

A Businessman Looks at the ARMY

ANONYMOUS



FOR THE PAST four years I have had a unique opportunity to view, from the inside, the functioning of the United States army. If I were a soldier by profession there would be nothing unusual in this, but I am not. I am an average businessman, one of those run-of-the-mine Americans who worry about taxes, the rising public debt, commodity prices, freight rates, and whether or not they are carrying enough insurance to take care of the wife and kiddies in case something should happen to them.

Yet for four years I have been a part of the army, watching it work in times of stress, under conditions closely approximating a major military emergency, and again under ordinary peacetime routine, when nothing more important than tomorrow's dress parade and next spring's maneuvers appeared on the horizon beyond the parade ground.

Naturally I have learned some interesting things about the army, its make-up and its management. I like the army; I like the men in it; but, looking at it strictly from the viewpoint of the businessman and taxpayer, I must admit there is a great deal of room for improvement in both organization and management.

As a reserve officer, I was ordered to active duty in connection with the Army's job of

"organization, administration and supply" of the CCC, back in 1933, when the CCC was one of Mr. Roosevelt's "experiments noble in purpose" and before it became one of Mr. Farley's potent vote-getting machines.

Immediately on reporting at an army post, I was assigned to duty on the staff of the commanding general of the CCC district which used that post as its headquarters. I was informed, with due solemnity and by no less a person than the commanding general himself, that, although I was only a reserve officer, this would not be held against me; that as long as I performed my assigned duties satisfactorily I would occupy the same status as any regular-army officer, and be entitled to the same privileges, both official and social. In other words, I might be a goat but I would be accepted by the sheep and accorded full fellowship. I would observe the same regulations regarding official and social calls as a regular officer; I would perform all the duties usually expected and required of an officer of my grade, in addition to the duties to which I was assigned as an officer of the district staff.

As an earnest of the regard in which I was to be held by the regulars, as I walked out of the general's office after that interview I was presented with a bill for initiation fees and the first month's dues of the officers' club. The adjutant informed me that a charge account had been opened for me at the post exchange and the post commissary and that the bills must be paid on or before the tenth of each month. He said also that my name had been placed on the guard roster and that I was detailed next morning as officer of the day. This was fast work for the army, as I learned later. But the general had passed the word.

I was assigned quarters, and within a few

THE FORUM

days moved my family in. After a careful study of the pertinent regulations, my wife and I began the round of official calls which would establish us as full-fledged "members of the garrison." I threw myself into the close-knit community life of that post with verve and enthusiasm, determined to be part and parcel of it. I studied regulations far into the night, read everything I could get my hands on about the customs of the service, and, secretly, practiced the manual of the saber for hours at a time, in order that I might acquit myself creditably at guard mount and at the weekly parades of the battalion, in which I was assigned a part. I acquired a full complement of boots and spurs and within a week I could return the salute of the headquarters orderly with all the nonchalance of a regular.

SUNK IN A RUT

I HAD ALWAYS admired the regular army, had looked on regular-army officers as superior beings, brave, glamorous, and highly efficient. And here I was, a businessman, a civilian part-time soldier, set down in a typical army post, where I could watch the wheels go round, see the machinery work. After four years of it, four years of daily association, of working for and with a typical segment of it, I still find much to admire in the regular army; many regular-army officers have become my warm friends; I have been treated with universal courtesy and consideration.

But, looking at it from the standpoint of a businessman and taxpayer, I found much, very much, to deplore in the army. I found its administrative machinery ponderous and cumbersome and costly, many of its methods antiquated, though hallowed by tradition and long usage. As a general rule I found the individual officers much more concerned with their personal ambitions, their personal aggrandizement, than with the success of the army's primary mission in our system of national defense. I found a good deal of arrogance, of intolerance and contempt for views other than those held and promulgated by the all-powerful General Staff.

No doubt the strategical plans and the tactical doctrines of our army are sound. I wouldn't know about that; and neither would anyone else, until those plans and doctrines have been tested in actual combat. The crucible

of war forges its own geniuses on the field of battle; sheer blind luck plays a part too, if one reads history aright, and the Lord is generally on the side of him who "gits thar fustest with the mostest men" and has the heaviest artillery.

But the peacetime army is a big business establishment subsidized by the taxpayers to the tune of more than \$1,000,000,000 a year, and it ought to be operated on sound business principles. It isn't.

