CHAPTER I

The Early Years

A: I came from a modest but hard-working family. All of my grandparents were born in Canada, and they were about the eighth or ninth generation of the family that were. The early French families are easily traced back, and there are four volumes on them from the Institute Drouin in Canada traced from our earliest ancestor who came to Canada in 1659. These early settlers were French Catholics, who came over to build French Canada. They arrived from La Rochelle on the Saint Andre in 1659 about the time when religious difficulties were developing in France. They lived the hard life of pioneers in Canada of those generations. Consequently, none of them had any great claim to fame. They were simple people, lived close to the soil, had great belief in God, and were given to considerable longevity. They were hardy people. They were prolific people as far as their families were concerned.

In any event, going back to my grandfathers in particular, my grandfather on the Trudeau side enlisted as a young man in the Vermont infantry during our Civil War in 1861. After the war, he went back and got his bride, who was a Canadian girl, and they both returned to the United States. They lived in a village near Middlebury, Vermont, where I was born. I found the records of that family dating back to 1862 in the old village hall in New Haven, Vermont. My grandparents on my mother's side had similar backgrounds. They both came from Canada, although my maternal grandfather was not a U.S. veteran. On my father's side, he was the tenth of 13 children and his father died as the result of wounds some years after the war when my father was ten years of age.

My father's education was rather limited by that fact. As one of the older sons, he had to go to work. He was a man of great natural intelligence. He was a mathematical wizard almost. He was a man of great strength. He had started in the marble mills of Vermont, and I have seen him many times take members of the Middlebury College football team and just put them all over the mat although he was a small man of only 155 pounds. In any event, we had a good family life.

My mother was a very intelligent woman, a fine pianist, and also a fine organist. They loved fun and they loved people. I think I acquired some of my liking of people from both of them. We were good Christians. It was a Catholic family and I was the oldest of four children, two brothers and a sister.

One of my early playmates was a boy named Fletcher, Warner Fletcher. He was named for his grandfather, who was always called Colonel Warner. They were a leading family in the village, and Warner and I were very close friends all our lives. I will mention another one -- Vice Admiral George Russell, U. S. Navy, recently deceased. He and I were born next door to each other and were boyhood friends. The three of us played soldier and cowboys and Indians along with exploration of the west. Colonel Warner had been a West Pointer and Warner Fletcher, his grandson, my pal, still had his uniforms and sword. I remember we used to get them out and admire them. We read everything we could and apparently it had its impact, since we both went to West Point. I'm sure all of us read every Horatio Alger story that was ever written, so we all developed solid goals in life.

At that time I decided what I wanted. I was a good student and a good athlete. I decided that I wanted to go to West Point, be an officer, and be an Engineer officer. I accomplished all three. George Russell went to the Naval Academy; Warner Fletcher went to West Point and then into the Army Air Corps. He was killed, unfortunately, in an aircraft accident in 1925.

You will see then that Warner and George had considerable impact on me as a boy. They were about two years older than I was. We lived on the same street. We saw many of the same people, although in those days there was a shadow between the old Yankee families and the French Canadians, mostly farmers, and others who arrived -- the Irish, a few Poles, some Italians -- to work in the quarries of Vermont.

This difference or gap, whatever you want to call it, of course, has long since disappeared, by and large. It was accented by the fact that most immigrants from Europe plus those of French Canadian descent were Catholics whereas the others were of diverse Protestant religions. Even as a small boy this was a gap that could be felt. What is interesting to notice is the strength -- and I use this word broadly -- of

these immigrant peoples and their later success relative to the descendants of some of the earlier Yankee group over these past decades. Perhaps it was because they had to work harder for what they got. They have all come through well.

Getting back to other incidents leading up to West Point: I worked during summers, in particular, and I did odd jobs at other times for my family and for others. I remember the summer of 1916 when I was 14 years old and George Russell and I and two other boys worked as bellhops in the Addison House in Middlebury, Vermont, which is now called the Middlebury Inn. As bellboys we had to do all sorts of things, but we weren't too proud to do whatever we had to do.

Russell's father was a prominent attorney in town. He had more stature than my father did. My father was a village trustee for more than 20 years, however, which is one of the most respected elective offices in a small New England village. There are seven of them elected by the people of the village, and they run the local government -- no mayor. It is run by a Board of Trustees. This is the old New England system.

