RECOLLECTIONS

of

Herbert D. Vogel
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SUMMATION
At various times and under differing circumstances I have written about phases of my life. One of my most memorable years, when I was a post-graduate student in Germany, I described in a letter to a young man who was himself going to Germany to study and who had asked me to tell of my experiences. I would not have written at such length except that I was about to sail for Europe on another trip when I received his letter request and that gave me a lot of time to reply.

Having written many articles about the genesis of the Waterways Experiment Station at Vicksburg, Mississippi, I summarized these briefly in a write-up for a "History of the Waterways Experiment Station" that was compiled in 1968. My reminiscences of service as Chairman of the Board of TVA were elicited by the University of Mississippi for an "oral history", and sometime later I compiled a narrative of my World War II experiences from letters I had written home from the Southwest Pacific.

Between and beyond these tales of adventure there are several gaps to be filled, which, if done properly would require considerable time. Very few, if any, of my survivors will be sufficiently interested, however, to make a detailed accounting worthwhile. They will be interested in how I lived, only as it may reflect on their own lives and backgrounds, and many years may pass before that kind of curiosity is aroused. Some such thought must have been in the mind of my father when he wrote me on my forty-fifth birthday, for he was sparing of details in citing the years of work, care, tribulations and joy that were involved in raising a family. Yet, his letter, which follows, tells more of my origin than is needed to prove that home influence was a major factor in molding my future career. He wrote:

Chelsea, Michigan
August 26, 1945

My dear Herbert,

For the past few days, in fact since I wrote you on the 24th day of August, you have been ever present in my memory. I have gone over the years since I went to work in Glazier's store when I was 17 years of age, at which time I entered into an apprenticeship for three years. The first year I was paid $150.00, the second year $175.00 and the third year $250.00. At the end of the third year I passed the State Board examination in pharmacy, and received a salary of $30.00 a month, which was gradually increased until I received $50.00 per month, a good salary at that time. Our hours in the store were from 7:00 AM until 10:00 PM, and I worked ten years at that place. During all that time I kept company with your mother, Pearl M. Davis, and we were married October 25, 1899.

As I sit here tonight and look back over the past it seems like a dream. On August 26, 1900, a Sunday afternoon, just such a day as today, with the exception that on that day we had a very heavy shower at about 2:30, when a blessed event occurred and you were ushered into our home life. I had worked in the store till 12:00 o'clock, midnight, on Saturday and upon arriving home I was informed that I had better go and get the doctor. About one o'clock he arrived, and he was with your mother till 2:30 Sunday afternoon, when you were delivered with instruments, safe and sound, and our home life started anew. On January 11th, 1904, a Monday, Florence was born. March 21st, 1906, Clarence put in his appearance; September 25th, 1910, Ruth arrived and on February 23d, 1913,
a Sunday, Karl was welcomed.

(We lived first) in a humble home consisting of a parlor about 12 by 15, a dining room about 10 by 12, and a bedroom somewhat smaller, with a kitchen annexed and a side porch off the kitchen. We had a base-burner, coal stove in the parlor, a wood stove in the kitchen, and a pail of water on the kitchen table, with oil lamps our modern improvements. But this was home, where we made our start in life. About 1905 we built our present home, and the family seemed to be getting along fine. But about a year after Karl was born your mother showed signs of fatigue and complained of being so tired. At times she would seem to rally and be herself again, but there was a gradual loss of strength and on Friday, December 17th, she passed away.

I am wondering if you have recollections of the trying times during her sickness. Many, many times I think of how we had previously enjoyed ourselves and how my mother worried over you children. And now as I look back over those days, I oft-times wonder what your dear mother would say if she were here to realize that Florence is in Heidelberg and you, her son, a colonel in the Army, with Ruth in Indiana, Karl in West Virginia and only Clarence at home. Surely life, as I look back, has many complexes. I can remember so well the family sitting at the table, usually eight in number, now reduced to two.

The past two years, when I should be enjoying life, have been anything but happy, and oft-times I think that God was merciful that he should call your mother to her eternal rest before she had to endure the heartaches of the present times.

It has been some time since you wrote last, and I have had a feeling that possibly you were on your way home to surprise us. Then again, with the surrender of Japan, I think you must be busier than ever and that it will still be sometime before you are released. I am wondering where you are located, and if by chance you may see Tokyo or be at the ceremony of surrender.

And now, as this is your forty-fifth birthday, I want you to know that I have been thinking of you, and I know how much you would like to be home with your family. Surely you have done your share and you deserve a great deal of credit. I should have written you so that this letter would have arrived on your birthday, but that was impossible to comprehend. You will at least know that you are not forgotten. May God protect and care for you until you are again joined with your family and dear ones, and may you live to see the fruits of your efforts and many, many happy returns of the day.

Your father.

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My early life was that of the average small-town boy of my time. Things were much simpler then, for everyone knew everyone, and everyone's business. Aunts, uncles, cousins and grandparents all lived within blocks of me and I was free to visit them at any time. Holidays were times for all of one side or the other of my parent's family to get together. I was born in the board-walk era and grew up with streets still unpaved in much of the town. As a youngster I roamed at will around the village and frequently walked or rode a bike to our family cottage at Cavenaugh Lake, four miles away, where we always summered.

During high school days I worked in my father's store after school and on Saturdays, often remaining there until closing time, around 11:00 PM. I was
a somewhat better than average student, but graduated from high school with less than top honors. World War I was then in progress and I wanted to enlist, but my father wisely told me that he would not accept the responsibility for what might happen to me by giving his permission, which was required prior to age eighteen. So the first summer out of high school I worked in a plant in Detroit that had a defense contract and in the fall I joined the Students Army Training Corps (S.A.T.C.) at the University of Michigan.

The war ended November 11, 1918, two months after I had put on a uniform, but those two months had so disorganized my study habits that my first year was less than creditable. The second was little better because I commuted from my home in Chelsea to the University in Ann Arbor for a number of months, and I never really got into student life as others knew it. Thus when an appointment to West Point was offered, I accepted with alacrity.

There is much that could be written about the life of any cadet at West Point, but essentially all stories would be about the same. I can only say of my experience that it provided me the motivation I had failed to find at the University. I was happy with the companionship of my room mates and I found the studies relatively easy, because much of the ground covered was a repetition of what I had failed to absorb at Michigan. My third year at the Academy was my best, for I had then learned to apply myself to my studies, all of which I found interesting. For that year I stood third in my class of over four hundred. But the next year I became involved in activities, drawing cartoons for the Howitzer and Pointer and my grades dropped. As a result I graduated No. 24, but that was high enough to get me commissioned in the Corps of Engineers.

My first assignment as a 2d Lieutenant was to Fort Humphreys, Virginia, along with seventeen others of my West Point Class. The 13th Engineer Regiment, to which I was assigned, consisted of six Companies of about 150 men each, and was commanded by Major John F. Conklin, a peppery little officer, who had graduated from West Point in 1915. The Commanding Officer of Company C, the company I was assigned to, was John C. Arrowsmith, a graduate of Case College.

