In this Bicentennial year, at this place where you gentlemen are learning the profession of arms, it is fitting to look back on your predecessors of the frontier army, which in a sense lasted until World War I. Most of their experiences will seem as exotic to you as yours would appear to them. Yet, the problems of getting along with other people in a tightly-knit community and of accomplishing missions under difficult circumstances are eternally present in the military.

Then, as one reads the letters, diaries, memoirs, and records, he does come across items that could have appeared in a recent newspaper. On July 29, 1801, the Army's ranking officer, James Wilkinson issued his second order in three months banning long hair. This time he added: "... the less hair about a soldier's head, the neater and cleaner will he be." In 1829 and 1830, a young infantry lieutenant at Fort Gratiot, Michigan, noted in his diary two threats against his life by enlisted men. He took them seriously since someone had recently killed a sergeant. A soldier did wound Samuel P. Heintzelman in August 1830, but this was apparently an accident. Finally, there is another startlingly modernistic incident recorded in the personnel file of a first lieutenant of 15 years service in 1894. The post surgeon at Fort Yates, North Dakota, reported that this officer had died because of an overdose of drugs.

The peacetime army of the nineteenth century (formal wars took up less than a decade of those hundred years) was a small force dispersed for the most part in tiny frontier posts. There were always contingents of varying strength in coastal forts, but those people would have had somewhat different experiences as would the staff officers in the cities. In 1804, 178 officers and approximately 2,500 men garrisoned 43 posts. At 37, there were less than a hundred officers and men and at the largest- New Orleans- there were only 375. In the 1870s, 1880s, and 1890s, some 2,100 officers and 25,000 men occupied up to 200 posts. With the end of the Indian Wars and the abandonment of many small stations in 1895 there were 77 posts of which seven still had less than 100 officers and men and the largest- Fort Leavenworth- had only 830.

Soldiers built most of those posts and their hunting and farming skills helped many of the garrisons through the early years. In fact, survival in the face of the challenges of the frontier was a major effort even if the Indians were not hostile. Actually there was less Indian fighting than one would assume- a good deal less than the motion-picture industry would have us believe. Some soldiers spent years on the frontier without ever hearing a shot fired in anger. It was just as well, at least in one case. As of January 18, 1831, at Fort Gratiot, Heintzelman reported: "We are now without cartridges at the Post." And he was properly miffed: "A fine situation for a military Post on the frontier and in an Indian country." As the representative of the Federal government and what passed for law and order on the frontier, the Army, on occasion, had more difficulty with the settlers than with the Indians. Some officers were even forced to defend their actions when carrying out orders before none too friendly settler juries in civil courts.

In almost any given peacetime year from the War of 1812 to the Spanish-American War, the newly-appointed second lieutenants were Military Academy graduates; however, this does not mean that the officer corps was a closed corporation for West Pointers. The spasms of war brought in sizeable numbers of officers from civil life and the ranks; and, in the rare peacetime expansions, Congress saw to it that many of the vacancies went to civilians. The wars were naturally the high
watermarks. They brought opportunities for distinction and promotion while the restless periods of peace meant years in grade on a treadmill of routine for most officers.

When John W. Phelps graduated from West Point in 1836, he wrote his sister about his assignment to the Fourth Artillery: "... it is called the immortal Regiment - there are lieuts in it with grey heads, fine prospects for me!" Sixty years later, second lieutenants found themselves in an identical situation. For thirty years after the Civil War aging Civil War veterans clogged the promotion channels. In 1895, the Commanding General of the Army, Nelson A. Miles, complained of the slowness of promotion and noted that "... many of the officers who commanded regiments, posts, and brigades in our civil war are now on the list of captains with very little prospect of immediate promotion." A despondent young officer could then have written as Phelps did in his sixth year as a lieutenant in 1842: "Our service is such that a Lieutenancy like a wet blanket is kept upon the officer's shoulders, till every spark of military pride and ambition is smothered."

