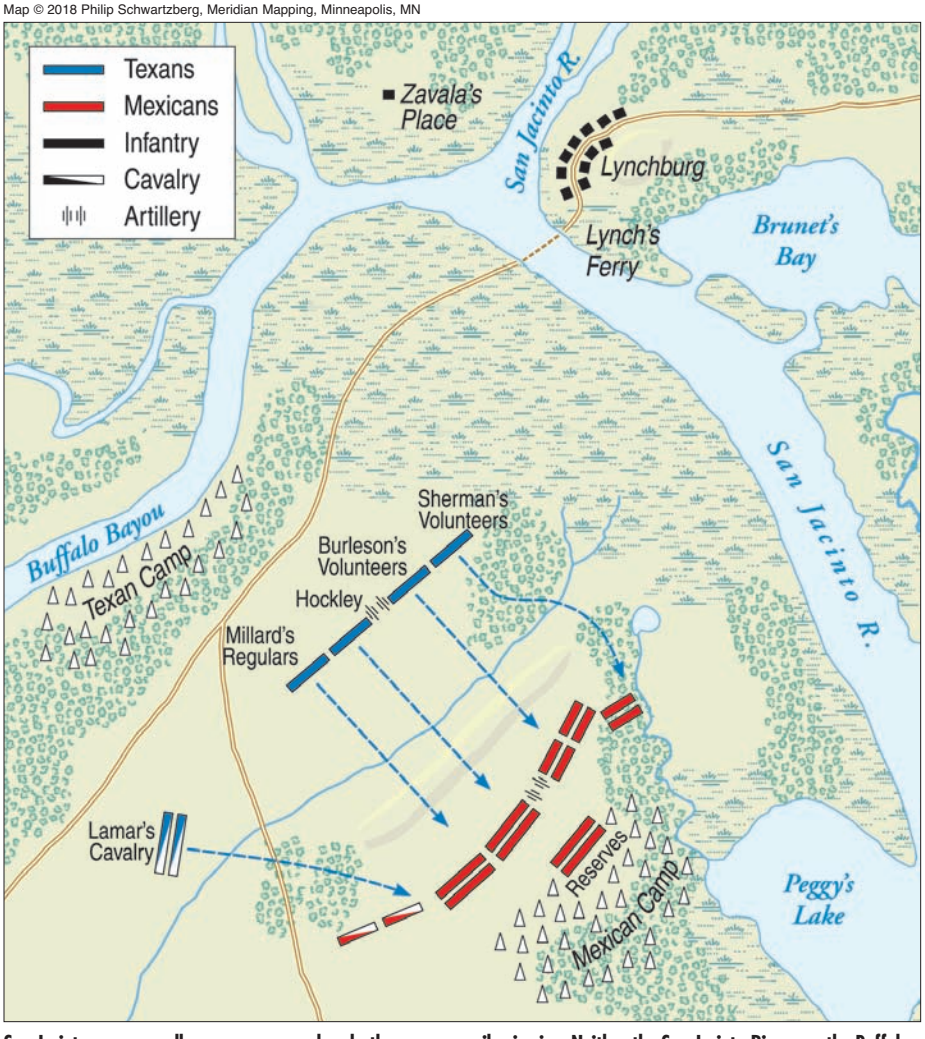
Once he heard that Santa Anna had crossed the Brazos, Houston knew the Texas Army must follow. Luckily he had secured the services of the *Yellow Stone*, a 130-foot, 144-ton steamboat. Captain John E. Ross was ready, willing, and able to serve the cause of Texas independence. "I have four cords wood on board and everything ready to go ahead," he assured Houston.

A plan was forming in Houston's mind. The trick was to make it seem that he and his men were cornered. Once that was achieved, the Texans would turn the tables on the Mexicans and spring a trap.

On April 18, Santa Anna arrived at New Washington, a town on the San Jacinto River. He was still far in advance of his army; General Vincente Filisola, an Italian in Mexican service and a Napoleonic War veteran, was with the main body at Fort Bend on the Brazos roughly 45 miles away.

At that point, Houston crossed Buffalo Bayou and took his men to the San Jacinto plain at a point where the river runs into the bayou. Scenting victory, Santa Anna burned New Washington to the ground and hurried to the plain. He did not want his quarry to escape again. On April 20, there was some half-hearted skirmishing, but it was a weak overture to the main act, which would take place on the next day.

Santa Anna actually had his buglers sound "Deguello," the old tune that announced no quarter would be given to prisoners, a couple of times during the fray. It had been played at the Alamo, and Santa Anna's gesture shows how out of touch he was in assessing the morale of the Texans. The shrill bugle notes were



San Jacinto was a small, grassy expanse barely three square miles in size. Neither the San Jacinto River nor the Buffalo Bayou was fordable and, therefore, escape under fire was nearly impossible.

bound to enrage the Texas Army, reminding them of the slaughter at the Alamo and Goliad.

The future battlefield of San Jacinto was a small grassy expanse barely three square miles in area. The grassy plain is marshy along its edges, and here and there are stands of live oak and shallow ravines. The battlefield is bounded on the northeast and northwest by the San Jacinto River and Buffalo Bayou. Neither waterway is fordable, which meant the only means of escape in that area was by Lynch's Ferry. Actually, no defeated army could really hope to shuttle back and forth to safety if it were pressed by a victorious enemy. There would be no time.

Santa Anna's army bivouacked in the southwest corner of the San Jacinto plain. There was a small copse of live oak just in front of his position, but even the overconfident dictator realized that was not enough for defense. To flesh out the defenses he had his men throw up a makeshift, entirely slapdash line of pack saddles and various odds and ends. Several of his subordinates respectively objected to the position, but he arrogantly dismissed their valid fears.

The problem was simple: Santa Anna's camp was up against a boggy swamp and a body of water called Peggy's Lake. If something went wrong, and the Mexicans were forced to retire, they might be trapped. But again, Santa Anna dismissed such concerns. Indeed, the dictator's brother-in-law, General Martin Perfecto de Cos, was marching to his aid with approximately 600 reinforcements. That would give Santa Anna some 1,200 men, more than enough, or so he thought, to deal with Houston and his rag tag upstarts.

The next day, April 21, 1836, was going to be the moment of decision. Yet, curiously, Houston did nothing for several hours, and indeed spent the morning in relative idleness. But there was method in his madness. If he launched an attack too early, he might be heavily engaged when Cos arrived. The sudden influx of new Mexican troops might panic his men to the extent they would be defeated. He diecided to wait for Cos and take on Santa Anna's combined forces all at once.

Charles Shaw / The San Jacinto Museum of History

The Texian victory was marred by the slaughter of Mexican soldiers who tried to surrender. General Houston tried but failed to stem the frenzied killing that resulted in the death of more than half of Santa Anna's army.

General Cos did indeed arrive at mid-morning. Santa Anna, pleased to see his disgraced relative, ordered the newcomers to relax. Many of the soldiers slept, while others started fires and prepared food. The atmosphere was relaxed, even though Houston and the Texans were only about 500 yards away.

Santa Anna himself was resting in his large brown and white striped tent. Legend insists he was entertaining at least one female, a mulato woman named Emily. This Emily became enshrined in song and story as the Yellow Rose of Texas, but the tale is almost certainly apocryphal. Santa Anna might have been a womanizer back home in Mexico, but on this campaign he had more important things on his mind, like the utter extirpation of the American presence in Texas.

At approximately 3:30 PM Houston formed his men into two battle lines and ordered an advance. Standing 6 feet 2 inches, he was always imposing, but on occasions such as this he seemed truly magnificent. He had a powerful, muscular build and a ruggedly handsome face. His blue eyes could quickly become cold and steely if angered. Houston mounted his white stallion, Saracen, and placed himself at the front of his troops.

The Texas Army formed up on two lines stretching about 1,000 yards. The far left was occupied by Colonel Sydney Sherman's 220-man Second Texas Regiment, followed by Colonel Edward Burleson's First Texas, numbering 260 effectives. The First Texas had been organized weeks before, when Houston had formally taken command at Gonzales. Would Houston's painfully difficult attempts to train them into something even remotely resembling soldiers bear fruit? Only time would tell.

Lieutenant Colonel Henry Millard's Texas Regular Battalion, many of whom were deserters from the U.S. Army, anchored the right. They came fully equipped for the most part, with Model 1816 muskets and formidable bayonets. Most if not all of them were clad in U.S. Army blue; there was no attempt to disguise their presence. There were also some 50 cavalrymen under a man with a romantic, swashbuckling name, Mirabeau Bonaparte Lamar.

The Texas Army's artillery support came from the two guns of the Cincinnati Battery, which were placed in the Texas Army's center. The 31 men who worked the cannons became quite adept at both firing and moving the heavy metal monsters in their charge. At one point they even manhandled the Two Sisters to within 70 yards of the Mexican position.

Armies of the period often had regimental bands, and in battle lively airs helped maintain a martial spirit. Houston managed to gather a fifer and a drummer or two, but it was said the fifer's musical repertoire was limited. He only knew, so the story goes, "Will You Come to the Bower?" The song, referring to a man who invites his lover to a romantic rendezvous, was considered erotic, or at least risqué, but any musical port would do in the coming storm.

Seguin and his Tejanos also were present. Seguin had only about 20 men, since most of his command was still away on detached duty. They put playing cards in their headbands, so Anglo Texans could recognize them as friends, not foes.

At Houston's signal, the advance began. The Two Sisters roared out a twin salvo, ripping through the makeshift barrier that guarded the Mexican camp. It was a rude awakening for many of the Mexican soldiers, including Santa Anna himself, who had been fast asleep in his tent. A Mexican bugler near the Matamoros Battalion sounded the alert, his shrill notes of urgency reverberating through the camp, and soon other buglers joined in the swelling chorus of alarm. The clarion calls proved tardy and ultimately futile.

A few Matamoros Battalion soldiers fired at the advancing enemy, and a solitary Mexican cannon discharged some grapeshot with an earsplitting roar. The Mexican fire was so hasty that most of it went over thr Texans' heads.

General Manuel Fernandez Castrillon was one of those officers who kept his head. He was in the middle of shaving when the bugle calls, cannon fire, and musketry began echoing through the camp. Though only half dressed, he traded his razor for his sword and began shouting orders in rapid fire succession: the Aldama Battalion was to support the Matamoros, while the Guadalajara, Toluca, and Guerrero Battalions were to form up and launch counterattacks.

Literally caught napping, the whole Mexican camp dissolved into chaos. Officers tried to shout orders as sleepy-eyed soldiers stumbled about trying to make for their stands of weapons. These Mexican troops, like all trained soldiers of the period, were used to fighting by command in serried, ordered ranks. Fighting that required individual initiative or prowess was beyond them, and this was exactly the kind of barroom brawl in which the Texans excelled.