To begin with, the army is caste-ridden. There are too many generals, too much General Staff, too much West Point. The army's understanding of the American ideal, the hopes and aspirations and needs of the people beyond the narrow confines of its own little posts and stations, is pitifully meager; and it assumes a lordly attitude of being a destiny within itself, rather than an instrument of public service. It is sensitive of its dignity, jealous of its prerogatives, and contemptuous of "those damned civilians."

I occupied a key staff position, enjoyed the confidence of my commander, exercised by virtue of my office a considerable amount of authority, and had a fair amount of responsibility. I sat in on policy-making conferences, listened to general and colonel and lowly lieutenant talking with their hair down, as it were. I was impressed by the fact that the mental processes of all of them, from lieutenant to general, were narrowed by precedent and tradition and the "way it has always been done." The last word rests with the commander, of course. His staff may and does advise him, and often it urges on him a course of action; but it is the prerogative of the general to take the advice or leave it. Very often he leaves it. But, when the decision is made, in nearly every case, one finds that it is tied down and bound round with regulations and precedents and with that military bugaboo, the "way it has always been done."

THE EASY LINE OF MARCH

THE WEST POINT caste and the General Staff clique are worst of all. It is easy to see why this is so. A lad enters West Point at about eighteen years of age, spends the next four years within the shadows of those cloistered gray walls high up on the Hudson, rarely leaving the West Point reservation except for

A BUSINESSMAN LOOKS AT THE ARMY

one furlough between his second and third years. He is exceedingly impressionable, his mind both absorptive and formative. He becomes saturated with the military tradition, the military ideals and ideas. When he graduates he goes, after a short furlough at home, to join his first command, where he immediately becomes one of a group, most of whom have been through the same four years of training and absorbing that he has just finished. Unconsciously, perhaps, but nevertheless definitely, he forms the idea that the Government of the United States exists primarily for the sake of the army; that those "damned civilians" are tiresome and uncouth individuals who understand nothing of the important and glamorous life of which he is a part.

He has had no experience of civilian affairs; he has never really had to stand up against the competition of life; he hasn't the faintest idea what it means to a young man to be on his own, to fight a tough daily battle for existence. All during his course at West Point his every activity, almost his every thought, was pre-determined by regulation and precedent; his personal finances were managed for him; even his clothing was bought and paid for by someone else. And, when he joins his regiment as a commissioned officer, his daily life is likewise regulated. He has no domestic problems, no competition against other men to get a job and little competition in holding the job his government has handed him. Just so long as he is not a downright blackguard or a thief, his job is good for life, or at least until he reaches the age of 64, when he is retired on three fourths of his pay.

He finds that professional ambition is a snare and a delusion. Every three years his pay is automatically increased, regardless of the degree of efficiency with which he has performed his duties. When in the fullness of time his name reaches the top of the list in his grade, he will inevitably be promoted to the next higher grade.

So, in twenty years or so he becomes a colonel, and maybe, if he is very discreet, gets good marks in his lessons at the various service schools, and hasn't fostered any new and unusual ideas, he'll become a brigadier general; later, perhaps, a major general. The habits of long years are not easily broken, and, as the lieutenant walks softly before his superiors

along the groove cut out for him, he becomes habituated to following the groove.

The process has been going on for many many years. After every war some new blood comes into the army, but West Point still dominates in numbers, and the new blood soon becomes accustomed to doing the same old things in the same old way.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

THERE IS a tremendous waste of man power, of education and training, and consequently of money in all ranks. The military education of an army officer, by the time he has gone through West Point, the Infantry School at Fort Benning, or the Cavalry, Field Artillery, or Coast Artillery School, the Command and General Staff School at Leavenworth, and finally the Army War College at Washington and is ready to take his place on the General Staff, represents an investment by the taxpayers of some \$200,000, not counting his pay and allowance during the years when he is not attending schools.

Most of that highly technical and expensive education is allowed to go to waste, except of course in time of war. It is wasted because practically all of it — with the possible exception of the company officers' course at Benning — is theoretical. Unless the graduate gets some chance to practice his theories with real live soldiers, they soon are forgotten or become a meaningless jumble of words.

It would seem logical that, after the government has spent some twenty thousand dollars odd sending an officer through the course at Benning, when he is sent to his regiment he might be given an opportunity to practice some of the things he has presumably learned, to instruct his fellow officers and soldiers of the regiment in the up-to-the-minute theories and practices as taught by what is said to be the finest school of its kind in the world. But does he get that chance? Never! Well — hardly ever, so far as my observation goes. Nine times out of ten a recent graduate of Benning will be assigned to some minor staff duty, such, for example, as assistant adjutant or assistant quartermaster or post athletic officer.