Speaking about my Addison House experience, there were times, particularly during the county fair -- which always occurred during the last week of August -- that the shoeshine business got to be real heavy in the hotel. You couldn't go through the week without heavy rain. All of us had to work to beat the devil to do that as well as our other jobs. George and I tried to outshine each other on other people's shoes. We both had the urge to always be the best. The other boys didn't give a damn and got away with as little as they could. Anyway, they both ended up spending unimportant and uninteresting lives doing rather menial jobs in Vermont. I think there is a lesson here.

One of the jobs I had when the war broke in 1917 was in a grocery store. This was owned by a man named Hanfield who happened to be a friend and next door neighbor of my family. He was a nice man and always very nice to me. He was very tightfisted, but that was typical of New England people to whom money came hard, and they took care of what they had. In any event, the point I am making here (because it certainly was a turning point) involves one Saturday night when the store closed. It was about 10:30PM because the farmers all came into town shopping on

Saturday afternoon or evening in those days. I guess they still do in the small villages in the West and New England. He had taken the cash from the cash register and gone up to his desk, which was at the rear of the store. I was sweeping up from behind the counters when I noticed a ten-dollar bill on the floor. I put down my broom, took the ten-dollar bill up to him, and said, "You must have dropped this, Mr. Hanfield." He said, "Yes, thank you very much." He was very pleasant and appreciative, but I later found out that he had been testing me because the president of the bank, which was only two doors away, was considering me for employment in the bank. Our young men had gone to war and they needed someone, part time at least. So this was the test. I don't think the president of the bank prescribed it, but in any event he had asked Mr. Hanfield for a recommendation on me, and this was the means that Mr. Hanfield used to test me. Quite obviously, here was a critical point.

I then went into the bank. I worked there during the summer of 1918. As a matter of fact, they wanted me to stay on full time. The pay was $30 a month. They promised to give me $60 if I worked full time during the school year. I was tempted, as a boy would be, to do that, but I wanted to go to West Point and I particularly wanted to go back to play football. So I went back to school, retained part-time employment and arranged my courses in school so that I was excused from study hall. I was successful in completing my courses and graduated, although I did so poorly in Latin IV that I had to get a tutor during Christmas week of 1918 in European history to offset my poor grade in fourth-year Latin.

When I decided I wanted to go on to further education I was invited to the University of Vermont and considered entering there in the fall of 1919. I also considered Dartmouth but when I expressed my interest to Mr. Pinney, who was president of the bank, about West Point, he said, "I'm going to help you."

The leading man in our town was a representative in the Vermont legislature and later the governor, John E. Weeks. Through Mr. Pinney and Mr. Weeks I had the opportunity (and they were scarce) to take the competitive examinations for West Point to enter in 1920. This I did. My high school record was good. I

worked full time at the bank instead of entering the University of Vermont, feeling sure that I could make it. I took the competitive exams, and I succeeded in passing those without too much difficulty.

I remember one humorous thing in taking the physical examination, however, at Fort Ethan Allen. I weighed 122 pounds and the minimum weight was 125. Of course, in those days waivers weren't as generously given as they are today. There wasn't that kind of flexibility. I prepared for my examinations on the morning when I was to take them by eating seven or eight bananas because I was told that they would add great poundage. The unfortunate thing was that, after registration and taking one of the mental exams first, the bananas (the extra weight) sort of disappeared by afternoon. In any event, I guess they allowed me a couple of pounds to pass the requirements.

I was notified a few months later by good Senator Page of those days that I was the number-two man of the 15 who had taken his competitive exam, and he had one appointment for Annapolis and one for West Point. The number-one man had chosen West Point, so he offered me his principal appointment to Annapolis or the first-alternate appointment to West Point. I thought about that carefully. I decided on West Point and I never regretted that, with all due respect to the Navy. It was what I wanted most.

While I was waiting to hear from Washington, two things happened. First, Senator Dillingham, the other senator in my state, also had an appointment, so I had applied to Senator Dillingham with recommendations from Mr. Weeks and Mr. Pinney. Senator Dillingham's principal failed for one reason or another, so I was soon notified that I had Dillingham's appointment. Secondly, the Army decided to double the number going into West Point, as there was practically nobody left because of early graduations during World War I. By the time I entered on July 1st, 1920, I had Dillingham's principal appointment and I had an appointment from Page that was as good as the principal. There was even some confusion at West Point as to which appointment governed. In any event, I was now qualified to enter West Point.

