

MILITARY HISTORY

OF THE WEST

VOL. 42

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



LEADER OF A WAGON TRAIN.

MILITARY HISTORY
OF THE WEST

May 1, 2013

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We are making arrangements to return unused subscription money to subscribers. If you have questions about this, please contact me at lowe@unt.edu. We are making every effort to square our accounts on a timely basis.

We thank you for your support over the years. The military history of the West is an interesting and important part of the American story, and we hope that we have advanced understanding and knowledge of this significant and colorful era in our history.

Sincerely

Richard Lowe, Editor
Military History of the West

MILITARY HISTORY
OF THE WEST

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The Department of History

MILITARY HISTORY OF THE WEST

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“Fighting Indians from California to the Staked Plains”: Sergeant Edward E. Ayer and the 1st California Volunteer Cavalry, 1861-1864

THOMAS W. CUTRER

In 1861 as much as 30 percent of California’s population was of southern birth and heritage, thus causing considerable anxiety among Unionists about the state’s course of action. Some citizens, especially in the area around Los Angeles, called for secession, while others advocated an independent “Bear Flag” republic. The philosopher and historian Josiah Royce was, however, no doubt correct in his assessment that California “could not have been led out of the union by the most skillful party of managers.” In fact, 15,725 Californians served in the Union military,¹ but, as Royce observed, “they left the state to do so, and at home all remained tranquil. The prevailing sentiment of the state was unmistakably loyal.”²

California troops, however, were not destined to serve beside their Unionist comrades east of the Mississippi River. Instead, they waged their war in the desert Southwest, where they occasionally skirmished with Confederate partisans, but were more deeply engaged with subduing Indian raiders and keeping open the lines of communication with the rest of the nation. On 14 August 1861, Secretary of War Simon Cameron informed Governor John G. Downey of California that the War Department would accept one regiment of infantry and five companies of cavalry to guard the Overland Mail Route from the Carson Valley to Salt Lake City and Fort Laramie, Wyoming.³ Shortly thereafter, however, news of a Confederate invasion of New Mexico Territory reached the San Francisco headquarters of the U.S. Army’s Department of the Pacific. Confederate Lieutenant Colonel John R. Baylor’s regiment of mounted rifleman, recruited in Texas, had captured Major Isaac Lynde’s command of regulars as they fled from Fort Fillmore, New Mexico Territory, in July 1861, thus making the Rio Grande Valley and the gold fields of Colorado largely vulnerable to Confederate occupation. The Lincoln administration ordered the abandonment of most of the military posts in the southwest and consolidated forces in northern New Mexico under Colonel Edward R. S. Canby.

With the small garrison at Fort Yuma the only force that stood between Baylor's command—soon to be reinforced by a brigade from Texas under Brigadier General Henry H. Sibley—and southern California, Brigadier General Edwin Vose Sumner, commander of the Department of the Pacific, abandoned the plan to use California recruits to guard the Overland Trail. Early in September, determined instead to send the newly raised command to occupy southern California, the first troops disembarked at San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, on 18 September.

In November, Sumner was relieved as department commander by Brigadier General George Wright. Determining that the Rebel threat to California could be most effectively extinguished by launching a counteroffensive, Wright ordered the Californians to cross the Colorado River at Yuma about four hundred air miles southeast of Los Angeles, and proceed to New Mexico along the Gila River on the old Butterfield Overland Mail route.⁴ This movement would, he perceived, prevent any Confederate aid to the California secession movement by falling on the flank and rear of Sibley's brigade, which was then moving, seemingly inexorably, up the Rio Grande toward Santa Fe and the Colorado goldfields. In addition, it would reopen the southern overland mail route and furnish protection to the burgeoning gold and silver mines in the Territory.

To lead the column into Arizona, Wright selected James Henry Carleton, colonel of the 1st California Infantry and formerly major of the 1st U.S. Dragoons, advising General-in-Chief George B. McClellan that "under the command of Colonel Carleton, an officer of great experience, indefatigable and active, the expedition must be successful."⁵

Carleton's "California Column"—a total of 2,350 men—included ten companies of his own regiment, the 1st California Infantry; Col. George Bowie's 5th California Infantry; five companies of the 1st California Cavalry under Lieutenant Colonel Edward E. Eyre; Captain John C. Cremony's Company B, of the 2nd California Cavalry; First Lieutenant John B. Shinn's Light Battery A, 3rd U.S. Artillery; and two mountain-howitzer batteries commanded by Lieutenants Jeremiah Phelan and William A. Thompson.⁶

Following a careful timetable, Carleton's command marched by way of Camp Wright at Warner's Ranch, about halfway between Los Angeles and Fort Yuma, one company at a time so as not to overtax the scarce water resources along the route. Averaging about twenty miles a day, the column

marched nearly six hundred miles from Los Angeles to Fort Yuma, arriving there by early May without having lost a man or horse in the desert.

After a brief rest, the Californians, still marching in small detachments because of the paucity of water, moved east on 14 May 1861, entering Tucson on 20 May 1862 without resistance. The Confederate garrison had evacuated the town a week earlier. There Carleton received notice of his promotion to brigadier general. There, too, on 8 June 1862, the new general proclaimed Arizona a United States territory and imposed martial law on 21 June, before moving toward the Rio Grande with Colonel Eyre's cavalry regiment in the vanguard. The troopers met no resistance but did encounter Cochise's Chiricahua Apaches, with whom Eyre had been admonished to "avoid collision."

The column's principal challenge, however, was logistical. The 200 wagons and nearly 1200 mules with which Carleton had left Yuma experienced rough terrain, scarce water, and lack of forage, resulting in numerous breakdowns and delays. But at last, on 7 August 1862, the California Column reached the Rio Grande, and on 18 September, Carleton succeeded Canby as commander of the Department of New Mexico, establishing his headquarters at Santa Fe. By then, however, the Confederate threat to the territory had evaporated, and Sibley's brigade was in retreat toward Texas.⁷

Despite the difficulties and delays, Halleck considered the march of the California Column to have been "one of the most credible marches on record." Comparing Carleton's feat to the ponderous movements of the Union armies in Virginia and Tennessee—and perhaps his own glacially slow march from Shiloh to Corinth that very spring—Halleck told Carleton that his "only wish" was that "our army here had the mobility and endurance of the California troops."⁸

Having no one to fight, Carleton contented himself with establishing a civil government for the newly authorized Arizona Territory, improving his lines of communication and supply, and subduing Indians. By the end of 1863, the Mescalero Apaches of New Mexico and most of the Navajos of northeast Arizona had been defeated and moved to the Bosque Redondo Reservation on the Pecos River. Although the reservation experiment proved to be a failure, the power of the Navajo to deter the advance of the Anglo frontier was broken forever.⁹ By the end of 1864, the adjutant general reported, the Navajos had "no place of security from such determined

adversaries, and being pressed on every hand by unexampled rigor, the spirit of the tribe was broken."¹⁰

Among the men who Carleton led into New Mexico was Edward Everett Ayer who, in 1913, prepared a manuscript memoir, now housed in Chicago's Newberry Library, of his years with the California Column. Ayer was born on 16 November 1841 at the frontier village of Kenosha, Wisconsin, but as a child moved with family across the nearby state line to Harvard, Illinois. After receiving a limited primary education, at age eighteen he joined an overland expedition to the West Coast. On way to California he stopped in Silver City, Nevada, where he found a job as a laborer in a quartz mill, but he soon moved on to California, arriving with 25¢ in his pocket.

In San Francisco, while boarding with friends from Illinois, he found work in a lumber mill. But when Governor Downey called for volunteers, Ayer enlisted as a private in Company E, 1st California Volunteer Cavalry, and began his brief but colorful career as a soldier.

"Four days after our signing the roll, a boy came to the plant and told us we were wanted at 10:00 that morning to go out to the Presidio to be sworn in.¹¹ I was running a few pieces through the surfer and then ran off the belt and went around to the other boys. They stopped the mill and all got around and tried to prevail on me that we were so far away we couldn't do any good and I ought not to go. I told them there were several reasons why I must go. One was that this was going to be a long war and it was my duty to participate in the fullest extent, and another very important reason was that it would be difficult for me to maintain my self-respect in all the years after the war if I did not participate, and a still greater one was that I wouldn't dare go home and face my father and mother if I had neglected the first opportunity of giving the government my services. So I walked to the Presidio and was the first man sworn in on the Pacific coast. They had arranged our list alphabetically, and I was the first "A," our company being the first men examined. I was not entitled to any credit whatever, anymore than any other of the thousands of other men who enlisted during the war. It only happened so.¹²

After being encamped that night, the Captain asked me if I knew anything about military affairs. I told him none whatever. He asked me if I'd ever seen men drilling, and I told him that I had seen the Ellsworth Zouaves drilling in Chicago, but knew nothing of it myself.¹³ He answered

and said, "I will make you first Corporal." My answer to that was, "What in the devil is that?" He said, "I will teach you," and so I started out as a Corporal in Company "E."¹⁴ We had tents issued to us at the Presidio a few days afterward, and then were sent across the bay to Alameda and went into camp for a month. Our experience there undoubtedly was about the same as all new camps, almost everybody being as ignorant as could be of the duties and everything military. We had been there a month when we were brought across the bay to take ship to Wilmington, eighteen miles from Los Angeles, in southern California.¹⁵ The Diggins family [friends from Illinois] all came down to the dock and talked to me on the ship, I, of course, not being permitted to go ashore, and Byron, the youngest boy, just before we pulled out from the dock, said "Ed, isn't there something I can do for you?" I said, "Yes, do buy me some of those pies." There was a large table on the dock containing pies for the sailors. Byron did as I requested, and I think that was the last pie I had for two years, and that was "it" only in name.

We had a rough passage down the coast to Wilmington, and landed there in a drizzling rain, the rainy season having commenced. We went into camp on that adobe soil with the mud everywhere, and pulled out the next morning to a place selected for a permanent camp, called Camp Carleton, after General Carleton,¹⁶ who had charge of our outfit, and it was one of the muddiest marches I ever made. Adobe soil would load you up until it seemed each foot weighed about a ton, but we finally arrived all right and went into camp about ten miles from Los Angeles, in fact, just where the Soldiers Home is today, between Los Angeles and Santa Monica.

Los Angeles at that time had about 2500 people. I think only about one or two [two-]story houses. 2400 of these people were Spaniards and the other 100 white men, at least 90 per cent gamblers and perhaps two or three judges and lawyers. Practically all the ranches and homes there were in the hands of the original Spaniard owners and the Americans who had married into their families.

After about a month, three of our companies here were sent to San Bernadino to make up the camp there, and our first infantry was sent down to make a camp at Carleton. Not having our horses, of course, we marched to San Bernadino on foot. My ankle bothered me immensely, but I made it although on the last day it was swelled up so I had to ask permission to stay

behind and lay down underneath a mesquite tree and made camp in the evening.

San Bernadino at that time had 60 or 70 people, all Mormons, and it turned out the reason we were sent down here was that most of southern California were largely Southern men, and we were sent down to look after them. Most of the real rebellious part pulled out through northern Mexico for the South. Then again, they appeared to think there might be an invasion from Texas into the territories, and we would be where we could be used in that service, and to hold Arizona and New Mexico for the Northern Government. After being in San Bernadino for about a month we got our horses. They were poor California broncos and very tame when we got them, but when they commenced to be taken care of and to be fed, they soon regained the vigor of their original dispositions.¹⁷ One of the most laughable incidents at my expense was that while watering our horses there would be 300 men riding bareback down to the river by water. My horse had commenced to get a little restless, and this certain morning when we got down to the river, these 300 men were all on the east edge of the river. My horse ran right across and didn't stop until he got nearly to the other side, the water in center being about one and a half feet deep. Looking up and turning around he saw all the other horses in front of him and immediately he gave one good awful buck and threw me about eight feet right over his head into the middle of the river. Confidentially, there didn't seem to be one man in the 300 that wasn't pleased except I.

A few weeks later a new Lieutenant-Colonel, E. E. Eyre, pronounced the same as my name, same initials, but called "E-y-r-e," came to take charge of our command, and two or three Sundays after that he concluded to get a mounted inspection.¹⁸ We had been drilling mounted considerably, but without paraphernalia, only our arms. Now, this paraphernalia at this time which a man was supposed to carry on his horse, consisted of an overcoat in a roll, tied in front of the saddle, a blanket in a roll behind, and a nose bag to feed the horse, and a curry comb and brush tied in front of the saddle, saddlebags on the hips of the horse leading under the blanket and behind. The arms consisted of revolver, saber, and Sharp's carbines, and we were supposed to get on these broncos with all this paraphernalia for Sunday morning inspection.¹⁹ The companies were formed in one line, all horses facing the commanding officer, and the command is given "two, three, and four to the front" so as to leave space so a man can mount a horse, and there

were a little over three-hundred men in that condition, four lines of horses about ten feet apart each, and with a man to each horse with a carbine slung over his shoulder with the muzzle up, and when they are all ready the word is given "prepare to mount." In that position, a man has his lines in his left hand, grabs the mane of the horse with his right hand, his left foot in the stirrup. Of course, by this time there was considerable commotion, but after a long time they finally got the men so they were all in this position. When the command rang out to "mount," three-hundred men raised themselves on their left foot, calculating to throw the right foot over the back of the saddle and get into it. Probably seventy-five or eighty of the three-hundred men accomplished that, perhaps [more] of them, but there were at least one-hundred horses out of the whole outfit commenced violently to buck, and ran into each other. The whole thing was one of the most awful and comical situations imaginable. When the thing cleared up there [were] at least one-hundred of the horses running on the prairie, nose bags all in the air and all in a turmoil. It was an hour before we could get them together. Confidentially, this was the last effort made by our commanding officer for mounted inspection.

A short time after this, while the horses were out grazing, twelve or fourteen of them got away from the orderly, and it was just the kind of night they couldn't follow them. The next morning I was detailed as a Corporal with six or seven men to hunt them up. Of course, the first thing I ordered was to make a circle of the camp to find the tracks of where the horses had been the day before. We found their tracks leading north. This was a certain Wednesday morning in the winter of '61 and '62. We followed those tracks fifty or sixty miles that day and became convinced that these horses had formerly come from the San Jose Ranch, located about fifteen miles southeast from San Gabriel, as is my recollection.²⁰ It commenced to rain about 3:00 o'clock and we got to a stage station called Mud Springs or Chapman, about six miles from San Gabriel. About 5:00 P.M., it was still raining hard and rained all that night, and the next day we started out in the rain and found four or five of the horses. It rained solid and hard every minute of the time from about 5:00 Wednesday until the next Monday morning, with apparently hundreds of water spouts or a great many at least, coming down in tremendous torrents from the mountains. It absolutely tore southern California to pieces, practically extending over the whole

state at the same time. The streams that were coming out of each valley in these mountains were inundating the plains and were something terrific. Geologists show there never was a rain like that from the last 500 or 1000 years at least, and I most devoutly hope there never will be again, and there probably will not.²¹

In going back to San Bernadino we found the whole country transformed almost, and what was called the Cucamonga Desert, between the Cucamonga Ranch and San Bernadino, was particularly washed out in every direction almost, and great crevasses and water courses a mile wide were where water had never been known to run. We stopped between San Bernadino and the Santa Ana River, which ran in a hole washed down to the desert about fifteen feet deep and twenty rods wide, and there were in the bottom of that cottonwood trees three feet in diameter that grew on the banks of this stream and uprooted by the freshet. The river was nearly three miles wide and everything was washed out close to the ocean. Places where water had never run, hundreds of tons of sand had been washed out. We were the first party that had come from the north, and the commanding officer wanted to send a quick express to the commanding colonel about one-hundred miles away at Camp Carleton. I was detailed to carry it, given two horses, alternately riding, as I made the trip in almost sixteen hours, and was held at Camp Carleton, now Santa Monica, near the Soldiers Home, for orders. I might incidentally state that after such a rain of that kind, the whole country being filled anyway with numerous squirrel and gopher holes, it was very porous and sponge like, so that if you got outside the road at that time of year you would be mired. And General [sic, Colonel] West²² of the 1st Infantry at Camp Carleton was going to leave the regiment for the south, San Bernadino and then on to Yuma. I was detailed to take an express down to Wilmington from Santa Monica and ordered to be back to Los Angeles at 7:00 the next morning. There was a drizzling rain that afternoon and I had taken a shortcut to get across to the Wilmington road. The consequence was that it was long, long after dark before I got to the road at all, the horse being nearly up to his belly in the mud and I walking and leading him along. Of course, it was very dark, but I knew I would know the road by lack of grass, when I finally found it. I also remembered that when I marched over this route there had been a big hollow between Wilmington and Los Angeles that had to be crossed and was full of water. I struck that water about ten that night. You could see sixty

or seventy feet onto it and it was water, water everywhere, and little above. I put my horse into it and it seemed ages before I struck bottom. It was deep enough for swimming a little way from the shore and then the horse finally struck bottom and waded out. I again [proceeded] and had been an hour or two more on the road when I saw I was in a hilly country, and then I knew I had taken the wrong road and was off in the San Pedro hills, north of Wilmington, about 2:00 in the morning, when I found a corral on the road made of rails and logs, with the water seven or eight inches deep all around it. I was very tired, of course, and it was the first place I had found where I could hitch my horse after I knew I was on the wrong road. I hitched the horse, took off his saddle, put it up on a pile of rails I got together by taking rails off the corral, lay down on the rails with my saddle for a pillow, and the first thing I knew was reveille at sunrise down in Wilmington, about four or five miles off to the south. It took me from sunrise until eleven in the morning to reach this camp, and I immediately reported to the commanding officer, and he dispatched another man to Los Angeles with dispatches to follow General West.