The formal fighting, if you could call it that, was over in 18 minutes. The Texas swarmed over the Mexican barricades like avenging furies, screaming "Remember the Alamo!" and "Remember Goliad!" as they entered the Mexican camp. Castrillon, bleeding from a leg wound, climbed up on an ammunition box and tried to rally his men by shouting words of encouragement over the din. He was ignored, and the Mexican Army quickly dissolved into a band of panic-stricken fugitives

The Aldama Battalion managed to rally but its formation was broken up by fleeing soldiers from other units. Before they could reform they were engulfed by a tidal wave of rampaging Texans. By most accounts, Santa Anna ran around giving incoherent and contradictory orders, but soon took to his heels when he saw the game was up. Colonel Almonte, who was educated in the United States and spoke good English, managed to rally some men and take them to some swampy areas near the bayou. They managed to hold out until Texan passions cooled and were allowed to surrender honorably.

After the formal battle the slaughter began, which tarnished the subsequent victory. The weeks of frustration and retreat, combined with the pent up desire for revenge and the seething anger against Santa Anna, had created a volcano of emotion that finally erupted in the closing stages of the battle. The thin veneer of soldierly discipline, so carefully built up over the days, was shed within minutes.

Surrendering Mexican soldiers were ruthlessly cut down, with bowie knives slicing throats in crimson sprays of arterial blood, and axes and tomahawks chopping, rending, and cutting with brutal efficiency and similar gore. Even drummer boys were not spared. Houston, badly wounded in the ankle, still tried to control his raging soldiers. Unsuccessful, he finally rode off to get his wound dressed. "Gentlemen, I applaud your bravery, but damn your manners," he said disgustedly as he departed.

The killing continued for hours; even those trying to seek refuge by swimming in Peggy's Lake were shot down. A Texas officer named Rusk tried to save Castrillon, but the Mexican general was shot down anyway. The Texans, especially the rough frontier types, were not squeamish about taking human life and reveled in the violence. Eventually the blood lust abated and by sundown the Battle of San Jacinto was over.

When the battle began Houston had about 800 men, the Mexicans approximately 1,300. The casualty numbers are usually disputed, but seven to 11 Texans were killed and 30 wounded. The Mexican Army fared much worse, as might be expected. Approximately 600 soldiers were killed and 700 captured. It was a spectacular and one-sided victory.

But where was Santa Anna? Later he claimed he had gone to get help, or words to that effect, but it was plain he was saving his own skin. He hid out overnight, cold, hungry, and rightly fearing for his life. He was picked up by a Texan patrol, and since by most histories he had donned a private's tunic, he was not initially recognized. Discovered at last, he was brought before Houston, who was still in great pain from a shattered ankle. It was said that Santa Anna's feet were shod in Moroccan slippers, relics of that ill-fated nap he had taken the day before.

The two men conversed, and ultimately negotiated, through Colonel Almonte. Many Texas soldiers wanted to shoot or hang the defeated dictator on the spot, but Houston prevented a possible lynching. He knew that General Vincente Filisola and General Urrea were still a threat, and together they fielded around 4,000 soldiers. It was not very likely that the Texas Army could pull off another miracle win—Filisola and Urrea were far better soldiers than Santa Anna.

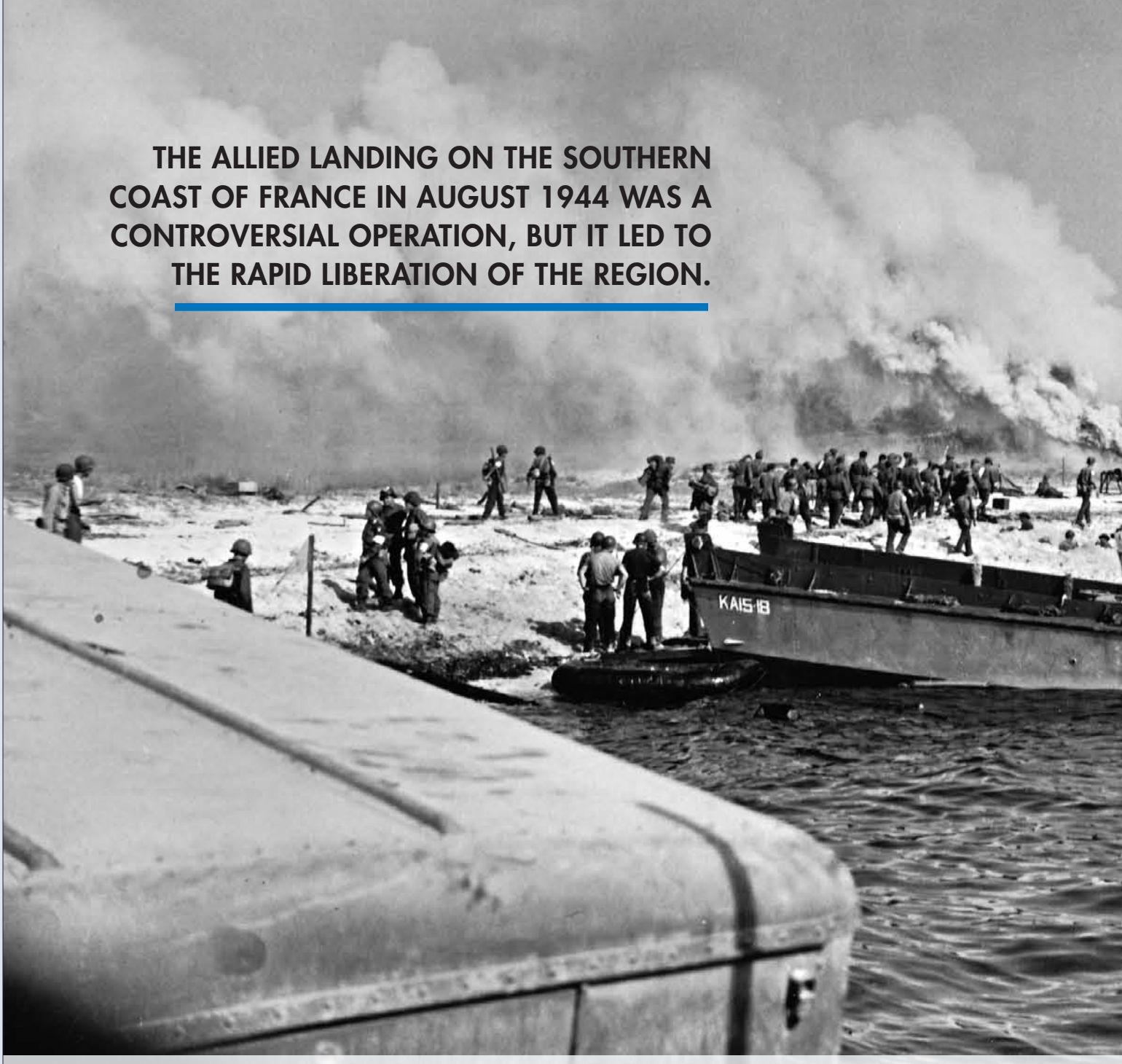
In the end, the best strategy was to use Santa Anna as a bargaining chip. He negotiated a deal by which the defeated dictator signed two agreements, one public and one private. The public agreement basically required the Mexican Army to restore any property taken, release any prisoners, and above all withdraw from Texas. The secret agreement stipulated that Santa Anna use all his influence to get Mexico to agree to Texas independence, with the Rio Grande as the boundary between the two nations.

Library of Congress

General Santa Anna signed a private agreement after his humiliating defeat at San Jacinto through which he agreed to use his influence to try to get the Mexican government to agree to independence for Mexican Texas.

These treaties were made on condition that Santa Anna's life would be spared. Houston readily agreed to these terms because they served his immediate purpose: ending the war with Texas victorious. The pacts were illegal in that they were signed under duress, and in any case were never ratified by the Mexican congress. Indeed, the Mexican government as a whole repudiated the treaties immediately.

Nevertheless the whole course of western American history was changed in less than half an hour. Nine years later, Texas became a state, and Houston began his career as a U.S. senator. Santa Anna somehow survived what soon became a very rough captivity. At one point he was even put in heavy shackles, but eventually he was released. Santa Anna became Mexico's bad penny, or perhaps, centavo, who would return to power in the 1840s and again in the 1850s. □



THE ALLIED LANDING ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF FRANCE IN AUGUST 1944 WAS A CONTROVERSIAL OPERATION, BUT IT LED TO THE RAPID LIBERATION OF THE REGION.

ALLIED STORM IN SO

U.S. Army Sergeant Vere Williams listened to his instincts as his landing craft approached the beach. It was August 15, 1944, and his unit, the 157th Infantry Regiment of the 45th Division was part of the invasion force for Operation Dragoon, the landings along France's Mediterranean coast. Williams, a farm boy from the tiny community of Snyder, Colorado, carried the nickname "Tarzan" due to his good looks and strong, broad chest. He joined the 157th in 1938 for the extra four dollars a month it provided his family. His regiment was on its fourth amphibious assault of the war, and most of the men he started with were either dead or wounded. Despite only being in his twenties, Tarzan Williams was an old-timer, for life as a combat infantryman quickly gave survivors a morbid seniority.

Opposition was light that day. All the subsequent histories would say so. Still, Williams' nagging inner voice told him something was wrong. His Higgins boat was in the second wave so there were already many troops ashore. The ramp at the front of the landing craft dropped and the men inside quickly moved out. The young sergeant rushed to a nearby hillside to join his company. Mortar rounds began to

Allied troops on the beach in southern France herd German prisoners into captivity. The purpose of Operation Dragoon was to threaten the occupying German Army from its rear.

UTHERN FRANCE

BY CHRISTOPHER MISKIMON

land nearby and soon came closer. One landed 15 feet away, and Williams felt something hit his leg. He looked at it but saw nothing. He then noticed two other men near him were hit, one in the face and the other in the hand. He checked his leg again and found a hole in his pants and blood running down his knee.

A medic arrived to help them, but Williams' inner voice told him they needed to move. His gut said the Germans were zeroing in on them. He told the others and they dashed behind a nearby boulder. Seconds later another mortar bomb landed exactly where they had been sitting. The medic finished his first aid and Williams was evacuated. He was one of only seven casualties in the 157th that day, but the distinction meant little. At least that nagging premonition had saved his life and those of the others. He soon wound up at a hospital in Naples for two weeks, while his parents got a telegram erroneously stating he was missing in action. By the time the Army corrected its mistake a month later, Williams was back in action in France.

By mid-1944 the war had turned decisively in the Allies' favor, but it was far from over. The Third Reich still occupied most of France. In Normandy the Anglo-American forces were pushing out of

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the hedgerows and fields, but German opposition was still stiff and unrelenting. The supply situation was also difficult due to German sabotage of the port of Cherbourg and a storm that wrecked one of the artificial harbors painstakingly built at the Normandy landing beaches. More ports were needed and the Nazis needed to be further distracted.

A solution to both problems was quickly pulled from the Allied backburner. Operation Anvil was a plan to land troops on the coast of southern France that would threaten the occupying German Army from its rear. The idea was placed on hold due to both a shortage of landing craft and the drain on resources by the continuing stalemate at Anzio. By July 1944 the success at Normandy and the Anzio breakout relieved these problems. So the Americans revisited their plans for an invasion of southern France.

