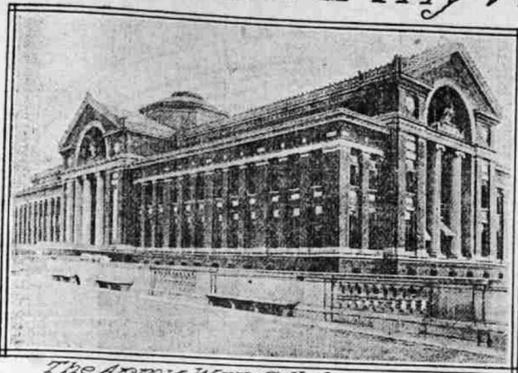


The U.S. Army War College and Its Work



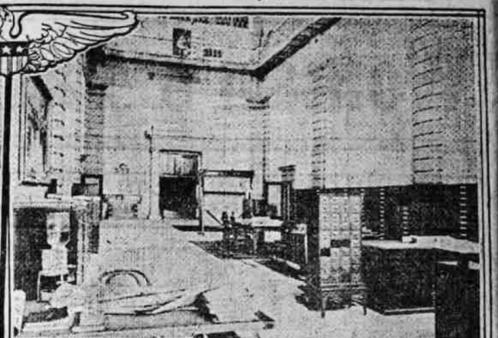
The Army War College, Wash., D.C.



The Library, A Great Storehouse of Military Information



Soldiers Erecting Tents, A Demonstration at U.S. Army War College



Where Uncle Sam Keeps his War Secrets, The "Map Room" Showing the Novel Steel Cabinets for Maps and Plans



Testing Motor Trucks and Searchlights

A Unique Governmental Institution That Serves As the Very Foundation of Preparedness - A Bureau of Information and An Educational Establishment in One - Where Plans for War Are Made.

BY WALDON FAWCETT.

Did you get your "war map" yet from Uncle Sam? Because if you did the chances are you are wondering how the national government can afford to sell such a map at such a price. Certainly this chart of war-ridden Europe that is being sent out from Washington does not, to use the slang expression, "look like thirty cents," although it costs only that modest sum. On the contrary this minute diagram of the countries now being drenched with blood is generally conceded to be just about the best specimen of war map ever issued by any nation.

To let you into the secret of how the national government has been enabled to provide its citizens with a model war map at a merely nominal price be it explained that this map has been prepared and published by the U. S. Army War College. Perhaps that statement does not suggest anything to you, and no sham to you either, for it is a safe guess that there is not more than one citizen in a thousand who remembers that we have an Army War College and probably not more than one person in ten thousand, conversant though they be with current affairs, has any clear conception of the work of this unique institution located on the banks of the Potomac river.

War College Does Not Court Publicity.
In great part it is the fault of the men who conduct the Army War College that this interesting Federal ad-

junction has been hiding its light under a bushel. Talk about "gum shoe work," why the powers that be would have the War College completely efface itself in so far as the general public is concerned were it not for the fact that its \$700,000 home rising conspicuously on the sky line at the national capital, provokes more or less curiosity on the part of sight-seers. Even at that, visitors are not welcomed at the War College—the one Governmental institution where the latch-string is not out.

A Storehouse of Confidential Information.

The War College could issue an up-to-the-minute map over night if necessary because it is the business of the War College to know all about fortifications and lines of communications and all the other things that must be accurately indicated on a sure-enough war map. What is more, the War College could thus sketch the layout of things in Japan or any other quarter of the globe quite as readily as in Europe. Indeed it did it not so very long ago with respect to Mexico.

While the War College lives up to the college part of its name, as will be explained later, it is in the other half of its dual function that the public is most interested just now. Indeed it is this role of a most unusual "information bureau" that is most likely to fire the imagination at all times for there is something fascinating about an "intelligence service"

that is secretive in all its doings and the War College is secretive and growing more so every day. Even the man who diligently follows all the proceedings of Congress every year will get no more information than that it costs Uncle Sam something like \$15,000 a year to operate the War College. The expense is as low as it is because the institution has no rent to pay and all its officers and students draw their regular pay as Army officers and not as helpers at the War College.