The lack of a retirement program was a principal cause of this stagnation prior to the Civil War. Thus, overage and disabled officers remained on the active list, in effect as charity cases, blocking the advancement of their subordinates. Because of the absence of so many field grade officers from their regiments during the Mexican War; the Adjutant General investigated the situation in 1846. He found that only a third of the artillery majors, lieutenant colonels, and colonels were physically fit and that less than a third of their infantry counterparts were available for duty. He noted that a major in the Third Artillery, W. L. McClintock, "cannot walk; could not when he was promoted in June 1843, and will probably never be able to do a day's duty." In the Fourth Infantry, there was Major Waddy V. Cobbs who "cannot walk or ride, and has not performed a day's duty for seven years, and never can join his regiment." (Both died in 1848 but were still on the active list at the time of their deaths.) In that era, a young officer might find that his regimental commander was a venerable old soul in his eighties. In January 1861, the commander of the Fourth Infantry was William Whistler who had 60 years service as an officer. He had commanded the regiment since 1845. At the same time in the regiment there was a second lieutenant with seven and a half years service-Phillip H. Sheridan. Although a limited retirement plan went into effect in 1861, it was not until 1882 that retirement became mandatory at 64, hence the Civil War veterans were permitted to stay and slow down promotion into the twentieth century.

Pay was another sore point. For some fifty years (from before the War of 1812 to 1857) it remained essentially the same. The $25 monthly salary of second lieutenants even with emoluments was not a handsome wage on the frontier where the cost of living was high. One officer complained in 1836 that civilian quartermaster clerks made twice as much as he did. Almost eighteen percent of the regular officers (117) resigned that year. Although there were charges that some left to avoid service in the Seminole War, low pay and poor prospects were more likely reasons for their departure.

Those who served in California during the Gold Rush were in particularly straitened condition. John Bell Rood and a classmate, en route to their first unit after graduation, landed in San Francisco after an arduous journey via Panama in 1853 and hailed a carriage. When the driver told them that the fare to their hotel was $20, they prudently decided to walk. Expenses were exorbitant but there were also fantastic business opportunities. The combination brought about more resignations- among those who left the service were Grant, Halleck, and Sherman. The latter explained the situation to his friend George H. Thomas in late 1853: "Whatever effect California may have, there is no doubt it will cause promotion as many will be forced by necessity out of service, and many will be induced to leave to better their fortunes. . . . in fortune and reputation I am least of all [of our acquaintances], though at the head of a banking House. I hope after a few years labor to be able to live like a gentleman in Saint Louis."

Although officers continued to complain, pay was better after the Civil War. Infantry second lieutenants drew $116.67 a month in base pay and their mounted brethren received $125. Their pay,
perhaps, remained relatively below that of their civilian counterparts but there was no mass of resignations comparable to those in 1836 in the late nineteenth century.

The varying strengths and missions of the Army, the stagnated promotions, and the low pay set the terms of their careers for young officers. Although there naturally were individual differences, many experiences were similar as these lieutenants faced their first assignments.

For the first classmen at the Military Academy in the 1880s there was the excitement when the tradesmen came to measure for uniforms and civilian clothes and to take orders for these and whatever other items they would need. Less than 6 months after graduation in 1886, George J. Godfrey struck a familiar chord in a letter to his mother: "My experience in this matter of buying on credit is such that I will never do it again for I am bound hand and foot, so to speak, and must use all my energies in contriving how to send off enough each month to have the tradesmen paid in time." 8

After a few months of leave, the new graduates started on their long journey to the frontier stations. Often they met classmates who would accompany them part of the way. The Class of 1877 recorded some of the adventures en route. Two members were involved in stagecoach robberies before they reached their first post. The bandit who held up John I. Haden's coach near Santa Fe ordered the passengers out and began to search them. When he saw Haden's uniform, he did not bother to search him but turned away and muttered with disgust, "Damn it, you army officers never have any money." Henry Kirby was not so lucky. He lost his watch and five dollars to stagecoach robbers near Fort McKavett, Texas. 9

In 1854, Zenas R. Bliss had a particularly disagreeable journey. He reported to Governor's Island, New York, and was assigned to take a large detachment of recruits by sea to Texas. For seventeen days at sea, he wrestled with such problems as a fire, a severe storm, a brawl between the recruits and the sailors, a near mutiny, and a threat on his life. Incidentally, he had no noncommissioned officers to help share his burden. Once ashore, he had to round up the drunken recruits (he never found 37 of them), ignore the yellow fever then in progress, and march his men overland for several days to Fort Duncan, Texas. When he finally reached the end of this tortuous journey, he hitched his mule and joined some of his old friends at the sutler's. Upon his return he found the mule and his equipage stolen. 10