The plan offered several advantages. If successful it would bring the ports of Marseille and Toulon under Allied control. Additionally, the Germans would have to defend two fronts in France. While the Russians liked the idea as a supporting effort to Normandy, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill disliked it. He knew it would take attention away from the Italian campaign, a cherished project as it might lead to an advance into the Balkans, something Churchill was fixated on. Determined to stop the operation, Churchill made a plea to U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt to abandon it, but U.S. Army Chief of Staff General George C. Marshall advised proceeding and Roosevelt agreed. The plan was reactivated on July 14 with the new codename Dragoon. The name of the operation reportedly was offered by Churchill, who felt he had been dragooned into accepting the amphibious operation.

The Free French Forces under General Charles de Gaulle also favored Dragoon as a way to get more of their troops fighting in France. By this point in the war the French were finally assembling a sizable army and did not want it wasted in the attritional struggle in Italy. Given the newly available transports and landing vessels, French divisions could quickly be transferred from Italy to the southern French coast. The stubborn and often difficult de Gaulle demanded his forces be redeployed as part of the Dragoon landings. The final plan combined French troops with an American landing force and an Anglo-American airborne contingent.

The American contribution included three veteran infantry divisions from the Italian campaign. They were organized as the VI Corps, commanded by Maj. Gen. Lucian Truscott, which was part of General Alexander Patch's Seventh Army. The 3rd Infantry Division, nicknamed the "Rock of the Marne," was a regular Army formation with experience in North Africa, Sicily, Salerno, and Anzio. The 36th Infantry Division was a Texas National Guard unit sometimes called the Lone Star Division. It entered the war at Salerno the previous autumn and suffered heavy casualties during the fighting along the Rapido River in January 1944, but after rebuilding it went into action again at Anzio where it performed well during the advance to Rome. The 45th Infantry Division, nicknamed the Thunderbird Division, was composed of National Guard formations from Oklahoma, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico. It saw action in a variety of settings, including Sicily, Salerno, along the Volturno River, and Anzio. Operation Dragoon would be its fourth amphibious assault of the war.

Each division had three infantry regiments formed into regimental combat teams, which included a dedicated artillery battalion and the added combat power of attached tank, engineer, and tank destroyer units. At this point in the war these combined units had generally worked with each other for some time and were smoothly functioning entities. All were well suited to the task at hand and formed the assault force for the amphibious attack.

There was no airborne division available in the Mediterranean region, but the Allies had used paratroopers successfully enough at Normandy to warrant their use in Dragoon. The 1st Airborne Task Force was an ad-hoc combination of the few available parachute-qualified troops and several regular units hastily given glider training. Essentially a small division, it was led by Brig. Gen. Robert Frederick, the famous leader of the Canadian-American 1st Special Service Force, known as the Devil's Brigade. The remnants of that unit were available in theater and combined with the only large British ground force used in the operation, three battalions of the 2nd Independent Parachute Brigade. A number of artillery and support units were trained in glider operations, including the Antitank Company of the 442nd Regimental

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ABOVE: A German soldier takes aim with his antitank gun at Allied targets on the beach in southern France. RIGHT: Paratroopers of the U.S. 551st Parachute Infantry Battalion float to the ground at Le Muy. Two weeks after landing they liberated Nice.

Combat Team, the Japanese-American unit that fought with great distinction during the war.

Likewise, the Allies had no large American armored formations available for Dragoon either, so again they created one. The original plan was to use one combat command from a French armored division but that idea was soon dismissed. Still, a mobile force would be valuable to exploit any gaps or weaknesses in the German defense so the assistant commander of VI Corps, Brig. Gen. Fred Butler, was appointed to command the scratch force, which was built around the 117th Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron (Mechanized). This unit was reinforced with truck-borne infantry along with tank and tank destroyer units, an artillery battalion, and a company of engineers. Although it was a small force, it was quite powerful.

The French contingent included the II Army Corps commanded by General Edgard de Larminat, part of the French Army B under General Jean de Lattre. He had one armored and three infantry divisions. Two of the infantry units had good reputations from fighting in Italy. There were also a number of French Special Forces units and thousands of French Resistance fighters throughout the countryside.

To support the assault the Western Naval Task Force was reinforced with ships no longer needed at Normandy. American, British, and Free French vessels were combined into several task forces with five battleships, nine escort carriers, 22 cruisers, 85 destroyers and hundreds of smaller warships, transports, and cargo ships. Additionally, there were 1,267 landing craft of various types. One task force formed the command group while three others were assigned one to each landing beach. The carriers were grouped into their own task force while a sixth task force supported the special operations forces, which would secure various islands.

The Allies also could depend on extensive air forces for Dragoon. The Mediterranean Allied Air Force had to support operations across the theater, and it detailed a specific number of tactical aircraft to support the landings. The XII Tactical Air Command received orders to support the landings. In response, the XII TAC sent 216 Hellcats, Wildcats, and Spitfires to operate from the carriers.

The Allies not only had carriers stationed to support the landing, but also aircraft based on Corsica that were within range of the coast of Provence. The Corsican airfields housed 12 squadrons of B-25s and four squadrons of A-20s. Fighter squadrons included 15 squadrons of P-47s and six squadrons of P-38s. The British moved 11 Spitfire squadrons and one Beau night fighter squadron to Corsica. In addition,

German Army Group G, which was tasked with defending the southern coast of France, was composed of two corps heavily made up of static and reserve forces. As a result, the Allies made deep inroads in the German defenses.

the French had four P-47 squadrons and some Spitfires. Also stationed on Corsica were three reconnaissance squadrons. Altogether, the Allies had 2,100 aircraft on Corsica.

The German defenders were organized under Generaloberst Johannes Blaskowitz's Army Group G, which had been stripped of most of its best divisions for the fighting in Anzio and later Normandy. General der Infanterie Friedrich Wiese's Armeeoberkommando (AOK) 19 was a subunit positioned in the path of Dragoon. By August 1944 it had two corps: the 62 Korps with the 242 Infanterie-Division (static) and 148 Reserve-Infanterie Division, while 85 Korps had two static infantry divisions numbered 244 and 338. Static divisions were meant to man prepared fortifications and lacked wheeled vehicles to move their troops. To make up for this shortcoming they were often given extra machine guns and artillery. Another division, the 157 Reserve-Infanterie, was stationed away from the coast where it was engaged against partisans.

Army Group G's main reserve was Generalleutnant Wend von Wietersheim's understrength 11th Panzer Division. The Germans had pulled the division out of the Eastern Front in June 1944 and sent it to Bourdeaux for refitting where the 1st Battalion of the 15th Panzer Regiment received Panther tanks while its 2nd Battalion remained equipped with long-barreled Panzer IVs. In July, Wietersheim received orders to redeploy to Toulouse. Assisting the German frontline forces were various German security troops scattered throughout the region.

Although the German forces were well organized, some of their units went into battle with inferior equipment and second-rate troops. Moreover, they had to man defenses that were in many cases unfinished. For example, the unit directly in the Allied path, the 242 Infanterie-Division, was assigned more than 90 miles of coastline with its 12,000 troops.

Of its 12 infantry battalions, three were Ost troops from Armenia and Azerbaijan. These troops were armed with captured mortars, artillery, and antitank guns from France and Italy. Since there was no transport to provide resupply, each unit had about six day's of ammunition on hand but no way to transport it if the unit had to move or retreat. The only mobile troops were a company equipped with bicycles in each battalion.

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A new technique, seeing its first use in combat, was the Apex craft. These were Higgins boats filled with explosives. Just after 7 AM these radio-controlled drones hit the obstacle belts along the beach and exploded. Some succeeded in tearing large gaps in the concrete obstacles.

The Germans had established and occupied a number of defensive positions, including some old French fortifications. Although they were actively strengthening both new and old defenses, the upgrades were far from completion. Only 892 of a planned 1,544 bunkers and casemates were finished before the invasion. As for the beach obstacles, less than one-third were completed. The Germans had placed few mines on the beaches, although there were many inland minefields. Kriegsmarine forces consisted of small coastal warships and one submarine. The Luftwaffe was severely depleted by earlier fighting. For that reason, there were only 83 fighters and light bombers available.

The invasion began in the predawn hours of August 15 with a deception operation. A task group of small Allied warships deployed to both flanks of the actual landing area and simulated landings to draw away and confuse the defenders. The warships used radar deflectors and towed balloons to simulate a larger force. To further confuse the enemy, the Allies dropped dummy paratroopers on the mainland.

The 1st Special Services Force targeted the islands of Port-Cros and Levant located just south of the landing beaches. The group attacking Levant landed with no opposition; however, the guns on the island were fake and the defenders poorly protected in old French forts and monasteries. By the end of the day, the Allies had cleared the island.

As for Port-Cros, the Americans landed without difficulty and soon had the Germans bottled up in an old fort. Yet the Germans managed to hold out for two days against infantry and a steady pounding from aircraft and naval gunfire. But when a British battleship armed with 15-inch guns began to shell it, the Germans promptly surrendered.

While the Americans seized the islands close offshore, the French commandos of Romeo Force landed near Cavaliere to disable a number of coastal guns. An advance force of 60 commandos found they were too far east of the gun emplacement at Cap Negre, so they quickly marched there and captured it. The main body of the unit landed soon after and set up roadblocks. A second mission named Rosie Force was less fortunate. Sent to Deux Freres Pointe, the American scout troops entered a minefield where they became pinned down by enemy fire. They had little choice but to surrender the following day.

As the commando units clashed on the island and beaches, 400 aircraft roared overhead in the predawn light transporting 5,600 paratroopers and 150 artillery pieces to inland targets. Only two of the nine pathfinder teams sent ahead of the main body landed near their designated drop zones. The radios proved ineffective and fog covered most of the area, forcing the pilots to do their best. Some of the pilots associated hilltops poking through the low fog to points on their maps to locate drop zones, but they still had difficulty navigating. The formations, known as serials, typically flew in groupings of 26, 45, or 54. One serial dropped 600 troops 10 miles from its intended zone. The paratroopers came down near the town of Saint-Tropez. Even those who landed near their targets had trouble collecting their equipment and artillery due to the fog and hilly terrain. Only 40 percent of the American airborne troops landed within a mile of their objectives.

The British parachutists had a better time with about 60 percent of their troops landing near the drop zone, mainly due to Eureka beacons set up by their pathfinders. Glider-borne reinforcements came soon after, carrying the English artillery. British and American glider missions continued throughout the day with the later missions achieving better results due to clearer weather.

The last glider missions, which landed at 6 PM, were the most accurate. By then, 9,000 troops, 213 guns, and 221 vehicles were delivered. Despite the drop zone problems the Airborne Task Force was a success. It established itself around Le Muy and upset German defenses throughout the area. The rear-echelon defenders consisted of police units, headquarters components, and a horse-drawn transport battalion.

As the paratroopers and commandos did their part, offshore thousands of Americans clambered aboard landing craft. Their assault craft raced for three beaches designated Alpha, Delta, and Camel. The entire operation would be for naught if the landing force did not get ashore and quickly form a beachhead before the Germans could launch their inevitable counterattacks.

The Allied planners divided Alpha Beach into Red and Yellow Beaches located south-southwest of Saint-Tropez. They were defended by the 4th Battalion of the 765th Grenadier Regiment. The 3rd Infantry Division was assigned this sector and it assigned

the 7th Infantry Regiment to Alpha Red, while the 15th Infantry was given Alpha Yellow. The 30th Infantry was held in reserve.

