2022 Notre Summer Reading
Notre Dame - Bishop Gibbons
English Department

Tricia White * Karen Harp * John Verhayden

We are pleased to roll out our Summer Reading Experience 2022

At Notre Dame - Bishop Gibbons we work to help keep students on track with learning. Part of this is requiring summer reading. Following a study done in 2020, shared in the American Education Research Journal, 52% of students lost an average of 39% of their learning gains during the summer. This evaluation included 200 million test scores, in 7,500 school districts.With this data, we also realize that summer is also a time for kids to recharge - and just be kids. In looking at balancing this, we are requiring one book be read, (details follow below), and a choice of articles, which reflect an Albany Diocesan Schools summer reading, which will be delivered to your email early this summer.

We encourage all students to read more than just the Summer Reading Experience book and articles. Read a new author, one you already like. Try a magazine, newspaper, blogs. Go to a bookstore and wander. Ask the staff for their favorites. Type a book you have liked into Amazon, and see what is suggested under “Frequently Bought Together”, or “Customers Who Bought This Also Bought”. Chances are you will find things you like to read. Fiction or nonfiction. It’s all good reading!

Middle School (grades 6 - 8)

Mrs. Harp (harpk@nd-bg.org)

The Assignment

Read the book assigned to your grade level, and complete a 10 entry dialectical journal which will be handed in the second full week of school in September. Directions for how to complete a dialectical journal follow.

Grade 5 going into 6th

The Secret Garden by Frances Hodgson Burnett
OR
Hatchet by Gary Paulsen

Grade 6 going into 7th

Starfish by Lisa Fipps
OR
The Worst Years of My Life by James Patterson

Grade 7 going into 8th
Holes by Loius Sachar
OR
Once by Morris Gleitzman

High School

Mrs. White (tricia_white@nd-bg.org)
Mr. Verhayden (john_verhayden@nd-bg.org)

The Assignment

Read the book assigned to your grade level, and complete a dialectical journal which will be handed in the second full week of school in September. Directions for how to complete a dialectical journal follow, as well as the number of entries required.

Grade 8 going into 9th
Lord of the Flies by William Golding

11 Dialectic Journal entries

Grade 9 going into 10th
And Then There Were None by Agatha Christie
OR
Fahrenheit 451 by Ray Bradbury

12 Dialectic Journal entries

Grade 10 going into 11th
Catcher in the Rye by J. D. Salinger

13 Dialectic Journal entries

Grade 11 going into 12th
Montana 1948 by Larry Watson

14 Dialectic Journal entries

Dialectical Journal

The purpose of a dialectical journal is to identify significant pieces of text and explain the significance. It is another form of highlighting/annotating text and should be used to think about, digest, summarize, question, clarify, critique, and remember what is read.

This is an excellent way to more fully understand a text.

Quote
Find a quote which you feel is significant. It can be significant to the story, or it may be a piece that is significant to you personally. The quote may also be a question which you have about a character, event, theme, etc.

Response
Each response should be 3 - 4 sentences.

1. Raise questions about the beliefs and values implied in the text.
2. Give your personal reactions to the passage.
3. Discuss the words, ideas, or actions of the author.
4. Tell what it reminds you of from your own experiences.
5. Write about what it makes you think or feel.

Example

(From Night by Elie Wiesel)

Quote

"Human suffering anywhere concerns men and women everywhere."

Response

This quote shows one of the themes of the book, which is the world being responsible for wrongs that are done to other people. If people do not stand up to what is wrong, the world will spin downward. This is like the idea that any behavior that isn't spoken against, is acceptable. For example, a teen drinking a lot and coming home and not having their parents speak to him or her about it could seem

Attached are reading lists for extra reading ideas outside of the required Summer Reading Experience.

June 8, 2022

Dear students and families,

Congratulations on another successful school year; we are all incredibly proud of everything that you accomplished. As you start thinking about your summer plans, we wanted to share that we will be continuing our "Diocesan-Wide Read" initiative with some changes. All students, teachers, and staff will be reading a set of STREAM articles (science, technology, religion, engineering, art, and math) as part of our summer reading program. Families are also more than welcome to read the articles as well. The articles all present topics that we think you will find interesting and engaging. Our hope is that these articles will spark meaningful discussions about our ever-evolving world and help to create a stronger sense of community.

Middle School: Grades 6-8

Required reading: Students should read the articles provided. They all have communication as a theme.

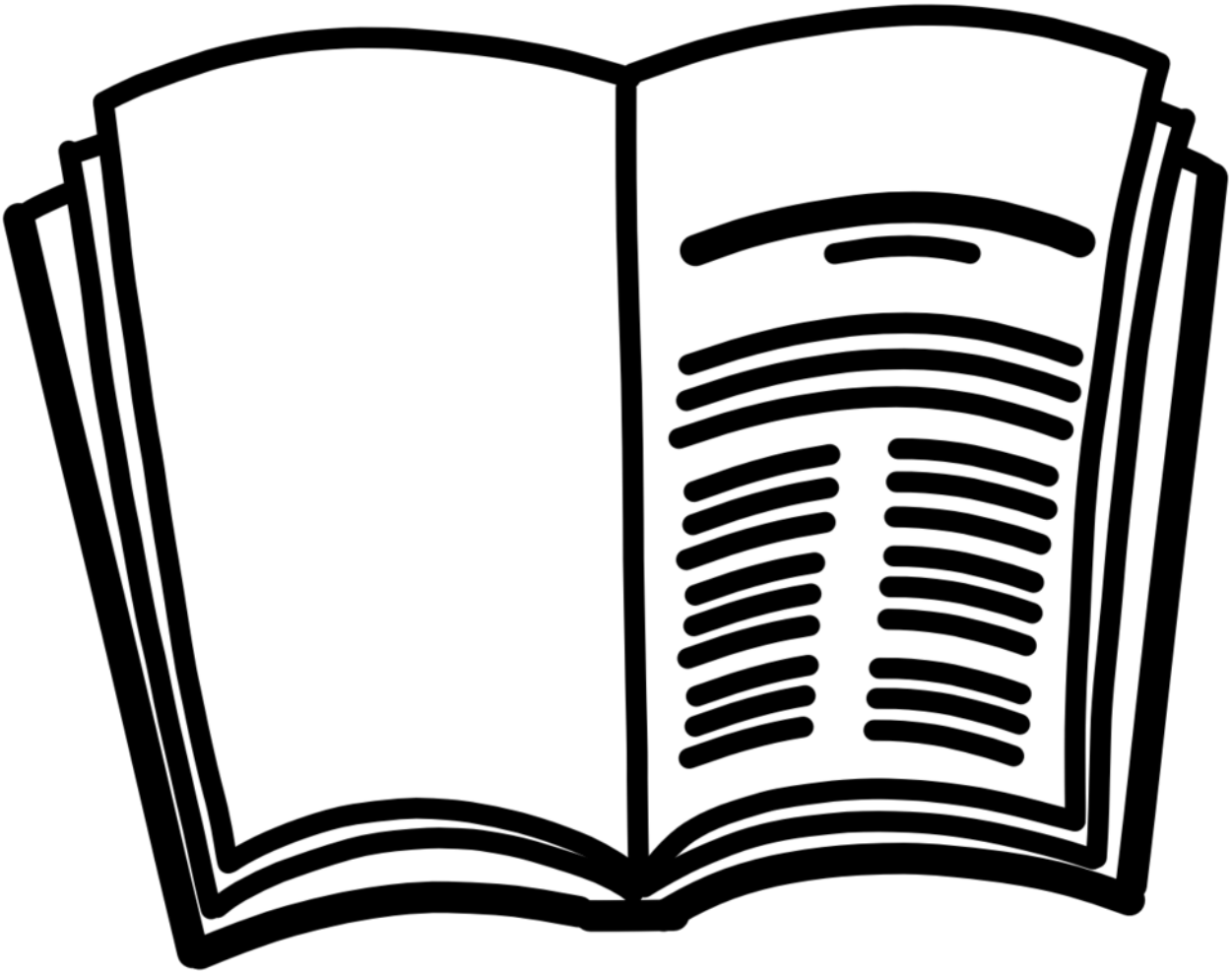
Required assignment: While reading the articles students will be asked to take notes and answer a series of questions.

High School: Required Text and Assignments for All Students, Grades 9-12

Required reading: Students should read the articles provided. They are on various topics.

Required assignment: While reading the articles students will be asked to take notes and answer a series of questions.

High School Summer Reading Assignment



Name:_____ Date:_____ Period:_____

HOW TO ANNOTATE A NON-FICTION TEXT

To **"annotate"** means to add markings, notes, questions, comments, observations, etc. to the text you are reading.

Level 1 Annotations:

Comprehension of Big Ideas

- Stop every paragraph or so and answer: **Who did what and why?**
- **Summarize** a particularly difficult passage or moment.
- Summarize main ideas in your **own words.**
- Jot down **questions** you have in order to be able to understand something.

Helpful Annotation Symbols

xyzabc underline a key quote

xyzabc circle words you don't know

[ ] put brackets around chunks of ideas

✓ I understand

! strong reaction / surprise

? confused

★ I have more to say about this!

Level 2 Annotations

Apply Reading Strategies: preview, set a purpose, connect, predict, visualize, self-monitor, and make inferences.

Write definitions: look up and jot down meanings to words you don't know

React/ Question: Record what you are thinking and feeling as you read the text.