I found in "C" Company a man, Dick Bascom, who lived near Harvard, and whom I knew very well, and stayed with him several days until I was ordered back to my company at San Bernadino, which I reached without further trouble.²³

As I was coming up on the day's ride from San Bernadino to Carleton I stopped to rest my horse a short time at the San Gabriel Mission. There was a man there with a horse and buggy that I found out was John Rains one of the owners of the Cucamonga Ranch. He was a Rebel and had some such a crowd around him there. He called his horse Jeff Davis. I said to him, "Mr. Rains, it is a matter of indifference to me how bad taste you may have to name your horse Jeff Davis under the circumstances, but I want to give you a little advice. I am alone here and can't take any action on it, but whenever you get in company with four or five U.S. soldiers together, you change your horse's name for the occasion, at least."²⁴

A short time after this our company was ordered south to Warner's Springs at Warner's Ranch. I have already described the condition of the roads and the plains in regard to the mud. There were one-hundred of us and we had three wagons going over. Over the country that is now Riverside,

and the plains around it, we only made about two and a half miles a day. Our wagons would mire about every ten rods and would have to be unloaded and carried forward, and in three days we got only a little over ten or twelve miles. We stayed at Warner's Ranch a month and were ordered back to San Bernadino. During our absence, the camp was moved from the east side of the Santa Ana River, three or four miles southeast of San Bernadino, on the west side of the river, about halfway between San Bernadino and Redlands, as it is today. While we were gone a new Major had come, Major Fergusson,²⁵ a very talented and fine chap, who had married General Vallejo's daughter, to my recollection an accomplished Spanish gentleman and a very fine man.²⁶ The day we returned, the last day in March, was cold, with a northern rain. When we pulled into San Bernadino every man was wet to the skin and very cold. Our officers were Captain Mead, First Lieutenant Reynolds, and Second Lieutenant Wardell.²⁷ They felt very sorry for the men, and made arrangements with a Jew to give each of them a drink of barley whiskey, which was very strong. They gave large drinks to each of the men—there were only three of us that didn't drink, Sergeant Fairchild, myself, and a man named [Charles] Warnell—each drinking about half a tumbler full of this fire water.²⁸ We started to a camp of the battalion, about three miles away. By the time we got to the bank of the Santa Ana River, which we had to cross, there were ninety-seven men, including the captain and two lieutenants, who were more or less under the influence of what they had taken, and the officers commenced to dispute among themselves about the proper way to cross, the men joining, taking sides with the officer they liked best. We finally got across after pulling three or four fellows from the river. It was ludicrous in the extreme. The camp then was about two miles away, and we were marching by fours when the Captain made up his mind that he would show off before the new Major, and when we were about a quarter of a mile away, all the command, including the new Major, came out to inspect us. The old Captain put his command into a trot and the men were all reeling around in their saddles. He then put the command into a gallop, about fifteen rods away from the command he gave the command, "front into line, march." Each first four men keeping the gate they were going, and each other four until the command is under motion will come up in line on their left and get into platoon formation. By this time they had all gotten up in this line, being one-hundred feet from the two-hundred men looking at us. When the word "halt" was given every horse stopped as if it

as if he was shot, of course, and it least sixty of the men went straight over their horses' heads. Well, I leave it to you to imagine our reception. I'll simply say that the Major didn't let our company into the lines, but made us go off about two miles and a half and camp by ourselves. Of course, we straightened out by next morning, and were let into camp, but the Major of course was disgusted with our company, and when our command was ordered south into Arizona he sent half our company forward with one of the other companies, and took the other half north with him up to Wilmington, via Los Angeles. The men knew that getting intoxicated was only an accident, and we had a company of fine men, and they resented very much this attitude of the Major.

When we were on this trip going north, he marched up to Los Angeles and stopped there himself and told the Captain to go out three miles and go into camp. This made the men madder than ever, as they desired to stay in Los Angeles, and really ought to have been permitted to. I was called on the guard that night. We only had one post, and the Captain told me not to let any man go out, and I said, "Well, Captain, how can I prevent it, this guard can't watch all these men." He said, "Well, I guess they won't go," and that ended it, but about 10:00 that night there was not anybody left in the camp except one segment, the guards, and the Captain, and he was asleep. About midnight Colonel [i.e., Major] Fergusson rode in the camp. He was challenged and I went out to get the password, and he told me to wake up the captain. Captain Mead got up and Fergusson said to him, "Where are your men?" he said, "They are sound asleep in the grass." Fergusson said, "No, they aren't, they are all in Los Angeles drunk." I had orders to put them all under arrest, including the Orderly Sergeant and the whole outfit, which I proceeded to do when they returned. They commenced to come in about one or two in the morning, and they were the worst lot of looking fellows you ever saw. When we got ready to pull out in the morning, and the arms were in the wagon and the arrested men all lined up, all dirty, muddy and in awful condition, Fergusson said to Captain Mead, "Fine lot of men you have." Then he had brains enough to recognize the conditions and he said, "Men, I have made up my mind I am making a mistake with you. Now you men have got to be with me for several months at least, and I'm going to turn over a new leaf myself and trust you explicitly. As soon as I get down to Wilmington, I'm going to send for each one of the three or four saloonkeepers there and tell them to sell my cavalrymen all the liquor

they want and that they can pay for, and I feel quite sure that there isn't any of you men that will go back on me under those conditions." He told the captain to give them their arms and release them from arrest. From that time on to way in the next year he kept company with them there never was a man intoxicated, and he was absolutely devoted to us and we to him.

The first of April this spring, we started with him for Arizona, that is the forty men who were with him then. We marched to San Bernadino and from there down to the Yuma Desert, and I tell you it was a desert at that time, about one-hundred and fifty miles, with water only two or three times and with no feed and intensely hot. We stayed at Fort Yuma a day [or] two and then took up our march for Tucson, Arizona, two-hundred and fifty miles below Fort Yuma.²⁹

It was tremendously dirty and dusty and I remember the day out of Yuma we met a mule train. One of the teamsters covered with dirt, yelled at me, and I found it was the same soldier I knew at Harvard, [Illinois], Dick Bascom, with whom I stayed at Wilmington, who had gone to teaming. I, of course, was very glad to meet him.

We had had no meat for a long time and had orders to keep together. We, Corporal Yager³⁰ and I, were on the extreme left, and we saw a deer about twenty or thirty rods to one side. We wanted him awfully, so we took our chances and stopped a little and let the command go about a mile ahead. The deer was still waiting for us. We shot him and started for the command. Yager had the deer, and I was a trifle ahead. Colonel Fergusson heard the shot and saw us coming, and he about [faced] with the entire command and came on the run, supposing we were chased by the Indians. In a peremptory tone of voice he said, "Corporal Ayer, where have you been?" I said to him, "Yager and I saw deer back there and we didn't have meat for so long we tried to get a shot at him." He said in a loud voice, "Did you get him?" I replied, "Yes sir." He said in a moderate voice, "Fall in." He, the Colonel, got a hind quarter.

We finally got to the Pima Indian villages, and found as fine a lot of Indians as ever I saw in my life, clean people in every way, and I'm glad to say they have been ever since. They were of great assistance to us in getting into the territory. They became our guides and helpers in fighting the Apaches, and have always been truthful and reliable people.³¹ Between here and Tucson we had a march of nearly twenty-four hours without water, but we finally went into Tucson all right. But last night before we arrived

there, one of my men, John Walters,³² was on guard over the major's horses, and an Indian cut the lariat that held a horse and got away with it. This was in the Canyon De Oro, about fifteen miles north of Tucson.

We were the only cavalry there in Tucson, and I was put in charge of the corral where all the detachments coming in would report to me. I was in charge of this for about a month, and another cavalry regiment came in and we were relieved.

About that time an old ex-army engineer, who had charge of Colt's mine (the arms manufacturer of Connecticut) called the Sierra Colorado, fifty-five miles south of Tucson,³³ came to Tucson to see General West and the other army officers. I was detailed with six or seven men to escort him back to the mine. We made the trip in four days, and when we returned to Tucson he handed me a letter to General West. On arriving I went to General West's quarters and handed him the letter and stood at attention for instructions. He read the letter and said, "Corporal, do you know anything about the subject matter of this letter?" I said "No, sir." "Well," he said, "it is a very complimentary letter about you." I said, "Well, I can't say anything about it. I didn't do anything special. I tried to do my duty." "Well," he said, "Colonel Lally³⁴ is coming here to go to the Rio Grande with us, and I am going to send an escort down to the mine to guard it, and he has asked me to send you down in command. It is a very remarkable thing to send a young man of your rank to a place like that, but I'm going to do it." When the orders came out that I was to have fifteen men detailed to me to go down to the mine, of course, the Orderly Sergeant was disgusted that a corporal should be chosen for anything of that kind and selected fifteen of the meanest men in our company. I had always commanded the 5th squad in the company, and had as good men as I ever saw, in it. Every one was a fine fellow. I tried to argue with the orderly, but he wouldn't listen. I went to the captain of the company, but he said he had resigned and was going away, and didn't take any action. I took the bull by the horns, and told General West about it. General West wrote this short letter to Captain Mead of the company: "Corporal Ayer will be permitted to make his own selection from Company "E" for his fifteen men to accompany him to Sierra Colorado mine."

I'd become much attached to the men in the 5th squad, and I'm sure that they were to me. I immediately selected my whole squad, much to the

disgust of the first sergeant, and we proceeded to the mine, Colonel Lally leaving and joining the officers at Tucson and proceeded from there to the Rio Grande River with them.

This was one of the earliest discovered and operated silver mines, and was being prosperously worked up to the outbreak of the war, when all of our forces being withdrawn the rebel forces came in for a few weeks and they again disappeared and the country was entirely abandoned, or practically so, this and one other mine to the eastward being the only places continuously occupied. I'd been there about a month when a man rode in heavily armed and stopped at the office. Upon inquiry from other people who had been there all the time I found he was a rebel major in the commissary department, connected with Hunter's regiment, and who had been in Mexico and got left when the regiment withdrew.³⁵ I went to the office and said to him, "I'm very sorry, Major, but I will have to detain you here." He rather forcibly objected and wanted to know by what authority I arrested and detained men traveling the high roads. My answer was, "Oh, Major, by force." He accepted the situation and we sent him to Tucson under guard, and he was put into Fort Yuma until the end of the war.

While rummaging through a little library that the owner had provided himself with, I found Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*. I was encouraged to read it from the fact that we were on the Mexican border, and of course very little attention being required otherwise, I did read it through twice, and the finding of this book put me on to a source of thinking, etc., that most certainly influenced my whole life.³⁶ It introduced me to romantic history and taught me how very important and interesting it was.

During the time I was here the Mexican government offered our government a free port of entry at Libertad on the Gulf of California, about one-hundred miles north of the Guaymas, if we would establish a port. This saved about two-hundred and fifty miles of desert travel, getting supplies into the country as far as Tucson. Colonel Fergusson accompanied by Lieutenant [Charles P.] Nichols of my company and fourteen infantrymen arriving from Tucson one morning, I was relieved with my cavalrymen, the infantrymen taking our place, and we proceeded to desert the outfit in Libertad. We crossed the Mexican border at a place called Bizani, nothing being here at that time only water about a mile up the canyon. We went into camp here and brought water from the spring. The next morning Major Fergusson handed me the board on which was written in both Spanish and

English, "WATER ONE MILE UP THIS CANYON AT SPRINGS." I nailed it to a mesquite tree. One year after this, Ross Brown, traveling through the district, mentions the sign of water, (and in 1863, accompanied by George Sturgis and Colonel Fergusson, making a trip to the gulf again, we stopped here both going and coming, a ranch house having been built here.) We went on down to Altar, then turned west into Pitiquito where we stopped for a day or two, preparing for the desert drive to the gulf. We finally started about 2:00 in the morning, traveled all that day and all that night until 1:00 in the afternoon of the next day, only having had what little water we could carry in our canteens and a few kegs for the animals. Here we left our wagons and drove the mules and horses nine miles up into the mountains to a spring, the first water we had found since leaving Pitiquito. Range cattle would use this spring, of course, for water for miles around, and being out of meat, we stationed a guard and shot two young cattle that night. Anybody had a right to do this by cutting off their branded ear and delivering it to the magistrate in the first town they came to and depositing \$2.00 for each head of cattle killed.

The next morning we went back for the wagons and then had twenty-two miles of heavy sand road from there to the gulf. People had found fresh water here by digging a well down about twenty feet deep. We found this well in good condition and plenty of warm water in it. We drew our water out and cooled it during the night and then it was usable. We brought with us a boat already nailed together to take soundings here. While we were waiting for this we passed the hours swimming and especially looking up and down the coast for several miles, which was covered for forty feet wide and some places a foot deep with beautiful, almost fresh shells, thousands of tons of them. It was a very interesting pursuit, trying to find new ones and see what a large variety we could gather together.

While in swimming the next day, Major Fergusson asked me if I wouldn't swim out one-hundred feet or so and go down and see how deep it was. I did so, and got about halfway back when I notice the boys all the yelling and commencing to throw shells in the water. When I got where I could touch bottom I turned around and there were three or four sharks swimming about one-hundred feet out. As I hadn't lost any shark, I simply waded to shore.

After the boat was finished we took soundings and started back again to Pitiquito. I was left in charge of part of the detachment at Pitiquito while the colonel and several of the soldiers made a trip to Point Lobos, a point

several miles north of Libertad, on the gulf. They were gone for four or five days.³⁷ Upon returning, I was ordered to take three wagons and eight men, and cut across on a blind road, striking the Altar Road, about fifteen miles north, getting three loads of barley and returning, meeting the command at Altar, the plan being, and which was afterwards carried out, of returning by way of Tubutama and the Santa Cruz valley to Tucson. I proceeded on this mission, and about 11:00 or 12:00 on one of the hottest days we had experienced, we came to a little two or three acre plot of plowed ground, covered with the finest watermelons imaginable. The custodian was an old, very dirty and ragged Mexican about eighty years of age. Of course, soldiers traveling that way in our country would have taken such melons as they wanted for present use without question, but we were in Mexico and were depended upon by Major Fergusson to do exactly the right thing. I said to the men, "Has anybody got any money?" They all said, no "No, nothing." I'd been supplied with three twenty dollar gold pieces to pay for the barley we were to get. After looking at the melons longingly I said to the men, "Do you suppose that old Mexican can change a \$20.00 gold piece?" and a chorus of eleven men all said, "No, of course he can't." Then I asked the Mexican how many melons he would give me for a dollar and he told me twelve. I told him to bring them out, feeling of course, that if I offered to pay for the melons and the Mexican couldn't make the change we would be held blameless. We ate our melons with the air of millionaires. I took a twenty dollar gold piece out of my pocket and slipped it to the old Mexican, and to the consternation of us all he went down in his rags and changed it, giving me back to \$19.00 in silver. Well, we all felt we were up against it, and we pulled out with saddened faces. I stopped the outfit about half a mile out and said, "Here, now, there must be some money among these twelve men, and I have got to have it." They were all dead honest, and between the twelve men they raised up eighty-seven cents which was turned over to me. When we got to the place where we were to get the barley we told the man how we happened to be 13¢ short. He laughed and told me to distribute the money back to the men; that he would give us the \$40.00 worth of barley for the \$39.00, much to our delight.

After leaving Altar, the next place of any importance at all was Tubutama. There the Franciscan monks had erected a mission in 1740 of almost the same type and kind as that are active at San Xavier, ten miles south of Tucson. Very much the best type of architecture that was ever put

up in northern Mexico or the United States, even up to one-hundred years later, in the west.³⁸

We returned to Tucson, and a few days after that the first paymaster we had from the states arrived and paid off in greenbacks.³⁹ This must have been about the middle of October, 1862. In the meantime, the balance of my company had all gone on to the Rio Grande, being stationed at Mesilla.⁴⁰ Our detachment proceeded there as an escort to the paymaster, on his return. After arriving in Mesilla I was detailed as the escort to a wagon train to Fort Craig,⁴¹ about one-hundred and twenty-seven miles north, and on that route we went over the *Jornada del Muerto*, or Journey of Death, ninety miles without water.⁴² It was intensely cold each night and we had to make holes in the ground and put in grass and other stuff we could pick up and burn, then put our blankets in and get our sleep.

There was a little town right south of Fort Craig where we stayed the night before going in. There was a fandango that night and some of the men were up nearly all night, drinking more or less. The next day we went into Fort Craig. About 1:00 that first afternoon we got an order to detail four men with the best horses to make a quick dispatch to Mesilla. In selecting these horses at least three of them were owned by men who had been up all the night before. They pulled out as soon as they could get ready for Mesilla, and in twenty-seven hours after that, reported something over one-hundred twenty-one miles away. I cite this to show the physical calibre of the California volunteers. They were just as fine as they could be.⁴³

We had had no vegetables for a period of a year or more. While I was drawing rations at Fort Craig for going back I saw a pile of onions in the Commissary Department, and said to the Sergeant, "please give me three or four of those onions," which he did. I put them in my haversack and we started back the next morning for Mesilla. The first night out when we were preparing supper I had given the boys all my onions but one, and I was peeling that when a large, tall man, I should judge about fifty-five or sixty years of age, covered with dust and grime, stopped and said, "By George, young man, I wish you would give me a piece of that onion." I looked up and said, "All right my friend." I cut in half in gave him one half of it. He said, "Young man, where are you from?" I said, "from Harvard, Illinois." He said, "What is your name?" I told him and he said, "Good heavens, I know your father well. My name is Murray. I live up at Clinton Junction [, Wisconsin,] and have a big farm there." Of course, we yoked up as far

as Mesilla. It seemed he had some mining property in Colorado, and was working his way through to California, being broke, to a brother to get money to do some developing, and as the wagon train was going back to California, the wagon-master being a personal friend of mine, he agreed to take Mr. Murray through. About a year after that I got a letter from father, stating that Mr. Murray had come down to see him and wanted father to be sure and write him the moment I got home.

There were only seven companies of cavalry in the department, our five companies and two of the Second Regiment.⁴⁴ General Carleton concluded to take twelve men, a sergeant, corporal, and ten privates out of each of the seven companies and make a new company with headquarters at Santa Fe and called "the Carleton Escort." I was selected as the sergeant from our company, and preceded to escort General Carleton from Mesilla to Santa Fe, where he relieved General Canby and became commander of the department.⁴⁵ I thought we were going to have an easy time up there, but we didn't. There was no easy time anywhere in this department, it was solid hard work. Every Indian in the department except the Pueblos in New Mexico were hostile, and all the troops we had were 2000 California volunteers and 1000 New Mexicans and the Fifth Regiment Infantry,⁴⁶ about 500 strong, to guard and fight all the Indians between California and the Staked Plains and between Mexico and the north. No train could move or no dispatch be undertaken without an escort. Kit Carson's great fight with the Navajos was during this time, with part of his regiment, and part of a regiment of California volunteers, and then we cavalry were working on the outside, carrying dispatches and conducting Indians as they were captured in the Navajo country, down on to their reservation on the Pecos River, and of course we were working very hard, in fact I had been in the saddle nearly all the time, and once or twice I went on six hundred to eight hundred mile escorts, staying only one night, and returning to Santa Fe would get a fresh horse and start out on another horse the next morning. We never had any tents, sleeping on the ground in snow, and sleet, intensely hot in the summer and very cold in the winter, especially nights.

Along towards the first of July, 1863, Lieutenant Wardwell, the commanding officer of our escort, took me and about twenty men to Fort Union, one-hundred and five miles east of Santa Fe, to escort a big train of provisions to El Paso, or Fort Bliss.⁴⁷ We pulled into the little old village of Las Vegas the 3rd of July, '63. The balance of our company were really

all in Santa Fe at that time, and I was very anxious to spend the Fourth of July there with them, and after we got settled in camp I went to Lieutenant Wardwell and said, "Isn't there any dispatches, Lieutenant, you want to send into Santa Fe tonight?" He said, "No, Sergeant, what is the matter with you?" "Well," I said, "I know of a mighty nice girl at Santa Fe who would like to get a letter from you, particularly on the Fourth of July morning." He was engaged to Judge Wall's daughter. "Well," he said, "do you really want to go into Santa Fe tonight?" I said, "Yes, sir." "Well," he said, "you are liable to run into hostile Indians anywhere. You must not start until after dark or you might get killed before you get out five miles." I said, "I understand that. I won't start until after dark, and you can set your mind at ease because I will leave the road at daylight in the morning and take to the foothills, which will be comparatively safe, and I know I can make it all right." He said, "All right, you can go." About eight o'clock he handed me a package for the young lady and I pulled out, and at nine o'clock the next morning reached Santa Fe, seventy-five miles away, and delivering his letter to the young lady, having rode one-hundred and five miles since the morning before at seven, all the roads being over the famous Glorieta Range of mountains. My recollection is that I got little sleep for the next twenty-four hours. Anyway, we had a good time, and I rejoined the command at the Tecolote, twenty miles south of Santa Fe, in due time.⁴⁸ Later, in the fall of '63, the government concluded to recruit another regiment of New Mexican volunteers, called the 1st New Mexican Infantry.⁴⁹ I was offered a second lieutenancy in company "I," which I accepted, provided they would let me go home anytime my original three-years' enlistment was up, or anytime my company might be wanted back in Arizona. I was in the recruiting service, visiting the different pueblos, about a month. The most interesting day of the recruiting service was [in] San Ildefonso, a village belonging to the Taos tribe, about twenty-five miles southwest of Santa Fe, at an Indian dance. There must have been four hundred Indians at least in that dance, in wonderful symbolical costumes. To illustrate, there were fifteen or twenty children with young fawn skins pulled over them, representing young fawns. There were men with the bodies of turkeys on their heads, and others with buffalo horns, and robes reaching to the ground, and all kinds of animals were represented. It was in the same costumes that they used from time immemorial, and unfortunately not now in existence.

