

The French and Indian War in Pittsburgh: A Memoir

IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR A WHOLE CONTINENT WAS AT STAKE. THE WAR, ALSO KNOWN AS THE SEVENS' YEAR WAR, WOULD BEGIN AT THE SITE OF PITTSBURGH.



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THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR IN PITTSBURGH: A MEMOIR

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A painting depicting the Battle at Lake George.

The French and Indian War! This was a war of which I, reading stretched out in my bedroom, could not get enough. The names of the places were a litany: Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain, Fort Frontenac on the St. Lawrence, Vincennes on the Wabash. The names of the people were a litany: Captain Claude-Pierre Pécaudy, Sieur de Contrecoeur; the Swiss commander of Fort Pitt, Simeon Ecuyer; the great Indian fighter Col. Henry Bouquet; Maj. Robert Rogers of the Rangers; the Sieur de Marin; the Marquis de Montcalm; the Seneca chief Half-King. There was an outlandish-soundine Miami chief on the Ohio whom the English called “Old Britain” and the French called “La Demoiselle.”

How witless in comparison were the clumsy wars of Europe. On some open field at nine o'clock sharp, soldiers in heavy armor, dragged from their turnip patches in feudal obedience to Lord So-and-So, met in long ranks the heavily armored men owned or paid for by Lord Such-and-Such and defeated them by knocking them over like ninepins. What was at stake? The succession of Maria Theresa at the death of Charles VI. Phooey.

In the French and Indian War a whole continent was at stake, and it was hard to know whom to root for as I read. The Indians were the sentimental favorites, but they were visibly cruel. The French excelled at Indian skills and had the endearing habit of singing in boats. But if they won, we would all speak French, which seemed affected in the woods. The Scotch-Irish settlers and the English army were very uneasy allies; but their cruelties were invisible to me, and their partisans wrote all the books that fell into my hands.

It all seemed to take place right here, here among the blossoming rhododendrons outside the sun-porch windows just below my bedroom, here in the Pittsburgh forest that rose again from every vacant lot, every corner of every yard the mower missed, every clogged gutter on the roof. Here our own doughty provincials in green hunting shirts fought beside regiments of Rangers in buckskins, actual Highlanders in kilts, loyal Iroquois in war paint, and British regulars in red jackets. They came marching vividly through the virgin Pittsburgh forest; they trundled up and down the nearby mountain ridges by day and slept at night on their weapons under trees. Pioneer scouts ran ahead of them and behind them;

messengers snuck into their few palisaded forts, where periwigged English officers sat and rubbed their foreheads, while naked Indians in the treetops outside were setting arrows on fire to burn down the roof.

Best, it was all imaginary. That the French and Indian War had taken place in this neck of the woods merely enhanced its storied quality, as if that fact had been a particularly pleasing literary touch. The war was part of my own private consciousness, the dreamlike interior murmur of books.

Costumed enormous people, transparent, vivid, and bold as decals, as tall and rippling as people in dreams, shot at each other up and down the primeval woods, race against race. Just as people in myths travel rigidly up to the sky, or are placed there by some greater god's fingers, to hold still forever in the midst of their loving or battles as fixed constellations of stars, so the fighting cast of the French and Indian War moved in



Despite the name, the French and Indian war's main enemies were the British Colonies and the royal French forces with the various Indigenous forces allied with them. The war lasted seven years giving it the name, the Seven Years' War as well. This name is primarily used by British, French and many Canadian historians.

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a colorful body into the pages of books—locked into position in the landscape but still loading muskets or cowering behind log doors or landing canoes on a blackened shore. They were fabulous and morally neutral, like everything in history, like everything in books. They were imagination’s playthings—toy soldiers, toy settlers, toy Indians. They were a part of the interior life: they were private; they were my own.

In books these wars played themselves out ceaselessly; the red-war-painted Indian tomahawked the settler woman in calico; and the rangy settler in buckskin spied out the Frenchman in military braid. Whenever I picked up a book, the war struck up again like a record whose music sounded when the needle hit. The skirling of Highlanders’ bagpipes came playing again high and thin over the dry oak ridges. The towheaded pioneer school-children were just blabbing their memorized psalms when from right outside the greased parchment window sounded the wild and fatal whoops of Indian warriors on a raid.

Behind each tree and parked car, I saw Indians.

The wild and fatal whoops, the war whoops of the warriors, the red warriors whooping on a raid. It was a delirium. The tongue diddled the brain. I could dream it all whenever I wanted—and how often I wanted to dream it! Fiercely addicted, I dosed myself again and again with the drug of the dream. Parents have no idea what the children are up to in their bedrooms: they are reading the same paragraphs over and over in a stupor of violent bloodshed. Their legs are limp with horror. They are reading the same paragraphs over and over, dizzy with gratification as the young lovers find each other in the French fort, as the boy avenges his father, as the sound of muskets in the woods signals the end of the siege. They could not move if the house caught

fire. They hate the actual world. The actual world is a kind of tedious plane where one dwells, and goes to school, and eats, the body, the boring body that houses the eyes to read the books and houses the heart the books enflame. Although I was hungry all the time, I could not bear to hold still and eat; it was too dull a thing to do and had no appeal either to courage or to imagination. The blinding sway of children’s inner lives makes them immoral. They find things good insofar as they are thrilling, insofar as they render them ever more feverish and breathless, ever more limp and senseless on the bed.

Throughout these long, wonderful wars I saw Indian braves behind every tree and parked car. They slunk around, fairly bursting with woodcraft. They led soldiers on miraculous escapes through deep woods and across lakes at night; they paddled their clever canoes noiselessly; they swam underwater without leaving bubbles; they called to each other like owls. They nocked their arrows silently on the brow of the hill and snuck up in their soft moccasins to the camp where the enemy lay sleeping under heavy guard. They shrieked, drew their Osage bows, and never missed—all the while communing deeply with birds and deer.