Notice: Pay attention to and mark stylistic choices that the author makes.

Make Connections: Write when something reminds you of another book, a current event, your life, etc...

SAMPLE TEXT

With annotations

Turn Down that iPod!

WASHINGTON, D.C. (Achieve3000, August 10, 2007). Dave Legeret couldn't help but get perturbed when the man seated beside him on a flight from New York City to Disney World began listening to techno music on his iPod at full volume—loudly enough for Legeret to hear it, too. ✓

"It was kind of rude," recalled Legeret, a jewelry designer from Sandy Hook, Connecticut. "Listen to [iPod music] at a level that just you can hear it and everyone else doesn't have to be subjected to it." !

•••

Left Margin Level 1

guy got annoyed on a plane because iPod was too loud

He's a regular person whose opinion is that people should not play their headphones so loudly.

Right Margin Level 2

Perturbed = annoyed

This annoys me, too!

I predict that this article will talk about laws that punish people who play their iPods too loudly.

Stephen King
Excerpts from *On Writing*

"It's about the day job; it's about the language." – Stephen King

-1-

My earliest memory is of imagining I was someone else – imagining that I was, in fact, the Ringling Brothers Circus Strongboy. This was at my Aunt Ethelyn and Uncle Oren's house in Durham, Maine. My aunt remembers this quite clearly, and says I was two and a half or maybe three years old.

I had found a cement cinderblock in a corner of the garage and had managed to pick it up. I carried it slowly across the garage's smooth cement floor, except in my mind I was dressed in an animal skin singlet (probably a leopard skin) and carrying the cinderblock across the center ring. The vast crowd was silent. A brilliant blue-white spotlight marked my remarkable progress. Their wondering faces told the story: never had they seen such an incredibly strong kid. "And he's only *two*!" someone muttered in disbelief.

Unknown to me, wasps had constructed a small nest in the lower half of the cinderblock. One of them, perhaps pissed off at being relocated, flew out and stung me on the ear. The pain was brilliant, like a poisonous inspiration. It was the worst pain I had ever suffered in my short life, but it only held the top spot for a few seconds. When I dropped the cinderblock on one bare foot, mashing all five toes, I forgot all about the wasp. I can't remember if I was taken to the doctor, and neither can my Aunt Etheyln (Uncle Oren, to whom the Evil Cinderblock surely belonged, is almost twenty years dead), but she remembers the sting, the mashed toes, and my reaction. "How you howled, Stephen!" she said. "You were certainly in fine voice that day."

-2-

A year or so later, my mother, my brother, and I were in West De Pere, Wisconsin. I don't know why. Another of my mother's sisters, Cal (a WAAC beauty queen during World War II), lived in Wisconsin with her convivial beer-drinking husband, and maybe Mom had moved to be near them. If so, I don't remember seeing much of the Weimers. *Any* of them, actually. My mother was working, but I can't remember what her job was either. I want to say it was a bakery she worked in, but I think that came later, when we moved to Connecticut to live near her sister Lois and *her* husband (no beer for Fred, and not much in the way of conviviality, either; he was a crewcut daddy who was proud of driving his convertible with the top *up,* God knows why).

There was a stream of babysitters during our Wisconsin period. I don't know if they left because David and I were a handful, or because they found better-paying jobs, or because my mother insisted on higher standards than they were willing to rise to; all I know is that there were a lot of them. The only one I remember with any clarity is Eula, or maybe

she was Beulah. She was a teenager, she was as big as a house, and she laughed a lot. Eula-Beulah had a wonderful sense of humor, even at four I could recognize that, but it was a *dangerous* sense of humor – there seemed to be a potential thunderclap hidden inside each hand-patting, butt-rocking, head-tossing outburst of glee. When I see those hidden-camera sequences where real-life babysitters and nannies just all of a sudden wind up and clout the kids, it's my days with Eula-Beulah I always think of.

Was she as hard on my brother David as she was on me? I don't know. He's not in any of these pictures. Besides, he would have been less at risk from Hurricane Eula-Beulah's dangerous winds; at six, he would have been in the first grade and off the gunnery range for most of the day.

Eula-Beulah would be on the phone, laughing with someone, and beckon me over. She would hug me, tickle me, get laughing, and then, still laughing, go upside my head hard enough to knock me down. Then she would tickle me again with her bare feet until we were both laughing again.

Eula-Beulah was prone to farts – the kind that are both loud and smelly. Sometimes when she was so afflicted, she would throw me on the couch, drop her wool-skirted butt on my face, and let loose. "Pow!" she'd cry in high glee. It was like being buried in marshgas fireworks. I remember the dark, the sense that I was suffocating, and I remember laughing. Because, while what was happening was sort of horrible, it was also sort of funny. In many ways, Eula-Beulah prepared me for literary criticism. After having a two-hundred pound babysitter fart on your face and yell *Pow!, The Village Voice* holds few terrors.

I don't know what happened to the other sitters, but Eula-Beulah was fired. It was because of the eggs. One morning Eula-Beulah fried me an egg for breakfast. I ate it and asked for another one. She had a look in her eye that said, "You don't *dare* eat another one, Stevie." So I asked for another one. And another one. And so on. I stopped after seven, I think – seven is the number that sticks in my mind, quite clearly. Maybe we ran out of eggs. Maybe I cried off. Or maybe Eula-Beulah got scared. I don't know, but probably it was good that the game ended at seven. Seven eggs is quite a few for a four-year-old.

I felt alright for a while, and then I yarked all over the floor. Eula-Beulah laughed, then went upside my head, then shoved me into the closet and locked the door. Pow. If she'd locked me in the bathroom, she might have saved her job, but she didn't. As for me, I didn't really mind being in the closet. It was dark, but it smelled of my mother's Coty perfume, and there was a comforting line of light under the door.

I crawled to the back of the closet, Mom's coats and dresses brushing along my back. I began to belch – long loud belches that burned like fire. I don't remember being sick to my stomach but I must have been, because when I opened my mouth to let out another burning belch, I yarked again instead. All over my mother's shoes. That was the end for Eula-Beulah. When my mother came home from work that day, the babysitter was fast asleep on the couch and little Stevie was locked in the closet, fast asleep with half-digested fried eggs drying in his hair.

-3-

Our stay in West De Pere was neither long nor successful. We were evicted from our third-floor apartment when a neighbor spotted my six-year-old brother crawling around on the roof and called the police. I don't know where my mother was when this happened. I don't know where the babysitter of the week was, either. I only know that I was in the bathroom, standing with my bare feet on the heater, watching to see if my brother would fall off the roof or make it back to the bathroom okay. He made it back. He is now fifty-five and living in New Hampshire.

-4-

When I was five or six, I asked my mother if she had ever seen anyone die. Yes, she said, she had seen one person die and had heard another one. I asked how you could hear a person die and she told me that it was a girl who had drowned off Prout's Neck in the 1920s. She said the girl swam out past the rip, couldn't get back in, and began screaming for help. Several men tried to reach her, but that day's rip had developed a vicious undertow, and they were all forced back. In the end they could only stand around, tourists and townies, the teenager who became my mother among them, waiting for a rescue boat that never came and listening to that girl scream until her strength gave out and she went under. Her body washed up in New Hampshire, my mother said. I asked how old the girl was. Mom said she was fourteen, then read me a comic book and packed me off to bed. On some other day she told me about the one she saw – a sailor who jumped off the roof of the Graymore Hotel in Portland, Main, and landed in the street.

"He splattered," my mother said in her most matter-of-fact tone. She paused, then added, "The stuff that came out of him was green. I have never forgotten it."

That makes two of us, Mom.

-7-

[The year I got my tonsils out] my brother David jumped ahead to the fourth grade and I was pulled out of school entirely. I had missed too much of the first grade, my mother and the school agreed; I could start it fresh in the fall of the year, if my health was good.

Most of that year I spent either in bed or housebound. I read my way through approximately six tons of comic books, progressed to Tom Swift and Dave Dawson (a heroic World War II pilot whose various planes were always "prop-clawing for altitude"), then moved on to Jack London's bloodcurdling animal tales. At some point I began to write my own stories. Imitation preceded creation; I would copy *Combat Casey* comics word for word in my Blue Horse tablet, sometimes adding my own descriptions where they seemed appropriate. "They were camped in a big dratty farmhouse room," I might write; it was another year or two before I discovered that *drat* and *draft* were different words. During that same period I remember believing that *details* were *dentals* and that a bitch was an extremely tall woman. A son of a bitch was apt to be a basketball player. When you're six, most of your Bingo balls are still floating around in the draw-tank.

Eventually I showed one of these copycat hybrids to my mother, and she was charmed – I remember her slightly amazed style, as if she was

unable to believe a kid of hers could be smart – practically a damned prodigy, for God's sake. I had never seen that look on her face before – not on my account, anyway – and I absolutely loved it.

She asked me if I had made the story up myself, and I was forced to admit that I had copied most of it out of a funny-book. She seemed disappointed, and that drained away much of my pleasure. At last she handed back my tablet. "Write one of your own, Stevie," she said. "Those *Combat Casey* funny-books are just junk – he's always knocking someone's teeth out. I bet you could do better. Write one of your own."

-15-

Let's get one thing clear right now, shall we? There is no Idea Dump, no Story Central, no Island of the Buried Bestsellers; good story ideas seem to come quite literally from nowhere, sailing at you right out of the empty sky: two previously unrelated ideas come together and make something new under the sun. Your job isn't to find these ideas but to recognize them when they show up.