The regiment having been formed, our company was sent to Fort Union, New Mexico, with most of the regiment, and for two or three months I was acting adjutant of the regiment there. While there, Captain Simpson⁵⁰ and myself were ordered to the Navajo Reservation on the Pecos River, about two or three hundred miles down, as members of a court martial to be held there, of which General Kit Carson was to be president. Nine men and some of the officers were to be tried for misconduct. We found there about 9500 Navajo Indians and about 500 or 600 Apaches. The government had taken them from their reservations and was undertaking to teach these Indians farming.⁵¹ It was very interesting to see so many of them together. It might have been beneficial to them, but it didn't prove a success, and in '67 the Navajos were put back on their own reservation, furnished and commanded to raise stock, became famous silversmiths, etc., and now in 1913 there is in the neighborhood of 30,000 of them and they are a prosperous, rich tribe. At the time I saw them in the Pecos, there were not over 13,000 of them in existence.

We returned to Fort Union, and shortly after my company was ordered back to Arizona. I immediately sent my resignation to General Carleton at Santa Fe, with the request that it be accepted at Fort Craig; that I would go with my company back that far and would have my resignation accepted there. So we started back to Arizona and in the course of time about eight or ten days we got to Fort Craig and I found my resignation waiting me and the longed for time had arrived that I could start towards home. I took the stage between El Paso and Santa Fe, and got to Santa Fe all right, waiting there one day, and started on the stage for Kansas City. There were nine passengers of us, eleven all told, including the conductor and driver, and among them a woman and a baby about a year old and an old gentleman. Everything went well the first twenty-five or six miles, when we got to Cosloskis,⁵² where we were to get lunch. The rear wheel of the coach gave way, it tipped over and was irreparably wrecked. No one was hurt, and after lunch they hitched two horses onto an old buggy that was there, the old gentleman drove it, carrying the woman and child. That left nine of us. The other horses were hitched to a lumber wagon, all our blankets, etc., put into it, and then we nine started about 3:00 for Cosloskis. We drove all that night and the next day reached Fort Union, about 11:00. We expected to get another coach there, but that was impossible, so they hitched four horses onto an ambulance, calculated for six people, three narrow seats. Nine of us

got into it and rode all that day and all that night, and the next day until five in the afternoon. During this time we passed the great Maxwell Rancho,⁵³ over the great Raton Pass, and across to the Arkansas River, striking at about where La Junta now is. The two men on the outside of each seat would set with about half their seating capacity on the inside of the wagon and half out. It was as tiresome a ride as could be imagined.

We struck the Arkansas River about 5:00 in the afternoon. It was very high and there were a lot of the Indians there who told us the ferry at Bent's Old Fort,⁵⁴ about eight miles below, had been carried away. They had a big double canoe, and we concluded [to] cross in it, and put all the passengers and mail in this canoe. The Indians hauled it up the river about a mile and then cast it loose and as many as possible swimming beside and pushing the canoe, finally drove it to the other side. An attempt was made by the Indians to get the mules across, which proved to be impossible, so the conductor wanted us to come back and take chances on crossing down below, which we refused to do. On seeing an immigrant wagon down about a mile, a couple of us went down there and offered the man \$15.00 to take us eight miles down to Bent's Old Fort, which he proceeded to do. We arrived there about 10:00 o'clock and lay down on the floor and got some rest there, the first we had had since we left Santa Fe, and it seems the stage got in about 2:00 in the morning, the ferryboat must not have been washed away as the Indian stated. Bent's Old Fort was one of the earliest trading posts built in that section. Fort Lyon,⁵⁵ a government post, was twenty-five miles west of that on the river, and the next morning we hitched up and went to Fort Lyon.

There were rumors that the Indians were getting hostile on the plains, and we were provided with an escort of ten soldiers at Fort Lyon. The Indians had never permitted a stage station anywhere between Fort Lyon and Fort Larned,⁵⁶ two-hundred and forty-four miles away, and the stage company had always been obliged to make this trip with one team, generally sending an extra team along to carry the supplies, feed for the mules, the blankets, etc., of the passengers, so we had one old coach following ours on this long route. They notified us there that we would be lucky if we didn't have trouble with the Indians, but of course we hoped for the best. This escort was furnished from the Second Colorado Volunteers and there was a Captain Hardie⁵⁷ going into the States and so he commanded the escort on this trip. Everything went along first rate until we got about fifteen or sixteen miles from Fort Larned. We had traveled then about 230 miles with

the same teams and made extraordinary good time, at least 55 or 60 miles a day. The captain's horse was fresher than the escort's and the mules, and he informed the conductor he would ride ahead into Fort Larned. Some of the soldiers' horses being tired, they lagged behind, the captain being about half a mile ahead. It was very warm, and about 4:00 in the afternoon the driver yelled "Indians." We looked off to the north of a low bluff on the right and about a quarter of a mile away there came the Indians, riding in full war paraphernalia. I swung myself around towards the driver and ordered him to stop. It was evident if we undertook to go towards the captain we would lose some of the men behind, and if we undertook to go back to the men we would lose the captain. I gave an Indian war whoop which was heard by everybody, and there was a race for life for the coach. The Indians got to within about half a mile and divided themselves into two bunches, part to stop the captain from getting back to the coach and part to stop the men who were behind from getting to it. As fast as the soldiers got in we hitched their horses to our coach and as soon as the Indians got within rifle range commenced firing, and succeeded in driving them off, so everybody got to the coach. Before this, all the way along there were two men who had monopolized the rear coach, riding on the blankets and had an easy time of it. As soon as their coach stopped they rushed to ours and were getting in before the Indians got anywhere near. We put the woman with the child in the bottom of the coach and packed blankets and cushions around her so arrows and bullets couldn't touch her and held the Indians off until we got entirely loaded up, when we started on the run for Larned, about fifteen miles away. I got into the rear coach and had the softest thing I ever had in my life, there being twenty rolls of blankets to ride on. I immediately cut the curtains off about sixteen inches so I could look behind and on each side, and could lay down and load my revolver, and I was practically the rear guard. As we would run the Indians would run up very close so that the arrows would come pretty thick, and they also had some guns, and we were in more or less danger from that source, but nothing happened except the wounding of one horse, and the captain had part of an ear shot off. We made five runs, driving them off each time. Of course we didn't know if we killed any, but we did disable some of the horses, and at the last run there was only about half the Indians following, and they finally dropped off altogether. We finally got to Fort Larned and got another escort for about 50 miles east of Fort Larned, and then got through all right. The

next hundred or two miles in eastern Kansas through which we traveled was overrun with bushwhackers. General Price⁵⁸ had been back of Kansas City, and the country was almost in the hands of the bushwhackers. I had my commissions, discharge, etc., with me, and knew if we should be stopped by them anything of this kind, indicating that I was a soldier, would be sure death. At Council Grove I sent all those things home by mail, but had no trouble and reached Kansas City all right.

There were then houses for six or seven thousand people in Kansas City, and only about two or three thousand living there. We took a steamboat as far as Fort Leavenworth and took a little branch railway from Leavenworth to Saint Joe. In getting from Saint Joe [Missouri] to Quincy [Illinois] it took us two days. There were block houses with soldiers in them at all the principle bridges, and of course the railroads were in awful bad shape. When I got across the Mississippi River at Quincy I put my six shooter in my satchel. There were five or six arrows in the coach I was riding in the Indian fight, and one I picked out, broke the shaft off of, and put on the outside of my satchel, and I remember someone stole it on the Burlington Road.

I got into Chicago the afternoon of the first of July, 1864. I'd saved my money as lieutenant and had money enough to get home. It cost me about \$400.00 to get from Fort Craig to Chicago, and I had bought a suit of clothes at Kansas City, and the delays from Kansas City to Chicago were more than I anticipated, and when I got to Chicago I only had \$2.30. Arthur Hobart, who was a passenger conductor when I left home, was a good friend of mine, and had been made a Superintendent. I met him at the station when I arrived, and he gave me a pass to Harvard, our family being entitled to free transportation, my father having kept the railway eating house at Harvard. I got home about 11:00 the night of the last day of July, 1864. I had been gone four years and two months. I was 23 years 7½ months old when I got home.

Upon his return to Harvard, Illinois, the former soldier began his business career in partnership with his father, Elbridge Gerry Ayer, who donated to him a one-third share in his general store. By 1880 the younger Ayer had moved to Chicago where he entered the railway lumber business, supplying ties for the rapidly growing railroad industry. In 1893 he organized, with John Brackett Lord, the Ayer and Lord Tie Company of Chicago, which acquired extensive lumber interests in the south and west

and amassed an immense fortune furnishing ties and telegraph polls for the Union Pacific and Santa Fe railroads.

More remarkable, and far more significant, Ayer became the owner of one of the finest private libraries in the United States and benefactor of two of the nation's foremost cultural institutions. He had received only a rudimentary education at the first school built in Harvard, Illinois, where "books were very scarce." He later recalled that he "virtually never saw any but the Bible and Josephus' works." Within a month of returning from the war, however, Ayer entered Cobb and Pritchard's Bookstore on Chicago's Lake Street and asked for a copy *The Conquest of Mexico*. It was the first bookstore he had ever seen, and although he had read no books since encountering Prescott's classic at the Cerro Colorado Mine in 1862, he remained enthralled by what he later characterized as "a source of thinking that most certainly influenced my whole life." The price, however, was \$3.50 per volume for the three-volume set, and Ayer was nearly broke. The book dealer, however, gave him the volumes on credit, and Ayer later wrote, "I have blessed him ever since. That was the happiest day of my life; going home I only touched the earth in high places."⁵⁹

Ayer went on to amass a collection of some 49,000 books, pamphlets, and manuscripts, relating to the discovery, exploration, and colonization of the western hemisphere. In 1911 this library, said to have been the largest ever brought together by a private individual, was presented to Chicago's Newberry Library of which he became a charter trustee. He also became a trustee of the Art Institute of Chicago and director of the Chicago Historical Society.

Moreover, with the closing of the Chicago World's Fair on 30 October 1893, Ayer persuaded Marshall Field to donate several million dollars to endow the Columbian Museum of Chicago—now the Field Museum of Natural History—to be housed in the former Palace of Fine Arts and utilizing as its nucleus the collections left from the exposition, to which Ayer added his own large collection of Indian paraphernalia and library of books on ornithology. Field was initially reluctant, reportedly declaring, "I don't know anything about a museum, and I don't care to know anything about a museum." In response, Ayer told Field that "You can sell dry goods until hell freezes over, but in twenty-five years, you will be absolutely

forgotten," persuading the department store magnate to contribute one million dollars. A further eight million was bequeathed to the museum from Field's estate. Ayer became the first president of the Field Museum, serving from 1893 to 1898, and remained a trustee until the end of his life.⁶⁰

Edward E. Ayer died in Pasadena, California, on 3 May 1927, and was buried in Harvard, Illinois.

Endnotes

¹ George Henry Pettis, *The California Column: It's Campaigns and Services in New Mexico, Arizona and Texas during the Civil War* (Santa Fe: Historical Society of New Mexico, 1908), 5-8; Andrew E. Masich, *Civil War Arizona: The Story of the California Volunteers, 1861-1865* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2006), 10.

² Josiah Royce, *California, From the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco: A Study of American Character* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1886), 392-93.

³ Simon Cameron to John G. Downey, War Dept., *War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (128 vols.; Washington: Government Printing Office, 1880-1921), series 1 vol. 20, pt. 1, p. 569; George Pettis, *The California Column*, 5.

⁴ George Wright to Lorenzo Thomas, 9 December 1861, *Official Records*, vol. 50, pt. 1, pp. 752-53.

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 137, 752-53.

⁶ Richard C. Drumm to Carleton, 19 December 1861, *Official Records*, vol. 50, pt. 1, p. 772; Pettis, *California Column*, 8, 11; John C. Cremony, *Life among the Apaches* (San Francisco: A. Roman and Co., 1868), 144-45, Carleton's command was officially designated as the "Column from California," more commonly called the "California Column," at Tucson on 15 May 1862. Carleton, General Order Number One, *Official Records*, vol. 50, pt. 1, p. 1075.

⁷ *Official Record*, series 1, vol. 50, pp. 4, 106, 114.

⁸ Halleck to Carleton, 13 October 1862, quoted in Aurora Hunt, *Major General James Henry Carleton, 1814-1873: Western Frontier Dragoon* (Glendale, CA: Arthur H. Clark, 1958), 236.

⁹ Frank McNitt, *Navajo Wars* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1972); Gerald Thompson, *Army and the Navajo: The Bosque Redondo Reservation Experiment, 1863-1868* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1976); Thomas W. Dunlay, *Kit Carson and the Indians* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2000).

¹⁰ General Orders Number Four, 18 February 1865, Headquarters, Department of New Mexico, *Official Record*, vol. 41, pt. 1, p. 909.

¹¹ Ayer enlisted on 14 October 1861 in Oakland and was mustered into Federal service on the day following. Richard H. Orton (comp.), *Records of California Men in the War of the Rebellion* (Sacramento: California Adjutant General's Office, 1890), 122.

¹² The official records indicate otherwise. California's adjutant general, Richard H. Orton, stated that the first man was Charles S. Thompson, who enlisted at Folsom on 19 August 1861. Orton, *Records of California Men*, 68.

¹³ After a brief period studying law in the Springfield office of Abraham Lincoln, Elmer Ephraim Ellsworth, an officer in the Illinois state militia, formed the United States Zouave Cadets and drilled in French light infantry tactics. By 1860 his Chicago company was considered the finest militia unit in the Midwest.

¹⁴ According to records of the California adjutant general's office, Ayer was mustered in as a sergeant. Orton, *Records of California Men*, 122.

¹⁵ The men arrived at San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, and marched some eighteen miles north of town to lay out Camp Latham, about three miles east of the present city of Santa Monica. Pettis, *California Column*, 6; Orton, *Records of California Men*, 341, 376.

¹⁶ James Henry Carleton was born in Lubec, Maine, on 27 December 1814 and on 18 October 1839 was commissioned a second lieutenant in the First U.S. Dragoons directly from civilian life. Carleton died in San Antonio on 7 January 1873 while serving as lieutenant colonel of the 4th U.S. Cavalry. Hunt, *Major General James Henry Carleton*.

¹⁷ Although Carleton had hoped that they would be mounted on the "American" horses turned over by departing regulars, most of the men had to settle instead for what Carleton contemptuously referred to as California "half breeds," smaller horses of Spanish stock. Eyre to Carleton, 21 October 1861, *Official Record*, vol. 50, pt. 1, p. 670; Carleton to Drum, 21 December 1861, *ibid.*, p. 775. See Masich, *Civil War in Arizona*, pp. 77-79, for a full account of the horses and horse gear of the 1st California Cavalry.

¹⁸ Eyre resigned his command only ten days after his appointment and was replaced by Colonel David Fergusson. Orton, *Records of California Men*, 66.

¹⁹ Many of the men were armed with .54-caliber, model 1853 or 1859, Sharps breach-loading carbines, the 1840-pattern saber, and the model 1847 .44-caliber Colt "Dragoon" or the .36-caliber Colt "Navy" revolver.

Carleton to Drum, 21 December 1861, *Official Record*, vol. 50, pt. 1, p. 775; Masich, *Civil War in Arizona*, 19-21; A. C. Hitchcock to Thomas and Naomi Hitchcock, 20 July 1864, quoted in Masich, *Civil War in Arizona*, 69.

²⁰ Ayer's was not the only cavalry regiment of the California Column to experience difficulty with restive horses. On 5 May 1862 the mustangs of Company B, 2nd California Cavalry, stampeded at Mission Station on the Gila River, and, according to Private John W. Teal, they "run back to Gila city before we could [catch] them." Henry P. Walker, ed., "A Soldier in the California Column," *Arizona and the West* 13 (Spring 1971): 38.

²¹ During the winter of 1861-1862 rains drenched southern California and the lower Colorado River region. Roads became bogs, making the movement of men and supplies virtually impossible. Cremony, *Life among the Apaches*, 145; Walker, "Soldier in the California Column," 33-82.

²² Joseph Rodman West, a native of New Orleans who had been raised in Philadelphia, served as a captain in the Maryland and District of Columbia Regiment during the Mexican War. He moved to California in 1849 where he edited the *San Francisco Price Current* and was active in the state militia.

²³ A Dicus Bascom served as a private in Company G, 1st California Infantry. Orton, *Records of California Men*, 252.

²⁴ On 17 November 1862, John Rains, the owner of Rancho Cucamonga, was, according to rumors, assassinated by his wife's lover, who was himself killed on 21 May 1864 by

friends of Rains. Walker, "Soldier in the California Column," 70-71; *Alta California*, 22 July, 26 November, 1862 and 2 January 1863; *Los Angeles Star*, 28 May 1864.

²⁵ David Fergusson, formerly the regiment's major, assumed command of the 1st California Cavalry on 9 February 1863. Orton, *Records of California Men*, 87.

²⁶ Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo (4 July 1807–18 January 1890) was born in Monterey, California. He was one of the many Californios who believed the best hope for the region's economic and cultural development lay with the United States. Vallejo served as a member of California's constitutional convention and was elected to the new state's senate in 1850.

²⁷ William C. Mead was captain from 16 August 1861 to 31 August 1862. No officer named Reynolds served with the California Column, so Ayer's memory seems to have been at fault. William Van Buren Wardell was the company's second lieutenant from 16 August 1861, serving in that capacity until promoted to first lieutenant of Company D on 3 March 1863. Orton, *Records of California Men*, 122.

²⁸ Elliott C. Fairchild was the first sergeant or orderly sergeant of the regiment from 14 August 1861 until he was mustered out of service on 31 August 1864. *Ibid.*, 122, 129.

²⁹ Camp Calhoun, located on the west bank of the Colorado River in the southwest corner of California, was established in 1849 to guard the river crossing and, after 1858, to provide protection for commence on the Butterfield Overland Mail route. In March 1851 the post was moved to its permanent site, a bluff overlooking the Colorado River, and its name was eventually changed to Fort Yuma. Robert W. Frazer, *Forts of the West: Military Forts and Presidios and Posts Commonly Called Forts West of the Mississippi River to 1898* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1965), 34-35.

³⁰ A George W. Yager served as a private in Company E, but no record of his having been promoted to corporal exists. Orton, *Records of California Men*, 130.

³¹ John W. Teal concurred in this opinion, noting that the Pimas had "always been the white man's friend and in my judgment have the most benevolent countenances of any Indians I ever saw. They subsist principally on wheat which they raise by irrigation with water brought from the Gila River in ditches. They also eat mesquite beans." Walker, "Soldier in the California Column," 38-39.

³² No John Walters appears on the rolls of the First California Cavalry.

³³ Samuel Colt's Cerro Colorado mine was located at Arivaca, Arizona, eleven miles north of the Mexican border. During the first year of the war the mine had been confiscated and operated by the Confederate government. Diane M. T. North, *Samuel Peter Heintzelman and the Sonora Exploring and Mining Company* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1980).