I had been born too late. I would have made a dandy scout because I had taught myself to walk in the woods silently: without snapping a twig, which was easy, or stepping on a loud leaf, which was hard. Experience taught me a special rolling walk for skulking in silence: you step down with your weight on the ball of your foot and ease it to your heel.

The Indians who captured me would



George Washington in his Colonel's uniform of the Virginia Regiment. The portrait was painted in 1772 by Charles Willson Peale. This is the earliest authenticated portrait of the first president of the United States.

not torture me, but exclaim at my many abilities, and teach me more, all the while feeding me handsomely. Soon I would talk to animals, become invisible, ride a horse naked and shrieking, shoot things.

I practiced traveling through the woods in Pittsburgh’s Frick Park without leaving footprints. I practiced tracking people and animals, such as some pedigreed dachshunds that lived nearby, by following signs. I knew the mark of my boy hero’s blunt heel and the mark of my younger sister’s sharp one. I practiced sneaking up on Mother as she repotted a philodendron, Father as he waxed the car, saying, as I hoped but doubted the Indians said, “Boo.”

La Belle Rivière, the French called the Ohio and its tributary, the Allegheny. The Forks of the Ohio, the English rather ploddingly called these rivers’ juncture with the Monongahela at Pittsburgh. Both the French and the British needed to control the point where the rivers met in order to control the interior of the continent. The nation that held sway where

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Pittsburgh was to be built was the nation that would rule the land all the way from the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence downstream to New Orleans, and all the way from the Potomac in the east out west to the Missouri, the Platte, and the Yellowstone at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

In the early 1750s, when no one but a few Indian traders lived at the point where the rivers come together, and only the toughest of pioneers lived nearby on the rivers and creeks, the French and the English moved simultaneously to claim and seize it. The French idea was to build a chain of forts from Lake Erie to the head of the Ohio and on down to New Orleans. The British idea was not to let them.

So they had begun their war here at the site of **Pittsburgh**—the British war against the French and some of their mostly Canadian Indian allies. The British were stuck hacking twelve-foot-wide roads through the forest, from Wills Creek on the Potomac northwest or later from Shippensburg due west over the mountains—all to get armies and rolling artillery to that point Major Washington had pronounced “extremely well situated for a fort...” In Europe the struggle was the Seven Years’ War.

When the fighting began at the Forks of the Ohio in 1754, the English greatly outnumbered the French in North America (1,225,000 to 80,000). Even the Great Lakes Indians preferred English trade goods to French ones. But the French controlled the interior waterways. The English condescended to the Indians; the French made them pretty speeches. Abroad the British controlled the seas.

Along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes the French organized their armies shrewdly and swiftly; their power was centralized and military. The English



In what is now downtown Pittsburgh in the U.S. state of Pennsylvania, was Fort Duquesne. Built in 1754, the Fort was where the French marched from to defeat George Washington at nearby Fort Necessity.

had quite enough to do to govern diverse interests in thirteen scattered colonies. This war provided the colonies’ first occasion to act together, and they wasted four years before various kings, parliaments, and colonial assemblies could raise an army big enough to drive the outnumbered French from North America. It was during this time that Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia published a famous cartoon; it pictured a snake in eight fragments and read JOIN, OR DIE.

In the winter of 1754 the British, moving up from Virginia, began throwing together a fort in the virtual wilderness at the point where the rivers met. They named it Fort Prince George. Two months later superior French forces came down from Lake Erie and overwhelmed it. They built Fort Duquesne on its ashes. The war was on. For the next four years a British priority in North America was recapturing that spot.

For those four years the French controlled the Ohio country from Fort Duquesne. If they could keep it, they would confine the British on this continent to the Eastern seaboard. They supplied the fort at great pains from the Great Lakes via an overland portage to an Allegheny River tributary; up and down this rocky route they poled, paddled, and shouldered their pirogues. Their cargoes were beeves and salt,

soldiers, arms, priests, and white women.

From Fort Duquesne the French set their Indian allies to raiding far-flung English-speaking settlements and homesteads. (The few nearby settlers had fled back over the mountains.) In 1756 the French commandant at Fort Duquesne bragged in a letter that his men had “succeeded in ruining the three adjacent provinces, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, driving off the inhabitants, and totally destroying the settlements... The Indian villages are full of prisoners of every age and sex.”

From Fort Duquesne the French marched out and defeated George Washington at nearby Fort Necessity—really not a fort but only an earthworks hastily thrown up to defend the handful of Virginia troops trying to cut a military road. It was a battle fought south of Pittsburgh in a natural meadow at long range in the rain.

Most vividly, from Fort Duquesne the French marched out and defeated Gen. Edward Braddock. Braddock’s 1755 attempt on Fort Duquesne, the best the English could do, was not good enough. From Cumberland, Maryland, on the Potomac, the stiff old soldier drove his English and colonial troops over the wretched mountain track in June and July, ridge after ridge, building bridges over every creek for wagons and cannon. In one four-day period they covered only twelve miles. George Washington was aide-de-camp and complained bitterly about the frequent halts. Indian scouts were, of course, picking off Braddock’s scouts and any stragglers. Finally the English abandoned half their troops, artillery, and supply wagons, pushing on toward Fort Duquesne with light infantry.

The outnumbered French and Indians met them ten miles from the fort, along the Monongahela at the later site of the

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Thompson works of U.S. Steel. It was the first battle in a new kind of warfare, a kind of warfare that the English found monstrously unfair: opponents fired from cover. You couldn't see them.

