

Captain Camp dropped half a bottle of ipecac in his throat. Then he said, "Now you can turn him loose." And sure enough, this had a remarkable effect. We never had any more drunks the whole time I was there. He lived, of course, he was just feeling kind of bad.

About the middle of August I got orders to go on to the Engineer School, which is where I had been going anyway. Yes, I had a siege of CCC, and that's why I thought in terms of getting reserve officers who had been on that kind of duty when I was activating the 79th Engineers, because you did learn the living, housing, and eating business; and discipline, which lets you get started so you can do some training.

Q: Where did you go from there?

A: Next we went to the Engineer School for the regular company officer's course, which was an interesting year, not terribly head-stretching. Then I went to West Point as an instructor in military engineering and military history.

At West Point, Westmoreland was one of my students, Throckmorton, Fred Clarke, Abrams.<sup>32</sup> Fred Clarke was the class of '37; Throckmorton, '35; Abrams and Westmoreland, '36. Goodpaster was a cadet.<sup>33</sup> His father-in-law was an executive officer at the military academy later on. I knew his wife, his father-in-law, and mother-in-law as well as him.

Abrams was one of the best soldier's soldiers, I believe. Later on I visited him around the world from time to time on inspection or one thing or another, and he impressed me every time. He was down to earth and knew what he was doing, knew how to get it done. Of course, looking at it from the viewpoint of Vietnam, none of them look too good because that wasn't the right kind of war to be in. When you go back to it, there hasn't been a war since World War II that we've tried to win. We've tried just to not lose them, and that makes a helluva difference. You know, in a football game like last week's Rose Bowl [January 1978] one team was beating the daylights out of the other. But then they decided to be conservative and just hang on, and zingo, two touchdowns and the other team

almost caught up to them. Well, it's somewhat the same way in the military. You can see it too often.

While I was an instructor at West Point -- I'm not sure if it was the summer of '35 or the summer of '36 -- but another officer and I in the engineering department at the military academy were sent up to Cornell to get ready to increase the amount of instruction on concrete that was given to the cadets, the first classmen. It wasn't very much, even when we increased it. The department had decided they were going to use the textbook of Urquhart and O'Rourke from Cornell,<sup>34</sup> and so we were sent up there to take some courses during summer school and get to be the experts to teach the other instructors.

When we got up to Cornell, we found to our surprise that Urquhart and O'Rourke were putting out a new edition and were pretty well wrapped up in that and weren't doing much teaching that summer. I conceived the idea that we would volunteer to proofread the book for them, if they would in turn answer completely and fully anything we were questioning or brought up. This turned out to be a fine deal for us, I don't **know** about O'Rourke and Urquhart.

The way it worked out, we sat down in our room where we were boarding or staying, I forgot what, and proofread that **book** for every nit-pick because we knew the cadets would nit-pick and ask questions. About twice a week we'd make a date with Urquhart and go over to see him with our voluminous notes, and he'd **try** and answer the questions. Well, he would sometimes answer the questions that were probably satisfactory to me, but I knew I couldn't take that and explain it to the cadets, so we'd dig into him some more. And finally, quite often, he'd **say**, "That's in O'Rourke's part of the book, let me get him." So he'd disappear out the door and come **back** with O'Rourke and O'Rourke would do the same thing. Finally, I would just say, "I don't believe I can explain that." O'Rourke said several times, "I'm sorry, I don't blame you. In all honesty, I just took that from so and so's textbook. I can't give you any better answer than that. I just **bodily** lifted it." That gave me a little more insight

into the textbook world! It worked out real well, and we worked hard at it. We did them a lot of **good, I** I'm sure, in proofreading. They corrected things where their language was not too clear. We went back and then had to teach the other instructors what we thought we had learned about it and at least show them the tricks of the trade in the book.

While at Cornell, to get a little bit of variety, I took introduction to engineering geology. It was extremely interesting because Cornell' is in the Finger Lake country, and I got interested in pulling fossils out of the side[s] of cliffs. The course was strictly a child's guide to geology, but it opened up the subject. I later used information and enjoyed it tremendously in going around Alaska.