³⁴ Folliot Thornton Lally was a major in the 9th U.S. Infantry during the Mexican War, earning a brevet to lieutenant colonel for his part in the Battle of Cerro Gordo. According to the *San Francisco Daily Alta California* of 25 July 1862, he was the agent for the mining interests of Samuel Colt, who had died on 10 January.

³⁵ On 28 February 1862, Capt. Sherod Hunter arrived in Tucson with about 100 men of the 2nd Texas Mounted Rifles and elements of other Confederate territorial ranger companies. Most settlers welcomed their presence as a means of protection from the increasingly aggressive Apaches. L. Boyd Finch, *Confederate Pathway to the Pacific: Major Sherod Hunter and Arizona Territory, C.S.A.* (Tucson: Arizona Historical Society, 1996), 111-12; James H. Tevis, *Arizona in the '50s* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1954), 231.

³⁶ Ayer's chance discovery of William H. Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* was to be "the principal force that has given me a vast amount of enjoyment in this world, and is absolutely responsible for the 'Ayer Collection' in the Newberry Library, Chicago." Frank C. Lockwood, *Pioneer Days in Arizona* (Macmillan: New York, 1932), 357-60.

³⁷ For Fergusson's report on this expedition, see *Official Record*, vol.3, pt.3, pp. 24-35.

³⁸ The Mission of San Pedro and San Pablo, founded by Jesuit missionary Eusebio Francisco Kino at the end of the seventeenth century, is located at Tubutama, in the northwest quadrant of the Mexican state of Sonora.

³⁹ The first Legal Tender Act, passed by Congress on 25 February 1862, authorized fiat Treasury notes to meet the extraordinary expenses incurred by the Civil War. The bills were printed on the reverse side with green ink and hence became popularly known as "greenbacks."

⁴⁰ Mesilla, New Mexico, is located on the Rio Grande at the crossing of the Butterfield Overland Mail route and the Santa Fe Trail. With its occupation by Lieutenant Colonel John R. Baylor's battalion in 1861, Mesilla became the capital of the Confederate Territory of Arizona, serving as such until it was reoccupied by Carleton's California Column.

⁴¹ Fort Craig was established on the Rio Grande near Socorro, New Mexico, in 1853 to provide protection against Apache raiders on the Santa Fe Trail.

⁴² The Jornada del Muerto was a fearsome section of the Paso del Norte-Santa Fe Trail that left the Rio Grande at Fort Selden above Mesilla, New Mexico, and, after traversing some ninety miles of mesquite scrub land, returned to the river about ninety miles to the north. Cremony, *Life among the Apaches*, 73-74.

⁴³ For comment on the perceived physical superiority of the men of the California Column, see Masich, *Civil War in Arizona*, 14-15.

⁴⁴ The 2nd California Cavalry was mustered into Federal service on 30 October 1861 at Camp Alert in San Francisco. Orton, *Records of California Men*, 168-69.

⁴⁵ Edward Richard Sprigg Canby was a Kentucky native and was graduated from the United States Military Academy with the class of 1839. With the outbreak of the Civil War, Canby, then in command of Fort Defiance, New Mexico Territory, was assigned to command of the Department of New Mexico. Max L. Heyman, Jr., *Prudent Soldier, A Biography of Major General E. R. S. Canby, 1817-1873*. (Glendale, CA: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1959).

⁴⁶ The 5th California Infantry was organized in Sacramento in October 1861. The regiment served with the California Column until it was mustered out in November and December 1864. Orton, *Records of California Men*, 668-69.

⁴⁷ Fort Union was established in northeast New Mexico in 1851 to protect the Mountain and Cimarron branches of the Santa Fe Trail. William H. Davis, *El Gringo—or New Mexico and Her People* (New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 1857), 48-51. For Fort Bliss, see Leon C. Metz, et. al., *Desert Army: Fort Bliss on the Texas Border* (El Paso: Mangan Books, 1981).

⁴⁸ In his manuscript memoir, Ayer notes that "in 1914, coming up from the Grand Cañon, my grandson, Howard Ayer Johnson, drove my big Pierce Arrow from Santa Fe to Las Vegas over the exact road I went the night of July 3, 1863..."

⁴⁹ Ayer reenlisted as a "veteran volunteer" at Santa Fe on 5 October 1863 but was discharged on 26 February 1864 to accept a commission as a second lieutenant in the reorganized 1st New Mexico Infantry. Orton, *Records of California Men*, 122; John William Ellis to Winfield S. Fletcher, 17 May 1892, in J. Robert Seynn (ed.), "A Soldier in New Mexico, 1860-1865," *El Palacio* 65 (August 1958): 144.

⁵⁰ Smith H. Simpson of Taos, New Mexico, Kit Carson's confidential clerk and secretary, was the captain of Company I, in which Ayer served. Charles and Jacqueline Meketa, *One Blanket and Ten Days' Rations* (Globe, AZ: Western National Parks Association, 1980), 43-45, 87.

⁵¹ The plan was a failure from the start. By the end of 1865 almost all of the Mescaleros had escaped, and by May 1868, when the army allowed the Navajos to return to their homeland, government officials realized that the experiment was untenable. Gerald Thompson, *The Army and the Navajo: The Bosque Redondo Reservation Experiment 1863-1868* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1976); Walker, "Soldier in the California Column," 62-63.

⁵² Napoleon Kozlowski's Ranch was located in Glorieta Pass on the Santa Fe Trail. William Henry Ryus, a stage driver who frequently stopped there, described the ranch as "a famous eating station, noted for its profusion of mountain trout caught in the Pecos River," four miles to the west. William Henry Ryus, *The Second William Penn: A True Account of Incidents that Happened along the Old Santa Fe Trail in the Sixties* (Kansas City, MO: Frank T. Riley Publishing Co., ca.1913.), 101.

⁵³ The Maxwell Ranch was tract of nearly two million acres in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado. Henry Inman, *The Old Santa Fe Trail: The Story of a Great Highway* (New York: Macmillan, 1898), 373-388.

⁵⁴ Bent's Old Fort was established in 1833 in what is now Otero County in southeastern Colorado. For much of its sixteen-year existence, the adobe fort was the only major permanent white settlement on the Santa Fe Trail between Missouri and the Mexican settlements. David Lavender, *Bent's Fort* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1954).

⁵⁵ Fort Lyon was established in 1860 to protect prospectors and freighters drawn into the region by the Colorado Gold Rush of 1859.

⁵⁶ Fort Larned was established in 1859 to protect travelers from Cheyenne raiders, but was abandoned in 1878 after the completion of the Transcontinental Railroad rendered the trail obsolete.

⁵⁷ This was most likely George H. Hardin, a first lieutenant in the 1st Colorado Cavalry. Ovando J. Hollister, *History of the First Regiment of Colorado Volunteers* (Denver, CO: Thomas Gibson and Co., 1863); rept., *Colorado Volunteers in New Mexico, 1862* (Chicago: Lakeside Press, 1962), 112-14.

⁵⁸ Sterling Price served as a brigadier general of Missouri volunteers during the U.S.-Mexican war, as governor of Missouri from 1853 to 1857, and as a major general in the Confederate army. In the "Missouri Expedition" of 1864 he led a column of Confederate cavalry through Missouri and Kansas, enjoying limited success early in the campaign, but was decisively defeated at he battle of Westport, on 23 October 1864.

⁵⁹ Frank C. Lockwood, *Pioneer Days in Arizona* (Macmillan: New York, 1932), 357-60.

⁶⁰ *Dictionary of American Biography* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1928-1936), 1: 448-49.

Rip Ford: Confederate or Texan?

RICHARD B. MCCASLIN

Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace in March 1865 reported to the general-in-chief of the United States Army, Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, that he had met with “the most influential Confederate soldier in Texas,” John S. “Rip” Ford, to discuss a scheme for ending the Civil War in the far west.¹ While Ford might claim to be influential among Texans, he in fact did not have a Confederate commission at the time he spoke with Wallace. Famed as a Texas Ranger prior to the Civil War, Ford had been sent to secure the Rio Grande border when the war began. He succeeded, and became a Confederate colonel. Time and again, however, he placed the interests of Texas, and its authority, above that of the Confederacy. The result was that when he won the last battle of the Civil War, in May 1865 at Palmito Ranch, he did so as a brigadier general in state service. Ironically, Ford became a hero for Southerners who revered the Lost Cause, but he fought for Texas, not for the Confederacy. He thus better symbolizes the divisive regional allegiances that led the Confederacy to failure, not the nationalism that might have sustained it.

Rip Ford prior to the Civil War played many roles in Texas—doctor, lawyer, politician, editor—but he won the most attention as a defender of the frontier against Indians and bandits. Emerging from the Mexican War with some experience as a soldier under the command of John C. “Jack” Hays, Ford assisted Robert Neighbors in blazing a trail from San Antonio to El Paso, and then made headlines for campaigns as a Ranger captain against hostile Comanche during the 1850s. Called into the field once more to combat the operations of Juan N. Cortina along the Rio Grande in 1859, Ford proved to be relentless in his pursuit of the border raider. Some questioned the effectiveness of his tactics, but Ford on the eve of secession could claim to be one of the best-known Ranger captains in Texas. He became a prominent advocate of disunion, and Cameron County voters chose him to be one of their two delegates to the Secession Convention in Austin. There Ford, to no one’s surprise, was chosen to command one of two regiments created by the Committee on Public Safety to secure the Texas frontier as Regular Army units withdrew from their posts. Assigned

to the Rio Grande, Ford in February 1861, before Texas voters endorsed secession, hastily prepared to return to Brownsville, whence he had been elected to the convention a few months earlier.²

Ford handled his assignment to the Rio Grande frontier with diplomacy and tact. He cooperated with businessman E. B. Nichols, the commissioner appointed by the Texas Secession Convention to secure Federal property, in raising and equipping companies to occupy Brownsville. They landed at Brazos Santiago on February 21 and persuaded an Army lieutenant to surrender his guns to them rather than destroy them as ordered. Two days later they marched to Fort Brown, where they confronted Capt. Bennett H. Hill, who had to be convinced by subordinates not to arrest the Texans who demanded that he give Fort Brown to them. Ford had Nichols return to Galveston for reinforcements while he waited for Hill to change his mind, giving him a deadline of March 2, the effective date for the secession of Texas. Hill received new units as well as Ford, who worried about whether he actually could take Fort Brown, but fortunately for both commanders Hill's decision was made when Brig. Gen. David E. Twiggs surrendered the Department of Texas. Ford smoothed ruffled feathers among the Texans when Hill's forces, awaiting transportation, fired an artillery salute to the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln on March 4, and Ford supervised the final departure of the Federals by late March 1861.³

Having peacefully secured Brownsville, Ford accepted a new commission from the Secession Convention as colonel of the 2nd Texas Mounted Rifles, again assigned to the Rio Grande. Many from his original command left for other assignments, and half of his companies were sent to operate far to the west under the command of Lt. Col. John R. Baylor, but Ford gathered recruits and posted them along the river up to Laredo. Ford himself remained at Brownsville despite orders from the Confederate commander of the new District of Texas, Brig. Gen. Earl Van Dorn, to go west. Instead, Ford focused on sending patrols after Indian raiders and renovating the defenses of Fort Brown, which he decided would make the best base for a mobile defense against Federals from the Gulf of Mexico or Mexicans from across the Rio Grande. Later, when the Federals established a blockade of the Rio Grande, Ford arranged for Texas vessels to obtain British or Mexican registry so that the essential cotton trade might continue through Matamoros.⁴

Ford's decision to remain at Fort Brown provides the first hint of his true loyalty to Texas, and its concerns, rather than those of the Confederacy, and his actions there led to an open split with Confederate officials. Ford cultivated a peaceful relationship with Gen. Guadalupe García, who kept his headquarters at Matamoros, but trouble emerged when Tejanos in Zapata County rebelled against local Anglo leaders. Capt. Matt Nolan, ordered by Ford to quash the rebels, escalated the conflict with a brutal attack. Cortina crossed the Rio Grande in May 1861 to join the fighting, convincing Ford that he had to strengthen his defenses against Mexican renegades. Capt. Santos Benavides defeated Cortina and drove him south, but Ford and others believed that Cortina would return in spite of García's efforts to corral the border raider. In this tense mood, Ford learned in the fall of 1861 that García as a Conservative had declared against Jesus de la Serna, the governor of Tamaulipas and, like Ford, a supporter of Benito Juárez as the president of Mexico. When García defeated De la Serna, Ford gave sanctuary in Texas to the Juarista and his troops. When Ford's old friend, and former revolutionary commander, José M. J. Carvajal, joined de la Serna, Garcia asked Ford to speak to Carvajal to prevent a fiasco. Ford instead advised Carvajal to attack Matamoros at once and, as his old commander had done in 1851, the Mexican leader ignored his Anglo friend and engaged in a long siege that ended with a bloody repulse at the hands of troops sent by Santiago Vidaurri, who ironically had been appointed by Juárez as military commander of Tamaulipas.⁵

Ford in the summer of 1861 had sagely advised Benavides "to have nothing to do with Mexican revolutions," but he failed to take his own good advice regarding Carvajal. Settled once more on the Texas side of the Rio Grande with the support of Ford, Carvajal soon became a focus of conflict between the Confederacy and powerful Mexican leaders. Vidaurri, who held much of northern Mexico, protested against Ford giving sanctuary to Carvajal and demanded that the Texan give to him all arms taken from Carvajal. When Ford did not do so, and refused to arrest Carvajal, Vidaurri imposed a tariff on all cotton entering his region. This brought the attention of Confederate authorities, and Ford was ordered to surrender the guns and prevent anyone from giving aid to those who attacked Vidaurri. When it became apparent that Ford could not, or would not, do this, and that in fact he had returned guns to Carvajal, he was transferred away from the Rio Grande, on orders from Richmond, by the commander of the District

of Texas, Brig. Gen. Hamilton P. Bee, who in June 1862 assigned Ford to supervise the enforcement of conscription in Texas. Ford would never again lead troops in the field as a Confederate colonel.⁶

Ford found the duty of chasing draft dodgers to be distasteful and, to add insult to injury, he lost his Confederate commission. The companies of his regiment mustered into Confederate service at different times, and it is unclear when Ford transferred from state service into the army of the Confederacy. His service record indicates this was in May 1861, but as late as August of that year he asked a friend whether he should seek a Confederate commission. Nonetheless, Ford did get a Confederate appointment, and in October 1862 Bee jeopardized this by ordering Ford's regiment, which reunited after the New Mexico campaign failed, to elect new officers as part of the reorganization required by the draft law Ford was enforcing. Ford refused to participate in the election, insisting that he held his commission through the appointment of the Secession Convention. This proved to be unwise, as the men of the newly christened 2nd Texas Cavalry chose Charles L. Pyron, under whom many of them had served in New Mexico, as their colonel. Many years later, Ford wrote in his memoirs that his refusal to stand for election in 1862 was "perhaps not well founded." Bee within weeks removed Ford as the superintendent of conscription in Texas—after all, Ford was no longer a colonel.⁷

Ford's Texas friends rallied to his support, but authorities in Richmond did not respond before a second chance came from an unlikely source. The Texas delegation in the Confederate Congress asked for Ford to be appointed as a brigadier general for the Confederacy, and Postmaster General John H. Reagan of Texas added his endorsement. A petition signed by dozens of Texas legislators was added to the pile in February 1863. Ford did not get a Confederate commission, but he was appointed as the Commandant of Conscripts for Texas by the new district commander, Maj. Gen. John B. Magruder, in March 1863. Magruder apparently wished to take advantage of Ford's influence within Texas to enforce the draft. What Magruder could not do was secure a Confederate rank for Ford. Lt. Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith, the commander of the Department of the Trans-Mississippi, approved the appointment of Ford as Commandant of Conscripts but would not appoint Ford as a colonel. Authorities in Richmond also approved the appointment but not the commission. The campaign on Ford's behalf received such attention that Bee became

concerned that Ford would become a brigadier general and replace him in South Texas, but Magruder assured him that would not happen. Ford received a colonel's pay for the rest of the war, thanks to Magruder, but he did not officially have the rank.⁸

Ford's renewed enforcement of conscription made it clear that he placed the interests of Texas above those of the Confederacy. He allowed Texans join state units or even flee to Mexico, rather than be drafted into Confederate service, and he only pursued draft dodgers who raided local communities. The Federal invasion of the Texas coast in the fall of 1863 provided him with a chance to quit enforcing the Confederate draft and focus more on Texas matters. Brownsville became the base for Union operations, and many people urged Magruder to appoint Ford to expel the Federals. Ford himself issued a call for volunteers, though he modestly later claimed he originally had no ambition to lead them to the Rio Grande. Magruder tried again to secure a Confederate commission for Ford as a colonel, but had to settle for an appointment from Gov. Pendleton Murrah as a brigadier general of state troops. Some of the Confederate officers assigned to serve under Ford protested, but Ford prevailed with the support of Magruder. The latter told all those who held the rank of colonel or below to obey Ford, then in April 1864 declared Ford to be a "temporary" brigadier general of the Confederacy in charge of the Western Sub-district of Texas.⁹

Many elements conspired to delay Ford's march to the Rio Grande. The worst drought in many years made water and forage scarce. Ford experimented with camels, left behind by the Army after an antebellum experiment failed, but he also quit the idea. Recruitment did not proceed as quickly as he anticipated, some men got smallpox, and equipment proved hard to obtain. Troopers had to be sent to chase Unionists or counter Federal raids in south Texas, as well as cope with Mexican raids. Union withdrawals in preparation for the Red River campaign provided an irresistible opportunity for retaking the Rio Grande, and Magruder prodded Ford. Ford tardily marched out of San Antonio on March 17, 1864, only to receive a message that Benavides had been attacked by a detachment of the 1st Texas Cavalry (USA) at Laredo. When Ford arrived there in mid-April, he found an unexpected visitor—Vidaurri, who had denounced Juarez and taken refuge with Benavides. This discovery, together with the occupation of Matamoros by Cortina, who declared himself to be the Juarista governor

of Tamaulipas, made Ford's task even more complicated, but he assured Magruder that he would maintain peaceful relations with all of the factions in Mexico.¹⁰

Ford reached Ringgold Barracks by early May without engaging in more than a few minor skirmishes, and he rested there for more than a month while he awaited men, supplies, and rain. Having gotten some of all three, he marched for Brownsville in mid-June. His troops overran a detachment of the 1st Texas Cavalry (USA) in a driving rain at Las Rucias on June 25, then Ford withdrew to secure his supply lines and quarrel with all who cared to listen about his lack of men, supplies, and authority. The latter may have been a particularly sore point since Magruder gave command of the Western Sub-District to Brig. Gen. Thomas F. Drayton on the day after Las Rucias. Ford also battled a chronic malady that had periodically felled him since the Mexican War. Finally on July 19 Ford had an assistant help him onto his horse and led his men toward Brownsville, gambling that reports he had heard of troop withdrawals were accurate. At first Federals resisted his advance, but on July 30 the Confederates entered the town unopposed, and Ford, after posting companies to watch the Federal camp at nearby Brazos Santiago, went to bed as a Texas hero in the town that he had left in virtual disgrace more than two years earlier.¹¹

Ford had assured Magruder that he would maintain peaceful relations with all Mexicans, but Cortina's actions in Matamoros made that impossible. The French, having installed Maximilian as emperor of Mexico, landed near Matamoros in August, while the approach of a Mexican Imperialist army led by Gen. Tomas Mejía alarmed Cortina. He closed the Rio Grande to trade in early September 1864. Ford had established a cordial relationship with the French commander, so he was surprised and angry when some of Cortina's troops joined with the Federals to attack Confederate positions on September 6. Ford learned that Cortina was bargaining with Union authorities for an appointment in the Federal army, so he understood his old foe's actions, but he never quite forgave the French for not assisting the Texans. Ford re-established his lines and reopened trade on the Rio Grande, however, and watched as the French occupied Matamoros and Cortina became a general in their service. As he had in 1862, Ford gave sanctuary in Texas to a Mexican friend, specifically Col. Servando Canales, with whom Ford had served under Carvajal in 1851 and who refused to take part in Cortina's attack in September. Mejía protested but Ford ignored

him, again supporting local interests over the Confederacy's desire to pursue an alliance with the French.¹²

Ford on the Rio Grande did what he thought was best for Texas, not the dying Confederacy. He blocked the efforts of superiors to transfer troops from his command to a new brigade to be created for Benavides. The latter visited Ford at Brownsville at least once to argue his case, but the soldiers were not transferred and Benavides never became a brigadier general. Ford did get a new boss who did not think much of the rough Texans when Brig. Gen. James E. Slaughter of Virginia took charge of the Western Sub-District; their feud was resolved only when Slaughter left direct command of the troops to Ford.