The English line of march was deployed under a long hill. The French seized that hill, crouched behind tree trunks, and fired down at leisure. The Indians spread out along their flank, ducked behind tree trunks, and fired at leisure. It was a rout. The panicked English couldn't retreat because their own arriving soldiers blocked the road. Only 459 British survived, out of 1,386. It was one of the very few battles dominated by Indian warriors; later the French and English armies would meet each other minus Indians. As Braddock was dying of a hole in his lung, he said with old-style aplomb, "We shall better know how to deal with them another time."

After the battle the Indians brought their prisoners back to their villages outside Fort Duquesne. An English boy inside the fort—a former Indian captive—saw them come in. The Indians were firing muskets into the air. Some were wearing red coats and officers' hats. They began stretching "hundreds" of scalps on hoops. The prisoners were naked. The Indians had already painted the prisoners' faces black, with ashes, to mark them for torture.

Just off the point where the rivers met, there was a low bar called Smoky Island. It was there that the Indians routinely tortured their prisoners. The French liked it ill but judged that if they failed to hand over prisoners for torture, the Indians would lose interest and go away. (British officers would also be known to turn prisoners over to their Indian allies for torture.)

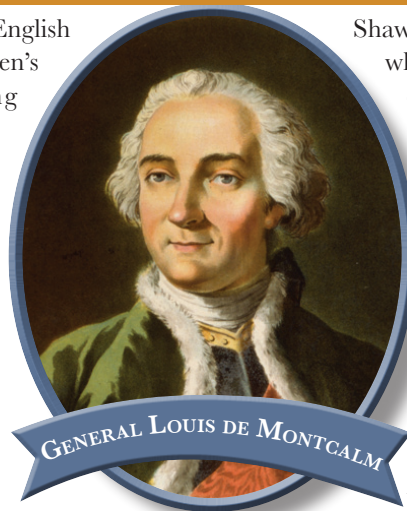
At sunset all the Indian families accompanied the prisoners in canoes to Smoky Island. The men tied the prisoners to stakes and piled coals on their feet. Women heated ramrods over fires until they glowed, then drove them into the prisoners' nostrils or ears. The children practiced shooting arrows into them.

Inside Fort Duquesne the English boy found the dying men's screams upsetting. Trying to comfort him, a kind French soldier gave him a volume of sermons. The sermons were in English; the soldier had picked up the volume that morning after the battle, from among the bodies of his enemies.

One canny soldier, the story goes, devised a way to cut his captivity, and torture, short. He told his Indian captors that he knew a plant whose juices conferred invulnerability. They didn't believe him. He picked up a few leaves and, with as much hocus-pocus as he could muster, squeezed their juices in a broad ring around his own bare neck. The Indians were having none of it. He laid his head and neck on a chopping block. The most disbelieving Indian seized a good ax and, sure enough, chopped off his head.

Before Braddock's defeat the local Delawares and Shawnees threw in their lot with the French. Their own land east of the mountains had been ruined by immigrant farms. They joined the Canadian Indians around the fort. Other tribes moved in: Foxes from Wisconsin; Chickasaws from the lower Mississippi. Together, supplied by the French, they raided settlements, tomahawking or bashing infants, and killing or capturing men, women, and children. They crossed the mountains and killed settlers who had fled to the Juniata Valley. They moved down into Maryland, Virginia, and Carolina, killing, taking prisoners, and burning cabins, mills, fields, and barns. They almost never raped.

That year of Braddock's defeat a German family carried one man's Indian-mutilated body sixty miles and left it as a plea on the steps of the Assembly in Philadelphia. Belatedly the governor of Pennsylvania declared war on the Delawares and



GENERAL LOUIS DE MONTCALM

Shawnees, enabled to do so when four of the purest of the Quakers in the Assembly, fearing for their souls, stepped down.

In 1757 Gen. Louis de Montcalm forced the English to surrender Fort William Henry, in New York. After the terms of capitulation had been agreed upon, the Indians broke rank and

attacked the departing soldiers and settler families. They killed more than one hundred on the spot; they dragged two hundred men, women, and children back to Montreal to torture; they stripped and beat many more and left them to die in the woods. (Montcalm was able to rescue more than four hundred of these.) They killed the sick and wounded left at the fort. In Montreal, French witnesses testified, the Indians boiled one captive in a public ceremony and "forced his wretched countrymen to eat of him." And they "compelled mothers to eat the flesh of their children." "What a scourge!" wrote the flowery French commander Louis Antoine de Bougainville. "Humanity groans at being forced to use such monsters."

After three years the British in London under the Great Commoner, William Pitt, determined to prosecute this war in earnest. Pitt raised the rank of colonial officers. To knock the French out of their North American base, he sent the English navy to the Great Lakes; there it broke the French fleet. The English army under Gen. Jeffery Amherst took major Great Lakes and St. Lawrence forts. The French had been supplying Fort Duquesne and points west from France via the St. Lawrence route and from Lake Erie via the Allegheny River. The English victories cut off the French chain of supplies to the interior. In

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November 1758 Gen. John Forbes and his mixed army took Fort Duquesne from the French. That winter the English began building Fort Pitt. To the north, Quebec fell. Except for some mopping up, it was all over for the French.

