

writes a Vassar girl who plans to be a social worker, "because since the depression I have come to realize that they are not essential, and I have given the money to unemployment relief, etc. I am, however, planning a trip to Russia, England, and Ireland next summer. It is to be done as cheaply as possible but will of course be expensive. I am doing this because I feel that with a wider horizon I can do more good when I start to work."

Even the girls who have not cut down their pleasures have a definite philosophy in the matter, or at least have taken the trouble to rationalize their course to themselves. (The majority of the questionnaires were filled out anonymously so that there is no suspicion of answers being given for their effect on the faculty reader.) "I have made no marked change in regard to pleasures," declares a senior. "I have felt that the social side of my personality needs rounding out." Another whose attitude is more reminiscent of George Washington's youthful maxims than of the "jazz age," remarks: "I have always balanced my time so as to have the proper amount of work and play."

Still another regrets that a thin pocketbook has made retrenchment on week-ends necessary. "If one has an attractive week-end in view, one *makes* the time to get the work done beforehand," she explains sagely. A senior in the same college who shares this viewpoint apparently, has even gone to the extent of earning money to pay for week-ends that she must otherwise have foregone. "My week-ends seem essential to my general state this year," she comments. "There is so much 'in the air' that vitally concerns me."

But whatever its effect upon the pleasures of the moment, the depression has probably in the long run done the college girl a service. It has revealed her as a soberer and a wiser if a less plutocratic person than has been contemplated in the more or less lurid pictures we have made of her. It has shown her to be, like her high school sister, the intellectually or vocationally aspiring daughter of our all-embracing middle class. It has, in other words, released her from the patterns in which we had insisted on thinking of her, and is giving her a chance to create one of her own.

## MILITARY MEDICINE MEN

*By Alva Lee*

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**T**o what happy hunting ground has vanished that mighty tribe of gifted prophets which a brief few months ago was so busily engaged with tongue and pen, picturing to an avid public a complete change of tactics, strategy, and weapons to be employed in the next war? While disclaiming all knowledge as to their present whereabouts, the writer expresses the sincere hope that all such have confused the trail (as invariably they did their reasoning) and have awakened to find themselves tending the basement furnace in the old-time Baptist hell. True, their misdirected efforts were not instigated by intent to do harm. But should we lose our next war there would be little satisfaction in knowing we had done so through ignorance. The reparations would be just as great as though we lost for other reasons. And make no mistake, if these military seers had their way about it the armed strength of the United States long since would have been reduced enormously by adoption of their pet ideas.

Let us epitomize these theories and study the result in the light of the demonstration recently staged, for all to see, in Manchuria and Shanghai. In other words, they told us in detail *what would occur* in the next war. Let us check and see *what actually did occur*. Their arguments have varied, but without exception they have agreed that aircraft would be the all-important weapon of the future, augmented by tanks on land and submarines at sea, thus relegating to the scrap heap and the museum such antiquated instruments of death and destruction as the infantry rifle and the battleship. Old-fashioned fleets would be sent to the bottom by modern fleets consisting of airplane carriers and zeppelins, assisted by submarines. The war then would be brought to a victorious conclusion by an all-powerful air invasion of enemy territory. Certainly a safe, easy, and picturesque method of waging war? And cheap too.

However, there is nothing an admiral

commanding a well-balanced fleet would like so much as to find opposed to him an enemy fleet consisting of aircraft carriers, zeppelins, and submarines. He could hoist one signal, "Close with the enemy," and retire to his cabin feeling perfectly certain of the outcome, and with the additional satisfaction of knowing he would suffer little loss in winning his victory. He knows that his fleet is practically invulnerable to attack from the air, and of course he does not have gun fire to fear. He bases this confidence to considerable extent upon results attained in the World War. *No damage of any appreciable sort was inflicted on naval vessels by either German or Allied aircraft.* This war record has been confirmed by peace-time experiments. He can remember when the redoubtable General Mitchell attempted to sink certain old-time war vessels in Chesapeake Bay. He had two weeks to assemble his air armada, plan his attack, and execute it. What happened? Practically nothing! He swooped down with his airplanes, not once or twice but dozens of times, and released bombs by the hundred. No results! Finally in desperation he came down within two hundred feet (which was feasible enough inasmuch as the targets were not shooting back) and did place a hit or two. But the poor old helpless hulks managed to stay comfortably afloat. Under the same conditions, the youngest midshipman at Annapolis in command of a ten-oared cutter could have towed out a half dozen torpedoes and accomplished twice the damage in one-half the time.

The admiral in his cabin pondering these things and many other substantiating facts would feel as assured and pleased with his lot as the cat locked in the cage with the canary. Should the hostile aircraft come close enough to inflict any damage at all on his tough old battleships he knows they will suffer terrific losses themselves. Two or three such attacks and his smaller air force will be more than their match. In the meantime he is proceeding under full

steam straight for the enemy. And the enemy fleet is retreating just as speedily as possible toward its nearest base, *i.e.*, toward the nearest base protected by old-fashioned artillery. But in this race the carriers are sadly handicapped. The aircraft, what is left of them, having dropped their eggs must return to the fleet to replenish. This is a long, arduous, nerve-wracking task (in a rough sea an impossible task) and the hostile battleship fleet draws nearer and nearer. Eventually the pursuing fleet comes within range, in which case the carriers are promptly sunk by old-fashioned gun fire, or the air fleet gains the shelter of its base, in which case it is bottled up.