The next summer when the cadets had gone, Colonel Mitchell called me and said, "Look, I think there's a chance for us to get some of the equipment from Passamaquoddy, which was then just closing down, and they had a concrete lab.<sup>35</sup> He told me that if I could talk them out of any that was declared surplus and bring it down, he'd try to set up a better laboratory arrangement. This, of course, was glorious, and I took off with my wife and we drove up there. I saw Passamaquoddy grinding to a halt and winding down and saw the lab stuff and was particularly impressed with the man who ran it, a man named [Charles E.] Wuerple.<sup>36</sup> And I came back and recommended highly that we get the whole **thing** and that we bring Wuerple, too, and that in order to finance this we recommend to work a deal for a laboratory established at the military academy jointly for the use of training cadets and for the North Atlantic Division. I don't remember the details, but it worked. We got a new building. We got Wuerple, and we got his lab. He ran a concrete lab for the North Atlantic Division and any other Corps activity, and we got the use of the facility for training cadets. We got the backing of him and his staff to help us when it came to putting this instruction over. That went on for some little time. Finally they moved Wuerple away, I think up to Mount Vernon, New York. They just left it as a cadet laboratory without any real research. Eventually, Wuerple became the paid executive for the concrete

association. Somewhere up in the Milwaukee area was his headquarters.

Passamaquoddy was the tidal project. It was a big project during the Depression at the same time they first started to build the cross-Florida barge canal -- those were the two big things. It's right up on the border between Maine and Quebec, Canada, and there's a tidal switch of .25 or 30 feet. They were going to control that and build a series of lakes and switch **from one to** the other. It was a good project. It cost a lot of dough. It was definitely a New Deal thing. It was to make work and of course it would have some benefits. The major trouble was there wasn't any industry up in that part of Maine that could economically use the power. The cost of transmitting the **power** from there to the Boston area was really one of the obstacles to making it a real successful project. But they had a brand new lab. They were making freezing and thawing tests on the concrete and things like that, so **it** would be important in that area. Wuerple was an outstanding expert in the thing, so it was effective.

Q: How would you compare West Point when you returned as an instructor [1934-1938] with West Point when you were a cadet?

A: Well, let me set a little background for you. **My** father had been offered an opportunity to get back to West Point early in my cadet life, and he very kindly turned it down. About a month before I graduated, about the first of May, he accepted another offer and as executive officer was the number two guy to the superintendent, not on the cadet side but on the post side. The executive officer supervised everything for the superintendent but the cadet activities. He stayed there as executive officer clear up to the **early** part of '35, through a couple of superintendents.

**When** I went back up there in '34, I was teaching my brother in the class of '35. We had a weekly Sunday dinner at my folks' house, and we made a deal that nothing said on that occasion could be used by anybody else in any way that would trap anybody. **So my** father could talk about things from **the** administration viewpoint, I could talk from the

instructor level, and my brother could talk from the cadet level. We had quite a combination there, but we carefully avoided using anything that we'd heard. We had a pretty good concept of what was going on. As far as I'm concerned, there wasn't a heck of a lot of change between the time I was a cadet and those times. As far as the honor system and what it was trying to accomplish and all that business, I was satisfied with it. I had a good feeling about it at that time, and I don't think there was any difference -- the honor code was working the same way pretty much. The size was about the same. There was not too much difference.

Q: And from West Point you went to the Command and General Staff School?

A: Command and General Staff School<sup>37</sup> **was really a** shock because it was a tough place to get into. People were competing for the assignment all the time. I wasn't competing. I was just a lieutenant, and there was one other lieutenant. The personnel officer from the Chief's office came up to West Point one day and took me aside and said, "I think we're going to send **you to** Leavenworth as a student." I nearly dropped dead! But it was real fine and a wonderful thing. It really made **me**.

Q: Did they give you a reason for picking you out?

A: I don't know why they did.

Q: It wasn't usual for an officer of your rank, was it?

A: Oh no. In the prior years there had been a two-year course, and there had been a couple of suicides at Leavenworth, not doing too well at it. It was real talent they were collecting there. The other lieutenant was an Air Force man, nonacademy, named [Paul] Hansell, who was considered the finest theoretical tactician in the Air Force, at least the other people always told us this, people like Tommy White, a future Air Force chief of staff. I was extremely young. As a matter of fact, during the year enough people were promoted to major and lieutenant colonel who passed on captain's bars, and major's leaves, and even lieutenant colonel's leaves, that I never bought any of that insignia.