I know of one case, a young first lieutenant who made a brilliant record at the Infantry School, specialized in machine gunnery, and on graduation was said to be one of the best



machine-gun officers in the army. On reporting at the station to which he was assigned after finishing school at Benning, he was immediately detailed to the service company, where his duties consisted of seeing that the required number of mules were hitched to the required number of garbage-pick-up wagons each morning. Some few months later he was detailed as junior aide-de-camp to the commanding general, and he has hardly seen a machine gun since leaving Benning three years ago.

That's just an example of the appalling waste of man power, training, and education which is the rule rather than the exception in the army. Everywhere you'll find \$5,000-a-year majors and \$6,000-a-year lieutenant colonels and colonels holding desk jobs with resounding titles, their duties consisting almost entirely of signing a few unimportant reports prepared by \$70-a-month sergeants.

There are literally hundreds of colonels of the combatant arms who have never commanded a regiment, even in a parade; lieutenant colonels who haven't seen a whole battalion together at one time in years.

I know one lieutenant colonel of infantry whose case is typical. During the World War he was a major but he did not command a battalion; he served as an assistant division adjutant. Following the war he was sent to the Command and Staff School, where, after a strenuous two-year course that cost the taxpayers something like \$40,000, he was detailed for four years as assistant instructor of National Guard units in a Midwestern State. Then he was sent to Benning, where, for a little over a year, he actually commanded a battalion of infantry — the only period during more than sixteen years when he has actually commanded soldiers. After Benning he went

out on another four-year detail as instructor. Finally, in order to comply with the letter of the law which says that every field officer must have a certain amount of duty with troops to be eligible for promotion, this major was assigned to a regiment and sent to the station where one battalion of that regiment was stationed. Immediately on arrival at the post he was assigned to duty as CCC inspector. On one occasion during his three years at that station he mounted a horse. The major was duly promoted to lieutenant colonel. He had had his two years' duty with troops!

AN ARMY POST

CONSIDER THIS post at which I served my four years. It is quite typical of the 200 odd army posts in the United States and her possessions. Some are larger, some smaller, but this one is about average.

Shortly after the Civil War, it was built as a regimental post, when a regiment had about 600 men. It is now a one-battalion post. Including the medical detachment, the quartermaster detachment, the signal and ordnance detachments, there are about 600 soldiers commanded by a brigadier general. The battalion is commanded by a lieutenant colonel, and is a separate administrative unit from the post itself. So, really, there is no need for a post administrative set-up at all. The battalion commander is fully qualified by training and experience to act as post commander as well as battalion commander. And the battalion staff could quite easily handle post administrative work as nothing more than a negligible sideline.

But the army doesn't do things that way. That's the sensible and economical way to do it, but —

The G-1 section of the War Department General Staff had more general officers than jobs needing generals. It was decided therefore to place one of these excess generals in command of this particular post, and a brigadier was chosen and given the assignment. Well and good, if they had let it go at that; but they didn't. A general has to have a staff, and the members of that staff must be of suitable rank.

The staff assembled by this general to handle the administration of this little one-battalion post is, in addition to the general himself:

A BUSINESSMAN LOOKS AT THE ARMY

- 1 lieutenant colonel; post executive officer
- 1 colonel; post surgeon
- 1 lieutenant colonel; post chaplain
- 1 major; post plans and training officer
- 1 major; post prison and police officer
- 1 major; post exchange officer
- 1 captain; post quartermaster
- 1 captain; assistant post quartermaster and utilities officer
- 1 captain; post adjutant
- 1 captain; senior aide-de-camp
- 1 captain; post signal officer
- 1 first lieutenant; assistant post adjutant
- 1 first lieutenant; junior aide-de-camp
- 1 first lieutenant; assistant post quartermaster and subsistence officer

The noncommissioned staff consists of two warrant officers, some fifteen sergeants, and twenty odd corporals, privates first-class, and privates.

In dollars and cents, this staff costs the taxpayers about \$50,000 a year in salaries alone!

In contrast, consider the fact that twenty years ago the staff which ran this same post was numbered as follows:

- 1 lieutenant colonel; post and regimental commander
- 1 captain; post and regimental adjutant
- 1 captain; post and regimental quartermaster
- 1 major; post surgeon
- 1 captain; post chaplain, post athletic officer, post welfare officer, post library officer, and secretary of the officers' club. (He still had plenty of time to study his prayer book.)