Secrecy, a Prime Requisite.

But the War College officials ought not to be criticized for being very stealthy about all they do, because upon their ability to keep their own counsel may depend the success of Uncle Sam's plans for offense and defense. The aim and purpose of the War College is not merely to collect all possible information regarding every nation, large or small, that might ever go to war with the United States but to "work up" that information into ready-made plans for military operations that are placed in cold storage until needed in the fire-proof, burglar-proof, bomb-proof vault opening from the basement of the War College building.

for military preparedness in the United States. It is only since the outbreak of the war in Europe that our Congressmen and the people at large have commenced to be thoroughly stirred up on this subject of arming for defense, but for a decade or more past the War College has been quietly going about its business of carrying out one very practical form of preparedness, namely the preparation in advance of workable plans that would serve as a ready-to-hand program in the event that Uncle Sam got into war with any power on the globe.

Moreover the War College's scheme for taking a stitch in time hasn't merely covered ways and means to resist invasion by a foreign foe. Receiving equal attention and obviously just as important has been the laying down of rules of thumb for moving our own troops, safeguarding lines of communication, etc. In order that, in the event of trouble there may be perfect "team work" between the Army and the Navy the officials of the Army War College have been in frequent consultation with the officers of that kindred institution, the Naval War College, with the result that there have been arrived at, in harmonious co-operation, complete plans for the joint action of the two services.

No Nation Can Catch Us Napping.

That the sort of preparedness in which the War College deals is of tangible value can, perhaps, be demonstrated only in the event of an actual war but whatever their worth Uncle Sam is keeping his stock of war secrets right up-to-date. Indeed, the War College has usually taken care of matters in a given direction long before the general public has aroused to the need of preparedness in that direction. In other words, the experts at the War College can by virtue of their training and experience, discern a menacing cloud on the international horizon long ere the man on the street observes the approach of a thunder storm.

Mexico affords an object lesson as to the thoroughness of War College preparedness. For several years, to be sure, our national administration has been flirting with the question of intervention in Mexico but as far back as 1905 the War College had complete military plans for intervention in our neighbor republic. Or to turn to the case of Haiti which has lately been making us some trouble it may be observed that ever since 1904 the War College has had in reserve military and naval plans for every possible contingency in the turbulent little

island. Only once was Uncle Sam caught napping and then it was a case where lost time was quickly made up. When controversy with Japan was first precipitated some eight or nine years ago the War College found itself without war plans that took into account the Oriental power as an adversary. However there were a few days of lively work and an "emergency plan" was ready. This was followed by alternative plans calculated to keep the Mikado's subjects guessing and a few years ago all the officers detailed to the War College participated in an elaborate strategic "War Game" in which the opponents were the Japanese (represented by orange) and the Americans (typified by blue) and in which the theatre of war was our Pacific Coast and the Pacific Ocean.

First Aid For Panama.

Just to indicate how difficult it would be to propose a military omnium for which the War College has not an answer ready it may be mentioned that it has been only since the Panama Canal was completed that most newspaper readers awoke to the importance of protecting the Canal Zone from hostile powers. Yet more than half a decade ago the War College had completed and filed away in its archives detailed plans for preserving the neutrality of the Canal Zone, and for protecting the Canal against all sorts of attacks—not forgetting a possible attempted invasion by way of the United States of Colombia.

The same sort of preparedness has been carried out with respect to the Philippines, Hawaii, etc. That the War College does not neglect the improbable is attested by the fact that plans have been made for handling the Canadian situation and protecting the undefended cities on the Great Lakes in the event that the United States is ever drawn into war with Great Britain. That the War College even has an eye to the use of the "big