Ford enjoyed a cordial relationship with Mejía's Imperialists in Matamoros, but Mejía had to attack Canales when somehow Ford's guest rearmed his men and marched south. An interesting proposal that promised to bring peace at the expense of the Confederacy and Mejía arrived in the hands of Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace, who met in March 1865 with Ford and Slaughter. Wallace had the quiet approval of Lincoln and his general-in-chief, Ulysses S. Grant, to ask the Texas troops to join with the Federals in a joint attack on the French and their allies in Mexico. The President actually had declined to discuss such a proposal at the Hampton Roads peace conference in early 1865, but the one presented to the Texans had a twist: they would surrender, and then invade Mexico. Both Ford and Slaughter approved the plan, but Maj. Gen. John G. Walker, who had replaced Magruder as commander of the District of Texas, hotly denounced the entire affair.¹³

Ford grumbled that Walker and Kirby Smith were trying to make their own deal with the French, but he mollified himself with the assumption that the truce declared by Wallace would prevent further bloodshed at Brownsville. He in fact was absolutely right about Kirby Smith, and completely wrong about the truce. Col. Theodore H. Barrett as temporary post commander at Brazos Santiago ordered a Federal advance on May 12, perhaps seeking as some claimed to win some military glory for himself in the waning days of the war. He may have expected the scattered Confederates to retreat, which is what Slaughter decided to do. But both men did not understand Ford, who angrily led his Texans in a wild attack on the Federals at Palmito Ranch on May 13. The last battle of the Civil War ended only when the Confederates reached the edge of the slough that

separated Brazos Santiago from the mainland. Slaughter belatedly arrived and tried to lead a last assault, but his effort failed. The day, and the glory, belonged to Ford.¹⁴

Within a few weeks Slaughter sold his artillery to Mejía, and Ford forced his superior to give most of the money to him and the Texans. Ford then crossed the Rio Grande and settled in Matamoros. There he was contacted by Federal authorities and persuaded to perform one final task as the Texans' commander—arranging for their paroles. Ford continued to use the title of colonel, as he had throughout the war, and people called him that for the remainder of his life. No one challenged his right to a rank he actually lost, nor questioned his effectiveness as a Confederate leader. His victory at Palmito Ranch overshadowed how he had been removed from command or the fact that he ended the war as a state brigadier general. Ford became his own chronicler, recording his perspectives in published articles and unpublished memoirs. He thus became in the public memory, as one of his two biographers wrote, the “prudent cavalryman” defending the Confederate cause from all invaders.¹⁵ But this epithet obscures the irony of Ford's Civil War career, in which he undermined Confederate diplomacy, defied Confederate authority, and ultimately did what he thought was best for Texas, not the Confederacy.

Endnotes

¹ *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, 130 vols. (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1880-1902), Series I, Volume 48, part 1: 1,279 [hereinafter cited as *OR*].

² Ron Tyler *et al.*, eds., *The New Handbook of Texas*, 6 vols. (Austin: Texas State Historical Association, 1996), 2:1,072-1,073. For Ford's antebellum career and his role in the secession of Texas, see William J. Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger: Rip Ford and the Old Southwest* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1964), chapters 1-8, and Stephen B. Oates, ed., *Rip Ford's Texas* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1963), Chapters I-XXIV. More details concerning Ford's role in the secession crisis can be found in Ernest W. Winkler, ed., *Journal of the Secession Convention of Texas, 1861* (Austin: Austin Printing Company, 1912), 9, 10, 16, 22, 321-324, 406, 409. See also *OR*, I, 1: 539-540, and 53: 649-651.

³ *OR*, I, 1: 539-540, 53: 620, 646-652, 655, 658-660; Winkler, *Journal of the Secession Convention*, 324-365; Oates, *Rip Ford's Texas*, 318-321; John S. Ford, “The Memoirs of John S. Ford” (TS, n.d., Center for American History, The University of Texas at Austin), 5: 937-938, 997-1,000; Clement A. Evans, ed., *Confederate Military History*, Extended ed., 17 vols. (Atlanta, 1899; extended ed., Wilmington, NC: Broadfoot Publishing Company, 1989), 15: 21-23, 38-41; J. J. Bowden, *The Exodus of Federal Forces from Texas 1861* (Austin: Eakin Press, 1986), 32-33, 83-90, 137. The material on Texas that appears in Evans' volume was of course written by Oran Milo Roberts, a close friend of Ford and the president of the Texas Secession Convention.

⁴ OR, I, 1: 574-575, 577-578, 617-623, 53: 653-654, 664; Winkler, *Journal of the Secession Convention*, 200-201, 401-402; Oates, *Rip Ford's Texas*, 322-330; Evans, *Confederate Military History*, 15: 34; Ford, "Memoirs," 5: 931, 938-939; John S. Ford to Edward Clark, April 21, 1861 (Governor's Records: Edward Clark, Texas State Library, Austin [hereinafter cited as GR]); Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger*, 197-200; Jerry Thompson and Lawrence T. Jones III, *Civil War & Revolution on the Rio Grande Frontier* (Austin: Texas State Historical Association, 2004), 40.

⁵ OR, I, 1: 577; Ford, "Memoirs," 5: 915, 918-928, 1,002-1,006, ; Henry Redmond to Ford, April 12, 1861, Ford to Clark, May 8, 12, 13, and 29, June 9, 1861 (GR: Clark); Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger*, 199, 202-204; Thompson and Jones, *Civil War & Revolution on the Rio Grande Frontier*, 34-42, 47; Jerry Thompson, *Vaqueros in Blue and Gray* (Austin: State House Press, 2000), 15-23; Ronnie C. Tyler, *Santiago Vidaurri and the Southern Confederacy* (Austin: Texas State Historical Association, 1973), 61-66; Joseph E. Chance, *Jose Maria de Jesus Carvajal: The Life and Times of a Mexican Revolutionary* (San Antonio: Trinity University Press, 2006), 173-174.

⁶ OR, I, 26, pt. 2: 22; Ford to Clark, July 14, 1861 [quote] (GR: Clark); Jose A. Quintero to Francis R. Lubbock, Mar. 24 and 28, April 13, 1862, Santiago Vidaurri to Lubbock, Apr. 6, 1862, Henry E. McCulloch to Lubbock, April 15 and 16, 1862 (GR: Francis R. Lubbock); Tyler, *Vidaurri*, 66-75; Chance, *Carvajal*, 174-177; Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger*, 203-205; Frank L. Owsley, *King Cotton Diplomacy: Foreign Relations of the Confederate States of America*, 2nd ed. (Chicago: University of Chicago, 1959), 121-123; James A. Irby, *Backdoor at Bagdad: The Civil War on the Rio Grande* (El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1977), 21.

⁷ Ford, "Memoirs," 5: 1,007 [quote]; Oates, *Rip Ford's Texas*, 331-332; Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger*, 201, 205-208; United States Department of War, Compiled Service Records for Confederate Soldiers Who Served in Organizations from Texas (Record Group 109, National Archives, Washington, DC [Microfilm at Willis Library, University of North Texas, Denton; hereinafter cited as CSR]): John S. Ford, 2nd Texas Cavalry [this material includes George F. Moore to John H. Reagan, Nov. 6, 1862].

⁸ Texas Congressional Delegation to Jefferson Davis, Sept. 20, 1862, John H. Reagan to James Seddon, Dec. 1, 1862, Texas Legislators to Texas Congressional Delegation, Feb. 2, 1863, Petition from East Texas, n.d. [Feb. 1863], General Orders No. _____, Mar. 21, 1863 (CSR: John S. Ford, 2nd Texas Cavalry); OR, I, 26, pt. 2: 21-22, 32-33, 42, 47; Ford, "Memoirs," 5: 1,008; Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger*, 208-209.

⁹ Ford, "Memoirs," 5: 1,208-1,209, 6: 1,034; Oates, *Rip Ford's Texas*, 337-338, 342-343, 346, 354-355; OR, I, 26, pt. 1: 529-31, pt. 2: 119-120, 516-517, 524-526, 528-530, 534-535, 540, 543-544, 34, pt. 2: 835, 882, 946-947, 961, 968-969, 979, 1,011, 1,053-1,054, 53: 922-923; Texas Legislators to Pendleton Murrah, Dec. 15, 1863, John B. Magruder to Murrah, Dec. 30, 1863 (GR: Pendleton Murrah); General Orders No. ____, April 27, 1864 (CSR: John S. Ford, 2nd Texas Cavalry); Evans, *Confederate Military History* [extended ed.], 15: 122; Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger*, 209-213, 215. For an excellent history of operations along the Rio Grande in 1863, see Stephen A. Townsend, *The Yankee Invasion of Texas* (College Station: Texas A&M University, 2006), *passim*.

¹⁰ OR, I, 26, pt. 2: 560-561, 34, pt. 1: 647-649, pt. 2: 947-950, 968, 979, 992, 1,004-1,005, 1,033, 1,068-1,069, 1,081, 1,084, pt. 3: 775-776, 783-784, 797-798, 53: 922, 952, 1,001; Ford, "Memoirs," 6: 1,037-1,038, 1,041, 1,060-1,062; Samuel A. Maverick to Murrah, Mar. 17, 1864 (GR: Murrah); Ford to Santos Benavides, Feb. 27, 1864 (John S. Ford, "Letter Book, February 18, 1864 to April 25, 1864" [TS, n.d., Texas State Library, Austin], p. 28); Oates, *Rip Ford's Texas*, 344-360; Evans, *Confederate Military History* [Extended ed.], 15: 123-125; Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger*, 215-217; Thompson and Jones, *Civil War & Revolution on the Rio Grande*

Frontier, 62-65, 76-78, 84; Thompson, *Vaqueros in Blue and Gray*, 107-111; Robert L. Kerby, *Kirby Smith's Confederacy: The Trans-Mississippi South, 1863-1865* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1972), 194.

¹¹ *OR*, I, 34, pt. 1: 1,053-1,056, pt. 3: 807-808, pt. 4: 559-560, 676, 695, 41, pt. 1: 185-186, pt. 2: 989, 994-995, 1,001; Ford to James E. Slaughter, June 15, 1864 (CSR: John S. Ford, 2nd Texas Cavalry); Ford to Murrah, May 8, 1864 (GR: Murrah); Ford, "Memoirs," 5: 1,013-1,017, and 6: 1,082-1,084, 1,100-1,103; Oates, *Rip Ford's Texas*, 361-365; Thompson, *Vaqueros in Blue and Gray*, 92-93, 114-115; Thompson and Jones, *Civil War & Revolution on the Rio Grande Frontier*, 79-82; Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger*, 218-224.

¹² *OR*, I, 41, pt. 2: 1,088-1,089, pt. 3: 721-722, 909-910, 912, 946-947, 973-974; Ford to W. Kearny, Aug. 26, 1864, Ford to A. Veron, Aug. 27, 1864, Ford to Juan N. Cortina, Aug. 31 and Sept. 8, 1864, Ford to Dan Showalter, Sept. 1, 1863, Ford to J. E. Dwyer, Sept. 8, 1864 (John S. Ford, "Letter Book, August 24, 1864-December 30, 1864" [TS, n.d., Texas State Library, Austin], pp. 7, 11, 21, 23, 38-41); Ford to A. P. Root, Sept. 22, Oct. 2, 1864 (John S. Ford, "Letter Book, September 22, 1864, to November 29, 1864" [TS, n.d., Texas State Library, Austin], pp. 1-5, 88-90); Ford, "Memoirs," 5: 907-909, 1,023, 1,027-1,028; 6: 1,121-1,123, 1,125-1,129, 1,131-1,132, 1,135-1,141, 1,143-1,156; 7: 1,195; Oates, *Rip Ford's Texas*, 366, 368-383; Thompson and Jones, *Civil War & Revolution on the Rio Grande Frontier*, 85-88; Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger*, 225-230.

¹³ Ford, "Memoirs," 5: 1,030-1,031, 6: 1,126, 1,164-1,167, 7: 1,174-1,186; *OR*, I, 41, pt. 4: 1,109, 48, pt. 1: 512, 1,166-1,167, 1,275-1,276, 1,278-1,279, 1,281-1,282, 1,311-1,312, 1,353, pt. 2: 457-459, 460-462, 53: 1,020-1,021; George H. Giddings to Murrah, Oct. 21, 1864 (GR: Murrah); Oates, *Rip Ford's Texas*, 383-386, 388-389; John Y. Simon, ed., *The Papers of Ulysses S. Grant, Volume Thirteen* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1985), 283, 285-290; Lew Wallace, *An Autobiography*, 2 vols. (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1906), 2: 623-843; Charles M. Hubbard, *The Burden of Confederate Diplomacy* (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1998), 172, 174; Harry T. and Marjorie L. Mahoney, *Mexico and the Confederacy, 1860-1867* (San Francisco: Austin & Winfield, 1998), 67; Irving McKee, "Ben-Hur" Wallace (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1947), 91-93; William S. McFeely, *Grant: A Biography* (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1981), 206; Thompson, *Vaqueros in Blue and Gray*, 119-121; Thompson and Jones, *Civil War & Revolution on the Rio Grande Frontier*, 89-90; Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger*, 225-226, 231-236.

¹⁴ *OR*, I, 48, pt. 1: 1,166-1,167; I, 48, pt. 2: 1,277; Ford, "Memoirs," 5: 1,031-1,033, 7: 1,180, 1,186-1,190; Oates, *Rip Ford's Texas*, 389-395; Simon, *Grant Papers, Volume Thirteen*, 287-288; Wallace, *Autobiography*, 2: 840-841; Evans, *Confederate Military History* [Extended ed.], 15: 125-129; Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger*, 236-240; McKee, "Ben-Hur" Wallace, 93-94; Joseph H. Parks, *General Edmund Kirby Smith C.S.A.* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1954), 451-452; Kerby, *Kirby Smith's Confederacy*, 144; Mahoney and Mahoney, *Mexico and the Confederacy*, 69; Thompson and Jones, *Civil War & Revolution on the Rio Grande Frontier*, 90-94; Irby, *Backdoor at Bagdad*, 47. For a good account of Ford's last battle, see Jeffrey W. Hunt, *The Last Battle of the Civil War: Palmetto Ranch* (U of TX, 2002), *passim*.

¹⁵ Ford, "Memoirs," 7: 1,211-1,214; *OR*, I, 48, pt. 2: 727-728; Thompson, *Vaqueros in Blue and Gray*, 124; Thompson and Jones, *Civil War & Revolution on the Rio Grande Frontier*, 95; Hughes, *Rebellious Ranger*, 242-243; Oates, *Rip Ford's Texas*, 401-403; Stephen B. Oates, "John S. 'Rip' Ford: Prudent Cavalryman, C.S.A.," in Ralph A. Wooster, ed., *Lone Star Blue and Gray: Essays on Texas in the Civil War* (Austin: Texas State Historical Association, 1995), 312-335. This article originally appeared under the same title in Volume 64 of the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* in January 1961 (pp. 289-314).

BOOK REVIEWS

With Tomahawk and Musket, Volume II: The Mohawk Valley Campaign and the Wilderness War of 1777. By Michael Logusz. Philadelphia: Casemate Publishers, 2012. Pp. 272. \$32.95

Michael O. Logusz served in both the Regular and Reserve branches of the U.S. Army, including during Operation Iraqi Freedom in 2007–08. The author of numerous articles, books on WWII, and Volume I in this series, *With Musket & Tomahawk: The Saratoga Campaign and the Wilderness War of 1777*, LTC Logusz personally examined the ground of each battle he describes.

Michael Logusz offers a compelling narrative history of the third axis of the British campaign of 1777 designed to split the northern colonies and destroy the Northern Army of General Horatio Gates. General Barry St. Leger was charged with advancing from Lake Ontario through the Mohawk Valley to Albany, New York. There his force of British regulars, Germans, Loyalists, and their Indian allies intended to rendezvous with General John Burgoyne's column attacking from the north, and General Sir William Howe's thrust from New York City.

Logusz describes the preparations of St. Leger, the difficulties of coordinating a polyglot force, its various leaders such as Colonel John Butler and his son, Captain Walter Butler, Sir John Johnson, Chief (Captain) Joseph Brant, and various personalities from the Seneca, Onondaga, and Iroquois tribes. Ft. Stanwix stood as an obstacle to St. Leger's plans, one that could not be safely by-passed. It must be reduced. With a total force of approximately 2,000, including elements of the 8th and 34th Foot Regiments, a few hundred German Hanau Jagers, Loyalist Rangers, Sir John Johnson's Royal Greens, and about 900 Indians St. Leger invested Ft. Stanwix on 3 August 1777.

Defense of Fort Stanwix was the responsibility of Colonel Peter Gansevoort, dispatched there in March 1777 by the commander of the Patriot's Northern Army, General Philip Schuyler. Gansevoort had about 850 men to defend the post: Continentals of the 3rd New York, and 9th

Massachusetts, some artillerymen and about 100 militiamen. General Nicholas Herkimer's relief column was ambushed by Joseph Brant's mostly Indian force at Oriskany in a vicious, hand-to-hand fight. Although Brant succeeded in blocking the relief column, the mortally wounded Herkimer rallied his men and actually forced Brant to retreat. The British advance through the Mohawk Valley was arrested. As the author states, "On 6 August, both at Oriskany and Fort Stanwix, the British did not just suffer heavy personnel and materiel losses – they also lost spiritually... [The Battle of Oriskany] impacted heavily upon the entire British campaign of 1777. General Burgoyne was severely affected by it, as his expected secondary thrust from the west never materialized after meeting such fierce resistance in the wilderness" (pp. 163-64).

This is a fitting companion the first volume in the series. Logusz offers extensive, interesting end-notes that provide context and demonstrate the depth of his research. The format is slightly different, having chapter end-notes rather than consolidating them at the end of the book. Arranged chronologically, some chapters consist of three or four pages; some end-notes consume eight or nine pages. Occasional end-note numbers have no corresponding notation, or they were out of order. There are insufficient maps to provide the reader with a clear vision of the terrain and distances involved. However, these are minor distractions and ultimately don't diminish the value of this book for any student of the American Revolution.