Assigned with me to the same company were three of my classmates, Art Trudeu, Howie Ker and Tom Tandy. Looking back, I wonder how Arrowsmith was able to preserve his sanity, for each of us thought he knew everything and certainly far more than the company commander. Somehow, though, we all got through our first year of troop duty with reasonably good efficiency reports and I was assigned as a student to the Engineer School at the same Post. I was still living in bachelor quarters in Harris Hall, a rickety wooden structure, where I had a cot and a chest for my clothes and little else. The officer's mess was also in Harris Hall and the school was in adjacent wooden buildings. My world was very small.

In the fall of 1924, while I was still a company officer, two Captains of the Post, Dinty Moore and Joe Wood, took it upon themselves to make gentlemen of the eighteen members of our group by introducing them to a finer quality of young women than they were beginning to find by themselves in Alexandria. On the Post was an old log cabin, its original purpose long forgotten, but Joe and Dinty got permission to use it for Sunday afternoon "tea dances", the tea being bootleg liquor and ginger ale, with music for dancing supplied by a negro soldier at an antique piano. Both Joe and Dinty were well acquainted in Washington and their friends were those who comprised the young "society" group of that day. These were invited down to the afternoon parties and on the second one I met the most endearing young lady I had ever - or have ever since - known. Her name was Loreine Elliott. She wore a green flannel dress, for it was a cold autumn day, and as we sat before an open fire, I held her hand.

My mind was made up at that time, but it took a year of courting and many
trips to Washington in my Chevrolet roadster to clinch the deal. We were mar-
ried on December 23d, 1925, that being the only time I could get leave from
the Engineer School to go on a honeymoon. All the effort expended in winning
the girl caused me to neglect my studies greatly and I was lucky to get my dip-
loca in June of '26.

From graduation I was returned to the 13th Engineers, this time to a comp-
any commanded by Captain Clinton W. Ball. I got along fine with Clint, and the
year went quickly. During that time, Lo and I had a small cottage for our quart-
ers and our wants were few. It is good they were, because my salary as a 2d
lieutenant was $143.00 per month. We learned together how to budget that amount,
each taking a share to cover his or her responsibilities.

Sometime around mid-winter I began to think about my next assignment, which
as things went, would be to some civilian school for an engineering degree. The
college which most of my contemporaries had attended was Cornell, but they told
of the bad housing situation, the cold winters and high costs in general, and I
tried to think of an alternative. Somehow, and for what reason I do not recall,
I hit on the idea of the University of California at Berkeley. I discussed this
with Art Trudeau and we put it up to Colonel Covell, who was Personnel Officer
in the office of the Chief of Engineers. Fisher Blinn, another West Point class-
mate, upon learning what we were up to made a similar appeal. The result was
that in the late spring of 1927, we were all three ordered to Berkeley along with
three other young engineer officers.

Arriving in San Francisco by transport from New York via the Panama Canal,
we found an apartment in Berkeley not too many blocks from the university campus.
The building, however, was old and when a new apartment house was built nearby,
with just a vacant lot between, we decided to move. In one afternoon I carried
all our furniture and belongings from the second floor of the one building to the
second floor of the other without the help of elevators or conveyances of any
kind. I have wondered many times how I did it.

Our year in Berkeley was a pleasant one. We had few responsibilities or
cares of any kind, and although we had little money, it was enough to serve our
humble needs. During the last half of the year Lo got a job correcting test
papers on the campus. It paid little, but provided her with an occupation while
I was at classes. We met on the campus for lunches at the Student Union and had
our evenings together.

As the year passed and the spring of 1928 appeared I began again to think
of a new assignment. One day, while walking the hallway of the Engineering Col-
lege I saw the announcement of a fellowship for study in Germany. I thought how
much I would like that and after conferring with Lo and finding that she would
like it, too, I stated my desire to Dean Derleth of the College of Engineering.
The Dean wrote a glowing letter on my behalf to the German-American Student-
Exchange and I wrote the Chief of Engineers. I had no idea what course of study
I would pursue or what College I would go to, but as it happened, my letter ar-
rived just as the Chief, General Jadwin, was about to go before a committee of
the Senate to tell why, if a National hydraulic laboratory was to be built, it
should be under the Corps of Engineers rather than the Bureau of Standards. His
opposition was formidable, his chances of winning slim, for the House committee
had already voted approval of a laboratory in the Bureau, as proposed by one
John R. Freeman and supported by Herbert Hoover, then the Secretary of Commerce.

The Chief was grasping for means of countering Freeman's contention that
the Corps had no experience in this field and little interest, whereas he, John
R. Freeman, had established a fellowship for young men to study in Europe. Re-
butting this contention, Jadwin said that just that morning he had received a
letter informing him that one of his young officers had been offered a fellowship to study in Europe and "what's more, we're going to send him."

No one could have been more surprised than I to receive orders to Berlin, Germany to study hydraulic laboratory practice at the Technische Hochschule upon graduation from the University of California. Graduation was in May and Lo's sister was being married in Washington shortly thereafter. We were to sail from New York in August and in the meantime I was to be assigned to duty as the Commanding Officer of Company E of the 6th Engineers at Fort Scott. Lo went back to Washington by train and I put our furniture in government storage. My summer with Company E was worth a story by itself, for we built a road from the Presidio into the City of San Francisco, and then went to Monterey, where we lived in tents and underwent summer training. Having written about our year in Germany in another paper there is no need for repetition of the thrills it gave us.

Returning from Germany in the fall of 1929, I was assigned to Memphis to build a "hydraulic laboratory" for the Corps of Engineers. Since our first child was expected very soon, Lo remained in Washington to use the facilities of Walter Reed Hospital, where Herbert, Jr. arrived on October 20th. Meanwhile, I had reported to Colonel Francis B. (Brother) Wilby, District Engineer of the Memphis Engineer District to undertake my assignment. The site for the laboratory had been designated by General Jadwin, himself, to be in the area of the District shops in West Memphis. He had also stipulated that the cost should not exceed fifty thousand dollars, this to include the first year of my salary and proportions of the salaries of Mr. Parkin, Chief Engineer of the District and Blair Ross, his assistant, under whom I would work. General Jadwin had been burned by an experience with two professors, who had conducted tests on a model of Bonnet Carre spillway, and he felt it best to keep such things under a strong administrative control in the future.

I proceeded according to my instructions and had prepared drawings of what I hoped to build as a basic structure for the lab, when Jadwin's term as Chief of Engineers expired and General Lytle Brown was appointed to succeed him. At this time all eyes were on the Mississippi River. The great flood of 1927 had resulted in passage of the 1928 Flood Control Act, and upwards of 325 million dollars (a horrendous sum to contemplate in those days) was to be expended in taming the Father of Waters. Controversy was rife as to how this should be accomplished. Many proposed that the levee system be continued and strengthened, with floodways and spillways to draw off the excess flows. Others talked in favor of reservoirs. Amid the controversy, Brown entered the scene, knowing little of what it was all about, and having been picked by President Roosevelt for that very reason. With no preconceived notions, it occurred to him that if the Mississippi River Commission was to administer the planned project it should be at the center of activity rather than wholly out of it. So he ordered the Commission office moved from St. Louis to Vicksburg, Mississippi. At the same time he ordered the hydraulic laboratory to be established at Vicksburg instead of Memphis.