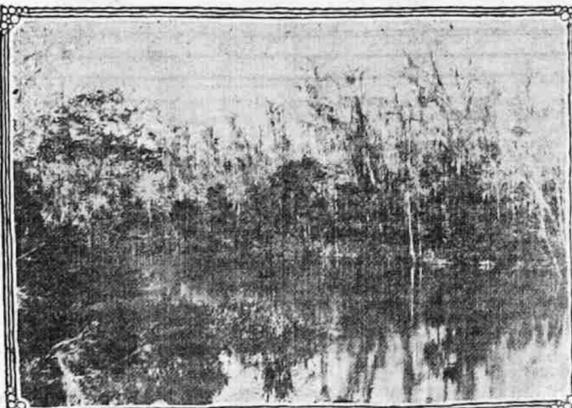
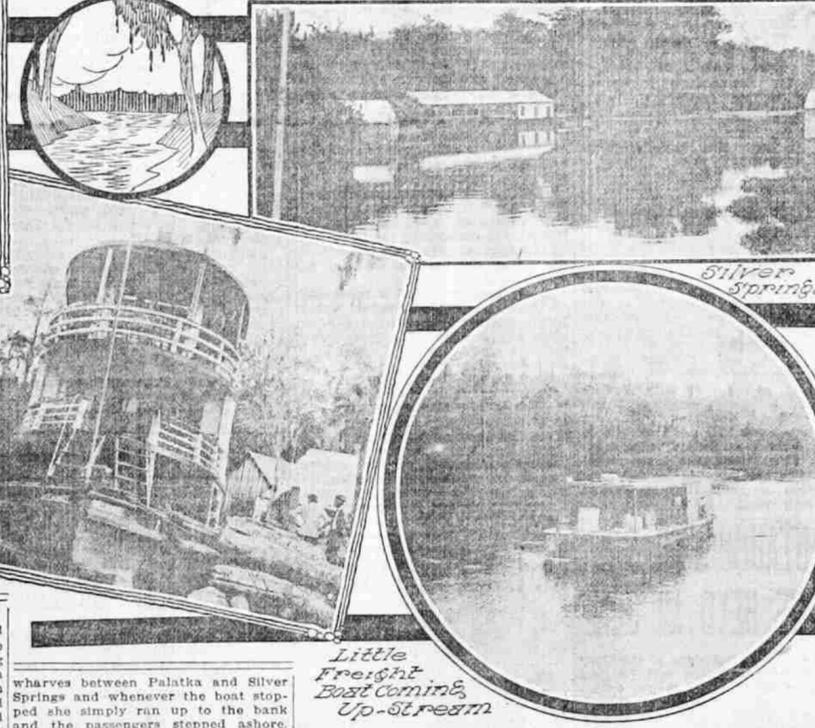
stick" to protect Yankee business interests is disclosed by the circumstance that in one niche of the vaults where Uncle Sam's military secrets repose is a neat schedule whereby China might be compelled by force of arms to prevent a boycott of American goods. Similarly there are plans for protecting the lives of American missionaries in the Far East.

History of the War College.

Elihu Root, when Secretary of War, won the title of "Father of the War College." It was in 1899 that he first brought the matter to the attention of the President of the United States. In 1900 Gen. William Ludlow was sent to Europe to get "pointers" as to how Old World nations conducted similar institutions and in 1901 Congress made the first appropriation for the new establishment. Two years later the first money was set aside to erect a suitable building as a permanent home for the War College, but it was not until 1907 that the executive force moved in.

The War College has general supervision over the work of what are known as the "service schools" of the U. S. Army—the Cavalry School, the Artillery School, etc., each of which give post graduate courses of their own. It is therefore appropriate enough that the War College should be set down in the grounds of one of these schools—namely the Engineer School. And such location proves a positive advantage when it is taken into account that one of the duties assigned to the War College is to investigate and try out all new discoveries and inventions in the military field—and, in short, keep informed on all developments in the military sphere. It is in pursuance of this policy of watchfulness for innovations that we find the War College lately making an exhaustive investigation of the use of motor trucks and searchlights in warfare and of the military possibilities of wireless telegraphy.

Along the Oklawaha — Florida's Romantic River



One of the Last Battle Grounds of the Seminole Indians

Story of a Midwinter Sail Over This Picturesque River Where January Is As Balmy As June-- The Home of the Alligator and Birds of Brilliant Plumage.