For some, the introduction to the small officer communities at isolated posts was most disheartening. A bookish West Pointer, grandson of Ethan Allen of Green Mountain Boys fame, Ethan Allen Hitchcock was appalled by the infantry officers he had to associate with in 1817-1824. "... a majority of them [were] dissipated men without education. They had no refinement of any sort and no taste for study. The general talk was of duels..." He also used the terms "profane, indecent, and licentious" to describe his fellow comrades in arms. 11

Some thirty years later, in 1852, when George Crook joined the Fourth Infantry at Benicia Barracks, California, he found a similar situation. All but two of the officers got drunk every day.

I had never seen such gambling and carousing before. The Commandant Major Day... seemed head and foremost of the revellers, one of his pass [sic] times when drunk was to pitch furniture in the center of the room and set fire to it.... My first duty after reporting was to serve as file closer to the funeral escort of Major Miller who had just died from the effects of strong drink. We all assembled in the room where lie the corps [sic]. When Major Day... said "hell fellars old Miller is dead and he can't drink so let us all take a drink." You can imagine my horror at hearing such an impious speech and coming from an officer of his age and rank. I couldn't believe this was real army life. Duty was performed in such a lax manner that I didn't even see my company for over a week after I joined, when I would suggest visiting it, I would be put off by its commander with some trivial excuse and probably would be invited to take a drink. 12
Another thirty years still did not see much change. George B. Duncan found all duties except guard mount and roll call suspended and most of the officers and men drunk during his first five or six days at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, in 1886. The explanation was that the paymaster had just passed through and paid off the command. Duncan later recalled: "To my unsophisticated mind this introduction to an army post made a deeply unfavorable impression and a regret that I had not resigned after graduation and taken a job which had been offered me on the New York Central Railroad." Duncan soon escaped to a more satisfactory albeit more dangerous assignment on an Indian reservation and stayed in the Army to become a division commander in World War I.13

Of course, there was more to frontier life than drunken revels. By no means did all officers drink. Some found their new surroundings as intoxicating as the hardest liquor. The forests, mountains, lakes, prairies, deserts and the people were fascinating. Many officers hunted and fished and some left descriptions of the settlers, gun-toting cowboys, Mexicans, and, most of all, the Indians and their customs. (The Smithsonian published several of John G. Bourke's scholarly dissertations on Indian customs.) Life was certainly more freewheeling on the frontier than in the States, as John Bigelow, Jr., noted a week after he arrived at Fort Duncan, Texas, in December 1877. He and another officer had taken four ladies across the Rio Grande that evening to see the sights of Piedras Negras. This New York aristocrat was shocked when one of the officer's wives pushed her way to the monte table and proceeded to hold her own with "ruffian gamblers." It did not raise her in his esteem when she told him that all the ladies gambled. Today, Mrs. Gasman would pass as a liberated woman. In 1877, she was considered a brazen hussy.14

Young bachelor second lieutenants had the worst quarters available. This could mean a tent or a shack constructed of logs, adobe, or sometimes just large sticks or thatch. At Fort Duncan in 1854, Bliss lived in a tent at first. The dust was so bad that he would wake up in the morning with the windward side of his face black with the blowing dust. Phil Sheridan took pity and asked him to share his picket or stick house. But he found that he was still at the mercy of the elements when a rare but heavy rain came through the makeshift roof in torrents.15 However grim or primitive the quarters, there were servants from among the ranks of the command and the camp followers to ameliorate or complicate the young officers' lives.