The shore bombardment began before dawn as minesweepers cleared channels in the water. A new technique, seeing its first use in combat, was the Apex craft. These were Higgins boats filled with explosives. Just after 7 AM these radio-controlled drones hit the obstacle belts along the beach and exploded. Some succeeded in tearing large gaps in the concrete obstacles. Next, rocket-armed craft moved close to shore and launched salvos of screaming projectiles at the beaches. These were intended to detonate the minefields.

After the obstacle-clearing explosives had done their work, the landing troops pushed toward shore, led by Duplex Drive (DD) M-4A1 Sherman tanks from the 756th Tank Battalion. At Alpha Red one of the tanks struck a mine and sank, but the other three reached shallow water and opened fire on German emplacements. Behind them 38 landing craft carried the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 7th Infantry Regiment (2/7 and 3/7) to shore against the sporadic rifle and machine-gun fire of the defenders. At Alpha Yellow the landing craft actually passed the tanks, swamping one in their wakes. A second tank struck a mine as it climbed onto the beach. The troops of the 15th Infantry rushed ashore but found little resistance as many of the enemy soldiers soon surrendered. The 1/15 soon headed for high ground near the town of Ramatuelle while the other two battalions advanced toward Saint-Tropez. When they reached the outskirts of the town, they found most of it was already in the hands of Allied paratroopers and French Resistance fighters. Only one German unit was still fighting. Its tenacious soldiers had dug themselves deep into the town's old citadel. The 15th joined the attack, and by mid-afternoon the Germans surrendered.

All things considered, the 3rd Infantry Division had a relatively easy day, though they suffered a number of casualties from mines, including two landing craft that struck the deadly devices offshore. The division took 1,627 prisoners that day, most of them Ost troops from Russia, Poland, and Turkmenistan. They had little stomach for a fight against the superior firepower of the Allies, even though they were led by German noncommissioned officers and officers.

Delta Beach was the responsibility of the 45th Division. It was north of Saint-Tropez across a small gulf named for that town. A few miles southwest of the landing area was the town of Saint-Maxime. The entire zone was defended by the 1st Battalion of the 765th Grenadiers and a battery of coastal artillery. Delta was subdivided into four objectives and received much the same preparatory fire as Alpha Beach.

From the American perspective, the two left beaches, Delta Red and Delta Green, were the responsibility of the 157th Infantry. Once again, four DD tanks led the assault and while all made it onto the beach they were soon disabled by mines. The first wave of landing craft was fired upon by a single operational 75mm gun that was quickly knocked out by a destroyer. Another bombardment rapidly finished three 81mm mortars that fired from bunkers. This was the beach where Sergeant Williams came ashore and was soon wounded. Once ashore the 1/157 marched inland five miles to the town of Plan-de-la-Tour while the regiment's other two battalions moved on Saint-Maxime. The 3/157 entered the town and fought quick actions at the port area and the Hotel du Nord but secured the town by sunset.

Bundesarchiv Bild 101I-301-1951-24; Photo: Bernhard Kurth

ABOVE: A Tiger I mounting an 88mm main gun rumbles through a coastal town. BELOW: Allied troops exit a glider. Some regular forces were hastily given glider training. OPPOSITE: Allied troops heavily laden with gear move inland. They would have to pry German troops from a number of old French fortifications during the operation.

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Delta Beaches Yellow and Blue were assigned to the 180th Infantry. They used a double portion of eight DD tanks from the 191st Tank Battalion. At Delta Yellow on the left, 2/180 quickly got ashore and pushed four miles inland. To the right at Delta Blue, 1/180 soon seized the beach but was stopped by fierce German defenses just two mile up the road leading north to Saint-Aygulf. Between the two battalions, 3/180 took high ground north of the beach. From there, a platoon from the divisional reconnaissance troop moved down the D-25 road and soon linked up with American paratroopers of the 509th near Le Muy. The scouts realized the road was clear so the tanks were redirected to Le Muy where they helped the paratroopers capture the town by late afternoon.

The last beach, the northernmost of Operation Dragoon, was designated Camel. The landing areas for the 36th Infantry Division, which was entrusted with securing it, were on either side of Saint-Raphael. The area was the most strongly defended of the three beaches. The Germans had deployed a number of batteries around the town, including a trio of 150mm destroyer guns installed by the Kriegsmarine at Cap du Dramont. In addition, there also were a dozen 88mm flak guns nearby. A lesser emplacement, which would still have to be cleared, was situated at Saint-Raphael where four French 75mm cannon were installed in casemates. Not all of the batteries were functioning. American strike aircraft had knocked out some 220mm guns the previous week.

As for the German infantry, they were protected in four strongpoints, each boasting two to three platoon-sized bunker complexes whose defenses featured machine guns, mortar, and light cannons. The 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 765th Grenadiers manned these defenses. To the north, the 4th Battalion of the 239th Grenadiers helped guard the vulnerable coastline.

Both: National Archives

ABOVE: Lightly armed members of rural guerrilla bands of the French Resistance known as Maquis engage the Germans in a coastal town. BELOW: The reconnaissance arm of the U.S. 180th Infantry Regiment directed armor to assist the airborne troops of the 509th Parachute Infantry Battalion in their assault on Le Muy.

The northernmost beaches, Camel Green and Blue, were the right flank of the entire landing operation. They were not near the well-prepared defenses around Saint-Raphael but still within artillery range. The U.S. 141st Infantry Regiment assaulted these beaches, meeting only some small arms fire. Their eight DD tanks were launched too far from shore and so did not arrive until after the first Higgins boats. The German fire soon abated and groups of dispirited Ost troops came out to surrender. This had the added effect of decreasing the accuracy of the German artillery, since it now lacked forward observers. As the 141st secured the beach and high ground farther inland, the 143rd Infantry came ashore and attacked west toward Saint-Raphael. One battalion, 2/143, ran into the bunkers of Strongpoint Lowe on the east side of the town and was soon stopped.

The job of taking Camel Red fell to the 142nd Infantry, but the landing was purposely delayed until the afternoon. The beach was surrounded by the German strongpoints in Saint-Raphael, and the unit had been instructed to wait until its fellow regiments could put pressure on the town from the east. U.S. Navy minesweepers swept the channel leading to the port in the late morning. German heavy artillery fire forced them back, but 90 B-24 bombers unloaded 200 tons of bombs to silence the guns. When the minesweepers went back in, though, they again took heavy fire.

The U.S. Navy launched a number of Apex boats toward the beach defenses. While they worked decently at Alpha Beach, here most of the drones malfunctioned. Several even turned back toward the invasion fleet and had to be sunk by destroyers. The ships then resumed bombarding the Germans until the first wave of landing craft approached the beach. Despite the heavy shelling the German artillery proved as heavy as before so the landing force commander, Navy Captain Leo Schulten, stopped the operation and called his superior, Rear Admiral Spencer Lewis. When Lewis was unable to reach the 36th Infantry Division headquarters ashore he made the decision to land the 142nd at Camel Green and abandon Camel Red. The landing force went a few miles north and put the regiment ashore at mid-afternoon.

Truscott was not happy about the delay, but he did not know about the heavy German defenses. The move undoubtedly saved the lives of many soldiers and sailors, who may have gone into a beach every bit as bad as "Bloody Omaha" at Normandy two months earlier. It was also a credit to the leaders on the spot, who avoided a disaster by quick thinking and improvisation.

All things considered, the amphibious landings on August 15 went extremely well. The Allies suffered 95 killed and 385 wounded on the first day. Tens of thousands of troops were ashore and many had already linked up with the airborne formations inland and captured key towns on the coast. Although it was by no means an easy day, for men were still fighting and dying, the landings went better than expected, with far fewer casualties than during previous amphibious assaults in the war.

On the German side, confusion reigned as reports flooded into the headquarters of both Army Group G and AOK 19. The deception operations made it difficult to determine the focus of the Allied assault. Also, the French Resistance fighters made numerous attacks on the German communications networks, succeeding in cutting those of Army Group G and AOK 19 by 8 AM. For a time General Wiese even had to rely on reports from a German headquarters in Italy. Allied paratroopers also cut communications with local units.

The situation actually worked to the advantage of Blaskowitz, who knew he could not stop the Allies but would likely be ordered to stand and die in place by Hitler. Under the guise of preparing for a counterattack, he instead began moving units away from the coast toward the Rhone Valley for the inevitable withdrawal

north. He also issued orders to divisions farther west, as he had no local reserves. Infanterie-Division 338 was preparing to leave for Paris and that ordered was cancelled. Infanterie-Division 189's commander, Generalmajor Richard von Schwerin, was told to form a battle group taken from local units to counterattack the Americans at Le Muy. This would also relieve the 62 Korps Headquarters, which was cut off at Draguignan.

The only other significant counterattack came that evening when German Do-217 medium bombers dropping guided missiles attacked Allied shipping off Saint-Raphael at 6:30 PM. Several of the Allied ships had newly mounted jammers to combat these sophisticated weapons, but the German pilots simply stayed close to their weapons after launch to burn through the jamming. It was a difficult and dangerous mission, but the Luftwaffe pilots rose to the challenge. A missile from one of the bomber's sank the American landing ship LST-282.

By the next morning, von Schwerin had a battle group of four infantry battalions advancing on Le Muy. The battle group swept aside a paratrooper outpost near Les Arcs at 7:30 AM and continued the attack; however, the 517th Parachute Infantry was reinforced by 2/180 and a platoon of M10 tank destroyers from the 645th Tank Destroyer Battalion. As the Americans advanced out of the Saint-Raphael beachhead, they cut off the Germans and engaged them in an all-day fight around Les Arcs.

After nightfall, the Germans withdrew, having suffered 50 percent losses. The following day the 36th Infantry Division relieved the paratroopers at Le Muy. Although the rest of the invasion force spent August 16 securing high ground against expected counterattacks, the 36th reduced German defenses in several towns. One of its battalions, 2/141, overran a German battalion trying to attack the beachhead. Other German units could barely move due to incessant Allied air attacks and the previous destruction of the bridges.

During the night of August 16-17, the high command of the German Armed Forces (OKW) realized the situation in southern France was hopeless. Combined with the continuing disaster in the Falaise Pocket and the swift advance of Patton's Third Army toward the Meuse River, Operation Dragoon threatened to cut off all troops in the region. If these formations were lost, the German border would be left unguarded. OKW advocated withdrawing Army Group G north toward Dijon. To everyone's astonishment, Hitler agreed. On this occasion, he abandoned his customary demand that there should be no retreat; however, he did stipulate that German troops remain behind to defend several key Atlantic ports.

As the Germans prepared to retreat, Truscott's VI Corps pressed its advantage, attacking against light resistance. As some German units withdrew toward their escape route through the Rhone River Valley, a few made feints designed to delay the American advance. The leading American units were very mobile, though. U.S. infantry divisions would assign all available trucks, tanks, and tank destroyer to a battalion of each regiment, giving them speed and firepower. The VI Corps was advancing so rapidly it threatened to cut off not only the Rhone Valley, but also surround the valuable ports of Toulon and Marseilles.

