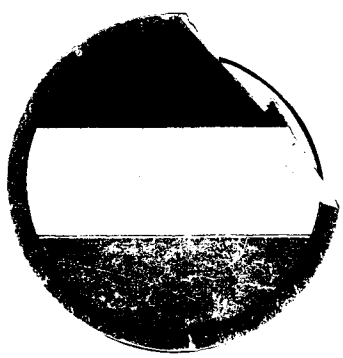
ACHIEVEMENTS AND TRADITIONS OF THE ARMY



PREPARED BY

OFFICE, CHIEF, ARMY FIELD FORCES

FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA

1 JANUARY 1950

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C O N T E N T S

SECTION I

SUGGESTIONS FOR INSTRUCTORS

1. The object of the Achievement and Traditions of the Army talks is to leave a few vivid impressions with the recruit - like the images left by a motion picture or comic strip. Do not regard the talks in any sense as a complete history of the Army or the complete history of any particular war. Instill pride in the Army and in its traditions through a vivid presentation of some specific examples of personal heroism and unit gallantry which will develop in the soldier a feeling of kinship with the soldiers of all wars. Illustrate concretely achievements, hardships, and advantages of American soldiers. Impress the recruit with actual examples.

2. Display signs, posters and pictures to supplement the talks in such a way that constant repetition will make famous mottoes and slogans indelible in the recruit's mind. These sayings should become a part of the recruit's own Army language. For example, if the words of Colonel Liscum at Tientsin, "Keep up the fire," are in the minds and on the lips of every infantryman, it is possible that greater numbers -- estimated as only 20 percent by Colonel Samuel A. Marshall in his book of World War II, "Men Against Fire" -- may "Keep up the Fire" in future battles. If the recruit retains only the famous sayings and an impression of accomplishment, the instructor will have achieved his mission in planting a notion of tradition which will grow.

3. Follow the outline in general but do not hesitate to cut material where it is desirable to emphasize particular regional interest or to fit into the allotted time. Mention outstanding examples of the training unit's own history in appropriate places. In cutting, it will be most satisfactory to omit whole sections in order to preserve detail and color in the remaining sections. In any case, retain incidents illustrating famous sayings and slogans of Army traditions.

4. Keep the simplicity of language of the text, but do not read it aloud or memorize it. It may be desirable in some places to read excerpts from a colorful quotation. Familiarize yourself so thoroughly with the text that you can tell it in the easy, colloquial and enthusiastic manner in which you may describe your own experiences.

5. With each talk is supplementary material including battle charts, pictures illustrating famous actions, pictures of uniforms, and a list of famous slogans and battle sayings.

a. The pictures, for example, may be used variously; after their use with the talks by balopticon or wall-posters, they might be enlarged for use as permanent wall pictures in orderly rooms, day-rooms and mess halls.

b. Choose maps and battle charts where desirable to illustrate one or two major battles in each talk. Enlarge them to the size most suitable for your own needs.

c. Emphasize again and again the slogans and battle sayings listed. Print them in colors on wooden signs, as large as possible, and display them in the lecture room during relevant talks, and hang them on permanent display in prominent meeting-places, such as barracks, day-rooms, mess halls, and clubs. The signs should continually remind the recruit that he is one in a long line of great soldiers and proud conflicts. Their display must be permanent; their effectiveness will depend upon repetition over a long period of time.

d. Select and reproduce various unit crests and mottos which lend themselves to the theme of these talks.

e. Use your imagination in selecting those aids which will be more effective in supplementing the talks, and to improvise other supplementary aids which will capture and hold the enthusiasm of the recruit.

SECTION II

SUGGESTED INTRODUCTION FOR INSTRUCTOR

When a man becomes a part of a big organization, he has a right to learn something about its record and its traditions. The record of the United States Army speaks for itself. It is impossible to imagine a United States without the United States Army.

Without the Army, the Nation could not have won its independence. It was the Army, under Washington, that won the battles which made the Nation possible.

Without the Army, the Nation would have remained a fringe of settlements along the Atlantic seaboard. It was the Army that blazed the trails to the West and conquered the wilderness to the Pacific.

Without the Army, freedom as Americans know it could never have been maintained. It was the Army which sent abroad the great divisions to fight against the ruthless dictatorship of a German Hitler and a Japanese Tojo.

Great outfits have won an everlasting place in the tradition of the Army. From men who served the colonies against French and Indians before there was an American Army, to the "Thinking Bayonets" in the Civil War and the soldiers who fought at Kwajalein and on the Normandy beaches; from the Continental rifleman in the Revolution to the doughboy of World War I and World War II, noted units have set a high tradition. Old outfits of the Army are living things. We find a regiment which fought and won with Scott at Chippewa and which climbed scaling ladders at Chapultepec, now a training unit of the 5th Infantry Division...another which fought with Jackson at New Orleans, and now is in training with the 3d Infantry Division... a cavalry outfit that fought with Custer at Little Big Horn, and now is on duty in Japan... another which led the way into the Forbidden City of Peking and now is on duty in Germany... and a regiment which stopped the Germans at the Marne, and now in training with the 2d Infantry Division.

The story of the Army is the story of its men -- of men who had the courage and self-discipline to hold to honor and loyalty when the chips were down. Men from Sergeant Brown at Yorktown to Sergeant York in the Argonne, and from Freddie Fuger at Gettysburg to Audie Murphy in Alsace have set a high standard for men who would follow them in the Army.

The glory and honor of these outfits and these men belong to you. As war becomes more complicated, it is hard for us to equal their record. But part of Army tradition is not only to equal the achievements of the past, but to surpass them. Until each man can say, "I belong to the finest regiment in the world," your job is not finished.

SECTION III

CHAPTER 1: A PATRIOT ARMY

OUTLINE

A. FOR INDEPENDENCE -- "Our Lives, our Fortunes, our Sacred Honor."

1. "The Shot Heard Round the World" -- Lexington and Concord.

2. "Don't Shoot Till you Can See the Whites of Their Eyes" -- Bunker Hill

3. A Christmas Gift

   a. Dark Days

   b. Crossing the Delaware -- Trenton

   c. Princeton

4. "The Finest Regiment in the World": Saratoga

   a. Yankees and Yorkers: Gates' Northern Army

   b. Morgan's Riflemen

   c. Freeman's Farm

   d. Bemis Heights

   e. Surrender at Saratoga

5. Valley Forge

   a. Life in Winter Camp

   b. Training

6. Bayonets in the Night

   a. "Essayons" -- Engineers Organized

   b. Stony Point

7. The Cowpens

8. "The World Turned Upside Down": Yorktown

   a. Siege -- The Artillery

   b. Capture of the Redoubt

   c. Surrender of Cornwallis

9. "The Road to Glory is Thus Opened to All": The Purple Heart.

B. A SECOND ROUND AGAINST GREAT BRITAIN: THE WAR OF 1812

1. "We Have Met the Enemy": The Thames

2. "Those Are Regulars, by God!":

   a. Chippewa

   b. Lundy's Lane

3. "Our Flag Was Still There"

   a. Bladensburg

   b. Baltimore: The Star Spangled Banner

4. Cotton Bales and Rifles: New Orleans

SECTION III - TEXT MATERIAL FOR PRESENTATIONS

A PATRIOT'S ARMY

A. FOR INDEPENDENCE -- "Our lives, our fortunes, our sacred Honor."

1. "The Shot Heard Round the World."

American colonists flared into revolt against Great Britain in April 1775. Late in the night of 18 April a thousand British troops marched from Boston to seize supplies of powder stored at Concord, 20 miles away. But Paul Revere and William Dawes got the signal, and rode their horses through the night, along separate ways, to warn the countryside that the British were coming. At Lexington the King's troops found a company of 70 Minutemen -- men who had been training for several months to be ready to fight at a minute's notice -- drawn up on the village green. The British commander ordered the "rebels" to disperse. Some unknown soldier fired a shot, and then a British volley killed eight Americans.

The redcoats continued to Concord; at the bridge there, they found more Americans -- quickly gathered from nearby towns -- waiting to meet them. Here the Minutemen fired "the shot heard around the world." The British crossed the bridge and seized the powder. But when they retraced their long march along the hot, dusty road, Minutemen kept up a deadly fire from behind trees and stone walls. When they reached the safety of their positions at Charlestown, the British had lost nearly 300 men..

News of Lexington and Concord electrified the colonies. Men left their accustomed tasks of keeping the store and plowing the field to take up arms to strike a blow to win freedom. In Virginia, Patrick Henry -- who the month before had made the speech in which he said, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" -- assembled 350 men for drill at Culpepper Court House. As a part of their rustic, homemade uniforms,

Henry's men wore green hunting shirts which had big white letters across the front: "Liberty or Death"; and they displayed a yellow banner showing a coiled rattlesnake, with the motto, "Liberty or Death" above, and the warning, "Don't Tread on Me" below. They armed themselves with rifles, tomahawks, and scalping knives. In South Carolina a regiment formed at Charleston, and the men wore silver badges on their caps with the same motto, "Liberty or Death."

In New England farmers took down their muskets from chimney pieces and hurried to join the militia surrounding Boston.

2. "Don't Shoot Till You Can See the Whites of Their Eyes."

During the night of 16 June, Americans fortified a position in front of Bunker Hill, across the bay from Boston. The next day British warships bombarded them, and the colonials watched redcoats forming for an attack straight up the hill. Colonel William Prescott ordered his men to hold their fire and aim low; Colonel Israel Putnam ("Old Put" had left his plow in the field to fight at Concord) passed the word along, "Boys, don't shoot till you can see the whites of their eyes."

This was good advice in the day of the musket, because if they fired too soon their shots would miss, and then they would not have time to reload before the enemy got to their positions. A musket bullet travelled several hundred yards, but it was not accurate at ranges greater than 60 yards, and one could not be sure of hitting a moving man even at 20 yards. An expert might get off four shots in a minute if he were lucky.

Twice the British advanced with parade-ground precision up the slope. Twice the colonials held their fire till the last minute, and then poured it on. The British fell back and formed for a third assault. But the Americans ran out of ammunition, and had to give up the hill after losing 450 men. One sharpshooter held his ground and brought down 20 charging redcoats before he fell. The British took the hill, but in doing so they lost 1,054 men out of 2,500. "I wish we could sell them another hill at the same price," an American soldier said.

After the Battle of Bunker Hill Americans thought that militiamen could whip British regulars without any special training. But courage alone was not enough.

The Continental Congress now recognized that all colonies were in for war. It provided for a "Continental Army" -- the beginning

of a regular force serving the whole nation rather than individual states -- and it chose George Washington to be commander-in-chief. He took command of the poorly-trained troops around Boston. After his men took Dorchester Heights, the British evacuated Boston on St Patrick's Day, 1776, but dark days lay ahead.

3. A Christmas Gift.

Dark Days. Washington knew that his Army was in for a long, hard struggle. While the Army marched toward New York, the Continental Congress made the decision which turned rebellion into war for independence. It issued the Declaration which summed up the grievances and closed with this pledge: "And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Now it was up to the Army to make that Declaration of Independence stick.

After defeats around New York the Americans retreated across New Jersey, ahead of the British under Cornwallis, until they came to the Delaware River near Trenton. They seized all the boats along the river, and, in December, they crossed just before the British arrived. On the other bank they could pause for a while then, for the British had no boats.

With little to show but a record of defeat and retreat, even Washington wrote, "If every nerve is not strained to recruit a new army, I think the game is pretty nearly up."

Crossing the Delaware. Then Washington hit upon a bold stroke. The British had left a force of Hessians -- Germans whom George III had hired to help the British -- in Trenton, and Washington guessed that they would be celebrating Christmas night.

Christmas Day, 1776, was a miserable day. It rained and hailed and sleeted. In the evening a cold wind sprang up, and it began to snow. Cakes of ice filled the river. In Trenton Colonel Rahl, the German commander, was more interested in his liquor ration than he was in improving defenses on such a night.

Glover's Amphibians -- a regiment of hardy Gloucester fishermen, and predecessors to modern amphibious engineers -- got the boats ready, and late Christmas night they shoved off. Only Washington's own column got across, and while his men marched nine miles through the blinding snow storm, the Hessians drank and sang

before their fireplaces in Trenton. At 8:00 a. m. the ragged, half-frozen Americans arrived at the edge of the town -- and the Germans awoke to the biggest "morning after" in their lives. Before Colonel Rahl could be aroused, guns were popping all over the place. Hitting the town both from west and north, American muskets and rifles drove Hessian outposts to cover. They kept up the fire against Hessian lines forming in the streets.

Then Henry C. Knox, Washington's chief of artillery "roared like a bull" as he directed cannon into position. Galloping horses dragged up the cumbersome guns. At the head of King Street, Alexander Hamilton's battery went into action. Following his motto, "Do it better yet," the company had become a model of efficiency in handling artillery. (Today Hamilton's battery is Battery D of the 5th Field Artillery Battalion, the oldest unit in the Regular Army, and the only one showing battle credit for the Revolutionary War on its flag.) Cannon of the Revolution had a short range, and it was hard to move them rapidly. But Hamilton's men knew their business. A pair of Hessian cannon went off. Hamilton, standing with his hat jammed down over his forehead, spotted them. A counterattack was forming. His brass three-pounders roared; then others joined. The fire at the head of King Street broke up the counterattack.

Lieutenant James Monroe, 18, future President of the United States, charged into the town at the head of a company of Virginia infantry. He fell wounded, but now Americans were sweeping through the streets. When Hessians tried to escape, they found American muskets and cannon blocking the way. When they ran into the houses, Americans went in after them. The German colonel was killed. After 45 minutes of this the Hessians had enough. The whole garrison surrendered.

Princeton. Leaving three regiments to guard his base at Princeton, Cornwallis marched the rest of his British troops toward Trenton. The Americans dug in behind a small creek, and Cornwallis waited till the next morning to attack. Posting a few men to keep fires going all night to deceive the British, Washington gathered his Army and slipped out. It marched around the British, and headed for Princeton (3 January 1777). Nearing that British base, the Americans met two of the British regiments which had been left behind; they were on the way to Trenton. They thought the Americans must already have been beaten and were fleeing from Cornwallis, but that British general still was wondering what had happened to them.

The British opened fire, and at first the Americans fell back. But Washington rode up to rally them, and they moved forward. One British regiment fled southward to join Cornwallis. The Continentals drove the other ahead of them to Princeton. There still was another British regiment there, but that was not enough to stop the Americans. They drove right on through the town.

With the British in New Jersey scattered, Washington led his exhausted men to the vicinity of Morristown, where they went into camp for the rest of the winter.

4. "The Finest Regiment in the World."

Yankees and Yorkers. During the summer of 1777 a new danger appeared in the north. General Burgoyne was marching with a strong British force from Canada to the Hudson River valley. At the same time a smaller British force under St Leger was marching eastward down the Mohawk Valley with the intent of meeting Burgoyne near Albany.

Americans checked St Leger's column in the Mohawk Valley, but Burgoyne was sure that his force alone could reach Albany and then march down the Hudson to cut the colonies in two. As the threat grew, more New Englanders arrived to join the growing number of New Yorkers with General Gates' American Army in northern New York State.

Morgan's Riflemen. Washington had organized the first rifle regiment in the world under Daniel Morgan. Now he called in Morgan and told him that he was sending him and his riflemen north to join Gates' Army. "They are all chosen men," Washington said, "I expect great things of them."

Morgan's Riflemen hurried northward. But Morgan's first concern was to make sure that every man's rifle was in perfect shape. The rifle was a distinctive American weapon. Its grooved barrel gave the bullet a spinning motion which made it travel farther and much straighter. At a hundred yards these buckskin-clad sharpshooters from the woods could hit a ten-inch bull's eye every time with these "squirrel guns," and they could get 50 per cent hits at 300 yards. The principle of rifling, or making grooves in the barrel, had been long known in many countries, but, to work, the bullet had to fit tightly. This meant driving it slowly down the muzzle with an iron ramrod. But some unknown American had invented the greased patch. With a patch under the bullet, it could be pushed down the barrel quickly and easily. Now in the stock of the rifle there was a little box with a hinged cover; it carried a supply of circular patches of greased linen or leather. The master craftsmen at rifle-making were the Pennsylvania Dutch. Morgan stopped at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to have Daniel Kleist, expert gunsmith, examine every man's rifle and put it in perfect condition.

Freeman's Farm. A few miles from Saratoga, the Americans dug in on Bemis Heights, along the Hudson River. The British attacked

on 19 September. But the Americans were not just going to sit and take it. Their left wing advanced across Freeman's Farm. And here were Morgan's Riflemen. The sharpshooters spread out into a long, broken line as they advanced through the woods. Imitating wild turkey calls to signal their positions, the sharpshooters took cover behind trees and fences and fired down the British ranks. For four hours the marksmen kept the British in confusion, and only the arrival of British cannon saved them from rout. The Americans returned to their lines that night while the British began digging in around Freeman's Farm.

Bemis Heights. The opposing armies jockeyed for position during the next weeks, but the American strength was growing. Burgoyne saw that his British Army was being hemmed in. He decided to send out 1,500 men with General Fraser on 7 October to test the American defenses on Bemis Heights. Gates sent a message to his American units, "Order on Morgan to begin the game." Again the Americans went out after them. While one American force hit them on the right, Morgan's Riflemen fanned out again to hit them on the left -- over almost the same ground where they had fought the previous Battle of Freeman's Farm. Once more wild turkey calls echoed through the woods, as sharpshooters took up positions as skirmishers. Some men climbed high trees to pick off the redcoats. Morgan called several of his best marksmen around him. Pointing to the British general he said, "That officer is General Fraser; I admire him, but he must die; our victory depends on it. Take your stations in that clump of bushes, and do your duty." Within five minutes General Fraser fell mortally wounded. The British fell back to their lines.

At nightfall the rest of the American Army moved forward, and the British withdrew to redoubts near the river bank.

Surrender at Saratoga: Now far outnumbering the British, the Americans followed them to Saratoga and nearly surrounded Burgoyne's force. The British commander saw that he was in a tight spot. He sent a message to ask help from British forces at New York, but Americans captured the messenger.

Nevertheless, a British force did start up the Hudson from New York. But it was too late. Burgoyne surrendered his entire army. With a company of light dragoons (mounted infantry), carrying an American flag at the head of the column, the British troops were marched to the time of "Yankee Doodle" between parallel lines of American soldiers toward Boston. After the surrender Burgoyne met Daniel Morgan. Extending his hand, the British general said, "My dear sir, you command the finest regiment in the world."

The American victory at Saratoga led directly to an alliance with France. It was a turning point in the war, and one of the decisive battles of world history.

5. Valley Forge.

Life in Winter Camp: It was well that Americans had such a victory as Saratoga, for during the next two years there was little else to brighten the dismal picture. Darkest of all was the miserable winter of 1777-78 which Washington's little Continental Army spent at Valley Forge, in Pennsylvania. Yet, in those cold, dark days at Valley Forge, the United States Army had its real beginning.

After defeats at Brandywine, Paoli, and Germantown, Washington's men went into Valley Forge in December 1777 a battered, sick, and hungry lot. Washington, the surveyor, laid out a part of the camp himself, and as always, he insisted on making it a strongly fortified position. While the British enjoyed comfortable winter quarters in Philadelphia, Washington chose this place where he could keep an eye on them, and where he could train his men in a secure position. Men spent the first weeks in light tents, but they were divided into parties of 12 and each party built and then occupied a rough log hut.

In December over 2,000 of the men were unfit for duty for lack of shoes and clothing. By February this number was 4,000. Lafayette, a young Frenchman who had offered his services to Washington, commanded a division at Valley Forge. He reported, "Their feet and legs froze until they grew black, and it was often necessary to amputate them." Private Elijah Fisher of New Hampshire wrote in his diary: "January the 20th. At length, I having got a recent cold by which means the feaver set in, I was carried to a hospital and a severe fit of sickness I had a fortnite after that ..... February 8. I gets better, but a number dyed. There was between fifty and sixty dyed in about a month..... The 28th. We jined our Regiment and Company, and I was anockulated for the Small poxe and it Prity favorable to what others had it."

Food was as scarce as clothing. Time after time Washington ordered provisions, but they failed to come. The soldiers' diet was likely to contain little more than "firebread" and water, or a gravy of boiled flour and water which they called "bleary," or a sort of hash stew which they called "lobscouse." "What sweet Felicities have I left at home," one veteran wrote, "a charming wife --- pretty children --- good beds --- good food, good cookery;" but a call to

dinner interrupted him, and he went to eat a bowl of "lobscouse" "full of burnt leaves and dirt." Bad food kept many soldiers weakened with diarrhea, or "quickstep" as they called it.

Training: Of the numbers of foreign soldiers who volunteered their services to the American cause, probably none gave more valuable service than did Steuben at Valley Forge. Steuben was a veteran of Frederick the Great's Prussian Army, and now he brought his skill as a drillmaster to Washington's Continentals. When he found no uniform drill regulations, he wrote them. He organized squads and companies and drilled them so that they could teach others. As Inspector General of the Army, Steuben insisted on strict camp discipline and sanitation. In that day drummers filled the role of modern buglers in signalling the prescribed calls. Steuben drew up regulations for them: "The Reveille (soldiers called it "Ree-love-lee") is beat at day-break, and is the signal for soldiers to rise and the sentries to leave off challenging. The Tattoo is for soldiers to go to their tents, where they must remain till reveille beating the next morning." ("Tattoo" was taken from the old Dutch "Taptoe," which means to "shut off beer taps"). Steuben required the noncoms to make a "bed check" after tattoo.

Many American soldiers had learned to use a musket or rifle during life on the frontier. Some had had military experience in earlier colonial wars in the service of the British -- those with Roger's Rangers, in the French and Indian War had learned the ways of later riflemen or modern Rangers. But most soldiers needed lots of training in fighting as members of a team, and it took practice to learn to reload the musket in a hurry.

The men soon learned to "roll their own" paper cartridges. The soldier took a piece of tough paper and rolled it into a cylinder around a musket ball and poured in the prescribed measure of powder. Then he twisted or tied the ends of the paper and coated it with grease to keep it dry. He carried these cartridges in a leather pouch slung over his shoulder. In loading his musket the soldier had to pull back the hammer to half-cock and then uncover the pan by pushing up the frizzen. He would bite a hole in the powder end of a cartridge and pour a little powder into the pan, and hold it there by closing the frizzen. Then he set the butt of the musket on the ground and poured the rest of the powder, and the ball, down the barrel. He stuffed the cartridge paper in for wadding and then pushed it all down with his ramrod. To fire, the soldier lifted the musket to position, pulled the hammer back to full-cock, and pulled the trigger. The flint, held in the hammer, struck the steel of the frizzen and sent a shower of sparks into the pan. The fire passed through the touch hole and set off the charge.

Americans were not too fond of the bayonet but Steuben insisted that they learn how to use it. The bayonet gave some protection for a man when the enemy came upon him before he could get his gun reloaded, and it was a valuable weapon for making a charge.

Though not many uniforms were to be found at Valley Forge, Steuben demanded that men be as neat as possible. Blue coats were the favorites, and the Corps of Artillery -- oldest element of the regular Continental Army -- had the first prescribed uniforms, blue coats with red linings. Washington knew the moral effect of riflemen against the British and he liked to have ordinary musketeers dye their clothes butternut brown so they would look like the feared riflemen. Men who had served over three years in the Army "with bravery, fidelity and good conduct" could wear a "Badge of Military Distinction" -- a strip of white cloth on the left sleeve. A six-year veteran could add a second stripe. This was a forerunner of present-day service stripes or "hash marks," and good conduct medals.

Later Steuben gave a Hard Times Party for the soldiers, where no one was admitted if he had on a pair of breeches without a tear or a patch. He had a full crowd, and the men spent half the night drinking and eating "sumptuously on tough beef-stakes, and potatoes, with hickory nuts for dessert."

Until Valley Forge there had been no American cavalry arm, but there Allan McLane organized troops of horsemen; and for their daring raids on British supply columns, they became known as "market shoppers." Later the mounted legions of "Light Horse Harry" Lee and William Washington played an important part in winning victories.

Artillerymen had an expert teacher in another foreign volunteer, Kosciusko, a Polish patriot.

The men who set the tradition for the United States Army were the men who stood fast through the misery of Valley Forge, and came out trained soldiers.

6. Bayonets in the Night.

"Essayons" -- Engineers Organized. In 1778 the Continental Congress established an Engineering Department, with three companies, and Du Portail, a Frenchman who became its first chief, gave it the motto which it still carries: "Essayons," which means, "We'll Try." Under the leadership of Du Portail and the skillful Kosciusko, the Engineers established headquarters at West Point.

Stony Point: Down the Hudson River a few miles from West Point was Stony Point, another strategic location which, in 1779, remained in British hands. Washington sent "Mad Anthony" Wayne with 1200 men to take the place.

A marsh separated the point from the mainland, and the British had dug works and set up pointed poles against possible attack. Wayne decided to make the attack at night, 16 July, and gave orders that no one should fire a shot. They would rely on the bayonet alone. Wayne divided the force into two columns, and after midnight they stole across the marsh. Wayne's own column made straight for the main defenses, while the other followed down the bank of the river and hit the fort from the rear. An alarm brought heavy cannon and musket fire, but the two columns charged and killed or captured the entire garrison. Americans had learned well Steuben's lessons on using the bayonet.

7. The Cowpens.

The rest of the war belonged to the South. Already bands of horsemen under Francis Marion, "The Swamp Fox," and Thomas Sumter, "The Carolina Game Cock," had harassed the British no end. Now British forces under Cornwallis were trying to knock out the Revolution in the South.

Nathaniel Greene, Washington's best subordinate general, commanded the Army in the South, and though he was outnumbered, he led Cornwallis on a merry chase through the Carolinas.

Greene sent Daniel Morgan with a detachment to cooperate with Sumter in harassing the British forces. For his part, Cornwallis, early in January, 1781, sent out General Tarleton with a force of infantry and cavalry to destroy Morgan's force. Tarleton tried to set a trap, but Morgan avoided it, and then made a better trap. Morgan prepared for battle on a rolling meadow, half cleared of trees, called the Cowpens.

The American force included both militiamen and regulars. Morgan put the Continentals into a line on the brow of a low hill. He figured that the poorly-trained militia could not stand long, so he told them to fire at least two volleys at "killing distance," and then to run behind a second hill and reorganize. Behind that second hill he hid William Washingtons's cavalry.