I had just moved into an apartment with all our household goods in preparation for Lo's arrival after that of our baby in Washington. I recall that I had worked all week-end getting the last piece of furniture in its place and the last rug laid; then when I went to the office on Monday morning I was greeted by the news in a telegram that "laboratory will be removed to Vicksburg". I hardly knew where Vicksburg was, so I asked one of the girls in the office about it. She said she had been there and she remembered it as a long dusty ride with a cemetery at the end of it.
The move turned out extremely well. Being thrown into close association with the people of the Mississippi River Commission I was able to gain their confidence and support for a worthwhile undertaking. I selected a site five miles out of the city on Durden Creek, and with a free hand now to build as I thought desirable, we had a well-equipped building, a supply reservoir and working models within a year. A little later, at the suggestion of General Thomas H. Jackson, President of the Mississippi River Commission, we built a fine house on the Station grounds that I lived in with my family until the summer of 1934.

At that time I received orders to the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and at about the same time an invitation to a month in Germany "free New York to New York". The invitation came from the Carl Schurz Vereinigung and was signed by a Dr. Adolf Morsbach, whom I remembered as an official of the Akademischer Austauschdienst, the German half of the German-American Student Exchange, the organization that had sponsored me as a student in Berlin.

Hitler had now become Chancellor of the German Reich; the Nazis were in almost complete control and trying to impress the world with the rightness of their cause. A portion of their propaganda was directed at the academia of the United States and duplicates of my invitation had gone out to the Presidents of some 30 or 40 colleges and universities. All but one designated some professor as his representative but Dr. Schanz of Arizona went himself. I asked the Chief of Engineers Office for its advice and my query was referred to the War Department. The answer was "go". Thereupon I cabled my would-be hosts to ask if the invitation was meant to include my wife. They replied that that had not been intended, but if I desired to take her I would be charged only the bare cost. That turned out to be only about a hundred dollars.

We sailed from New York on the S.S. Bremen on July first, the eve of the so-called "blood-purge", when Roehm and Von Schleicher were killed and Hitler rose to virtually full authority. We arrived in Bremen six days later to be met by "representatives of the Vereinigung Carl Schurz", who in reality were representatives of the propaganda ministry. We spent the night in Bremen, after a sightseeing tour, and departed the next day by train for Berlin, where we arrived in the late afternoon of July 8th for three full days of sight-seeing, visits to scientific and educational institutions and evening entertainment. It was here that we began to hear rumors of atrocities practiced by the Nazis along with whispers of bugged telephones and other listening devices. We had already seen the marching brown-shirts in Bremen and Hitler Jugend everywhere. We found now that Dr. Morsbach, in whose name we had been invited, was not anywhere around and under questioning our guides informed us that he was in a concentration camp. Thereupon, we insisted as a group that a delegation be allowed to visit him. Three were chosen for this, but unfortunately none could speak German and Morsbach was hesitant to converse in English in the presence of his German guards. The visit, therefore, was unfruitful except to assure us that he was in good health and alive.

In Berlin, Lo and I established contact with his erstwhile secretary, who told us that his name had found on a list of those who might assume governmental posts if Hitler were overthrown. As she talked, she emphasized that the walls had ears and we should be careful in conversations.

Among the events of our three days in Berlin, two stand out in memory. The first was an afternoon tea at the American Embassy, hosted by Ambassador Dodds, where I met a young German Army Captain, who advised me as a brother officer of the loaded situation in Germany and its forebodings. The other event was an evening party at the luxurious home of a Canadian woman married to a wealthy German. She had been ordered by the Nazis to give the party, an elaborate affair with music in the garden, but word reached them during the evening of indiscreet remarks made
by her, including the statement that her husband was in exile in Italy, and she told us as we were departing that she had just been ordered to leave in the morning with only such possessions as she could carry with her.

Danzig was our next stop, this having been selected because it took us across the Polish Corridor and gave the Germans an opportunity to expose us to the ungraciousness of the Poles and the discomforts caused by it. It can be added that the Poles reacted as expected, thereby proving the German's point. Again there was sightseeing and visits to scientific and educational institutions, all of which kept us there two nights and a day.

The next stop was Marienburg in East Prussia, where we were treated to an evening in the old castle of the feudal knights. The ballroom was lighted by thousands of candles as for a reception two days earlier in honor of Goering. On Sunday, July 15th, we departed for Marienwerber and Allenstein, from where we went on an excursion to Hohenstein and the Tannenberg Memorial.

Then came a three day visit to Koenigsberg and environs before going to Dresden on the 18th. Here again we were forcefully reminded of the great change that had occurred in Germany. At a reception where we met with professors and students of the Dresdener Technische Hochschule I made inquiry about Dr. Heiser, with whom I had become acquainted during my student days and who, to my knowledge, had since become Chancellor. My queries were turned aside at every hand and I was finally advised to restrain my curiosity. Leaving Dresden by train the afternoon of July 19th, we saw many women manacled together in the station, clothed only in light house dresses, awaiting entrainment to a concentration camp.

Our next stop was Weimar, where we arrived the evening of July 15th. The next day we visited places connected with the lives of Goethe and Schiller, and while in the Goethe house we saw Hitler ride by with his entourage. He was paying a visit to the sister of Nietzsche, who had received us as a group earlier in the day. During that visit to her home I had observed a bust of Nietzsche in a niche at one end of the large room where we were received, and a bust of Hitler in a niche at the other end. I was told later that Fraulein Nietzsche and Frau Wagner, widow of the composer, were largely instrumental in financing the rise of Hitler.

From Weimar we went to Jena, there to visit the University and the Zeiss works, and on the 21st a train took us to Nürnberg. After two nights and a day there we motored to Augsburg by way of Rothenburg, Dinkensbuhl and Nordlingen. Then came Augsburg on the 23rd, followed by Oberammargau on the 24th. There, on the following day, we saw the Centenniel presentation of the Passion Play, and on the 26th we went by bus to Ettal. It was while we were in this region, not far from the Austrian border, that we learned of the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss.

Munich was next on our itinerary and we stayed there two days, leaving on the 29th by train to Heidelberg. I should say, rather, that the group as a whole went on to Heidelberg, for I dropped out and went to Walchensee, where Dr. Engel, a pioneer in hydraulic model testing, had established a large, outdoor experiment station. I wanted to see him again, not only to pay my respects, but to tell him how his earlier work had influenced my building of the Waterways Experiment Station at Vicksburg, and to hear his side of what the Nazis had done to Germany. For that reason I missed one of the highlights of the trip which was a presentation of "Midsummer Night Dream" in the courtyard of the old Heidelberg castle. Lo told me about it, however, and it must have been fantastic.

On the 31st we went on by bus to Saarbrucken, then to Trier, Koblenz, Königswinter, Bonn, Koln and back to Berlin, where we arrived on August 5th. Two nights and a day there and we went on to Hamburg for departure on the S.S. New York on August 17th, having been away more than a month and a half to brush...
shouders with history in the making. It was while we were in Trier that Hindenburg died, leaving the way clear for Hitler to work his will on mankind.

We were sure, after all we had seen and heard, that war was not far in the future. The posted signs telling people how to protect themselves against air attacks, the conversion of commercial facilities to military usage and the many uniforms in evidence, all spoke loudly, but none in our Government wanted to hear. I am sure that my report made its way to the nearest waste basket.

There is little to tell about my two years as a student at the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The course was much too long for what it was worth. While the first year was reasonably rewarding, the second was almost a total waste of time. Most of the principles taught were to become obsolete within the next few years. It was a pleasure to graduate with orders directing me to duty with the 3d Engineers in Schofield Barracks, Hawaii.

