

**WEST POINT IN OUR NEXT
WAR; THE ONLY
WAY TO CREATE AND
TO MAINTAIN AN ARMY**

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West Point in our next war; the only way to create and to maintain an army by Maxwell Van Zandt Woodhull

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MAXWELL VAN ZANDT WOODHULL

**WEST POINT IN OUR NEXT
WAR; THE ONLY
WAY TO CREATE AND
TO MAINTAIN AN ARMY**

West Point
in
Our Next War

**The Only Way to Create
and to Maintain an Army**

By

Maxwell Van Zandt Woodhull, A.M.

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15th Army Corps and Army of the Tennessee
Brevet Brigadier-General United States Volunteers



UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

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MAXWELL VAN ZANDT WOODHULL

TO THE
ASTORIA

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

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To

THE MEMORY OF

MY DEAR AND GALLANT FATHER

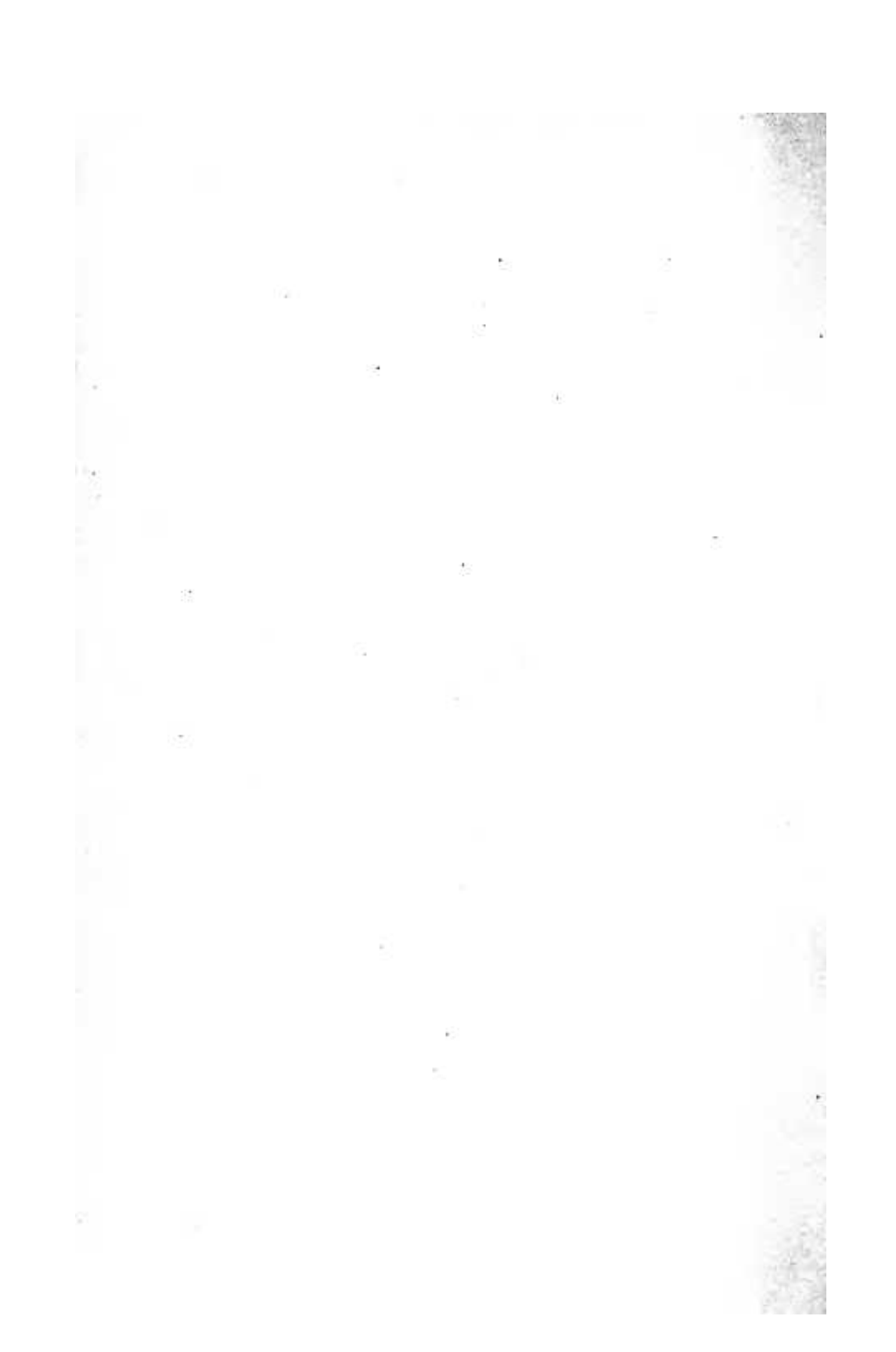
COMMANDER MAXWELL WOODHULL,

UNITED STATES NAVY

THESE PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

By THE AUTHOR

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INTRODUCTION

I AM the son of an officer of the old navy, a *Regular of Regulars*, and I had the honour to serve in the Volunteer Army of the United States during the War of the Rebellion.

My Father was a consistent advocate of a large and powerful navy. As a youth I met and knew many officers of the two services, friends of my Father, many of whom distinguished themselves in the army and navy of the United States, and in the service of the South, during the great war.

My Father's loyalty was of the sacred kind, which made his devotion to his country a part of his religion. Admiral Ammen, writing to me several years after the war, speaking of my Father, said, "His gallantry was unquestioned by all who knew him."

Reared under such auspices, associated from my earliest days up to the period of his untimely death with so noble a character as my Father, it would have been impossible for me not to have assimilated as my own some of his feelings and beliefs as to the service, and as to the officers of the army and navy, his associates and comrades.