The British had to march most of the night to get there, but in "eager beaver fashion" Tarleton attacked at sunrise. The militia opened a killing fire, and then ran for cover as they were told. The British thought they had the whole Army on the run. Spreading out, the redcoats hit the Continentals. The line bent back so that the British could not get behind them, and then they stood and fought like tigers. At just the right moment, Colonel William Washington's cavalry came galloping around the hill to hit the unguarded British right end. Meanwhile Morgan hurried back to reorganize the militiamen. Within ten minutes they came charging around the other side of the hill into the British left end. Now the Continentals charged. At the Cowpens it was Tarleton's force which was destroyed in a battle which has become a classic. Morgan's men lost 12 killed and 61 wounded.

8. "The World Turned Upside Down."

Siege — The Artillery. Victory at the Cowpens, however, did not relieve Greene's Army from Cornwallis. Greene's men marched into North Carolina, and fought Cornwallis on even terms. The Americans were losing battles — "We fight, get beaten, rise, and fight again," Greene said — but they were winning a campaign.

As Cornwallis overran Virginia, Lafayette led a small force to meet him but could not risk an open battle. At the same time Washington had his main American Army near New York, and because of his threat to British forces there, the superior British commander in New York ordered Cornwallis to send him reinforcements. Then Cornwallis received new orders. He was to fortify a naval base in the lower Chesapeake Bay. He chose Yorktown as the site for the base and in August 1781, transferred his whole army there. Now Washington decided to catch Cornwallis. A French fleet arrived in the Chesapeake and blocked British escape by sea. Leaving a detachment to watch New York, Washington's Army hurried southward, together with a French force under Rochambeau. On the night of 6 October Washington's Allied forces opened trenches around the British position and on the 10th the Artillery opened fire at a range of 800 yards.

Here, thanks to French assistance, the Americans at last enjoyed a superiority in artillery support. Three types of cannon provided this support at Yorktown. The field gun would send a cannon ball from 900 to 1,340 yards. It usually fired solid shot to batter down fortifications. Sometimes two half cannon balls, joined by a solid bar, like a weight-lifting dumbbell, or sometimes two cannon balls joined by a chain would whirl through the air; these devices were especially useful against the rigging of ships. When enemy infantry charged against

them, cannoneers would load their guns with grape or canister. Grape shot came in clusters, usually of nine iron balls, fastened together in three layers of three balls each. On leaving the gun the cluster would break apart, and at close range one such round of grape might stop a whole squad. Canister gave even more of a shotgun effect to artillery. It was a thin can, filled with lead musket balls. The can would break open as it left the barrel and the musket balls spread destruction to enemy ranks. A second type of cannon at Yorktown was the howitzer. The howitzer usually fired a shell which flew through the air with lighted fuse and burst. It would carry 900 to 1,120 yards. Often they would fire the howitzer to make the shell bounce along the ground, or "ricochet." An American artillery officer at Yorktown wrote that the howitzers "are of the greatest importance, in firing ricochet, as the shell hops along the ground, and drops just over the enemy's parapet, destroying them where they thought themselves most secure." A third artillery weapon was the mortar. It was a short, stubby piece, set on a curved rail so that its direction could be changed easily, and it sent shells -- they called them bombs -- at a high angle to burst inside the British defenses. Artillerymen referred to their guns as "six-pounders," "nine-pounders," etc., according to the weight of the ball they fired -- a practice still common in the British Army. At Yorktown American and French artillery soon gained superiority, and silenced the British guns.

Capture of the Redoubt. On 11 October Americans opened a second siege line, or parallel, 300 yards from the British. Now they had to take a pair of key enemy redoubts.

As Wayne's men at Stony Point, they were to rely only on the bayonet. Muskets were not loaded. The most dangerous assignment in this kind of attack was that of the volunteers who led the way. This advance party was called a "forlorn hope," a term from the Dutch meaning "lost troop." Sergeant Daniel Brown of Connecticut led this forlorn hope across the field under the light of bursting shells. Quickly they covered the 200 yards to the redoubt. Without pause they went down into the ditch and climbed up the other bank, over the sharpened poles. The British opened fire, but they had little effect as the Americans swarmed upon them with bayonets. In less than 15 minutes the Americans had the redoubt. They had lost 44 men. A French force took the other redoubt, but they used less stealth, and it cost them a hundred casualties.

The next night Cornwallis tried to ferry his army across the York River, but a storm swamped his boats.

Surrender of Cornwallis. On 19 October Cornwallis surrendered. American and French columns drew up along each side of the road, and the British marched out while the band played a popular tune, "The World Turned Upside Down."

9. "The Road to Glory is Thus Opened to All."

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown ended major fighting in the Revolution, but the war dragged on for more than a year.

At his headquarters in Newburgh, New York, 7 August 1782, Washington issued an order establishing an award for military merit -- the Purple Heart. It was the first military decoration in history to be open to men of all ranks. A man cited for meritorious action was to be permitted to wear "over his left breast, the figure of a heart in purple cloth, or silk, edged with narrow lace or binding." "The road to glory in a patriot army and a free country is thus opened to all," the order said. Now the Purple Heart is awarded to all who are wounded in action against the enemy. But in the beginning it was equivalent to the Medal of Honor. One of the first winners of the Purple Heart was Sergeant Daniel Brown for his bravery in leading the forlorn hope at Yorktown.

B. A SECOND ROUND AGAINST GREAT BRITAIN

1. "We Have Met the Enemy."

Violations of rights on the high seas led Congress in 1812 to declare a second war against Great Britain. A series of spectacular naval duels added something to American prestige, but they played no part in deciding the war. The decision rested upon the Army and cooperating naval fleets on the inland lakes.

After the American loss of Detroit in 1812, General William Henry Harrison -- "Old Tippecanoe" -- assembled a force to strike back into Canada. Commodore Perry cleared the way with a brilliant naval victory against a British fleet on Lake Erie. He sent a message to Harrison: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." "Old Tip" marched his men aboard boats and ferried them across to the Canadian shores. They met a force of British and Indians on 5 October 1813 at the Thames River. The Americans attacked and scattered the Indians and killed or captured the British.

2. "Those Are Regulars, By God!"

Chippewa. After a series of poor showings on the part of green recruits, Winfield Scott, then a 28-year-old brigadier general,

set up a rigorous training schedule for his outfit near Buffalo, New York. Like Steuben at Valley Forge, Scott spent long hours drilling his units. The musket still was the standard infantry weapon, and in the prescribed drill it took 24 motions to prime, load, and fire from the position of "order arms," and it took 11 more motions to return it to the order after the shot had been fired.

After two months of intensive training, Scott's men were ready for action. He was anxious to have them in neat new uniforms. The uniform, with swallowtailed coat, long trousers, and "tar bucket" hat -- like the present-day West Point dress uniform -- was supposed to be dark blue. But there was a shortage of blues, and Scott put his men in gray -- the color which state militia usually wore. On the night of 3 - 4 July 1814 they crossed the Niagara River into Canada.

As Scott's brigade approached the British near the Chippewa River, the men formed into well-dressed ranks and moved forward. Ancestor regiments of the present-day 6th Infantry advanced on the left, and ancestor of the present 2d and 5th Infantry in the center. A battery of artillery supported on the right. Scott formed his units into a V formation, the point to the rear. The effect was like that of Daniel Morgan at the Cowpens -- the Americans came up on both ends of the British line. The British commander noticed the gray uniforms. "Why, those are nothing but Buffalo militia," he said. But when a British cannon tore a gap through the lines, and the gray-clad soldiers kept going in their steady advance, the British commander changed his tune. "Those are regulars, by God!" he shouted. When 70 yards from the British, Scott galloped to the front of the 6th Infantry (as it is called now) and called out: "They say that Americans can't stand the cold iron. I call on you instantly to give the lie to that slander! Charge!" A cheer went up as the men lowered their bayonets and charged. The British lines, as Scott reported it, "mouldered away like a rope of sand."

The gray uniform of the West Point cadet corps was adopted in tribute to the gray-clad victors at Chippewa.

Lundy's Lane. Three weeks later a force of 2,000 Americans met a British force of 3,000 in another battle along the Niagara -- Lundy's Lane. Once more American soldiers proved their ability to stand up against a superior force. British artillery was holding up the American advance when Colonel Miller brought up his reserve regiment (now the 5th Infantry). General Brown pointed out the British main battery and asked Miller if his regiment could take it. "I'll try, Sir," the Colonel said, and late that evening the British guns fell. Miller's reply "I'll try, sir," still is the motto of the 5th Infantry -- the oldest regimental motto in the Regular Army.

3. "Our Flag was Still There."

Bladensburg. The darkest point in the whole War of 1812 came in August, 1814, when a British force landed in Maryland, crossed the upper Potomac at Bladensburg, and marched on Washington. A force of militia gathered to meet the invaders, but when the British crossed the river and fired a few rockets, the untrained militia ran. Only a small force of 500 regulars, joined by a similar force of sailors and marines in a "unified" effort, stood their ground. But the British marched on to the capital.

Baltimore: The Star Spangled Banner. Fortunately, when the British turned toward Baltimore they found that city effectively defended. The British Commander was killed in the attack there, and after the British fleet bombarded Fort McHenry, guarding Baltimore's harbor, during the night 13 - 14 September, they withdrew. It was during this bombardment that Francis Scott Key, detained for the night on a British ship, write down the words for "The Star-Spangled Banner." Soon everyone was singing the new song.

4. Cotton Bales and Rifles.

One big effort remained, and ironically it ended after peace already had been signed. Now the British decided upon an invasion of the south -- through New Orleans. General Andrew Jackson -- "Old Hickory" -- gathered together a few regulars and a much larger number of militiamen and local recruits, and set up a defense along both banks of the Mississippi. He expected the British to come up the river along the north bank, and there he organized his main position. The lines stretched from the levee along the river to a swamp on the right, and the men dug trenches and set up barricades of cotton bales. On 8 January 1815 the British, in precise formation, attached "Old Hickory's" works. Both sides were using rifles -- it was the first major battle in history in which the rifle was the major weapon on both sides -- but the Americans were far superior. At 300 yards range they fired with an accuracy which the British never had seen in Europe. Jackson put his best sharpshooters in front, and the others kept them supplied with ready-loaded rifles. An old Kentucky soldier, Samuel Stubbs, who stood five feet four and was 63 years old, wrote of the battle in a letter to his brother:

> "On the morning of the 8th, before day-light the enemy silently drew out a large force to storm our lines, where we were entrenched up to our chins. There was a great fog, and their columns advanced unperceived to within half a mile of our camp, and drove in our piquet guard. About the break of day, they as

bold as hungre wolves advanced to our entrenchments... up to the very muzels of our guns. I could have dropped them as easy as a flock of benumb'd wild turkeys in a frosty morning. But I picked for those who had frog paws upon their shoulders, and the most lace upon their frocks. Some of the foolish redcoats pentrated into our lines, where they were soon baganuted or taken prisoners; many fell mounting the breastworks; others upon the works themselves. The roar of artillery from our lines was incessant, while an unremitted rolling fire was kept up from our muskets. For an hour and a quarter the enemy obstinately continued the assault; nor did they falter until almost all their officers had fallen. They then retreated, leaving from one thousand five hundred to two thousand in killed, mangled and prisoners. On our side the loss was confined to about twenty men -- but I lost but one out of my company!"

In honor of their part in this Battle of New Orleans, the 7th Infantry now wears an insignia showing a cotton bale and a pair of crossed rifles.

When word of peace finally came, people across the country celebrated as they carried posters saying, "Peace -- Security -- Prosperity."

CHAPTER 2 : IN MEXICO AND CIVIL WAR

OUTLINE

A. "TO THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA" : WAR WITH MEXICO

1. "A Little More Grape, Captain Bragg" : Taylor in Northern Mexico

   a. On the Rio Grande

   b. Monterey: Independence Hill, and Fighting in the Streets

   c. Buena Vista

2. Kearney's March to the California Coast

   a. On the Santa Fe Trail

   b. California

3. Overseas Invasion -- To the Halls of Montezuma

a. Vera Cruz

b. The Valley of Mexico

c. Up Scaling Ladders : Chapultepec

d. "Brave Rifles" : Entry into Mexico City

B. A HOUSE DIVIDED : CIVIL WAR

1. "On to Richmond"

a. The Tragic Era

b. Bull Run

2. "Drill and Organize" : Equipment, camp life

3. "Unconditional Surrender"

a. The Peninsular Campaign

b. In the West : Forts Henry and Donelson

4. "First Catch the Rabbit"

a. To Vicksburg; life on the March

b. Siege

5. "The Rock of Chickamauga"

6. "The World ... Can Never Forget What They Did Here": Gettysburg

a. A Chance Encounter

b. A Fish Hook

c. Pickett's Charge

7. "To Fight It Out on this Line If It Takes All Summer"

a. The Wilderness

b. Sherman's March to the Sea

8. "Biggest Explosion Since the Petersburg Mine"

Siege of Petersburg and Lee's Surrender.

IN MEXICO AND CIVIL WAR

A. "TO THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA"

1. "A Little More Grape, Captain Bragg."

On the Rio Grande. War began when Mexican forces ventured north of the Rio Grande and Americans under General Zachary Taylor - "Old Rough and Ready," - met them on 8 May 1846 at a water hole known as Palo Alto. After an hour's artillery duel, the Americans attacked. They had to take time out for an hour when the long grass took fire from a burning cannon wad, but then they drove the Mexicans back. Another battle the next day at Resaca de la Palma, put the Mexicans to flight, and they scrambled back across the Rio Grande by ferry, by fords, by swimming.

As soon as news of those first victories reached home, people everywhere began taking up the slogan of the soldiers - "On to the Halls of the Montezumas!" But slogans had little appeal just then for soldiers who were sweating it out in tent camps strung along the Rio Grande. A Sergeant Miller wrote that camp life was a "rough furnace and a hot fire."

Infantrymen on the Rio Grande were supposed to have the 1841 percussion lock musket -- the kind that would fire from the blow of the hammer striking a cap. Unfortunately, more than three-fourths of the men throughout the war had to carry the old flintlock. Some carried rifles that fired an elongated "sugar loaf" bullet, and they were most effective. Standard artillery pieces were the bronze six-pounder gun, and 24-pounder howitzer. Some mounted troops carried Colt revolvers -- the first precise repeaters in the world.

The uniform was a light blue jacket, trousers, and cap. The jacket was cut short (like a modern Eisenhower "battle jacket"), but had a high collar -- trimmed in white for infantry (changed in 1847 to blue), scarlet for artillery, and green, or orange for mounted troops. Since the 1830's insignia of arm or service had been worn: a silver

bugle for infantry; crossed cannons and shell and flame for both artillery and ordnance; a castle encircled by a wreath for engineers.

Taylor's men were glad to move out during July and August, but it was for a march of 120 miles inland, and the new camping area at Camargo was, if anything, worse. Already an unhealthy place, earlier rains had left pools of standing water which made it even more unhealthy. Again there were scorpions and tarantulas and mosquitoes -- and a plague of little frogs. The slightest stir of air raised a stifling cloud of dust from the dried mud. But barren hills cut off most of the breeze, and the sun bore down -- "in this hottest of all places," a soldier put it -- to send the temperature up to 112 degrees. "Last night," another soldier wrote, "the ants tried to carry me off in my sleep." There was little during those weeks to break the monotony of sweltering days, cool nights and heavy dews, the groans of the sick, the yelping of prairie wolves. The soldiers' name for Camargo was "The Graveyard."

Monterey. In weeks of waiting, the men on the Rio Grande were beginning to fear that they would see no action. But as autumn approached it became clear that the Mexicans were preparing real resistance. The country had been torn by revolution. But revolution also had developed skilled fighters and now the war united all parties in complete confidence of victory. Able to outnumber the American troops almost everywhere, Mexican leaders had little respect yet for their foe, and they welcomed battle.

Organizing his force of 6,000 men into four divisions, in September Taylor left his base at Camargo and headed toward Monterey and the Sierre Madre Mountains. Monterey guarded the pass through the mountains. Mexican troops outnumbered the Americans by a thousand, but they needed more.

Approaching the fortified hills of the city from the north, "Old Rough and Ready" attacked from two sides.

That night men closed up to Independence Hill and waited in a pouring rain. It was pitch black. Most of the men sat up, holding their muskets or rifles closely to keep the locks dry. At 3:00 a.m. noncoms aroused the sleepers with a whispered "Fall in." They began the almost vertical climb. Sometimes they crawled. Suddenly Mexican guards opened fire. With a yell the Americans rushed up. Sixty feet from the top firing began. Soon they had won the western approaches to Monterey.

Meanwhile other fighting had been going on across the city. Presently Americans broke in from both directions. Though they had had no special training in street fighting, almost instinctively they

began scrambling to the roofs, breaking holes in house walls, and dropping shells into buildings, much in the manner of soldiers in many towns in World War II. On 24 September the Mexican flag came down, and American soldiers marched in to the strains of "Yankee Doodle."

Buena Vista. Early in 1847, Taylor continued his operations in Northern Mexico. At Buena Vista, American forces faced a much larger Mexican army under General Santa Anna, the "Napoleon of the West."

Many gullies and a deep-channeled stream broke up the old flood plain in the bottom of the pass, where the soldiers took up their positions. They set up to meet an attack which might come straight down the middle. But Santa Anna crossed them up. He marched his troops around the edge of the plain, over rough ground, and came up on the side and threatened the rear. Then he sent a note to General Taylor, telling him that the Americans were surrounded and might as well surrender. Naturally "Old Rough and Ready" turned him down, and both sides braced for a fight.

A drizzling rain fell all that night, and it was bitterly cold. American tents were on the wagons, and the Mexicans had none. There was no fuel for fires. A prisoner of war said that Santa Anna had 21,000 men. This meant that U. S. forces were outnumbered by more than three to one. Long before daybreak men on both sides were ready for anything which would relieve their chattering teeth.

Santa Anna had reveille sounded in his units one after the other to create an even greater impression of numbers. Then the Mexicans drew up all their cavalry and infantry in one long line. They displayed colorful uniforms of green and yellow and red and orange and blue; banners and plumes waved, and bands played. The first attack came straight for the center, but cannon on the mountain slope and in the pass, and musket fire all along the line, drove it back. (It was the first major battle in history fought with percussion firearms.) Soon another Mexican column appeared, advancing at parade step, white belts and polished buckles shining. Three cannon and the 2d Indiana Infantry opened fire at 100 yards. Loading their musket cartridges with a bullet and three buckshot each, they stopped the advance. Though other enemy troops kept coming, and Mexican cannon were firing into their sides, the 2d Indiana held their ground for half an hour. Then, because losses were so heavy, an order came to retreat. The result was almost a disaster. Men retreating started to run, and other outfits had to pull back. "One charge more!" the Mexicans were shouting. At this point Captain Braxton Bragg saw that another charge would overrun his artillery battery, (this battery later became Battery B, 1st Field Artillery) and so he ordered it to withdraw down the slope. While retreating, Lieutenant Thomas, commanding one of the gun sections, suddenly stopped,

unlimbered his guns, and prepared for action. Bragg asked what he was doing, and the lieutenant shouted back, "For God's sake, Captain, get the battery into play and save the day!" Quickly Bragg ordered the whole battery into action. Loaded with canister and grapeshot -- they opened fire at point blank range. The charging Mexicans broke before such fire. Just then General Taylor came riding up. Waving an old worn out straw hat over his head, he called out, "Give them a little more grape, Captain Bragg." (Insignia of the 1st Field Artillery now shows a round of grape shot.) Then Taylor saw the Kentuckians coming back, and the General rose in his stirrups shouting, "Hurrah for old Kentuck! That's the way to do it. Give 'em hell!" Coming up at a run were Jefferson Davis and his Mississippi Rifles, and the 3d Indiana with them. The colt revolvers of counter attacking dragoons also proved themselves. John Washington's artillery battery (now Battery A, 6th Armored Field Artillery) then blasted other formations of enemy with such a storm of grapeshot as to break them up completely. What had been nearly a defeat turned to a great triumph. That night the Mexican army, leaving the road strewn with debris and wounded men, retreated.

2. Kearney's March to the California Coast

On the Santa Fe Trail. While Taylor's men were fighting in Northern Mexico, General Stephen Kearney was marching with a force of 1,600 men from Fort Leavenworth, in the summer of 1846, to lay claim to the great Southwest.

California. While Colonel Doniphan led a detachment through hundreds of miles of Old Mexico to Chihuahua and the Rio Grande, Kearney left Santa Fe on 26 September 1846 for the Pacific Coast. Turning westward at El Paso, he met Kit Carson with news that Commodore Stockton of the U. S. Navy and Captain John C. Fremont -- the "Pathfinder" -- of the Army Engineer Corps already had won control of California. On arriving there, however, Kearney found the California population less friendly than had been expected. Fremont seemed to have the area around San Francisco Bay and the Sacramento Valley pretty much in hand, but the situation was not so good in the south. A detachment of sailors and marines under Commodore Stockton had won and then lost Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, and a small garrison lay besieged in San Diego. Stockton finally was able to relieve that garrison and Kearney's men fought their way in to join forces. Together they marched northward to Los Angeles and restored American control.

3. Overseas Invasion -- To the Halls of Montezuma.

Vera Cruz. General Winfield Scott, "Old Fuss and Feathers," now determined to bring the war to a close by a seaborne expedition to the Gulf city of Vera Cruz, and then a strike at Mexico City. His Army arrived on that foreign shore without accident, and without the loss of a man. By midnight on 9 March 1847, ten thousand men, with guards posted, were eating their biscuit and pork on the sand dunes, or were pitching camp. But Mexican forces held to the city of Vera Cruz until bombardment and siege brought them to surrender.

The Valley of Mexico. At Cerro Gordo American forces faced Mexicans, entrenched in a mountain pass, outnumbering them by nearly 4,000 men. But Captain Robert E. Lee, engineer on Scott's staff, found a route where they could get through to attack the Mexicans in the rear. Key to the position was a steep hill known as El Telegrafo (there was a semaphore flag signal tower -- or "telegraph," they called it -- on the hill). Men of the 2d, 3d, and 7th Infantry Regiments stormed up the hill and fought their way with pistols, bayonets, and clubbed muskets to the top.

Now on the plateau, the Americans marched through scenic, if rough country. At Puebla they paused for reinforcements -- and there was time for some rest. They sang songs like "The Girl I Left Behind Me," went to fandangos (dances, that is), and to plays put on by an American theatrical company (like USO shows of a later period). Some were content to swap stories. Others preferred to gamble, and they would get up a game of Old Sledge on a blanket, or Chuckleluck, or Monte. And of course always there were more drills and military exercises. And then off to battle again.

By September Scott's men were marching through the Valley of Mexico, approaching the capital city. One obstacle -- Chapultepec -- remained before them.

Up Scaling Ladders. Chapultepec was a hill rising nearly 200 feet above the plain. A massive castle stood near its summit. Cliffs and crags guarded its sides. The castle housed the Mexican military academy -- their West Point -- and young cadets formed with the soldiers to defend their hill.

All day long, 12 September, American artillery battered at the great stone walls of the castle. After more bombardment the next day, American infantrymen advanced. Columns first attacked from the west -- through a cypress grove -- and from the south.

Then others came up, and the place was surrounded. But now they could go no farther without scaling ladders. Ladders were in the column all right, but they were slow in coming up. That meant that these troops had to lie there under Mexican fire while they waited. Fortunately they were so close that muzzles of Mexican cannon could not be depressed enough to hit them. At last men came up with the tall ladders. The first ladders were set up and men began climbing; but the Mexicans hurled them to the ground. But others appeared. Other regiments were coming up. Soon there were enough ladders in place for men to scramble up 50 abreast. Though some of the cadets fought to the death rather than give up, this commanding hill now was in American hands. Mexico City, two miles away, was at their mercy. (The 6th Infantry later added scaling ladders to its regimental insignia to indicate its part in the taking of Chapultepec.)

"Brave Rifles." At dawn on 14 September, General Quitman, minus one shoe, marched with his soldiers to Mexico City; the 3d Cavalry, then a regiment of mounted riflemen, led the way into the Capital. Its men rushed up to raise the Stars and Stripes over the National Palace and flew their regimental colors from the balcony. When "Old Fuss and Feathers" rode in he saw what had happened, and he said, 'Brave Rifles! You have been baptized in fire and blood and come out steel!" (The inscription, "Brave Rifles" now appears on the regimental insignia of the 3d Cavalry.)

While the other troops, "decorated with mud and the red stains of battle," marched into the city, General Scott climbed the stairway of the "Halls of the Montezumas" to write his dispatch of victory.

B. A HOUSE DIVIDED

1. "On to Richmond"

The Tragic Era. When controversy in 1861 broke into the Nation's most tragic war, men held doubts as to where their loyalty should be -- to their states, or to the Federal Government. Though military men traditionally remain out of politics, such a split in the nation brought division in the Army. "Where is my duty?" was the question. For Robert E. Lee of Virginia, duty lay with the home state. For George H. Thomas, also of Virginia, duty lay in support of the Federal Government. But more than two-thirds of the Regular Army remained with the North.

Bull Run. Union troops marched out from Washington in July 1861. As people cried "On to Richmond," the "Grand Army" marched into Virginia in high spirits, while Congressmen and Government officials went along to watch "the rebellion crushed by a single blow."

The Confederates met them near Manassas Junction, along Bull Run Creek. The result was confusion piled upon confusion as two ill-trained, ill-disciplined armies locked in fierce combat. Defeat would come to whichever side ran first. At first it seemed that Federal troops had the upper hand, but after the exhaustion of ten hours of fighting, Southern reinforcements arrived to turn the decision. Only a battalion of regular infantry -- detachments from the 2d, 3d, and 8th Infantry Regiments -- stood its ground and protected the retreat.

2. "Drill and Organize"

Bull Run sobered the North. Demands of "On to Richmond" gave way to a new slogan -- "Drill and Organize." But in the South, success at Bull Run added to their confidence. Now they felt sure that they could whip the Yankees without any training. Military men knew better. General Lee, commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, and General McClellan, now commanding the Federal Army of the Potomac, determined to build their forces into effective teams.

Men training in the Army of the Potomac were supposed to have the caliber .58 muzzle-loading Springfield rifle, but at first most of them carried old smooth-bore muskets. Later the rifle, firing the pointed "minnie ball" became general. Accurate against small groups at ranges up to 1,200 yards, the rifle became the master of the battlefield. Union cavalry had a breech-loading carbine. Uniforms were the traditional dark blue coats, with low collars, and light blue trousers, and the headgear was a dark blue, or black.

