



“Saddle up . . . Tonight we ride!” Years ago, as a young captain, I drilled my two- and three-year-old daughters until they responded in unison with the refrain “tonight we ride,” when prompted with “Saddle up!” The ritual was cute; the girls enjoyed themselves. Today at the advanced ages of seven and eight, the girls find the ritual demeaning and seldom indulge Dad. Fortunately, I have another daughter and candidate for the ritual, so as she closed on her second birthday, I shifted my efforts. She grasped the concept quickly and responded appropriately with “Tonight we ride.” But the ritual took a strange turn when she suddenly paused, fixed me with her big green eyes, and asked, “Where we ridin’ to?” Damn, that’s a good question, I thought.

“Where are we riding to?” Cold warriors in Europe answered a bugle call which took the form of an early-morning phone call and the words “Lariat Advance.” They patrolled a border that no longer exists and moved to defensive positions long-since forgotten. Today, tankers and cavalymen in Europe patrol countries and republics that until recently did not exist, and a tank battalion from Germany will deploy to Kuwait this spring for Intrinsic Action. Had anyone speculated then that tank or cavalry units might inspect weapon storage sites in a country called Bosnia, patrol in the Former Republic of Macedonia, or deploy to southwest Asia, he would have been thrown out of the vault where the trusty battle books were stored.

Where are we riding to, or better yet, what will we cross the LD in, and how will we fight meeting en-

agements in the next century? Things change; there are few constants in life. One constant for 111 years has been *ARMOR* Magazine, which began life as the *Journal of the U.S. Cavalry Association* in 1888. For over a century, the magazine has served our profession as a crucial forum for professional discussion, surviving name changes, 38 editors, budget cuts, and a relocation to continue as the premier journal for discussions of mounted maneuver warfare. *ARMOR* Magazine will carry the discussion into the next century. “Where are we riding to?” I don’t have a definitive answer, but I’m willing to wager that answers will be postulated and debated in that constant — *ARMOR* Magazine.

Answers will take the form of letters, suggestions, dialogue, and material from the field which sustain this journal. *ARMOR* Magazine depends upon its readers. Take a quick glance, if you haven’t already, at our masthead. The magazine runs lean; it’s a small competent team that publishes *ARMOR*, so I ask you to participate in the dialogue and exchange of ideas, and to those who have done so in the past, my thanks.

It’s my privilege to take up the reins as editor-in-chief. Like the editor before me, I pledge to dedicate my efforts and those of the staff to continue the journal’s focus on warfighting.

My thanks to LTC Terry Blakely, who quite simply has done a splendid job and leaves a universally respected magazine in his wake. To Terry and his family we bid in Navy-speak, “Fair winds and following seas.” — D2

By Order of the Secretary of the Army:

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