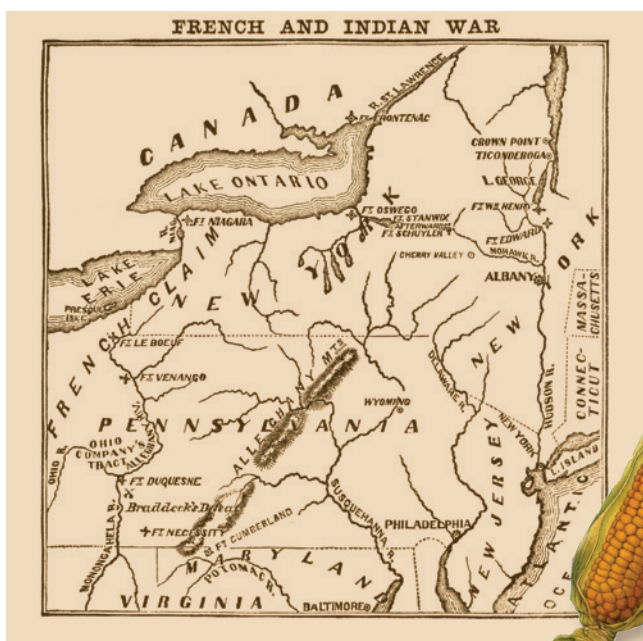
Seventeen years later, in 1776, Pontiac's war on settlers had come and gone too—a war in which at least two thousand settlers died in raids. The Indian wars were virtually over in the Eastern woodlands. Scotch-Irish and German settlers crept back over Laurel Ridge, the last ridge in the Alleghenies, to farm and trade in peace at the Forks of the Ohio near Fort Pitt. In Philadelphia the Scotch-Irish controlled the new government; they had allied themselves with East Coast revolutionaries to throw the Indian-loving, monarch-loving Quakers out. They moved at once for another war, against England, for independence.

At the Ellis School in Pittsburgh we girls memorized a poem:

Where we live and work today
Indian children used to play—
All about our native land
Where the shops and houses stand.

On a quiet dead-end street in our Pittsburgh neighborhood, among the still stone and brick houses under their old ash trees and oaks, we playing children paced out the ritual evenings. Capture the Flag was, essentially, the French and Indian Wars. The dead-end street (Europe) saw open combat at its fixed border. Brute strength could win. We disdained the street, although, of course, we had to

guard its border. We fought the real war in the backyards (America)—a limitless wilderness of trees, garbage cans, thickets, back porches, and gardens, where no one knew where the two sides' territories ended and where strategy required bold and original planning, private initiative, sneaky scouting, and courage.



If someone cheated at any game or incurred the group's wrath in any way, the rest of us gave him, or her, Indian burns: we wrung a bare arm with both hands close together till the skin chafed. Worse—reserved practically for capital crimes—was the dreaded but admired typewriter torture, which we understood to be, in modern guise, an old Indian persuader. One of us straddled the offender, bared his or her breastbone, and lightly tapped fingertips there—very lightly, just where the skin covers the bone most closely. This light tapping does not hurt at all for the first five minutes or so.

In another game I saw us as if from above, even as I stood in place living out

my childhood and knowing it, aware of myself as if from above and behind, skinny and exultant on the street. We were silent, waiting or running, spread out on the pale street like infantry, stilled as scouts, relaxed and knowing. Someone hit the ball, someone silent far up the street caught it on the bounce; we moved aside, clearing a path. Carefully the batter laid down the bat perpendicular to the street. Carefully the hushed player up the street rolled the ball down to the bat. The rolled ball hit the bat and flew up unpredictably; the batter missed his catch; he and the fielder switched positions: Indian Ball.

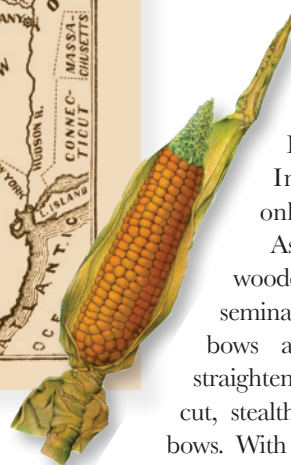
And there were no roads at all.

And the trees were very tall.

By day my friend Pin Ford and I played at being Indians. She was my age, an only child who lived two doors up.

As Indians Pin and I explored the wooded grounds of the Presbyterian seminary at our backyards. We made bows and arrows; we peeled and straightened deadfall sticks for arrows and cut, stealthily, green boughs to bend for bows. With string we rigged our mothers' Chesterfield cartons over our shoulders as quivers. We shot our bows. We threw knives at targets and played knife-throwing games. We walked as the Indians had walked, stirring no leaves, snapping no twigs. We built an Indian village, Navajo-style, under the seminary's low copper beech: we baked clay bricks on slate roofing tiles set on adobe walls around a twiggy fire. We named trees; we searched the sky for omens, inspected the ground for signs.

We came home and found our blonde mothers tanning on chaises longues by the backyard pool. They held silvered cardboard reflectors up to their flung-back chins. Over their closed eyelids they had placed red and blue eye-shaped plastic cups, joined over the nose. 🍌



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PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH'S ADDRESS ANNOUNCING END OF MAJOR COMBAT OPERATION IN IRAQ

<http://www.vlib.us/amdocs/texts/bush052003.html>



“Mission Accomplished” refers to a banner titled “Mission Accomplished” that was displayed on the aircraft carrier USS Abraham Lincoln during a televised address by United States President George W. Bush on May 1, 2003 and the controversy that followed. Bush stated at the time that this was the end to major combat operations in Iraq. Bush’s assertion—and the sign itself—became controversial after guerrilla warfare in Iraq increased during the Iraqi insurgency. The vast majority of casualties, both military and civilian, occurred after the speech.

TEXT:

Thank you all very much. Admiral Kelly, Captain Card, officers and sailors of the USS Abraham Lincoln, my fellow Americans: Major combat operations in Iraq have ended. In the battle of Iraq, the United States and our allies have prevailed. And now our coalition is engaged in securing and reconstructing that country. In this battle, we have fought for the cause of liberty, and for the peace of the world. Our nation and our coalition are proud of this accomplishment -- yet, it is you, the members of the United States military, who achieved it. Your courage, your willingness to face danger for your country and for each other, made this day possible. Because of you, our nation is more secure. Because of you, the tyrant has fallen, and Iraq is free.