Soldiers slept in 12-foot, tepee-like Sibley tents (heated in winter by a little pot-bellied Sibley stove) or smaller wedge tents which they sometimes "stockaded" by building wooden sides. Over these tents appeared signs like "Willard Hotel" or "Parker House." They carried a smaller "dog tent" -- father of today's pup tent -- on the march, but many just slept in the open.

Soldiers called their salt beef "salt horse." Loaded with salt petre, and green with age, it seldom made tasty chow. It might be improved by being tied overnight in a running brook. Sometimes burial seemed the only way to get rid of it, and soldiers were known

to arrange funeral services complete with scraps of harness and the firing of volleys over the company sink. Salt pork was the principal meat ration. Company cooks boiled it (often with beans). When issued for individual cooking the men usually broiled it over an open fire or used it for frying. Some just ate it raw, sandwiched between pieces of hardtack. When hardtack was crumbled in coffee, weevils wriggled on the surface until skimmed off. Fortunately the weevils were tasteless and harmless.

3. "Unconditional Surrender."

The Peninsular Campaign. In the spring of 1862 the Federal Army ferried down the Potomac and Chesapeake to the end of the peninsula between the York and James Rivers, and began a cautious movement toward Richmond. Confederate forces under Lee -- and Jeb Stuart's cavalry -- stopped the Union Army within sight of Richmond, and in July it withdrew to the James River.

While in camp there along the James, Daniel Butterfield jotted down on an old envelope the notes for a new bugle call -- "Taps" -- and Bugler Norton first sounded its serene strains one night that July for tired troops of the 2d Field Artillery.

In the West. First signs of victory for the Union, meanwhile, appeared in the West. "When in doubt, fight" was the motto of Ulysses S. Grant, and he determined to open the way to Tennessee. With cool courage, and a knack for finding the enemy's weak spots, he led his men toward Fort Henry. Taking that guardian of the Tennessee River on 6 February 1862, he moved swiftly across the dozen miles to the stronger Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. They attacked with the support of naval gun boats in the river, but the fort's big guns drove them back. Then they hemmed in the defenders and dug in. Finally the Confederate Commander, General Buckner, asked for terms. Grant's answer went back: "No terms except unconditional surrender can be accepted. I proposed to move immediately on your works." The fort surrendered.

4. "First Catch the Rabbit"

To Vicksburg. Vicksburg was the key to control of the Mississippi, and it was strongly fortified. But early in 1863 Grant

decided that he was going to take it. Seven failures before Vicksburg only made him more determined and more bold. He resolved to march his men down the west bank, cross the river far below Vicksburg and come up on that city from the opposite direction.

Before a march the men would draw their rations of hardtack, coffee, bacon, salt and sugar and store them in their haversacks. They had to pack their hardtack carefully, else it would dig into their sides. And newcomers who were careless in packing their bacon wore a "bacon badge," a big grease spot, on their left hips. They were careful too to keep the canteen covers dry, for if the water soaked through the clothing it would make a rash on the skin. Over their necks they wore a blanket rolled in rubber covering. (And it frequently was full of lice -- "gray-backs," they called them.) Tin cups or coffee cans, tied on the outside to blanket or haversack, would rattle like cow bells. Mess gear included a combination knife, fork, and spoon. One model was a folding combination; another snapped together.

The column would be on the march before daylight, and between skirmishes troops would swing down the roads as regimental bands played "Yankee Doodle" or "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Sometimes hard rains turned the roads to mud, and then men had to push and pull the wagons and artillery through the mire. Army engineers made pontoons -- and they had new rubber pontoon boats which they filled with air -- for crossing the Black River.

In 19 days Grant's men crossed the Mississippi, marched 180 miles through hard country, fought and won five battles, took Jackson, the capital of the state, and arrived in rear of Vicksburg. Soon their numbers grew to over 70,000.

Siege. But Vicksburg's fortifications ran all around, and a seven-mile line of works guarded this approach to the city.

All during the night of 21 May, mortar shells from river gun boats burst over Vicksburg. Then at 3:00 A.M. every cannon along the front opened fire. A hundred guns sent shrapnel, canister, grape, parrott (these would burst when they hit the ground), and solid shot pouring into the defenses "till it seemed impossible that anything could withstand it." At 10 o'clock the order came to attack. Men left their keepsakes and trinkets with the cooks, and charged out of their entrenchments. They fought viciously, but the Confederates stood their ground.

They dug in for a siege. This meant weeks of keeping the Confederates penned in, improving trenches and digging them closer and closer to the defenders', and almost constant exchanges of cannon fire -- and rifle fire whenever an enemy showed his head.

Union soldiers sang their old favorites like "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "We'll Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." More often they made up their own words. To the tune of "Listen to the Mocking Bird," they sang "Listen to the Parrott Shells," and "Listen to the Minnie Balls." In "quiet" times men would amuse themselves at euchre or seven-up. A shell burst right over a game one afternoon, but hurt no one; one partner said, "Johnny passes," and the game went on.

During June Federal soldiers started digging a trench toward one of the Confederate forts. But the Confederates saw what they were up to and got the range on them. Then the Yankees got a car filled with cotton bales and pushed it along in front of them. The "rebs" promptly set it on fire. The Boys in Blue got another car of cotton bales -- this time soaked with water.

Entrenchments were so close together that often the men on the opposing sides would shout back and forth. "Well, Yank, when are you coming into town?" the Confederates would yell. "We propose to celebrate the 4th of July there," the answer would go back, or "We are holding you prisoners of war while you are feeding yourselves."

Inside Vicksburg the situation was becoming desperate. Weeks without food and supplies were telling. But soldiers and citizens alike kept up their spirits. One newspaper continued to be printed -- on wall paper. Copies always found their way through the Union lines. The issue of July 2, had this comment on Grant's expressed intention to dine in Vicksburg on July 4: "Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is 'first to catch the rabbit, etc.' "

But General Pemberton, commanding the Vicksburg garrison, saw that there was no way out. He met with Grant -- they had served together in the same division in the Mexican War -- and agreed upon surrender. The last issue of the Vicksburg paper, July 4, announced that Grant had "caught his rabbit."

The honor of being "First at Vicksburg" went to the 13th Infantry, and the legend, "First at Vicksburg" became a part of the 13th's insignia.

5. "The Rock of Chicamauga."

Vicksburg was a decisive battle of the war, but others in the West were to follow. General Rosecrans and a Federal force occupied Chattanooga, Tennessee, without a battle, but Confederates

under General Braxton Bragg still occupied high ridges above the city. Rosecrans led his troops out across that hilly ground in pursuit. At Chickamauga, Bragg's forces turned to give battle (20 September 1863). Fierce Confederate attacks soon threw the Federals into confusion. A mistaken order opened a gap, and the Confederates poured through. The Union right wing, and then the center, crumbled.

But the left, under George H. Thomas, stood fast. Nothing could budge it, and this stand made it possible for other Union forces to come back. Ever after, Thomas was known as the "Rock of Chickamauga," and sharing in that title was the 19th U. S. Infantry, which stood its ground all day. Members of the 19th still wear that name on their insignia.

After Chickamauga, Union forces went into Chattanooga. Now came the Federals' turn to be surrounded without any supplies. General Grant telegraphed Thomas to hold his position at all costs. Thomas wired back, "I will hold the town till we starve." Finally supplies got through from Bridgeport, Tennessee, by steamboat and wagon train. This supply route soon got the name, "The Cracker Line."

In a three-day battle at Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain -- The 'Battle above the Clouds" -- the Union forces made their position secure.

During a lull on Lookout Mountain a soldier from the East, proudly wearing his red star badge of the XII Corps, met a man of the XV Corps. "What is your badge?" he asked. The man just tapped his cartridge case and said, "Forty Rounds." This became the badge of the XV Corps -- a cartridge case with the motto, "Forty Rounds." (The proud 13th Infantry preserved this emblem in the crest of its regimental insignia.)

6. "The World...Can Never Forget What They Did Here."

A Chance Encounter. Even as the siege of Vicksburg was coming to a close another decisive battle was being fought in the East. After victories at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, in Virginia, General Robert E. Lee pushed on to make an all-out effort for complete victory by an invasion of the North. In June, 1863, Lee led his splendid Army of Northern Virginia -- 80,000 strong -- across the Potomac, through Maryland, and into Pennsylvania.

On 29 June a part of Lee's army was in camp about 10 miles from Gettysburg. Marching toward that village the next

morning, Confederate brigades ran into some Federal cavalry. "That's all right," General Heth called out, "only some of that Pennsylvania militia." They kept going. But as they reached the edge of a woods, intense firing broke out, and a line of men with bayonets low came at their side -- it was Meredith's "Iron Brigade." There was a surprised outcry, "Tain't no milishy! Lookit them black hats! That's the Army of the Potomac!"

After the first repulse, Confederate reinforcements began arriving. The Southerners were coming in from the north and west, while the Federals, the Northerners, were coming in from the south. Soon the Confederates were able to push back the forces in front of Gettysburg. Neither side had planned to fight here, but now the Battle of Gettysburg was on.

A Fish Hook. General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, started his units moving to meet the threat.

Directing the Union defenders beyond Gettysburg was General Reynolds. He went up on the ridge which ran between the fighting and the town, and there climbed the belfry of the seminary to take a look. To the north and west he could see more and more columns in gray coming toward him. Turning for a view to the rear he could see the town, and then, on the other side of it, the ground which seemed to dominate the area. The key feature seemed to be the big hill -- up near the old cemetery.

The hills across there had the shape of a giant fish hook. Cemetery Hill formed the bent part of the hook. The barb was a lower knoll called Culp's Hill, to the north and east, and the point was a low knob 600 yards south of Culp's Hill. The shank of the hook was Cemetery Ridge, a ridge with cleared slopes, which ran southward from Cemetery Hill. Little Round Top and Round Top, at the southern end of the formation, formed the eye of the fish hook. The Round Tops looked like big piles of boulders covered with scrubby bushes and trees. Across the valley to the west of Round Top was another hill, not as high, but just as wild and broken. From one of its deep chasms it was called Devil's Den.

Reynolds saw that the ground around Cemetery Hill would be best for defense, and he sent a note to Meade with that recommendation -- that here was the place to stand and fight. Reynolds went back down to join his troops, and almost immediately a bullet through his head killed him.

During the afternoon the outnumbered Union troops gave way -- back through Gettysburg they retreated, and retired to Cemetery Hill. Meade sent General Hancock to take command on the ground.

That night was one of feverish activity on both sides. General Lee arrived and set up headquarters on Seminary Ridge. Longstreet brought up other troops on the Confederate right. Meade, on the other side, arrived at Cemetery Hill and worked through the night getting his reinforcements into position.

Lee hoped to get around both ends of the Federal line and surround the whole position. Confederates thus made strong attacks against Culp's Hill (the barb of the hook) and at positions in front of the Round Tops and around Devil's Den, on the other end. Federals held on the right, though Confederates were at the slope of the hill, but on the left they fell back. Back across a wheatfield, and through a peach orchard, Longstreet's men drove them through the "Valley of Death." Then General Warren, Meade's chief engineer, rode up. To his dismay he found that the Round Tops had been left unguarded and the Confederates were preparing to charge Little Round Top. If they took it they would be able to sweep the whole Federal line with fire. Warren gathered up what men he could find, and raced for that knoll. He barely beat the Confederates to it, and his men held it with bitter hand to hand fighting amongst the boulders and thickets.

On Devil's Den a Confederate private built among the rocks a fortress for one. There he picked off Federal officers on Little Round Top until finally Union artillery turned upon him. Shell fragments and minnie balls pocked his stone defenses in a hundred places before a fragment hit him in the head. Leaning his rifle against the stone, he lay down to die.

Darkness closed on the second day of the battle, and both sides braced for the final decision.

Pickett's Charge. Lee was outnumbered at Gettysburg, and usually it takes more men to attack then to defend, but in this situation he knew he could win only by attack. After trying the ends of the line again with no success, Lee decided on July 3 to regroup his forces and make an all-out attack straight for the Federal center on Cemetery Hill. He had Longstreet assemble 15,000 men to make the charge. All morning the divisions moved up around Seminary Ridge. Pickett's Virginia division, which had arrived the night before, would lead the charge. With its right near the Peach Orchard, and its left near a sunken road, the assault column was nearly a mile wide. It would have to march across nearly a mile of open ground to reach the Federal positions.

Over on Cemetery Hill, General Hancock, commanding the Union Center, sensed that his turn might come today.

At 1 o'clock, 159 Confederate guns along Seminary Ridge opened fire -- concentrating on the clump of trees on Cemetery Hill.

Not all the Union artillery could fire on Seminary Ridge, but 77 guns replied, and during the next hour the batteries kept up fire in the greatest artillery duel ever to take place on the American continent. (The 18th Field Artillery still shows on its regimental badge a fish hook signifying its participation here in the Federal fish-hook shaped position.) In order to save ammunition, replace damaged pieces and cool the guns, the Union artillery chief ordered cease fire. The Confederates, whose own ammunition was short, thought this meant that Union artillery had been knocked out. At 3 o'clock Pickett's men started moving forward.

In perfect formation the gray column moved across the fields. On the hill some men stirred with tenseness. "Steady, men, steady! Don't fire yet." Fifteen minutes later Pickett's division disappeared briefly in a slight hollow. Then they came to view again, and with a wild "rebel yell" became a mass of charging infantry. Cannon and muskets opened fire in deadly fury. The gray ranks thinned but kept coming. Some artillerymen were loading their guns with double charges of grape and canister -- almost filling the barrel with shot -- and they blasted the charge at close range. In face of all that General Armistead led his Confederate brigade right into the gun positions. Cushing's Battery A of the 4th U. S. Artillery (now Battery C, 893d Antiaircraft Artillery) stood fast, hurling canister at 10 yards. Cushing was killed as he pushed his last gun forward to a fence, but Sgt Frederick Fuger took over and kept the one gun going. Louisiana Tigers pushed up East Cemetery Hill, grabbed one of the Union cannons and turned it around. Captain Cushing's artillerymen fought back at the Tigers with revolvers, bayonets, shovels, hand-spikes, pick axes, and stones. Armistead got through the Union positions on the hill, but he fell there mortally wounded. His advance marked the "high-water mark" of the Confederacy. Pennsylvanians and New Englanders counter-attacked and cut down or drove back the charging column. It turned back across the valley, while shot and shell followed.

Lee went out to meet the survivors. "It is all my fault," he said sadly.

In three days at Gettysburg Union forces had suffered 23,000 casualties, including over 3,000 killed, and the Confederates had lost almost as many. In 1944, American losses for the first eleven days in the **battle for** Normandy were 3,282 killed and 12,600 wounded. There in dedicating the cemetery Lincoln paid tribute to those who gave "the last full measure of devotion." "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here," he said, "but it can never forget what they did here."

To numbers of the heroes of Gettysburg went a new decoration - the Medal of Honor. This award had been established for the Army in 1862; in 1863 it was made permanent and extended to all who should "most distinguish themselves." It remains the country's highest military award.

After Gettysburg the Army of Northern Virginia retreated south of the Potomac to wage a final struggle for its existence.

7. "To Fight It Out on This Line If It Takes All Summer."

The Wilderness. Early in 1864 General Grant was made the commander-in-chief of all the Federal Armies. He would be the first man in modern history to command an army of a million men.

Grant made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, now one of the finest armies in the world. It was well-equipped, had an efficient supply and transport service -- its wagon trains would have reached 65 miles in a single line -- had a highly-developed signal corps which lay telegraph wire to brigades by reels mounted on mules, it had experienced leaders and trained men. Its men were known as the "thinking bayonets."

On 4 May, Grant sent the Army of the Potomac south of the Rapidan River. It met Lee's army on the 5th and there followed days of intense battling through the forests of Virginia known as the Wilderness.

In one sector here Private James Young, with two other soldiers, volunteered to go forward through the thicket to find the lay-out of the Confederate lines. Moving in close to the trenches they hit the ground as bullets cracked through the brush. One of the men was hit. But Young lifted him to his back and, with bullets still whistling all around him, he carried the man back to Union lines and made his report. He won a Medal of Honor.

The battle continued around Spottsylvania Court House when the Federals hit both sides and the nose of a wedge which the Confederates held in their lines. In some of the bloodiest fighting of the war men fought across this corner, which came to be known as the "Bloody Angle," or "Hell's Half-Acre."

Near Spottsylvania Private Frederick Alber saw two Confederates take his lieutenant prisoner. He was after them at once. He shot one and then clubbed the other with his musket, and made them both prisoners.

It was a costly, nasty business, but it was here that Grant said he had "put his foot down," and wrote in a dispatch: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

It did take all summer, and winter too, as Grant's men fought on -- and Lee's contested every foot -- through the thickets around the North Anna, down to Cold Harbor, and on to Petersburg.

Sherman's March to the Sea. While Grant kept Lee busy in the Wilderness, Sherman was carrying out the other part of the big plan in his march southward from Chattanooga, through Georgia to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the sea. From Kenesaw Mountain, Sherman signalled his famous message to a surrounded unit near Altoona: "Hold the fort, for I am coming"; later his words became the title of a popular song which soon swept the country. Then Sherman's men turned northward for an even more difficult march through the Carolinas.

8. "Biggest Explosion Since the Petersburg Mine."

Siege of Petersburg and Lee's Surrender. As Grant moved closer to Richmond he found the Confederate defenses stronger and stronger. He decided to move to the south of the capital, and, as at Vicksburg, to attack from the other direction. In June 1864, the Federal Army marched past Richmond, on the east, and crossed the James River over a 2,100-foot pontoon bridge -- someone called it "the greatest bridge since the days of Caesar." But Lee's Army followed around, and renewed attacks failed as the opposing armies dug in around Petersburg, to the south of Richmond.

In July the Federals tried to blast their way through the defenses. A regiment of Pennsylvania coal miners dug a tunnel under the Confederate works. Relays of soldiers then put 8,000 pounds of powder into this mine. At 4:44 A.M. on July 30 they touched it off. A terrific explosion shook the earth. More than 250 men went up with it. A crater over 250 feet long and 30 feet deep appeared in the ground. Federal troops poured through, but the startled Confederates recovered, and in the bloody "Battle of the Crater," they drove the Federals out.

Warfare around Petersburg then became a stabilized, trench warfare nearly as elaborate as that which developed in World War I. The men dug bombproof shelters and connecting trenches and set up wire entanglements. All kinds of guns and mortars went into action. Most common artillery was the smooth-bore 12-pounder "Napoleon gun" and the three-inch Parrot rifle, but there were many bigger ones. Both sides mounted some cannon on railroad cars. The guns were especially heavy because no system of springs had been developed yet to take up the "kick." But some would shoot over five miles, though they seldom were used for ranges of more than one or two miles. A number of the soldiers now had 16-shot repeating magazine rifles. Confederates said that Yankees loaded their rifles on Sunday and fired them all week. They threw hand grenades into opposing trenches -- and sometimes picked up a lighted one and hurled it back. There was a request for a "stink shell," and a suggestion for a flame thrower.

Now and then during the long months of the siege of Petersburg there would be an informal truce. Yankees and Johnny Rebs would swap Union coffee for Confederate tobacco. Sometimes they would play cards. Once two Maryland regiments were opposite each other, and a father and son met and talked until the signal, and then they returned to opposing trenches.

Lee tried to break through the Federal position, but he could not make it. Then, early in April 1865 he saw that the situation was desperate. He marched his men out to the west, and Union forces occupied Richmond.

Soon after, Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House.

It would take time for the Nation to overcome the bitterness of war between states and the destruction which it had brought, but numbers of the veterans of that war - from both sides - would form the hard core of the Old Army which would tame the Wild West and carry on its traditions.

CHAPTER 3: WINNING OF THE WEST AND AMERICA OVERSEAS

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WINNING OF THE WEST AND AMERICA OVERSEAS

A. EARLY CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE INDIANS

1. Wayne's Legion

The Americans who drove the British soldiers from the country had also been carrying on a continuous battle with the Indians. Solitary settlers on the wide frontiers could not keep them in check. An organized regular Army was necessary if the settlers were not to be massacred one by one. Thus in 1792 Congress formed an army called "The Legion of the United States." The oldest infantry regiment in the Army, the 3d Infantry Regiment, was a part of "The Legion." The hero of the Revolutionary war battle at Stony Point, General Anthony Wayne, took charge; "Old Mad Anthony" Wayne, he was called, but the Indians named him "Chief Who Never Sleeps."

Uniform. The soldier of the Legion continued to wear the blue uniform that he had worn in the Revolutionary War, uncomfortable and unsuited for frontier fighting. Its high stiff collar had lots of class and no comfort. Its tails, which caught in bushes and brambles, were a nuisance. The cross belts and tightly fitting breeches and leggings shortened the soldier's wind and cut down on his speed. His three-cornered hat had no visor to protect his face, but served as a catch-all for wind, snow, and rain. He even had trouble keeping it on his head at all. Yet the soldier of the Legion wore his uniform proudly in spite of its discomforts.

When fighting, the Legion soldier wore a deerskin shirt, jacket, and loose fitting breeches; it might be called his fatigue uniform. In place of the awkward three-cornered hat he wore a cap decorated with a coon tail.

If a man turned out in improper uniform at Reveille he would forfeit his half gill of whiskey -- a big loss on a cold winter morning. If he were found wearing a very dirty or greasy uniform he might get a penalty of twenty lashes with a bull whip.

On the March. To fight Indians required health and brawn and the regulars of the Legion had plenty of it. The regular's home on the frontier was a small outpost in a vast wilderness, often many miles from the nearest town. He helped to clear the timber, and his own sweat and toil went into the building of stockades and log cabins which gave him some shelter and safety. The soldier did not have his family with him because of the danger from constant Indian attacks. Passes and furloughs were infrequent because men could rarely be spared from their duties in defense of the country's borderland.

As the settlers went farther west, Army garrisons moved frequently. These marches were long and dangerous. At the head of a column guides who knew the country and friendly Indians would pick the route of march. Closely following them would come the advance company wholly or partially spread out, ready for immediate action. Then came the main body with its ancient guns that had seen service in the Revolution. Then came baggage wagons and a herd of cattle (chow on the hoof). A rear guard tailed the column. On the sides cavalrymen searched the forests for stray Indians and watched for surprise attacks.

The Sharp Ends of Guns. Danger was always part of the soldier's life on the frontier. When he stood guard at the sentry post, the slightest lapse in his watch might mean the end for him and all his comrades in the fort. A tomahawk on the guard's skull and a pine torch set to the stockade -- destruction could be that simple. On the march the threat of ambush was constant. No campsite along the trail was free from the hazard of sudden attack. Whether behind the strong timbers of his stockade, or moving cautiously through the woods, the soldier was always ready to fight for his life at a moment's notice.

Fighting was pretty much an individual matter to the regular soldier, but he knew that his life depended on cooperation, and his platoon fought as a team. He learned to fire platoon volleys, but individual firing was always important both in training and in combat. The regular soldier was a perfect shot even with the guns of that day. Good shooting on the firing range was very worthwhile; it was rewarded by an increase in the liquor ration. This pleasant tradition has been discontinued in the Army of today.

At first the regular soldier disliked the bayonet because it made muzzle-loading much harder, and before he got used to it, he would cut himself on it when he hurried. But later he became an expert in its use. It was suited to his rugged build and he knew its value in close quarters when there was no time to load his piece -- with the "sharp ends of guns" he spread terror and imposed order among the redmen.

Mad Anthony Wayne. As leader of the "United States Legion," Anthony was hard as nails. He insisted on absolute perfection in drill, discipline, and firing. Probably the men of the Legion griped as they polished their cartridge boxes and sewed patches on uniforms they had torn in the service of their country. No doubt the newer soldiers in the Legion could see no sense in the old man's "spit and polish," but they washed and polished and drilled and fired. The old soldiers knew that cleanliness and precision go hand in hand with clean weapons -- and the ability to use them in combat -- and even the newest soldiers realized Mad Anthony's formula one hot summer day in 1794 when America's new Regular Army met its test on the battlefield.

The Battle of Fallen Timbers. It took Mad Anthony a year to train his men, but in the spring of 1793 he claimed that he now had 2,500 men "worthy of being trusted in campaign." When he started to move into the Indian territory his army, his "Legion," numbered 2,643; some Kentucky sharpshooters had joined him along the way. With this small force he was to meet a greatly superior force of Indians. He built Fort Defiance at the junction of the Maumee and Anglaise Rivers in Ohio and went on to meet the Indians.

It was the 20th of August when the Legion faced Indians supplied and egged on by the British and set up for battle in a strong position on the banks of the Maumee River in Ohio. A tornado had left a wide path of fallen trees through the woods; hence the Battle of Fallen Timbers was a natural name for this engagement. The uprooted trees and tangled branches made a good cover for the redmen. Even their faces, bright with war paint, were hidden. In their natural trenches the Indians waited to mow down the regular troops. These same Indians had fought with soldiers before and won. But this was a different army -- one that kept on coming when it should have melted away before bullets shot from the cover of fallen timbers. Old Mad Anthony had placed his men with orders to fire once and then drive the Indians from cover with their bayonets. Infantrymen fired and then plunged forward with fixed bayonets, "long knives" as the Indians called them. Cavalrymen rode down the defenders and ran them through with long sabres. The savage could not stand up against "the sharp ends of guns."

Nor could he fight regular soldiers who had been trained how to fight and how to carry out orders. The Indians fled after losses twice as great as those of the Legion. Here at the Battle of Fallen Timbers our first permanent Regular Army, which had learned well Old Mad Anthony's lessons of drill and combat practice, brought the first peace to a savage frontier, but it was only a temporary peace.

2. William Henry Harrison and Tippecanoe.

In 1811 an Indian Chief, Tecumseh, had organized many Northwest tribes of Indians into a confederation and prepared an uprising which would kick out the white settler and set up an Indian Empire. William Henry Harrison, later President of the United States, led forces to keep these Indians in check. He camped on 6 November 1811 for the night on a rise of ground where Tippecanoe Creek flows into the Wabash. During the night Indian braves attacked the camp and after a sharp fight they were driven off. Harrison then proceeded to Tecumseh's village and ordered it be burned. With Harrison's victory at Tippecanoe the back of Indian resistance in the Northwest was broken and the Army was soon to push on to new frontiers.

3. "Old Hickory" in the South.

In 1814 Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," and a nucleus of 60 regulars decisively defeated the Creek Indians in an overwhelming victory at Horseshoe Bend in Florida. One more section of the country was safe from marauding savages.