My two years in Hawaii were about as professionally unproductive as the two I had spent at the Command and General Staff School. They were pleasant, however, not only for me but my family. We enjoyed the social life of a large Army post and as Adjutant of the 3d Engineers I had lots of authority, for the Commanding Officer, Colonel Robert S. Thomas, spent much of his time at Fort Shafter as Department Engineer. He was succeeded about six months before my tour of duty ended by Colonel John N. Hodges.

After Hawaii came Fort Belvoir, the reincarnation of old Fort Humphreys, where I had begun my commissioned service. Although ordered there as a instructor I found quickly that there was no clear idea of what I was to teach or under whom I was to work. It then developed that I would have two bosses, Colonels "Snake" Young and Charlie Gross. I had known both in years past and liked them very much, but now each deferred to the other for the use of my services with a result that neither gave me much to do for several months. Then, largely on my own initiative, I began picking up the odds and ends of courses left out by others, and before the end of the year I was teaching brigade and division tactics, flood control engineering, motor maintenance and public speaking, an awesome, if not wholly logical portfolio. How long this might have continued I cannot guess, but near the end of the second year General Schley, Chief of Engineers, visited the school and in conversing with me, inquired what experience I had had to qualify me as a teacher of flood control engineering. When I told him that I had never served in a District he indicated that the condition should be remedied. Shortly thereafter I was informed by "grapevine" that I was to be assigned to the Washington District. That was fine with Lo, for it was the home of her paternal family and, furthermore, there were Government quarters for the District Engineer.

Before orders could be issued, however, the Chief heard about it and said that he wanted me ordered to "a most active district". That turned out to be Pittsburgh, which was indeed active with a very large flood control program, but instead of being District Engineer I was to be Assistant to the District Engineer. Not only that but I would be Second Assistant. Colonel Ludson D. Worsham and Major Hooper would both rank me, a mere Captain.

We moved to Pittsburgh in July of 1940 and the next three years were difficult for both Lo and me, but because of my work I found them interesting. For Lo they were burdensome. Our second son, Dick, was born in February of '41. Our first was now eleven years old and acquiring his basic education. The needs of the two were quite different and Lo had her hands full meeting their demands in a city where dirt and grime were considered signs of prosperity and domestic help was all but unavailable. For my part I was kept busy inspecting the con-
struction of dams and running my operations. After Pearl Harbor, Worsham was transferred to military duty, Hooper took over as District Engineer and I moved over to head up the Engineering Division, where I served until May of the next year when Hooper departed and I became District Engineer.

By now the work of the District had become predominately military. Most of the dams had been completed, although Berlin Dam was just getting started as a means of impounding cooling water for the steel industry. Traffic on the rivers was increasing by leaps and bounds and problems arose in connection with increased usage of the locks and their protection against sabotage. When the Corps of Engineers took over the construction of military facilities from the Quartermaster, the Pittsburgh District inherited a TNT plant at Meadville, a pentalite plant at Sandusky, an airfield at Connellsville and several other projects. These were followed by a staging area and camp at Sharon, Pennsylvania, several hospitals and a large depot near Youngstown.

From Pittsburgh I was ordered to duty as a student at the Army-Navy Staff College and from there to the Southwest Theater of Operations. My twenty two months of warfare are described in "The Other War".

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Our three years in Buffalo after World War II were pleasant for all of our family. We had nice living quarters, made many friends and became active in church and civic affairs. Meanwhile, our sons were growing up. Herb finished his prep schooling at St. Andrews and obtained an appointment to West Point. Dick made good progress in the elementary grades. We had a District boat for weekend inspection trips, and I had much work to keep me busy. There were Veterans Administration hospitals to be built at Buffalo and Erie, Pennsylvania, while Mount Morris Dam was to be constructed near Rochester and Onandaga Dam at Syracuse. I had, in addition, responsibility for maintenance of all the harbors of Lakes Erie and Ontario, besides serving on several commissions, including one for maintaining the scenic beauty of Niagara Falls.

In June of 1949, I received orders to the Panama Canal as Engineer of Maintenance. Brigadier General Francis K. Newcomer was Governor and I was to be his number one assistant. It had taken the Chief's office three years to achieve what it had had in mind for me when I was returned from the Pacific, but accomplish it they did. We left our nice apartment in Buffalo, moved to the District boat while our household goods were being packed, and sailed on the S.S. Panama to arrive in the Zone on the morning of July 4th, in time to attend the holiday party at the American Embassy.

Our three years in the Canal Zone were embellished by much social activity, for as Engineer of Maintenance and then Lieutenant Governor I stood second in the hierarchy. There were dinners, cocktail parties and receptions by the score whereby we mingled with the diplomatic set and military rank to say nothing of the politicos of Panama. It should have been very heady, but there was much work to be done and about midway of my service we became victims of intrigue wrought by one Carl Bendetsen, an Assistant Secretary of the Army. With a henchman named Beasley, who bore marked resemblance to a race track tout, he invaded our premises and in the name of the President ordered a complete reorganization of the Canal set-up.

It became my duty to work out the details of this, and the results were harrowing. Sparing the details, we created a Panama Canal Company to embrace all commercial activities along with a Panama Canal Government for administration of the Zone. It was all bad. Hard feelings resulted on every side as typified by the effects of imposing tuition charges on all pupils of the Canal Zone.
schools who were not children of Company employees. This raised the hackles of our military people and the diplomatic group as well the Panamanians who were sending their children to our schools. There is much I could tell about the machinations and intrigues of Bendetsen and his colleagues but it is best forgotten. The upshot of it, however, as it affected me, was a change in the policy of succession to the Governorship. Instead of becoming Governor when Newcomer's term expired in 1952, I was ordered to Dallas, Texas as Division Engineer of the Southwest Division, Corps of Engineers.

Again we found a pleasant home and many new friends. My work was interesting and I was thrilled to receive a much delayed promotion to the rank of Brigadier General. My thrill was short-lived, however, for within a few weeks I was informed that I would be retired upon completion of thirty years of service. Although retirement at that time seemed the end of the road, it turned out to mark the beginning of a new and more exciting life than we had previously known, for it lead to Chairmanship of the TVA and finally to a wonderful job as Engineer Advisor to the World Bank.

As other writings cover those phases of my life I need only add that I would not have changed a day of them. The path led us to Washington, where Lo found herself reunited with her sisters and I found, not only many old friends, but a challenging assignment. With the experience gained from it I was able to set up my own consulting office and after three retirements continue the active practice of my profession. As I look back over the years it becomes increasingly clear to me that the most significant event of my career was meeting the girl who became my wife. Her steadfast love, support and guidance have been more responsible for any success I may have had than anything I could have done by myself.

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CONCEPTION, BIRTH AND DEVELOPMENT
OF
THE U. S. WATERWAYS EXPERIMENT STATION
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I
GENESIS

The history of the Waterways Experiment Station at Vicksburg, Mississippi begins with a visit to the United States by Dr.-Ing. Hubert Engel, Professor of Hydraulics at the Dresdener Technische Hochschule, shortly after World War I. At the University of Michigan he saw a professor demonstrating the flow of water over a weir in a glass-sided flume and it gave him an idea to carry back to Germany. There he built not only a glass-sided flume but a small laboratory for hydraulic experimentation and finally a model of a reach of the Elbe River. The idea was seized upon by Professor Rehbock in Karlsruhe, where a much larger set-up was developed. From there others picked it up and by the middle twenties there were hydraulic laboratories in the technical universities of Germany, The Netherlands, France, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland and Italy.