I know you want me to talk more about Middlebury and the French Canadian environment. It wasn't largely a French Canadian environment. We were near Canada and there were a considerable number of French Canadians

in the village, mostly farmers. There never was any open strife between people of varying European nationalities that I ever heard of. There might have been an occasional brawl between a Polish chap and an Italian or an Irishman or a Frenchman or a Yankee, but nothing severe in that respect. This may be surprising in itself. You have to realize this was in the days before labor exercised much power -- organized labor.

For instance, there would be a shipload of immigrants to arrive in New York, let's say from Poland. Perhaps the Vermont Marble Company, which operated throughout the state, could absorb 100 immigrant families. They would come to Vermont and be sent to various towns where they were needed. There were marble or granite mills and quarries all through that state. Perhaps two years later there would be an expansion or maybe some of the early employees would shift to farms or small industry; there wasn't much else. A new group of immigrants from another country would arrive. This certainly helped to prevent any large-scale labor organization, and, of course, the wage and working demands on men who were right on the bottom then were rather severe. I remember that in those days a newly employed man (and this might go on for several years) was working a ten-hour day in a marble mill for 20 an hour on a six-day week. These were pretty tough circumstances for those people. My father had certain skills and a foreman's abilities that brought him up fast, but he still was a very hard-working man.

You were also wondering, since the war was going on, if there was any effort on the part of the government -- local, state or national -- to help subdue dissent that might have been created by the war. There was no dissent. They hardly had to exercise the draft. Everybody tried to go. I tried to enlist myself in the Royal Canadian Air Force because they used to send bands and bagpipers down through Vermont recruiting. Some of my pals did while we were still in high school but they didn't end up flying planes. They ended up in machine-gun and infantry battalions, but at least they went. Most of them came back. There was no dissent.

There was tremendous patriotic approval. I'm afraid we have lost that kind of spirit. The movement to the cities and the changes in life, the lack of any discipline exercised by the country, the church, the schools, or most families, have resulted in a hodgepodge where these youngsters don't know where

they are going. They don't even know why they are here, which is sad indeed. I don't know the answer, except to hope that the pendulum will swing through and we'll come to better days before it is too late. In this connection I am reminded of a saying which I would like to inject here because it may be prophetic. In viewing the problems of our civilization today, I am taken back to a statement made 65 years ago by Hudson Maxim, a great inventor and a strong patriot. He said in 1915, and I quote, "Fate has decreed that our pride shall be humbled, and that we shall be bowed to the dust. We must first put on a sackcloth, ashed in the embers of our burning homes. Perhaps, when we build anew on the fire-blackened desolation, our mood may be receptive of the knowledge that we must shield our homes with blood and brawn and iron."

Vermont was a strong Republican state. A Democrat was almost an oddity of whatever ethnic nationality we might be speaking. Teddy Roosevelt was our hero, and even in 1912 when I was a boy of ten years I remember that when he came to the Rutland Fair, the people went absolutely wild. But they accepted Woodrow Wilson and they backed him. I never heard of dissent, or any group that tried to create dissent, with respect to the exercise of authority by our President or by anybody else in a responsible position. We never heard any organized resentment. This modern approach to anarchy through violence, it never appeared in those days. It would have been almost unthinkable.

Speaking of President Wilson, I remember that he announced his 14 points for peace in 1916. I was the one selected to give them on the stage of the town hall on Memorial Day, which was always a great day in all our villages. After the parade, the people ended up in the town hall and heard speeches. So I had this one to give, and I think that I had gotten only to the 12th point when I forgot the next. My prompter, instead of speaking just from the wings, marched boldly out on the stage and said, "Arthur, the 13th point, (the 12th or whatever it was) of Wilson's 14 points is as follows." She then read it to the audience.

As boys we used to go up to the Delta Kappa Episilon fraternity house at Middlebury College. This was a small college of less than 200 students in those days. Some of the seniors would be teaching courses in our high school and others were our athletic

coaches. So George Russell and I would be there frequently. Those were the days when banjos, banjo-mandolins, and string instruments were very popular in frat houses and orchestras. Well, I am left-handed and you can't pick up someone else's banjo or mandolin that is strung right-handed and restring it, you know, each time. So I just took one and started playing it. I developed a technique that is different. It is different but it is reasonably effective, let's say. So that is the story on that.

