

Militarily Speaking

THE INFANTRY JOURNAL READER. Selected and Edited by Colonel Joseph P. Greene. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 679 pp. \$3.

Reviewed by

BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG, U.S.A.

WHAT do you do in the Army? Between the two World Wars, civilians used to put that question to members of the military establishment with a faint lifting of the eyebrows betokening their belief in the futility of a soldier's life. It wouldn't have occurred to them to inquire what Army officers thought about. They were too inclined to agree with the man who said the term "military intelligence" was worth inventing to distinguish that species from the usual kind. In those years, however, many officers and men were thinking profoundly of the problems of warfare with the result that in the most critical period of our national existence, the Army's work of the past twenty years was one of the chief bulwarks that warded off the defeat of the American people.

Therefore the American people should, and they undoubtedly do, feel a genuine interest in their soldiers and in what they have been thinking and writing. This anthology from *The Infantry Journal* provides a good sampling of the military mind, with special reference to the use of infantry in war. Its field is broad, however, and it is by no means confined to the parochial problems of the doughboys. A studied effort has been made to avoid articles that would be comprehensible only to the professional soldier. The result is a book that any layman can understand and enjoy. From it he will derive a clearer insight into the psychology of the American military leader, his conception of training, of leadership, and discipline, and he will enjoy the frequently accurate augury of things to come on the battlefield.

Many civilians will doubtless be astonished at the preoccupation of professional soldiers with the things of the spirit rather than the materials of war. Our fellow countrymen know vaguely that the infantry of today is armed with a multitude of weapons and equipment that used to be the private property of the artillery or the engineers, the esoteric manipulation of which was far beyond the mental capacity of a mere infantryman. At least so thought many artillerymen and engineers. But the infantry has demonstrated its ability to handle all its vast arsenal of weapons



An American military policeman searches a German soldier taken prisoner on the Italian mainland.

with both technical and tactical skill. And yet emphasis in these papers is not on the infantry's expanding and ever-changing mechanization. It is rather on the unalterable human being and on his reactions to war and training for war.

The collection includes the writings

Anatomy of Military Thought

MAKERS OF MODERN STRATEGY. Edited by Edward Mead Earle. Princeton: The Princeton University Press. 1943. 553 pp. \$3.75.

Reviewed by

COLONEL R. ERNEST DUPUY, G.S.C.

MOST essential in this world crisis is a critical analysis of the strategy of war and all its factors, military, political, diplomatic, and economic. This the writers of this symposium have attempted. A good job they have done, too, although at first glance one might consider some of their thirty-five exhibits, from Machiavelli to Hitler, strange bed-fellows.

Two Americans only, Admiral Mahan and Major General "Billy" Mitchell, are included. Here this reviewer takes violent exception. Conceding that both have their place, the first, of course, because of his influence on the principles and application of sea power, and the second because of his earnest though sometimes irrational attitude as our first prophet on air power, the editors have overlooked one of the greatest military minds produced in this country—Dennis Hart Mahan, father of the Admiral.

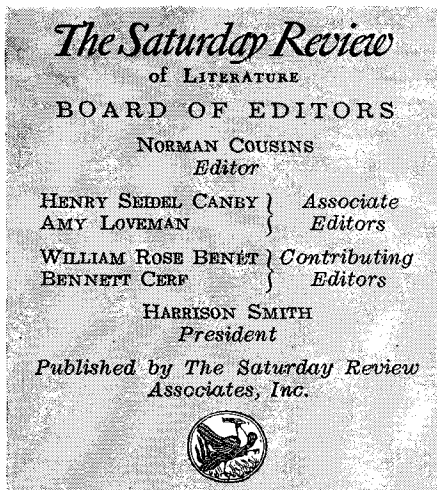
of many well known and some lesser known American and foreign soldiers and civilians. The reader will not be prepared by the war correspondent's description of General George S. Patton for the general's thoughtful and well-written article on "Success in War," but it will be most encouragingly revealing of General Patton's character. General Chennault wrote in 1935 and 1936 prophetic words that he is now putting effectively into practice. General Stilwell is found to be the same bluntly outspoken soldier in 1933 in describing phases of defensive warfare as he turned out to be after his campaign against greatly superior Japanese forces. General George C. Marshall warned us in 1921 that, in spite of our fighting in the Argonne in 1918, we should not forget it was against a deteriorating German army. Any complacency should be dispelled with the thought that "we remain without modern experience in the first phases of a war and must draw our conclusions from history."

Colonel Greene's purpose in publishing this collection of writings is thoroughly accomplished. The citizen will know his army better and for the new soldier and even for the old one, it is particularly useful in revealing the trends of our recent military thought.

The elder Mahan, graduate of the U. S. Military Academy, 1824, was Professor of Civil and Military Engineering and of the Art of War at West Point from 1832 until his death in 1871. He not only understood but also preached and wrote on the doctrine of lightning war. He influenced our young leaders in the Mexican War, and nearly all the successful leaders of the Civil War on both sides. The omission of Ulysses S. Grant, himself a pupil of Mahan, in this discussion, may also be questioned. Another almost forgotten figure in the strategical field, the pedantic Jomini, is well treated on the whole.