John R. Freeman, a distinguished Civil Engineer of the United States, became aware of this development during a visit to Europe and it struck him that similar experimentation should be carried on in his own country by those responsible for the development and control of its rivers and harbors. His suggestion fell upon unsympathetic ears in the Office of the Chief of Engineers, U.S. Army, where he became regarded as something of an interloper, trouble maker and threat to the autonomy of the Corps.

He was nevertheless heard, and in a report to the Congress by the Chief on December 1, 1927, it was stated that "the establishment of a hydraulic laboratory similar in some respects to such research organizations carried on by certain European Governments (sic) has been considered." It was then observed that "actual experience with full-sized structures is preferable to experiments with small scale models. However, on occasion, questions relative to the flow of water can be worked out with small-scale experiments. Such experiments may be useful in some our lock and dam designs."

It is obvious that the Chief was not going overboard for any such new-
fangled idea, but he did conclude by saying, "It is therefore recommended that the Chief of Engineers under the supervision of the Secretary of War be authorized to establish a hydraulic laboratory and that the Secretary of War be authorized to allot the necessary funds from annual river and harbor and flood control appropriations to pay the expenses of such a laboratory and for the necessary printing to publish the scientific data collected."

There the matter rested so far as the Corps was concerned, but as plans for control of Mississippi floods progressed under authorization of the 1928 Flood Control Act the Chief authorized construction of a model of the Bonnet Carre' spillway near the site thereof. This was entrusted to two Louisiana professors, who came up with a recommendation that the structure would perform best if equipped with Taintor gates. Jadwin took strong exception to this. He felt that control should be by needles and upon this he insisted. The professors demurred and it became obvious to the Chief that it would be very dangerous indeed to provide a tool whereby scientists might in the future dispute his authority. From that time on he held a defensive position against the establishment of any laboratory except under the strictest control.

Meanwhile, Freeman began laying plans for getting someone, somewhere in the United States to sponsor a national hydraulic laboratory. To spread the doctrine, he had established a "traveling fellowship" for graduate students to spend a year each in Europe, there to study the methods employed and results obtained in the laboratories of technical universities, such as those in Berlin, Dresden, Brno, Vienna, Zurich, Karlsruhe, Grenoble and Delft. By 1928, a fair number of Freeman Fellows had returned to the States and several more were beginning their year in Europe. The time was ripe it appeared to move for enabling legislation, for which he had the firm support of Dr. G.K. Burgess, Director of the Bureau of Standards, and Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce.

It was in early April 1928, that Senate Bill 1710 was introduced for the establishment of a National Hydraulic Laboratory in the Bureau of Standards. Backed by leaders of the engineering profession and with no opposition, it passed the Senate in jig time. Hearings were then scheduled by
the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, House of Representatives, for April 26th and 27th. With victory now in sight, Freeman called in his heavy artillery. Twenty-two distinguished engineers sent telegrams in support of the Bill. Ten others appeared to testify in person. Herbert Hoover submitted a long and detailed statement to urge its passage and this was accompanied by a "memorandum", prepared probably by Freeman, that covers fifteen pages of fine print in the record. Still no voice was raised in opposition.

It was said that after all this had happened news about it filtered through to Colonel Ernest (Pot) Graves in the office of the Chief of Engineers. Quick to realize the threat posed to the Corps by another agency testing the efficacy of its works, he got the Chief to request a continuation of the House Committee's hearing, and at 11:45 AM, Tuesday, May 10th, 1928, General Jadwin took the witness chair. He pointed out that he had recommended establishment of a hydraulic laboratory by the Corps of Engineers in his report of December 1, 1927, and that this had gained force by the action of the Congress in placing the Mississippi River Commission under the jurisdiction of the Chief of Engineers. He talked at great length about the possible desirability of a laboratory to correlate field data and test the effects of flowing water on sediment movements in the Mississippi River, but he ridiculed the idea that this could be done by shipping a few barrels of sand from the Mississippi River to a laboratory in Washington. "If the laboratory is established along the Mississippi," he said, "we will get the exact material, the exact mud and water that is to be reckoned with, and we will not have the Potomac River water as you would in a laboratory placed on a hill near Washington."

He mentioned the matter of cost and how much cheaper it could be done on the banks of the river. He thought that $50,000 would be a good amount to "get going" and it could be "hooked up with the work of the surveys." One of the congressmen suggested that it might be "practical to have a moving concern that you could move from New Orleans to Pittsburgh to test under different conditions." This got Jadwin started on a speech as to the practicality of Yankee ingenuity. He told of his war experiences, how great were the achievements of his engineers and how they were admired by the
Europeans. He interlaced irony with humor while waving the flag, and it brought down the house. He then went on to tell about experiments conducted by the Corps in connection with the Panama Canal and the locks and movable dams of the Ohio River.

"The immense field of theoretical knowledge thus covered is available," he said, "to all officers of the Corps of Engineers; it represents a part of the instruction given them as a part of their preparation for their career, and it forms a background for their work when they have attained sufficient knowledge and experience to be placed in charge of the great tasks which the Corps undertakes."

He was then asked where an officer's study starts and where it goes from there. "Do you send any of them abroad for that purpose?" He replied, "We have two men abroad now - three rather. They are at Oxford University as Rhodes scholars. **** We have another one who has been designated by Leland Stanford College, after taking his year there, to fill a scholarship, the filling of which was offered that university by a German university and we will probably arrange for him to go over there."

The testimony went on and on, much of it unrelated to the desirability of a National Hydraulic Laboratory in the Bureau of Standards, but it served to elevate the Corps and defeat the Bill. Freeman was fit to be tied. His efforts of many years now seemed to have been in vain. Several years later, however, when the Corps Experiment Station had proven its worth, he wrote a letter to the Director to express his appreciation. And the Bureau did get a laboratory eventually - not much of a one, to be sure, for it was never manned to serve a large purpose or plow new fields of research.

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I, Herbert D. Vogel, 2d Lieut. C.E., knew nothing about any of this at the time. As a student at the University of California - not Leland Stanford College, as reported by General Jadwin - I was completely engrossed in my studies and thinking only about what my next assignment might be. How I became involved is told in the following letter that I wrote in 1960 - for the record.

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This is how it came about that I, a young army officer, was sent to Germany to study experimental hydraulics. In 1927, as a second Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, I had been assigned to the University of California at Berkeley to pursue a course of study leading to the degree of Master of Science in Civil Engineering. I had graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1924 with the equivalent of a bachelor degree. Prior to that I had spent two years in the College of Engineering, University of Michigan, and each year there I had taken a course in German.

One day in the spring of 1928, I noticed a bulletin board announcement to the effect that a number of fellowships were being offered for study in Germany by the Akademischer Austauschdienst, a collaborating agency of the German-American Student Exchange. The idea of such study appealed to me and when I told my wife about it she was equally intrigued. I applied directly to the Dean of Civil Engineering, under whom I was taking a course in frame structures, and he gave me his support.