George went to Annapolis in 1917 and became one of the great banjo players of the country; he's the Admiral Russell that I told you about. When George had the submarine forces in Hawaii during the war, his Special Services Officer was Lieutenant Commander Eddie Peabody, who everybody knows was absolutely the greatest banjo player in the country. They lived and played banjos together. Eddie died of a heart attack when he was playing down in Tennessee or Kentucky about 1970 -- unfortunately. He was a tremendous banjo player and taught George a lot. George played better than I do, but we still had some wonderful jam sessions while flag-rank officers in the Pentagon.

I forgot one point. In high school we had some remarkably dedicated teachers when I went to school. Most of them were women. But there were two of them -- one, Frances Warner, in science. and another, Evelyn Muldoon, in English -- who, to me, were beacons to my future and I would like to give them credit.

Q: I'm not so sure that we have many people who talk about their teachers today. There isn't that dedication. I don't want to belabor the banjo, but I must admit that you have impressed a lot of people with your banjo playing. Let us turn to your days at West Point.

A: My days at West Point were happy days from beginning to end. I didn't succeed in doing too much in athletics when I was a plebe. I developed physically and put on some weight. By the time I was a yearling I probably weighed about 135 or 137 pounds, so I couldn't get into the major sports. I was a good student. My class was 658 and the largest class ever entered to date. There were only two other classes, totalling about 400, at West Point then because of early graduations during the war. We graduated 405, which will show you the attrition was something over one-third during the four years. At the end of the

first year, I stood about 100th in my class. Each year I improved. By the time I reached my first-class (senior) year, I stood in the first three percent academically.

I was the number-one man in general military rating as a first-classman, which completely startled the commandant and other senior officers because they thought they had their man already selected. I topped him because of an excellent athletic record. I was the two-miler in track, captain of cross-country, and on the hockey team, so I had a lot of athletic credits. My academics were very high. Apparently both the tactical officers and my fellow cadets thought reasonably well of me so that I came up with number one in military rating as I entered first-class year. I held cadet ranks of corporal, sergeant, and second captain (battalion commander) in my final year.

Q: I'd like to ask you, Sir, do you feel that your ability to play the banjo had an effect upon your acceptance, an understanding by other people of you? Was it a form of relaxation for you as the years went by, although I would not like to concentrate on your playing it at this time because, obviously, you have continued to play it all your life. What would you say about that?

A: Well, there were four of us at West Point who managed to get into the same cadet company. There were Burrill, Sexton, Gibson, and myself. We all played different string instruments. For instance, Sexton was my roommate during the latter part of my cadet days and he played a banjo-guitar. I played a banjo-mandolin then, Gibson played a plectrum-banjo, and Burrill played a regular banjo. We got together frequently and there were a couple of other chaps who played instruments also. We'd get together (Sundays were sometimes dull, particularly if we didn't have any gals) on the roof of barracks and we would have 50 guys up there singing. The four of us would play anything they would ask us to play. They'd sing or just sit there and tell lies or do anything that they wanted to do. No liquor and no pot, not even beer. We had some great times.

Off and on all through my service, particularly with my officer friends and their wives, we've had a lot of entertainment of this kind. Sometimes in the field I'd take my banjo with me. I'd get it out at night when I had a battalion, or I'd get it out on occasions

in Germany or when things were quiet in Korea when my division was in combat. I played with Horace Heidt and his band when he stayed with us. We had a lot of music. It is good for the soul; it is good for relaxing. The troops love it. Everybody needs an outlet. Mine has never been heavy concentration on, let's say, bridge, for instance. I would rather have the complete relief from tension I enjoy when I can get with music. When I can hear good music, I enjoy that, too.

Q: Sir, we have jumped through the Academy very quickly and discussed some points. I think probably there is a take-off point here. I'd be interested in your feeling as to the benefits that you derived from school, personally and professionally.

A: Well, the one that you would say was the most apparent, maybe not the most important but the most apparent, would be a decided improvement in my physical structure. It certainly did wonders for me from a physical standpoint, and I thoroughly endorse the program. Mentally, the education that we received was most challenging. I don't believe, for the purpose for which it was intended, including the broad cultural aspects, that it could be better. I know when I went on in later years to take graduate work at the University of California that I found I was beautifully equipped to take on the advanced work. In those classes where we participated with senior classes in certain subjects (there were six of us who were graduates of West Point in this one class), our performance was outstanding. As a matter of fact, for us to receive our master's degree required honors or high honors in all subjects we took with the senior class, plus our research thesis, and none of us had any difficulty in qualifying. I am glad to see West Point further improved in these days. I am glad to see it broadened and the cultural aspects accented more than they were then, but I still feel that I received a wonderful education.