Questions on, "Stephen King, Excerpts from On Writing"

A. What is the writer's claim? Be sure to use evidence from the text.

B. After reading, what are two (2) questions that you still have that you want to explore further?

C. In informational texts, a complex set of ideas or sequence of events explains how specific individuals, ideas, or events interact and develop. Explain how this is proven true in this text.

D. Consider the writing.

What is King's tone in this piece of writing?
How does he use humor to expand his topic?
Diction (word choice) is key in creating a feeling for a piece of writing. Find 2 examples that support this.

Amanda Gorman Talks Writing, the Power of Change and Her Own Presidential Aspirations

By Claudia Eller

Photographs by Lauren Dukoff for Variety

When Amanda Gorman was 5 years old, she would pull her mom out of bed in the early morning hours to get her a pen and paper so she could write.

"She actually had to pay me a quarter for every day that I stayed in bed rather than wake her up so she could actually get eight hours of sleep," recalls Gorman, now 23. "And then I could write later."

It was Gorman's mother, a sixth-grade English teacher, who told her young daughter that her voice was her superpower.

"Can you imagine that as a girl with a speech impediment how that felt like an oxymoron? And as I've grown up I understand that, as always, my mother was 100% right. My superpower is my voice."

When Gorman was 14, her mom enrolled her in the nonprofit creative writing and mentoring organization WriteGirl to help her overcome her disability and gain

confidence in her work. Gorman has fond memories of the adult women mentors she was paired with back then: "They gave me the confidence that I wasn't an aspiring writer — I was a writer."

Gorman never stopped writing, and her own experiences at WriteGirl have inspired her to give advice to other young artists. Her poetry has brought her enormous recognition as a young adult. She has already entered the history books as the country's first National Youth Poet Laureate and the youngest poet ever to recite her work at a presidential inauguration, joining an elite group of legendary poets like Maya Angelou and Robert Frost to have that honor.

If you heard Gorman's charismatic six-minute reading of her transcendent poem "The Hill We Climb," about unifying a divided and struggling nation, at President Joe Biden's inauguration, you might very well believe she will make good on her vow to become president of the United States. (She plans to run in 2036.)

Her desire to become president hearkens back to when she was 11 years old in math class talking about what she wanted to change in the world. "My math teacher looked at me and somewhat jokingly said, 'Well, you should run for president.' I said, 'You know what? You're right!' ... It became my ambition and my goal. It sprung this idea that I don't just want to participate in society as a poet, but also as a politician."

Gorman says the country is ready for "a new type of leader," one who will govern by a "poetic spirit" and "cultural imagination."

Gorman displays many of the markings of a natural-born leader — a searing intelligence, deep compassion and an uncanny ability to connect with the masses. Though small in physical stature, she's a towering figure, wise beyond her years and a devout activist concerned about the world's social ills, be it racism, sexism, police brutality, the climate crisis, human trafficking or animal cruelty. Yet, she maintains an optimistic view of life and humankind.

"It's quite easy when you turn on the news to see a world that is vengeful and scarred and poisoned," she says. "That's what gets the shares, the headlines. ... But as much evil as I see, there is far more good. I just have to make myself willing and open to seeing it." That willingness, she explains, is what inspired the last line of her inaugural poem: "For there is always light, if only we're brave enough to see it. If only we're brave enough to be it."

Bravery is the attribute she admires most about her mother, who raised her, her twin sister and their younger sibling as a single parent on the Westside of Los Angeles: "She instilled in me the value of speaking up for oneself, especially as a woman."

In elementary school, when Gorman would stand up to a bully, she says, "I would come home, tell my mom and we would celebrate."

While always supportive of her daughter's passion for writing, Gorman's mother worried that pursuing poetry as a career was risky because it was too unstable. "My mom always wanted me to sustain and support myself while doing what I loved the most," says Gorman.

Her mother, and her entire family, were certain that she would become a scientist. "I was a very geeky, nerdy child with a microscope, looking at petri dishes, doing experiments and always having my head in some science textbook," she says. "What I explained to them is I actually did end up being a scientist —just a social scientist," says Gorman, who studied sociology at Harvard and graduated cum laude in 2020.

She first became interested in social issues at New Roads, a progressive private school in Santa Monica that she attended from K-12. Gorman says New Roads was a "socially and ecologically minded" institution that supported multiple expressions of intelligence. "That challenged me to think critically. I would say that it really awakened my kind of interrogation of the world from a very young age."

In her newly published children's poetry book, "Change Sings: A Children's Anthem," Gorman writes about societal themes such as not fearing change and using the power of voice to make changes "big or small" in the world, in communities and most importantly in oneself.

"I feel that often when people are afraid of change," she says, "it's not necessarily change that we are afraid of. It's powerlessness. It's helplessness. It's feeling that we have no agency to control the changes that are occurring."

One of the main changes Gorman says she's experienced is how her relationship with her own voice has evolved over the years.

"I had a lot of shame, a lot of guilt surrounding the fact that I had a speech impediment," she says. "It felt like my voice was this scar that people could hear. As I've grown up and developed a stronger relationship with my own identity, I've come to recognize that it's a strength and what I've gone through as someone with a disability has, if anything, given me my superpower, which is my ability to connect and speak with other people."

Another significant change that Gorman has endured in her young life is going from anonymity to fame, which she describes as "terrifying in many ways, not feeling in control of your own image or voice." Whenever she feels like she's "in a storm or hurricane of attention or visibility," she reminds herself, "I still have the most control over myself compared to anyone else."

To keep herself grounded, she thinks of another piece of great advice from her mom: "She's always quoting me from 'Hamlet': 'To thine own self be true.' If you stay true to yourself, then no matter what kind of winds blow against you, you become the oak that never moves."

Gorman first realized she was a writer when she was about 8 years old: "I recognized that what I was doing was a craft in and of itself." She tells a story of having an "amazing" third-grade teacher named Shelly, who was a published writer. "When I figured out, 'Wow, this is something that women can do — they get paid for it; they can make a living off it — I realized that this wasn't just a profession. It was a calling."

Gorman, a self-described perfectionist who rewrote "The Hill We Climb" 22 times before she was satisfied, says she always does a ton of research before penning a word. "I try to find an opening and a history which can serve as a window for what I'm writing. If there's something that makes me incredibly frustrated, confused or devastated, I try to follow that trail of inquiry into the past and use that to create poetry for the present and the future."

Her favorite writers include Maya Angelou, Toni Morrison and Langston Hughes, and among the new generation of poets "who defy genre," Ocean Vuong and Eve Ewing.

In addition to a special edition of her inaugural poem being published this past March and debuting at No. 1 on the New York Times, Wall Street Journal and USA Today's best-seller lists, Gorman wrote two poetry books for publication this year. "Change Sings" came out this month, and "Call Us What We Carry: Poems," which she describes as "a lyrical rumination on the past two years that we've experienced from the pandemic," will arrive in bookstores on Dec. 7, 2021

Gorman says the three issues that are most important to her are equality, education and the environment: "I think those three really meet at the intersection because they quite literally affect us all. Every one of us lives on this planet. Each one of us in some way passes through a kind of educational experience. And every one of us deserves to be treated with dignity and respect."

Milestones

2017: Named first-ever National Youth Poet Laureate

January 2021: Becomes youngest inaugural poet in U.S. history

March 2021: Special edition of her inaugural poem, "The Hill We Climb," is published

September 2021: Debut children's picture book, "Change Sings: A Children's Anthem," is published

Signs deal to become Estée Lauder's first Global Changemaker

December 2021: Poetry collection about the pandemic, "Call Us What We Carry: Poems" will be published

Amanda Gorman Talks Writing - Questions

A. What is the writer's claim? Be sure to use evidence from the text.

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C. In informational texts, a complex set of ideas or sequence of events explains how specific individuals, ideas, or events interact and develop. Explain how this is proven true in this text.

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Diction (word choice) is key in creating a feeling for a piece of writing. Find 2 examples that support this.

COUNTERINTELLIGENCE AND HUMINT IN THE U.S. CIVIL WAR

by
David M. Keithly

Dr. David M. Keithly combines professional writing with a wide range of business interests. He has published several books and over seventy-five articles in journals and magazines. He teaches at the Joint Military Intelligence College, Defense Intelligence Agency, and Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University. He has twice been a Fulbright Fellow in Europe, was a Fellow of the Institute for Global Conflict and Cooperation at the University of California, and Scholar-in-Residence at the Friedrich Naumann Foundation in Bonn, Germany. He has a Ph.D. in International Relations from Claremont Graduate School and an M.A. in Political Economy from the German University of Freiburg. Thrice selected to "Outstanding Young Men of America," he was designated the Navy's "National Junior Reserve Officer of the Year" in 1993.

The purpose here is to examine human intelligence (HUMINT) and counterintelligence during the American Civil War with an eye to determining effects on military operations and to identifying fundamental shortcomings. The Civil War marked a watershed both in American history and in the annals of warfare. It established the predominance of the Federal Government, subordinating states' rights to national authority in various spheres, and finally eliminating assertions of "state sovereignty." Before the Civil War, the United States, primarily an agrarian society, was still a plural noun in common usage (the United States are). Thereafter, it would develop steadily into an industrial power, and would become a singular noun (the United States is).