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FLORIDA as a winter resort is famous the world over and the average seeker after pleasure and freedom from care usually contents himself with the ease and comforts afforded by the magnificent hotels which line the Eastern coast of that State. While this is, of course, delightful, yet by lingering under the spell of the man-made beauty of those wonderful hotels and gardens one misses the real natural glory of that land of wonderful jungles. With a little travel to the interior and the enduring of trifling inconveniences one may see wild beauty and variegated scenery similar to the jungles of Asia or Africa. Many persons journey to these far away countries in search of experience and excitement, although we have in our own land a wilderness which is quite as interesting to the traveler on pleasure bent and which is free from the danger and hardship of African travel. Added to this, it boasts of the same balmy climate of the world-famed Riviera.

Within a few hours travel of millions of our population we have combined in one section of Florida wildness of jungle filled with nearly every variety of reptile and with birds of gorgeous plumage, beauty of scenery, and a winter climate with clear, warm days and invigorating air unsurpassed

by any country in the world.

All this variety of enjoyment and recreation may be had in a trip up the Oklawaha River—that ever-winding stream which winds its way through northeastern Florida. Away back in 1880 a man from Vermont discovered the beauty of this river and conceived the idea of running excursion boats upon its waters. "For," he declared, "the people should see this picturesque water with its tropical foliage and its birds and reptiles." At that time it was the home of hundreds of alligators and a perfect aviary of birds. It took several years to clear the river of fallen trees, brush and other obstructions but by the end of the Civil War he was ready for the boats which began running from Palatka to Silver Springs—a distance of one hundred and thirty miles. Since that time hundreds of tourists have found joy in the mythical labyrinths of the glorious tropical waterway.

The Okeehumkee.

One bright balmy January morning the writer boarded the Steamer "Okeehumkee" at Palatka. The boat was old-fashioned and by no means palatial. At certain angles she looked as though she might topple over at any moment, yet she was well balanced in every way, while from another point she resembled a house boat which had been pulled up on shore. There are no

wharves between Palatka and Silver Springs and whenever the boat stopped she simply ran up to the bank and the passengers stepped ashore. The little steamer, however, was comfortable and smooth-running, and in the end the primitiveness of her make-up really added to the pleasure of the trip.

The cooking was done by an old Southern negro of the "befo' de war" type, and his cornbread would tempt the palate of the most fastidious epicure, to say nothing of his crisp bacon, fried chicken and grilled sweet potatoes. The table was set in the cabin on the lower deck and all the passengers were served at one sitting. About twenty-five persons were on board and after partaking of a genuine Southern dinner during which everybody became acquainted with everybody else, general good humor prevailed and the passengers adjourned to the deck to enjoy the scenery. The warm sun spread over the decks and those who had come from homes where snow and ice were wraps of the day threw off their wraps and fairly revelled in balmy air. We left the wharf about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and ran up broad, calm

St. John River for several miles before we reached the Oklawaha.

Crooked River.

Oklawaha is an Indian name which means "Crooked River" and nothing could be more appropriate for this winding stream, as during the entire voyage we were never able to sail in a straight line farther than three hundred feet. As the boat glided on the river narrowed. Then we saw the shores at close range—a perfect jungle of trees with an undergrowth thicker than that of the Dismal Swamp. It was made up of towering pines, palmettoes and cypress all covered with vines of various kinds, air plants and Spanish moss. The orchid, the sweet scented jessamine, the rhododendron and the magnolia peeped out through the tropical growth and filled the air with a delightful odor.

At other points where we passed through patches of water lilies they swayed and dipped their heads forward as if bowing us a welcome to

their marshy home. It was necessary to move slowly for some of the curves were so sharp that in making turns the boat bumped the opposite shore and the passengers amused themselves by pulling vines or moss from the trees.

Battle Ground and Orange Grove.

At one place the Captain pointed out a part of the swamp as one of the last battle grounds of the Seminole Indians in the days of the famous Osceola, one of America's greatest Indian warriors. It was only a cluster of old moss-covered trees with a thick underbrush—an ideal place for an Indian ambush.

Late in the afternoon the boat ran up to the bank and stopped at an orange grove which seemed to be the only clearing anywhere along the river. There an enterprising man has set up a home in the picturesque wilderness and is raising splendid fruit. Everybody went ashore while the crew loaded on an extra supply of wood to

feed our engine. The passengers wandered about among the orange trees and sampled the fruit, purchasing it on the tree.