True, the battleship fleet might suffer some damage from submarines, but modern battleships under full head of steam are not in much danger from submarines. On the other hand, submarines are quite vulnerable to depth charges.

Recently I read a most entertaining magazine article by George Sylvester Viereck describing the next war, in which the United States was defeated and sued for peace twenty-four hours after hostilities commenced. The enemy depended entirely upon aircraft. Massing a huge armada of superplanes—many of them piloted by robots—they intrepidly flew the Atlantic, and, crossing Canada from Newfoundland, attacked Chicago. In an hour or less the city was completely razed and all inhabitants killed. The enemy then blithely flew back home, and, let us hope, to a well-deserved, hearty supper, or whatever it is robots prefer after such a full day's work. The American commander-in-chief, in his dugout at Washington, realizing that his old-fashioned army and navy were utterly helpless against this modern invader, promptly wirelessly his unconditional surrender.

Now this may be highly amusing to informed readers, but the great majority of the American public is woefully lacking in judgment on subjects military. A certain number are inclined to believe that such a wild fantasy is possible. Thus is moulded public opinion, which in turn rules Congress. And Congress makes the big decisions regarding our military policy in times of peace, leaving the chestnuts to be pulled out of the fire by the general staff of the army and the general board of the navy after war is declared. The writer is sin-

cere in his belief that ordinary hell is entirely too good for writers who combine vivid imagination with such gross ignorance on the subject of national defense, and for publishers who accept and peddle such absurdities.



To turn from the theoretical picture of what war would be to what actually it is, study the conduct of the war so recently waged in and about Shanghai. Was the strategy changed? No. The principles of strategy have remained the same down through the ages. (Compare the battle of Canne with the battle of Mazurian Lakes.) Were tactics changed? No. Tactics are constantly being modified, as new weapons are developed and new defenses employed, but the general underlying principles change very little from year to year or from one war to the next. Were weapons different? No. Same old weapons used in the last war, used in the same manner and with the same general effect. Did aircraft dominate the fighting? Did the tank play an important rôle? Was any city razed by high explosives dropped from the air? Certainly not.

If ever there was a set-up perfectly designed to demonstrate air supremacy, the conflict at Shanghai was such. The conditions were these: China with a disorganized and bankrupt government, an army ill-trained and poorly led, equipped with small arms and artillery but with practically no aircraft. Opposed to her was Japan with a strong, well-financed central government, a highly trained and efficiently led army, equipped with every modern weapon, including aircraft and tanks. Her home base was distant only five hundred miles. Owing to absolute supremacy at sea, she was able to establish her advance base only a few miles from her objective. Could any air enthusiast ask for a better situation than that? Japan has one of the best and most efficient air forces in the world. General Mitchell, in an article published on January 30 last, says so. Furthermore, he insists that: The Japanese are excellent fliers; their planes and equipment the latest and best (much better than those of the United States); they are air-minded and determined to use this new weapon almost to the exclusion of any

other because they know it will be the deciding factor in any engagement along the coast of Asia.

So much for the general situation and for the theory. What actually happened was that the Japanese attack along a fifteen-mile front, preceded by heavy artillery preparation and pushed stubbornly day after day, was halted despite numerous tanks, a preponderance of artillery and a plethora of airplanes. And the same factor caused this halt that decided every land battle of the World War. *Infantry*. The Chinese army at Shanghai had only one point of superiority over the Japanese army—a *larger force of infantry*. This alone was responsible for frustrating the Japanese in attaining their objective. Three weeks later, reinforced by two infantry divisions, Japan accomplished a crushing victory. Granted that in the piping times of peace infantry plays an unimportant rôle, no sooner are the dogs of war unleashed than it takes its proper place as the "Corps d'Elite" and is so recognized by all participating arms and branches—until peace again is concluded. Ask the man who went to France.

It need not have taken this war in the Orient to have proved the fallacies of the all-air enthusiast. For those who think for themselves, and can remember, the results attained in the World War were quite conclusive, results which are history, well known to all and sundry, and which should be entirely sufficient to form definite opinion. Unfortunately, such is not the case. Wild fantasies of the imagination, dressed up as theories of conduct for future wars, are much more alluring than are the cold, prosaic, actual conditions. War correspondents (a sadly over-rated class) are responsible in no small measure for common misconception about the functions and effectiveness of the various arms of the service. In their enthusiasm for sensational stories they pick out only that which will fire the imagination, regardless of its true importance. From 1914 to 1917 the American public was fed stories of the unbelievable effectiveness of heavy artillery, the air force, and, later, the tanks. Why? Because such weapons readily appeal to the imagination of both correspondent and reader. Infantry hidden in the mud or advancing as inconspicuously as possible is not an

inspiring sight nor is its effectiveness readily discernible. Nevertheless, no land battle is won unless the infantry moves forward, nor lost unless the infantry moves to the rear. Verdun is the perfect example. The Germans concentrated a preponderance of artillery and dominated the air from first to last but were unable to employ more than an equal number of infantry. Infantry on the defense has a decided advantage over an equally strong attacking force. And it was this infantry advantage which kept the Germans from passing.