Kailua Kona, Hawaii

MAJOR TIMOTHY S. COOKE (USAR, RET.)

Kearny's March: The Epic Creation of the American West, 1846-1847. By Winston Groom. New York: Random House, 2012. Pp. 352. \$27.95 cloth; \$16.95 paper.

Pulitzer Prize finalist Winston Groom, here ventures West with a multifold retelling of the Westward journeys of General Stephen Watts Kearny and his Mormon Battalion, Mormon Pioneers trekking to the Great Basin, the ill-fated Donner Party's attempted passage over the Sierra Nevada mountains, and John C. Fremont's third western expedition to California. Groom traces a fairly brief chronology, 1846-47, but covers an expansive geography as he moves back-and-forth between these four narratives.

All four share areas covered the common theme of westward movement and the historical context of the U.S.-Mexican War. The titular *Kearny's March* follows the general's 2,000+ mile trek to California. Along the way, he intercepts exiled Mormon pioneers, in the middle of their own arduous trek, and enlists over 500 Mormon men to join his march. Their involvement later placed them at Sutter's Fort at the advent of the California Gold Rush and factors significantly into the early survival of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Great Basin. Intertwined with the stories of Kearny, the Mormon Battalion and the remaining of the Mormon pioneers is that of John C. Fremont. On his own expedition to California and armed with covert instructions to seize the territory should opportunity arise, his narrative introduces the complexity of political competition as he comes to compete with Kearny himself in California for positions of power. The outlying Donner narrative is the least connected of the four. They are California-bound like Fremont and Kearny, but share more context with the struggling Mormon pioneers who suffered high mortality rates in their challenging crossing of the Great Plains. The carnage of their experience makes for entertaining (though morbid) reading, but theirs and the suffering of Mormon pioneers occurred in different contexts. The Donner Party was an enterprising group of pioneer settlers, heading to California for opportunity. Mormons on the Plains trekked under the duress of expulsion from the United States, persecution and violence.

While the movement between narratives can at times be confusing, Groom's prose are engaging—even gripping at points. The histories he relates are emotive in their drama and he excels in bringing them to life. As a piece of popular history, Groom finds himself at his weakest when it comes to academic analysis of what the four narratives tell us. His subtitle claims these histories represent the “Epic Creation of the American West.” This is a troubling concept. The discrete movements of four groups of Americans into the western reaches of the continent in no way made them intrinsically “American.” They represented only a small demographic change when the broader landscape of existent Spanish, Mexican and countless indigenous peoples inhabiting the so-termed “American West.” True, the events of 1846-47 precipitated important coming changes to the region that would lead to its incorporation into the United States, but the concept still belies the complexity of the process.

Tejanos in Gray: Civil War Letters of Captains Joseph Rafael de la Garza & Manuel Yturri. Edited by Jerry Thompson. College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 2011. Pp. 160. \$29.95.

Edited by prominent historian Jerry Thompson, *Tejanos in Gray* is an excellent collection of letters that will be of interest to scholars and laypersons alike. The letters that comprise this volume were written by two Tejanos—Manuel Yturri and Joseph Rafael de la Garza—who served in the Confederate army. Jose Juárez's translations—most of these letters were written in Spanish—evoke these young men's emotions as they experienced army life in the Trans-Mississippi Theater.

Yturri and de la Garza were brothers-in-law and members of elite families in antebellum Texas. The two men were highly educated and connected by marriage to influential members of society. Little is known about the Tejanos who fought in the Civil War. Thompson estimates that "as many as 4,000 Spanish-surnamed individuals, who either volunteered or were drafted, participated in the war in one capacity or another" (p. xv). Unfortunately, as Thompson himself admits, neither of these two men "was typical of the many Tejanos who served in the conflict" due to their social status (p. xxv).

The letters tell a very powerful story of longing, suffering, and depression. Both men longed for news from home and survived enormous privations. In one typical letter, de la Garza complained "It seems that all my relatives and friends have already forgotten completely. Never in my life have I had such a desire to know about those at home" (p. 11). Yturri's reaction to seeing wounded men after a battle, meanwhile, is an important reminder about the physical and psychological toll of war. He confided to his wife, "I have seen very much since I became a soldier and I can't tell you everything nor the hardships I have endured" (p. 53).

Thompson has backed these powerful letters up with copious endnotes packed with background information. He might have added additional analysis by discussing these young men's motivations. Why did they volunteer to serve in the Confederacy given their social position and why did they remain in the service of that government when racism drove others out? Regardless, this is an important and very valuable collection of letters, informing readers of a much understudied group of individuals who lived through the Civil War era.

The Mormon Rebellion: America's First Civil War, 1857-1858. By David L. Bigler & Will Bagley. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2011. Pp. 408. \$24.95.

What is most striking about *The Mormon Rebellion* is not the story of what the authors call America's first civil war, but instead how in a day and age when tolerance is expected that certain groups are still excluded from such consideration. What you expect from the title of the book is the military events of the Utah War, but instead what is given is a social and theological attack on the Mormon Church.

The Mormon Rebellion looks at the 1857 conflict between the US Government and the Mormon Church, an event commonly referred to as Buchanan's Blunder. Four years before the firing on Fort Sumter President Buchanan, against advice from his commanding general, sent an army to Utah Territory to quell domestic insurrection and replace Brigham Young, who acted not only as the prophet and leader of the Mormon Church but also governor of the territory. The army's delay in leaving, lack of supplies and leadership, and threat of violence from the Mormons forced them to make winter camp on the harsh Wyoming plains where they experienced miserable conditions. After a winter of threats from both sides, a compromise was reached and war averted.

The Mormon Rebellion hopes to challenge the common perception of the struggle by shifting the blame from Buchanan to the Mormons and their theological view that God intended to establish his kingdom in Utah. The book is composed of two main sections, the events that led to conflict and the conflict itself. Whether right or wrong, the first section comes off as an attack on Mormon doctrine, whereas the second part mostly sticks to the events of the almost war. While the second part is a more traditional history, the authors rely on most of the same sources, diaries and letters, as previous works and do not add much to the known story. The major difference is putting negative interpretations on once thought of as positive acts. For instance, Young sent the starving army salt during the winter. Past historians have seen Young's humanity in the act; the authors see the same story as taunting.

The first half attacks Young as a blood thirsty tyrant worse than John Brown and in the preface compares the faith to the 9/11 terrorists. Instead of viewing the story of Mormonism as one of religious intolerance, the

authors insist Mormons were to blame for their being driven from state to state and the only reason Young was able to maintain the Mormon faith was by lying to his members or by intimidation. Not only did his lies work in 1857, but fourteen million Mormons believe the same lies today.

The most disappointing aspect of the book is that the story of the Mormon rebellion is an important story with important consequences outside of Utah and yet is relatively unknown. The authors had an opportunity to inform, yet by turning it into such a one-sided attack it is difficult not to think the authors had a religious agenda. Clearly the Mormon Church committed wrongs, but they were not the only ones. By admitting that thousands of people passed through Utah during the years in question and relying on a small sampling of horrific experiences, one is led to question, where are the other letters? Where are the ones that had positive experiences—there are some out there. By questioning all positive Mormon sources and accepting all negative ones, one has to question the authority of the authors to tell such an important story.

University of Science and Arts of Oklahoma

JAMES FINCK

The Story of My Campaign: The Civil War Memoir of Captain Francis T. Moore, Second Illinois Cavalry. Edited by Thomas Bahde. DeKalb: North Illinois University Press, 2011. Pp. xi; 312. \$35.00.

Through the volumes of scholarship concerning the American Civil War, there still remain vastly understudied areas. None is more relevant today than the issue of guerilla warfare. Thomas Bahde attempts to remedy this gap in the scholarship by bringing the life of Francis Moore into focus through the careful recovery of his wartime memoir and correspondence.

Captain Moore served with the Second Illinois Cavalry and fought for four brutal years throughout the southern and western states. Moore's memoir offers the full spectrum of Civil War experiences from the mundane daily tasks to the grandest spectacles warfare can offer. Moore was involved in the river war along the great Mississippi river. While Moore served in a cavalry unit, rarely did he and his men participate in glorious cavalry charges within grand battles. Moore's wartime service predominantly focused on dealing with southern guerilla bands and occupying the hostile towns that supported these groups. Moore's war was an irregular war that taxed him

and his men, and his memoir eloquently illustrates their frustration. This account accurately details the vigors of finding and fighting guerilla bands from Missouri to Florida, and Moore adds a level of humanity that allows the reader to experience his irregular war at ground level. The interactions between Moore, his men and the southern population are a highlight as Moore simultaneously respects and disdains many of the people he meets and even calls friends. Moore's emotions, motivations and insights are laid out in black and white and give the reader an intricate look into the mind of a young man who simply volunteered to defend his nation.

Thomas Bahde has brought Francis Moore and his wartime experiences to life in a manner where Bahde himself is hardly visible. The body of the memoir itself is built upon a solid foundation that is laid out by Bahde in the introduction, where Moore is introduced to the reader as an average young American. This account adds another stone into the scholarly foundation of both Western Civil War history and irregular warfare. These two fields still require much work, and this book represents a fine example of what is still out there to be discovered. This book is highly recommended for collections on the U.S. Civil War, irregular and guerilla warfare, Western U.S. history and the U.S. South.

Texas Tech University

JAMES SANDY

George Crook: From the Redwoods to Appomattox. By Paul Magid. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2011. Pp. v; 408. \$39.95.

In *George Crook*, Paul Magid, a student of the Civil War for the last decade, examines the rather obscure Civil War career of George Crook. Throughout the work, he uses primary and second sources, relying heavily on the general's autobiography. He recounts the general's life from his obscure childhood, through his time at the United States Military Academy at West Point and friendship with Philip Sheridan, to his frontier assignment to the West Coast during the Gold Rush, where he protected the local, white populace, constructed forts, reconnoitered the area, and engaged "troublesome" local Indian peoples. The author, however, makes a note to highlight Crook's attitude toward Indians, which, contrasted with the typical 19th-century American, was more honest and understanding. Although these initial chapters are enlightening about ante-bellum

America, the bulk of the work focuses on Crook's Civil War service as an officer of Ohio volunteers (Kanawha Division). In actions at Antietam, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, and the Shenandoah Valley, Crook, for the most part, acquitted himself well, with the exception of his inexplicable lack of leadership at Antietam, which Magid does a good job explaining.

For all his actions (or inaction) during the war, Crook's most notable act was quite embarrassing. While in Cumberland, Maryland, he was captured by McNeill's Rangers, a Rebel band that roamed the area. Accused of gross negligence by Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, the captured general almost had his military career ended, but for the actions of General Grant. Anxious to have him back at the front, the commanding general intervened on Crook's behalf and affected his release from Confederate confinement. He returned to service in time to partake in the final days of the war in the East, including the capitulation of Robert E. Lee's forces at Appomattox. Magid ends his work when the general received notice that his time commanding the volunteer regiment was over.

This reviewer believes the greatest weakness of this work was its scope. It begs the question why Magid did not write a full biography of Crook, a man better known and certainly more significant for his postwar operations against the Sioux and Apache. Condensing some of the thirty-four chapters (many of which were less than a dozen pages) would have allowed for an expansion of the general's life, especially since no modern, full treatment of his life yet exists. Such criticism, however, in no way should deter Civil War students from reading this otherwise informative and introductory work on George Crook's life and career.

East Central University

CHRISTOPHER BEAN

The Civil War in the West: Victory and Defeat from the Appalachians to the Mississippi. By Earl J. Hess. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2012. Pp. 416. \$40.00.

Earl J. Hess' *The Civil War in the West* chronicles major engagements, troop movements, and military leadership changes in the Western theater, but also emphasizes the challenges following battles throughout Union occupation. The author determines that, "In the end, mobility was the key to the Union triumph in the West," and concludes that Federal commanders

skillfully utilized superiority of river and rail transportation to overcome the geographic obstacles of such a large region, while Confederate deficiencies, poor decision making, and lack of cooperation among military leaders contributed to losing the Mississippi Valley, the West, and ultimately the war (p. xiii). Hess holds the Stewart McClelland Chair at Lincoln Memorial University in Harrogate, Tennessee, and is the author of more than a dozen books on Civil War history.

Hess' volume is an excellent addition to the Littlefield History of the Civil War Era Series edited by Gary W. Gallagher and Michael Parrish. The author's narrative style is engaging as he chronologically examines the breakdown of Kentucky neutrality in May 1861, through the participation of the Western armies in the Grand Review in Washington D.C. on May 23, 1865. The book is cleverly organized and the seventeen skillfully written chapters include topical subheadings, as well as numerous maps, illustrations, and images. The author utilized an abundance of personal papers, letters, diaries, journals, and letterbooks from dozens of archives to supplement his synthesis of a myriad of secondary sources.

Hess' superbly balanced work provides a comprehensive account of the social, political, economic, and military events of the Western theater. Major military engagements including Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, and Atlanta are discussed in detail, while comparisons of the military strategies of Confederate Generals Joseph E. Johnston and Braxton Bragg with Union Generals Ulysses S. Grant and William T. Sherman display the definitive methods of warfare in the West. Hess acknowledges that possession of the Mississippi River was vital to the Union and Confederate war efforts, and also suggests that inadequate rails, roads, and river systems of the Deep South significantly complicated logistics, strategy, and supply. Union occupation forces confronted a host of challenges related to the control of commerce, speculation of southern cotton, issuance of humanitarian aid, treatment of former slaves, enlistment of African Americans soldiers, handling of civil-military affairs, and struggle against pervasive guerrilla warfare. Indeed, events of the Western theater greatly impacted the outcome of the war, and Hess' treatment is a valuable addition to Civil War historiography.

The Confederate Heartland: Military and Civilian Morale in the Western Confederacy. By Bradley R. Clampitt. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 2012. Pp. v; 236. \$39.95.

Historians have long debated the extent to which white southerners displayed a genuine Confederate national identity during the American Civil War. A consensus now exists among scholars who suggest that Confederate nationalism, regardless of its strength or consistency, existed in spite of internal conflict, an overbearing central government, and battlefield reverses. Historians have thus succeeded in answering Gary W. Gallagher's call, made nearly two decades ago, to focus primarily on the reasons for which the Confederate nation lasted as long as it did. Bradley R. Clampitt's *The Confederate Heartland* complements this substantial existing literature by positioning morale and national identity at the heart of the narrative. Clampitt accordingly contributes to a growing scholarly discourse in which regional studies are employed to answer broad national questions. Focusing exclusively on the western Confederacy, which he defines as Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, and parts of northern Georgia, as well as the Army of Tennessee, Clampitt demonstrates how morale was intimately tangled among both the home front and battlefield.

Clampitt utilizes a unique chronology in order to support his central claim that popular will remained strong in the western Confederacy late into the war. By concentrating only on 1864 and 1865, Clampitt effectively interprets scores of letters and diaries written by soldiers and civilians to demonstrate the evolution of morale across time and space. He ultimately concludes that the home front and battlefield formed a mutually inclusive relationship in which both arenas articulated their profound faith in Confederate independence. This bold argument supplants the outmoded "loss-of-will" school which stated that Confederate defeat inevitably occurred following Gettysburg and Vicksburg.

The Confederacy did, of course, ultimately lose the war. Clampitt points to the winter of 1864, and the disastrous battles of Franklin and Nashville, as the moment at which western Confederates lost hope for independence. This distinctive positioning of previously overlooked battles reinforces Clampitt's implicit claim that the war meant different things to different people at different times. Virginia Confederates, for instance, most likely did not view the devastating Tennessee Campaign through the same lens

as did westerners. And therein rests the central importance of Clampitt's contribution. Civil War historians are now beginning to recognize, as antebellum scholars have well established, the notion of multiple Souths in which regional texture and experience played a crucial role in identity formation. *The Confederate Heartland* underscores this dynamic and forces us to reconsider a war we only *thought* we knew.

Rice University

ANDREW F. LANG

To the Battles of Franklin and Nashville and Beyond: Stabilization and Reconstruction in Tennessee and Kentucky, 1864-1866. By Benjamin Franklin Cooling. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 2011. Pp. x; 526. \$45.95.

With this outstanding study, Benjamin Cooling completes his profound trilogy on the Civil War in Kentucky and Tennessee. *To the Battles of Franklin and Nashville and Beyond* describes events in the upper heartland from 1864 to 1866. Continuing his analysis of the complicated challenges of soldiers, civilians, government leaders, and African Americans, Cooling quotes diaries and letters from the scene that provide new perspective and support new generalizations. Near the end of the war, a young pro-Confederate woman in Tennessee wrote to her brother in the Confederate army that several local Rebel girls had married Union officers and if the soldiers "do not return soon they will not find a single girl or widow" to marry (p. xvi). She added several postscripts, and in each one, she found herself increasingly attracted to one of the blue-clad officers.

The book takes into account today's explosion in literature on guerrilla warfare, and Cooling concludes that Confederate cavalryman John Hunt Morgan, on his last Kentucky raid, "accomplished more than any other Confederate in the field that summer" of 1864 (p. 163). Morgan and Nathan Bedford Forrest could have disrupted and destabilized the region in preparation for a possible Confederate reoccupation, but the Confederate high command had a grudge against raiders and failed to seize the initiative. Both Military Governor Andrew Johnson in Tennessee and Governor Thomas Bramlette in Kentucky had the same challenges of suppressing dissent, adjusting to emancipation and recruitment of black troops, and attempting to stop the incessant guerrilla raiding that wrought

social and political breakdown. With churches and schools closed and courts inactive, a lawyer in Clarksville, Tennessee, recalled later that “the greatest safety in those times was found in remaining at home” (p. 208). In both states, Union army officials over-reacted against pro-Confederate sentiment, and in Kentucky, Union general Stephen Burbridge’s public executions of four innocent prisoners of war in retaliation for the killing of one Union man by guerrillas made Burbridge anathema. Cooling salutes the sixty-seven martyrs and includes the name of each one in the book.

The study of military campaigns during the period includes valuable new information and interpretations. For example, Cooling concludes that Union general George H. Thomas deserved more credit than he received for destroying almost two-thirds of Confederate general John Bell Hood’s army in the battle of Nashville and clearing the last enemy threat in the region. The book is well organized; the writing is clear and concise and readers will thoroughly enjoy the depth and insight of Cooling’s analysis.

Northern Kentucky University

JAMES A. RAMAGE

Bound to Have Blood: Frontier Newspapers and the Plains Indian Wars. By Hugh J. Reilly. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2011. Pp. x; 162. \$15.95.

While Hugh J. Reilly’s examination of frontier press coverage in *Bound to Have Blood: Frontier Newspapers and the Plains Indians Wars* provides some new insights into the familiar conflicts between Americans and Indians, the book overall is of limited usefulness. Reilly’s nine chapters (and introduction) do a nice job of recapitulating such well known events as the Dakota uprising in 1862, the Sand Creek Massacre, the 1876 war against the Cheyenne and Lakota, the flight of the Nez Perce, and the Wounded Knee Massacre in 1890. Much has been written on all of these events, and Reilly’s efforts are undermined by the lack of a strong thesis. The lack of a thesis also leads to an absence of analysis and too often Reilly leans on the words and opinions of other historians to make points that he should be making for himself.