Likewise, the Civil War represented a turning point in some aspects of warfare. Mounted cavalry was still an important military instrument, and frontal assaults not infrequent, but repeating rifles had become prevalent, and even machine-guns were making an appearance. Rifle-pits, earthworks and fire-trenches foreshadowed the ghastly stalemate of World War I. At sea, submarines and mines, then known as torpedoes, claimed many victims, further portending twentieth-century maritime conflict. The *Monitor* and the *Merrimack*, renamed the *Virginia* by the Confederacy, fought the first sea-battle between ironclads.

With respect to intelligence and clandestine operations, the Civil War was a transitionary point of time, and would begin ushering in substantial changes. Among other things, it brought intimations of the modern national security state. *Habeas corpus* was suspended in the name of public safety in wartime, and civil liberties were curtailed. The notion of "all-source" intelligence was developed by the Secret Service headed in the early days of the war by Allan Pinkerton, whose name remains familiar today because of the detective agency he founded. Intelligence, counterintelligence, and even "disinformation" networks evolved in both the Union and the Confederacy. Pinkerton made his reputation at the beginning of the war by uncovering a plot to assassinate President Abraham Lincoln, an early example of effective counterintelligence. At the war's end, his successor in the Secret Service, Lafayette Baker, ignored information about the plans of Southern sympathizers to murder the President until it was too late, a notable counterintelligence failure. Baker was never able to account satisfactorily for the agent who was absent the night the President was shot. Nor was the Secret Service at a higher stage of readiness at the time.

LIVE AND LET DIE

By modern standards, of course, the scope of intelligence in the Civil War was limited, the process *ad hoc*. Yet, intelligence activities would progress into more modern conceptions of operational and strategic intelligence, directed toward "who has what, where, and what they plan to do with it"; technological intelligence, focusing on enemy weapon systems and developments; and counterintelligence, involving protection of crucial information and assets. Today, one associates technological intelligence with missiles and other sophisticated weapon systems, yet one might add parenthetically that technological intelligence was previously the specialty of naval intelligence. It is not coincidental that James Bond is a British naval officer, or that the "black chambers" of the great powers of the early twentieth century were organized and staffed by naval personnel. The concept of technologi-

cal secrecy came into its own with the British construction of the *Dreadnought*, the first modern battleship. So secretive was the project and so effective the security surrounding it that little was known of the *Dreadnought* before it was actually launched.[1] Prior to this time, details of warship construction were widely publicized.

With numerous military innovations, such as ironclads, torpedoes, submarines and minefields, the Civil War offered ample opportunity for espionage, even though neither side made much effort to conceal technological advancements. Few troubled themselves much to hide the development of nineteenth-century *wunderwaffen*. Both sides knew about each other's development of ironclad vessels, for example, although the South failed to anticipate the rapid deployment of the Union's *Monitor*. In land warfare, major technological innovations were widely comprehended, and essential elements of operational intelligence concentrated largely on determination of troop movements and dispositions.

...often intelligence and counterintelligence assumed their duties largely by happenstance...

Without doubt, the prevailing lack of effectiveness has invited dramatization of Civil War intelligence over the years. Female spies inveigled information from government officials and military officers, and carried secret messages on their persons. Their exploits, clever as these sometimes were, seldom contributed significantly to the outcome of battle, though. Military histories mention such deeds tangentially, but observers do not usually afford these much serious consideration. And although spies tended to emerge and be recruited from the fringes of society, intelligence operatives were to be found in all walks of life.[2] Elizabeth Van Lew, an aristocratic Southern belle, became a spy for the North. Rose O'Neal Greenhow, a leading Washington society personage, spied for the South. Not generally known, yet all the more remarkable, is that Harriet Tubman, of Underground Railroad fame, also served as a Union intelligence operative, utilizing the contacts and safehouses she developed before the outbreak of hostilities in the Union war effort.[3] The continued operation of the Underground Railroad reminds us that the Civil War was, in substance, an ideological conflict. Slavery was at the root of the "states rights" issue, and the extension of slavery into the territories was a direct cause of war. Little room for compromise and moderation existed when passions ran as high as they did by the late 1850s. A consequence of the intense emotions the slavery question aroused was that a pool of recruits for clandestine service was readily available, and many on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line simply appointed themselves intelligence operatives.

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

More often than not, intelligence and counterintelligence personnel were selected and assumed their duties largely by happenstance. Pinkerton, America's first spymaster, was a case in point. Pinkerton made a name for himself as an astute railway detective before the war, and it was in the course of protecting the railroads against sabotage by pro-secession zealots that he stumbled upon the plot to assassinate the President when the latter was travelling to Washington for his inauguration. He contacted Lincoln's staff, and together they arranged for the President to enter the city secretly on the night of February 22, 1861.[4] Impressed by this initial performance, Lincoln asked Pinkerton to head the Union's Secret Service, founded in 1860 by the Treasury Department. As the war ground on, Pinkerton's organization became a nascent intelligence-collection, counterespionage, and anti-terrorist outfit. Baker, Pinkerton's successor as head of the Secret Service, was an ardent abolitionist who waged clandestine war against the Confederacy with a vengeance.

It is noteworthy, and perhaps a little ironic, that Southern intelligence operatives were less often drawn to service by ideological fervor. The more idealistic of them, as was true of some Confederate military leaders such as Robert E. Lee or Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson, were not enamored of the Southern "cause" so much as they displayed a keen loyalty to their native state and people. For example, one of the most colorful of all the Civil War's spies, Belle Boyd, was seventeen years old when a group of Union soldiers occupied her family's farm and attempted to raise the Union flag over it. When an officer insulted her mother, Belle shot the man dead. After a military tribunal acquitted her, she acted largely on impulse to collect intelligence on Union forces, often by using her charms to extract information from unwary Federal officers. On more than one occasion, she warned Confederate units of impending attacks. "Stonewall" Jackson once expressed his debt of gratitude to her.[5]

Eventually, Belle Boyd was arrested for espionage, then exchanged. She travelled to England, and was alleged to have married a Union naval officer. By one account, she was captured on a blockade-runner and applied her feminine wiles to the prize officer, who was later court-martialed and cashiered from the service. By another account, the officer was indeed enraptured, but married her

only after the war.[6] However it may be, she went on to make her name and fortune after the war by publicizing her espionage adventures. This sequel to her spy career brings to the fore a problem inherent in all accounts of nineteenth-century espionage and counter-espionage, that of authenticity. Espionage is an intrinsically difficult area in which to ascertain facts. Before the growth of intelligence bureaucracies, personal memoirs of spies and their contacts were often the chief source of information, and such accounts lend themselves to being spiced and adorned, with no one able to gainsay. Even in the twentieth century, with intelligence operations far more centralized and formally organized, official accounts are often kept secret for many years, and are themselves subject to tampering for a variety of reasons, usually self-serving ones.

The dearth of reliable material and sources in part explains the extensive discussion of women in Civil War intelligence collection, and the human interest appeal of their exploits abets romanticizing. Women did, in fact, often assume a prominent role in intelligence collection, sometimes simply by default, since intelligence organizations were in an embryonic stage and centralized intelligence was non-existent. Civilian populations were frequently in close proximity to and had considerable contact with military forces, a situation conducive to conveying crucial information and timely news. People with intense feelings one way or another had opportunities to undertake actions on their own. Many, if not most, intelligence couriers were women, above all, because they could usually pass through the lines without much difficulty. Throughout the war, women were accustomed to moving about relatively freely, even in enemy-occupied territory. Who was to refute that they were merely out and about visiting their "men folk"?

The restrictive lives women tended to lead in the past would not seem to have equipped them either with the requisite self-confidence or the professional skills for conducting intelligence operations. Herein lies a paradox, though.[7] Archaic nineteenth-century notions of chivalry, especially in the South, rendered women above suspicion and often protected them from severe punishment, hence heightening their value as spies immensely. Rose Greenhow and Belle Boyd survived arrest. Men in a like situation were summarily executed. The nurse-spy Emma Edmonds, an abolitionist Southerner determined to serve the anti-slavery cause, fit the pattern neatly as well.[8] While working as nurse, she volunteered to replace a male Union spy in Richmond who had been hanged. She made numerous trips across the lines, at times disguised as a black man. Her cover was nearly blown when she was set to hard labor. Thereafter, she would usually disguise herself as a black woman, and occasionally as an Irish camp-follower. Edmonds came and went as she chose, arousing few suspicions, even when crossing the lines. To boot, she demonstrated no lack of cunning in her endeavors.

...close civilian-military contacts along with an astonishing lack of security resulted in some extraordinary espionage stories.

Close civilian-military contacts coupled with almost astonishing laxity in security sometimes resulted in remarkable espionage sagas. "Irish Rose" Greenhow, society lady and social climber of humble origins, who had married into a prominent Richmond family and later entertained Washington's elite, is legendary. After becoming a widow, she also became a sort of high-class courtesan. Among her frequent visitors was bachelor President James Buchanan. Her political connections, strong Southern sympathies, and outright contempt for Lincoln and the Republicans, compelled her to serve as a Confederate spy. "The Irish Rose" was instrumental in establishing a Confederate spy ring in Washington prior to the outbreak of war. In conjunction with Thomas Jordan, a military officer of Confederate persuasion stationed in Washington in 1861, she proceeded to recruit Confederate operatives in the Federal bureaucracy, including in the War Department.[9]

In the early phases of the war, the "Irish Rose" continued to receive gentlemen callers including senior officers, congressmen, and even members of Lincoln's Cabinet. From such high-level contacts, she gleaned information that was initially of considerable value to operations. Her courier, for example, kept Confederate generals posted on Union troop movements on the eve of the First Battle of Manassas. She even acquired a genuine copy of Union General Irwin McDowell's order-of-battle. Partly through her efforts, the Battle of Manassas turned into a critical Confederate victory, and it certainly represented a sobering experience for her Washington social acquaintances, many of whom turned out in holiday spirit fully expecting to see the rebels run. Since the engagement was such a near-run affair, and Union victory at Manassas might well have precipitated a moral collapse of the Confederacy, one should not make light of "Irish Rose" intelligence.