4. The Black Hawk War.

Black Hawk was the last leader of the Indians who resisted the advance of the settlers east of the Mississippi. Like Tecumseh, he tried to organize his people in 1832; with Black Hawk's defeat in the battle of Bad Axe River, in Wisconsin, the last uprising in the Old Northwest was over. The Army had cleared the country from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and a man could stake out a claim anywhere in this vast region without fear of the redman's tomahawk.

B. ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI

1. Trail Blazing

While the Army had made safe the country east of the Mississippi, Army explorers had traveled from the Mississippi to the Pacific mapping the great plains, surveying the towering Rockies, and reporting on Indians, animals, and resources of this vast inland Empire. Between 1803 and 1806 the Army sent Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lt William Clark along with 27 men to travel the entire continent from east to west and back again from west to east. They took accurate surveys, plotted maps and made friendships with some Indians who had never seen a white man. They fought grizzly bears and rattlesnakes; they forded great rivers and covered endless plains.

At about the same time, another Army explorer, Capt Zebulon Pike, traveled from the upper Mississippi through the Indian and buffalo country as far west as the Rockies. Here he gave his name to a great mountain, Pike's Peak, which long beckoned to adventurous spirits back East who vowed to make "Pike's Peak or Bust."

When an eager public found out about their explorations, it became acquainted with the vast lands beyond the Mississippi and their undeveloped riches. To the suffering and daring of these soldier-explorers the settler owed the trail-blazing of the West.

2. Custer's Last Stand

After the Civil War General Grant had said "Let us have peace," and between North and South there was peace. But with the Indian there could be no peace for, on the withdrawal of the regulars from the West in 1862, the Indians had grown steadily bolder. During the War between the States the Indians, unchecked, had organized their smaller tribes into large forces and made the country west of the Mississippi a scene of massacre and bloodshed. The work of the Army in the first half of the century was almost undone, so far as the safety of the great West was concerned. But the Army reorganized its regular units as rapidly as possible for service against the Indians; most of the men were hard-bitten campaigners of Civil War battles.

The final result was a foregone conclusion, but the record speaks; there were more than 200 pitched battles between the Army and the Indians from 1866 to 1875 with the Army heavily outnumbered in almost all of them. Many a skirmish meant death to all. From 1866 to 1877 there was almost continuous fighting with the deadly Apaches. From 1866 to 1892 there was hardly a three-month period in which there was not an expedition against the Indians.

In the movie or "Western Story" magazine version of the winning of the West, it is always some rough, tough peace marshal or hot-fingered cowboy who brings law and order to the prairie. But always remember that the United States Army was the primary force of law which made possible the settling of the West.

Little Big Horn. The exact details of what happened to General Custer and 200 gallant men of his battalion will never be known. We do know that the victory of the redskins was complete; they wiped out almost all of the 7th Cavalry. The news of this massacre created intense excitement and symphathy and not only the Army, but the whole country vowed that the defeat would not go unavenged. Every garrison in the country was stripped of soldiers to build up frontier forts. They scattered the Indians but it took years of pursuit to round them up.

It is sometimes forgotten that not all of the 7th Cavalry was destroyed on that terrible June day on the Little Big Horn in the Dakotas. Two miles away from Custer, the rest of the 7th Cavalry fought for three days with the Indians before the Indians finally took off for the hills; they fought thirst as well as Indians since their only path to water was swept by Indian fire. Three men, Private Bancroft, Private Brant, and Private Goldin, volunteered to run the Indian fire and bring back water to the wouuded. In the same fight, Corporal Cunningham of Company B was wounded in the neck on the first day. He refused treatment and fought on at his post all through that day and the next. During the day a pack mule loaded with ammunition stampeded and ran into the Indian lines. Sergeant Hanle, of Company C ran right after it, in among the Indians; by a miracle he escaped being killed and brought it back. This type of fighting, "above and beyond the call of duty," beat the Indians off and won Medals of Honor for these five men for their actions.

The Battle of Wounded Knee in 1890 was the last pitched battle between Indians and the whites within the limits of the United States. Here a whole Sioux village was wiped out. It was a terrible revenge of the Seventh Cavalry for Custer's Last Stand.

Massacre Hill. Custer's last stand was not alone in the tales of violence by the Indians. On a plateau between two branches of Big Piney Creek, 236 miles from Fort Laramie, Fort Phil Kearney, later to be known as Fort Perilous or Fort Disastrous, was built to meet the menace of the Sioux warriers.

One clear, cold December day in 1866 wagons of the wood train rolled down the valley from Fort Kearney. Before it had gone far, however, Indians swooped down on it. An alert picket signalled back to the Fort, "Indians attacking wood train." "Boots and Saddles" rang through the fort, and shortly afterward, Captain Fetterman rode to the relief of the train with a force of eighty men.

The last that watchers on the stockade saw of Fetterman before the surrounding hills hid his column, he was moving not in the direction of the wagon train, but as if to take the Indians in the rear. Soon he met a few mounted Indians and bore down upon them. They turned and fled, craftily leading him on. Never had the old Indian trick of decoys worked so well, for on Fetterman's sides behind the hills and draws 2,000 Indians lay in wait under Chief Crazy Horse. They made no sound until the relief party had passed them and was halfway up the next slope.

Now was the moment. Chieftains signaled for the charge, and Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes burst from hiding upon Fetterman's party. Indians, both riding and running, hit the ridge from all sides. Down in the valley, the wood train, suddenly deserted, took off on the run for the fort. Colonel Carrington, hearing heavy firing on the ridge five miles away, sounded the general alarm, and ordered a company mustered for the rescue.

But on the ridge, which would be called Massacre Hill, the Indians were threatening to overcome Fetterman's force though the slopes were slippery with ice and snow. The Indians had few guns, nor did they need them. Flights of deadly arrows poured upon the defenders. Soldiers dropped fast, with feathered shafts in throat and chest. Plunging fire from the old Springfield muzzle-loaders let up, and before there was time to ram another charge the Indians were among the riflemen. Only the two sixteen-shot Henry repeaters still spoke, and the dead piled up around them until they too were finally silent.

Not a man of the Fetterman party was left to tell the tale. Their bodies were so horribly mutilated that it was difficult to recognize them. To this day the details of how they died are a mystery. When the relief party rode up, under Captain Ten Eyck, the howling Indians dared him to come on but in the face of such odds he held his ranks firm. Only when the Indians had ridden off did he advance and bring most of the bodies back to the fort. Some of them were never found.

Well aware of the deadly peril that now threatened the small fort, Colonel Carrington had all the explosives in the magazine arranged so that one powder charge could blow up the whole works. He then sent all the women and children into the magazine with orders that should the Indians overrun the stockade the magazine was to be blown up. It was better that the women and children should die instantly than be captured by the Indians.

Colonel Carrington knew that the coming night would be the Indians' golden opportunity. Luckily a fierce blizzard, 30 degrees below zero, prevented the Indians from attacking. The colonel knew that he could not wait for what the morning might bring, so he called for a volunteer to ride to Fort Laramie for help. John Phillips, called "Portuguee," a scout and veteran frontiersman, volunteered. He slipped from the stockade safely enough but had not gone far before the Indians sighted him. But he outdistanced them and stood them off all night. At daybreak he made a dash for freedom.

At Fort Laramie they were giving a Christmas Party. Outside in the bitter cold there rang the challenge of a sentry and then the call for the Officer of the Day. Through the open door the dancers in the warm ballroom could see a dying horse down in the snow. Into the room a heavy figure staggered on nearly frozen legs. Through an ice-covered beard he mumbled his report: "Courier from Kearney with important dispatches for the Commanding Officer." "Portuguee" Phillips swayed and crashed unconscious to the ballroom floor. In three days and nights he had ridden 236 miles through a terrible blizzard in weather thirty degrees below zero, and through an enemy determined to prevent his message from reaching Fort Laramie. The ride of Paul Revere has been immortalized in poem, but "Portuguee" Phillips' ride, one of the most remarkable exploits in Army history, is largely forgotten.

The 1st battalion of the 18th Infantry started immediately and got to Fort Kearney before the Indians could attack in force.

3. The Old Army of the West.

Each generation of soldiers grown old in the Service has its "Old Army," the "Old Army" of yesterday. None of the Old Armies in all our history had more color and stirring memories than the one which put down the savage in the winning of the West. A typical Western post in the '70's and '80's had a regiment of cavalry and four infantry companies. Reveille was at 5:45 a.m. when a polished twelve-pounder Napoleon gun boomed its salute to a new day, and the bugler sounded first call. Then the Colors would go up; this was the signal for men on stable duty to start feeding the horses. In the morning they rode

horses at drill or led them out to graze in the shadow of the hills with a guard. Guard mount was usually formal with keen competition among the new guard for selecting an orderly to the CO. The traditional reward for this was a pass. Dress parade was at 5:25 p.m. and was a colorful ceremony of flashing sabers, fluttering guidons, and precise marching. The freshly starched shirts worn at guard mount were not washed at a commercial laundry and the QM had not yet entered this field. Washing was a profitable business carried on by women whose husbands and brothers were members of the garrison. The soldiers nicknamed their part of the post "Soapsuds Row." Even to the frontier when the bugler might sound the Alarm — "To Arms" or "To Horse" — at any moment, the drill and discipline of a first rate Army never let up.

Fighting with the Indians meant continued hardship and death. The Indians carried modern repeating rifles. They learned new ways of fighting from the white man and adapted them to their own. In all these Indian campaigns the purpose of the soldier was never to knock out the redman completely but to put down uprisings with the least bloodshed. But for many years the peace of the plains was broken by bloody fighting. In one post cemetary on the frontier, all but three of the gravestones read "Tortured and killed by Apaches."

Frontier duty meant hard fighting and hard riding. It took hard men. Frontier soldiers were experienced Indian campaigners before the Civil War, and many won their battle spurs then. Now they had not only to fight against the Indian in his own territory, but also against the mountains and the deserts. Often rations were poor and so small as to justify griping. They might for long stretches have only wormy hardtack and bacon. Sometimes the bacon was so old that the fat had the bitter taste of quinine. Flour was wormy too. Because there were few fresh vegetables or fruits, scurvy with body sores and rotting teeth was common. Even good water was hard to get, and the soldiers had to drink strong alkali water which gave them diarrhea. On one occasion, the men of the 10th Cavalry, running down Indians in the intense heat of the Texas Plains, were without water of any kind for three days and four nights. They drank the blood of their dying horses and came through with a loss of only five men out of 61.

Clothing was pretty cheap or of the wrong kind. In winter, burlap wrapped around cheap shoes kept their feet from freezing. Few recognized the value of first aid and the soldier learned little about it.

The Army never had enough men, money, or modern equipment. The breech-loading single-shot Springfield was a good rifle, but could not compare with the repeating rifles that traders sold to Indians in large quantities. Many soldiers bought these repeaters out of their own pocket when they could afford them, in pure self-defense. But pride

of service and tradition filled these frontier soldiers. Some regiments dated back to the Revolution. Washington had praised this regiment; Zachary Taylor had cited this one; this battery was once Alexander Hamilton's. Some regiments marched proudly to their own battle march; and they wore their regimental insignia like a badge of valor. All through the Indian Wars that high spirit which carries men through battle grew. The small professional Army was almost alone in beating back the Indians.

The hard life of the frontier military post bred men..... men who could march and shoot and live off the country. Man for man, history has never known a finer Army than that which served as the settlers' advance guard and defender on the winning of our West.

C. THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

"Power Over Palm and Pine"

1. Remember the Maine

The spark that touched off the Spanish-American War was the blowing up of the battleship "Maine" in Havana Harbor. Although the greatest battles of the war were naval, such as Commodore Dewey's victory at Manila Bay, success on the sea had to be followed up by taking and holding the land. When the War began on 25 April 1898, the Army had only 25,000 men. The Spanish had an army more than five times as large as ours. The warlike mood of the country helped enlistments and by the middle of the summer two hundred thousand men had joined. The public was on a patriotic crusade and whipped up their enthusiasm by cries of "Remember the Maine," "To hell with Spain!" and "On to Cuba!"

On 8 May, the Government ordered 70,000 men to Cuba. However there was only enough ammunition in the whole country to supply them for one battle. Everything was lacking: food, transportation, horses, guns, and ammunition. There were only 67,000 modern rifles on hand; even at the end of the war some soldiers were still using old-fashioned rifles. Cotton khaki was first issued for uniforms in this war, but the supply and the time was short and most soldiers got the old blue serge uniform. The Army has been neglected since the Civil War and was not prepared for immediate large-scale combat.

2. "Cuba Libre."

This was one of the country's most enthusiastic wars in spite of its lack of equipment and unpreparedness. The war seemed to begin on a battlecry, "Remember the Maine," and to be carried on by songs and other battlecries. From one end of America to the other the cry soon went up, "Cuba Libre, Cuba Libre, Free Cuba"; between shouts the happy warriors sang "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

The Army first sent two Regulars, Lt Whitney and Lt Rowan, as scouts to Cuba and Puerto Rico to find out the condition of the enemy forces. Rowan delivered the famous "message to Garcia," the leader of the Cuban revolt against the Spanish. His mission to this day symbolizes the guts and determination of the American soldier.

The first troops did not reach Cuba until June 20, 2 months after war was declared, when sixteen thousand men landed at Siboney and Daiquiri, to the west of Santiago Bay. Unlike invasions of World War II, the landing was without incident, even without opposition. The men landed from the transports, singing "Where's my Wandering Boy Tonight," to mob the beaches with happy, excited horse-play which looked more like a picnic than an invasion. But soon the great heat, the swamps and the rugged country brought on malaria and yellow fever; their mood changed.

Led by two columns, one of Regulars and one of Roughriders, they pushed through the dense, mosquito-filled jungle over muddy trails as hidden snipers took a bloody toll. The "yellow canaries," as the Spaniards were dubbed, were first met at Las Guasimas, an outpost which covered the road leading to Santiago. This was an easy fight as the Spaniards suddenly turned tail and took off. General Joe Wheeler, an old Confederate warhorse, shouted, "Come on, boys. We've got the damn Yankees on the run."

But from then on in to Santiago, the Americans had to fight hard all the way. The road to the city followed a valley covered with jungle and crossed by a broken ridge called San Juan Hill. Here the Spaniards had dug in and fortified the top; two miles north of the road the Spaniards had built a blockhouse, trenches and barbed wire traps at El Caney. The advance toward El Caney was slow and painful. One Massachusetts soldier wrote home the following description:

"The battle of El Caney was no boy's play; in fact the infantry did the work of the artillery, since bad roads made it impossible to bring the guns up. The charge was made under fierce fire,

and our men kept dropping down by twos, threes and dozens, but our loss was nothing compared to the enemy's; the Spanish garrison was found lying in great heaps, a ghastly sight. We buried them in their own trenches."

As our soldiers stormed El Caney, at San Juan another fierce battle was raging. On the morning of the attack thousands of men slogged forward on the narrow jungle trails raked by Spanish Mausers. It was not until noon that they reached the open spaces before the Spanish fort on the hill. Suddenly blue-shirted infantrymen were charging up the slope under a withering fire from the Spaniards on top. It was here that Lt Jules G. Ord called to his men, "All who are brave, follow me," and charged up the hill at their head, to fall dead at the top.

Meanwhile on Kettle Hill on the north side of San Juan, the Roughriders and dismounted cavalry were advancing. The Roughriders were led by Theodore Roosevelt who, along with Col Leonard Wood, had helped to organize them. Col Leonard Wood, who first commanded the Roughriders, had served with the Army during the Indian Wars as had many of the Roughriders. He had won his commission as an officer in the Regular Army when he took charge of his outfit after all the officers had been killed. The Roughriders had seen much hard training and fighting in battling the Indians along the frontier. Only due to this training and experience were they able to do such a magnificent job at San Juan.

Riders of the Pony Express had first used the name Roughriders; and Teddy Roosevelt's Roughriders carried on their spirit of adventure. One of them is quoted as saying of the enemy, "They can't help being Spaniards any more than a skunk can help being a skunk. God made them that way." On the firing line he had the habit of strolling up and down smoking. He laughed back at the sergeant who warned him to pull in his neck, "Sergeant, the Spanish bullet ain't made that can kill me." Two minutes later, one struck him in the mouth and he fell dead.

Alongside the Roughriders the negro troopers of the 9th Cavalry fought as they pressed up the bloody slopes and finally gained the top.

With the capture of El Caney and San Juan the road to Santiago was open, but there was more fighting before the city was taken. As one soldier wrote home: "We have slept on our arms for three weeks, clothes, shoes, etc., all on; on the ground, of course, and in rain and sunshine; never leaving our intrenchments which are now encircling Santiago. We can plainly see and hear the enemy in their ditches only about 200 to 400 yards away. Each man cooks his

own pork and hard tack, and we have mangoes and cocoanuts regularly. The water supply is two miles off and the roads are halfway to the knee in mud. We stand it finely though, but are getting ragged. I have just heard a rumor that the city has surrendered. I hope it is true, for if we have to charge them, it will be a case of murder on both sides. They will murder us first and we will murder them next as soon as we can reach them. They are intrenched on the edge of the city, and have heavy barbed wire fencing everywhere in front; this gives them more time for shot and shell at us!"

3. The Philippines - Capture of Manila

Meanwhile on the other side of the world, 12,000 miles away, another American Army was testing the might of the Spanish Empire in the Philippines. Ten thousand men, equipped with artillery with recoil gear for the first time, sailed from the United States. On July 4, 1898, the convoy stopped to raise the United States flag over Wake Island in the middle of the Pacific. They arrived before Manila, where Filipino rebels were already annoying the Spanish who held the city. Rain came down without end. In trenches half filled with water and sweating in blue serge, like their comrades in Cuba, they first fought the mud, mosquitoes, heat, and tropical diseases which killed more men than bullets. After a few night skirmishes, they prepared for a general attack on Manila. The Spaniards had no heart in fighting and surrendered with only a token show of resistance and the Army soon raised the Stars and Stripes from its headquarters on the city of Manila.

When the war ended, Puerto Rico and the Philippines were ours, and a new nation, Cuba, had been given its freedom by the American soldier.

4. Philippine Rebels - Capture of Aguinaldo

But fighting did not end in our new territory in the Philippines. Emilio Aguinaldo, leader of the Philippine rebels, who had at first helped the Americans to drive out the Spanish, lost little time in launching bloody guerrilla warfare against the American Army. Moreover, the savage Moros started a small war of their own against the new government; they were eventually conquered by Captain John J. Pershing, later to lead the Army in the World War I. This was the hardest kind of combat, marked by treachery and stealth. Our small Army lived and fought among a large population half-civilized and hostile.

The capture of Aguinaldo is a story stranger than fiction. General Funston, who had won the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry in the Philippines, found out the location of Aguinaldo's secret hide-out in the jungles of Luzon. He knew that the guerrilla chief would simply vanish in the jungle if troops in large numbers went out after him, so he hatched a daring plan.

On the night of 4 March 1901 a small party of men were quietly set ashore on northern Luzon by the U.S.S. "Vicksburg." A former Philippine rebel who had just pledged his loyalty to the United States led them. Funston pretended to be a prisoner of this rebel and his men, who had now also joined the U. S. forces, and they pretended they were to take him to Aguinaldo as a prisoner. They made their way through steaming jungles and unfriendly villages where one slip might have meant death.

Aguinaldo and his men were caught off guard, and eleven days later the successful raiders met the "Vicksburg" again; their mission was accomplished. General Funston had his man. Aguinaldo's capture took the heart out of the rebel uprising.

D. THE BOXER EXPEDITION

1. "Keep Up the Fire."

In the summer of 1900, news flashed over the world that Chinese known as "Righteous Fists of Harmony," or "Boxers," who wished to drive "foreign devils" out of China, had suddenly attacked Americans living in the Forbidden City of Peking. Some were killed and the rest were besieged in the international section of the Chinese capital. The gallant American guard held out against the attacker for weeks while the world held its breath.

The 9th Infantry under Colonel Liscum, although delayed by a typhoon, rushed from Manila to the rescue. It was the first outfit to arrive in China; the 14th and 15th Infantry and the 6th Cavalry were on the way. Going forward with very little cover, the Americans were hard hit. At Tientsin, for fifteen hours, they carried on a murderous attack. Colonel Liscum was mortally wounded and as he fell dying he called his last brave words to his men, "Keep up the fire." (Men of the 9th still wear that motto on their regimental shield.) They kept up the fire and the city was finally captured; ninety-five American soldiers died.

2. The Forbidden City

Joined by the 14th Infantry and the 6th Cavalry, the Ninth marched toward Peking engaging the enemy along the way. Peking was a completely walled city; the walls from 30 to 50 feet high and 20 to 40 feet wide on top. Chinese rifles and "jingals" or "two-man guns," large muskets fired from a nest or carriage, raked the approaches to the city with fire. But directly under the walls were dead spaces where the Chinese could not fire. The Americans, the 14th Infantry leading, scaled the wall at a partially sheltered angle. The first men scrambled up the bare face of the wall by climbing on spaces where bricks had fallen; they pulled rifles and ammunition up after them. Once on top, the first men covered the wall as more men climbed. The 14th gained entrance, and planted the regimental colors on the wall -- the first foreign flag to fly there. They then drove the Chinese southward in the city and relieved the beseiged Americans in the international area that afternoon.

Most of the American troops left by that winter, but the 15th Infantry remained in China for many years. Its regimental insignia bears the motto "Can Do," a phrase of pidgin English picked up from the Chinese which shows the spirit of the 15th; they "Can Do" anything. Soldiers had arrived in Peking in time to save their fellow-Americans and to show the world that the United States Army could and would protect its citizens in whatever country they were attacked.

E. BEGINNING OF A CENTURY

Keeping the Peace.

Keeping the peace in the Philippines, policing Guam, Hawaii and Puerto Rico, and carrying out reconstruction in Cuba were keeping the Army's hands full. But even with these far flung activities improvements were constantly being made in the training of the Army.

Early in the century the Army achieved notable results in some of its peacetime jobs. Among these were the discovery of the cause of yellow fever and the stupendous work of completing the Panama Canal. The San Francisco earthquake and Mississippi floods also brought calls for the soldier's help.

But even in these years of peace the Army performed combat missions. In 1907, troops restored order in Cuba, primarily by their very presence. Seven years later General Funston, of Philippine fame, led troops to Vera Cruz, Mexico, the same place that General Scott had occupied seventy years before. This movement was in connection with troubles on the Mexican border which flamed intermittently over a period of several years. In 1916, General Pershing chased the Mexican bandit Pancho Villa south of the border because of his raids on United States soil. The National Guard was mobilized that year in anticipation of one war that was avoided and got ready for another which was already raging in Europe.

CHAPTER 4: WORLD WAR I

OUTLINE

A. THE YANKS ARE COMING

1. "Sunny France"
2. The Doughboy
3. The Front
4. "Lafayette, We Are Here"
5. Train to Attack
6. "Duty, Honor, Country" : West Point in the Tradition of the Army

B. THE FIRST BATTLES

1. Cantigny
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C. THE BIG PUSH

1. St Mihiel
2. "America's Greatest Battle" : The Meuse-Argonne

a. Meuse-Argonne Offensive

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e. Victory

CHAPTER 4: WORLD WAR I

A. THE YANKS ARE COMING

1. "Sunny France"

Feeling ran high among the American people during the day before entry into World War I. The whole country had been shocked by the stories of German atrocity in Belgium and by the sinking of the Lusitania in 1915. Some Americans had enlisted in the French Foreign Legion and others served with the British and Canadian armies. Germany's ruthless submarine warfare against American shipping finally led to the mobilization of our Army: 12 days before declaration of war, the President began calling the remainder of the National Guard into service.

When President Wilson told Congress that "right is more precious than peace," he said what was in the heart of every American. Four days later came the declaration of war and the Nation was united in the determination to "make the world safe for democracy."

The decision of America to enter the war came at a dramatic moment in history. Revolution and defeat knocked Russia out of the war. Belgium lay flat, and England and France were bled white in their desperate efforts to stem the German onslaught. America had the men, the materials, and the will to turn the tide. But did she have the time? French Poilus and the British Tommies in the trenches asked the same question in another way, "Can we hold out long enough?" The fate of the world lay with those men who would wear the uniform of the U.S. Army.

The nation was far from ready to send large forces into combat. The Regular Army and National Guard totalled less than 300,000 men. This small number expanded into a great force of nearly four million. Another year was to pass before our soldiers would be in the trenches in France.

John J. Pershing was chosen to lead the AEF. He was a seasoned campaigner with more than 30 years of distinguished service behind him. Hard campaigning against Apache and Sioux Indians, and cool bravery under fire at San Juan Hill marked his career. It included combat in Philippine jungles and observing in the Russo-Japanese war. It took him to Mexico as leader of the Punitive Expedition against Pancho Villa. Pershing had been through the mill of combat and command.

The new soldiers showed the same enthusiasm for learning soldiering that had marked their fathers in five former wars. They sang "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up In the Morning" and stuttered through "K-K-K-Katy." On the way to France and after they got there they sang that old reliable "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here" and added new verses to the dozens of verses they already knew of "The Mademoiselle from Armentieres" such as

"It isn't the war that makes me a wreck,

Tis Mademoiselle - she sure can neck!

Hinky - dinky, parley-vous."

Even after grueling weeks in the trenches as they dragged back to a rest area they could still sing:

"Oh, I've been wounded in the fight;

Shot at sunrise, gassed at night,

Outside of that I feel all right,

And I ain't got weary yet."

2. The Doughboy.

Nobody is certain exactly how the soldier of World War I came to be called the doughboy. Some say that the term came into fashion back in the days when infantrymen cleaned their white trimmings with pipe clay which ran like dough when rained upon. Others who are more likely to be right, trace the nickname to the time when the infantry was on the Mexican Border where "adobe" means "mud" and where the soldier's close contact with it during the

rainy season earned him the title of "dobie crusher" or "mud crusher." This later was probably shortened to "dobie boy" or "doughboy." This we do know, that the infantryman of World War I was the first to be known everywhere by this name, and the infantryman of any war takes mud in his stride. When he reached France and the rains fell and he marched over land that had been trampled and fought over since August 1914, he grumbled at the skies and the mud. Corporal Jack Carroll wrote some lines about mud which express, in a mild way, what every doughboy felt:

Oh, the grimy mud, the slimy mud,

The cheesy mud, the greasy mud, that filters through your hair.

You sleep in the mud, and drink it, that's true;

There's mud in the bacon, the rice and the stew

When you open an egg you'll find mud in it too--

Sunny France!