Now, let's get into the spiritual and moral aspects and character building -- "Duty, Honor, Country." I suppose that it varies with the character of the individual as he enters, but all of us are much better men when we come out because of it. It instilled integrity, the ability to make decisions to do what is right, pride in accomplishment and mission, ambition but not at the expense of others, confidence in your own ability, and loyalty. If there is anything that

we have lost today, it is pride and loyalty. It is one of the most defacing aspects on the American scene today. There is none left, or not much.

Q: Sir, General MacArthur was the superintendant at the Academy for two or three years that you were there. We discussed earlier influences on you. General MacArthur had a tremendous influence on many people, and you had the rare fortune of having him associated with you early. Would you care to comment on this?

A: Yes, he had a great impact. He was young, of course, for his position, the youngest brigadier in the Army at that time. He was a man of tremendous personality and leadership. He has been criticized by many because of a certain aura about him, a feeling of detachment. There has never been any doubt in my mind or anybody's that has been exposed to him, either at the Academy, during World War II, or later, about the moral ascendency that he holds, almost unwittingly perhaps, over those around him, the tremendous moral ascendency he held over people he dealt with. This is vital to <u>great</u> leadership at high levels.

Q: MacArthur, in one of his superintendent reports back in 1922, made the comment that he felt that you -- the whole student body, the graduates, especially, as they came out -- weren't getting sufficiently tuned to the world. He called it "worldly," but he felt that he needed to loosen up some of the restrictions. How strict were things at the Academy? He indicated that he wanted to establish a six-hour pass and let you get out and deal with the world so that when you did graduate you were aware that people did things differently. I am interested in your reaction because you lived through it.

A: I think this was highly desirable. You have to remember that our class was, in effect, a most unusual class for these reasons. When we went in there was no first class (seniors). The second class, which graduated the next year on a short graduation, had 102 people. The third class, the only other class there, was about 350. So you are talking about upperclassmen totaling less than 500 handling an incoming class of 638. This was something new in itself, you see. It created many problems. Our class has always been called the "thundering herd" because they thought we were a bunch of bushwhackers and everything else. We didn't do badly because we did produce something over a hundred generals during our careers in the Army.

But, in any event, the class was unusual within itself because any World War I veteran could come in up to age equalling 22 plus the length of his military service. I entered almost the day I became 18 years old, but we had a very large number of men in our class with military service. A few of them were 24 and 25 years of age, and a great number were 20 or 22 and had the experience and maturity that resulted from having been in France and lived the life of a free adult for years. This made a hell of a difference. We were kids to them in our own class. It was an amazing group of people. I'm sure both the young and the old have a great appreciation for each other now. I frankly don't know of any class that is as close as our class. First, because we were plebes together and, of course, all plebes are looked down on by their seniors. The upperclassmen also looked down on us because we outnumbered them and had greater diversity as far as age and background, I guess. It made us a very close-knit class.

Q: I also want to ask you what you consider the importance of being a cadet leader at the Academy. You have already indicated that you admired the leader, and I know that you obtained a rather significant rank. What did you consider the importance of being a leader at that time among your contemporaries?

A: I thought it was extremely important. It represented the opinions of the tactical officers who knew you. It represented the opinion of the first classmen, the senior class, as you know, who knew you. It represented your relative academic standing, your disciplinary rating, and your activities rating, which included a great number of things -- extracurricular activities -- in pretty good balance. I have forgotten the percentages used, but it was fair. I think it definitely picked out the men who were leaders. I have seen other men who have come to the top, some from near the bottom of the class. I don't disparage them in any way. These things will happen over a period of years. It may be that they suddenly discover themselves, or it may be that they are suddenly discovered by somebody.

Q: While you were at the Academy, I'm wondering about your aspirations. How did you see yourself? Did you see yourself as a combat commander, or did you see yourself as an engineer?