Operation Iraqi Freedom was carried out with a combination of precision and speed and boldness the enemy did not expect, and the world had not seen before. From distant bases or ships at sea, we sent planes and missiles that could destroy an enemy division, or strike a single bunker. Marines and soldiers charged to Baghdad across 350 miles of hostile ground, in one of the swiftest advances of heavy arms in history. You have shown the world the skill and the might of the American Armed Forces.

This nation thanks all the members of our coalition who joined in a noble cause. We thank the Armed Forces of the United Kingdom, Australia, and Poland, who shared in the hardships of war. We thank all the citizens of Iraq who welcomed our troops and joined in the liberation of their

own country. And tonight, I have a special word for Secretary Rumsfeld, for General Franks, and for all the men and women who wear the uniform of the United States: America is grateful for a job well done.

The character of our military through history -- the daring of Normandy, the fierce courage of Iwo Jima, the decency and idealism that turned enemies into allies -- is fully present in this generation. When Iraqi civilians looked into the faces of our servicemen and women, they saw strength and kindness and goodwill. When I look at the members of the United States military, I see the best of our country, and I’m honored to be your Commander-in-Chief.

In the images of falling statues, we have witnessed the arrival of a new era. For a hundred of years of war, culminating in the nuclear age, military technology was designed and deployed to inflict casualties on an ever-growing scale. In defeating Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan, Allied forces destroyed entire cities, while enemy leaders who started the conflict were safe until the final days. Military power was used to end a regime by breaking a nation.

Today, we have the greater power to free a nation by breaking a dangerous and aggressive regime. With new tactics and precision weapons, we can achieve military objectives without directing violence against civilians. No device of man can remove the tragedy from war; yet it is a great moral advance when the guilty have far more to fear from war than the innocent.

In the images of celebrating Iraqis, we have also seen

PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH'S ADDRESS ANNOUNCING END OF MAJOR COMBAT OPERATION IN IRAQ

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the ageless appeal of human freedom. Decades of lies and intimidation could not make the Iraqi people love their oppressors or desire their own enslavement. Men and women in every culture need liberty like they need food and water and air. Everywhere that freedom arrives, humanity rejoices; and everywhere that freedom stirs, let tyrants fear.

We have difficult work to do in Iraq. We're bringing order to parts of that country that remain dangerous. We're pursuing and finding leaders of the old regime, who will be held to account for their crimes. We've begun the search for hidden chemical and biological weapons and already know of hundreds of sites that will be investigated. We're helping to rebuild Iraq, where the dictator built palaces for himself, instead of hospitals and schools. And we will stand with the new leaders of Iraq as they establish a government of, by, and for the Iraqi people.

The transition from dictatorship to democracy will take time, but it is worth every effort. Our coalition will stay until our work is done. Then we will leave, and we will leave behind a free Iraq.

The battle of Iraq is one victory in a war on terror that began on September the 11, 2001 -- and still goes on. That terrible morning, 19 evil men -- the shock troops of a hateful ideology -- gave America and the civilized world a glimpse of their ambitions. They imagined, in the words of one terrorist, that September the 11th would be the "beginning of the end of America." By seeking to turn our cities into killing fields, terrorists and their allies believed that they could destroy this nation's resolve, and force our retreat from the world. They have failed.

In the battle of Afghanistan, we destroyed the Taliban, many terrorists, and the camps where they trained. We continue to help the Afghan people lay roads, restore hospitals, and educate all of their children. Yet we also have dangerous work to complete. As I speak, a Special Operations task force, led by the 82nd Airborne, is on the trail of the terrorists and those who seek to undermine the free government of Afghanistan. America and our coalition will finish what we have begun.

From Pakistan to the Philippines to the Horn of Africa, we are hunting down al Qaeda killers. Nineteen months ago, I

pledged that the terrorists would not escape the patient justice of the United States. And as of tonight, nearly one-half of al Qaeda's senior operatives have been captured or killed.

The liberation of Iraq is a crucial advance in the campaign against terror. We've removed an ally of al Qaeda, and cut off a source of terrorist funding. And this much is certain:

No terrorist network will gain weapons of mass destruction from the Iraqi regime, because the regime is no more.

In these 19 months that changed the world, our actions have been focused and deliberate and proportionate to the offense. We have not forgotten the victims of September the 11th -- the last phone calls, the cold murder of children, the searches in the rubble. With those attacks, the terrorists and their supporters declared war on the United States. And war is what they got.

Our war against terror is proceeding according to principles that I have made clear to all: Any person involved in committing or planning terrorist attacks against the American people becomes an enemy of this country, and

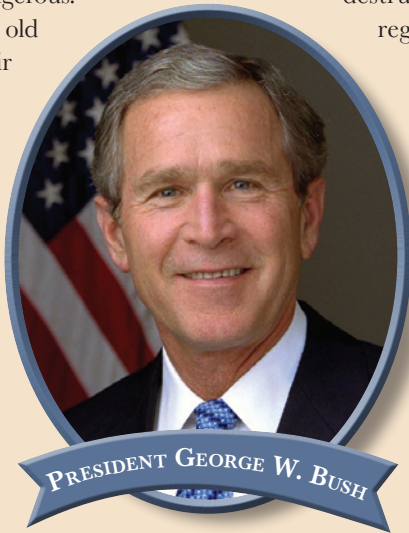
a target of American justice.

Any person, organization, or government that supports, protects, or harbors terrorists is complicit in the murder of the innocent, and equally guilty of terrorist crimes.

Any outlaw regime that has ties to terrorist groups and seeks or possesses weapons of mass destruction is a grave danger to the civilized world -- and will be confronted.

And anyone in the world, including the Arab world, who works and sacrifices for freedom has a loyal friend in the United States of America.