THE DAY'S WORK

WHAT, ONE MAY ask, do all these staff officers find to do. Let's take a typical day's routine; almost any day will do.

The morning mail arrives at 8:30 A.M. There are, let us say, 50 official letters, including bulletins and copies of routine corps and War Department orders for file in the post files. Thirty-five of those letters will be of a purely routine nature, and the sergeant major will prepare the answers, usually in the form of an indorsement. If the indorsement goes to higher headquarters, it will be prepared for the signature of the executive officer, who signs it *For the Commanding General*. If it goes down, to a lower echelon, the adjutant will sign it, *By Command of Brigadier General Doe*. The indorsements and letters will be ready for signature by 11 o'clock, and will be placed on the adjutant's desk. The adjutant will sign his and take those for the executive's signature to that officer's office across the hall. At 11:30

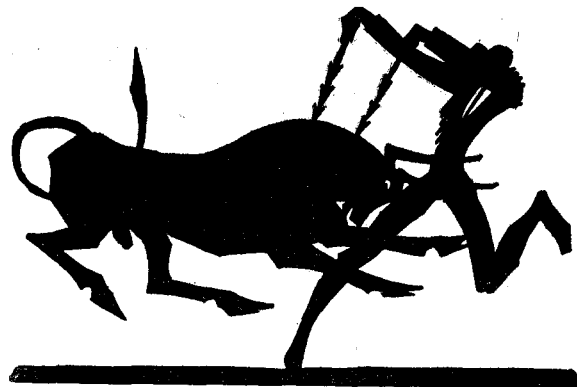
the adjutant will receive the report of the old officer of the day and relieve him and then the adjutant is ready to go to lunch. He's probably answered the telephone half a dozen times, answered the general's buzzer once or twice with some information the old man wanted. All in all, he's had a hard day's work.

As for the executive, he's in a sweat, too. He's had to sign, we'll say, half a dozen indorsements and two letters, look over and initial a set of charges laid against Private Smith for being drunk on duty, held a lengthy conference with the senior aide about the forthcoming golf match with the general that afternoon, and heard Captain Brown's appeal for a coat of paint on the kitchen walls of his quarters on the row.

At 11:45 A.M. all the officers come by to get their personal mail out of their boxes and initial the bulletin board. They're through for the day. Drill is over at 11:30. After lunch, maybe half of them will piddle around their company orderly rooms for an hour or so; the other half will either go to town, take a well-earned rest on their bunks, play golf, go swimming, or otherwise labor at killing time until dinner.

The police and prison officer goes over to the guardhouse at 8 o'clock. He looks over the work sheet prepared by the provost sergeant, showing just where the 30-odd prisoners are working, what they are doing, how many wagons are on the garbage detail, how many are being used to haul this and that, and the state of health of a bay mare mule named Nellie who was unaccountably droopy yesterday. After that, he's through for the day. He's tired, too.

The post exchange officer goes to the exchange about 9 o'clock, looks to see if the floors have been swept and the showcases dusted (the post exchange is the general store



THE FORUM

operated for the benefit of military personnel). Then he looks over the steward's statement of yesterday's business.

Very likely both the post prison and police officer and the post exchange officer are recent graduates of the Command and General Staff School, where for two years they studied the higher phases of the science of war, moved paper armies across paper terrain, wrote orders for battles that were never fought, and otherwise played hide-and-seek with themselves and their fellow students. When they graduated from this intensive two-year course, which cost the taxpayers between \$25,000 and \$40,000, someone felt they had certainly earned a rest, so they were thoughtfully detailed to their present jobs.

Of course everyone knows that the provost sergeant really runs the prison and police job and the steward really manages the post exchange. The provost sergeant receives \$54 a month and his quarters, and the post exchange steward, who is a civilian and a trained book-keeper, gets \$175 a month — which salaries are just about what the respective jobs are worth. The two majors get approximately \$5,000 a year each, in addition to comfortable homes, rent-free, with gas, water, and electricity thrown in for good measure.

As for the chaplain, who gets around \$6,000 a year, he holds services in the post chapel every Sunday morning and occasionally sits in for a cup of tea with the ladies' aid society. He's also post library officer, but the library sergeant does the work.

Sitting right at the foot of the throne, as it were, are the two aides-de-camp, a captain and a first lieutenant.