The doughboy of that war turned out in a woolen olive drab uniform that was not noted for comfort. Its blouse had a high stiff collar which fastened closely about the neck, and served no more useful purpose than to display insignia. It also absorbed much of the sweat worked up on the drill field. He wore breeches and spiral puttees wrapped snugly about his legs. He wore the wide-brimmed campaign hat which remained part of the Army uniform until World War II. His buttons were bronze instead of brass, because he would wear his blouse in the trenches as well as in garrison. When he went overseas he would turn in his campaign hat and draw a soft woolen affair which he called an "overseas cap." When in the trenches he wore a steel helmet for the first time. It looked like an old metal soup plate on his head, but he was glad to have it on when shrapnel started flying. He was the first American soldier to wear a shoulder patch. It happened more or less by accident. In the summer of 1918 the 81st (Wildcat) Division sewed a picture of a wildcat on their shoulder sleeves when going through Hoboken on their way to France. In France GHQ got wind of their shoulder patches and ordered that they not be worn. GHQ later changed its mind and not only allowed the Wildcats to keep their shoulder patches, but soon required everybody to wear them. Practically a part of the uniform when in the trenches at least was the "cootie" or "seam squirrel" which someone called "a louse with military training." Idle moments when the guns were quiet were often spent in "shirt reading" or rooting out the cootie.

A colorful addition to the uniform was the fourragere which the grateful French gave to American regiments

which fought with distinction. The fourragere is a cord of one or several colors looped from the shoulders and according to some authorities originated with the Flemish troops in the employ of the Duke of Alva. He complained that the Flemish showed cowardice on the field of battle and ordered any soldier who ran away from combat to be hanged. Because of this insult to their bravery, the Flemish brazenly wore a coil of rope with a nail. Later they so proved their courage that their "rope and nail" -- the fourragere -- became a symbol of bravery. The French officially adopted it as a mark of valiant action by a unit.

Since 1908 the weapon of our infantrymen had been the U. S. Rifle M1903, sometimes called the "Springfield." However, because not enough of these were available, some divisions carried an American-made version of the British Enfield. The U. S. Browning machine gun and automatic rifle, which were the finest weapons of their type to come out of the war, were not ready until shortly before the Armistice, so Yanks had to use the French Hotchkiss and British Lewis machine guns. The famous "French '75" became the mainstay of our field artillery. Horses did most of the hauling. The field artillery was entirely horse-drawn, and the infantry division depended on that time-honored character of war and peace, the Army mule. There were 1900 animals and 1000 vehicles in an infantry division.

3. The Front

Americans thought of the Western Front in terms of trenches, dugouts, and no-man's land full of shell-craters between the lines. For months at a time the position of the armies locked in struggle would change but little. Deadlock in the trenches was largely due to the machine gun which kept both sides pinned down. In the fall of 1917 the Western Front extended for more than 400 miles north of the Swiss border to Nancy and Metz, northwest through St. Mihiel, Verdun, Rheims, and Soissons; and curving north again through Ypres to the English Channel.

This front was a vast tangle of trenches and barbed wire manned by infantry and dominated by the machine gun. The tank was a cure for the machine gun. The British designed a tank based on the American caterpillar tractor and first used the new war monster at Cambrai in November 1917 with complete surprise. Machine-gun bullets bounced off the sides of these iron monsters which carried their crews through barbed wire jungles, across trenches, and through enemy positions. The cold steel of the bayonet and hand grenades was used along with the flame thrower, poison gas, and the airplane. Radio and auto equipment which armies were beginning to use were replacing horses and mules.

One of the most striking aspects of the war was the use of field artillery. Big guns kept the nights bright with muzzle

flashes and bursting shells. World War I was the first war in which artillery was used on such a grand scale; it accounted for the largest part of the casualties. The Germans developed a "Big Bertha" which fired on Paris from a distance of 70 miles. It did not do enough damage to warrant its great cost however. The guns of shorter range on the front seemed to fire ceaselessly and their shells sought out the doughboy in his trench or dugout where he was comparatively safe from other attacks. Some believe that a shell may have their number on it, and that they are bound to get hit sooner or later. However, although shelling did cause the largest number of casualties, in comparing the stupendous number of shells fired with the number of casualties, it is obvious that thousands and thousands of shells didn't hit anybody.

4. "Lafayette, We are Here."

The first of the AEF arrived at Paris in June of 1917. On 4 July these first American soldiers massed before the tomb of a gallant Frenchman who had come to aid the hard-pressed army of George Washington 140 years before. The simple words spoken on that occasion are rich in meaning and came deep from the heart of a grateful republic to the battered land of France: "Lafayette, we are here."

Men and weapons went across the Atlantic slowly at first, but gradually American strength built up behind the Western Front. By March 1918, 1000 men per day were landing in France and before the Armistice this had increased to 10,000 a day. In all, over 2,000,000 men went across the Atlantic.

5. Train to Attack

On the night of 20 October 1917, the first U. S. troops entered the line. This was the 1st Division; it took its place along the line with French units, and under French command. As training progressed and more troops arrived overseas, Pershing's well-known iron will became clearer. He insisted on two things: (1) American soldiers were to fight together in their own outfits and not be used as single replacements in the British and French units already in the lines; (2) the only way to win the war was by heavy attack against the defenses of trenches and machine guns. He said, "Send me men who can shoot and salute."

When the AEF tried to make use of battle-experience of British and French who had fought for three long years it ran into an awkward situation. Their combat know-how was valuable and the

AEF was eager to find out about it. But British and French who had fought so long in the trenches had come to look on trench fighting as the normal thing, and to forget earlier teachings for a war of movement. Pershing could not accept this trench war as the solution for victory. He welcomed the foreign instructors who had much about battle weapons to teach, but he used their teachings to promote his own idea of a war of attack and movement. Despite much criticism, by Allies and within the Army itself, that the high command had "learned nothing since Custer," Pershing continued to train the AEF for attack, for offensive war that would knock the Hun out of his dugouts and trenches and back to Germany. Out of his wisdom and the courage of his convictions came Cantigny and the greater victories which were to follow.

6. "Duty, Honor, Country."

General Pershing in setting up the training program of attack and movement which turned the tide of war in Europe used West Point, the United States Military Academy, as a standard of training. He said, "The standard of the AEF will be the standard of West Point." His training program called for perfection in drill and practice. He knew that soldiers who were battle-trained didn't make mistakes which result in unnecessary casualties in battle. Drill and battle practice accustomed the soldier to make the right decisions when he had no time to think, but had to act on instinct and habit.

In the huge cantonments hastily set up in France with rough plumbing and muddy streets, it was not easy to duplicate the spit and polish, the crackerjack marching, the cleanliness of West Point. But even though these doughboys marched and drilled on mud-soaked fields in poorly-fitted uniforms without the glamour of the West Point cadet, their spirit of enthusiasm and determination equalled that of the most eager cadet ever to lift a barracks bag.

On the surface Pershing knew the AEF could only adopt its methods to the hard conditions of the moment, but the will-to-win and the perfection of battle know-how, the real spirit of West Point, was never compromised.

A United States Military Academy had been the dream of America's first great military leader, George Washington. He had seen the great need for trained soldiers as he led his men through the defeats of the Revolution. Steuben who had trained the patriot army at Valley Forge shared Washington's hope for a training school. But it was not until 1802 that this school became a reality. President Thomas Jefferson ordered that the historic Revolutionary stronghold at West Point on the Hudson River be used as the home of a United States Military Academy.

Not until after the War of 1812 did West Point play a major part in the growth of the Army. Its purpose was to train leaders for the Army, but it was something new in America at that time; its officers were on part time duty at the Academy and it got a slow start. After about 20 years West Point took on some of its noted discipline under such leaders as "Old Pewter" as the cadets called Superintendent Alden Partridge.

Captain Sylvanus Thayer, an engineer who served in the War of 1812, was the real father of the Academy. He made West Point the first scientific and technical school in America. It became the equal of the best military academies of Europe. Other notable characters, like "Old Tush" Davis who taught mathematics for 21 years, served to build the Point to its place as the "Cradle of the Army."

Honor, Thayer insisted, must be the first thought of the soldier. The West Point cadet was made always conscious of the "honor of the corps."

As the years passed West Point grew with the traditions of the Army. Its high standards became the standards for the Army. It provided a pattern for military schools throughout the country. Its cadets came from every district of the United States, from the Regular Army, from the National Guard. Its motto - "Duty, Honor, Country" became the Army's goal.

B. FIRST BATTLES

1. Cantigny

The 28th of May 1918 is a memorable date in the history of World War I. It was then that the 1st Infantry Division made the first attack against the entrenched Germans. It was highly important that their attack be a success, since British and French soldiers would be watching closely to see how Americans stood up in battle. To this end they planned the attack far in advance and in the most minute detail. They left nothing to chance and even rehearsed the attack itself behind the lines on ground like that of the coming battle.

The day before the attack the Krauts, sensing that something was up, raided the whole front line and drenched it with 15,000 deadly gas shells. The only prisoner they captured refused to talk. That night the Division moved up and got set for the push-off.

From 5:45 a.m. to 6:45 a.m. the Americans shelled Cantigny; then at "zero hour" the doughboys went over the top of the trenches and advanced across shell-torn fields closely behind a curtain of their own artillery fire; the famous "rolling barrage." Heavy guns shelled the German rear areas to prevent them from bringing up supplies or more soldiers. French tanks and flame throwers gave their help to the American doughboys. Within 88 minutes they had killed, captured, or wounded every German within their zone of advance. The 28th Infantry, supported by the 18th Infantry, First Engineers and Division Artillery dug in and beat off bitter German attacks for two days. This was Cantigny. Pershing's theory and training had been justified.

2. Chateau Thierry

In May 1918 the Germans realized that if they were to win the war, they would have to knock out the French and British before the Americans got there. To meet this threat the Germans prepared a great drive. They advanced rapidly toward the Marne River and, meeting little resistance, they started to drive toward Paris. The French people were terrified and the Government made preparations to flee from Paris. Reserves rushed from all sections of the front. The 2d Division and the 3d Division moved quickly to the danger sector to help the Allies hold the line. At 4 p.m. on 31 May the 3d went into action at Chateau Thierry amid cheers of the French who at last saw some relief in sight. The very presence of Americans raised the morale of the Allies who had now been fighting for four years. Here American machine gunners held off the Germans who tried to cross the Marne at Chateau Thierry just where the French had blown up a bridge. The French General, Duchesne, expressed the admiration of the French for the 3d's ability. He said, "It prevented the enemy from crossing the Marne. In the course of violent combats it inflicted severe losses on the enemy and covered itself with glory by its bravery and ability."

As the 3d lent its strong arm to the French at Chateau Thierry, the 2d Division met a German advance which threatened Paris itself. The 2d was hurrying north to aid the 1st Division when it turned aside in the nick of time to meet the Germans who were advancing along the Paris road and threatening to reach the capital itself. They had been moving forward for days and the French, worn out with battle, had been unable to stop their advance. By a stroke of luck soon after the 2d relieved the French in the front line, an American artillery observer spotted large numbers of Germans on the road in front of the American sector. He called for fire, and American guns laid down a heavy barrage on enemy concentrations. The 2d succeeded in beating back the Kraut attacks and stopped the drive on Paris.

With these victories, and after the hard won capture of Belleau Wood and Vaux by the 2d Division -- which for this particular action had two Marine regiments attached in place of one of its regular brigades -- the American reputation increased and the Germans realized that they had taken on more than they had expected. But Von Hindenberg still felt that there was time for the Germans to crush the Allies before any more Americans could get across the sea and in the trenches. Ludendorff and Von Hindenberg had made a plan for four great attacks beginning in March. They planned to make great use of infiltration, a new method of attack they had picked up from a French manual. They planned to exploit the weakness of the Allies and in a series of hammerblows hit the British first, then the French, and drive them back reeling to the English Channel. The first two German blows were a success; the British were pushed back 40 miles in their sector and a gain of 30 miles was made against the French. The length of these advances was astonishing when one considers the lack of movement which trench war imposed. Before, the great armies jockeyed back and forth over a few feet or a few bloody inches; the 30-mile and 40-mile advance was a smashing victory. Chateau Thierry was the third hammer-blow and the Germans had confidently expected great results. With American help the French had held the line; the Germans were still on the other side of the Marne. They had stopped the third German hammer-blow.

3. Rheims

General Gouraud, who had charge of the sector around Rheims, suspected that the Germans were planning on attack and he raided the German lines to pick up some prisoners who might tip him off on the details. He found out that the Germans were all ready in large numbers, that an artillery attack would begin at midnight and that the German infantry would shove off at 4:30 in the morning. To outwit them, Gouraud ordered the French artillery to start firing at once. The sudden barrage hit the Germans by surprise and took a heavy toll of lives. But the German attack opened on schedule. The artillery thundered to make a path for the infantry and the infantry rushed forward. But Gouraud had outfoxed them. He had withdrawn most of his men from the front battle position so that the first German blow was a dud. From the second battle position the Americans and the French smashed into the attacking Germans before they could catch their breath and killed hundreds. The Germans went no further; the attack at Rheims had failed.

Of the American units who smashed this attack and held the line with the French, the French spoke of the American 42d (Rainbow) Division as follows: "It had the honor of rivalling its French comrades in courage and daring. Its men went under fire as if to a football

game, with shirt sleeves rolled up. In one trench where they worked with our men, one could count 60 bodies in less than 75 feet. The Germans who have seen them at work can no longer doubt that they are here, or even as our soldiers say, 'quite a bit here'."

4. The Rock of the Marne

Meanwhile, on the Marne River, the Germans opened an attack on the 3d Division with a great barrage of artillery; then under a cover of fog and a smoke screen they began crossing the Marne. Throwing in everything they had, the 3d was unable to stop the overwhelming rush although they inflicted a heavy loss and sank many boats. The Germans made the crossing and set up on the 3d's side of the river.

General Dickman prepared to counterattack and although his French commander advised him to wait, the 3d struck anyway and threw the enemy back across the river. After the terrific battle was over, General Dickman reported, "Although the rush of German troops overwhelmed some of our first-line positions, causing the infantry and machine gun companies to suffer, in some cases, a fifty percent loss, no German soldier crossed the road except as a prisoner of war and by noon of the following day there were no Germans in the foreground of the 3d Division sector except the dead." From this action the 3d Division is known as the "Marne" or the "Rock of the Marne." The 38th Infantry, to whom belongs the lion's share of the credit for the victory, wear on their regimental badge the phrase "Rock of the Marne." Their badge also shows a chevron broken in the center which indicates the 38th broke the point of the German drive on the Marne. The crest of the badge shows a boulder to signify the 38th's strength as the "Rock of the Marne." The 10th Field Artillery, which supported the 38th Infantry, have on their unit badge crossed rifles supporting a rock to indicate its part in the action.

Lt Lovejoy of the 38th Infantry described the battle as follows: "Day was just breaking: and through the mist, fog and smoke one could see the boats and rafts loaded to the gunwales with enemy infantrymen and machine gunners set out for the southern bank. That was about 3:30 o'clock yet not one crossed that day in the center of the sector, in front of Company H or on the right in front of Company E. Men of the 38th, who had escaped the hours of shelling, met every attempt with rifle and automatic-weapon fire. Scores of those boats were shattered and sunk or else disabled and sent drifting harmlessly down the river. Hundreds of Huns jumped into the water and were drowned. Those who reached our side by swimming were either killed or captured. Soldiers wounded in the early morning

remained at their automatic rifles or in their rifle pits unflinchingly until killed. One man of Company G was later found lifeless with his rifle and pistol empty, and in front of him a heap of twelve dead Germans. Another private's body was found surrounded by five of the enemy, all killed by a bayonet; but his own rifle was clutched in his hands, ready for more work when he was stopped by a bullet from a machine gun. At this time Company G was really the pivotal point of the attack, because in front of this company the Germans had erected a pontoon bridge over which swarmed a host of machine gunners. By means of a second pontoon bridge, the enemy was enabled to direct a flanking fire on the left. But Company G made heroic counter-attacks in the course of which it took more than 400 prisoners, in spite of overwhelming odds."

"On this occasion," Pershing wrote, "a single regiment of the 3d Division wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals. It prevented the crossing at certain points on its front, while on either flank, the Germans who had gained a footing pressed forward. Our men, firing in three directions, met the German attacks with counter-attacks at critical points and succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion, capturing 600 prisoners."

C. THE BIG PUSH

1. St Mihiel

At last, in the fall of 1918 an All-American Army formed to wipe out the bulge in the German lines at St Mihiel. The bulge was to be pinched off by a careful attack from two directions. Here the Americans were to break into open attack which Pershing maintained would win the war.

At 1 o'clock in the morning of 12 September 1918 a terrific bombardment of 2900 guns began and lasted for four hours. At an instant the sky was as bright as day when every gun of the American Army fired in unison the opening shot of this first American offensive. Platoon leaders who had spent a month looking up at the fortified German hills wondered when the Germans would begin to pour a deadly return fire into them. Just before the dawn of that foggy, rainy morning the rolling barrage began. The signal came to go over the top and up out of the mud where they had lain for hours came the stiff doughboys. The major looked at his watch, then at the barrage, then at his watch again and gave the signal to advance. In the

darkness wave after wave of doughboys moved forward until German barbed wire was reached. Here, under cover of intense American artillery barrage, they cut their way through belts of barbed wire. These were different tactics. Normally in the past the infantry had not attacked until the artillery, after a lengthy preparation, had destroyed the enemy barbed wire. This time the artillery had not cut the wire, but had smothered the German batteries. The doughboys soon cut the wire and, moving forward, supported by tanks, which usually went no faster than four or five miles per hour, swept across the shell-crafters and traps of no-man's land to take German positions and the Germans who held them. In 26 hours of fighting the American Army doomed to capture 16,000 of the enemy.

2. "America's Greatest Battle."

Just two weeks after St Mihiel the Allied Armies under Marshal Foch of France began the great attack which shattered the German Army and led to its surrender. Foch assigned the Meuse-Argonne sector to the AEF. This was a post of high honor since here the Germans were expected to make their most determined stand; if they lost in the Meuse-Argonne, all was lost. The Americans were relatively inexperienced compared to the British and French, but their morale was high, they were fresh and eager for victory. After four terrible years the French and British could no longer pound the Germans with the vigor of earlier attacks.

The Americans in getting ready for the push toward Verdun and Sedan looked over the land they would fight over and saw that it too was favorable to the Germans. There were great natural obstacles and the Germans had worked on these for four years building a defensive line that appeared impregnable. On one side was the Argonne Forest mined and fortified from tree to tree. Before them were the hills of Montfaucon which gave German observers a view of the whole American front. On the other side on the east bank of the Meuse River were more hills heavily fortified. The land up to the hills was broken by ridges which offered good cover to the Germans. Near Verdun itself was a network of trenches and defense positions spread over 12 miles back which used every advantage of the hilly country. Verdun was the key which would unlock the whole system of German defense. Even to the most optimistic observer it appeared impossible that Verdun could be taken by direct attack. From 26 September until the Armistice, Pershing's army was to fight over this ground of earlier French defeat. It was to be a continuous series of battles in which the American soldier advanced through tornadoes of fire upon positions which the enemy had spent four years in preparing.

Meuse-Argonne Offensive. The Americans prepared for the Meuse-Argonne offensive with great secrecy. All men and weapons moved entirely under cover of darkness; during daylight they stopped all activity and kept in concealment. At night roads leading into the area were jammed with men and guns. On most of the front French soldiers stayed in outpost positions until the last minute to keep the Germans from seeing any Americans or capturing any who might indicate an attack was coming. The gigantic movement of 600,000 men into the area was kept a secret. Finally on the night of 25 September the First Army stood on its new front ready for the battle that was to begin at dawn.

At the jumping-off line of the attack stood Dead Man's Hill were heroic French defenders of Verdun had fought out the great German attacks in 1916. On the evening of 26 September the strong German first position was in American hands. The fortress of Montfaucon did not fall the first day, but deep drives into the German lines on both sides made its capture only a matter of hours.

As the American front advanced in the middle, on the left side, as Grant plunged into the wilderness in 1864, so Pershing's men plunged into the deadly Argonne Forest in 1918. The forest was a mass of barbed wire strung from tree to tree; death was everywhere. Carefully hidden machine gun nests spouted fire into advancing Americans. Yet the Americans advanced. The Lost Battalion was typical of the heroism which all units display.

The Lost Battalion. In the Argonne Forest on 2 October the 77th (Statue of Liberty) Division was ordered to seize and hold certain German positions. The 77th was made up largely of men from New York City; their division commander called them hardy backwoodsman from The Bowery, Fifth Avenue, and Hester Street. Under Major Charles Whittlesey, a battalion of the 307th Infantry, and the 306th Machine Gun Battalion, advanced in spite of heavy losses to carry out the mission of the 77th. As units on each side slowed down, this battalion found itself deep in the German positions with contact cut off. Germans quickly cut around behind them, and, by stringing new barbed wire and setting up new machine gun positions, blocked them off completely from the main body of Americans. The Huns surrounded them so closely that German artillery which had plastered them at first did not fire because of danger of hitting their own men. But the Germans hit the Lost Battalion with everything else they had: rifles, machine guns, trench mortars, grenades. After two days of this, Major Whittlesey sent out a message with the last of his carrier pigeons: "Men are suffering from hunger and exposure and the wounded are in very bad condition. Cannot support be sent at once?" They had no chow, no coffee, no blankets and very little to smoke. They became

more nervous and exhausted as hours of battling somehow passed. Pvt Philip Cepeglia of the Bronx, while trying to fill some canteens from rain water in shell-holes, hit some gravel and sent a bunch of stones flying into a soldier stretched out on the lower slope. The soldier swore at his clumsiness. Cepeglia flared, "You wanna make something of it? All right, I'll fight you right now!" But someone grabbed him and pulled him down, saying, "If you want to fight, fight the Germans." They did fight the Germans until they fell either from exhaustion or Kraut bullets. The moans of the wounded spurred them on. They became weak with hunger. Major Whittlesey in making rounds of encouragement found a man chewing on a small piece of black bread. "Where did you get that," he asked. "Off a dead Boche, sir. Have some?" "No, you earned it, eat it up."

Morale was high and the men wanted to fight. When someone got winged a man might shout: "Come on, they got him. Let's go up there and kill some of those bastards." But the smell of death and the constant hammering of Boche guns left their mark. Heroic efforts to break through to the Lost Battalion failed. For four days they went without food and practically without water. Even attempts to drop them food by plane failed; and five men were killed in desperate attempts to creep out to get the food packages that fell nearby. Pvt Hollingshead volunteered to rescue a food package dropped by plane, but got hit in the knee and captured in his attempt. The Germans treated him well; and after some time sent him back with a message to the Lost Battalion asking for surrender. Some men who lived through it later said that Major Whittlesey shouted, "Go to Hell," in the general direction of the Germans. As a matter of fact he said, "No reply is necessary."

As word of the surrender note passed along from one foxhole to another the men saw red. In a few minutes they met the worst attack the Germans had made, and drove it back. Hollingshead, who had collapsed in his foxhole, came to life under the machine gun and rifle fire and vomited all the food the Huns had given him, and moaned in misery. The soldier in the next foxhole spoke up above the noise of the guns: "Aw, shut up. Here you are kicking because you're puking. Hell, I ain't got nothing in me to puke."

Abe Krotoshinsky of Brooklyn, who volunteered to go back and guide a relief party to the pocket, slipped out, practically touching German machine gunners on his way, and found the American lines. After eating a can of corn willy he guided the men of B Company, 307th, through the underbrush to his battered comrades. The Lost Battalion was relieved. Of the 700 men who had made the first attack with the Battalion only 194 walked out of the pocket when new attacks forced the Germans back. The Army hid its deep pride in their bravery by making a joke about the insignia of the 77th Division, the Statue of

Liberty. It was said to represent a French mademoiselle carrying a torch and looking for the Lost Battalion. At home and in the hearts of brave men everywhere they were undying heroes.

The Whole Damned German Army. In another part of the forest Sgt Alvin York was fighting with the 328th Infantry, 82d (All-American) Division. When the 328th came under heavy machine gun attack, Corporal York was in a support platoon and was one of 15 doughboys assigned to Sergeant Early to silence those machine guns. York put it down in his diary this way: "October 8th, Argonne Forest, France. And they was to give us a barrage. So the time come and no barrage and we had to go without one. So we started over the top at 6:10 a.m. and the germans was Putting their machine guns to working all over the hill in front of us and on our left and right. So I was in support and I could see my pals getting picked off until it almost looked like there was none left. So there was 17 of us Boys went around on the left flank to see if we couldn't put those guns out of action. So when we went a round and fell in Behind those guns we first seen to germans with a Red Cross Band on their arm. So we ask them to stop and they did not so some one of the Boys shot at them and they run Back to our right. So we all run after them ..... and when we jumped across a little stream of water that was there they was a Bout 15 or 20 Germans jumped up and throwed up their hands and said Comrade. So the one in charge of us Boys told us not to shoot they was going to give up any way. So by this time some of the Germans from on the hill was shooting at us. Well I was giving them the Best I had and by this time the Germans had got their machine guns turned around and fired on us so they killed 6 and wounded 3. So that just left 8 and then we got into it right. By this time So we had a hard Battle for a little while." Here York's diary is not very clear as to what York himself did at this point. However among the three wounded boys was Sergeant Early who was in command. York took command, and leaving six of his men to guard the prisoners, he laid into the machine-gunners single-handed. Every time he saw a German, he just shot him. First he shot lying on his belly in the prone position. This was the way he had often shot at targets in his home mountains of Tennessee. Every time a head came up, York shot it down before anybody had a chance to draw a bead on him. Although he was right out in the open, machine gun bullets spitting fire and cutting up all around missed him. This all took only a few minutes. Suddenly six Germans jumped out of a trench and charged him with fixed bayonets. York picked them off as they came at him; the last man he shot first, then the fifth, then the fourth and so on. He had shot wild turkeys like that at home. He didn't want the front ones to know that he was getting the back ones, and they kept on coming until he got all six of them. York leaves all this out of his own modest account. He continues, "and I got hold of a german major and he told me if I wouldn't kill any more of them he would make them quit firing. So I

told him alright if he would do it now. So he blew a little whistle and they quit shooting and come down and give up. So we had about 80 or 90 Germans there disarmed and had another line of Germans to go through to get out. So I called for my men and one of them answered from behind a big oak tree and the others were on my right in the brush so I said lets get these germans out of here. So one of my men said it is impossible so I said no lets get them out. So when my men said that this german major said how many have you got and I said I have got plenty and pointed my pistol at him all the time - in this battle I was using a rifle or a 45 Colts automatic pistol. So I lined the germans up in a line of two's and got between the ones in front and I had the german major before me. So I marched them straight into those other machine guns and got them."