The land about this place is said to be rich in the remains of monsters of bygone ages, and a few years ago a party of hunters unearthed a part of the bones of a marine monster which is supposed to have been at least ninety feet in length. Numbers of Indian sand mounds have been discovered and some were found to contain implements made of copper—relics of the early days of the Seminoles when they left the Creeks of Georgia and wandered into sunny Florida.

Night Scenes Fantastic.

Soon after leaving the orange grove the sun set over the jungle in all its red glory, going down behind the palm-trees like a ball of fire. Then night fell over the wilderness and the scene became even more beautiful. The tall pines stood out like sentinels guarding the silent river as they were silhouetted against the sky. The odor of the jasmine and orange blossoms wafted through the soft night air filled our nostrils and we sat and gazed in dreamy fashion out into this Florida wilderness. Supper was hurriedly eaten as everyone was loathe to leave the deck even for so short a time.

By and by the moon came up and flooded the waters with its silvery light and the trees took on fantastic forms as the wind swayed their moss-covered limbs. We sailed in this fairland of light for an hour or more when the sky became overcast.

Suddenly a strange weird light spread over the waters and turned the Spanish moss into chains of silver for a time. The birds, disturbed in their sleep, flitted from tree to tree, while the splashing of the water indicated that even the reptiles were disturbed by the sudden glare.

The illumination came from the upper deck of the "Okeehumkee" where a huge iron box had been set up to act as a searchlight. It was a clumsy looking affair on the order of one of the paper burners used in cleaning up our city markets. The negro deck hands fed pine logs into the box and the dry wood sizzled and crackled as it lit up the river and its shores.

The weirdness of the scene was fascinating in the extreme and this was enhanced by the singing of the dusky crew as they piled on the logs.

It was after midnight when the passengers began to turn in and then they fell asleep listening to a negro with a clear tenor voice as he sang:

"Where the ring doves meet their mates,

Cooling at the cypress gates
Of the Oklawaha."

All night long the colored pilots kept their flambeau burning and the resinous flames lit up the banks outside the staterooms, and from their berths the passengers could see far into the jungle. One or two of the women declared that they saw animals prowling about and that they were terrified lest the wild creatures should climb into their cabins. Of course, this was imagination pure and simple, as alligators, snakes, turtles and birds are the only inhabitants of the Oklawaha shores. Recently a modern searchlight has taken the place of the

pine torches due to the fact that the authorities feared that during the dry season the sparks from the flames might set fire to the dry brush. While there was, of course, danger of this, the searchlight is not nearly so picturesque as the old-style light.

Plenty of Alligators.

Everybody was astir early in the morning and so eager to "view the landscape o'er" that little breakfast was eaten. About seven o'clock a small steamer passed us just at a point wide enough for that purpose, and except for a little boat which followed us, this seemed to be the only traffic on the stream. The morning was clear, and although it was January the day was like early June. All Nature seemed awake. The birds twittered as they flew back and forth across the river and the butterflies seemed to be pluming their wings in the sunlight as they lit on the bushes. Pretty soon the captain came on deck and began to point out alligator homes and at one place a good-sized drowsy "gator" which was taking a sun bath slid off the bank and splashed into the water. Then another, and still another followed. "I told you that alligators grew here!" said the pilot, "and alligators swimming about seemed to be in an aquarium or at least in a tank behind a glass plate. These springs have a surface area of about three acres and are held in five limestone basins. The largest basin is about eighty-five feet deep and two hundred feet wide and the water is so transparent that a dime thrown to the bottom can be clearly seen and all objects thrown into this particular pool have an iridescent glow."

The trip ends at this point and the passengers take a little jerkwater train going to Ocala, where connection is made for Jacksonville, and the city is reached in the evening. Those who prefer to make a quick trip may take a smaller and faster steamer which makes the trip in a day, but those who love Nature prefer the more primitive fashion of the slow-going boats. The journey of one hundred and thirty miles was made in twenty-four hours over a river which flows through the very heart of Florida.

There is no other place in this country where one can in comparative comfort and safety experience such weird wilderness of natural beauty and fantastic night scenes as on this picturesque stream.