The captain, who is senior aide, gets about \$3,600 a year. His principal duties are to act as the general's social secretary and golf stooge, to see that the general gets to the right party at the right time, to stand by his side at dances and receptions and introduce the guests to the great man as they pass through the receiving line.

The junior aide, who is paid around \$3,000, acts, unofficially of course, in the same capacity to the general's wife. The junior aide is also secretary of the polo club and inspects the general's mount before it is brought to the general. Both aides are always on tap to make up a foursome at golf or bridge or to accompany

the general on rides around the post on his charger. On occasion, he escorts the general's daughter to a ball or walks Mrs. General's pooch. It's a grand (not to say remarkable) life for a soldier.

BOSS OF THE WORKS

THE COMMANDING general himself is, of course, top dog. The soldiers have a nickname for him; they call him Little Jesus. The officers and their wives refer to him respectfully and with bated breath as The C. G. He is surrounded with the pomp and circumstance of a prince of the blood. When he walks or rides abroad, he is accompanied by one or both of his aides-de-camp. No official function starts until he arrives, and the party's over when he leaves. Even at a private party in a private house everyone stands up when he enters a room, and all remain standing — men and women — until the general is graciously pleased to sit or until he leaves the room. When he chooses to inspect some phase of the military activity of the post, everyone stops at his approach and remains standing at attention until he passes on. He speaks first and he speaks last. When he plays golf he tees off first — and he generally wins the match in spite of the handicap of 60 odd years.

He is paid a salary of some \$7,000 a year. In addition, there are certain perquisites. He gets the best house on the station, as a matter of course. That is usually a handsome brick dwelling containing some twelve to fifteen rooms and about four baths. There are also quarters for his house servants and a garage for his private car. The government furnishes heat and light and fuel for cooking, and the post greenhouse sends over fresh flowers for his table every morning. (Just why a greenhouse is a necessary adjunct to a military post is a question beyond my merely civilian comprehension to answer.)

The general is furnished with two automobiles, a sedan of a popular make costing about \$1,700 and a smaller sedan costing less than \$1,000. The government also furnishes drivers, an orderly to sit on the front seat beside the driver and open the doors, and, of course, gas and other upkeep. There are four horses in the general's stables, two for himself and one for each of his aides-de-camp.

In the case of major generals commanding

A BUSINESSMAN LOOKS AT THE ARMY

corps areas, the perquisites differ in quantity rather than in kind. They have more automobiles and larger houses, and people stand up a little more stiffly when they come into a room. Also, the flags which fly on the front of their automobiles have two stars instead of the one star allowed a brigadier. Their aides are perhaps a fraction more pompous than the aides of a brigadier general. When they come into a post they get thirteen guns instead of a mere eleven.

GET OUT THE AX!

IT'S A NICE life for the generals, for the aides-de-camp, the colonels and lieutenant colonels, the majors, and the captains on the staff. But, seriously, it's hard on the taxpayer. And, from a mere businessman's standpoint, it is unnecessarily top-heavy with rank and pay and allowances.

As a conservative estimate, I should say that the administrative overhead of this particular post runs from \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year more than is really necessary. And, from a purely military standpoint, there is no real justification for the existence of this post at all. Multiply that sum by 100, for the other posts which are equally unnecessary for military and defense purposes, and you've got a sizable sum of money which is being thrown away every year.

I have not drawn an exaggerated picture. The peacetime military establishment has become a victim of that most insidious disease, the creeping paralysis of bureaucracy. Its master minds are imbued with the idea of self-aggrandizement, perpetuation of the system, with all its shibboleths, all its ancient pomp and tradition. Individually, many of them are earnest, sincere men, laboring under the delusion that they are doing an important public work in a highly efficient manner. Almost any army officer will tell you, with very slight provocation, that he is underpaid, scurvily treated in the matter of living quarters and other allowances; that he is overworked and his talents sadly unappreciated by an ungrateful government. He believes it, too.

For all the ills which afflict our army — for, after all, it is *our* army — I can offer no sure-fire panacea. To begin with, though, I'd say we should have a few skeptics and iconoclasts on the military-affairs committees of both

House and Senate. They need members who'd take what the General Staff told them with a large grain of salt — and then go out and see for themselves.

I think the enrollment at West Point should be cut down by at least half and that half of all officers commissioned in the army should come from civilian universities and colleges and should have had at least two years business experience before they are taken into the army. When an officer is ready for promotion to the grade of major, make him take a leave of absence without pay for two years and require him to become actively engaged in private business during that time. If he can make his way alone for that length of time without starving to death, he'll be a lot better major. And we'll have more efficient administration in the army.