At the same time I wrote the Chief of Engineers in Washington stating the possibility of receiving a fellowship and asking that I be permitted to accept it. This was without knowledge on my part that great progress had been made in the field of experimental hydraulics in Europe, particularly in Germany, and that the Chief of Engineers had viewed the possibility of establishing a laboratory to serve the needs of the Corps. Accordingly, I was surprised to receive a speedy reply to my request, assuring me that if a fellowship were granted I would be ordered by the Army to duty as a student in Germany.

I was told by the Exchange that a fellowship would be granted to cover the cost of tuition -- and that cost only -- since my travel expenses would be paid by the government and I would continue to draw my salary as a Second Lieutenant. On advice of the Exchange I selected the Berliner Technische Hochschule in Charlottenburg, a near-by suburb of Berlin, as a place of study; and early in October 1928, my wife and I sailed for Germany on the S.S. President Harding.

Upon arrival in Berlin I reported to the Military Attache of the American Embassy for "discipline and administration" and then began a search for a place
to live. I found out quickly that a European capitol city could be expensive and that my army lieutenant's salary would not provide sumptuous living. By good fortune, however, we obtained accommodations in an excellent pension at 5 Hitzigstrasse, just off the Tiergarten, where among others there resided a Major and Mrs. Zornig and a Mrs. Winchester. Major Zornig was an assistant military attache, and Mrs. Winchester was the mother of a young official in the American Consulate. It was very pleasant to be in the same house with these people, but it removed in large degree the need to live with and use the German language.

At the pension we had a single, large and comfortable room that served all purposes: living, sleeping, studying. It was ornamented on the ceiling with raised frescoes and paintings of buxom females and cherubs; its heavily casemated and shuttered windows extended from floor to ceiling; and a triangular, porcelain stove in one corner served as a source of heat. This was carefully stoked and supplied with seven briquettes of brown coal each morning by Emma, the maid. Emma would then fetch a tray with hard rolls and coffee for our breakfasts.

One did not open widows during those winter nights in Berlin, where temperatures went down to 340 below zero. Or rather, I should say, one was not supposed to open windows except to air the room briefly before retiring. But as young Americans we felt a need for fresh air, and so made efforts to circumvent the rules. We would open the windows only so high as to keep the opening concealed from outside view by the porch balustrade, and then in the morning I would get up to close them before Emma arrived to build the fire.

I have never heard of a private bath in a pension. In any case, there was none in ours, but we were fortunate in having one next to our room; and we could have a bath prepared on order for three marks or seventy-five cents. Baths here were a ceremony; you paid extra for them, but they were worth it. A giant tub, full to the brim, a bath towel two yards long and a yard and a half wide, a stool to sit upon to dry yourself, and a glowing fire made each experience an enjoyable one. We soon learned, however, that by drawing the water ourselves instead of having the maid do it, we could get two good baths from each heating of the boiler and thus save money for other things.

It was necessary to apply principles of frugality, because our board and room came to 123 marks per week and, by agreement, I was to tip the maid five five marks. That left us about forty dollars a month for all activities, cloth-
ing, souvenirs and gifts. Fortunately, we were extremely healthy so doctor bills were not a problem.

At the Technische Hochschule I registered on the appointed day but ran into immediate difficulty. Foreign students, I found, were required by rules of the school to present a certificate written in German by a professor of the language, stating an ability to study therein. Before receiving my fellowship I had been required to submit a certificate of language proficiency to the Student Exchange, and I had obtained one readily by writing to my former professor at the University of Michigan. But that certificate had been written in English, and when I wrote for another in German, I never received a reply. I have always felt that the professor, an American, did not feel equal to the task of writing a letter in grammatical German.

While awaiting the reply that never came, I remained registered, but as a hörer, an auditor, rather than a student. But I signed up immediately for a German speaking class, where there were students of many nationalities. I recall a young Frenchman, an Englishman and a Turkish girl, who struggled along with me to master the idiomatic complexities of the language. I never attempted to learn German script, being happy when Professor Lippstreu certified me around the first of the year as being proficient and qualified to assume student status.

At the same time that I started classes in the Hochschule, I made contact with officials and technicians of the Preussische Versuchsanstalt für Wasserkbau und Schiffsbau (The Prussian Research Institute for Hydraulic and Marine Engineering), which was located on the Schleusen Insel (Lock Island) adjacent to the Hochschule. Here I spent considerable time receiving tutelage from the Director Herr Rudolf Seifert, Baurat Körner and a Doctor Sigismund Eisner. Eisner, a Jew, was liquidated in the years of Hitler domination.

Here, too, I met a number of Americans who were studying in Germany under Freeman Fellowships awarded through the American Society of Civil Engineers. There were Clarence E. Bardsley, a professor on leave from the Missouri School of Mines; Samuel Shulits, who in his spare time was translating into English a monumental work on hydraulic laboratory practice; Lorenz Straub, who, one day, was to become a world renowned expert on sediment movement; John Drisko, a graduate of M.I.T. and the son of a professor at that institution.

John had had a Freeman Fellowship the year before, but when it ran out,
he had decided to remain on his own resources for a longer period. We had him over for supper with us a number of times and he always enjoyed, as did we, the steaming casseroles that comprised the main courses.

At supper one night, John told us of wanting to extend his travels, particularly to Rome. When we heard of an Assistant Naval Attaché, who was planning to motor there with his wife, we suggested that they take John along as interpreter and companion. We awaited his return to Berlin eagerly and on the first night he was back we had him over for dinner. "How did you like Rome?" we asked. And he replied, "Well, the Coliseum can't hold a candle to the Yale Bowl."

Our American group was treated with the greatest courtesy and hospitality by the Germans with whom we worked. I remember a wonderful evening in the home of Baurat Körner, who in his official capacity seemed cold and austere. This impression was heightened, no doubt, by the fact that he wore a black pointed beard and had a scar across one cheek. In his home, however, we found him warm, kindly and of good humor.

While Frau Körner prepared the table, the Baurat mixed a steaming bowl, a concoction of wines and spices that warmed our souls on that cold winter night. It was served to us in punch cups by two little daughters with blonde plaits wound around their heads. We all took several cups and I can still hear Professor Bardsley saying with a half giggle after perhaps the third round, "Der Herr Baurat will haf us all unter der table gehen!"

Those were happy times for us as the winter ran its course. The days were short, the sun making its appearance about ten and setting to bring on darkness by half after four. The snow was deep and crunchy; the atmosphere sharp and clear. We enjoyed walking great distances and getting acquainted with the city by underground, street car and bus. The lack of money made these things necessary, and we learned they could be pleasant. Window shopping was an enlivening adventure to be partaken of on any free afternoon, and the Tiergarten was a fairyland to be enjoyed in any season. In its spring glory, it was beautiful with flowers; in winter its white blanketing of snow, its frosty air and frozen canals made it something of another world. Many hours we strolled the canal banks, often to watch the ducks breaking ice as it formed around them.

The day before Christmas, Loraine and I were invited to the home of some German friends. We went there about four in the afternoon and were immediately
taken to the dining room for tea, consisting mainly of things to eat. There were pastries, kuchen, breads and biscuits by the score; and when we had stuffed ourselves for well over an hour, the table was cleared, and we were herded into another room. Then, in what seemed minutes, we were taken back to the dining room, this time for a full-sized meal.