Notwithstanding widespread suspicions about her, the "Irish Rose" continued to operate fairly openly even late

into 1862, and counterintelligence efforts were feeble and largely unavailing. When Pinkerton's men began to close the net around her, she circulated petitions denouncing such "persecution," and availed herself of high-level political connections. She could not simply be apprehended and put on trial, because arrest was a politically delicate issue in this instance. The "Irish Rose" had befriended too many important people. When the Secret Service endeavored to use her house as a "mousetrap," that is, as a counterintelligence instrument, by keeping track of comings and goings, Greenhow developed her own countermeasures.[10] She also used coded correspondence, apparently even after her eventual internment. Pinkerton made arrangements to read her mail, some of which consisted of vapid and seemingly innocuous high-society chit-chat addressed to one "Aunt Sally."[11] Some of the correspondences were certainly encoded, but Pinkerton and his agents made no effort to discover the identity of "Aunt Sally," or to determine whether she existed at all.

...The Confederacy's spycatcher was General John H. Winkler and his "Safety Committee," notoriously inefficient and corrupt...

Greenhow understood the need for timely intelligence, utilizing at least three female couriers, Betty Duval, Lillie MacKall and Antonia Ford, to carry messages through the lines. It was Duvall who carried a packet of information to the Confederate forces on the eve of the First Battle of Manassas. Later, as the war dragged on with no end in sight to the appalling slaughter, feelings hardened, the Federal Government became less fastidious about respect for civil liberties, and Greenhow was imprisoned. Nonetheless, security in Washington remained slack, and lips were often loose. Counterintelligence operations still had a long way to go, and in the case of "The Irish Rose," apparently no one thought of planting disinformation on her. Had this been done, she could have become a valuable Union asset. Perhaps nothing, though, could better demonstrate counterintelligence amateurism than Greenhow's arrest at her residence. A basic maxim of counterintelligence tells one to avoid under all circumstances apprehending a suspected spy at home. As it turned out, "The Irish Rose" used one of her female couriers to smuggle out the most compromising evidence, right under Pinkerton's nose.

Washington by no means monopolized lax security. Critical information flowed out of Richmond and other Southern cities as sand through a sieve. If Union counterintelligence operations were at best rudimentary, Confederate ones were, if anything, worse. The cardinal reason is to be found in the decentralized nature of the Confederate polity. The Confederacy's constituent parts were jealously protective of their sovereignty; "states rights" remained the rallying cry; and to the bitter end Confederate leaders were unable or unwilling to impose the sort of societal discipline necessary to conduct a protracted conflict for the highest stakes. Effective wartime counterintelligence, with its attendant restrictive measures, requisite investigations and curtailment of civil liberties, might not have been possible in the Confederacy.

The Confederacy's designated spycatcher was General John Henry Winder, who headed the "Safety Committee," which passed for a counterintelligence organization, and was notoriously inefficient and corrupt. Union operatives regularly reported how Winder and his subordinates could be bribed to issue travel passes. Few questions were asked when the money was right.[12] Five Pinkerton agents made a total of fourteen trips to Richmond from October 1861 to April 1862, serving as couriers and entering the city easily.[13] In the spring of 1862, with huge Federal armies poised to strike the Confederate capital from the east, more astute intelligence operatives might have ascertained how weak the Confederate defenses were. To be sure, a more enterprising Union General than George McClelland would have insisted on better intelligence, accepted the risks, reconciled himself to the casualties, and pushed forward.

OF VEXATION AND VANITY

Elizabeth Van Lew of Richmond took it upon herself to spy for the North, and on her own initiative established an intelligence network in Virginia. Van Lew turned against slavery at a fairly early age, so great an impropriety in a proper Southern lady that she was referred to as "Crazy Bet," and became a pariah. The openness of her sympathies, but above all, the assumption she was not quite sane served as suitable cover for her activities. Few harbored suspicions about "Crazy Bet," and a counterintelligence operation was never seriously considered.[14]

Van Lew's espionage network in the very heart of the Confederacy would spread it tentacles wide, and, moreover, she would arrange for mass escapes of Union prisoners-of-war. On these activities she spent much of her fortune. It is not clear that her espionage had much operational effect, though the prisoner escapes speak for themselves. As with Rose Greenhow, it is remarkable that a fairly well-known woman, with plain-spoken enemy sympathies, was able to collect intelligence in the capital city with little hindrance. Like the "Irish Rose," she

understood intuitively the importance of timely intelligence. Establishing a series of courier safehouses reaching to the Union lines, she collected intelligence in the Confederate capital, then passed it quickly to the Federal commanders. So efficient did the operation become, that toward the war's end, fresh flowers arrived at General Grant's headquarters almost daily with encrypted messages inside, care of the Van Lew network. After the war, a grateful Union government rewarded Van Lew by appointing her Postmistress of Richmond. Some precautious officials in all likelihood thought she would be able to keep track of potential vengeful adherents to the "lost cause" in such a public office. Her customers for the most part distained her as a turncoat, though, and she was finally demoted to a minor clerkship.

Lafayette Baker made his military intelligence debut by gaining an interview with General Winfield Scott and volunteering to collect information on Confederate positions, weapons and troop movements. He determined that his cover should be an itinerant photographer, in the manner of the well-known, professional photographer Matthew Brady, and in truth, photographic espionage originated in the Civil War.[15] On the Confederate side, A.D. Lytle would photograph Federal units in the Louisiana area, providing useful information to Southern commanders. Pinkerton would employ Alexander Gardner as a photographic covert operator, and General William T. Sherman used photography to develop maps and assess terrain in his Georgia and South Carolina campaigns.

...Pinkerton proved to be an erratic and largely ineffective spy-master...

One can scacely think of an activity less subtle than an intelligence agent going about his business with a bulky camera in tow. Photography was still a novelty at the time of the Civil War, however, and officers and troops were only too happy to pose for portraits.[16] Simple vanity doubtless presented itself, and Confederate cavalry General J.E.B. Stuart and other high-ranking officers are said to have posed for Baker. Celebrated as the "last cavalier," Stuart was courtly and high-headed, but not one of the hard-eyed men the war would produce. His sense of the need for operational security left something to be desired, and the cavalier displayed little grasp of counter-intelligence fundaments. The dust on antique time would lie unswept.

It even borders on the farcial that Baker's camera was not functional, but merely a means to acquire access to the Confederate Army. Granted, he could exploit the vanity of Confederate officers well enough, but it seems not to have dawned on him that with a functioning camera he could have taken photographs which themselves would have been of intelligence value, as others had already been doing. Instead, he found himself forced to move on when his customers requested non-existent portraits.

The game was finally up for him, though, when he fell under suspicion and was arrested. What followed was one of the more bizarre episodes of the entire war, when Baker was taken to Richmond and personally interrogated by Confederate President Jefferson Davis. Perhaps nothing can better demonstrate the crying want of counterintelligence or the absence of adequate staff work generally than the specter of the Confederate President personally interviewing a suspected enemy spy. Black chambers and hard-bitten counterintelligence agents still lay in the future, in more worldly-wise societies. Baker thoughtfully invented a cover story, posing as one Samuel Munston, of Knoxville, Tennessee, who supposedly had spent some years in California. A prominent citizen of Tennessee was produced to check this alibi, and Baker was able to learn by glancing at the man's visiting card placed in the President's appointment schedule that his name was Brock. When Brock entered the presidential office, Baker preempted by greeting Brock with his name. He then managed by sheer bluster to convince Brock they were old acquaintances. Baker secured his release, and returned to Washington to focus on counterintelligence work.

His exploits eventually resulted in his selection as Pinkerton's replacement. Pinkerton had proved to be an erratic and largely ineffective spymaster, above all, because he endeavored to handle intelligence collection, counterintelligence, and secret service work concurrently. In a word, Pinkerton and his cohorts were overextended, their efforts unfocused. Pinkerton bore chief responsibility for the safety of the President, among other duties, even when he was serving in the field as General McClellan's chief provider of tactical intelligence, a task in which he hardly excelled anyway. Moreover, few of Pinkerton's men had any prior military experience, and military intelligence operations differ significantly from detective work. The latter usually necessitates maintaining underworld contacts and tracking criminal groups, but such an approach is of limited value for wartime intelligence. For one thing, espionage agents are drawn from a broader spectrum of society than the underworld, and their motives are far more complicated than those of common criminals. Perhaps most significant, grasping the import of certain information, in the trade jargon, separating the "wheat" from the "chaff" presupposes considerable sophistication and expertise. Pinkerton's men were seldom suited to military intelligence tasks.