A: I had to struggle with myself on that angle. In fact, I looked carefully at three branches: the infantry, the artillery, and the engineers. I felt that the engineers offered the greatest opportunity. The engineers, particularly the combat engineers, had done some remarkable fighting on their own, such as bridging the gap between the Australian and British forces at a very critical point toward the end of World War I as one example that I can remember. I furthermore realized that in the engineers you could get not only additional knowledge and education but early experience beyond the reach of people in most other branches by the nature of your assignment. For instance, it was not unusual to have lieutenants in responsible charge of $5- and $10-million projects that were being built. I always felt that responsibility. I liked responsibility; I liked the idea of making decisions. I felt that I was going to get an opportunity there that I never would as a foot-slogging lieutenant for 10 or 15 years. Remember, in those days my class expected to retire as lieutenant colonels with a slight possibility that some would be colonels and that we would spend up to 22 years before we reached the rank of captain. Yet we weren't quitters, because we were dedicated to something better than the payroll and the rank, and also because the whole class -- everything is relative -- would all be in the same relative position with our contemporaries. It was an honorable life and a service to our country. It offered us what we wanted. Some did resign, I'll admit, but most of us didn't. We stuck for a purpose. You can't buy that.

Q: I don't think we have to say any more. You have said it very clearly. It is a beautiful thing that, unfortunately, we have lost. I don't want to leave the Academy yet. I was just wondering about when General MacArthur left and then General Fred Sladen came in. Any comment on the differences?

A: A tightening of discipline. Sladen was an understanding man and yet he was more of the martinet or the older type general, as we thought of him in those days. The Academy didn't suffer under Sladen. It may have been that a little tightening up was needed. This is why a change of tempo or type of people who are in positions of responsibility is good. The weaknesses of one may be offset by the actions of another, or the excesses of one may be balanced by a succeeding commander who does things differently. Sladen was a fine superintendent,

splendid. I had the pleasure of having his son serve as my Chief of Staff in Korea.

Q: Sir, in 1922 they instituted the summer camp which apparently had been cancelled as a result of World War I, and I recall that that had 100-year tradition previous to that time.

A: Two summers, the summer of 1920 when we were entering and the summer of 1921 when we went to Camp Dix, the training was at Camp Dix. When we were at Camp Dix in the summer of 1921, the First Infantry Division was there, at least substantial parts of it. We had the advantage of observing demonstrations by Regular Army troops and were exposed to things different than you see on the plains of West Point. I still think that the summer training program at West Point is excellent as long as they combine it (and, of course, this costs money) with trips to various establishments such as the Armor Center at Fort Knox and other training centers. I think much of the training can be conducted at West Point with some economy, but it is a tough piece of ground. We are using every inch of it.

I had my share of disciplinary problems during the early years, but not excessively; practically none as I got into my second-class year. The most interesting one to me is this (and it taught me a lesson): we were down at Camp Dix and while living in barracks we had cots with mosquito netting over them, so it was very easy to assume that when night inspections were made at taps, even if you weren't under covers, you wouldn't be missed. This didn't involve putting dummies into your bed. I suppose that has been done, but I'm not talking about that sort of thing; that definitely is out. That is not part of the game as far as a cadet is concerned. In any event, this one night a chap and I were interested in a couple of girls in one of the nearby towns. We were enjoying the evening so that we didn't get back until late. Come to find out, I had been tabbed as missing at the inspection that night, whereupon I was called in. The penalty for that could be very severe; it could have been dismissal in those days. I was called in by the officer who was then my summer tactical officer, Captain Hal Barber (later General Barber, class of 1917), and he said, "Mr. Trudeau, you were reported missing at taps last night. Is that correct." I said, "Yes, sir." And he said, "Where were you?" and I said, "I was down on the Rancocus." (That's a river where we used to go canoeing, spooning, or whatever

you wanted to do.) He said, "Why didn't you return in time for taps?" So I thought a minute and I said, "Well, to be perfectly honest, I was having such a good time that I took a chance that I wouldn't be missed." He said, "What time did you get in?" I said, "About two o'clock." He thought that over for a moment and then he awarded me a punishment that was really nothing, a little confinement. It could have been a turning point. I was a cadet non-commissioned officer at that time. I was only a cadet corporal, but I could have been busted for that. I could have been given a month's slug on the area. I could have been given punishment even more severe. It was a demonstration to me that you had to tell the unqualified truth. He and I have often talked and joked about it in later years.

Q: Guess it turns the other way, too, when you are in that position and listening, you listen better.

A: You bet your life. Just come clean. I can go twice as far for a man, at least, if he's not trying to equivocate and hide.

Q: Sir, let me change the subject. We have many officers that come in through other means and other schools, the Citadel, VMI, Cornell, others. What do you think of the comparison, based upon your own matriculation and the observation of others? How would you rate the product?