Our commitment to liberty is America's tradition -- declared at our founding; affirmed in Franklin Roosevelt's Four Freedoms; asserted in the Truman Doctrine and in Ronald Reagan's challenge to an evil empire. We are committed to freedom in Afghanistan, in Iraq, and in a peaceful Palestine. The advance of freedom is the surest strategy to undermine the appeal of terror in the world. Where freedom takes hold, hatred gives way to hope. When freedom takes hold, men and women turn to the peaceful pursuit of a better life. American



PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH'S ADDRESS ANNOUNCING END OF MAJOR COMBAT OPERATION IN IRAQ

— CONTINUED —

values and American interests lead in the same direction: We stand for human liberty.

The United States upholds these principles of security and freedom in many ways -- with all the tools of diplomacy, law enforcement, intelligence, and finance. We're working with a broad coalition of nations that understand the threat and our shared responsibility to meet it. The use of force has been -- and remains -- our last resort. Yet all can know, friend and foe alike, that our nation has a mission: We will answer threats to our security, and we will defend the peace.

Our mission continues. Al Qaeda is wounded, not destroyed. The scattered cells of the terrorist network still operate in many nations, and we know from daily intelligence that they continue to plot against free people. The proliferation of deadly weapons remains a serious danger. The enemies of freedom are not idle, and neither are we. Our government has taken unprecedented measures to defend the homeland. And we will continue to hunt down the enemy before he can strike.

The war on terror is not over; yet it is not endless. We do not know the day of final victory, but we have seen the turning of the tide. No act of the terrorists will change our purpose, or weaken our resolve, or alter their fate. Their cause is lost. Free nations will press on to victory.

Other nations in history have fought in foreign lands and remained to occupy and exploit. Americans, following a battle, want nothing more than to return home. And that



Iraqi Army Unit on a mission in 2007.

is your direction tonight. After service in the Afghan -- and Iraqi theaters of war -- after 100,000 miles, on the longest carrier deployment in recent history, you are homeward bound. Some of you will see new family members for the first time -- 150 babies were born while their fathers were on the Lincoln. Your families are proud of you, and your nation will welcome you.

We are mindful, as well, that some good men and women are not making the journey home. One of those who fell, Corporal Jason Mileo, spoke to his parents five days before

his death. Jason's father said, "He called us from the center of Baghdad, not to brag, but to tell us he loved us. Our son was a soldier."

Every name, every life is a loss to our military, to our nation, and to the loved ones who grieve. There's no homecoming for these families. Yet we pray, in God's time, their reunion will come.

Those we lost were last seen on duty. Their final act on th is Earth was to fight a great evil and bring liberty to others. All of you -- all in this generation of our military -- have taken up the highest calling of history. You're defending your country, and protecting the innocent from harm. And wherever you go, you carry a message of h ope -- a message that is ancient and ever new. In the words of the prophet Isaiah, "To the captives, 'come out,' -- and to those in darkness, 'be free.'"

Thank you for serving our country and our cause. May God bless you all, and may God continue to bless America. 🇺🇸

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR IN PITTSBURGH: A MEMOIR

A FRENCH ACCOUNT OF BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT IN 1755

http://www.shsu.edu/~his_ncp/FrenBrad.html

The Braddock expedition, also called Braddock's campaign or, more commonly, Braddock's Defeat, was a failed British military expedition which attempted to capture the French Fort Duquesne (modern-day downtown Pittsburgh) in the summer of 1755 during the French and Indian War. It was defeated at the Battle of the Monongahela on July 9, and the survivors retreated. The expedition takes its name from General Edward Braddock, who led the British forces and died in the effort. Braddock's defeat was a major setback for the British in the early stages of the war with France and has been described as one of the most disastrous defeats for the British in the 18th century.

Monsieur de Contrecoeur, captain of infantry commanding at Fort Duquesne, having been informed that the English would march out from Virginia to come to attack him, was warned a little time afterward that they were on the road. He put spies through the country who would inform him faithfully of their route. The 7th of this month (July) he was warned that the army, composed of 3,000 men of the regular English forces were only six leagues from his fort. The commander employed the next day in making his arrangements, and on the 9th of the month he sent Monsieur de Beaujeu against the enemy and gave him for second in command Messieurs Dumas and de Lignery, all three of them being captains, with four lieutenants, six ensigns, 20 cadets, 100 soldiers, 100 Canadians, and 600 savages, with orders to hide themselves in a favorable place that had previously been reconnoitred. The detachment found itself in the presence of the enemy at three leagues from the fort before being able to gain its appointed post. Monsieur de Beaujeu seeing that his ambush had failed, began a direct attack. He did this with so much energy that the enemy, who awaited us in the best order in the world, seemed astounded at the assault. Their artillery, however, promptly commenced to fire and our forces were confused in their turn. The savages also, frightened by the noise of the cannon rather than their execution, commenced to lose ground. Monsieur de Beaujeu was killed, and Monsieur Dumas rallied our forces. He ordered his officers to lead the savages and spread out on both wings, so as to take the enemy in flank. At the same time he, Monsieur de Lignery,



A sketch artist captures a scene of a British soldier protecting himself and civilians from Native Americans.

and the other officers who were at the head of the French attacked in front. This order was executed so promptly that the enemy, who were already raising cries of victory, were no longer able even to defend themselves. The combat wavered from one side to the other and success was long doubtful, but at length the enemy fled. They struggled unavailingly to keep some order in their retreat. The cries of the savages with which the woods echoed, carried fear into the hearts of the foe. The rout was complete. The field of battle remained in our possession, with six large cannons and a dozen smaller ones, four bombs, eleven mortars, all their munitions of war and almost all their baggage. Some deserters who have since come to us tell us that we fought against two thousand men, the rest of the army being four leagues farther back. These same deserters tell us that our enemies have retired to Virginia. The spies that we have sent out report that the thousand men who had no part in the battle, also took fright and abandoned their arms and provisions along the road. On this news we sent out a detachment which destroyed or burned all that remained by the roadside. The enemies have lost more than a thousand men on the field of battle; they have lost a great part of their artillery and provisions, also their general, named Monsieur Braddock, and almost all their officers. We had three officers killed and two wounded, two cadets wounded. This remarkable success, which scarcely seemed possible in view of the inequality of the forces, is the fruit of the experience of Monsieur Dumas and of the activity and valor of the officers that he had under his orders. ☪