York does not mention that he marched the prisoners from the German lines to his own and then back of American lines most of the time under heavy shell-fire. He was ordered to report to General Lindsay, his commander, who said, "Well, York, I hear you have captured the whole damned German Army." York told him "No, sir, I only captured 132."

Let Me Go. A young farmer from Bedford County, Virginia, named Jesse Maxey, a private in the 47th Infantry did some hard fighting in the Argonne. He wrote to his wife a description of his experiences which are typical of those of many doughboys. He first describes how he liked the trip across the Atlantic; he was seasick much of the time and didn't enjoy it at all. He landed at Brest and from there piled into 40 and 8 boxcars; room for 40 men and eight horses - to make the trip to the front to join his outfit. According to personal accounts of the war it seemed to rain constantly in France during most of the war. Jesse Maxey's account is no exception and he describes how he hiked all night from the railhead to the front in pouring rain and deep mud. He describes the Argonne push as follows: "We pulled out of their about the 19th of September, moving towards the Argonne Forest. We left their about dark in the eve and hiked all night, raining on us all the way and so dark - O! MY slipping and falling over hills and hollows until at last we stopped in some woods and their we laid down and unrolled our packs and threw our blankets over us and breaking brush and throwing over our blankets to camouflage ourselves so the enemy planes could not spot us. We knew if the enemy found out that we were their we would be out of luck as he would bomb us. We stayed their about three days and we moved again at night of course as we never moved when it was light as the Bosh planes could sight us and we would get blown to pieces.

"Our front lines was about 1/2 mile ahead of us. The night of the 24th we moved out to our right and went into some old open

trenches which was wet and muddy. We laid in them all night almost froze. Their was a big frost on us the next morning; we staid their until the night of the 25th and was issued more ammunition and hand grenades. So we pulled out when it got dark going through our front line trenches out into no mans land and their we laid down to wait for our artillery to open up which opened up at 2:30 o'clock that night. Well, every thing was very quiet until our artillery opened up, we could hear a machine gun clatter away a little now and then and a few rifle shots. But O, MY. when our guns began to roar which was at the back of us lined up almost hub to hub, at 5:15 we were to start over the top, it was awfully cold out thair as a heavy dew fell on us and some frost. We was almost froze when the time came for us to start. The grass and briers was about up to our waists out thair for thair hadn't been any fighting thair for quite awhile.

"Well the time came for us to go ahead so we got up and gave a loud yell and away we went. Our machine guns went too clicking away and our shells singing over our heads. The smoke and fog was so thick we couldn't see more than three or four yards ahead of us. We would drop in old shell holes and lay thair and try and listen and look ahead of us to see if Jerry was trying to come over to meet us. We went on over the hills our shells falling on ahead of us and our machine guns clicking away over our heads. You could not hear anything for them as the bullets from our machine guns was singing over our heads like a sworm of bees and our shell whistling way up in the air and we could hear them bursting way on ahead of us.

"Finly we came to thair trenches and thair we got lots of prisoners, another fellow and myself got 13 out of one little dugout. We got close up to the dugout, and we seen a machine gun setting in the mouth of the dugout so we stopped and decided what to do. So I asked him what he wanted to do, go up and get the machine gun or stay thair and keep his eye on the dugout until I could crawl up and get the gun, so he decided he would let me go. So he crawled up to where he could cover the hole and shoot any of them if they came out. Of course we didn't know whether for sure thair was anyone in thair or not, but we could not risk it anyway, so I crawled up to the dugout and got the gun. I did not dare to get up and aim to carry it so I drug a way laying down. Of course I didn't carry it very far, just far enough so no one could step out and get hold of it without us getting him for sure. We hollered for them to come out and here they come with thair hands up hollowing "Kamerad" 13 of them. I wish I had that machine gun back home. We taken the feed box out of the machine gun and threw it as far as we could so if we had left any Germans around there they could not use it."

Maxey continues to tell of other battles of the German machine gun bullets that sounded like a swarm of bees as they flew over. Like most American doughboys, he was completely in control of the war all the time; he knew what he was doing and took the great battles in his stride.

Victory. After two weeks of constant fighting they cleared the Germans out of the Argonne and at the end of another month of steady hammering against the best of the Kaiser's soldiers they reached the banks of the Meuse led by the 42d and 1st Divisions at a point opposite Sedan. They had driven the enemy back 30 miles and broken his whole line of defense from Metz to Sedan, liberating 150 towns and cities, and capturing 26,000 prisoners and nearly 4000 cannon and machine guns. Four days after the 1st Division reached the banks of the Meuse, the Germans accepted terms of surrender laid down by Marshal Foch and signed the armistice. As weary doughboys yelled, "the guerre is finie," at 11 a.m. 11 November 1918 thousands of guns on a line extending from Holland to Switzerland were quiet. The news flashed around the world and America went wild in celebration.

The war over, happy, lousy and victorious, the men who had sworn to make "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken" by Christmas found they had made Hoboken or at least were on their way to it. Many men stayed in Europe; the Third Army spent four years there as an Army of Occupation. The shoulder patch of the Third Army still bears an A and an O for Army of Occupation.

American achievement in the war had been enormous. Two million men had been moved across the ocean and into combat. The war cost 32 billion dollars in money. But a more tragic measure of its cost was the 50,000 white crosses over the graves of our fallen soldiers.

CHAPTER 5: VICTORY AGAINST JAPAN

OUTLINE

A. INTO A SECOND WORLD WAR

1. Mobilization

2. Pearl Harbor, "Day of Infamy"

3. Fall of the Philippines, "Keep the Flag Flying"

4. Death March from Bataan

B. SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

1. Guadalcanal and New Guinea -- Jungle Fighting

2. Green Hell -- "Buddy, Are you There?"

C. CHINA - BURMA - INDIA

1. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell

2. Merrill's Marauders

D. CENTRAL PACIFIC

1. Makin

2. Kwajalein

3. Bloody Acres - The Mariannas

E. TO JAPAN'S DOORSTEP

1. Return to the Philippines

a. Leyte

b. Luzon

c. Corregidor

2. Okinawa

a. Hitting the Enemy

b. "So You Go Ahead" - Pfc Craft on Hen Hill

c. Japan's Last Stand

VICTORY AGAINST JAPAN

A. INTO WORLD WAR II

1. Mobilization

If the soldier does not move forward during years of peace, he invites disaster when war comes. During the years between World Wars, the American soldier moved forward, but he was handicapped by

critical shortages of the tools of his trade -- weapons, vehicles radios. Units were small and scattered so that large scale training was not possible. When Hitler took over Germany there were only 120,000 men in our Army. The Army had quality, but not quantity when national security demanded both. All soldiers became expert in use of weapons and combat equipment. During the Twenties and Thirties a good soldier was lucky if he made corporal in his second three-year hitch. The soldier could make a little more money by qualifyying on the rifle range with good scores; privates' pay was $21.00 a month, less 15% less two bits for the Old Soldiers Home.

During those years, however, as a new war came closer, big things were happening on a small scale. Out of long experiment Army arsenals produced the Garand semiautomatic rifle to replace the bolt action type. This was the M-1 and the U. S. Army was the first to make a semiautomatic rifle the basic infantry weapon. Better mortars were developed. The modern motor truck and the jeep replaced the old Army mule. The division was streamlined for more fire power and faster movement.

Tractors and trucks replaced horses in the field artillery, but cannoneers still went on singing "The Caissons Go Rolling Along." The 105mm replaced the old French 75. Guns of greater range were tested; self-propelled guns appeared. The cavalry, now a mechanized force of machine gunners and riflemen, turned to combat vehicles and armored cars. During these years the soldier became skilled in new methods. He tested new equipment and mastered its use to instruct thousands of recruits who were soon to swell the Army's ranks when mobilization began in 1940.

2. Pearl Harbor, "Day of Infamy."

While Jap diplomats pretended to make peace negotiations in Washington, Jap planes struck without warning at Pearl Harbor. It was more than a bombing attack. Within minutes it became a battle with Americans fighting back at yellow planes with blood-red suns on their wings, and within hours it became the war cry of a people determined to avenge wrong.

The first shock quickly gave way to action as trained men jumped to their posts. Angry soldiers saw their comrades killed, their planes destroyed, their ships sunk in a matter of minutes. Men grabbed rifles and machine guns and hit out against strafing Jap planes. They fought to put out fires. Some even managed to get off the ground in damaged planes and fly outnumbered against Jap invaders.

When the smoke cleared, the Japs had knocked out the U. S. fleet moored at the naval base and shot up most of the planes in Hawaii. Ships and planes could replace those bombed, but three thousand lives lost in action during the first two hours of combat in World War II could never be replaced.

3. Fall of The Philippines, "Keep the Flag Flying"

Four hours after Japan struck Pearl Harbor she bombed Clark Field in the Philippines. But here the bombs did less damage; the Japs were softening the islands for a land invasion. Strafing and bombing continued until three days later when a scout car crew of the 26th Cavalry in northern Luzon flashed an urgent radio message back to its headquarters Jap troops were landing in the Philippines. Large invasion fleets with thousands of men stood out at sea waiting to come in. No American soldiers opposed the Jap landings on the north coasts of the big island, and Jap infantry, artillery, and tanks were soon sweeping south along jungle roads toward the capitol city of Manila. As General MacArthur planned how to defend Manila against the invaders someone remarked: "General, the American flag flying from your headquarters makes a swell target for bombers." MacArthur looked up from his maps and said quietly, "Take every normal precaution, sir -- but we'll keep the flag flying."

The fate of the Philippines was sealed; it had been sealed on 7 December when American naval and air power in the Pacific was knocked out. The force in the Philippines was a lost army almost surrounded by Japs. The Japs occupied China to the west, and the Marianas, Caroline and Marshall Islands in the mid-Pacific. Ships could not supply or take away the defenders of the Philippines; only submarines could smuggle in a few supplies. Cut off from all outside help and surrounded by fanatic Japs, American and Philippine soldiers could only fight a delaying action; and try to kill as many Japs as possible. The small garrison retreated into the mountains and mosquito-filled jungles of Bataan Peninsula where exhausted soldiers held back the Japs for four months. They lived on monkey, water buffalo, and finally their horses and mules. More than 20,000 of them became sick. In March MacArthur was ordered to Australia and a submarine slipped through the blockade to take him away. General Jonathan Wainwright took command; retreat to the island fortress of Corregidor began.

On 9 April Japs overwhelmed the defenders of Bataan in fierce hand-to-hand fighting. On 6 May they swarmed across the channel and took Corregidor. When Bataan and Corregidor fell there

was no escape. The Japs took prisoner 36,853 Americans and Filipinos on Bataan. On Corregidor the number was 11,574. The Army fought until it could fight no more; it was death or the living death of Jap prison camps. Throughout the Philippines it was the same -- bitterly fought defense ending in utter defeat. The Philippine Campaign of '41 and '42 was our greatest military disaster. The end left survivors with nothing but MacArthur's promise, "I will return."

4. Death March from Bataan. "The March of Death" began at daylight on April 10 when thousands of prisoners, after their surrender, were slapped and beaten with sticks as they marched under the tropic sun. When a stop was made they had to sit all day long in the broiling sun without cover. Many went crazy; many died. The Japs dragged out the sick and delirious. They were buried while still alive. Some made the march of about 85 miles in six days with one mess kit of rice. Some made it in 12 days without any food whatever. Those who survived the "Death March" found Jap prison camps a continued torture. Most of the 50,000 survivors of Bataan and Corregidor were murdered in one way or another, either on the "Death March," while at work or in the prison camps, under diabolical Jap cruelty which every day made new and more inhuman methods of torture.

To give meaning to MacArthur's promise, Australia had to be defended and held as a base from which the United States could begin the long journey back. Armies would have to halt the Japs in the Southwest Pacific, and take back lost island bases. That is why Americans fought in dripping jungles of South Sea Islands beginning in 1942 at Guadalcanal, and continuing at New Guinea and on to the chains of islands reaching into the Central Pacific.

B. SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

1. Guadalcanal and New Guinea -- Jungle Fighting

During the early months of 1942 the Japs were on the loose everywhere in the Southwest Pacific; their armies were riding high. In an effort to cut off Australia they struck through New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. The Japs landed at Buna, Gona, and Sananda; the Aussies stopped them first. Then, joined by Americans, they drove the Japs back to their landing bases which they finally recaptured. This, and Guadalcanal were the first steps on the long road back; in swampy jungles at Buna and Sananda in New Guinea the American soldier stopped the southward march of the Japanese Empire.

Guadalcanal was mainly a Marine show until reinforced Jap forces threatened to push them off the island. The 25th (Tropic Lightning) Division and the American Division relieved the Marines. With the 147th Infantry they turned the tide and drove the Japs from Guadalcanal.

2. Green Hell -- "Buddy, Are You There?"

In Guadalcanal and New Guinea and many an atoll and island, the jungle was on the side of the Japs. It was their green armor. They could live on a little rice in the bush for weeks. They had trained for years to know the jungle; they had fought it and won; it was on their side. Americans had little or no jungle experience except in Panama and the Philippines. New Guinea and Guadalcanal were more than island victories; they were first and great lessons not only in how to lick Japs but in how to lick the jungle.

The Americans usually had fewer men in a position than they really needed. Even in a small outpost when there weren't supposed to be any Japs around the Americans never could be sure. "C" ration was the usual meal and if they were lucky, supper might be Vienna sausages and sauerkraut. The defense platoon would put final touches on the ring of shallow foxholes around the camp. Darkness came quickly in the tropics. The little breeze might die down. There would be no human sound; no sound but the jungle. The squeal of flying foxes, the harsh cry of hunting owls, the far-off croak of frogs in a swamp, the scraping of crickets, the wild yell of some goony bird. Except for that it was quiet; and they all listened.

Attack came suddenly; a nerve-shredding burst of an automatic rifle a few yards away. The defense platoon opens up within a few seconds. The rest jump into foxholes. Tracers streak through the moonlight; a grenade explodes. The bullets whine and crack and everyone stays down. Then silence again; the firing stops. Waiting. The jungle noises are there, but they are quiet and subdued.

Then like monkeys with human tongues, the Japs begin to scream and chatter. They have withdrawn 100 yards into the bush: no move for 30 minutes. Waiting. There is nobody above ground but Japs. It is about time for them to start mortar shells flopping in. But their next move is not mortar fire. One Jap comes in closer, about 30 yards, and begins to scream: "Aid, aid, doc! Give aid to me. I am wounded!" He sounds like a parrot. Maybe when the Americans were green they would have fired on him, and muzzle flashes would have given away their position. Not now; they know the trick.

The Jap is quiet; then when the defense platoon lets go a 30-second blast at him, he cries out again. "He's got me in the guts! I'm stabbed! water, water!" He repeats this every few minutes for as long as a half hour at times. Then he creeps in even closer and begins calling: "Buddy, are you there? Please, please answer me!" No answer.

The Japs then all begin chattering again. They had many killed from the first firing. They come in again. This time they use grenades. They withdraw again and the Americans wait. In the bright tropic moonlight an army of coconut crabs, disturbed by the firing, start to move through the position. They come slithering and clicking into foxholes; they are not welcome, but at least they are better than Japs.

All night the Japs keep up their charges, but they never get beyond the defense platoon. Every man stays put and keeps his mouth shut. Anyone who moves too much or speaks may attract Jap fire. There is no question of relieving each other; nobody is going to get any sack time until the Japs drop back or drop dead.

The Japs made about eight attacks that night. In the intervals just to make it interesting they pulled tricks, like the Jap who made out he was a wounded American. Dawn came at last; the Japs had gone. The snipers had slid down from trees; they had all crawled silently back into the bush. That is, all who were alive.

No one talked much. A patrol went out to scour the brush for Japs. The rest looked over the ground around their positions to count dead Japs. They looked without pity at the bloody yellow bodies sprawled like flabby sacks and mangled by machine gun fire. These dead were without dignity. Even in the bright morning they remembered a Jap, now still in death, calling "Buddy, are you there? Please, please answer me."

C. CHINA - BURMA - INDIA

1. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell

"Uncle Joe" or "Vinegar Joe" was a natural to command the CBI Theatre. He had lived many years in China and knew the Chinese and Far East peoples. He was as regular and down-to-earth as the scuffed GI shoes he wore when tramping through the Burma jungle. He

was blunt and often profane; he said exactly what he thought. He knew soldiering inside out. He had the three stars of a Lieutenant General, but most of the time he tramped around the front in a mud-stained field jacket with no insignia and his battered old felt Infantry campaign hat clamped on his head. He was a tough, frank old Army man who hated the Japs in every inch of his being. One day during the Hukawng Valley campaign a high-ranking Jap prisoner tried to shake hands with him. Scorning the outstretched hand General Stilwell snapped: "Not with you, you dirty buzzard!"

He was above all a combat soldier. He was usually found wherever firing was the heaviest. He went first to Burma where in a last-hope attempt he tried to bring together British and Chinese soldiers fighting there. But Japs soon cut off the British and Chinese and trapped Stilwell with a small party of American soldiers. It was now a matter of walking out of Burma, or of waiting to be seized by the Japs. Putting on his old campaign hat Stilwell chose to walk.

The survival of his party depended entirely on their obedience and cooperation. There were disease, jungle, enemy, elephants, tigers, snakes, even hunger and exhaustion to meet and avoid. Stilwell led and organized the march. He commanded respect that was almost like worship. Not because he was a three star general; but because he was a good soldier, an efficient leader, and a man. He led the daily march -- he was then 60 years old -- counting cadence at 105 paces to the minute. He checked marching order. He inspected food and rationed individual portions. He cursed, snarled and tongue-lashed -- and he brought every man through alive.

On March 26, 1942, The Associated Press dispatch from New Dehli, India read: "Still full of fight after a beating in Burma and a weary march of 140 miles through wild Burmese jungles, Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell declared today that Burma could be - and must be - retaken from the Japanese. Here in his own salty words is what happened to the Allies in Burma: 'I claim we got a hell of a beating. We got run out of Burma and it is as humiliating as hell. I think we ought to find out what caused it, go back and retake it!'"

Underweight from his ordeal in Burma, exhausted by his march out, his wiry frame worn thin by dysentery and jaundice, Stilwell began right away to plan the reconquest of Burma. 9000 Chinese soldiers escaped from Burma to India. He began training them and others at a military camp at Ramgorh. He flew from here back and forth over the Hump to China and did what he could, with very little equipment, to argue the Chinese Army into being a first class fighting outfit.

In his belief that the Chinese could fight, Stilwell was alone. Even the Chinese generals had no confidence in their own men.

But Stilwell trained the Chinese with American Army instructors and in December, 1943, he launched the second Burma campaign with them. On the map, the campaign for north Burma was a line that wriggled from one unpronounceable name to another. The road to Mandalay was about the only place Americans had ever heard of. On the ground it was rain, heat, mud and sickness. It was snakes in camp at night; K rations and dried rice; snipers and ambush; rustling jungle at night. It was hike, kill, and die. Stilwell was in the jungle from January until July of 1944.

Typical of the Americans who fought this jungle along with Indians, British, and Chinese were Merrill's Marauders, or as they sometimes called themselves, "The Dead End Kids."

2. Merrill's Marauders

To help the British recover Northern Burma and to clear the way for construction of the Ledo Road, General Frank Merrill called for volunteers for "a dangerous and hazardous mission." His volunteers, who were all long-time veterans in jungle training and jungle war, were to operate in the rear of the main Jap lines cutting supply routes and communications. They arrived in India in November 1943 and began hard training under British General Wingate of "Wingate's Raiders" fame. In the spring of 1943 the 77th Indian Infantry Brigade under General Wingate had prowled northern Burma for four months worrying the Japs, gathering information and cutting Jap communication lines. They had put one railway out of action for four weeks and in June had fought their way out and back to India.

Vinegar Joe's first mission for the Marauders was to aid the Chinese in their drive against the Jap 18th Division.

When the Marauders, about 2700 in number, veterans of Guadalcanal, of Tunisia and many another battle, entered the jungle country of North Burma they saw it was jungle even thicker than the Solomons. Clothes were damp all the time, even in the driest part of the year; weapons rusted if not taken apart and oiled every day. The mountains, forests, and rivers of Burma were imposing and beautiful, but they were obstacles. The jungle swarmed with enemies -- animals, bugs, snakes, disease, and of course, Japs.

One particularly tough unit of Marauders called themselves the "Dead End Kids." They had fought the Japs already in the jungles of Guadalcanal, New Guinea and New Georgia. Near Walambum they ran into about 90 Japs who attacked with their familiar battle-cry

"Banzai." As each attack came, Sergeant Henry Gasko, a Japanese-American in the Marauders, would translate orders he could hear Jap officers shouting to their men. With this advance dope on where the Japs would strike next, the Dead End Kids could shift their automatic weapons in time to meet each attack successfully.

Another group of Marauders also far behind Jap lines set up a road block and fought off almost unnumbered Jap charges. Finally they forced the Japs to withdraw with a loss of 800 men. The Marauders had only eight men killed; or one American to 100 Japs. Vinegar Joe sent them congratulations for a job superbly done.

The Marauders worked behind the enemy lines killing literally hundreds of Japs, destroying roads, blowing up ammunition dumps and Jap headquarters. In April came their most difficult mission; they were to strike at Myitkyina airport itself. This was the prize toward which all the Allied troops in Burma, British, Indian, Chinese, were pushing. Its capture deep in enemy-held territory would knock out the principal air base from which Jap planes had attacked transport planes flying supplies over the Hump to China. Stilwell reinforced the Marauders with 5000 Kachin and Chinese soldiers giving a total strength of about 7000. The Distinguished Unit Citation officially records their success, but a less high-flown tribute was contributed by T-5 Stanley Benson, himself a Marauder:

Four thousand Japs behind us
A hell of a stinking mess.
The live ones now around us
Soon will join the rest.
When Tojo gave his orders
To kill us one by one,
He didn't know Merrill's Marauders
Would sink the Rising Sun.

Benson's first line was not quite accurate; the Marauders were officially credited with killing two thousand Japs in six weeks.

D. CENTRAL PACIFIC

1. Makin

To the infantrymen, jammed in assault boats, Makin Atoll looked pretty beat up after the Army Air Force and Navy had pasted

with more than four million pounds of bombs and naval gunfire. Coconut trees along the shore were twisted and shattered. It was 20 November 1943; almost two years after Pearl Harbor. The Army in the Middle Pacific was launching its first big punch at Makin Atoll in the Gilbert Islands. The 27th Division, including the 165th Infantry which won fame in World War I as the "fighting 69th," was going into its first battle.

Fanatic Japs defended Makin, dug in like rats in deep underground tunnels, pillboxes, blockhouses, and foxholes. They had to be pried and blasted out. They fought like maniacs. If they weren't underground they were overhead, strapped into palm trees with machine guns.

The Japs had a defensive line about 2,500 yards long. Direct assault was out of the question, but the 27th, supported by tanks and engineers, set up two miles west of the Jap line. The first day was the worst. Heavy sniper and machine gun fire met men moving in from the beaches. Further inland, pillboxes and blockhouses had to be blasted to bits. On the second day tanks really got going. They would run a tank up to a dug-in Jap position and blast it with 75 guns. Then the engineers would run in with a TNT charge, poking it into the dug-out with a long pole. That did the business. They cleaned out each one with grenades after that. Typical of the fighting was Sergeant Edward O'Donnel who killed ten Japs single-handed before he was killed himself. Another man, slashed by a Jap officers's sword, grabbed the sword out of his hand and finished him with his own weapon.

Few men who were on Makin will ever forget the four Japs who led the last 100 men in a final suicide charge. The four, dressed in parade clothes with feathers in their hats and clanking with medals, were the prettiest targets the 27th could hope for.

The infantrymen tested at Makin paid high tribute to lessons they had learned in combat practice in Hawaii. "Without that rugged fightin' education I wouldn't be alive today," said Sergeant Q. P. Walsh of East Orange, New Jersy who dropped two Japs who had him cornered. The 27th's ship-to-shore and combat training paid off. After a 75-hour battle Makin was secure; one more stepping-stone had been added to the road to Tokyo.

2. Kwajalein

After Makin, in the Gilbert Islands, Americans skirted the fringe of the Marshall Islands and struck at the heart. They hit at

Kwajalein. They hit it the way a fullback fakes wide for an end run, then pivots and smashes off-tackle. H-hour was 9:10 a.m. on a clear hot morning. Landing craft, ducks and LCT's trailed white-smoke sprays in the water as they crawled toward battered beaches. That was 31 January 1944. That was the day the war in the Pacific began to come out of the closet.

Two months later Kwajalein was "some island" we got somewhere in the Pacific. It was "some island" to the guys who took it. One they won't forget.

It began when the "upstairs" boys of the 7th Air Force lowered the boom on the Japs on Kwajalein. They came tearing in from Makin, 491 miles away, and to the men waiting in ducks and LCT's they sounded sweet and solid in the sky. Their bombs racked the atoll. The 708th's amphibious tanks lumbered down the ramps of LST's; it was a new outfit. They pointed their watergoing tanks toward Kwajalein beach and tried to remember how it had been during training at Fort Ord on shining Monterey Bay.

Behind them, crouched in ducks and sea-going tanks, was the oldest infantry division in the Pacific, the 7th, the men who were the first to take any Jap territory in the Pacific at Attu in the Aleutians. When the 7th hit the beach they pitched in with the same business-like skill they had shown in their drive toward Metz in 1918. They accounted for 2500 Japs killed in foxholes and caves and concrete dugouts.

It would be impossible to give credit to each man for what he did there. Only a few stories can be told which show what a few did.

The first night on the beach Privates Willard Lenz, Napa, California and Edward L. Rice, Tulsa, Oklahoma were ambushed by a large number of Japs. They were trapped on a far part of the beach. Each had only a carbine. They could hold off the Japs about ten minutes with the carbines. Rice, or maybe it was Lenz, shot the lock off an abandoned tank. They climbed aboard and grabbed a .30 calibre machine gun. As the Japs moved in they mowed them down. The Japs kept moving in like that all night. Rice and Lenz used rags to change red-hot barrels. They burned their hands as the rags caught fire again and again. In the morning they looked out on piles of dead Japs--a number sufficient to shoot up a couple of our platoons.