Adding to this American blitz, Truscott ordered Task Force Butler, his mechanized force, to advance past Draguignan early on August 18. They were aided by the French Resistance and soon were across the Verdon River. The scattered German units, mostly police troops, could do little and were soon surrounded at Digne. Most were unwilling to surrender to the French after their own brutality during the occupation, but that evening they yielded to Task Force Butler; afterward, the Americans resumed their advance.

The next major objective was the city of Grenoble, which was the headquarters of the German Reserve-Division 157. As the Americans approached, Generalleutnant Karl Pflaum received contradictory orders. One order instructed him to defend the area until August 30, but the other one instructed him to withdraw into the passes along the Franco-Italian border. Pflaum decided to withdraw to the border, which left the east flank of Army Group G's retreat unguarded. With the way left open to Grenoble, the Americans seized it on August 22.

National Archives

American M-10 tank destroyers give infantry a lift during the Allies' rapid advance from the beaches. The troops who stormed the beaches quickly linked up with airborne formations dropped at key locations inland.

The Americans regularly intercepted messages from the OKW to the field forces, and therefore they knew that no German counterattack was expected. The French troops were massing for attacks on Toulon and Marseilles, but the French leadership refused to parcel out any of their units for they wanted to keep them together. The Allies needed the ports to supply the rapid advance, so they ordered the Airborne Task Force and 1st Special Service Force to block the Alpine passes to Italy and prepared to exploit the gap in the German flank. But it would take the Allies time to build up the forces for the operation.

Army Group G also was preoccupied with making plans for the coming days. The Germans intended to use most of their forces to conduct a fighting retreat up the Rhone Valley. The plans called for the 11th Panzer Division and Infanterie-Division 198 to occupy successive defense lines to delay the Americans. At the same time, the German divisions holding Toulon and Marseilles would be sacrificed in order to delay the Allied pursuit.

Toulon and Marseilles were enveloped by the French II Corps beginning August 16 with rein-

National Archives

French troops from Algeria assisted in the clearing of German resistance in Marseilles. Riflemen hug the walls of buildings as they watch for snipers.

forcement arriving two days later. The French infantry divisions prepared to attack while their armored division was divided into combat commands to reinforce the infantry. An initial assault was made against a fortified German position at Hyeres, just east of Toulon. The town was defended by a battalion of mostly Armenian Ost troops. The defense centered on the Golf Hotel, which fell on August 21; however, 150 Germans held out in a small fort until the following day.

French infantry and armored forces began their attack on Toulon on August 19. The defending Infanterie-Division 242, bolstered by naval and Luftwaffe troops, had a number of fortresses and an old powder magazine under its control. Most of the German coastal guns could not point inland against land targets. They were systematically knocked out by Allied naval and air forces. Fighting was slow and deliberate. By August 24 most of the German-held forts had surrendered. Axis troops entrenched on the Saint-Mandrier peninsula were the last to surrender on August 28. The port was demolished, but American engineers had it partially operational within a few weeks.

The Allies quickly enveloped Marseilles as well. The 13,000 defenders, mainly belonging to Infanterie-Division 244, received fire not only from regular French forces, but also from resistance fighters who rose up around the city. Although the resistance fighters were unable to stage major assaults, the Germans were unable to stamp them out. French military forces reached the city center on August 23, but it took them four more days to secure the city. Approximately 11,000 Germans surrendered. U.S. engineers had the port operational by September 30.

The crucial engagement of Operation Dragoon unfolded on August 21 in the Rhone Valley. The Germans were continuing their withdrawal northward, but they made the mistake of leaving their eastern flank open. Task Force Butler was sent through that gap to block their retreat at Montelimar. It was a risky move as the task force would be on the end of a long supply line, but the opportunity to block the retreat of Army Group G warranted the gamble. But the task force lacked the requisite fuel supply to accomplish its mission. Nevertheless, it was able to get several hundred troops and a handful of tanks atop Hill 300, which overlooked Route 7, the main road along which the Germans were retreating. The Americas dug in and called for ammunition and reinforcements. They were soon reinforced by the 36th Infantry Division.

The Germans were stunned by the sudden appearance of the Americans. Wiese sent the reconnaissance battalion of the 11th Panzer Division to dislodge them. The scout troops succeeded in cutting off the Americans holding Hill 300, but only temporarily. The 141st Infantry Regiment arrived next and formed a perimeter, but the Americans were reluctant to attack until their position was more secure. The Germans, who were plagued by traffic jams and enemy aircraft, also had trouble getting their forces into position. Nevertheless, most of the 11th Panzer Division was in place by August 24. The Germans repulsed an American attack into Montelimar that day, and a German counterattack cleared Hill 300. Afterward, the Germans formed a provisional corps from several divisions and regiments with which to attack the two American regiments near Route 7.

The German counterattack began on August 25. One German battle group was able to penetrate the U.S. cavalry screen to threaten the 36th Infantry Division's supply line, but that was the only success that day. The other five battle groups were beaten back by a combination of American infantry and artillery and Hill 300 was retaken. The 1/141, which was supported by 11 armored vehicles, cut Route 7 for a few hours, but a German night attack reopened the road after midnight. The fighting was so heavy the 157th Infantry and 191st Tank Battalion were rushed to the scene as reinforcements. The next two days were essentially a stalemate; neither side was able to gain the advantage. Unable to push back the Americans, many German units were sent north by crossing the Rhone River and moving up the west bank. Some German forces stayed behind as rear guards but by August 31 the fighting at Montelimar was over. The Germans lost 10,100 men killed, wounded, or captured, while the Americans lost 1,575 killed and wounded. Neither side could truly claim a victory.

After Montelimar the Germans continued their flight northward with the Americans and French in pursuit. A few skirmishes and small battles were fought, and the Allies took more German prisoners, but eventually the Axis forces withdrew north of Lyon. They fell back on the Vosges Mountains on the Franco-German frontier where the whirlwind Allied advance finally ground to a halt. The Seventh Army sent out patrols that linked up with Patton's Third Army on September 10. As many as 20,000 Germans cut off behind Allied lines surrendered five days later.

All things considered, Operation Dragoon was a resounding success. Many of its problems, such as a lack of fuel to exploit the pursuit and a shortage of armor and mobile units, were due to how quickly the VI Corps was able to take the offensive after landing.

The Allies had liberated southern France at a relatively small cost of about 9,000 American and French casualties, compared to about 157,000 for the Germans, mostly in prisoners. The rapid advance prevented the Germans from launching any counterattacks into Third Army's southern flank; however, the Germans were able to save some troops for the defense of Germany.

Operation Dragoon is often referred to as the Champagne Campaign due to its relative ease, but this is an oversimplification. Allied troops spilled their blood, as did French Resistance fighters. It was a boon to the Allied cause that the cost was not higher. □

Soldiers

Continued from page 11

of Marius. The names of 6,000 victims were published in the official list. The list included the names of 90 senators, 15 of consular rank, and 2,600 equestrians, according to Appian. The property of those on the list was seized in order to provide allotments for 120,000 discharged soldiers.

To maintain order in Rome and to protect himself, Sulla recruited a servile version of the future Praetorian Guard that he named the Cornelii. He freed 10,000 virile slaves of the proscribed, armed them, and stationed them within the city walls.

Sulla was elected dictator for life in 82 BC and all his acts were ratified in advance. He was, in all but name, a king. He made no attempt to solve the problems that beset the nation. His policy was purely reactionary: it was done to restore the Senate to its ancient authority by suppressing all possible dissent.

Sulla's almost preternatural intuition is exemplified by an incident in which then 18-year-old Gaius Julius Caesar ran afoul of the dictator and was nearly proscribed. When Caesar's family and the Vestal Virgins appealed to Sulla for his salvation, the dictator relented. "This man, for whose safety you are so extremely anxious, will, someday or other be the ruin of the party of the nobles, for in this one Caesar, you will find many a Marius," said Sulla.

Sulla crushed the rebellious Marians at Rome's Colline Gate in Sulla's Second Civil War. After Marcus Licinius Crassus struck the Marians' flank, Sulla launched a devastating attack that swept the enemy away.

In 79 BC, Sulla abdicated his dictatorship confident in the loyalty of the Cornelii. The following year he died suddenly at the age of 60 just as he was on the verge of completing his memoirs. Engraved on his tomb were some of his own words: "No friend has ever served me, no enemy has ever wronged me whom I have not repaid in full." □

Intelligence

Continued from page 15

vinced that this was the key to the disaster. *Scorpion* had been sent to sea with torpedoes that were vulnerable to vibration, and the submarine had a history of serious vibration problems.

When they talked in 1993 Thorne was astounded to find that Craven had not known of the alert. He had assumed that Craven was aware of the flaws in the battery. But as things turned out, Craven was not the only one involved who had not known that the faulty batteries could overheat and explode. The board of inquiry apparently also had not been made aware of this crucial fact. After his talk with Thorne, Craven reasoned that the tiny diaphragm could easily rupture from shock or vibration. If this was the case, the foil might only partially rupture, allowing a miniscule amount of electrolyte to leak into the power cells, which was not enough to start the motor, but could cause overheating and sparking. This is what happened in the lab. But right up to the moment of the explosion there had been no outward indication that anything was amiss. If this had happened in a torpedo on board a sub, the first hint of a problem would be intense heat rapidly building up in the battery compartment until the paint on the body blistered and seared. Only then would a crew member realize the danger and call the control room to report a hot run or hot torpedo. They might have had only seconds to move the weapon into a tube to be ejected into the sea. After his talk with Thorne, Craven was sure that *Scorpion* did not have those precious few seconds.

Did an overheating battery sink *Scorpion* and did a warhead cook off? This bears some consideration. The wreck shows that the torpedo loading hatches and escape hatches leading to *Scorpion*'s torpedo room are open. If a 330-pound HDX warhead had detonated, it would likely have caused sympathetic explosions of nearby torpedoes. If that had been the case, the entire forward section of the submarine would have been torn apart. The wreckage, while severe, does not show any external distortion from massive internal explosions. What is more, unlike virtually every other compartment, the torpedo room was not crushed by external pressure. This is highly significant. It means that the torpedo room was probably already flooded when the submarine sank.

But it would be folly to totally rule out a warhead explosion. In normal operations, when 330 pounds of HDX detonates upon impact with an enemy ship, the force is directed straight ahead to penetrate the hull. But if a battery fire had cooked off a warhead, the resulting blast would be undirected in what is known as a low-order explosion. This might not cause other warheads to blow up, but would very likely blow off the hatches, flooding the torpedo room and dooming the submarine even if all the watertight doors had been sealed. The rest of the crew would have watched in stunned horror as the bulkheads started to wrinkle and bend as the steel was subjected to thousands of pounds of pressure per inch. One by one the compartments, starting with the bow and stern, would be shoved into the main hull, tearing the ship apart. The crew would have been immolated in microseconds as the air was compacted into incandescence. The entire sinking took three minutes and 12 seconds from the first explosion to the final collapse. The result was a long fall and immediate death for 99 American sailors.