Readers, however, can find some interesting themes. For example, Reilly discusses issues such as local dislike of Indian agents and the federal government, the fear, anger, and racism of settlers, and the different perspectives of Eastern and frontier newspapers, but none of these are

given the focus they need. Indeed, the latter question is the most interesting and worthy of supporting a book-length work. A general rule appears to be that most frontier papers were in favor of campaigns against Indians, but not all. In the aftermath of the Sand Creek Massacre in 1864, the *Daily Mining Journal* of Black Hawk, Colorado called for an investigation and the punishment of Colonel John M. Chivington, who had led the attack on the peaceful Cheyenne and Arapahoe in Black Kettle's village. Similarly, the *Omaha World-Herald* employed Suzette La Flesche, the famed Omaha tribal activist and journalist, to cover the events leading up to and following the 1890 Wounded Knee Massacre. That frontier papers like these would take a pro-Indian stance (even if they were very much the minority) is fascinating and worthy of more attention. The weakest chapter is on the Nez Perce. There is little new here, and even the newspapers Reilly quotes are those in Omaha rather than closer to the action in the Pacific Northwest.

Reilly's occasional insights do add new details to familiar events and give this work some merit for specialists, but readers interested in the Indian Wars of the late nineteenth-century would do better to stick to works by such scholars as Robert M. Utley, Francis Paul Prucha, Brian Dippie, and Elliot West, the latter's recent book *The Last Indian War: The Nez Perce Story*, for example, provides a much more interesting and nuanced explanation of that tribe's tragic flight for freedom.

Angelo State University

JASON PIERCE

Arsenal of Defense: Fort Worth's Military Legacy. By J'Nell Pate. Denton: Texas State Historical Association Press, 2012. Pp. xiii; 287. \$39.95 cloth. \$29.95 paper.

Urban and regional historians have long noted the significance of military spending on the west since the Second World War. Fort Worth, with its long-time martial association still flourishing in the twenty-first century, lacked an analysis of how this relationship impacted the city until the publication of J'Nell Pate's *Arsenal of Defense: Fort Worth's Military Legacy*.

A long-time historian of Fort Worth, Pate's previous publications include *Livestock Legacy: the Fort Worth Stockyards 1887-1987* and *North of the River: A Brief History of North Fort Worth*. In *Arsenal of Defense*, Pate weaves an engaging narrative of how Fort Worth evolved from a small army post guarding the

Texas frontier to a large city epitomizing the military-industrial complex. The federal government closed the army post in 1853, just four years after it was established. However, Fort Worth's climate and vocal boosters brought the military back to the city during the First World War, and the city became home to air fields training Canadian RAF pilots and Camp Bowie, where the 36th Division of the U.S. Army trained. During the Second World War, city leaders requested defense plants such as the Consolidated Aircraft bomber plant and military installations like Fort Worth Army Air Field to be placed in their city. As World War II gave way to the Cold War and beyond, Fort Worth remained a vital part of the defense of the United States by hosting Carswell Air Force Base, Convair/General Dynamics/Lockheed Martin, and Bell Helicopter.

Noting that "Fort Worth is 'Cowtown,'" Pate recognizes that "military establishments and defense manufacturing plants have brought as much, if not more, attention, money, and population growth to the area than the previous emphasis on livestock" (xvi). She properly emphasizes the role of local boosters and politicians like *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* publisher Amon G. Carter, Sr. as well as Congress members Jim Wright and Kay Granger in promoting their city, and she analyzes the economic and social impact of defense installations on Fort Worth. Finally, Pate places her study within the proper historiographical context by pointing to works by western and urban historians such as Gerald Nash and Roger Lotchin to demonstrate how Fort Worth fits into the broader national trend of "a broad expansion of the military during and after World War II that developed more in the western half of the United States than elsewhere" (202). Both lovers of Fort Worth history and scholars of the urban west will enjoy this solidly-researched, well-written book.

Tarrant County College

BRIAN CERVANTEZ

Command Culture: Officer Education in the U.S. Army and the German Armed Forces, 1901-1940, and the Consequences for World War II. By Jorg Muth. Denton: University of North Texas Press, 2011. Pp. 366. \$29.95.

Dr. Muth has done incredible research for this important and relevant book. In what is bound to become a much debated work, he lays out the

inadequacies of the U.S. Army officers' training programs while lauding those of the German Armed Forces during the noted time period.

He begins with the background of the two armies and their interactions and relationships prior to 1901. He covers both the U.S. and German selection, education, and commissioning of new officers. The following chapters discuss the mid-level training for officers of both armies. The final chapter discusses the critical differences and commonalities of the two as well as a reflection of how things are today.

The book is a very critical and brutal appraisal of the U.S. Army's officer education 1901-1940. Dr. Muth's only compliments are for the education at the U.S. Army Infantry School during the time George C. Marshall was assistant commandant. The depth of the research seems to prove him correct. The book is very negative towards the U.S. Army's officer education while being quite complimentary of the German system. It is not until reading the Afterword that you understand his motivation. Dr. Muth grew up in Germany and as a young boy had many interactions with the American GI, who he calls "one of the best ambassadors the United States will ever get" (p. 216). This book could be called tough love, as you cannot implement a solution until you fully understand the problem.

Dr. Muth tends to be repetitive with many of the failings. He also, in some instances, uses one incident to create the impression that an attitude pervades the entire officer corps without sufficient justification. In the final chapter, he tells of a battalion commander who, when ordered to run his battalion into downtown Baghdad, asked his brigade commander if he was crazy. Muth states, "While this could be construed as a rare American officer speaking up against his superior, it was most likely a comment motivated by a sudden rush of fear. It also shows how uncommon bold and decisive strikes are for too many American officers" (p. 207). It may be that the reaction was based on consideration of the American public's aversion to casualties and an instantaneous and hostile media.

National Museum of the Pacific War
Fredericksburg, Texas

RICHARD KOONE
EDUCATION DIRECTOR

The School of Hard Knocks: Combat Leadership in the American Expeditionary Forces. By Richard S. Faulkner. College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 2012. Pp. 392. \$29.95.

Upon reading this important and critical new book on the AEF in World War One, it is tempting to wonder how the U.S. Army managed to get through the cauldron of combat at all. Army leadership in the Great War has elicited a number of thoughtful monographs and articles over the last thirty years, yet none have done what Faulkner achieves here. Rather than detail the failures of senior leadership or the AEF's tactical dysfunction, Faulkner concentrates on junior officers and NCOs. His particular question is how they were trained; the answer is, not very well.

Faulkner attributes the AEF's well-known combat deficiencies to a pattern of ill-conceived, inadequate, and inappropriate training measures that failed to provide junior officers and NCOs with the leadership skills and tactical knowledge they would need in France. Until that time, the Army had no systematic training program at the tactical level, and the result in World War One was an ad hoc and ineffective effort. Training tended to emphasize bayonet practice and close-order drill rather than techniques of fire-and-movement, instructors were often incompetent, while trainees were confronted with contradictory tactical manuals from the French and British armies, the War Department, and AEF headquarters in France.

Organizational and tactical deficiencies also played a role. As casualties mounted, the need for NCOs and junior officers increased dramatically, which introduced poorly-qualified candidates to a training process that omitted familiarity with combat weapons or instruction in how to use them effectively. Training assistance from the French and British was assiduously avoided, lest recruits learn "un-American" fighting techniques. Officer disability was aggravated by a tactical system that was tragically unsuited for warfare on the Western Front, and that had the effect of killing poorly-trained officers and badly-led men. In the end, junior officers who were able or who survived were forced to learn leadership and combat lessons through the "school of hard knocks" – the merciless and unforgiving battlefield of the Meuse-Argonne.

The resort to learning war under fire is not what the Army intended or desired, but its training system—at least at the tactical level—was so disorganized and mismanaged that it was unavoidable. Faulkner describes

and critiques this system and its consequences adroitly and with verve, using an impressive array of primary sources. The only flaw in this otherwise well-balanced account is the conclusion, which takes a rather uncharitable view of George C. Marshall and inadequately describes the training-oriented lesson-learning that ensued in the inter-war era. Still, this is a superb work that will captivate anyone interested in the combat role of the AEF.

Iowa Wesleyan College

T. R. BRERETON

Revered Commander, Maligned General: The Life of Clarence Ransom Edwards, 1859-1931. By Michael E. Shay. Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 2011. Pp. ix; 272. \$45.00.

The Old Army is a fascinating subject for those interested in the evolution of the American military. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the officer corps was small and many officers were familiar with each other from garrison duty on the frontier or service in the Philippines. In some cases, familiarity bred jealousy and professional rivalry, as promotions were rare during the Gilded Age. Michael Shay, a Superior Court Judge from Connecticut and the author of *A Grateful Heart: The History of a World War I Field Hospital* and *The Yankee Division in the First World War* has focused his attention on Clarence Ransom Edwards, a central figure in his previous studies and the personification of the Old Army.

Major General Clarence Edwards is far from being a household name. Yet, from Shay's account, he was typical of ambitious West Pointers, who were not bashful about using family and political connections to acquire promotions and choice commands in the years before World War I. Throughout his biography, Shay chronicles Edwards's rise and his timely assignment to Washington during the presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, noting that it was Edwards's relationship with William Howard Taft which hastened Edwards's prominent rise within the War Department, achieved by using his savvy political and administrative skills.

However, Shay demonstrated throughout his biography that times were changing. No longer could officers rely solely upon seniority for promotion; mainly because of the new emphasis upon competence and professionalism. No singular example demonstrated that trend more than the sudden rise of Captain John J. Pershing, who bypassed eight hundred

senior officers to reach the rank of brigadier general. Unfortunately, it appears from Shay's study that Edwards misinterpreted the new reality, and continued to rely upon his political allies to acquire rank and desired duty stations, especially in the Canal Zone.

American entry into the Great War offered ambitious officers rapid promotion, and no one was more eager than Clarence Edwards, who had long sought selection as a major general. Shay appears sympathetic to Edwards's plight as one officer after another was promoted, leaving him further behind his peers. However something is missing in Shay's narrative. What was the basis of the delay in Edwards's last promotion? What explains the obvious hostility between Pershing and Edwards, which contributed to Edwards's relief as commander of the 26th Division? Clearly Pershing and his staff questioned Edwards's competency, but Shay could not find the link fully explaining the animosity; as previous scholars have also failed to do. Still, *Revered Commander, Maligned General* will become a valuable resource in studying the officer corps of the Old Army, and Shay's masterful biography will become a model for others embarking on similar projects in the future.

Emporia State University

CHRISTOPHER C. LOVETT

The Battle of Midway. By Craig L. Symonds. Oxford, New York: Oxford University Press, 2011. Pp. xi ;452. \$27.95.

This is a thoroughly-researched, superbly-organized, and well-written work on the American victory at Midway, which was the turning point of the Pacific naval war. Craig Symonds provides comprehensive background information for the Japanese decision to seek the ultimate showdown at Midway in an effort to destroy what was left of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, particularly its remaining three aircraft carriers. One of the book's many strengths is Symonds's character sketches of the personalities, foibles, and virtues of the main actors: Admirals Chester Nimitz, Frank Jack Fletcher, and Raymond Spruance on the American side as well as Admirals Yamamoto Isoroku and Nagumo Chuichi on the Japanese side. Symonds's sources include a plethora of manuscript collections, oral histories, memoirs, and official records.

The author, a graduate of the Class of 1957 at the U.S. Naval Academy and currently a Distinguished Professor of Naval History at that institution,

argues that the American victory was mainly the result of careful planning, effective use of radar (which the Japanese did not have), superior intelligence, and the decisions and actions taken by individuals “at the nexus of history at a decisive moment” (p. 5). For Symonds, “Combatants on both sides—admirals and captains, commanders and lieutenants, petty officers and enlisted men—determined the timing, the course, and ultimately the outcome of the fight” (p. 5).

While not discarding the luck of U.S. as the major factor in the American victory, he does not give it the same credence as Walter Lord (*Incredible Victory*) and Gordon Prange (*Miracle at Midway*). Thus, for Symonds the outcome of the battle was less miraculous than it has often been described. His argument is not convincing. Of course, combatants played vital roles in determining the outcome, but luck played a much more important part than he is willing to concede. How else except through luck did American aviators, after several abortive attempts, finally locate the Japanese fleet? How else except through luck were the American aviators able to achieve victory when, by the end of the battle, the entire Pacific fleet had just three operational torpedo bombers left after Japanese airmen had destroyed the rest during the battle?

While certainly a superb scholarly work, Symonds’s book offers little new to what has already been written about the battle of Midway.

University of North Texas

RONALD E. MARCELLO (RET.)

The Battle for Tinian: Vital Stepping Stone in America’s War Against Japan. By Nathan N. Prefer. Philadelphia: Casemate Publishers, 2012. Pp. 240. \$32.95.

Nathan Prefer has established an excellent reputation as a military historian and author. His three previous books—*MacArthur’s New Guinea Campaign*, *Patton’s Ghost Corps* and *Vinegar Joe’s War*—were well received. Prefer writes in a straightforward style that makes *The Battle for Tinian* easy for the military/non-military reader to follow the tactical scope of the book. It is very well laid out, with maps and photographs interspersed throughout to support the text. Seven appendices add to the books worth by giving the reader valuable information about personalities, orders of battle, casualties, honors and ship histories without cluttering the smooth flow of the text.

The Battle for Tinian is engaging chiefly because it covers the Tinian Campaign extremely well and does it in such a way as to keep the reader's interest. Prefer's insertion of personal accounts to illustrate a point or action makes the story "come alive." The author knows his history and uses that knowledge to fully document this important battle. Readers passionate about tactical battlefields will like this book for its up-close approach and technical accuracy.

In relation to other studies of the subject, Prefer's work is one of the best battle histories published in recent years.

Fredericksburg, Virginia COLONEL RICHARD "DICK" CAMP (USMA, RET.)

The Hump: America's Strategy for Keeping China in World War II. By John D. Plating. College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 2011. Pp. viii; 331. \$34.95.

Throughout much of World War II, American diplomatic and military policy focused on keeping Stalin and the Soviet Union from concluding a separate agreement with the Nazis. Concern about German troops being released from the Eastern Front, just as they had been in 1918, propelled the effort to conduct a cross-channel attack on occupied Europe in 1943 or as soon as possible in 1944. However, keeping Chiang Kai-shek in the fight against Japan was almost as important to American leaders for the same reason. Direct military support for the Nationalist Chinese was impossible because most U.S. ground, sea, and air forces were allocated to the war in Europe and the Southwest Pacific. Therefore, delivering supplies to the Nationalist Chinese became the primary goal, but when Japanese forces cut the Burma Road, the U.S. initiated the airlifting of supplies from India to China across the Himalaya Mountains, commonly known as "The Hump."

Despite being the largest military airlift operation before the Berlin Airlift, the subject has been addressed mainly in the memoirs of the participants or as part of a larger historical study. Using both American and Chinese sources, John D. Plating successfully addresses that shortcoming in *The Hump*. More than simply a study of American strategy as the title suggests, this book details how the hastily begun airlift overcame more hurdles than just the rough mountain terrain to become an efficient element of American air power in the war against Japan. By separating the

Hump airlift into meaningful historical periods, Plating demonstrates how the Hump airlift commanders gradually overcame the lack of equipment, insufficiently training personnel, unsuitable aircraft, and a host of other difficulties. A history teacher at the U.S. Air Force Academy, Plating draws upon his own background as a U.S. Air Force transport pilot to explain clearly the technical workings of airlift operations and the importance of airlift as a non-lethal form of air power to a more general audience.

This book has a number of problems, including the troubling misidentification of Wendell Willkie as the vice president of the United States (pp. 90, 125). Also, the quality of the illustrations is uneven and includes low-resolution, computer generated maps and Google Earth images. Nevertheless, *The Hump* was enjoyable to read, and Plating has produced the best single-volume study of the Hump airlift available.

National Museum of the US Air Force

JEFFERY S. UNDERWOOD

Carrying the War to the Enemy: American Operational Art to 1945. By Michael R. Matheny. Norman: Oklahoma University Press, 2011. Pp. vii; 334. \$45.00.

Michael R. Matheny states “that although the American army did not officially recognize operational art as a third level of war, it did develop operational art during the interwar period, 1919-40, and practiced it to great effect during World War II” (p. xiv). This declaration challenges previous scholarship which asserts that operational art developed during the interwar period in Europe, but not in the United States. Matheny explains that by “focusing on tactical doctrine or technology” others have missed “the evolution of U.S. military thinking at the operational level of war” (p. xiv).

Matheny excels at defending his thesis. First, he draws on the curricula from the interwar period at the Command and General Staff School (Fort Leavenworth, Kansas) and the Army War College (Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania) to illustrate that key elements of operational design, such as center of gravity, lines of operation, culmination, phasing, and linkage of tactical, operational and strategic objectives, were not only covered in school lectures, but also in the “detailed campaign planning called for in classwork” (p. 81). Second, he employs four case studies from World War

II—Torch (1942), Overlord (1944), MacArthur's return to the Philippines (1944), and Iceberg (1945)—to demonstrate how those key elements of operational design were incorporated into the "actual planning and conduct of campaigns and major operations" (p. xx) by American leaders, both in the European and Pacific theaters.

Why did American operational art fade from view after 1945? Matheny explains that "the advent of the atomic bomb" and "resumption of peacetime interservice rivalry" precluded these concepts from being incorporated into Army doctrine until 1982 (pp. 266-67). The impetus for "rediscovering" operational art was the Army's experiences fighting in Korea and Vietnam.

Since World War II, the United States has struggled to successfully use armed force to accomplish political ends. Matheny's work details how American "military leaders developed a framework for operational art" (p. 253) that was subsequently leveraged to build campaigns that were successful in achieving the political ends of their civilian masters. Additionally, his is the first to provide a detailed description of the role of airpower in operational art and of maritime operational art. Well-conceived, researched, and written, this work should be read by professional military officers and scholars who study the United States military, military art and science, and operational art and planning.

United States Military Academy

GAIL E. S. YOSHITANI

America's School for War: Leavenworth, Officer Education, and Victory in World War II. By Peter J. Schifferle. Lawrence: University of Kansas Press, 2010. Pp. vii; 295. \$39.95.

In *America's School for War*, Dr. Peter J. Schifferle, a professor at the School of Advanced Military Studies at the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College (CGSC), describes how the institution prepared students during the interwar years. CGSC taught the field unit staff principles, techniques, and procedures necessary to conduct combined arms warfare in the complex environment of infantry, artillery, tanks, and airpower. Schifferle concludes that the influence of the senior commanders, "all of whom attended the peacetime Leavenworth course, was the foundation of effective command and staff functioning of U.S. Army divisions during World War II" (p 6). This competency, he maintains, led directly to Allied victory.

Schifferle treats the reader to an insightful analysis of the Great War's influence on the officer corps, their growing conception of professionalism and effort to define the necessary skill set, and the mission, methods, faculty and students of CGSC. The officer corps recognized the importance of staff procedures to preparing for and conducting combined arms warfare, especially in the context of limited resources and political constraints. This situational awareness, he maintains, encouraged "a new sense of purpose" within the officer corps to create "professional competence" (p. 35). Officers focused on developing an intellectual foundation for the fundamentals of modern war through a sustained dialog as evidenced by professional journals and early doctrinal publications. The mission of the school was essentially threefold: to impart knowledge, to develop problem-solving skills, and to instill professional confidence. Faculty used the "applicatory method" to accomplish these goals, which included large lectures and small group instruction and culminated in graded problem-solving exercises. Afterward, students attended conferences where "instructors would brief the school solution, provide student alternatives, and then encourage student comments, critiques, and suggestions" (p. 114).