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR IN PITTSBURGH: A MEMOIR

THE REVISIONIST: LEXINGTON, 1755
BY MICHAEL RAMUS

<http://www.americanheritage.com/content/revisionist-lexington-1775-0>



Laughably reasonable American colonists confront British forces for the first time in this American Heritage political cartoon. The lead colonist declares, “Don’t fire unless fired upon but if they mean to escalate this minor peace-keeping operation into a major police action, let it begin here.” A sign behind him reads, “Keep off ye grass.”



THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR IN PITTSBURGH: A MEMOIR:

ENGLAND'S VIETNAM [NOT ORIGINAL TITLE]

<http://www.americanheritage.com/content/englands-vietnam-not-original-title>



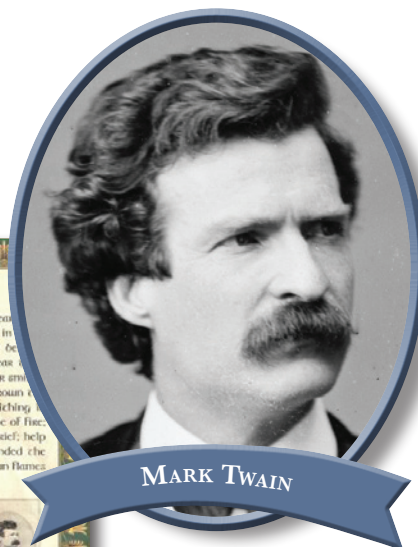
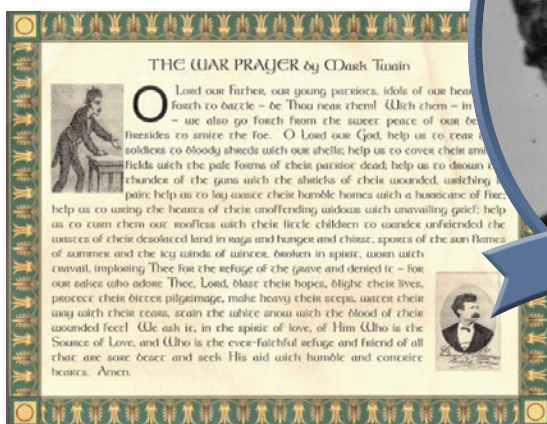
This reproduction of a cartoon from December 1776 depicts a meeting of Parliament during the opening months of the American Revolution. Lord North is on the left-hand side of the cartoon. A map of North America, top left, bursts into flames to the astonishment of the presiding officer.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR IN PITTSBURGH: A MEMOIR

THE WAR PRAYER BY MARK TWAIN

http://www.nationalportal.org/artifact_landing_paging/40110?page=0&field_artifact_institution_nid=40110&title=the%20war%20prayer

O Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of your hearts, go forth to battle—be Thou near them! With them—in spirit—we also go forth from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe. O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst. Sports of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes who adore Thee. Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protect their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him Who is the Source of Love, and Who is the ever-faithful refuge and Friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen.



THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR IN PITTSBURGH: A MEMOIR

EXPLANATION OF COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF BOOK *A HUNDRED MILES OF BAD ROAD*

BY PHILIP RANDAZZO

<http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/vhp/story/loc.natlib.afc2001001.24410/pageturner?ID=pm0006001>

EXPLANATION OF COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF BOOK

A HUNDRED MILES OF BAD ROAD

BY PHILIP RANDAZZO

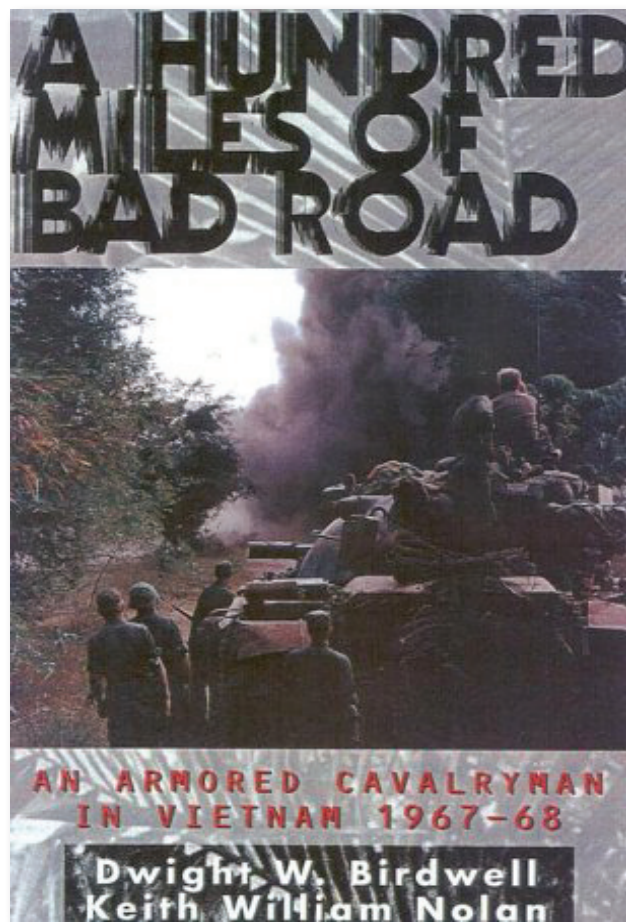


This written account is an attempt to explain what actually was going on when the photograph on the front cover of “A Hundred Miles of Bad Road” was taken.