If there was an Indian war in the vicinity, an officer might find more than enough excitement and perhaps death with an expedition or on one of the patrols. Otherwise the daily routine might include supervising the soldiers as they built the fort or, in the early part of the century, roads and carried out the required farming chores. There was little or no target practice in the Army until 1880. Two West Pointers of the ante-bellum era mentioned that they did not learn to shoot a rifle until after their graduation.16 In some instances weeks would pass without any drills. On some posts there might be only an hour of drill and very little else to occupy the rest of the lieutenant's day. At others, it was a different story. John Withers wrote in his diary at Fort Vancouver, Oregon, in 1856: "I am kept as busy as a bee from Reveille until Tattoo." He was regimental quartermaster and acting adjutant, post adjutant, commissary and subsistence officer as well as caterer of the officers' mess. A cavalry lieutenant at Fort Walla Walla, Washington, informed his friends in 1877 that: "My company duties consist of attending reveille, morning stables, watering call, and sometimes retreat." He also said that the First Cavalry had two drills a day as a rule and, now that recruits were on hand, a third. Besides he had to spend time on courts and boards. He forgot to mention periodic tours as Officer of the Guard and Officer of the Day.17 Incidentally, in those days prior to large-scale literacy and the typewriter, many officers spent hours laboriously writing up the reports and doing the other required paperwork.

Recreation depended to a great extent on the size and location of the post. At a large garrison with a goodly number of officers' families there was a lot to do. If the post was near a town, there might be a great deal of reciprocal entertaining. Social calls, parties, dances, amateur theatricals, band concerts, and, in the latter part of the century, croquet and tennis, served to help pass the time pleasantly. Then, opportunities for horseback riding, hunting, and sometimes fishing were nearly
always present. For the young bachelors, frequently there were unattached girls. George Duncan noticed that "... they seemed to arrive about the time a bachelor lieutenant reported." His classmate, George Godfrey told of one such visit at Fort Sully, South Dakota, in the fall of 1889 when the post trader's sister-in-law appeared. "The young lady was not particularly bright or attractive, but on account of our contracted social life, her introduction into the garrison was a most welcome and appreciated event while her departure leaves us absolutely without anything to break the monotony and dreadful ennui incident to a very small community."

In the isolated, small, closely bounded officer communities, sex sometimes touched off explosions. At Camp Bowie, Arizona Territory, on a hot July afternoon in 1877, the post surgeon attacked Duane M. Greene on the croquet ground and accused him of seducing his wife. Greene, a second lieutenant of almost 5 years service who had been a captain in the Civil War, resigned within hours rather than face a general court martial on the charge of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

As days wore into weeks, months, and years, the tedium for some became overwhelmingly oppressive. On the occasion of his 25th birthday at Fort Gratiot, Heintzelman dolefully commented: "It is melancholy to think how I am spending my best days in this out of the way place without society, amusement or improvement." During his third year with a small detachment of artillerymen at Fort Brown, Texas, in 1856, John Phelps wrote: "Military life in peace, made up as it is of a routine and uninteresting little incidents, is wearing at best. . . ." Three years later, Captain Phelps had reached the breaking point. From Camp Floyd, Utah, he wrote a friend: "I am suffocating, physically, morally, and intellectually in every way. I am fairly gasping for fresh, outside air; and feel, as an officer said the other day, like begging to be taken out and hung for the sake of variety." Within the week, he handed in his resignation.

It is no wonder that the atmosphere virtually crackled at times with the tension induced by the tightness and isolation of these small officer communities. Petty matters could balloon into major crises as personalities ground on each other for dreary months and years. Quarrels and the resulting courts-martial were frequent. After all they did serve to break the monotony.

During February and March 1835, a brevet brigadier general and 13 other officers (about half of those present) at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, spent 22 days on a General Court Martial Board considering two cases. Two years later another court of inquiry sat for 27 days on a related case. All stemmed from the interaction of Maj. Richard B. Mason, 1st Lt. Jefferson Davis, and 2d Lt. Lucius B. Northrup of the Dragoons. In the first two instances, Mason preferred charges against his two subordinates. The last case resulted from a charge, among others, of the major's oppressive conduct toward Davis and Northrup.

Fort Gibson at that time was a major post with almost 500 officers and men. It was also an unhealthy spot. In November 1834, the returns listed more than half of the soldiers as sick. Conditions were bad and tempers frayed. In the transcripts one can find justification in the arguments of all concerned yet also be impressed by the absurdity of trivial incidents provoked by the difficulties of existence in that primitive place and exaggerated out of reasonable proportions in an atmosphere charged by the pressures of the situation. In Davis' trial, the absurdity peaked.