Subsequent chapters discuss student selection and evaluation. Branch chiefs selected students, and general officers' oversight contributed to a well-qualified student body. Although faculty members generally agreed that students should be evaluated, the college often revised the grading scale, using various schemes that produced class rankings, to merely satisfactory and unsatisfactory marks. Schifferle notes that students also voiced criticisms—"insufferably boring" faculty, not enough teamwork and staff coordination, allegations that an all too rigorous curriculum fostered an unhealthy competition and left little time for family or other pursuits—that might seem familiar to current students.

Finally, Schifferle discusses the effect of war mobilization on the college. Officials shortened classes to produce more officers with the needed skills. The conflict also identified curriculum deficiencies in the areas of logistics and the use of airpower. The fact that the school had failed to produce sufficient numbers of well-trained officers when war occurred spoke not only to the nearsightedness of Congress' inattention to military readiness, but also strengthens Schifferle's argument of the importance of the school.

They Called It the War Effort: Oral Histories from WWII Orange, Texas. By Louis Fairchild. Denton: Texas State Historical Association Press, 2012. Pp. viii; 507. \$39.95.

In the second edition of *They Called It the War Effort: Oral Histories from WWII Orange, Texas*, Dr. Louis Fairchild, an established author and native born Orangeite, draws on both secondary sources and oral history interviews to provide a collage of ordinary citizens' first-person perspectives to the transformative effects of World War II on their once little East Texas town. As warship manufacturing employment dramatically increased in Orange during the war, so too did businesses that provided all forms of commerce. As a result, the Orange economy was dramatically pulled out of the Great Depression; in the process, the rising economy created what the book refers to as a new Orange, aptly illustrated from a ground up perspective through oral histories. Through the use of historic photos, first-person accounts, and a summary and analysis at the end of each chapter, this book will surely please World War II and Texas history enthusiasts alike.

As thousands of war workers arrived in the once sleepy East Texas town, long-time residents and newcomers alike benefited economically and shared the community's growing pains as Orange embraced the spirit of America's assembly line might. Where the second edition of *They Called It the War Effort* distinguishes itself from its predecessor, and for that matter similar World War II scholarship, is that it provides a clearer voice to under told stories of the war, chiefly minorities and women. The influx of tens of thousands of new people to Orange during the war brought what the book calls, a "crossbreeding of ideas, values, and lifestyles," (p. 445); and while the war did not completely change life in Texas or America for minorities, Dr. Fairchild's selected oral histories aptly demonstrate that it certainly set change in motion.

Dr. Fairchild achieves the book's stated purpose of preserving expressions of experiences in a unique place and time. His own childhood memories of Orange during World War II enhance the book's stance and secures it's placement alongside other successful contributions to the growing field of World War II homefront history. The author has admirably positioned *They Called It the War Effort* within both the oral history and broader fields of historic studies—military and Texas history—making the scholarship relatable and identifiable to a large audience.

Texas Historical Commission
Military Sites Program Coordinator

WILLIAM MCWHORTER

Into the Breach at Pusan: The 1st Provisional Marine Brigade in the Korean War.

By Kenneth W. Estes. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2012. Pp. viii; 194. \$ 29.95.

Into the Breach at Pusan: The First Provisional Marine Brigade in the Korean War is Kenneth W. Estes' history of the 1st Provisional Marine Brigade and supporting air units that served in the early battles of the Korean War. A former marine himself, Estes had the story of the Pusan Perimeter drummed into his head from the early days of his career. The United States Marine Corps focused on the battles of Pusan as the prime example of how marines could be called to fight at any time and any place with no warning at all; they always had to be ready for action.

Fighting in three major battles, the marine brigade emerged victorious and official Marine Corps histories labeled the brigade as the savior of the Pusan Perimeter. This was the story that Estes learned, but over time he felt the whole story of the brigade had never been told. *Into the Breach at Pusan* is his attempt at correcting the misconceptions about the history of the 1st Provisional Marine Brigade in the Korean War.

Centering his study on the brigade and attached air units' actions and operations with the U.S. Eighth Army in the Pusan Perimeter, Estes draws on archival resources and recent histories of the Korean War to counter earlier works on the subject. He focuses his study on the creation of the brigade and air wing in California, their immediate acclimation to the harsh realities of war in the battles around Masan, and their pivotal role in ending the North Korean drive to eliminate the perimeter at the battles of the Naktong. Throughout *Into the Breach at Pusan* Estes works to correct earlier histories of the brigade's role in the perimeter.

The author concludes by addressing the question of how early histories overstated the brigade's effect on the Pusan campaign. He believes that the official histories were a vehicle to influence the Corps' maintenance as a separate force, and a counter to the prewar voices that had called for the end of the Marine Corps. Estes has provided another tool in the study of the Korean War, but it is best used in conjunction with the many studies the author cites.

MacArthur Memorial
Norfolk, Virginia

JAMES W. ZOBEL

U.S. Army Doctrine: From the American Revolution to the War on Terror. By Walter E. Kretchik. Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2011. Pp. vi; 392. \$39.95.

Army doctrine is certainly among the less exciting subjects for a book, suffering a poor reputation and often considered at best bone dry and mind-numbingly boring, and at worst outdated if not irrelevant. Doctrine is, however, extremely important and warrants contemporary and historical study, and on the rare occasion when done superbly, as Brian McAllister Linn did in his *Echo of Battle: The Army's Way of War* (Harvard University Press, 2007), can be both engaging and enlightening.

Walter E. Kretchik, a retired U.S. Army lieutenant colonel, graduate of the Army Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, and current associate professor of history at Western Illinois University, tackles this dreary topic in his *U.S. Army Doctrine: From the American Revolution to the War on Terror*. Like Linn, Kretchik examines how the Army created doctrine, how doctrine evolved and adapted to strategic, tactical, and technological change, and how the Army tried to learn from its wartime experiences to better prepare for the next war. Kretchik divides his comprehensive work into four doctrinal eras – 1779-1904, 1905-1944, 1945-192, 1962-present – to ably show the evolution of Army doctrine from initial efforts of individuals writing tactical manuals, to doctrine written by the General Staff, to the more recent broad institutional approach. Throughout, Kretchik provides context that considers the various factors that influence, and sometimes stifle, doctrinal change. Unlike Linn, Kretchik is largely impressed with the Army's doctrine, the manner in which the Army writes it, and the Army's ability to adapt to changing conditions and new technologies, concluding that doctrine has been relevant if not critical to Army efforts to “regulate chaos” on the battlefield (p. 278).

A comprehensive survey such as this is bound to suffer pitfalls, some of which may cause area specialists to bristle. Kretchik's discussion of doctrine during World War I, for example, ignores Mark Grotelueschen's insightful conclusions in his *The A.E.F. Way of War* (Cambridge University Press, 2006). Still, such omissions should not take away from an otherwise well written work that brings some life into an otherwise dull topic. Some will quibble with specific parts of the book and may take issue with some of Kretchik's conclusions, but Kretchik should be applauded for undertaking such an

effort and making this important subject accessible to broader audiences. Kretchik has made a solid contribution to the history of the way the Army “thinks.”

Georgia Southern University

WILLIAM THOMAS ALLISON

BOOK NOTES

1781: The Decisive Year of the Revolutionary War. By Robert L. Tonsetic.
Philadelphia: Casemate Publishers, 2011. Pp. x; 258. \$32.95 cloth.

In this work, author and historian Robert Tonsetic chronicles the year 1781, a pivotal and defining year of the American Revolution. The American cause was far from won as the new year began, and George Washington's Continental Army was beset with massive problems: a dire lack of military supplies and food, expiring enlistments for thousands of fighting men, mutinous rumblings within the ranks, and a devastatingly cold winter. On top of these problems were the string of military defeats inflicted by the British enemy, uncertain support by the French allies, and a severe shortage of funding for the war coming from the Continental Congress. As Tonsetic points out, however, the new nation's fortunes turned about as the year unfolded. Nathaniel Greene's victories against the British in the Southern Campaign and great assistance from France's forces under Lafayette and Rochambeau turned the tide of the war, culminating with the defeat and surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Tonsetic provides a powerful narrative of battle scenes and offers the insight to combat that one would expect from a combat veteran.

The Chattanooga Campaign. Edited by Steven E. Woodworth and Charles D. Grear. Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 2012. Pp. 256.
\$29.95 cloth.

The Civil War's pivotal Chattanooga campaign receives a full and varied examination in this contribution to the Civil War Campaigns in the Heartland series. In this anthology, edited by Steven Woodworth and Charles Grear, ten historians offer chapters on numerous topics, ranging from strategy and tactics, media reaction to the campaign, and the campaign's effect on ordinary Confederate soldiers in the Trans-Mississippi West. Careful and detailed in their treatment of the subject, each of the

author's contributions helps provide a balanced and nuanced look at this important moment in the Civil War.

Mending Broken Soldiers: The Union and Confederate Programs to Supply Artificial Limbs. By Guy R. Hasegawa. Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 2012. Pp. 126. \$24.95 cloth.

During the bloody American Civil War, thousands of Union and Confederate veterans suffered terribly wounds to their limbs. In a conflict that witnessed what was often appallingly inadequate medical treatment on the battlefield, these veterans all too often lost their limbs and were destined to live the remainder of their lives with prostheses. In *Mending Broken Soldiers*, Guy Hasegawa investigates wartime efforts to supply these veterans with artificial limbs. The author also provides a comprehensive examination of the artificial limb industry as it evolved throughout the course of the war, and explains that Union soldiers received far better treatment and prostheses than did Confederate soldiers.

Deliverance from the Little Bighorn: Doctor Henry Porter and Custer's Seventh Cavalry. By Joan Nabseth Stevenson. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2012. Pp. 213. \$24.95 cloth.

In this account of a little-studied and relatively unknown aspect of the Battle of Little Bighorn, Joan Nabseth Stevenson explores the medical history of Custer's infamous final battle. The only surviving surgeon in Custer's forces, Doctor Henry Porter escaped the Sioux onslaught and desperately provided medical care for the troopers and Native American scouts injured in battle. Nabseth Stevenson recounts Porter's heroic efforts at the scene of the battle, as well as the long and dangerous journey to transport the injured 700 miles downriver to Ft. Abraham Lincoln in Dakota Territory. The author also examines the military medical care available during this stage of the Indian Wars and laments the substandard care that often resulted in unnecessary amputations, high rates of infection, and even death.

Forced Marches: Soldiers and Military Caciques in Modern Mexico. Edited by Ben Fallaw and Terry Rugeley. Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 2012. Pp. 305. \$55.00 cloth.

Ben Fallaw and Terry Rugeley have compiled a series of essays that look into the impact of the military and soldiering in the history of modern Mexico. Military service in Mexico was often a transformative experience for those who served in the national army and in the state and private militias. Eight authors contribute their insight on a vast array of topics in this study, and shed light on the relationship between military organizations and the formation of the Mexican state, as well as the lasting influence of military service on the peoples and institutions of Mexico.

Fighting with the Filthy Thirteen: The World War II Story of Jack Womer—Ranger and Paratrooper. By Jack Womer and Stephen C. DeVito. Philadelphia: Casemate Publishers, 2012. Pp. 304. \$32.95 cloth.

The wartime exploits of Jack Womer, a member of an elite group of paratroopers in the U.S. Army's 101st Airborne Division, are covered extensively in this work. Womer's military career led him to train as an Army Ranger in England before transferring to the 101st Division in time to see action behind German lines during Operation Overlord and the subsequent famous and harrowing events of the Second World War in Europe. With assistance from Stephen DeVito, Womer details each step of his maturation as a soldier and paratrooper and this work is especially strong in its coverage of the personal side of warfare, including the training, brotherhood, and hopes and longings of a young American serving his country in World War II.

General Albert C. Wedemeyer: America's Unsung Strategist in World War II. By John J. McLaughlin. Philadelphia: Casemate Publishers, 2012. Pp. 352. \$32.95 cloth.

John McLaughlin provides the first full biography of Gen. Albert Wedemeyer, one of America's most influential—if often overlooked—

strategists in the Second World War. The author examines Wedemeyer's military career, which took him through the German *Kriegsakademie* in the 1930s, to Gen. George Marshall's war planning staff, and eventually to replace Gen. Joseph Stilwell in China. The primary designer of America's "Victory Program," Wedemeyer was responsible for the planning of the D-Day invasion of 1944 before running afoul of Winston Churchill. McLaughlin posits that Wedemeyer was essentially banished to China as a result of this conflict, but that Wedemeyer proved himself a visionary in terms of how he believed the United States should handle the volatile political situation there. A proponent of providing greater aid to the Nationalist Chinese, Wedemeyer saw his warnings go unheeded as he predicted the eventual Communist victory for the control of China.

George F. Kennan: An American Life. By John Lewis Gaddis. New York: Penguin Press, 2011. Pp. 800. \$39.95 cloth.

In this long-awaited biography of the architect of the Containment Doctrine, John Lewis Gaddis offers a masterful accounting of the brilliant and controversial life of George Kennan. A close associate and astute observer of Kennan during the last thirty years of Kennan's life, Gaddis is able to offer the reader an insider's look into the personal and professional life of one of America's most influential foreign policy minds. A sweeping biography in every sense, this work makes apparent its subject's great triumphs and failures, and places Kennan not only in the context of the Cold War that he helped to shape, but also in the years after the demise of the Soviet Union and Kennan's struggles to maintain his professional reputation in light of his sometime extreme opinions regarding American democracy.

Atomic America: How a Deadly Explosion and a Feared Admiral Changed the Course of Nuclear History. By Todd Tucker. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2009. Pp. 305. \$18.95 paper.

Todd Tucker's *Atomic America* is an engrossing account of the history of the tragic and deadly explosion of a nuclear reactor at the National Reactor

Testing Station in Idaho in 1961. The author examines numerous firsthand accounts of the incident, as well as the official sources in the U.S. Army's subsequent investigation, and surmises that the Army purposely mislead investigators and covered up the true reasons for the explosion. Tucker also discusses the career of U.S. Navy Admiral Hyman Rickover, and establishes links to the explosion's political fallout to Rickover's efforts to control the Navy's future domination of America's military nuclear programs.

Ground Pounder: A Marine's Journey through South Vietnam, 1968-1969. By Gregory V. Short. Denton: University of North Texas Press, 2012. Pp. 369. \$29.95 cloth.

Gregory Short offers an unflinching account of his experiences as a Marine in Vietnam. As an eighteen-year old, the author participated in some of the war's most intense battles and with some of the Marine Corps' most decorated units. From the hellish conditions at Con Thien during the Tet Offensive of 1968, through the relief of Khe Sanh, and his time with the 1st Battalion, 9th Marines (the "Walking Dead"), Short retells his time as a Marine grunt. Amazingly, Short volunteered for a second tour in Vietnam, but this time served with the 1st Marine Air Wing in Da Nang in a rearguard capacity. Having lived at both the tip and end of the spear during the war, the author is able to openly assess the lessons he learned and to offer his philosophical analysis of his incredible experiences.

Donut Dolly: An American Red Cross Girl's War in Vietnam. By Joann Puffer Kotcher. Denton: University of North Texas Press, 2011. Pp. xviii; 361. \$24.95 cloth.

Joann Puffer Kotcher's memoir, *Donut Dolly*, provides an outlook on the Vietnam War that is different from many other accounts in that a positive message is found in each of the author's experiences. Using her wartime diary to help her reconstruct her time in Southeast Asia, Kotcher is able to provide the reader with an understanding of how the young ladies of the Red Cross worked tirelessly to provide a welcome countenance to the lonely soldiers, as well as provide them with pleasant distractions and light-

hearted games to make them feel comfortable and take their minds off of the realities of war. Kotcher's firsthand account of the efforts of the many Red Cross workers, especially the Donut Dollies, helps provide a more full understanding of the incredible complexities and personal experiences of the Vietnam War.

What it is Like to Go to War. By Karl Marlantes. New York: Atlantic Monthly Press, 2011. Pp. 257. \$25.00 cloth. \$15.00 paper.

In this latest offering by the award-winning author Karl Marlantes, one will find a very personal look at war and the experiences of those who endure the difficulties of armed conflict. The author, a former U.S. Marine and veteran of the Vietnam War, discusses not only the horrors of combat, but the lingering effects he faced as he dealt with the war's legacies long after the fighting in Vietnam ended. Covering such diverse topics as the ethics of war, loyalty to one's country and countrymen, heroism, and the psychological and emotional readjustments necessary during peacetime, Marlantes offers what he hopes will be important lessons that all people—political and military leaders, combat veterans, and non-military personnel—will take into deep consideration as the U.S. finds itself confronting dangers around the globe.

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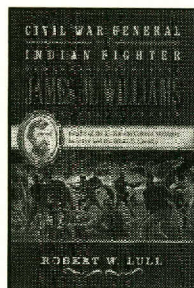
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CIVIL WAR GENERAL AND INDIAN FIGHTER JAMES M. WILLIAMS

Leader of the 1st Kansas Colored Volunteer Infantry and the 8th U.S. Cavalry

BY ROBERT W. LULL

Williams raised and commanded the 1st Kansas Colored Volunteer Infantry Regiment in 1862. This regiment of black soldiers was the first such organization to engage Confederate troops, enjoying victories in Missouri, Indian Territory, and Arkansas. Williams also fought in the Red River Campaign and endured the massacre of his captured black troops at Poison Spring. Hardcover \$24.95

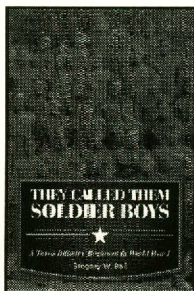


THEY CALLED THEM SOLDIER BOYS

A Texas Infantry Regiment in World War I

BY GREGORY W. BALL

Ball offers an in-depth study of this Texas regiment from their recruitment in 1917, training, and journey to France, where they were assigned to the French Fourth Army in the Champagne region and first saw combat. The author explores their combat experiences up through the armistice of November of 1918 and covers their return home. Hardcover \$29.95

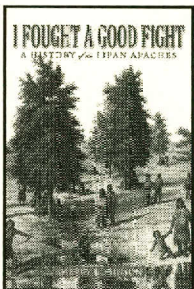


I FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT

A History of the Lipan Apaches

BY SHERRY ROBINSON

The history of the Lipan Apaches, from the archeological evidence to the present, tells the story of some of the least known, least understood people in the Southwest. These plains buffalo hunters and traders were one of the first groups to acquire horses. With a knack for making friends and forging alliances, they survived against all odds, and were still free long after their worst enemies were corralled on reservations. Hardcover \$32.95

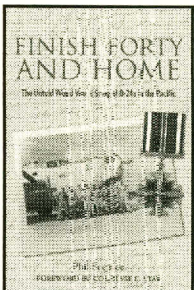


FINISH FORTY AND HOME

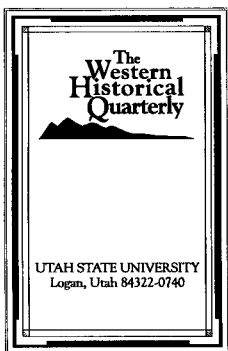
The Untold World War II Story of the B-24s in the Pacific

BY PHIL SCEARCE

This is the true story of the men and missions of the 11th Bombardment Group as it fought alone and unheralded in the South Central Pacific. They flew the longest and most perilous bombing missions of the war, faced determined Japanese fighters without fighter escort, against relentless anti-aircraft fire, and over thousands of miles of water with no alternative landing sites. 352 pp. 39 b&w illus. NEW in Paperback \$18.95



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