Wide-spread delusions, regarding the effectiveness of new weapons, are not novel. When the crossbow was invented the same propaganda affected public opinion. And I remember as a boy reading accounts of what would happen in the "next war," wherein an old-fashioned army would be completely wiped out by a force consisting of a platoon armed with a dozen Gatling guns (the papa and mamma of the machine gun). The majority of readers can remember those inspiring accounts from 1905 to 1914 describing the awful destructiveness of air fleets of the future.

"But the situation has entirely changed," retorts the air-minded zealot. "Aviation has made unbelievable strides during the past fourteen years. It is now many times as effective as it was during the World War." This commonly accepted answer deserves careful investigation. What revolutionary improvement has materialized since 1918? None known to the writer. Minor improvements, yes. Scores of them. Planes are somewhat faster, more substantially built, will carry more load and have a greater cruising radius. (Trucks and tractors have improved to about the same extent.) But note also that anti-aircraft has advanced remarkably since 1918. Of the two, I believe the antis have gone considerably farther. If this be true, and events at Shanghai indicate just that, it means aircraft will be less effective in the next war than it was in the last.

Tanks are over-advertised for about the same reasons as aircraft. They are spectacular, can perform curious and startling feats and, in appearance, give an impression of immense power and staying qualities. Their undeniable weakness is *vulnerability*. They cannot take cover but must advance in the open. A few pieces of light artillery,

properly placed, should be able to put tanks out of action as fast as they appear. New and ingenuous defense measures such as tank traps and land mines add to their difficulties. Nevertheless, it may be said of the tank that "it is an experiment noble in motive," the motive being to aid the infantry attack. More power to them. Their real worth remains to be seen. They played an insignificant rôle at Shanghai.

Nothing herein written implies that aircraft, tanks, and other new devices and weapons serve no useful purpose in warfare. The quarrel is with those fanatics who would have the lay public believe that these new and spectacular weapons are all-important. They are not. Infantry still decides the fate of land battles, and its most important supporting arm is the artillery. Aircraft has several useful functions, the most important being to secure information. As

the "eyes of the army," from a long distance up in the air, it is most useful. As an important weapon of offense and defense it is a complete dud.

Why would it not be a wise, even if novel, policy for us to leave such matters as the composition of the army to the general staff and of the navy to the general board? They are best qualified by selection, education, training and experience to make such decisions. In practically all other countries of the world they do make them. Congress, determining appropriations, properly should decide how much protection is desired. But for laymen to usurp the functions of experts by making decisions as to relative strength of the various arms and branches, or to dictate as to classes of ships, etc., is a grave weakness in our system of administration, a weakness hidden until war is upon us and then glaringly apparent to all.

## WAR IN BOHEMIA

*By Malcolm Cowley*

THE war in Europe was hardly over, the treaty of peace was still unsigned, when a bloodless war burst forth in America. On the one side were the beleaguered inhabitants of Greenwich Village. On the other side, in the attitude of aggressors, were several of the larger American magazines, as led and conveniently typified by *The Saturday Evening Post*.

*The Post*, like a dozen other periodicals, brought heavy and light artillery to bear on its new enemies. It published stories about the Villagers, editorials and articles against them, grave or flippant novels dealing with their customs in a mood of disparagement or alarm, humorous pieces done to order by its staff writers, cartoons in which the Villagers were depicted as long-haired men and short-haired women with ridiculous bone-rimmed spectacles—in all, a long campaign of polemic beginning before the Jazz Decade and continuing through the boom and the depression probably into the six issues now on the press. The burden of it was always the same: that the Village was the haunt of affectation; that it was

inhabited by fools and fakers; that the fakers hid Moscow heresies under the disguise of cubism and free verse; that the fools would eventually be cured of their folly; they would forget this funny business about art and return to domesticity in South Bend, Ind., and sell automobiles. The Village was dying, had died already, smelled to high heaven and Philadelphia. . . .

The Villagers themselves, by no means moribund, did not answer this attack directly; instead they carried on a campaign of their own against the culture represented by the 3,000,000 readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*. They performed autopsies and wrote obituaries on civilization in the United States; they shook the standardized dust of the country from their feet. Here, apparently, was a symbolic struggle, with the great megaphones of middle-class America trying to howl down the American disciples of art and artistic living. Here, in its latest incarnation, was the eternal warfare of bohemian against bourgeois, poet against propriety—Villon and the Bishop of Orleans, Keats and the quar-