It is a photograph of the 2nd Platoon, C Troop 3/4 Cav. I would like to maybe be able to explain it to the families of these troopers. The lead tank (C26) as depicted in this cover photograph. Those of the public that are interested would maybe have a better understanding of what it was like in Vietnam during that time.

The book cover that I am speaking of is, “A Hundred Miles of Bad Road”, by Dwight Birdwell and Keith W. Nolan. The photograph on the front cover of the book really struck a chord with me. I had a tingly feeling in my heart and stomach when I looked at it. I brought back strong memories. In the photograph there is a M48 tank with troopers gathered around it. Just to look at this picture does not explain the whole story behind it. I will attempt to state the facts as they happened.

It begins like this. We, 2nd Plt C troop, were located up between Trang Bang and the Michelin Rubber plantation. We were involved in a search and destroy mission. We were off Highway 1, to the east about a half mile or so in a heavy, dense wood line. The front cover shows this. The formation of 2nd Plt was the same as if we were riding on highway 1. Somewhat of a clearing was in front of Sgt Strayer’s tank, (C26), the same tank that led the 2nd Plt into the hell at Ton Son Nhut). Of special note, this photograph was taken around the end of November, or the beginning of December 1967.



We were ordered to halt; I myself was behind that tank on track C21. I was told to dismount, with Zuniga and Sandoval, from other tracks. We already had a good idea what we were going to be doing. A part of all of our MOSs was to recon on foot. Sergeant Strayer did not want our platoon to advance into that opening that is very visible in the front cover photo. So, us three walked up in front of the tank and started doing our job. I was in the middle, flanked on both sides by Zuniga and Sandoval. We walked cautiously and tried to keep in sight of each other. We had only gone about 50 meters when in front of me I saw a Vietnamese Pagoda (a type of religious structure). It was really colorful, a lot

EXPLANATION OF COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF BOOK *A HUNDRED MILES OF BAD ROAD*

— CONTINUED —

of shades of yellows, oranges and browns. This was a first for me; it was definitely strange seeing this type of structure in this environment. I looked to my side and waved Sandoval to get down and did the same with Zuniga. I scanned the entire area with my eyes before any of us advanced. I noticed a small foot trail about 6-8 inches wide to my immediate front. It went straight to the Pagoda. At that moment I recalled something that I had been told. G.I.s do not like walking off of trails in mud or bush if they could help it. That single thought made me concentrate on that trail. Recalling that is what probably saved my life, and maybe Zuniga's and Sandoval's too. I spotted something that I thought did not look right for jungle terrain like this. It was a piece of newspaper, no more than 6" in circumference. It was right on the edge of this foot trail. I signaled to the guys that I was going to move forward and had them come up to my position to cover. As I approached closer to the paper I laid down on the ground and reconned by sight again. It was just a piece of newspaper I thought but it just seemed odd being there. I belly crawled forward slowly up to it until my nose was almost touching it. I took another really close look and decided what I was going to do. I took a deep breath and blew on the paper. It blew off and exposed what I thought was my personal goodbye to Nam. It was the nose cone of a 175mm artillery shell. It was buried into the ground with just the nose sticking out. I really did not want to move, breathe or shit. I was 2-3 inches away from being blown away to hell. I examined this shell cone very closely until I figured out my best move. On the tip of the cone there was a rod inserted into it. There was about 2 inches of it sticking above the tip. I could also see a cotter pin coming through the rod resting on the tip of the cone. A thin wire was attached to the loop of the cotter pin. I started to blow on the dirt and leaves to show more of this tripwire. This wire was lying across the foot trail into heavy foliage. The whole booby trap scenario was pretty clear by this point. I stood up and walked back to the other guys and the lead tank. I told Sgt Strayer what I had found. He dismounted his vehicle and wanted to see first hand the

entire situation in front of us. Four of us went back to the booby trap and Sgt Strayer radioed back to the platoon for some C4 and a blasting cap. We set a charge carefully on the 175mm round and hurried back to our column of vehicles. The end result is what is shown on that photograph, on the cover of "A Hundred Miles of Bad Road". I went back with Zuniga and Sandoval to continue our recon mission and the pagoda that was standing there was not there any longer. It was a hell of an explosion. The significance of this story is just that it explains the explosion in the photo in front of 2nd Platoon's lead tank.

I will go on to say that if there was any shit around, 2nd Platoon C Troop usually ended up in the middle of it. I can also identify some of the troopers in the photograph; Steve Porter is sitting on the 50cal. I am standing on top of the tank next to Porter. Lying down on the left side of the tank was a member of the tank crew, he was a guy from someplace down south, he was a gunner and he liked that 30 cal. that was mounted on the turret. On the ground, the trooper leaning to his left with the baseball type cap that looks brownish in color is Sgt Dolan. He was the TC of C21. At the front left of the tank is another tanker. We all called him by the nickname that we gave him "Farmer". He was another excellent tanker. He saw his share of firefights. The trooper with the steel pot on, and the trooper standing behind the tank I cannot identify. I also would like to mention that this tank is the vehicle that led us into battle at Ton Son Nhut on January 31st, 1968.

Also of interest, the caption states that this cover photo was the courtesy of Leo Virant. He must have been mounted on top of my track, C21. You can see the camera looking down upon the troopers while this photo was taken. This is something that has aroused my curiosity. I think that he may have gotten it from McGarvey as he was C21 driver. We did have a Polaroid instamatic camera aboard. I got great footage myself when I was there. I have VHS that I converted from 8mm. My film show mostly 2nd Platoon from ChChi to the Black Virgin Mountain and all the other tourist attraction inbetween. 🍷