Japs opened up on a patrol that Ramie K. Lauson of Everett, Washington was with and pinned them down with crossfire. The patrol stayed down and sweated. Somebody said he would give a lot if a tank were handy. Lauson listened, suddenly got to his knees and, keeping

low, made a run for it. The Japs opened up. He hit the ground. Everyone held his breath. But, in a minute, he was up again and running hard, knees high. Really taking off. Within an hour, Ramie was back with a tank, and the tank blasted the machine gun emplacements and rescued the patrol.

Here at Kwajalein the flamethrower became a well-known weapon. People at home watching newsreels of the battle turned their eyes away because it looked so horrible. The men who were using it couldn't turn their eyes away. They didn't want to. They loved the flamethrower; it ate away the Japs.

With Kwajalein and the bloody Marshalls taken, the Army had another jumping-off point; another dagger toward Tokyo.

3. Bloody Acres - The Mariannas

After taking the "Bloody Acres" of Saipan and Tinian, the last vital island in the Mariannas was Guam. This was a new type of Pacific fighting. These were not flat palm-fringed atolls where the tricky Japs fell back or fell dead. They were large islands where tanks and artillery could be used with greater effect. Saipan and Tinian were bloody fights on a vast scale, but Guam, for the men of the 77th, the same "Statue of Liberty" Division which had carried the torch for the Lost Battalion in World War I, is remembered as a contest of wits and fighting skill, usually in the dark. The Nips always liked to sneak up at night, but on Guam they used night infiltration almost alone.

By day the "Liberty" dough fought a war of mud, guns and tanks; by night a war of nerves when each rustle, each dull snap of a twig, was a danger signal. He would doze, fingering his rifle, alert for the slightest sound that was unfamiliar and hostile. If he were alone, he was even more alert; he was one guy alone in a foxhole of gooey mud, the whole world of living friendly guys somewhere

beyond reach. The air heavy with the smell of ferns and earth tempted him to fall asleep. He didn't. One eye was always open, ready for the sudden thumping drop of a silent enemy who might lunge without warning. If he came the struggle was savage and short. The dough slugged him with a rifle butt, kicked him in the groin. He grunted or he screamed. The dough tried to throttle the Nip; if he could use his rifle in a hurry, he shot him. In the morning he found himself next to a corpse whose face looked blank: a stunted stiff little Nip who would no more squirm like a snake to pick off an unwary American.

American power had returned to its lost base. Guam again became a U. S. naval base, but even larger than it was before the Nips moved in. The Air Forces landed in the Mariannas with their B-29; they became the air gateway to Tokyo, now nearer than ever.

E. TO JAPAN'S DOORSTEP

1. Return to the Phillippines

Late in 1944 American spies smuggled out information from the enemy-held Phillippines that this island territory was ripe for invasion. As a great task force, assembled in Honolulu, was steaming toward the island of Yap, a bold change came in plans: substitute Leyte in the Phillippines for the original destination of Yap. On 20 October this task force and other men, veterans of South Pacific fighting, stormed ashore at Leyte. After 948 days MacArthur was back on the soil of the Phillippines.

Leyte. Surprise caught the Japanese unprepared on Leyte. These veteran Pacific fighters of the Sixth Army knocked out most of the defenders including the enemy division known as the "torturers of Bataan." But the Japs made a desperate effort to hold and they rushed reinforcements to Leyte. The campaign was decided in a last ditch fight in the mountains. A final hour attempt by the Japs to knock out a major air base ended in failure. Leyte made a good springboard from which to liberate nearby islands.

Luzon. Even before the Leyte Campaign ended, a task force struck the island of Mindoro off the southern tip of Luzon. The invasion route was the same one the Japs had used in 1941-42. The Nips fell back into the mountains to make a last stand. In Manila, they had to be blasted and burned out yard by yard.

Corregidor. Guarding the sea approach to Manila's harbor stands Corregidor, a Gibraltor-like rock that juts out of the bay to a height of 500 feet. Now 6,000 Japs manned its defenses. The 503d Parachute Infantry Regiment dropped on Corregidor in one of the most daring airdrops ever attempted. The paratroopers had to land on the summit of the great fortress -- a mere pin point of a drop area; but it worked. They dropped and set up above the enemy. The next day an infantry regiment landed on the beach and joined them. Bataan was now avenged.

2. Okinawa

Hitting the Enemy. Easter morning 1945 when American soldiers landed on Okinawa they penetrated the inner defenses of Japan. This island is only 350 miles from the Jap homeland. Nearly 120,000 Jap troops manned strong defenses in the rugged hills of southern Okinawa. Against elaborate enemy positions built around hillside caves, ancient tombs, and the stone rubble of ruined villages the Americans fought a slow, tedious campaign. Okinawa was a continuous assault, hill by hill, cave by cave.

The Americans hit the beaches expecting the worst, banged into seawalls and stormed ashore expecting to meet sheets of machine-gun and mortar and small arms fire. The beaches were practically undefended. It was shocking. On the beach, an infantryman said, you felt like you were standing under a rock held in mid-air by nothing. It was an almost bloodless beachhead.

The Japs had decided to play hard to get. They had decided not to lose thousands on the open beaches but to make Americans pay dearly, fighting over hills honeycombed with caves. The Jap was getting smart, too. He had expected the Americans this time and had made his plans. A plan for a plan. A man for a man. Okinawa veterans will say the Japs did some smart figuring.

By the end of the first day Americans expanded their beachhead to a depth of three miles, and captured two airfields; by the end of the week one-third of Okinawa was in American hands.

The walkover ended on the ninth day. From then on every yard was gained at a cost in lives. The Japs fought to the death; every American charge they met with half a dozen counterattacks. By day, Americans went forward with flame-throwing tanks. The artillery hammered the Japs at night. All attempts to bring back wounded lying between the lines met Jap bayonet charges and machine gun fire. Fighting was continuous and without quarter.

On one point 14 men of the 77th Division stood off eight Jap banzai attacks in one night. At times there were two and three men in a foxhole with as many as five uninvited Japs. The Jap used his favorite weapon, the silent saber, and, when he had to, a pistol.

Out in the harbor Kamikaze planes were working over American ships to stop the never-ending line of supplies that kept pouring in.

"So You Go Ahead." -- Pfc Craft on Hen Hill. In this battle of heroes there was one man in particular whom no one who was there will ever forget: Pfc Clarence Craft of Santa Ana, California. On 31 May he was with the 382d Infantry Regiment of the 96th Division pinned down at the foot of a hill, called Hen Hill. It was honeycombed with Japs. At the top was a long trench and from here Japs were pouring fire into the Americans below. The 96th Division had been trying to take the hill for 12 days. The Japs were picking them off, cutting the regiment to pieces.

Suddenly Craft stood up in full view and charged the hill alone. By a miracle he was not hit. Maybe he was moving too fast, or the Japs couldn't believe what they saw. Maybe he was just plain lucky. Loaded with grenades, Craft charged up the hill shooting from the hip. Enemy fire filled the air around him. As he hurled forward the men below couldn't believe their eyes. He reached the top of the hill. For a full 30 minutes he stood completely in the open and hurled grenades into the Jap trench. And all the time he was doing it, his company was held back by intense Jap fire. Craft stood there on the top of the hill and pitched grenades like a crazy man. He pitched until the Japs broke and ran. He then jumped into the trench and fired his rifle point-blank at the Japs who were left. He drove them down the trench into a cave. The "immortal Pfc" threw a satchel charge into the cave which failed to go off. He went in the cave, relit the charge and threw it a second time, sealing the Japs forever in the cave. When Craft's company finally caught up with him they found 70 Japs still on the hill, but they were all dead. Craft was still looking for more. Later, when they told him he was getting the Congressional Medal of Honor, somebody asked why he had done it. "You see guys getting killed all around you," he said. "You get mad. So you go ahead."

Japan's Last Stand: When the Jap line finally cracked, and the Japs staggered back and ran to commit hari-kari, or to throw themselves from ledges into the sea, over 110,000 Japs had been killed. The Army had lost 4,500 men.

Americans now looked at the Japanese mainland. Twenty-one Army divisions with supporting outfits had thrown the Jap for a

loss from New Guinea to Okinawa. The Navy, the Air Force and six Marine Divisions had helped the Army do its job. Preparations began for the invasion of Japan. But the threat of invasion by the Army speeded Japan toward surrender. The atom bomb showed them their cause was hopeless. On 2 September 1945 the Japs surrendered to General of the Army MacArthur as Supreme Allied Commander.

CHAPTER 6: VICTORY IN EUROPE

OUTLINE

A. NORTH AFRICA

1. Casablanca - Oran - Algiers
2. "Djebel Devil"

B. MEDITERRANEAN: KNOCK OUT OF ITALY

1. Around Sicily in 38 Days
2. Salerno
   a. "We have you covered"
   b. The Battle of the Tobacco Factory
3. "Mud, Mules, and Mountains"
   a. A River Crossing: The Volturno
   b. The Winter Line
4. Cassino and Anzio
5. To the Alps

C. OVERLORD -- CONQUEST OF NORTHWESTERN EUROPE

1. D-day in Normandy

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a. Hedgerows and Sunken Roads

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D. A TRADITION FOR PROGRESS

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CHAPTER 6: VICTORY IN EUROPE

A. NORTH AFRICA

1. Casablanca - Oran - Algiers

In October 1942, shortly before the American expedition to North Africa, General Mark Clark made a top secret trip by submarine to Algeria. The plan was to coordinate a planned American troop landing with a maximum of help from the Anti-Nazi French. It was a significant and dangerous mission: a submarine slipping through enemy waters; secret debarking in small boats to an unfamiliar coast; completing historic plans for the surprise invasion; escaping safely back to the submarine through choppy seas just as the entire conference area was surprised and searched.

That conference cleared the way for the African invasion. It led ultimately to the bitter Italian campaign which smashed enemy forces in the Mediterranean.

Shortly after midnight, 8 November 1942, soldiers hit the beaches of North Africa in the first American blow against the Germans and Italians. One American force and one mixed force of Americans and British had sailed from Great Britain to land in Algeria, while another American force had sailed from America all the way across the Atlantic to land near Casablanca in French Morocco. A battalion of American paratroopers flew 1,500 miles from Britain to help capture air fields near Oran, in Algeria. The invasion caught the Germans flat-footed.

Not expecting such a blow, German troops had not moved into Morocco and Algeria. French defenders, under Nazi orders, put up a fight, but it was only a short one. American orders were not to fire unless fired upon. When the French fired, American units signalled the code words, "Play ball," and the soldiers went ashore fighting. Within 48 hours they had won all their immediate objectives. They had completed the biggest overseas invasion up to that time, and they had learned lessons which would make possible even greater amphibious operations.

2. "Djebel Devil"

Now the race for Tunisia began. While the British Eighth Army drove the German Afrika Korps of Marshal Rommel, the "Desert Fox," westward from Tripoli. American and British forces in French North Africa pushed eastward through Algeria; they were catching the Germans in a great pincers in Tunisia. But the Germans were determined to fight it out. Rapid Allied advances slowed to a halt as more Germans flew in. A German counterattack drove through the Kasserine Pass for a 21-mile gain. Americans recovered from that set-back, and began moving forward again. By April 1943 the American II Corps, now under General Omar Bradley, was pushing from the west toward Mateur and Bizerte in northern Tunisia, while the British continued toward Tunis from south and east.

The Germans had organized a whole series of positions protecting the valley to Mateur, and the key fortress of the area was Djebel Tahent, or Hill 609. The soldiers called it "Djebel Devil." This flat-topped hill with wall-like cliffs at several points dominated open country on all sides. It was the objective of the 34th Division.

All day on 28 April the valley echoed with the rumble of shells and the splitting of rock as American artillery kept up a steady bombardment. At 5:00 o'clock the next morning, the infantrymen jumped off. Men of one battalion worked their way up to three rocky knolls at the base of the hill where a shower of enemy mortar shells and artillery chipped off great chunks of rock which came crashing down among them. In hard, tricky fighting the men snaked their way forward in and out among the rocks. At dusk one battalion had advanced half a mile up the southern slopes. Another 5 a.m. attack continued the advance the next day. The Germans had orders to hold the hill 14 days; after this second attack they held it less than 14 hours. Tanks of the 1st Armored Regiment joined infantry battalions moving up under fire from the hill. Doughs "grabbed and held onto the tails of their tanks." Other battalions hit the northern nose of "Djebel Devil." After cleaning out the foothills and the machine gun nests beyond, they fought their way to the top before nightfall. But the battle for 609 was not over. The enemy struck back at dawn the next day. Men of Company F, 168th Infantry, spotted the attacking force early. Then, like Putnam's men at Bunker Hill, they held their fire. When the Germans were within 200 yards the Yanks opened up. The surprise and the volume and accuracy of the fire broke up the attack.

Troops of the II Corps entered Bizerte on 7 May, and during the next three days the British cut off all escape from Cape Bon Peninsula. German and Italian forces surrendered more than 250,000 men to the Allied Armies.

B. MEDITERRANEAN: KNOCK-OUT OF ITALY

1. Around Sicily in 38 Days

After weeks of air bombardment on the island of Sicily, the American Seventh and the British Eight Armies in July 1943 sailed across the Mediterranean Sea from North Africa for an invasion of that stepping-stone to Italy.

A high wind sprang up the night before D-day and a heavy sea was running when the invasion fleet shoved off. High winds made more dangerous the airborne landings of advance units of the 82d Airborne Division. If they failed to land where intended, they were to fight anyway. Paratroopers scattered as far as 35 miles away from their intended drop zones. They did fight. In small groups, or alone, paratroopers ambushed supply trucks, cut up telephone lines.

There were a lot of sea-sick men when the 1st, 45th, and 3d Divisions and the 2d Armored Division hit the beaches. But they got ashore and went into action. In a way the high winds had been helpful -- they had put the enemy off guard.

The day after the landings the Herman Goering Panzer Division hit the U. S. 1st Division; its aim was to push the "Red One" back to the sea. The "Red One" was an old and respected enemy of the Germans. Enemy tanks broke through the front lines and headed for the beaches. The commander of the 16th Infantry ordered: "Everybody stays put just where he is! . . . . Don't let anything else through." The cannon companies went into action to help artillery and antitank guns. Ships off the coast "joined the Army" as their big guns poured fire into attacking tanks. The Fighting First attacked. After hard fighting it knocked the German Panzer tanks back from the beach.

Meanwhile other divisions went forward. The 2d Armored ("Hell on Wheels") and 3d Infantry ("Rock of the Marne") Divisions covered 72 miles in two days, and then the 45th Division spearheaded a drive eastward along the northern coast. Combat teams leap-frogged one another along three routes to Messina, in the northeast corner of the island. When the 3d Division reached Messina, remaining enemy forces had fled into Italy. Sicily had been conquered in 38 days. Italy lay open to invasion.

2. Salerno

"We have you covered." The capture of Sicily signalled the culmination of the Fifth Army's training and planning -- begun in North Africa in January 1943 under the direction of General Mark Clark -- for an invasion of the European mainland. While British troops, in a diversionary effort, crossed the narrow straits of Messina into southern Italy, Americans and British of the Fifth Army's invasion forces set sail from African and Sicilian ports to penetrate the fortress of Europe.

Announcement of the Italian surrender came on the eve of this formidable invasion. At one minute past midnight on 9 September, loud-speakers on the troop transports called the first boat teams to their stations. Soldiers clambered down nets into landing craft. Soon the dark sea was alive with snubnosed craft circling to reach their proper positions. In the darkness some coxswains failed to locate their leaders. Lanes had been previously swept through the mine fields, but occasionally a loose mine drifted into the paths of the boats. Spray drenched the men and their equipment. Many soldiers became seasick. At last the landing craft turned east into a line behind the guide boats 6,000 yards from the Salerno beaches. Behind them five other assault waves formed, and then came boats with tanks, antiaircraft guns, ammunition trucks, and heavy weapons. Dukws -- 2½-ton amphibian trucks -- carried in light artillery and antiaircraft guns. From the north, where the British were firing a bombardment on their beaches, came the dull boom of heavy naval guns. Near Salerno flares and fires burning on the mainland lit up the sky. But Americans were heading for the beaches south of Salerno without naval bombardment; they were trying for surprise. Ahead of the 36th Division the beaches were dark and quiet. Then a voice came over a loudspeaker on shore. "Come on in and give up," it said; "we have you covered." The men went on in, but they did not give up. Soldiers jumped into the shallow water, waded to the narrow strip of sand, and started inland.

The next waves came in at eight-minute intervals. Men worked their way, creeping, crawling, running, through barbed wire, across minefields, and around enemy machine guns and tanks outlined in the light of flares. Behind them shells sent up geysers in the water, and the soldiers' gear from wrecked boats floated off-shore.

During the first hour of the landings, Private J. C. Jones of Company E, 143d Infantry, found about 50 men lost from their outfits. He guided them off the beaches through bursting shells and small-arms fire, and they wiped out some key machine gun nests on their way. Sergeant Manuel Gonzales of Company F found a German 88mm gun firing from the sand dunes toward the landing craft.

Machine-gun tracers set fire to his pack, but he wriggled out of it and crawled up through bursting grenades toward the gun. Then he threw his own grenades; they killed the gun crew and blew up the ammunition.

Through fields of scrub growth, across shallow irrigation ditches, over dunes and low hills, the soldiers of the Fifth Army fought to extend their beachhead.

The Battle of the Tobacco Factory. The land west of the Sele River was gently rolling, with scattered buildings and a few small patches of woods. Low hills furnished long fields of fire for the defenders. On a knoll near the river stood a tobacco factory. Its five large buildings formed three sides of an open square. Whoever held this tobacco factory commanded the flat lands and the roads around it. On 11 September a German panzer division held it, and it lay in the zone of the American 45th ("Thunderbird") Division.

Tanks attached to the 45th made the first move. Enemy half-tracks and antitank guns in outlying buildings and strawstacks were knocked out, but near the factory heavy German fire opened up and knocked out seven American tanks. At midnight Germans still held the Tobacco factory and the river crossings. American and British battalions all along the line were having a rough time.

German counterattacks struck back at the Allies the next day, but men of the 157th Infantry (45th Division) and their supporting tanks continued their attack against the tobacco factory. After an hour's fight, Americans held the factory. But again German tanks and infantry counterattacked and Americans fell back. Artillery and naval gun fire blasted the enemy column to a halt, and late in the afternoon men of the 157th moved up under a smoke screen and retook the factory.

The next day the Germans counterattacked in full fury. Tanks and infantry drove the Americans back out of the tobacco factory, surrounded a battalion of the 157th Infantry, and smashed through a gap in the lines toward the 158th and 159th Field Artillery Battalions. Both artillery battalions stripped gun crews to a minimum and posted all available men on a slope to dig in and hold with rifles and machine guns and 37mm guns. The Division Band and Artillery Headquarters went into the line. They scraped together 15 mechanics and truck drivers

to strengthen weak spots. Sweating gun crews poured artillery fire on the German columns at a rate of eight rounds per minute per gun. All-out efforts, called for, were made by the allied air forces, and powerful 16-inch naval guns sent streams of shells into the German concentration area.

While the men reorganized and dug in for new onslaughts, American reinforcements came in by parachute, glider, and boat. More days of determined fighting saved the beachhead. In the evening of 18 September the 157th Infantry got back into the tobacco factory. The Germans were in retreat, and the port of Naples fell before the invading onslaught, assuring the breaching of the fortress.

3. "Mud, Mules, and Mountains."

A River Crossing: The Volturno. After capturing Naples the Allies chased the Germans to the Volturno River, 20 miles to the north, where the Germans dug in for a fight.

On the night of 12 October 1943 a full moon lit up the sharp peak of Mount Tifata and the open fields of the Volturno Valley. At midnight the uneasy silence broke into the fire and roar of massed artillery. Machine guns and mortars joined in a fake attack down the river. The 7th Infantry — the "Cotton Balers" which had fought with Jackson at New Orleans — spearheaded the 3d Division attack at a hairpin loop of the river.

Carrying guide ropes, rubber pontoons, and improvised rafts, soldiers of the 7th marched quietly through muddy, plowed fields to the river bank. While carrying parties worked to get boats and heavy rafts down the slippery bank to the water's edge, assault parties waded and swam the cold, swift stream to anchor guide ropes on the far side. As the boats started across, trees used for anchoring guide ropes pulled out; rubber pontoon boats drifted far down stream; the improvised rafts broke up in the swift current. Fortunately enemy machine gunners, blinded by smoke shells, and occupying a higher bank, fired too high. As men got across the river they gathered along a sand bar under cover of the north bank and then, hanging on to the bank, they moved upstream in Indian file. Some stepped on mines, and shells burst beside them, but the column kept moving until men could get up on the bank and spread out in the fields. Other men waded the river, holding rifles over their heads with one hand and grasping guide ropes with the other to keep from being swept off their feet.

Just after crossing, Sergeant Raymond Oliver of Company C led his squad 400 yards along the river toward an enemy machine gun which was holding up the company. A German raised up and threw a grenade that wounded two men; Oliver charged and killed the German with his carbine. Then he moved his squad to within 50 yards of the machine gun and led a 20-minute fight which knocked it out.

Similar actions in the divisions all along the Volturno made the Fifth Army's crossing secure.

The Winter Line. As soon as the Allies broke through one barrier in Italy, the Germans had another ready. Their Winter Line was a succession of interlocked defenses. Each mountain had to be taken, each valley cleared, and then there were more mountains ahead and still another main defense line to be broken. Men now got a foretaste of conditions under which they would fight for months to come: miserable days and nights when rain and snow turned every dirt road into a quagmire and fog covered mountains and valleys where men struggled along slippery trails too steep even for pack mules. It took a lot of guts to outpost the lines, wade through endless mud to repair telephone wire, carry wounded down from the mountains, patrol into enemy territory, and go on about their duties when winter weather added to the other risks of war. One soldier wrote: "These things... constitute war: rain and mud, cold and discomfort. . .of digging and of sleepless nights and tiring days, of being afraid and of being hungry, of repairing roads and of building bridges, of being lonely..."

When the Fifth Army jumped off in Operation Raincoat in December, the 142d Infantry fought its way up Mount Maggiore. It prepared for counterattack. Rain fell steadily; the only shelters were a few caves in the mountainside. The men had taken up all the ammunition they could carry, a few mortars, and no food but "D" ration chocolate bars. The only way of getting other supplies up was to pack them over rough, muddy trails. Under constant enemy fire trails were so steep that men had to crawl some of the way and haul the packs up by rope. A round-trip of three miles took 12-hours. Planes attempted to drop rations to these positions, but the 142d Infantry on Mount Maggiore was able to recover only one pack of "K" rations from three drops. For three days men lived on one "K" ration each, and they got their water from snow or shell holes. Sleep was out of the question.

On the flats, jeeps and trucks could churn through the mud; on the worst slopes, only men climbing upward a few inches at a time, with a case of rations or a can of water on their backs, could make the grade. But there were miles of trails where only the mule could carry the ammunition and food. At the beginning of November the 45th Division

had 32 animals; by the end of December it had over 500. There was such a shortage of animals that they were soon worn out or worked to death.

Under such conditions the Fifth Army fought toward the Liri Valley. It was the gateway to Rome, but it came to be known as the Valley of the Purple Heart.

4. Cassino and Anzio

The Gustav Line. Reinforced concrete pillboxes, often built in stone houses and on mountain sides, portable pillboxes -- called "steel crabs" -- barbed wire, and mine fields made the Gustav Line, guarding the Liri Valley, a tough position to crack. Cassino was the key position in the defense.

Anzio. In January the Allied Command decided to have the Fifth Army try an end run. General Clark sent the 3d Division, together with a British division and Rangers and Commandos around the enemy line by water. They landed near Anzio, 50 miles behind the Gustav Line. The bold move caught the Germans by surprise, but after easy Allied landings, the Nazis rushed divisions to stop this threat. The Germans threw attack after attack against the beachhead. For the first time Fifth Army troops were fully on the defensive. Fifth Army men held their ground. For four months they were hemmed in while enemy guns, from 88mm to giant 280mm railroad guns raked the whole area. Soldiers called the 380's the "Anzio Express" or "Anzio Annie." Smoke generators on the beaches lay screens of artificial fog which helped to reduce the accuracy of enemy artillery and bombing planes; there was only one real protection: to go underground. But foxholes and dugouts filled with water. Men in the dugouts listened to improvised radio sets and laughed at the propaganda of Axis Sally. The 1st Armored Division built two underground theaters. Sometimes men sang -- songs like "Lili Marlene," "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte." Every night one to a half-dozen German air raids would come, and artillery fire would step up in an attempt to cripple the port operations, the lifeline of the beachhead. No one was safe, there were no rear areas as such -- as many purple hearts were given to the service troops as to the front line soldiers. Ammunition and gasoline dumps were blown sky high by this incessant shelling and bombing. The battle of the beachhead remained a struggle till the end, until the Germans were whipped.

Shortly after the first landings at Anzio, the 34th and 36th Divisions opened the battle for Cassino itself. But the mountain defenses were too strong. Even after some of the heaviest bomb-attacks by New Zealanders and Indians.

Finally in May, the U. S. Fifth and British Eighth Armies launched a big drive. They took Cassino and joined up with troops breaking out of the Anzio beachhead. Their squeeze opened the way to Rome. On 4 June Allied Forces marched into the Eternal City.

5. To the Alps

Allied armies chased the Germans 50 miles north of Rome; then they ran into more of the mud, mountain, and mules warfare. The strong force which General Mark Clark, as Commander of Fifth Army, had built up for the May 1944 offensive was steadily reduced by withdrawal of units for other theaters, and pursuit slowed as extended supply lines, demolitions and stiffening enemy resistance hampered the movement of our troops. The last fifty miles of our advance to the Arno were studded with hard-fought engagements. From the low hills south of the Arno our troops could look across the broad Arno plain to the serrated peaks of the northern Appenines - the last mountain barrier blocking the approaches to the Po Valley.

By mid-August the Pisa-Rimini line had been reached at most points. The enemy still had behind him the Gothic line - a series of fixed defenses in depth in the rugged Appenines even stronger than the Gustav line. Fifth Army's mission was to press continually and destroy German Divisions and the Italian Fascist Army to divert enemy strength from other fronts. It was a formidable task even for a stronger force in less difficult terrain. That mission was accomplished and by the last of September some of the Gothic line positions had been penetrated. Allied troops, after two months struggle from mountain to mountain in a campaign which for intensity and sustained action matched any fought by an allied Army, dug in for the difficult winter.