Owing to the temper of the times, and to the spirit of secession which filled the air, my Father, whose belief in the national character of our people was unchangeable, wisely, *very wisely* as I have felt throughout my life, sent me to Miami University in the State of Ohio, instead of sending me to Harvard, for my college education. He told me that I should find the boys with whom I should play on the college campus the same kind of boys with whom I had been playing in Washington; that in character and in all essentials these boys were Americans, differing from the boys in the East only in non-essentials. I was the only boy from the east of the Alleghenies in the college. My associates were from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Kentucky, and Tennessee. After the novelty of my association wore off, and after I had become used to the difference of intonation between the East and the West, I found that my Father had been right: that the boys—of course we called ourselves young men—whom I met in the classrooms and on the college campus were in all essentials the same kind of boys as my young friends in Washington—all *Americans*, whether they happened to come from Indiana or Michigan, from Kentucky or Ohio. I look back, across the dead years, upon my residence at Miami with profound thankfulness for the judgment shown by my Father in sending me to this Western college, and with the tenderest recollections of my in-

structors and my college associates, from whatsoever part of the country they may have come.

While at college, in anticipation of entering the army, I read several military books, notably Jomini's *Art of War*, which was quite the vogue in the earnest days of 1861-1862. I followed the movements of the armies, as reported in the public press, with close attention, often, I fear, to the prejudice of my studies; but, like most of the young men about me, talked and thought much of military matters, impatiently awaiting the coming of the time when I should have the opportunity of going into the army.

After entering the army, guided by experience, I had to modify many of my impressions which I had considered as firmly bedded as the great hills, and to form new impressions as time passed and experience grew. In the army, *in time of war*, men grow rapidly; they think fast, they observe acutely, and they form impressions readily. If this be not the effect of service upon them they are useless in the army. If a man does not grow, and grow rapidly, as experiences unfold themselves, he may have all the technique of the profession at his fingers' ends, and yet be worthless as a soldier.

I think I may say that I carried into the army a clear and observing mind, disciplined by study, and a disposition to do my duty cheerfully and