To this day the OSC has never acknowledged that *Scorpion*'s loss was caused by an internal torpedo explosion or even that she had carried one of the flawed batteries. But one year after the loss, OSC did order a redesign of the battery for the next generation of torpedoes. This year marked the 50th anniversary of *Scorpion*'s loss without a solid answer for the crew's families. □

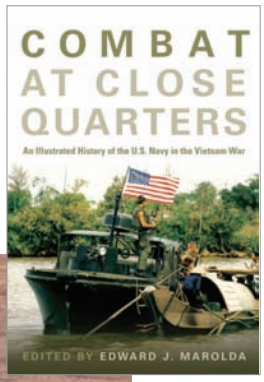
By Christopher Miskimon

The Navy's multifaceted involvement in the Vietnam War enabled it to deploy, test, and refine new weapons and tactics.

THE NORTH VIETNAMESE ARMY BARRACKS AT SAM SON WAS LESS than 100 miles south of the capital city of Hanoi. The base was near the coast, placing it within easy reach of the United States Navy. On March 11, 1967, the Americans came for Sam Son armed with a new weapon. The Walleye glide bomb was a free-fall, 1,000-pound munition equipped with an innovation that promised to change warfare. The nose of the Walleye contained a small TV camera that allowed the pilot to monitor its descent to the target. The age of precision weapons was dawning.

Commander Homer Smith led VA-212, an attack squadron based on the aircraft carrier *Bon Homme Richard* (CV-31), a World War II-era, Essex-class ship modernized for the continuing struggle of the Cold War. The squadron flew the A-4 Skyhawk, a light attack jet able to carry nearly 10,000 pounds of ordnance—more than a B-17. Smith's A-4 was loaded with a Walleye. His cockpit held a small TV monitor to guide the weapon onto its target. The raid included other attack aircraft and fighter escorts. When it was time for his attack run, Smith aimed his plane at one of the barracks buildings.

A Marine Corps A-4 Skyhawk drops an AGM-62 Walleye glide bomb. The Walleye was the first precision guided bomb that used a television assisted guidance system.



High above the target, Smith locked his Walleye onto the selected building, put the target in his cross-hairs, and released it. The bomb dropped rapidly toward the enemy base. Its onboard guidance system used the image of the target and aim point chosen by Smith and compared it to the image on the TV camera. The glide bomb could make its own course corrections based on a comparison of the two images. This allowed the pilot to drop the Walleye and move away to avoid antiaircraft fire.

Smith stood off from his target, but stayed close enough to observe whether the new weapon would perform as advertised in actual combat. He watched the Walleye as it went straight through one of the barrack's windows and exploded. The entire building collapsed. Over the next two days Smith and his fellow pilots repeatedly hit the Than Hoa Bridge with more Walleye bombs. Although the bombs struck the crossing accurately, they lacked sufficient explosive power to bring it down.

A month later Smith and Lieutenant Michael Cater flew their A-4s over Hanoi on a mission against a

CIVIL WAR TOURS 2018-19

The Maryland Campaign: South Mountain &Antietam, Oct 11-14, 2018
Spend 3 days with historians ***Ed Bearss & Tom Clemens*** as we cover the events that led to America's bloodiest day in history. We will tour Harpers Ferry, the gaps of South Mountain, and the key sites of Antietam Battlefield including the North Woods, West Woods, Bloody Lane, and Burnside's Bridge.

Fredericksburg in the Civil War, October 20-23, 2018. In the span of 18 months, five major battles were waged within a 15-mile radius of this Virginia town--Two Battles of Fredericksburg and the Battles of Chancellorsville, Wilderness, and Spotsylvania Court House. Join ***Ed Bearss & Frank O'Reilly*** as we examine three of these significant engagements, ***Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and the Wilderness***.

Spotsylvania Court House, No. Anna, & Cold Harbor, Oct. 24-27, 2018.
On May 4, the Federals crossed the Rapidan River launching the Overland Campaign of 1864, pitting Grant and Lee against one another for the first time. We will trace the armies as they clashed in a series of brutal engagements in a 5-week period following the Battle of Wilderness. Included is a stop at Guinea Station to see where General Stonewall Jackson died on May 10, 1863. Led by ***Ed Bearss & Frank O'Reilly.***

The Vicksburg Campaign, March 28-31, 2019. Travel back in time with historians ***Ed Bearss & Terry Winschel*** as they spend 3 days examing the Vicksburg Campaign. We will follow the action of the dramatic events associated with the Battles of Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Raymond, Champion Hill, and the Big Black River Bridge. We will also examine the siege operation at Vicksburg and see the U.S.S. Cairo, the ironclad gunboat raised from the Yazoo River by a team led by Ed Bearss.

Chickamauga & Chattanooga, April 11-14, 2019. Join expert historians ***Ed Bearss & Jim Ogden*** as we devote 3 full days to the Battles of Chickamauga & Chattanooga. This in-depth tour will include stops at Reed's Bridge, Snodgrass Hill, Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and the National Cemetery.

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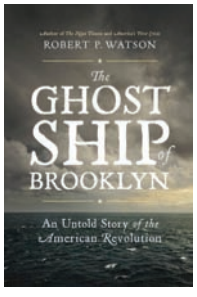
power plant. Fearful of killing Soviet and Chinese advisers in the area, Washington ordered the Navy to use Walleyes in hope of limiting collateral damage. They reached the target and released their bombs before banking away to head for their ship. The bombs struck their target. A British diplomat in Hanoi recalled hearing the attack and noticing the fan in his office stopped turning. He went to the power plant the next day and found only a hollow shell and collapsed smokestacks.

Air strikes and bombing raids were only two of the jobs the U.S. Navy performed during the Vietnam War. Its warships provided gunfire support while its tiny patrol boats plied the coast and rivers, searching for the enemy. Advisers trained the South Vietnamese Navy while secretive SEAL teams quietly moved through the jungle on special missions. The service performed a myriad of tasks during the conflict and these roles are all covered in detail in ***Combat at Close Quarters: An Illustrated History of the U.S. Navy in the Vietnam War*** (Edited by Edward J. Marolda, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2018, maps photographs, bibliography, index, $39.95, hardcover).

Covering such a wide-sweeping topic in a single volume is a daunting task, but the editor and contributors succeed in their task. They provide comprehensive coverage of the Navy's multifaceted involvement in Southeast Asia during the Second Indochina War. It is not a dry retelling, but instead a detailed examination of the efforts of pilots and sailors involved with many tales of individual heroism and local battles. It includes extensive illustrations and photographs, many of which accompany sidebars offering intriguing vignettes. Many of the innovations associated with Operation Desert Storm or the War on Terror were first introduced in Vietnam, and the authors show how the pioneering technologies and tactics of the Vietnam War became ubiquitous in the later wars.

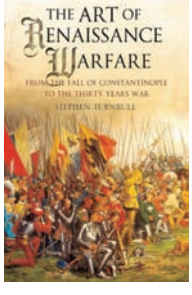
The Ghost Ship of Brooklyn: An Untold Story of the American Revolution (Robert P. Watson, Da Capo Press, Boston, MA, 2017, 288 pp., maps, photographs, appendices, notes, bibliography, index, $28.00, Hardcover)



The HMS *Jersey* began her service to the English Crown in 1736 as a fourth-rate ship of the line, but it was how that time ended that made her notorious. As the Revolutionary War rocked the American colonies and growing numbers of patriot soldiers became prisoners, the aged hulk was moored offshore of Brooklyn, New York, and converted into a prison barge. There it sat alongside several other ships, all of which were soon pestilential, overcrowded, and filthy. Before long the *Jersey* gained a reputation as the worst of the prison hulks. Her guards were the cruelest, her rotting timbers were the most decayed, and her food was the most disease ridden. The *Jersey* held more than three times as many prisoners as any of the other ships, making conditions even worse. More than 11,500 men died aboard the ship, more than were lost on combat during the entire war. Yet the horrid conditions aboard the vessel served only to inspire colonists to continue the struggle for independence.

This new work on the infamous prison ship draws together the diaries of survivors, letters of the warden, contemporary news articles and official records to uncover the story of those who suffered aboard her. The author brings these untold stories to life using clear prose and detailed accounts. The book is a fascinating look at a part of the war which has been largely forgotten today.

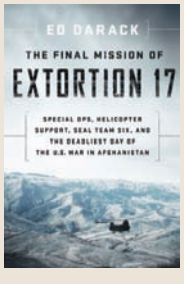
The Art of Renaissance Warfare: From the Fall of Constantinople to the Thirty Years War (Stephen Turnbull, Frontline Books, Yorkshire, UK, 2018, maps, photographs, notes, bibliography, index, $26.95, softcover)



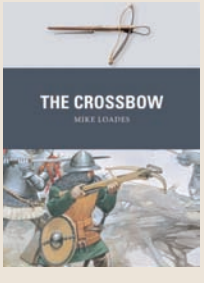
On June 11, 1476, Duke Charles of Bur-

SHORT BURSTS

The Final Mission of Extortion 17 (Ed Darack, Smithsonian Books, 2017, $24.95, hardcover) This is the story of the deadliest helicopter crash in the history of American special operations. It was brought down by Afghan insurgents while carrying Navy SEALs on a mission.

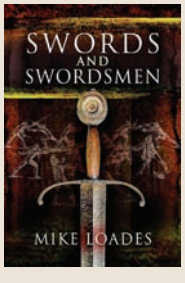


The Crossbow (Mike Loades, Osprey Publishing, 2018, $20.00, softcover) The crossbow is one of history's most famous weapons. This book covers its development and use over the centuries.



Yom Kippur: No Peace, No War, October 1973 (Peter Baxter, Pen and Sword Books, 2017, $22.95, softcover) This is part of the publisher's new series on Cold War conflicts. Although the initial Arab attack caught the Israelis off guard, the resilient nation rebounded to win a decisive victory.

Swords and Swordsmen (Mike Loades, Pen and Sword Books, 2017, $39.95, softcover) This is a history of the sword from Ancient Egypt to the American Civil War. It charts the lives of various sword-wielding warriors through the ages.



Drone Warrior: An Elite Soldier's Inside Account of the Hunt for America's Most Dangerous Enemies (Brett Velicovich and Christopher Stewart, Dey St. Publishing, $27.99, hardcover) The author was an intelligence analyst in the U.S. special operations community. This book chronicles his duties pursuing and targeting high-level terrorist operatives.

The 1st Infantry Division and the US Army Transformed: Road to Victory in Desert Storm 1970-1991 (Gregory Fontenot, University of Missouri Press, 2017, $36.95, hardcover) This is the story of how the U.S. Army rebuilt itself after Vietnam into the war-winning force of the late Cold War. The tale culminates in the division's role in the Gulf War.

On the Frontlines of the Television War: A Legendary War Cameraman in Vietnam

gundy arrived outside the walls of the town of Murten on a lake of the same name. They were fresh from a previous siege at Grandson, where the defenders had been massacred. Six days later the Burgundians began a bombardment but an attack the next day was bloodily repulsed. Charles the Bold set up his force for an attack by the approaching Swiss army, but soon relaxed his vigilance when no assault materialized.