General Clark, who left Futa Pass Headquarters in December 1944 to assume command of the Fifteenth Army Group, spent the next months in strengthening, resting, and regrouping his forces, strengthening supply lines, and yet continually harassing the enemy. In April, a strong attack was launched. Within a week the Allied Forces broke into the Po Valley. Then a drive into the foothills of the Alps, spearheaded by the 10th Mountain Division, and the conquest of Italy had been completed.

C. OVERLORD

1. D-Day in Normandy

Paratroopers. Men of the 82d and 101st Airborne Divisions — these outfits were twins, formed on the same day in 1942 by dividing the old 82d Division, Sergeant York's outfit, and adding parachute regiments — would lead the way to France. Pfc David K. Webster of the 506th Parachute Infantry wrote:

"Small brass pocket compasses were issued, so we might find ourselves on the ground, and dime-store crickets for identification . . . We drew American flags about five inches by three and fastened them to the right sleeves of our jump jackets. We shaved our heads. Boxes of machine gun and mortar ammunition were rolled in equipment bundles and attached to the bottoms of the planes. We wove strips of green and brown burlap into our helmet nets for camouflage. Then we drew Mae West life jackets.

"The night of June 4 we had an outstanding meal: steak, green peas, mashed potatoes, white bread, ice cream, coffee -- all a soldier could ask for. A terrific wind was blowing, but we all felt that our day had come. Some officer told us to go to bed, however; we weren't leaving tonight.

"By late afternoon of June 5 the wind had died down. We were going. Cans of green paint circulated . . . as the men daubed their faces in fierce Indian camouflage. Some of them took charcoal and blackened the skin under their eyes and drew streaks down their noses and foreheads . . . We ate a hurried meal of stew and left for the airport. Nobody sang, nobody cheered . . . We boarded trucks and drove to our planes . . . receiving seasick pills and round cardboard ice cream containers, in case the pills didn't work. We put on our gear and waited.

"Ten-thirty. We clamber aboard the plane and sit down, each in his silence . . . Ten-forty-five. 'There they go!' the crew chief shouts. 'They're off!' Eleven o'clock. Our tail swings around. We wheel about and head up the runway . . . I swallow my seasick pills. . . My legs are weak and my throat is dry and I can only talk in a stuttering whisper . . . we are airborne."

The men thought to each other, "This is it!" And sharing the same thought were men on five thousand vessels moving across the Channel below in the greatest amphibious invasion in history. Troop carrier planes ran into clouds as they approached the French coast, and then flak began bursting all around them. Sergeant Thomas Buff of the 101st Airborne Division describes his landing:

"Eyes were fixed . . . on the red light . . . As he returned to his post at the door, the jumpmaster bawled out: 'Is everybody happy?' 'Hell yes!' came the reply. We were careening from side to side and going like nobody's business when the green light flashed on. . . Just before I jumped, I yelled 'Bill Lee!' (Instead of the traditional cry 'Geronimo' of parachutists, men of the 101st yelled 'Bill Lee!' as they jumped over Normandy as a tribute to their first division commander — the man who is known as the father of American airborne forces.) . . . At one and the same time, I was preparing to land; looking to see if I was being fired upon; . . . hoping I'd drift away from the . . . machine gun fire on the ground; trying to judge where I would land . . . Tracers

on the ground streaked across the sky in all directions . . . It wasn't a bad landing at all, save for coming in backward and coming down right smack in the latrine for every cow in France . . . and how I smelled! What a stench. I had cow dung all over me. But . . . I had landed, and I was still very much alive."

Fog and flak had scattered the planes, and paratroopers again were scattered miles apart when they landed. But the troopers fought wherever they landed, and the scattered shooting drove the Germans crazy. As they rushed a patrol to find the parachutists in one area, others would land in the opposite direction. When a German commander stepped out he could hear shooting in every direction. Men of the 82d and 101st Airborne Divisions gathered as best they could to do their jobs.

In one place Sergeant Harrison Summers of the 502d Parachute Infantry gathered 15 men after daylight and led them down a road toward the houses of a German barracks area. At the first house the sergeant walked up and kicked open the door. Inside Germans were firing out the windows and did not even look up until Summers sprayed them with his tommy gun. Four Krauts dropped, and the others ran to another house. The Yanks ran into the second house; the Germans had left it. Now Lieutenant Elmer Brandenberger joined the group, and while Private William Burt fired a machine gun at the third house, he and Sergeant Summers ran for the door. An explosion knocked down the lieutenant, but Summers smashed the door and entered firing. One long burst of his tommy gun got all six Germans inside. As summers started for the next house a captain from the 82d Division joined him, but a sniper got the captain before they had moved 20 yards. Private John Camien joined the sergeant, and taking turns with carbine and tommy gun, they cleaned out the next five buildings and killed 30 Germans. Then the two men rushed toward a bigger building. They kicked open the door of a troop mess hall. At the tables sat 15 German chowhounds. Summers cut them down as they started to get up.

Next was a two-story barracks. An attack on that failed and resulted in four paratroopers killed and four wounded. But Private Burt fired tracers from his machine gun into a haystack. It started a fire which spread to an ammunition shed. As shells began to explode, about 30 Germans came pouring out from the shed -- only to be shot down as they ran for the barracks. Then Sergeant Roy Nickrent arrived with a bazooka. He fired seven rockets into the barracks, and the last one set fire to it. The remaining Germans -- about a hundred -- made a dash for safety. Just then other paratroopers came up from the west, and men from the 4th Division -- men who had come in over Utah Beach -- came up. Between them they wiped out the German garrison. It was 4 p.m. Summers and his group sat down in the last house and had a smoke.

While similar groups of paratroopers and glidermen fought through the meadows and orchards, other soldiers were fighting bitter battles on the beaches. As British and Canadians went in to the left, Americans landed at the beaches given the code names 'Utah' and 'Omaha.' Men of the 4th Division led the way to Utah Beach, and, surprising the Germans, they quickly moved inland. They fought across hedgerows and streams to link up with the airborne outfits.

On Omaha Beach the going was tougher. Men of the 1st and 29th (Blue and Gray) Divisions moved across underwater obstacles and mines; machine gun and cannon fire from pillboxes swept the beach. Rangers attacked up a cliff for a Nazi gun battery, and, like Scott's men at Chapultepec, they brought up ladders to make the climb; when they found the guns already knocked out they attacked inland.

By nightfall on D Day, all beaches were secure and the Allies were in France to stay.

2. St. Lo

Hedgerows and Sunken Roads. St. Lo was a key to German defenses in the American sector of Normandy, and until it could be taken, General Bradley's First Army would not have room to get set for an all-out drive.

Hedgerows criss-crossed the country around St. Lo. There were banks of dirt, sometimes with stones in them, two to four feet thick and three to six feet high. Trees or shrubs grew from their tops. They enclosed fields -- usually meadows or orchards -- of irregular shapes and sizes about 50 yards wide and a hundred yards long. Many sunken roads and trails ran between hedgerows in all directions. The Germans made full use of this ground. They put machine guns at the corners and riflemen and machine pistols along the hedge; often they cut holes through the hedgerows to fire through. Sometimes they wired a machine gun to a tree on top of a hedge and tied a string to the trigger; then they fired it without getting out of their holes. In the trees snipers and artillery observers watched for attacking Americans. Each meadow and each hedgerow became a battlefield for an American platoon or squad. While some men stayed behind their own hedgerow and sprayed the one to the front with machine gun and rifle fire, small groups worked their way up the sides of hedgerows toward the German positions and rooted them out with grenades or rifles. When possible, artillery would blast the hedgerows ahead. Sometimes engineers would blow a hole through the hedgerows with TNT, or tank-dozers would come up and cut a hole. Day after day the slow Battle of the Hedgerows went on.

Sleeping in a foxhole fully clothed while a buddy stood guard, the doughboy would be up before dawn. He would eat his "K" ration breakfast -- a tin of cold, ground ham and egg, and "dog biscuits" -- and be ready to jump off for the next attack.

Finally, on 18 July, men of the 29th Division pushed into the town from the east while the 35th (Santa Fe) Division, President Truman's old outfit, drove in from the north. They found St. Lo completely leveled.

Breakout. On 25 July General Bradley ordered the attack to break out of Normandy. Bombers flew in to drop 4,700 tons of

bombs on a strip five miles wide and a mile deep. The 9th, 4th, and 30th Divisions jumped off, and after a slow gain at first, the 1st Division and the 2d and 3d Armored Divisions followed through. More divisions poured through the break and fanned out to south and east. The Battle of the Hedgerows had become the Battle for France.

3. Race Across France

Mortain Counterattack. Hitler decided a desperate gamble -- a counterattack to Avranches and the sea to cut off the tail of the U. S. Third Army. General Bradley decided to let the Third keep going; the First Army would stop the counterattack. But German panzer divisions drove through and recaptured Mortain; they surrounded two battalions of the 30th (Old Hickory) Division. One of the commanders reported: "To us that night will always epitomize the confusion of warfare. It would have been funny if it hadn't been such a serious matter . . . The Germans . . . infiltrated into our territory . . . Finally, everybody had everybody else surrounded -- it was a sandwich! We had to 'fight' our supplies in to our units. One of our lieutenants tapped a man on the shoulder to ask if he was from K Company -- and the German turned around and fired at him with a burp gun." But tanks and doughs broke through to the "Lost Battalions" and American soldiers stopped the attack. Now the Allies caught the Germans in a pocket between British and Canadians on the north and Americans on the south.

Old Battlefields. General Courtney Hodges' First U. S. Army turned to the north and east, and in a week it drove across old battlefields over which Allies and Germans had fought for months or years during World War I -- Chateau-Thierry . . . Soissons . . . the Marne . . . the Somme . . . Cambrai . . . Sedan. At Mons the 1st Division and 3d Armored Division caught a confused mass of Germans trying to get back to Germany. Parts of three German armies were moving eastward, away from British attacks along the coast, unaware that Americans stood between them and the Fatherland. Nearly 20 disorganized divisions got caught in the trap. Air and ground attack killed thousands of the enemy and wrecked hundreds of wagons and trucks and guns. Nearly 30,000 surrendered. Men of the First Army continued eastward into Belgium, took Liege, crossed Luxembourg, and on 11 September entered Germany.

"He Who Continues the Attack Wins." Meanwhile, the Third Army of General George S. ("Old Blood and Guts") Patton raced across France to the east. General Eisenhower reported: "With his main

forces trapped and broken in Normandy, the enemy had no means of checking the Third Army drive, the brilliant rapidity of which was perhaps the most spectacular ever seen in modern mobile warfare. The three corps, each spearheaded by an armored division, raced headlong toward Paris and the Seine with an impetus and spirit characteristic of their leader, at once guarding the flank of the armies to the north and seeking fresh objectives of their own." Tanks and trucks filled with soldiers overran Orleans, Rheims, Chalons, Verdun, Toul, Nancy. On 11 September the Third met columns of the Seventh U. S. Army which had landed, together with French forces, on the Riviera of Southern France and then come up the Rhone Valley. But along the Moselle River -- in the area of Metz and Nancy -- German defense stiffened. Allied drives came to a stop.

East of Nancy Americans fought for Sugar Loaf Hill, a hill from which Germans could direct artillery fire on the city. A battalion took the hill one afternoon, but the Germans recaptured it that night. Patton told the corps commander two sayings: One was what Lee supposedly said at Chancellorsville: "I was too weak to defend, so I attacked;" the other was a saying of Grant's: "In every battle there comes a time when both sides consider themselves beaten; then he who continues the attack wins." The corps commander ordered another attack. The next day doughs rode tanks up Sugar Loaf Hill and took it back. That night they beat off the German counterattack.

Some time later strong German attacks threatened defensive positions of a division in Gremecey Forest, east of Nancy. The corps commander gave permission to withdraw to stronger positions behind a small river. But when Patton heard about it he said, "Withdraw, hell, we'll attack!" He called for the 6th Armored Division. This outfit was in the rear area repairing equipment. But that night it moved up, and at dawn the tankers swept around the woods, shooting it up as they went, and through the towns to the front. Two hundred prisoners came back; infantrymen got back their old positions and kept them.

4. Aachen

The Siegfried Line. The Siegfried Line (the Germans called it the West Wall) was a continuous network of pillboxes and entrenchments extending along the western boundary of Germany from the Dutch border to Switzerland. The reinforced concrete pillboxes had walls and roofs four to eight feet thick, and they housed machine guns or 37mm guns and their crews. Where there was no river or ditch in front of them, the Germans had built rows of concrete dragon's teeth as tank obstacles.

When an Allied airborne effort failed to get around the Siegfried Line at Arnhem, the First U. S. Army got set to go through it at Aachen, a German city of 160,000 peace-time population.

Crucifix Hill. By 30 September units of the 1st Division had Aachen nearly surrounded. The 30th Division, the same division which had broken the Siegfried Line in the Meuse-Argonne in 1918, joined in the fight, but it was slow-going. One area holding up the 1st was a fortified hill -- Crucifix Hill -- which dominated the southern approaches. Men of the 18th Infantry attacked the maze of pillboxes on the hill, but heavy fire pinned them down. Captain Bobbie Brown of Company C got a pole charge -- a pole with a charge of TNT on one end -- and went after the first pillbox a hundred yards away. He crawled under machine gun fire, and then ran to the bunker, rammed his explosive through the firing slit, and jumped back as the pillbox blew up. Brown returned to his assault platoon, got another pole charge, and ran through mortar and machine gun fire to knock out a second and then a third pillbox. Other companies of the battalion advanced up other slopes of the hill, and it fell to American hands. Other hills came under control in the same way.

Street Fighting. On 13 October the 26th Infantry (1st Division) fought into the edges of Aachen and three days later troops of the 1st and 30th Divisions linked up to complete a ring around the city. Still the German commander refused surrender. American dive-bombers and artillery poured tons of bombs and shells into the city. Then doughboys went in and cleaned it out. For seven days they fought "from house to house and sewer to sewer." They kept out of streets as much as possible and advanced through blocks of buildings by blowing holes through the walls with bazookas or blocks of TNT from one building to the next. With rifles, submachine guns, and grenades, they fought their way to the top of six-story buildings, and then sometimes would have to fight back down again as more Germans came in after them. Self-propelled 155mm guns (Long Toms) and tank destroyers moved up through the rubble in the streets to blast away at bunkers and cellars and houses in the next block. Surrender came on 21 October, and the first large German city was in American hands.

5. Bulge in the Ardennes

Winter counterattack. In the hilly forests of the Ardennes, American soldiers bedded down on the night of 15 December with no more worry than ever in this "quiet sector" of the Western Front.

They awoke to the roar of cannon, the chatter of machine guns and the rumble of tanks. Sleepy men in division rear areas looked out in the mist to see trucks of Germans rolling through the area. Tanks smashed through an artillery airplane field before the pilots could get to them. Twenty-four German divisions -- including 12 panzer -- were attacking through the thinly-held Ardennes in Hitler's last great bid to smash the Allies in the West. The Germans used a full bag of tricks to help their great force. They had a panzer division outfitted with American and British tanks, guns, and equipment. They sent groups of men, wearing American uniforms, in jeeps through American lines to break communication lines, change road signs, rearrange signs covering mine fields, misdirect traffic, and generally create havoc. There was a rumor that Eisenhower was marked for assassination. German paratroopers dropped along the northern edge of the Bulge. There was a fantastic scheme for a mass break of all German prisoners in France and England at this time; they planned to seize Allied weapons and prepare the way for invasion of Britain.

But American soldiers fought back. Suspicious guards demanded answers on the Brooklyn Dodgers and the pennant race or the names of state capitals or comic strip characters before they would let a man through. The 2d Division, at Belleau Wood fame, in one of the great division actions of the war, withstood attacks of a German corps for 36 hours until others could join it; they held the First Army line in the north. The 2d Armored Division slugged it out with a German panzer division and drove it back with heavy losses. The great fight of the 7th Armored Division at St. Vith, while German columns rolled far to the west, disrupted the whole German schedule, and it made possible the build-up of a defense line.

"Nuts!" Another headache for the Germans was Bastogne. The 82d and 101st Airborne Divisions had moved up from reserve, and while the 82d continued northeastward toward Stavelot, the 101st went into position around the important road center of Bastogne. When the Germans got to Bastogne, men of the 101st Airborne, and of Combat Command B, 10th Armored Division, who shared the defense with them, were ready. When the Germans could not get through the town, then, they surrounded it. Americans inside said, "We're the hole in the doughnut!" A little before noon on 22 December a party of Germans came to the American lines carrying a white flag. They had a note which read: "To the USA Commander of the encircled town of Bastogne: The fortune of war is changing. This time the U. S. A. forces in and near Bastogne have been encircled by strong German armored units . . .There is only one possibility to save the encircled U.S.A. troops from total annihilation: that is the honorable surrender of the encircled town." General McAuliffe, commanding Bastogne, took

a sheet of paper and wrote one word on it -- "Nuts." Commander of the 327th Glider Infantry carried the message back to the waiting German officers. "If you don't understand what 'Nuts' means," he told them, "in plain English it is the same as 'Go to hell'. And I will tell you something else -- if you continue to attack we will kill every damn German that tries to break into this city." The Germans continued to attack, and the defenders continued to kill them.

Counter-counterattack. When Patton, whose Third Army still was attacking in the Saar 125 miles south of the Ardennes, heard of the German breakthrough, he said, "Fine, we should open up and let 'em get all the way to Paris; then we'll saw 'em off at the base." What Old Blood and Guts meant was that when the Germans came out of their pill-boxes to attack, it might be possible for Americans to hit them from both sides and put the squeeze on them. Within two days after receiving orders the Third Army had pulled back from its attack in the Saar (the Seventh Army took over there), had hundreds of guns and trucks rolling northward, and had three divisions attacking through the snow toward Bastogne. It was one of the greatest shifts of the war. Thirty-five battalions of artillery -- now shooting new "proximity" fuse ammunition, the shells with a radio set in the nose to make it burst just above German foxholes -- poured thousands of rounds into the woods, and bombing planes struck at the Germans. The day after Christmas some tanks of the 4th Armored Division got into Bastogne, but the most bitter fighting in the Battle of the Bulge was yet to come. On 3 January "Lightnin' Joe" Collins' VII Corps opened the big First Army counter-attack from the north. After twelve days of slow attack through woods and hills, the two Armies were approaching each other. A Third Army patrol hiked twenty miles in the freezing weather to make first contact with First Army troops near Houffalize. Now Americans turned eastward and pushed the remaining German forces out of the Bulge.

Audie Murphy. In order to keep troops of General Devers' Southern Group of Armies tied up, the Germans launched an attack in Alsace at the same time that they attacked in the Ardennes. As in the north, American soldiers stopped this threat, and again individual and small unit action played a big part in turning the trick. In one sector of Alsace the 15th Infantry - the "Can Do" regiment -- held a defensive position. Commanding Company B was 2d Lt Audie Murphy, a man who had entered the Army as a private, had earned a commission on the battlefield, and had won the Distinguished Service Cross and the Silver Star. One day in January six German tanks and waves of infantry attacked Company B. Murphy ordered the company to withdraw to a woods, but he remained at his command post to direct artillery fire. A tank destroyer behind him got a direct hit and

started to burn -- and the Germans kept coming. Murphy ran to the burning TD, climbed to its deck, and opened fire with the .50 caliber machine gun. Germans got as close as ten yards, but he mowed them down. After his fire had killed about 50 infantrymen, the German tanks turned back. Murphy got back to his company and organized a counter-attack which drove the Germans out. His action won the Medal of Honor.

6. The Bridge

After elimination of the Bulge, one great barrier yet remained before the Western Allies -- the Rhine River. When Allied armies approached, an old railroad bridge -- the Lundendorff Bridge at Remagen -- was the only bridge yet standing. At 3:15 p.m. on 7 March 1945 men of the 9th Armored Division came in sight of the bridge. They learned from a German prisoner that the bridge was to be blown up at 4 o'clock. It took 35 minutes for men of Company A, 27th Armored Infantry Battalion, to reach the approaches to the bridge. Tanks went into position near by to cover the crossing. The enemy set off a charge that blew a crater in the approaches, but men of Company A went around it; at ten minutes till four they ran out on the long span. Another charge went off out on the bridge and it knocked out some supports and flooring, but the men raced on. The cap went off on a 500-pound charge of TNT, but failed to set it off. Engineers hurried onto the bridge and began cutting wires and throwing charges into the river. When they got to the main cable, their small pliers would not cut it, but Sergeant Dorland smashed it with three shots from his carbine. German machine gunners in the towers of the bridge sprayed the running Americans until Sergeants Joseph Delisio and Mike Chinchar went up after them. Sergeant Alexander Drabik reached the opposite side, and quickly men fanned out. Some cleaned out a tunnel. Others started up the steep hill, and there they got into a fight. Men held to roots on the hill while Germans shot at them and rolled rocks down toward them. But other troops soon were streaming across the bridge, and the First Army had a bridgehead across the Rhine. A sign appeared on the bridge: "Cross the Rhine with Dry Feet Courtesy of the 9th Armored Division."

7. The Fall of Germany

When the American Ninth and First Armies linked up on 1 April near Lippstadt they had encircled the industrial Ruhr Valley and bagged over 300,000 Germans in what General Marshall called the biggest pocket in the history of warfare.

From here Allied Armies raced across Germany. Americans drove into Austria, into Czechoslovakia, and to the Elbe River within 50 miles of Berlin. On 25 April, Americans met the Russians on the Elbe, and on 7 May 1945, representatives of the German High Command surrendered at General Eisenhower's headquarters in a school building at Rheims.

D. A TRADITION FOR PROGRESS

1. New Developments

The Army is always changing. Change during peacetime leads to victory in battle. For example, look at the changes in the rifle. The old matchlock gave way to the wheel-lock and flintlock. Breech-loading rifles replaced the old muzzle-loading rifle. Each change brought on improvement. The change in the rifle most obvious to the soldier today is the switch from the 1903 Springfield to the Garand or M1 rifle.

The Garand semiautomatic rifle was the best in World War II and the best hand weapon ever put on the battlefield in large numbers. With the semiautomatic rifle, a man can shoot faster, be more alert, and keep his senses glued where they ought to be -- away from the rifle and on the target. There is no delay of bolt action as with the Springfield. The Garand has much less kick and an easily set rear sight.

The best proof of how good it is was the attitude of Marines on Guadalcanal. Nearly all Marines carried the 1903 Springfield because they felt that it was a better gun. They were probably right if they wanted high scores on the firing range, but in battle he who "gets there fustest with the mostest" wins the day. The Garand has more bullets for quick action and can put them out a lot faster.

The Marines at Guadalcanal soon realized their mistake. From almost the first minutes of combat on Guadalcanal they began looking for a semiautomatic rifle. They began to make "moonlight requisitions" on the Army supply. As they began to get a few Garands up front the demand increased. The behavior of one Marine corporal is typical of their attitude: Shortly after the landing on Guadalcanal on a joint Infantry-Marine patrol this Marine corporal of the 2d Marine Raider Battalion walked squarely behind an Army sergeant

of the 132d Infantry, Americal Division. After a while the Army sergeant asked the Marine corporal why he kept so close behind him. The answer came quickly, "You'll probably get picked off first, Mac. Before you hit the ground, I'll throw this damn Springfield away and grab your Garand!" Now, by all past standards, the Garand is the infantryman's perfect weapon. But past standards are not good enough for the Army. Its weapons must be checked constantly to suit men who use them in battle. The faults of the Garand which showed up in battle are being ironed out. However perfect the Garand's performance in the past, it is being tested to be made even better for the future.

As with the Garand, the Army does not accept other weapons on the standards of the past. There is a continuous search for new and more efficient designs and methods which extends from the proper length of the soldier's shoelaces to research on the atomic bomb. Recently Army outfits have received recoilless cannons which a doughboy can fire from his shoulder. The Coast Artillery has been experimenting with supersonic rockets which now can fire 70 miles in the air and some day will fire across the Atlantic. Huge planes which can carry a company at a time are being perfected. It is not only scientists in laboratories who work out new weapons. The best judge of their value is the soldier himself who will use them in battle. Boards of Army experts constantly study how to develop brand-new ideas. Although a scientist may work out these new ideas, it is the soldier who thinks them up and tests them.

As with weapons, the Army makes use of its tradition of leadership in victory. Today many Army men who teach in training divisions are veterans of the last war and became leaders while under fire. Up until 1947 the only way a man could become a leader was to learn the hard way, on the battlefield or on the job. Since early 1947, the Army has been bringing together and spelling out what it takes to make a leader. The experience of Army leaders in all wars gives us the raw material for this study. Now training divisions give Leaders' Courses where soldiers may find out the kind of thing that made Alvin York a great sergeant, or Washington a great general. Now, because of bigger and better weapons which make men spread out more than they used to in battle, the Army needs more leaders than ever before. The Leaders' Course gives men who have ability a chance to become leaders of the future. There is no magic in leadership. By studying the leaders of the past, by using the help of science, and by putting all he has into it, a man can become the kind of leader who can carry on the tradition of the Army and add to its achievements. As General Washington put it, "the road to glory is thus opened to all."

2. Remember

These are a few of the achievements of your Army and some of its traditions. Someday when you are walking along in the snow, and it is so cold that the snow squeaks under your shoes, think for a moment of Washington's barefoot men at Valley Forge, or remember the American soldiers who fought through the snow at Bastogne.

Sometime when the going seems tough, when it is hard to see the point of all this training, remember the difference that long hours of training made in Scott's Regulars at Chippewa. And the next time you squeeze off a bull's eye on the rifle range, remember the sharpshooters of Morgan's Riflemen at Saratoga. Remember the difference between soldiers at Bull Run and soldiers of the same armies at Gettysburg.

When you find yourself tramping through woods and briars some November, think of the doughboys who fought through the Argonne Forest. Or if you get into a thick jungle growth some hot summer day, remember the soldiers who fought Japs through the jungles of Guadalcanal.

Someday when the heat is unbearable, and the wind blows dust all through your tent or barracks, remember "Old Rough and Ready" Taylor's men on the Rio Grande. Some hot day when you have been marching down dusty roads the whole day, and you reach for your canteen of lukewarm water, think for a moment of Kearney's men who marched over the Santa Fe Trail and then across the desert and all the way to the California coast.

Now and then, remember about these things. Always remember the great tradition of the American soldier -- duty, honor, loyalty, leadership. The tradition of the U. S. Army is a tradition for winning, a tradition for doing better. "Old Soldiers never die."

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