

a total of an hour, one good soldier, and a bright-orange grease pencil. And you can do it, right along with everything else you've got to do.

All it takes is an hour's worth of time to take an able and willing soldier and get him started toward becoming an able and willing leader. The next week, he'll be closer to your standards. It'll be time then to start him reading in that new NCO Guide, and watching other good NCOs, and talking with you about all that. And then you can begin delegating to him some of the easy tasks at the bottom of your list of "100 things to do." That will save you hours of your time. You'll get your time investment back, with interest.

And what do you do with the interest? Plow it right back in again. More teaching and more coaching for the one you just got started, or, plant some more seeds. Pretty soon, your young sprouts will become saplings,

and then you'll have a performance-based reason for deciding who to promote, or who to get started up into the NCO educational system — up into the "pro" ranks.

The simple motor pool example is the essence of unit-level leadership development across the board. Every "able and willing" soldier in your unit is a potential leader. And the example works, not just with a young soldier starting to become a leader, but with any leader who is able and willing — private, sergeant, or lieutenant.

As his leader, part of your job is to keep him moving up toward the next higher level. Coaching and critiquing will take your time. So will sending him to school. So will standing up for him when he screws up. But that time isn't just time "spent." It's invested, and it will come back to the leadership of your unit with compound interest.

Now go scrounge up a bright-orange grease pencil!

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# A Cottonbaler



MAJOR DANIEL A. RAYMOND JR.

Nestled in the foothills of the Spessart Rhon Mountains in West Germany is a small kaserne that belongs to the soldiers of the 1st Battalion (Mechanized), 7th Infantry. This is no average unit and it contains no average soldiers. They are all "Cottonbalers," descendants of the soldiers who proudly won their nickname at the Battle of New Orleans in the War of 1812.

I have been assigned to five Army divisions and served with many fine soldiers but never have I met a group of young men who believed so much in their heritage and did so much to live up to the history of the most decorated infantry regiment in the United States Army. Over the course of time I, too, began to feel this unit had its own manifest destiny and became a believer in "Cottonbaler

magic." The story of these soldiers should not be left untold.

I am indebted to Theodore Roosevelt and the author of the epic poem "I Am The Infantry," both of whom inspired my thoughts. To the men of the 7th Infantry Regiment, past, present, and future, I dedicate this poem.

## I AM A COTTONBALER

*Before you stands a damn fine soldier . . . a Cottonbaler, by God! I can be counted on to accomplish any task — any job. I have been in the arena — my face is marred with dust, sweat and blood. I have*

*known the sweet fragrance of freedom for I have paid the price. I am a damn fine soldier . . . a Cottonbaler, by God!*

*I earned my nickname at Chalmette in the War of*

1812 . . . we stacked cottonbales on the levee with Andrew Jackson and took the fury of the British square. With spent musket and cannon the British retired from the field that day. They had met some damn fine soldiers . . . Cottonbalers, by God!

I remembered the Alamo . . . traveled south and left my mark and my blood at Monterey, Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo. I marched triumphantly into Mexico City . . . proudly proclaiming . . . Cottonbalers, by God!

The sound of fury from Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, and Chattanooga still rings in my ears, and I witnessed the closing acts of this internal strife at Gettysburg. I had fought my brother, but done my job . . . a Cottonbaler, by God!

I helped win the West . . . met a proud adversary after Little Big Horn and can count my fallen comrades against the Creeks, Seminoles, and Utes. I stormed the slopes of San Juan Hill and Santiago and met triumph in the Philippines. I am a Cottonbaler, by God!

My rest was short . . . I crossed over the sea and marched into France. I fought and died at Chateau Thierry . . . stood like a rock on the Marne . . . and smashed onward into St. Mihiel and Meuse Argonne . . . I left behind a lot of damn fine soldiers . . . all Cottonbalers, by God!

Peace at last . . . and rest . . . but not for long. I assaulted the beaches of Morocco and bloodied my tired feet in Tunisia, Sicily, Naples, Anzio, and Rome. I crossed the Channel and returned to France, beat through the hedgerows and fought into the Rhineland, Ardennes, and Central Europe. I saw the horror of war near Dachau, pushed into Nurenburg and saw a dying Third Reich in Berchtesgaden. We led the way . . . Cottonbalers, by God!

I was one of the first to see action in Korea. I

unslung my rifle and hitched up my belt once again. I stopped the Communist Chinese, relieved battered Marines, and kept the corridor open with my blood. I spilled my guts at the Iron Triangle and showed my courage with eight Medals of Honor. They were all damn fine soldiers . . . Cottonbalers, by God!

I fought the tenacious Vietcong through rice paddy, steaming jungle, and forest. I met the determined NVA and rose to every challenge in this country far away. I fought and spilled my blood when others chose to run. I did my duty . . . I honored my country . . . I am a damn fine soldier . . . a Cottonbaler, by God!

Today, I stand on freedom's frontier . . . a fighting team . . . willing and able. When you speak of the Infantry, I am the Infantry . . . my brothers before me, present and those to come . . . all proud soldiers . . . all damn fine soldiers . . . all Cottonbalers, by God!

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## A BILATERAL STAFF



MAJOR WALTER E. MATHER

Although its exact organization is not prescribed in an Army field manual, the mechanized infantry battalion staff traditionally has used the same organizational structure that is used by brigade and higher level staffs (Figure 1). In a mechanized in-

fantry battalion, the battalion motor officer (BMO) is considered a principal staff officer, and this only reflects his overall importance to the unit's successful operation.

This conventional staff organization appears logical and functional.

But it does not reflect reality, and it certainly does not encourage efficient staff action. The main problem revolves around the actual relationship between the commander and his principal staff officer for training and operations, the S3.