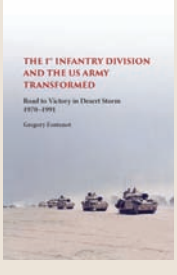
On June 22 the Burgundian army assembled, not for battle, but to be paid. As they jostled and waited for their money, the Swiss swept down on them. The fighting quickly turned into a rout, with hundreds of Burgundians driven into the nearby lake while others simply were lined up to have their throats slit. The Swiss spared only the female camp followers. Total Burgundian casualties were estimated at 12,000 compared to 400 casualties for the Swiss. It was one of the most lopsided victories of the late 15th century.

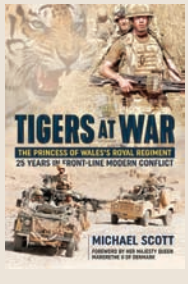
The two centuries following the fall of Constantinople to the Ottoman Turks in 1453 were an age of the knight with all the connotations of chivalry and codes of conduct; however, it was also a time of great bloodshed and bitter combat. The author reconciles these contrasts through a rigorous study of the period with its personalities, mercenary units, and conflicts. He offers an in-depth look at how European armies fought and died during the dawn of the modern age of warfare.

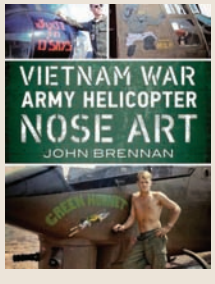
Target Saigon, Volume I: The Pretence of Peace (Albert Grandolini, Helion & Company, West Midlands, UK, 2017, 88 pp., maps, photographs, bibliography, $29.95, softcover)

The Paris Peace Accords of 1973 seemed to at long last bring peace to Vietnam, a nation that had seen only war for decades, but it really signaled no more than a pause. The North Vietnamese leadership used the lull in the fighting to prepare for the next round, which they hoped would bring final victory for the communist cause. They rebuilt their shattered forces, focusing on particular on tank and mechanized units, soon amassing an armored force that rivaled those seen in World War II or the Arab-Israeli Wars. The Ho Chi Minh Trail also was repaired and expanded. South Vietnam tried to expand its air power to replace the air support they would lose with the American withdrawal. It was all a prelude to the campaign that would decide the fate of South Vietnam.

This volume is a detailed look at the preparations for the final chapter of the Vietnam War, the culmination of a decades-long struggle involving many nations. The author explains how both sides conducted training, acquired weapons, and crafted campaign and battle







(Yasutsune Hirashiki, Casemate Publishers, 2017, $32.95, hardcover) The author spent 10 years as a cameraman in Vietnam. His autobiography covers his arrival in country in 1966 to the fall of Saigon in 1975.

Tigers at War: The Princess of Wales Royal Regiment, 25 Years in Front-line Modern Conflict (Michael Scott, Hellion Books, $59.95, hardcover) This famous regiment has been active in the post-Cold War world. The work covers the various conflicts in which it has served.

Vietnam War Army Helicopter Nose Art (John Brennan, Fonthill Media, 2018, $34.95, softcover) This book contains more than 300 images from Army aviation veterans of their helicopters. Most are in color with accompanying background information.

The RAF: 1918-2018 (Julian Hale, Shire Books, 2018, $14.00, softcover) This concise edition celebrates the centennial of the Royal Air Force. It is well illustrated with chapters on each major era of the organization.

IMPERATOR: ROME HAS US LOOKING TO THE PAST FOR ANSWERS WHILE *WORLD WAR 3* DEPICTS AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE.

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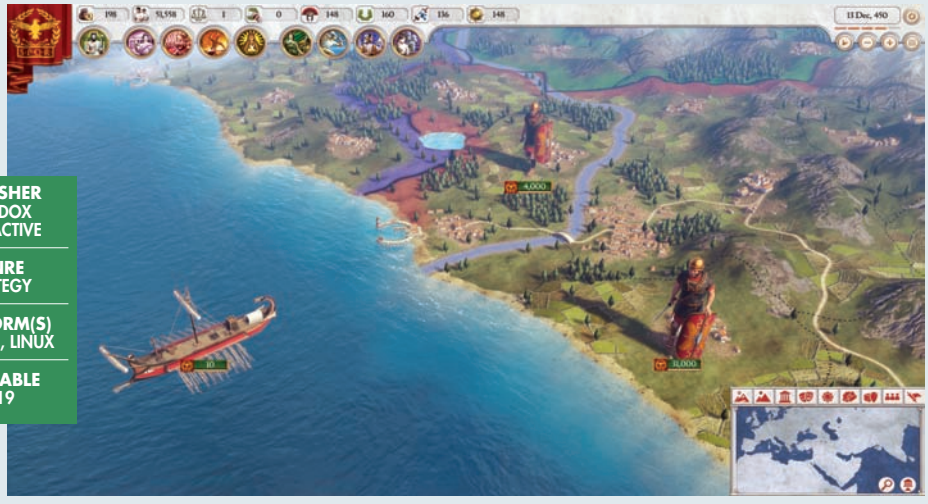


Imperator: Rome thrusts players into the tumultuous time that stretches from Alexander's empire in the east to the very foundation of the Roman Empire. It's up to you to forge said empire from the ground up, including tasks like population management, worship of the gods, and keeping an ever watchful eye out for the treachery that lurks around every corner. The population itself is full of people with various essential roles, from your average citizens to slaves, tribesmen, and freemen. Each population has its own unique religion and culture, and the empire's foundation depends on their happiness and ability to fulfill their respective duties.

Characters won't just be fodder for your armies, either. In addition to raising commanders that will guide your fleets, you will need various members of the populace to govern provinces and lead the growing nation. Establishing a successful trade economy is crucial, too, and you'll have to decide how much you're willing to invest in other key aspects of the kingdom's infrastructure, such as roads, buildings, and defenses to protect citizens from barbarians.

Naturally, battle plays a major role in the proceedings, and Paradox is looking to showcase the different military traditions of the time. Romans, Celts, and other cultures have their own style when it comes to waging war, and each grants the bonus of unlocking additional units and abilities. As tends to be the case with grand strategy, it's all about thinking a few steps ahead of your opponent so you can choose the appropriate approach and successfully counter their advances.

At the time of this writing there hasn't been much in the way of actual footage, but *Imperator: Rome* presents a great opportunity for Paradox. Build upon what worked in previous games like *Crusader Kings II*—which, as hard as it is to believe, has already been around for about six years and has approximately one million pieces of DLC at this point, including 2018's *Holy Fury*—and pay attention to the quality-of-life mods players have made over the years. With the right level of support, *Imperator: Rome* sounds like the kind of setting you could dip into for years to come.

WORLD WAR 3

From the battles of the past to the future that lies ahead, we now turn our attention to an upcoming team-based first-person shooter known simply as *World War 3*. Despite the fact that *World War 3* depicts a fictional combat zone that has yet to happen, developer The Farm 51 has done its best to adhere to our reality throughout the process. The game is being produced in cooperation with military research-and-development centers and consultants, ensuring that the battles in which you participate unfold with some deep global consequences.

That realism spans everything from the overall setup to the weapons, uniforms, and maps. *World War 3* depicts real-world locations such as Warsaw, Moscow, and Berlin, with more locations to be added

PUBLISHER
THE FARM 51

GENRE
SHOOTER

PLATFORM(S)
PC

AVAILABLE
FALL (STEAM EARLY ACCESS)

into the mix as development progresses. The goal is twofold: The team wants to make the stakes believable for all players, while also making their individual efforts personal for everyone on the battlefield. Supporting the weapon realism is a robust ballistic system that competes with advancements in armor to make every shot count across the game's various competitive maps.

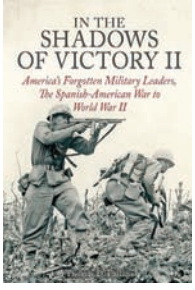
At the heart of all of this are two distinct game modes, Warzone and Recon. Warzone is the more action oriented of the two, tasking players with beefing up their teamwork skills so they can effectively take their infantry and armored vehicles over specified points of fortification. Advanced tactics come into play in Recon mode, which has players forming small reconnaissance squads and attempting to enter hostile territory and survive while capturing high-value targets. It sounds like something for two varied types of players, but The Farm 51 is hoping both will combine to create a cohesive field combat experience.

As for those aforementioned consequences, each battle will bring with it a series of rewards in the form of resources that will let high-performing players conquer or defend specific territories. This aspect of *World War 3* essentially creates a metagame centered on the bigger picture of global war. The more bonuses you earn throughout each mission, the better chance you have at turning the tide of war in your side's favor. The results of this ongoing conflict will be on display on an interactive world map, with which the developers intend to eventually represent the entire world.

World War 3 has the potential to scratch the itch of those interested in teamwork-focused shooters on a large scale. It's too early to tell at the moment, but it's due out on Steam Early Access this fall, so we'll be able to get our hands on the not-so-final product soon. If everything goes according to plan and The Farm 51 is able to launch *World War 3* without too many issues, we should be seeing that global conflict spread through more real-world locations in the not too distant future.

plans. A real strength of this book is the hundreds of photographs and illustrations showing the military personnel, ground weapons, and aircraft of both the communist North Vietnamese and democratic South Vietnamese armies.

In the Shadows of Victory II: America's Forgotten Military Leaders, The Spanish-American War to World War II (Thomas D. Phillips, Casemate Publishing, Havertown, PA, 2017, 288 pp., maps, photographs, notes, bibliography, index, $32.95, hardcover)



Fame in military history is a fickle thing, dependent on timing, the presence of observers, and simple luck. Many American service members have performed incredible acts of bravery, ingenuity or selflessness, earning the gratitude of their country, but sometimes public gratitude didn't materialize. Other times fame for their exploits was fleeting and posterity has forgotten them. Army General Hunter Liggett trained American troops for the trenches of the Western Front and led them in combat during World War I, but he was overshadowed by John Pershing. Marine John Lejeune led an Army division during the war and has a major base named after him, yet few know who he is today. Admiral Charles Lockwood was the architect of the U.S. submarine campaign in the Pacific during World War II, which inflicted more damage to the Japanese merchant fleet and navy than anything else. Still, Lockwood is known only to history buffs and submariners. All these men did their duty well and honorably and deserve more mention than they receive, even so many years later.

This book seeks to redress that imbalance. It relates the story of more than 20 individuals whose contributions to America during time of war are substantial but unknown to most modern citizens. The author tells their stories well, adding in the backgrounds and details of the conflicts they were involved in.

Fighting the British: French Eyewitness Accounts from the Napoleonic Wars (Bernard Wilkin and Rene Wilkin, Pen and Sword Books, South Yorkshire, UK, 2018, 189 pp., photographs, bibliography, index, $34.95, hardcover)

"Just because you have all been beaten by Wellington, you think he is a good general. I tell you Wellington is a bad general, the English are poor troops, and this affair is nothing more than eating breakfast." This is what Napoleon Bonaparte told his senior officers just before the Battle of Waterloo. Whether he believed his words or was simply trying to bolster the morale of his generals is unknown, but hardly had his words been spoken than he and his army became embroiled in the fight of their lives. The fate of Europe rested on the outcome of the battle.