After dinner we went to the living room, and at a dramatic moment the doors were thrown open to the parlor, where stood an enormous pine tree decorated solely with burning candles. Then there were gifts, first for the grandparents, next the parents, and finally the children. The evening ended with piano playing and singing.

As we departed we were urged to return for another get-together the following day which would be Christmas. We agreed, but told ourselves we would arrive later, after tea, and only in time for dinner. We did not believe we could again face the necessity of eating so much rich food. Accordingly, we made an appearance the next day about six o'clock, only to find that the entire family had delayed tea until our arrival.

After the passing of Christmas, when I was well into my academic year, it occurred to me that I might possibly achieve a doctor's degree in engineering, and acting upon that thought I made formal application to the dean of the college. The dean knew little about the University of California, where I had taken my master's degree, but accepted my statement that it was considered equal to M.I.T. and Cornell by the Corps of Engineers which sent candidates to all three.

I then began work on my thesis, writing it out in English, translating to German and typing it out on my portable. My translation was assisted greatly by our landlady, Fraulein Köhler, and a young expatriated, white Russian nobleman, Graf Hendrikoff, who with his family had fled the revolution a decade before.

During the month of March, Lo and I made a circuit tour of Europe, going first to Dresden, then down through Czechoslovakia to Vienna, across northern Italy, up through Switzerland and France into Holland, and finally back to Berlin. My mission was to visit hydraulic laboratories enroute and gather all information that would assist me in planning a laboratory in the United States. I found everyone most helpful and indeed anxious to provide me with knowledge.

On returning to Berlin, our landlady greeted us with the information that during our absence she had rented our room to someone else. But, she hastened to add with a broad smile as she noted our dismay, she had prepared for us a
suite of rooms which would be ours at the price of the old room. The suite was was on the first floor instead of the second, where we had been previously. It had become apparent to Fraulein Köhler before we had left on our trip that we would be expecting our first born in the matter of a few months and she did not want Lo to be climbing stairs.

Now we had a living room where I could study and from which Lo could walk out to a well-tended lawn and garden. And we had an entirely separate bedroom! This was but one example of the generosity afforded us by the Germans we came to know. Everyone was always kind, making us feel his interest in us, and trying in dozens of ways to make us at home in a foreign country.

On several occasions there were parties given for American students from all the universities. I do not remember the names of these students, because there were so many and our times together were so short. I remember, though, that at one social gathering there was a young instructor of German from an American university, who asked me to tell our hostess that he had enjoyed his evening. I am sure he could speak much better German than I, but he was afraid he could not do it perfectly. I had no such inhibitions, because I had found out that the Germans did not expect perfection. It was enough for them that one tried to express himself in their language.

The examination for my doctorate was set for August the first, and shortly thereafter my wife and I were to depart for the States. During the months prior I had consulted with my two "referents", Dr. de Thierry and Dr. Ludin. The former spoke beautiful English - a far more polished language than I spoke - but the latter spoke only German. Accordingly, I had found myself talking more and more with de Thierry in English, and less and less with Ludin in German. In the back of my mind I visualized sitting down with these two men at the appointed time in Dr. de Thierry's office, being examined by them and, of course, speaking in English.

Then just a week before the examination Dr. de Thierry was called away by the illness of his wife in a distant city where she had been visiting, and I was told that Dr. Sigmund Müller would substitute for him. Dr. Müller had been the Dean who had demurred against my working for a doctor's degree in the first place. He spoke only a smattering of English, and his specialty was frame structures - not hydraulics. I began to be concerned about the situation and I had not heard it all! The day before the examination, when I stopped in at the Versuchsanstalt, Dr. Eisner told me that he planned to attend. He told me fur-
ther that the required attire was formal afternoon dress and that engineers from all over the city were invited to attend. At that point I wished that I might find a way to drop the whole thing. However, to make a long story short, I borrowed the appropriate clothes from a generous friend, perspired my way through the ordeal, and next morning was greeted as "Herr Doktor".

All that is now long in the past. The whereabouts of most of the people who touched our lives in those days are unknown. Berlin has changed. In fact, it has changed several times. For we were back briefly in 1934 to find the Nazis in control. Everywhere there was fear, and from the background came the sound of marching feet. Number 5 Hitzigstrasse was no longer a pension affording shelter and comfort to foreign guests, but an art school run by the State. Fräulein Kohler had disappeared.

But there were still familiar landmarks, and as we again strolled the Kurfurstendamm it suddenly seemed we had never been away. For there in the window of a Danish porcelain shop was the same figure of a seal that we had admired so many times so many years before. The ghosts of old Berlin, the Berlin of 1928-1929, returned even as they return now upon bidding. One recalled the flavor of Gemütlichkeit, the warmth of porcelain stoves, the comfort of feather bedding and puffs at the feet on winter nights, the crispness of the winter air and the kindness of the people.

Then came the memory of evenings at the opera in student seats that cost little but provided good listening and watching; the memory of a horse-show where Hindenberg presided and reviewed a ride by his old Staff; the memory of returning from travel to be greeted warmly by the shopkeepers who sold buns and stationery.

And now, as then, come the memories of little things: a dash out of a warm pension on a winter night to a nearby weinstube to buy a bottle of liqueur for unexpected guests. Holding a bottle of kümmel to the light and observing a fly in it. Announcing same. The excitement of the hangers-on, crowding up to see. "Hein Gott! Eine fliegel in der kümmel!"

Then the night of joining a fraternity. Halfway through the ceremony, which followed no pattern but drinking and singing, it came to light that this was a veterinary fraternity. But, no matter! What difference do professions make when all is fraternal? Drink, drink and drink again! Hilda, Hilda, Hilda! Du bist nur ein bier canal -- Ja, Ja, Ja -- Bier Canal, Bier, Canal, Bier Canal!

This was Berlin as it was to Americans in the days of the Weimar Republic.
All was good, all was kind, all was gemütlich. Even though dimly from the background came murmurs about the "war guilt lie", rumors of a little man down south named Hitler, worries about the growing strength of communists in the Reichstag, a fear of singing "Deutschland Über Alles" in communist localities; in spite of this, life was good in Germany. Perhaps it was too good to last, and perhaps that is true of all good things. We do not realize how good they are until it is too late.
III

REALIZATION

Special Orders No. 162, War Department, July 13, 1929, directed me, upon completion of studies at the Berliner Technische Hochschule and after such leave as might be granted, to proceed to Memphis, Tennessee and report in person to the District Engineer for duty as his assistant. My final examination was around the first of August and we were cleared and packed for departure by the middle of the month. With leave and travel consuming more than a month of time it was near the first of October when I arrived in Memphis. There I was told that my job would be to plan and build an hydraulic laboratory for the Corps.

General Jadwin, still Chief of Engineers and still skittish about putting research artists in positions from which they might adversely affect the policies of higher authority, was not going to let the situation get out of hand. To be sure that I would not go too far, too fast, he had passed down instructions that the building of the laboratory should be constructed of "elephant iron" and erected at the site of the engineer shops in West Memphis, where free land was available. He prescribed further that no more than $50,000 be expended the first year, said amount to cover construction costs and all salaries including my own. I was to report to the District Engineer, Major Francis B. Wilby, through Blair Ross, who was an assistant to Mr. Parkin, Chief Engineer.