Baker's dogged resolution as head of the Secret Service was punctuated by occasional bursts of ingenuity. One of his agents, Tmothy Webster, was established in his cover by feigning arrest as a Confederate spy, then escaping from pretended imprisonment. With his credibility thus secured, he was soon able to move in the highest Confederate circles. Unfortunately for this lucid scheme, Webster fell ill, then became incapacitated. A failed rescue attempt led to his exposure and proved his undoing. He was arrested and hanged. Northern popular reaction to what was widely perceived as a cruel outrage roused anti-Southern sentiment at a time of Union reversals on the battlefield and of subsequent flagging public morale. Hence, Webster did more for the Union cause in death as a martyr for freedom than he had done in life as a spy.[17] Malicious tongues even spread the rumor that Union intelligence operatives had "thrown him to the wolves" for this very purpose.

General Dodge in the West and Colonel Sharpe in the East used black Americans regularly in intelligence operations.

In another strange twist of fate, a near-hanging made the career of the condemned, one Reverend T.J. Mann.[18] A Southerner, Mann was more saboteur than spy. During an attempt to employ an incendiary device to blow up a Union powder magazine, Mann was arrested when the powder failed to explode. Mann is said to have quipped that a lighted cigar would have worked better. When a group of Union soldiers started to lynch him, an officer appeared and ordered them to cut him down. Mann survived the war, and afterwards frequented the lecture circuit, giving his account of being hanged. As might be expected, his renditions were dramatic and emotion-laden. He described the sensations of wonderful light and joyous music that have recurred in accounts of near-death experiences, a great draw in nineteenth-century revival meetings.

More prosaic, but for all that, actually significant for day-to-day military operations were the accomplishments of Brigadier Generals Grenville Dodge in the western theater and George Sharpe in the east. These capable men demonstrated how operational and tactical intelligence could improve substantially as the North acquired the attributes of a national security state. Sharpe would, in fact, rise to become chief of the Union Bureau of Military Information, one of the most professional military intelligence organizations of the nineteenth century.[19] Dodge, for his part, developed into both a capable military commander and a proficient intelligence officer, earning a reputation as a Jack-of-all-trades. It was he who organized and commanded the First Tennessee Cavalry, consisting of Southern Unionists, all the more valuable for reconnaissance purposes and tactical intelligence collection since they knew Southern terrain and "spoke Dixie." Dodge also established the First Alabama Colored Infantry and Cavalry Regiments, both of which assumed some intelligence collection responsibilities. Dodge assembled a large cadre of military scouts in the western theater and was particularly adept at utilizing female couriers, one of whom, Molly Malone, became associated with the Vicksburg Campaign through her intelligence collection activities. During the siege of the city, Dodge even placed a spy in Vicksburg who supplied crucial information about the city's defenses and the condition of the besieged forces there. He pulled off a greater intelligence *coup* the following year when his operatives succeeded in penetrating the staff of the Confederate forces defending Atlanta, and was able to furnish General Sherman with the enemy order-of-battle and disposition of forces.

In the final year of the war, Sharpe and Dodge were reported each to have had hundreds of intelligence operatives in what was left of the Confederacy. Both did a great deal with relatively few resources. Yet both men were reserved, apparently secure enough in their own right not to be boastful of their not insignificant intelligence exploits.[20] Neither endeavored to tell the entire story, much less to dramatize it. The only bluster in which Sharpe ever engaged was to point out occasionally that he had urged General George Meade to attack the spent Confederate army at Gettysburg and to cut off its path of retreat. He was probably offering good advice. Dodge and Sharpe used blacks regularly in intelligence operations, although data and details have been lost to posterity, and Sharpe proved astute at gleaning information from the Pamunkey Indians in Virginia as well.

THE BLACK HERITAGE

Perhaps the most important, certainly the least appreciated, group of Union sympathizers and thus potential spies in the South was the black population. Many cases of anonymous blacks providing intelligence to Union forces, as the one who told General U.S. Grant where to land his troops below Vicksburg, are documented.[21] A black man, John Scobell, through sheer determination, became one of Pinkerton's most trusted agents. Harriet Tubman repeatedly turned to good account the skills and experience she gained in her Underground Railroad days, and provided critical information to Federal forces. Memories of the ante-bellum South, hardly fond ones, were a powerful motivating factor for her and others.

Familiarity with the Southern states and Southern ways equipped some blacks, probably including Tubman, to assist in counterintelligence operations also. A new Underground Railroad of sorts sprang up, by which black families passed along escapees from Southern prison camps until they reached Northern lines. Tubman's contributions to the war effort have yet to be systematically analyzed, and the complete story might never be told.

Later in the war, other black underground organizations, such as the Legal League, were formed, usually to act as couriers for Federal intelligence operatives.[22] Runaway slaves were routinely interrogated once they entered federally controlled territory. Scobell had a large hand in such activities. He and his colleagues encouraged bright and educated blacks to travel to Confederate areas to collect information and to serve as couriers. Black volunteers were often able to avail themselves of relatives in the South for protection and support, but such intelligence assets weren't always utilized to the extent they might have been. That said, blacks were the unsung heroes of intelligence in the Civil War, and one one can fairly assume that more intelligence collection was conducted by blacks than we will ever know about. In the atmosphere of late nineteenth-century America, the exploits of blacks were far less marketable than those of romantic white heroines, and many black accomplishments simply went unrecorded. In the "Jim Crow" South especially, blacks were closely associated with Republicanism, and adherents of the Confederate "lost cause" were given to downplaying the roles blacks assumed in the defeat. The name Nathan Bedford Forest immediately springs to mind as a case in point.

A TIME TO SOW, A TIME TO REAP

Soon after the war, Lafayette Baker completed the scrutinizing *History of the Secret Service*.[23] Parts of this tome deal with intelligence collection, and some with rudimentary counterintelligence operations. But much of it discusses other matters entirely, such as drunkenness among army officers and the ease with which prostitutes gained entry to army camps. One is left to draw one's own conclusions about the bearing, if any, such matters have upon intelligence. It is regretable that few details about the recruitment, training, or handling of Union intelligence operatives are on offer. More has yet to be told.

Agents were regularly recruited for intelligence work, though, and as the war lingered on, frequently volunteered their services. At least on the Union side, sporadic efforts were made to establish and maintain a security network. Yet, despite such attempts as the cleverly staged arrest of Timothy Webster as a Confederate spy, or the counterintelligence "sting" operation using the Greenhow establishment as a "mousetrap," the systematic counterintelligence and disinformation activities we would now take for granted in wartime do not present themselves. Nor did self-initiated intelligence operations have much discernible effect on the war's end result. We find few major enagements whose outcome was shaped by intelligence collection and analysis as, for instance, Anglo-American access to "Ultra" and the decrypted Japanese naval codes bore upon several World War II campaigns. Slack security, so striking in the case of the "Irish Rose," was in truth a recurring theme on both sides, underscoring how disjointed and hobby-horsical a business counterintelligence operations were in the 1860s. Secrets were quite simply not well kept in the first place. Equally disconcerting from a professional standpoint, valuable intelligence was sometimes not acted upon, or revealed in such a manner as to provide no protection to sources, hence choking off the information flow. For example, a young railroad telegrapher, one J. O. Kerby, ascertained before the First Battle of Manassas that some Confederate "masked batteries" were actually fakes built of logs, but Union commanders refused to believe him and ignored the telltale signs. The larger point is that Confederate "Quaker cannons," harmless wooden objects designed to deceive those, like General McClelland, who were susceptible to deception operations even of the most primitive sort, are now proverbial.

Another notable example of the mistrust of intelligence is to be found in General Lee's brusque dismissal of information supplied by Confederate operatives in April 1863, less than three weeks prior to the Battle of Chancellorsville. According to the intelligence report, the Union Army of the Potomac disposed of nearly 150, 000 effective troops with 10, 000 reinforcements on the way, which was a fairly accurate estimate.[24] Taking little notice, Lee divided his forces and assaulted a superior enemy, winning a brilliant victory. Although no broader significance of the event has been established by historical evidence, Lee did, in fact, reluctantly heed the counsel of another spy the following month after his army had invaded the North. Pure coincidence? Left "blind" in enemy territory when Stuart's cavalry detached to conduct its own operations, the Army of Northern Virginia was spread out and in danger of being defeated in detail. The operative, who was employed by Lee's chief lieutenant, General James Longstreet, warned Lee to concentrate his forces, lest they be demolished. The great battle at Gettysburg ensued.

On yet another occasion, the hapless Union General Ambrose Burnside discovered that his orders were being printed *verbatim* in a Richmond newspaper. He had a

British reporter arrested as a spy, and would have executed the man had higher authority not intervened. Circumstances surrounding the case remain mysterious, but however Burnside's orders got to Richmond, it is curious that they were printed in a newspaper, the quickest and surest method of compromising information. Union forces were tipped off about the leak almost immediately. In all likelihood, the newspaper itself, not a Confederate intelligence operation, was responsible for the revelation.

...systematic counterintelligence and disinformation activities do not present themselves, nor did intelligence operations have a discernable effect.

No doubt, leaks to the press were incessant. General Lee's famous compromised Order Number 191, discovered in a field prior to the Battle of Antiedam in September 1862, which furnished crucial information about the disposition of the Army of Northern Virginia in western Maryland, found its way into a Philadelphia newspaper that very month. No one has even been able to explain exactly how.