Having broken these lances, let it be said that the co-authors of this book have presented a most interesting, logical, and—more to the point, perhaps—entertainingly readable compendium of world military thought. To soldier and civilian alike "Makers of Modern Strategy" is well worth reading and digesting.

The book is an outgrowth of the seminar on military affairs of the Institute for Advanced Study which Professor Earle conducted for several years prior to Pearl Harbor. It is well documented and adequately indexed.



99 PER CENT PLUS

THIS is a confession. We are Oblivious. We suffer from a critical shortage of the powers of observation. For anyone who has anything to do with writing to say that is like a trapeze artist confessing astigmatism.

The realization that we were Oblivious came about slowly. It began to make itself felt whenever we would read a book or a magazine article by someone who had just returned from a lecture tour and had to tell the country what the country was thinking. But the real flash of lightning that lit up our own disabilities came last Sunday during a radio program. A certain commentator delivered himself of a series of sour notes on the war that would have sounded perfectly natural on Col. McCormick's bugle. That in itself was not notable. But the commentator proceeded from that point to say that "more than 99 per cent of the American people" thought the same thing. And how did he know? The answer was obvious. He had been on a lecture tour. The people themselves had told him.

That is why we are Oblivious. In the last year we have traveled perhaps 6000 or 7000 miles around the country on various lecture trips. Yet we do not know what the American people are thinking, certainly not 99 per cent plus of them.

How do they do it, these Galluping Ghosts? What formula do they use that enables them to identify practically all of mankind with their own compartmentalized ideas? By what process of conversational catharsis do they elicit certain views from certain people on certain subjects where before no views on those subjects may have existed? What magic filters do they use that neatly eliminate any inconvenient dispersity, leaving only solid impressions, or sometimes just pure solids?

We have tried all sorts of devices ourselves, but they won't work. Yes,

we talk to people; we bait our hooks just as carefully as we can and we go after the inevitable taxicab drivers, truck drivers, traffic cops, barbers, bankers, bartenders, waitresses, chambermaids, peanut vendors, women's clubmembers, the Man-on-the-Street—but all we can find out is what these particular people tell us. We can't even be sure about them, because so much depends on the way we ask a question, or whether they have had a good breakfast, or whether they have just argued with their wives, or what time of day it is. Sometimes we feel that if we came back the next morning we might get a different set of answers.

Perhaps it isn't as bad as that. But even if we did know what these people were thinking, we still would not know what all the people were thinking. And the disturbing thing is that even within the limited group we had spoken to, there was no uniformity or unanimity—not even 99 per cent worth. You can make some generalizations, of course: you know that the people on the West Coast are perhaps more worried about the war against Japan than the war against Germany, that the people on the East Coast tend to reverse the order, and that the people in the Middle West seem to be somewhat less worried about either. But even these generalizations are too sketchy. How, then, can we say, for example, that 99 per cent plus of the people are opposed to the President's policy on lend-lease, or on post-war commitments, or on American-British-Russian relations?

This does not mean that trips around the country are useless for anyone anxious to obtain some honest impressions about a people at war. You may not be able to take an X-ray of the nation, but you can feel something of its pulse. In city after city you can feel the throbbing, pounding vibrations of the war machine. You step out of a plane at the Buffalo airport and see

the blue-white lights of an aircraft plant stretching so far and so high it seems to fill the world. Silhouetted against the plant are row upon row of warplanes impatient to try out their wings. In Tulsa, Oklahoma, they take you through a new bomber assembly plant a mile long and a quarter-of-a-mile wide; you see freight cars lumber into one end and finished planes rolling out the other. Near Houston, Texas, you visit the miracle catalytic cracking plant that turns out high octaine aviation fuel in such quantities that the Axis is rapidly losing the war in the air largely because of it. You are lucky enough to be taken through the "cat plant." It is a fantastic pattern of iron and steel flung against the sky. Up through the lace-work of metal you climb up, up in a slow elevator. When you reach the top, you step out on a precarious platform and hold the rail for all you are worth—there is a pulsing beat that comes up through your feet and flows through you clear to your scalp. This is the fabulous coursing power that smashes and re-arranges the parts of a formula until it yields and does what is demanded of it. Outside Baltimore, you enter a magic land, seemingly endless, where big belied bombers are almost the entire population. No matter how many times you see it, you are certain that the entire phenomenon is a dream, that nothing on earth could actually look like that or be made to look like that. On the rails, mile after mile of express freight goes roaring by, its cars carrying giant tanks—the while your own train humbly stands by to permit the war procession to pass.

This adds up to something. You get the feel of America hitting out. This is what the people are up to now. You'll have to forgive them if they haven't time to involve themselves in surveys or polls—even the scientific ones.

N. C.

Annulment

By Marion Canby

I SEE too far. Plain sight becomes involved
 With vision that destroys the outward rind.
 Piercing to ultimate vacuum behind,
 Where longest beams of wisdom are resolved
 Into full darkness—the stuff of life's dissolved,
 Spilled out, and lost. I feel my wits go blind
 When I desert the folkways of the mind
 For the blank flare from which the suns evolved.
 But I am haunted by smooth lunar rays
 And by a streaming up the northern sky
 That flickers on my soul: I keep my days
 By will intact from glories cold and high;
 Yet I have not been strong enough to bar
 Life's cool annulment by the evening star.