The charge against Davis was conduct subversive of good order and military discipline. What happened was that Davis, who had not been feeling well for some weeks, did not personally take reveille roll call in his company on the cold, rainy morning of December 24, 1834. Later in the day, when the major remonstrated with him Davis' apparent insolence infuriated him. Part of the specification read"... the said Lt. Davis did, in a highly disrespectful, insubordinate, and contemptuous manner abruptly turn upon his heel and walk off, saying at the same time, Hum..."

Since much was made of this during the trial. Davis in his defense gave it the attention it seemed to merit.
…instead of giving me credit for my silence which my acquaintance will readily believe resulted from military subordination, my accuser seizes upon an isolated meagre interjection as little expressive of any of its class, and magnifies it into an importance worthy the most significant word in the English language.

In such a word as 'hum' the tone and manner with which it is used must determine entirely the signification, to be mistaken as to the tone and manner is therefore to be mistaken in the meaning, and that the witness for the prosecution has probably mistaken the tone and manner is to be inferred from his uncertainty as to the time and position when the word was used, for in the specification to the charge against [mel preferred by the witness for the prosecution, it is stated that I walked off saying 'hum,' when first called as a witness before the court he states that I said hum immediately after his addressing me and then whirled upon my heel, and when questioned by the accused he states that the interjection was used whilst turning, if then the witness is uncertain as to the time and position, points, on which he might naturally be positive, how much more uncertain must he be as to the tone and manner, points, on which all men are liable (even under the most favorable circumstances) to err.

Davis won the case but he had had enough of the Army. Within a month he resigned. 23

The location and the condition of the fort and, most of all, the chemistry of the personalities thrown together could make a frontier tour a delight. Although the location and condition were not particularly good in the sod house post of Fort Atkinson on the Santa Fe trail in what is now western Kansas, Henry Heth later said that he enjoyed "the happiest three years of my army life" there in 1851-54. There were good companions such as Simon Bolivar Buckner with whom he read Shakespeare and played whist. There was no gambling and only moderate drinking. Then, the Indians proved to be endlessly fascinating to Heth. Finally, he liked to hunt. While there he killed a thousand buffalo- one of which he dispatched with a bow and arrow while riding bareback-Indian style. 24

Such delights did not appeal to many officers who escaped whenever possible to the States where they served on staffs or in whatever positions they could secure. A chronic complaint of unit commanders was the shortage of officers since so many were away on detached service. Other officers absented themselves on infrequent leaves of several months duration.

These furloughs must have been tremendous bolsters to the ego as well as therapeutic. Few evidently spent the entire time at home with relatives. There was too much to do in the cities. In New York, Philadelphia and Boston, they moved in the socially prominent circles- attended parties, dances, plays, concerts and operas. Many visited their alma mater on the Hudson and almost all went to Washington to press their ambitions upon senior officers and politicians. The young officer might dine with the commanding general and more than likely would visit the White House and meet the President. In 1842, Phelps commented on the heady experience of several days in the capital: "Washington is a fascinating [sic] place for a young man, he finds himself somehow a fellow apple floating down the tide with the great men of the country." With his self-importance confirmed and perhaps his hopes for the future raised, a lieutenant could then face three or four more years on the frontier. 25

In the 1890s the contours of army life changed. With the end of the Indian wars many of the small posts no longer served any need and were abandoned. The resulting concentration of troops in larger garrisons broadened possibilities for training as well as for a more amenable social life. Athletics began to flourish. No longer were lieutenants dependent on their particular regiments for promotion as the War Department began to make such promotion by branch. This eliminated one of the most gnawing irritations of the era. There was greater emphasis on professional improvement with
compulsory examinations for promotion, required attendance at post lyceums and the newly introduced efficiency reports.

The Spanish-American War established the Army on a new plateau. Although the war was brief, the new colonial responsibilities brought about a permanently larger army. By 1910, there were 4,310 officers and almost 67,500 men in this service. During the Spanish War and in the period of the Philippine Insurrection, as had happened in the Civil War era, many former enlisted men and civilians entered the officer corps. The trend toward professionalism continued with increased emphasis on education. And there were the beginnings of mechanization as the Army purchased its first airplanes and trucks. Nevertheless, a frontier veteran would have felt at home virtually until World War I.