A: That is a pretty tough question. I have the highest regard for the military colleges. I am a trustee at Norwich and took my competitive entrance examinations at Norwich in 1919. I'm still a trustee. I know the Citadel quite well. I know Pennsylvania Military College quite well. I have an honorary degree from there, as well as from Norwich. Of course, I know Valley Forge also. I might say, since you have gotten on that question, that in World War II when I was Deputy Director of Military Training, Army Service Forces, and later the Director of Military Training, that the support of the military colleges was under the direction of my office. This included West Point at that time. I've served with officers and commanding officers during my 40 years in uniform from every source, including battlefield commissions, OCS, and the rest of them. There is no reason why a West Pointer shouldn't always be in the top echelon, but that is not necessarily true. There is a very good reason why the honor graduates and distinguished

students coming in from the other military colleges should be outstanding officers, because they have been carefully selected. Many have the same motivation the Regular Army officer should have. I think the graduates of these different colleges, including the ROTC, do a great deal for our country. I think there are a lot of examples that good men from West Point can give other officers and vice versa. The point I really want to make here is that the melding of viewpoints and ideas from the best men from all sources who hold commissions is really good for the Army.

Q: I'd like to open up our discussion on West Point. Just a few odd post-holes here and there. One thing that intrigues me is that you have already indicated that you produced from your class over 100 generals. I'm wondering if you, personally, developed early any personnel indicators that you thought might detect early leadership. In retrospect, do you recall any? I would like to think back just to your days at the Academy whether there were things that you saw there, whether you pointed to someone and said, "He's going to make it," or "He's not going to make it."

A: Well, of course, the academic aspect has to stand on its own. I think in the study of men that one of the things that I consider fascinating is real leadership. This doesn't necessarily mean getting promoted to four stars. This can happen for a number of reasons, some of which are not pleasant to contemplate, let's say. I think that when you are talking about real leadership, you are talking about character and integrity, and the ability to exercise, without being a stuffed shirt, a moral ascendency over your subordinates. If you can do this, it may also be over your contemporaries, too. One of the unfortunate aspects is when superior men serve in subordinate positions under men of lesser capability. Their real talents are not appreciated, and they are "cut down to size," as some people like to say. This is a narrow view, but it is one that is taken by narrow men. Yet, very high-grade men suffer from this sort of an approach. I have felt, and I became convinced as I went through my career, that I could pick the coming leaders after some observation, close observation, even when they were young officers. I have yet to feel that I have been mistaken in this regard. I have seen a lot of people with rank on their shoulders, and sometimes you wonder just why it is there. I have also seen a tremendous number of really capable people

come through and get the kind of reward they deserved. So in a human system you are going to have these degrees and variations. I never knew but one way and that was to do my job as best I could without fear or favor, and with an objective goal in sight. I've never been deterred, and I never changed my route; perhaps it might have been better if I had.

Q: I would like to talk leadership all through our discussion at different times and different stages. The thing that intrigues me about your career is the diversity. I want to ask you a question now: whether you feel that leadership is cross-task reliable, if I can use that term. In other words, if you are a good leader here, do you feel that you can be certain that you are going to be a good leader there? I would like to try to limit this to your early development, but, if you care to, you can discuss this openly because I think it is a very important point. Is it cross-task reliable?

A: It is. It is cross-task reliable to a very high degree in the senior positions or senior rank. This is because the experienced leader has the capability to organize and to fill his staff with people who have the particular military, technical, sociological, or other qualifications to get the job he wants done under his general direction and with his broad judgment. In the younger, the lower, ranks, this becomes obviously more difficult because it revolves around the limitations on a man's technical competence (in many respects) or professional competence to meet the particular challenge of the time, in addition to being able to exercise those qualities of leadership that a leader must have, whatever his job is. We are obviously recognizing the difference in the qualities one must have, say, in the church or in medicine or particularly in the military. In the military, the ultimate in leadership is combat, where men's lives are in your hands. This is the ultimate responsibility in leadership, to my mind. My definitions of discipline and leadership haven't changed from what I learned at the Academy. They have been broadened much by experience, I hope.

Q: All right, Sir, let's go to Fort Humphreys, which I understand was your first tour of duty with the 13th Engineers. I was pleasantly surprised to find out that Fort Humphreys was what is now Fort Belvoir.