"Death was flying everywhere; whole ranks were destroyed by grapeshot but nothing could stop us," wrote a French officer. "I hear only the noise of sabers penetrating our cavalier's cuirasses: the enemy is doing a dreadful slaughter," added a French cavalryman. After the battle, a French doctor saw Prince Jerome Bonaparte shoot a British prisoner with his pistol. Then, he berated the doctor and his staff for not treating the poor man.

As might be expected, the majority of the English-language books on the Napoleonic Wars focus on the British side of the fighting. Yet this new work by a father and son team of Belgian historians brings the French side of the fighting to the light. It uses hundreds of eyewitness accounts by French officers and soldiers to show how they viewed the various battles and campaigns of the era. Each chapter covers one of those periods or campaigns, giving the reader a well-organized view of the conflict.

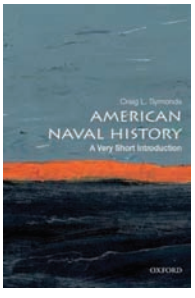
Trench Dogs (Ian Densford, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2018, 184 pp., illustrated, $18.95, softcover)

History is becoming a lost art in the modern era and there is always a question of how to pass on an appreciation for military history to a young person. The Naval Institute Press has introduced a new series of graphic novels intended to interest younger readers. This work is a fictional account of troops on the front lines and in the trenches of World War I.

The author collected a number of first-hand accounts from the war and used them to create his story. He conveys the war in gritty terms, showing the mud and devastation the combatants experienced, along with what they went through after the war ended. The illustrations

are vivid but not gratuitous in their depictions of violence and bloodshed, rather seeking to surprise the reader with the brutality of the war through the eyes of those who were there. This work and several others are being released through Dead Reckoning, an imprint of the Naval Institute Press.

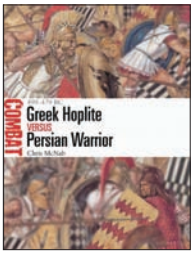
American Naval History: A Very Short Introduction (Craig L. Symonds, Oxford University Press, Oxford, UK, 2018, 144 pp., maps, photographs, notes, bibliography, $11.95, softcover)



The U.S. Navy is arguably more powerful than the rest of the world's navies combined, but this was not always so. It was born during the American Revolution as a small force with nothing larger than a frigate in its squadrons. During the intervening centuries it grew quickly during times of war or crisis, only to shrink again when the threat ended. For much of its history it was little more than a force for coastal defense and the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine. With the advent of the 20th century, however, it grew into a world-ranging fleet, able to take the battle to any foe no matter the place or time. As America's place in the world evolved, so did the U.S. Navy.

This new work is part of Oxford's new series called "Very Short Introductions" in which complex subjects are explained simply and concisely, but with attention paid to how the topic has affected history and society. This edition is written by a professor emeritus of the U.S. Naval Academy and a recognized expert with numerous works to his credit. It succinctly encapsulates its broad subject into an enjoyable and readable work.

Greek Hoplite versus Persian Warrior 499-479 BC (Chris McNab, Osprey Publishing, Oxford, UK, 2018, 80 pp., maps, photographs, bibliography, index, $20.00, softcover)



For half a century the mighty armies of the Persian Empire made war with the city-states of Greece. This brought into conflict the famous spear and shield-armed Greek hoplite and his counterpart, the Persian infantryman, armed with spear and bow. Each had its own unique methods of training and tactics. One of the most memorable aspects of Greek warfare was the phalanx, an interlocking mass of shield-bearing, spear-armed men. These two disparate forces also fought the most important of the ancient battles from a Western perspective, including Marathon, Thermopylae, and Plataea. Marathon and Plataea were Greek victories; although the Greeks were defeated at Thermopylae, the last stand of the Spartans has become a byword for duty, bravery, and sacrifice. Despite the passage of millennia, the Greco-Persian wars are still studied today.

This book is among the latest in Osprey's Combat Series, which compares and contrasts the famous military formations which met in battle throughout history. Each volume reveals the culture behind each force and delves into their training, equipment and tactics, including how these tactics really looked on the battlefield and how they had to adapt to new enemies. Like others in the series, this title provides a concise yet thorough examination of its subject matter with lavish artwork.

The First World War Retold (Paul Cornish, Imperial War Museum, London, UK, 2014, 256 pp., photographs, bibliography, index, $30.00, softcover)

World War I had a profound impact upon the world. Among the nation's hardest hit by the conflict was Great Britain. It is difficult to find a village in England without a memorial to its fallen from that conflict. More than 16 million people lost their lives worldwide and the course of human history was forever altered. It was during this conflict that the Imperial War Museum was created, giving the nation a place to remember and commemorate the sacrifice of so many of its best citizens. In the intervening century since the war's end that institution has done its best to honor that sacrifice.

The author retells events made more vivid by the inclusion of images of the museum's vast collections of artwork, photographs, and artifacts. These images bring the story to life, putting faces on the horror and struggle the war entailed. The war was far more than the dry retelling of battles, dates and casualty figures. It ruined lives even for the survivors, changed landscapes, and ended entire nations while giving birth to new ones. This book allows the reader to study this through the medium of the museum's chosen objects, many of them artifacts that one might never see elsewhere. □

Borodino

Continued from page 29

amounted to one-third of his army. When he realized the extent of his losses and that Napoleon's Imperial Guard had not been committed, Kutusov ordered a retreat toward Moscow. As for the Grande Armée, it suffered 27,000 casualties. Napoleon chose not to attempt a rigorous pursuit when the Russians withdrew.

Napoleon arrived in Moscow on September 14 to find the city stripped of supplies and with only a third of its population of 270,000 still in residence. Russian hooligans, with the tacit approval of the city's governor, set fire to the city that night. The conflagration destroyed most of the city, leaving the Grande Armée without quarters to protect it from the harsh Russian winter.

While Kutusov regrouped and rebuilt his army south of the city, Napoleon waited five weeks for a surrender that never came. Alexander feared his nobles would kill him if he were to surrender. With winter approaching and none of his objectives achieved, Napoleon exercised the best option that remained to him, which was to order a general retreat. On October 19 the Grande Armée marched out of the city to begin an 800-mile retreat to the Niemen River.

Although Napoleon wisely chose a withdrawal route that swung southwest toward Kaluga, Kutusov anticipated the move. The savvy Russian commander deployed his army to block the retreat. After one of Napoleon's officers advised him it would take another battle on the scale of Borodino to dislodge the Russians, the French emperor diverted his dwindling army, by then reduced to 90,000 men, back to the despoiled path he had taken to reach Moscow.

When the Russian winter struck with its full fury the first week of November, the typhus-infested Grande Armée's retreat degenerated into a death march. The starving French soldiers butchered their horses, leaving the cavalry without mounts and the army as a whole without either cannons or supply wagons. The nightmarish conditions resulted in a widespread collapse of discipline and morale. The only unit retaining its cohesion during the retreat was the Imperial Guard Corps.

The Grande Armée's retreat, which was characterized by intense suffering and cruelty in unbearable winter conditions, remains one of the defining images of the Napoleonic era. The disaster in Russia compelled Napoleon's remaining allies to turn against him and ultimately led to his abdication and exile to Elba. □

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THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

"I remember... the bullets whistling over us, and the stone wall bristling with muskets, and the line of our men, sweating and grimy, firing and loading, and firing again, and here a man suddenly lying still..."

– Major Abner Smalls, 16th Maine, Gettysburg

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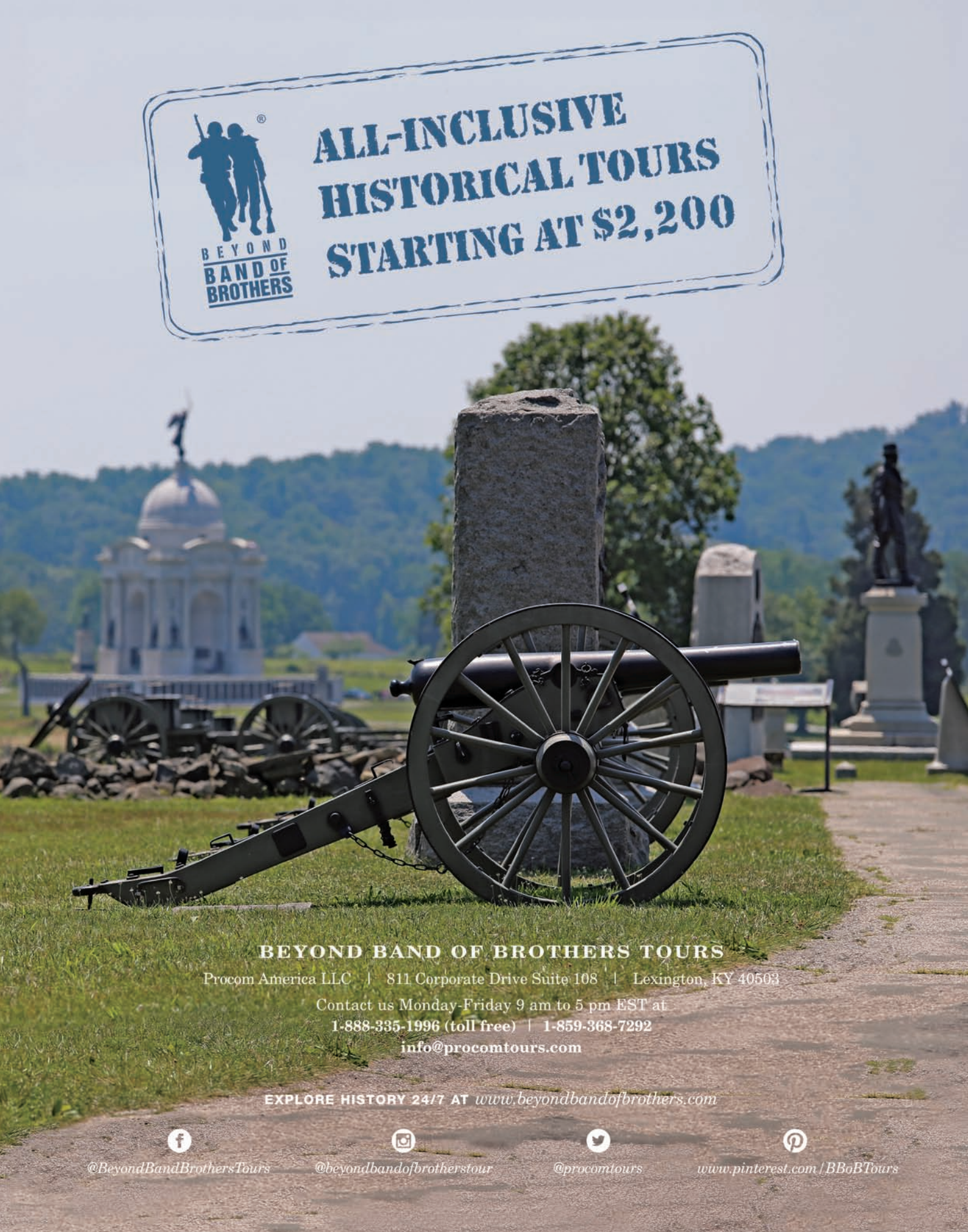
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