Retire at least two thirds of the generals now on the active list and don't appoint any more until the need for them is real and urgent. We have five times as many colonels now as we have regiments for them to command. Let them do the generals' jobs or, rather, the jobs which the generals are now doing. The mere act of putting a silver star on a man's shoulder and giving him the title of *General* does not add to his ability, but it does add to the cost of supporting him.

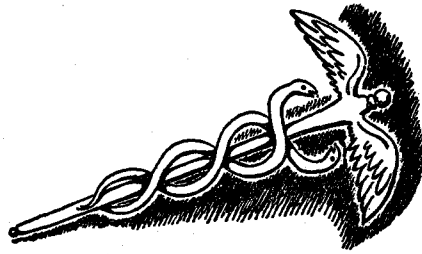
Abandon out-of-hand some 100 or so of our army posts which have no earthly value in our scheme of national defense and concentrate enough soldiers at a few posts to permit of real military training — enough to have full-strength regiments and battalions for the officers to command, to work out their tactical problems, to practice their expensively learned theories.

And, last, let's make what generals are left hire their own social secretaries and get up their golf games as best they may, so the handsome young captains can do some real soldiering.

We Americans don't want a war but we realize that, the world being what it is, we need a regular army to act as a nucleus around which to build if war is forced on us. We should demand that our regular army be both efficient and economical, that it remain our servant rather than become our master.

We don't like our army to refer to us or think of us as "those damned civilians."

Your Rheumatism



by **FRED C. KELLY**

IF ALL PHYSICAL ills that beset human-kind, that force men and women into prolonged disability, unemployment, and discouragement, one disease leads all the rest. Yet it is not the one most of us would guess. As a cause of death it is well down from the top of the list. Diseases of the heart, kidneys, and lungs, these and cancer are the outstanding killers; but no one of them is the greatest cause of distress and suffering. The ailment that most persistently disables the greatest number of people, the most common single cause of chronic illness, is rheumatism.

A recent house-to-house survey in representative sections of Massachusetts by the State Department of Health — one of the most painstaking investigations of the kind yet made — indicated 140,000 victims of rheumatism in a population of 4,380,000, 1 person in every 10 who had reached the age of 40. There were twice as many cases of rheumatism as of heart ailments, 6 times as many as of tuberculosis, and 15 times as many as of cancer. Samplings of the United States as a whole tell a similar story of the prevalence of rheumatism, of the vast number of helpless people for which it is responsible. The Veterans' Bureau at Washington reports more than \$10,000,000 paid during 1936 in pensions to veterans for chronic joint disease. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company estimates annual loss in wages because of rheumatism at nearly \$250,000,000. From 10 to 20 per cent of the benefits granted for total disability in European countries are to sufferers from chronic rheumatism. This malady was third on the list of all diseases, either chronic or acute, for which industrial workers in Great Britain during one year consulted physicians.

Now, the term *rheumatism* as commonly

used takes in much territory. It is applied to muscles, tendons, and ligaments as well as to joints. But at least nine tenths of all rheumatic cases are of stiffened joints, and physicians call this arthritis. Injuries, strain, and specific infection, as from gonorrhoea, account for a relatively few arthritis cases, but the overwhelming majority fall into two general classifications: (1) rheumatoid or "chronic infectious" arthritis and (2) osteoarthritis.

The first starts with inflammation in the tissues about the joint; the second has its onset more in degeneration of the joint itself. But the important thing is that rheumatoid arthritis strikes people at *any* age (most often between 20 and 40) and is abnormal; it is not caused by natural, inevitable processes of advancing age, and, if we knew enough about its causes, it could be avoided. It might be wiped out, as yellow fever was. Yet more than half of all rheumatic cases are of this variety, and it includes most of the worst cases, the wheel-chair and bed-ridden victims. A peculiarity is that it strikes women more often than men — nearly half again as often. Though common in temperate zones all over the world, almost never does it occur in tropical climates. Moreover, there is less susceptibility to it toward the north or south pole. Cold, damp, changeable climates seem to be the ones to avoid.

Though no one ever has rheumatoid arthritis *normally*, every one of us, if he lives long enough, may expect to have osteoarthritis, the old-age variety, in greater or less degree. In distinction from the rheumatoid type, it affects men more than women. Like gray hair, it is a sign of the aging of body tissues. Regardless of locality or climate, we seldom escape a touch of it after 50; but this does not always mean that it will become severe enough to give seri-