Ultimately, we must attribute intelligence shortfalls to a general lack of preparedness in America for large-scale conflict, and to a decentralized political system with a diminutive executive branch of government. If President Davis himself could take the time to question a suspected operative, then quite apparently little time and effort and few resources were being devoted to the administration of Confederate intelligence and counterintelligence operations. The Civil War was fought by hundreds of thousands of troops in America's age of innocence. As often as not, it was conducted in an informal, haphazard manner. Fire, sword and war came suddenly to an America that understood too little of such things. Likewise, intelligence was also in its age of innocence. Had it been otherwise, the manner of war's conduct would not have been so haphazard. Had it been otherwise, perhaps far fewer would have fought, suffered and died. If history offers any lesson, this is it.

NOTES

[1] Siegfried Breyer, *Battleships and Battle Cruisers, 1905-1970*, trans. Alfred Kurti (Garden City, NY: Doubleday & Company, 1973), pp. 46-53.
[2] Allison Ind, *A Short History of Espionage* (New York: David McKay, 1963), p. 99.
[3] R. C. Smedley, *History of the Underground Railroad* (New York: Negro Universities Press, 1968), p. 250.
[4] *The Civil War Almanac* (New York: Facts on File, 1982), pp. 365-66.
[5] Ronald Seth, *Some of My Favorite Spies* (New York: Chilton Book Company, 1968) pp. 40-41.
[6] Ind, *A Short History of Espionage*, pp. 107-109.
[7] Bernard Newman, *Epics of Espionage* (New York: Philosophical Library, 1951) p. 64.
[8] Kurt Singer, *Three Thousand Years of Espionage* (New York: Prentice Hall, 1948), pp. 122-30.
[9] Ind, *A Short History of Espionage*, pp. 80-87.
[10] Newman, *Epics of Espionage*, p. 40.
[11] Ind, *A Short History of Espionage*, pp. 87.
[12] Donald E. Markle, *Spies and Spymasters of the Civil War* (New York: Hippocrene Books, 1994), p. 4.
[13] Edwin C. Fishel, *The Secret War for the Union: The Untold Story of Military Intelligence in the Civil War* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1996), p. 564.
[14] Newman, *Epics of Espionage*, p. 42.
[15] Markle, *Spies and Spymasters of the Civil War*, xviii.
[16] Singer, *Three Thousand Years of Espionage*, pp. 104-10.
[17] Newman, *Epics of Espionage*, p. 39.
[18] Singer, *Three Thousand Years of Espionage*, pp. 138-40.
[19] Fishel, *The Secret War for the Union*, p. 569.
[20] Markle, *Spies and Spymasters of the Civil War*, p. 15.
[21] Page Smith, *Trial By Fire*, vol. 5 (New York: McGraw Hill, 1982), pp. 391-92.
[22] Markle, *Spies and Spymasters of the Civil War*, p. 18.
[23] Baker, Lafayette, *History of the United States Secret Service* (Philadelphia: Appleton, 1867).
[24] Markle, *Spies and Spymasters of the Civil War*, p. 3.

Questions on, “Counterintelligence and Huminit in the U.S. Civil War”

A. What is the writer’s claim? Be sure to use evidence from the text.

B. After reading, what are two (2) questions that you still have that you want to explore further?

C. In informational text, a complex set of ideas or sequences of events explains how specific individuals, ideas, or events interact and develop. Explain how this is proven true in this text.

D. Consider the writing.
How does Keithly use humor to expand his topic?
How is the structure of the text organized to aid understanding of the text?

COMMONLIT

Name: _____ Class: _____

Drones Put Spying Eyes in The Sky

The U.S. military developed drones for spying, but scientists are now finding ways to use these flying robots in research and conservation

By Stephen Ornes
2014

A drone is a flying robot that does not require a pilot inside of the vehicle. The U.S. military has implemented drones and other unmanned aerial vehicles (UAV) for spying. As technology advances, researchers and scientists are exploring how drones can be used for many other uses. As you read, identify all of the potential uses for drones.

[1] Thomas Snitch is no ordinary spy.

"Untitled" by Saffu is licensed under CC0.

On a May night last year, Snitch gathered his surveillance[1] team in a wild corner of South Africa. They waited until well after sunset before stealthily beginning their mission. Using a catapult[2] powered by a bungee cord, the experts launched a small airplane over the deep and dark landscape, thick with acacia trees sporting 5-centimeter (2-inch) thorns.

Their robotic aircraft — or drone — is about as long as a bicycle and sports a 2.4-meter (8-foot) wingspan. In recent years, scientists have begun putting drones in the air to do many kinds of groundbreaking research. Drones carry no pilot, passengers or crew. They are often small and light. Some fly like an airplane, others like a helicopter or a blimp. Drones may fly autonomously (along a preprogrammed path) or under the control of a pilot on the ground.

That night in South Africa, Snitch and his team flew their drone by remote control over Kruger National Park. High in the sky, and under the cover of darkness, the *Terrapin 1* flew undetected over the landscape. Though unseen, it could see perfectly. The experts scanned the ground using a special camera attached to their drone. This camera was designed to see anything that gives off heat, including elephants, rhinos — and people.

[5] Snitch was looking for all three. “We’re trying to own the night,” he says. The team’s mission was simple: protect the animals from poachers — illegal hunters — all the while huddled inside a hut tucked in the African bush. It was no easy task. But it was an important one. Poachers kill 1,000 rhinos a year in South Africa. That translates to one every 8 to 9 hours.

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1. the careful and continuous watching of a person or group in order to collect data
2. a device for throwing or flinging something into the air

Monitoring endangered species, including the rhinoceros, is becoming an increasingly common use of drone technology. Snitch, a computer scientist at the University of Maryland in College Park, combines a drone's view with math and computer software to find and catch poachers before they strike.

The list of other uses in science for such flying spies in the sky is long and growing. In April, archaeologists reported they had used drones to find the buried remnants — including houses and walls — of a 1,000-year-old settlement in the New Mexico desert. In May, storm-chasers sent a drone into a supercell. They wanted to learn more about twisters, and this type of storm cloud can produce a tornado. In July, the state of Washington received federal government approval to use drones to monitor wildfires.

Drone researchers are just getting started.

Spying on everything

The U.S. military has flown spy drones over battlefields in foreign countries since the 1990s. (Dozens of other countries now use them too.) In the early 2000s, military drones became lethal. They began carrying and launching powerful missiles. Military drones tend to be big and expensive: A Predator drone measures as long as a school bus and costs about $4 million. These drones can fly as high as piloted jet aircraft and fire missiles. Between 2009 and 2013, the U.S. government spent between $25 billion and $30 billion on drone technology, according to a study by the U.S. Geological Survey (USGS).

[10] More recently, smaller and cheaper drones have become widely available. A drone suitable for research usually costs at least $1,000. Hobbyists can buy simpler models for just a few hundred dollars. Amazon, the online retailer, sells drones. Next it wants to use drones to deliver orders. So does a beer company in Minnesota and a pizzeria in Syktyvkar, Russia. Martha Stewart uses a drone to take aerial pictures of her farm in upstate New York.

USGS researchers are beginning to use drones retired from warfare. For example, in 2009, the agency received a shipment of AeroVironment Raven RQ-11A drones. These had been used for military operations in Iraq and Afghanistan before better and more expensive models replaced them.

"Those were going to be destroyed. But we said, 'We'll take them,'" recalls Jeff Sloan. He manages the agency's Unmanned Aircraft System Project Office in Denver, Colo. Basically, he explains: "We recycled them."

Since then, his agency has used the Ravens — which have *fixed wings* and a propeller — for a variety of projects. For example, USGS scientists sent their drones to spy on — and count — sandhill cranes as they migrated through the San Luis Valley of Colorado in 2009.

For now, Sloan says, USGS drones only capture visuals of the ground below. They fly cameras that capture images in natural color. Most also host video cameras that hunt for heat. Anything that emits heat — from vehicle engines to human bodies — produces infrared light.[3] Thermal cameras can detect that infrared light,

3. Infrared is a type of electromagnetic radiation, and infrared light has wavelengths longer than those visible to humans. Other invisible wavelengths include X rays, radio waves and microwaves.

which the human eye cannot. “The cameras push beyond what the eye can see,” he explains.

[15] When using a drone equipped with a thermal camera to track wildlife, Sloan says that scientists often prefer to fly at night or early in the morning. The animals are calmer then, he explains. The warmth of their bodies also stands out better against the cooler surroundings. “Birds show up like rice on a piece of black paper.”

And video is just the beginning. Other researchers have come to USGS with big ideas. For instance, Sloan says he’s been talking to scientists who want to mount laser-measuring devices on drones. These light detection and ranging, or LIDAR, systems can map the shape and contour of the landscape by firing laser pulses at the ground. Sloan says that drones could be a versatile tool in many a scientific toolbox.

“It’s amazing what they’re able to handle.”

Farming from the sky

Drones have enormous potential to change the way many different people work, since these aerial robots can collect huge amounts of data in a short time, says Rory Paul. This engineer’s company, Volt Aerial Robotics, builds drones in Chesterfield, Mo.

Almost any kind of sensor can be attached to a drone to make measurements, Paul says. For example, in 2011, a power plant in Japan was hit by a tsunami (a series of powerful ocean waves) and began leaking radiation. The area is still too dangerous for people to enter. But scientists have sent in drones to measure radiation levels there. And in 2013, NASA scientists fitted three drones with electronic sensors to sniff for sulfur dioxide while flying over the rim — and through the plume — of an active volcano in Costa Rica.

[20] “We haven’t even scratched the surface,” says Paul of all the applications for drone technology. Farmers use his company’s drones to quickly and efficiently inspect their crops.