In the first few years of the century, a sizeable number of Civil War veterans remained on active duty. The 1900 Register indicates that all of the general officers in the line, all of the regimental commanders, and a considerable proportion of field grade officers and captains had served in that war. Retirement soon forced all off the active list; however, a former drummer boy, John L. Clem, did not retire until August 1915—a couple of months after Dwight Eisenhower and his classmates became second lieutenants.

Although Congress raised the pay in 1908, it was reluctant to permit the Army to abandon some of the frontier posts. Thus Indian war veterans and some future World War II commanders served together in small garrison posts built to protect settlers from the Indians.

When William H. Simpson, who commanded the Ninth Army in World War II, reported to his first assignment in the Sixth Infantry Regiment in 1909, he found himself in a battalion post- Fort Lincoln, North Dakota. At that time a battalion had less than 300 men. He recalled that it was "...almost a Civil War Army that I joined. . . . The life was kind of simple; yet there was a discipline there that was very fine, and they were all reliable people." Promotion was still slow. Those of Gen. Simpson's classmates who went into the Coast Artillery Corps and Engineers made first lieutenant in two and three years respectively. But the Field Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry second lieutenants had to wait up to seven years. Simpson waited until July 1916 as did the World War II Eighth Army Commander, Robert L. Eichelberger, while Jacob L. Devers (Sixth Army Group) and George S. Patton (Third Army) were promoted in April and May of that year.

It was difficult for some old timers to adjust to new machines and to shake off the customs established through years of routine. Louis M. Nuttman, a graduate of the Class of 1895, recalled that during his first tour his unit did the paperwork with pen and ink. Every two months when they prepared multiple copies of the muster roll, it was customary for the officers, the first sergeant and the company clerk to gather at company headquarters. While one read the master copy, the others would follow in their manuscript copies to insure exact duplication. Years later, after the introduction of the typewriter, one old company commander of Nuttman's acquaintance still required a group reading to insure that all of the carbons were alike.

Some of the younger officers found a way out of this routine. Carl Spaatz spent only thirteen months with the 25th Infantry before he went to flight school in 1915. As he said later: "... it was a monotonous life. That's the reason I decided to get out of it and get in the flying game." It was dangerous but an earlier air pioneer, Benjamin D. Foulois, did not let that bother him. He had served in the ranks and had fought the Moros in the Philippines. Later he recalled: "Someone asked me how I lived through the early days of flying. I told them that anyone who lived through the fighting in the Philippines could live through anything." The horse was much more prominent than the airplane in the Army of that day. Riding was an art cultivated to the peak at the Mounted Service School at Fort Riley where weapons and tactics were rarely mentioned. Polo was the game which entranced the Army and officers, their ladies, and the children rode, jumped and hunted on horseback. It is no wonder that when young Spaatz paid court to the daughter of a cavalry colonel that the older gentleman might worry about the situation.
One evening at Fort Sam Houston after Spaatz had taken the girl out on a date, the colonel said to his wife: "Edith, I don't like Ruth going out with this young Spaatz so much." Mrs. Harrison responded: "Why not, Ralph? He's a very nice young man." "I know," the colonel said, "But he's in that fly-by-night thing—this Air Service. Never amount to anything, he'll never amount to anything." 

There has always been an Old Army and inevitably those who dwell on its glories, hardships or, at the least, its differences. This can be boring to the listeners, but on those frontier posts there was not much hope of escape for the youngster pinned down by the old timer who also happened to be a superior officer. One lieutenant, a future Chief of Staff, did solve the problem. Hugh L. Scott confided his technique to his mother. "...this is too much of a Tad Regiment for the old fogies—too many young Tads—[this was the Seventh Cavalry in 1878, hence, because of the losses at Little Big Horn, there was an unusually large number of new and younger faces.] When some old Capt. gets to bulldozing a youngster all the rest come to his assistance and the Capt. has no peace at the mess or anywhere else. ...No talk about the 'Old Army' and the 'service is going to the dogs' here—we all commence talking about what we did and saw at Cobb in '49 and it soon chokes off the 'Old Army'."

There is your antidote, gentlemen.


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