In the fall of 2012, Paul led a project to use drones to spy on a soybean field in Iowa. The aircraft can fly low enough to give a farmer a close-up view. That can reveal any insect damage that requires the application of pesticides or some other treatment. By zipping back and forth overhead, the drone also saves a lot of tromping across fields.

“If you have 600 acres of corn and walk through 200 acres three times a week, you won’t hit the same spot twice,” he says. A drone could collect visuals on that area in a matter of hours, providing “a much bigger overview of what’s happening.” And it won’t damage any plants along the way.

Paul notes that while drones can help individual farmers, they may not be useful on a large scale. He says that using drones to survey all the farmland in the United States alone would be too expensive. Big problems, such as figuring out how to grow enough food in the right places to feed the world, would be better solved with more complex technology — including smarter satellites that peer down on Earth from space.

Still, drones do offer the potential to increase crop yields, Paul says. Farmers can use images captured by a drone to identify plants whose color, seen in the infrared, might reflect the use of too much or too little fertilizer. Farmers could then respond by fine-tuning the way they care for the plants in that corner of their fields. Soon, when cameras are even better, drones may begin to image individual pests.

Flushing out poachers

[25] On that night in South Africa, Snitch and his team were searching for a different kind of pest.

Ruthless poachers, often armed with guns, roam the park after dark. They kill rhinos for their horns and elephants for their ivory tusks. Both can be sold for big bucks. Snitch thought that if the drone could spot the animals, it might reveal the presence of any suspicious characters nearby. And if it did spy someone, he could call a nearby park ranger. That gun-toting ranger could then intercept the would-be poacher to spare the animals.

The night of May 25, 2013, was the drone's first flight in a week of testing. Its battery would keep it airborne for only three hours. Outside the hut where Snitch and his team waited, the night was alive.

"It was really scary," he says. "There are leopards, hyenas and snakes out there. It was pitch black in the heavy bush, and you can't see much." One night during the experiment, he says, elephants brushed up against the side of a nearby vehicle. On another, a pride of lions watched the scientists from about 20 meters (66 feet) away.

The scientists weren't watching the forest immediately around them. Gathered together indoors, they were watching a computer screen showing real-time footage from the drone. Snitch says it's not easy to find animals or people by looking at random. The park is huge, covering more ground than the U.S. state of Connecticut. And poachers have the advantage. They know the area and are smart about finding animals.

[30] But Snitch's strategy didn't involve searching at random. He had a secret weapon: math. He and his colleagues designed computer programs that used mathematical formulas to predict where the animals would roam. This is where the poachers might be headed. And that's right where Snitch's team sent its drone.

"I didn't have to find a poacher, I had to find a rhino," he says.

Without a way to accurately predict the best place to look for animals, he says, the drone would have been flying blind. The good news: His team's technology worked. The scientists spotted a small group of rhinos that first night. They also spotted a suspicious car nearby, parked on a rough road. Snitch called in the rangers; the rhinos survived the night.

About 100 years ago, rhinos were plentiful in Africa and Asia. But because of extreme poaching, some species have gone extinct. The five remaining species are all endangered, and people like Snitch are trying to catch the poachers before the animals vanish. Most rhinos are poached from Kruger National Park. But during the week that Snitch and his team spent testing the drone, no rhinos died in the area.

His week in Africa showed that drones and computer programs together might fend off poachers. Next, he'll be flying drones in Kenya, watching after elephants. Later, he may head off to Asia — to track and protect endangered tigers.

[35] "I've got my hands full," he says.

The key to success, Snitch explains, is to put drones where the poachers are most likely to show up, no matter what they're after. And that means using drones smartly and efficiently.

“With good science and really great math,” he says, “you can do things that people say are impossible.”

Questions on, “Drones Put Spying Eyes in the Sky”

A. What is the writer’s claim? Be sure to use evidence from the text.

B. After reading, what are two (2) questions that you still have that you want to explore further?

C. In informational text, a complex set of ideas or sequences of events explains how specific individuals, ideas, or events interact and develop. Explain how this is proven true in this text.

D. Consider the writing.
How does Ornes use an interesting hook to capture the reader?
How is the structure of the text organized to aid understanding of the text?

Tanner's Annunciation

This text and image are provided courtesy of the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

1898Oil on canvas57 x 71 1/4 inches (144.8 x 181 cm)Framed: 73 3/4 x 87 1/4 inches (187.3 x 221.6 cm)HENRY OSSAWA TANNER American (active France)Purchased with the W. P. WilstachFund, 1899, W1899-1-1

We see a teenage girl, dressed in peasant robes, sitting on a rumpled bed in a room with a bumpy, cobblestone floor. She seems afraid and awed. Who could she be? What is happening? What is that bright column of light on the left? This painting is an unusual version of one of the oldest themes in European art, the Annunciation (which means announcement). In this New Testament Bible story, the angel Gabriel tells Mary that she will become the mother of Jesus. Traditional paintings of the Annunciation show Mary wearing fancy blue robes and seated in a European palace or cathedral, as she listens calmly to an angel with glorious wings and a halo.

Tanner made his painting so different from other artists' paintings of the same subject because he wanted the scene to be realistic. He painted The Annunciation in 1898, just after returning from his first trip to the Holy Land-Egypt and Palestine (now Israel). Sketching ordinary Jewish people in the settings where Jesus lived moved Tanner deeply, and he tried to make his painting as authentic as possible.

Tanner's academic training is evident in his skillful depiction of Mary's tense face and body and in his use of thin, transparent coats of paint called glazes to create the dark shadows and the soft, luminous effect. He also included several religious symbols in some of the details. Can you find them? The three pottery vessels in the corners may represent Mary since she will soon be the vessel of Jesus. The shelf high up on the wall in the upper left corner intersects the column of light to form the shape of a cross, the symbol of Christianity.

For Tanner, just as for African American artists who made pottery and quilts, and for preachers and congregations who sang spirituals, certain Bible stories became metaphors for freedom from slavery and discrimination. When *The Annunciation* was first shown in America, it was hailed as a "brilliant

masterpiece." In 1899 the painting was purchased for the city of Philadelphia and exhibited at the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Art (now the Philadelphia Museum of Art). It was the first work by Tanner to find a permanent home at a museum in the United States.

ABOUT THIS ARTIST

Henry Ossawa Tanner was born in Pittsburgh in 1859, to Benjamin Tucker Tanner, a bishop in the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and Sarah Elizabeth Miller, who had escaped slavery as a child. His parents gave him the middle name Ossawa to honor the antislavery campaign launched three years earlier by John Brown in Osawatomie, Kansas.

When Tanner was ten years old, his family moved to Philadelphia, where he soon realized he wanted to be an artist. Against his father's wishes, he struggled to learn to paint over the next ten years, and was then admitted for free to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Although he suffered insults from some of the white students there, he also found supportive teachers, including the realist painters Thomas Eakins and Thomas Hovenden.

In 1889, after moving to Atlanta, Tanner met a Methodist bishop who made it possible for the artist to travel to Europe. When he discovered that people in Paris were more accepting of racial diversity than in America, and that he could continue his academic training, he decided to stay. He was also thrilled by the Salon exhibitions held annually in Paris and hoped his paintings would be accepted there. Salon is French for "room" and refers to the part of the Louvre-now a museum, originally a royal palace-where the government-sponsored exhibitions took place. After several of his paintings based on Bible stories won Salon prizes, a wealthy American living in Paris was so impressed that he paid for Tanner's travels in Egypt and Palestine (now Israel). The Annunciation was the first painting Tanner made when he returned to Paris in 1898.

That same year he also met his future wife, Jessie M. Olssen, a young American opera singer of Swedish-Scottish descent. She was intrigued by Tanner's modesty, especially in light of his artistic accomplishments, and they shared a love of music. Both sets of parents approved of the interracial marriage, and they were married in London the following year. Their only son was named Jesse Ossawa Tanner, a reminder of the Tanner family's struggle against prejudice. Tanner and his wife were discouraged by the ongoing racial tension they found during visits to the United States in the early 1900s, and decided to settle permanently in France. Tanner continued painting Biblical subjects, often with mystical overtones, and found success on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1923 he was awarded the Legion of Honor by the French government. When he died in his sleep in 1937, he was a celebrity in France, but still stereotyped as a "Negro painter" in America.

PHILADELPHIA ROOTS

Although Henry Ossawa Tanner chose to live most of his adult life in Paris, France, his youth was spent in Philadelphia. He lived with his parents and seven brothers and sisters in the oldest part of the city near his father's church, Mother Bethel. At age thirteen, while taking a walk with his father, he encountered an artist painting in Fairmount Park and was so impressed that he decided on the spot to be a painter. He spent many hours at the Philadelphia Zoo sketching the African lions. He studied anatomy, perspective, and photography at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Tanner loved to visit the art galleries on Chestnut Street, and in 1886 he rented a studio at 927 Chestnut Street, where he painted Lion Licking Its Paw, also known as After Dinner. Although Tanner left America because he found it impossible to "fight prejudice and paint at the same time," one of his best-known paintings, The Annunciation, is now on view at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

Questions on, “Tanner’s Annunciation”

A. What is the writer’s claim? Be sure to use evidence from the text.

B. After reading, what are two (2) questions that you still have that you want to explore further?

C. In informational text, a complex set of ideas or sequences of events explains how specific individuals, ideas, or events interact and develop. Explain how this is proven true in this text.

D. How can this depiction of the Annunciation deepen our understanding of the event?