Within a month General Jadwin retired as Chief and President Hoover appointed General Lytle Brown his successor. Although Brown was a career army officer and a member of the Corps, he was not an engineer in any real sense. It was said he was chosen for the job because of that. There had been such controversy among engineers as to the validity of the Jadwin Plan for control of the Mississippi, with its levees and floodways and no reservoirs for upstream storage or plans for cutoffs, that it might take someone with command ability and no technical inhibitions to knock heads together and get things going. Having spent several years as an instructor at West Point and then more as a field commander in both the Santiago de Cuba Campaign
and the Punitive Expedition into Mexico prior to service on the War Department General Staff, Brown was essentially a soldier's soldier, hard-bitten, quick to make decisions and dogmatic in their enforcement. With the President looking to him to perform wonders, a lack of confidence in his subordinates and no inner reservoir of technical knowledge, he was easy prey for crackpots with pet schemes for controlling the Mississippi River. As a result he tried many new things, some of which worked - most of which did not.

One of his first acts as Chief of Engineers was to order movement of the Mississippi River Commission from St. Louis to Vicksburg. Although this made good sense in every way, it came as a shock to the officials and employees of the Commission, who, along with their wives, had come to regard St. Louis as their permanent home.

Transfer of the yet-unborn laboratory from Memphis to Vicksburg was ordered concurrently. I had been working on plans for several weeks, following my directive as best I could, but accomplishing very little except to rent an apartment for myself and family and move in the furnishings. My wife was still in Washington where our first child had been born on the 20th of October. It was on a Saturday of early December that I worked all day to get the apartment in shape for their arrival. When I walked in the District Office on Monday morning, Major Kelton handed me a telegram that directed removal of the laboratory to Vicksburg. Turning to one of the girls in the office, I asked her if she knew anything about the place to which I would be going. She said she had been there once and she remembered it as a "long dusty ride with a cemetery at the end." Those being the days of gravel roads, I soon found out how right she was.

The change to Vicksburg was fortuitous, however, in many ways. Now I was free of the Jadwin restrictions and able to work directly with the officers of the Commission. General Thomas H. Jackson, who was President, and Major Paul S. Reinecke, his Executive, gave me encouragement and endorsed my every move. As a result, I could go ahead with plans for the kind of "laboratory" I had envisioned during my year of study in Germany. While there I had visited Dr. Hubert Engel's outdoor station at Obernach and his then assistant, Dr. Otto Kirschmer, latter quoted me as saying, "In the United States we will build like at Obernach - only ten times as large." I do not recall saying
that but I probably did!

I proceeded to select a site four miles south of Vicksburg on Durden Creek, where we could build a dam for supply of water to the models and construct a building for control tests and administration. There was need for a flume to calibrate meters, a constant-head tank to regulate flow of water to the models and many other facilities, most of which would have to be specially devised. A solid, permanent headquarters building was definitely indicated, but here we encountered a problem. Herbert Hoover, when Secretary of Commerce had strongly supported John R. Freeman for a National Hydraulic Laboratory in the Bureau of Standards and the Bill to authorize it had been defeated in the Congress by the testimony of General Jadwin, whereby indication had been given that the Corps could achieve its ends with respect to problems of the Mississippi with a kind of temporary, jerry-built set-up along its banks. There had been nothing to indicate the kind of installation that I now envisioned. Moreover, Mr. Hoover in the White House enjoyed much more authority than when he was Secretary of Commerce, and he was known to be antipathetic to the Corps of Engineers. Since construction of any permanent structure required approval by the Secretary of War, we felt it inadvisable to raise the issue at such a high level. Better it would be to call it a temporary building on the theory that it would probably last no longer than twenty years. That building has now been standing and giving service nearly fifty years, surviving a fire that destroyed others that were built to be permanent.

Acquisition of personnel created an early perplexity. This was 1930, when the Country had fallen into its greatest depression. In fact, it was New Year's Day, 1930, when I brought my wife and baby from Washington to our new home in Vicksburg, a city without hope except for what might be derived from those who were there to tame the river. The depression extended to everything, even to restrictions on Government employment. A freeze had been put on all classified grades of the Civil Service and no one could be hired new except as "laborer" at a maximum salary of $100 per month. And fifteen percent was deducted from all.

At the start I had obtained three Junior Engineers on permanent loan from the Vicksburg District, those being Jimmy Jobes, a recent graduate of the University of Michigan, Bill Wood from Georgia Tech and a chap name Patty who had been educated as a pharmacist. To this nucleus I added college graduates as laborers at the maximum rate along with bona-fide laborers for work on the
models at $65.00 per month. Since none of my young technical assistants had knowledge of hydraulic laboratory techniques, laws or procedures, I found it necessary to prepare textual material for their guidance. Then, because we had no allowance for printing at the time, I submitted it as a paper for Proceedings of the American Engineers, thereby obtaining reprints for use of my staff.

While the limitation on hiring gave me great concern it proved most fortuitous and probably more responsible than anything for the success of the undertaking. I am sure that given my way I would have sought out men with reputations as scientists and hydraulic experts, drawing them from the established laboratories of Europe and universities of the United States. They have come in all certainty with preconceived ideas and overwhelming desires to prove them. The young men, with whom I eventually surrounded myself were iconoclasts - brash, investigative and beholden to no one. If they could have disproved the theories of Isaac Newton it would have made them happy.

I have mentioned the help and encouragement I received from officers of the Mississippi River Commission, and I should not forget the civilians who comprised its staff. These included Charles Senour, Charles Schweizer and George Clemens, all fine engineers and each highly competent in his field. And then, there was Mr. Duffey, the Chief Clerk, who endured far beyond the call of duty to keep us young experimenters out of trouble. I recall a time that he called me on the phone to say explosively, "I have gone overboard to fill your crazy requisitions for soft coal, sand, gravel, oat grains and glass and rubber tubing, but when I receive one like I got today for breast pumps I'll be damned if I'll let a thing like that go out of this office!" The explanation I gave him was we had to make our own manometers and breast pumps provided the rubber bulbs we needed for suction.

There were, of course, many others who contributed in great measure to the firm establishment of what we came soon to call the U.S. Waterways Experiment Station. John Paul Dean had a hand in that, although I cannot say who it was that actually conceived the name. It is as though it jumped into being as a result of our concern about ruffling President Hoover with any idea that we were building a National Hydraulic Laboratory, thereby to thwart the Bureau of Standard from its attainment. Actually, we were friendly to those in the Bureau who were working on the idea and my year in Germany had brought
me in close contact and friendship with the young men who were coming up in the field of experimental hydraulics. These included Lorenz Straub, Sam Shulits, John Drisko, Clarence Bardsley - all Freeman Fellows - along with a host of others. In fact, I had Bardsley as an employee during the summer of 1931, when he was on vacation from his teaching job at the Missouri School of Mines. But more about that later.

I have just mentioned the name of John Paul Dean, but no history of the Waterways Experiments Station would be complete without more about him and the help he rendered in its behalf. John Paul was a graduate of the West Point Class of June 1918, the same class that claimed Hans Kramer, Pat Casey and Lucius Clay as members. He had accompanied General Markham to Europe during the summer of 1928 for a quick look at its hydraulic laboratories as promised by Jadwin at the House hearing on S.1710 and as a result had developed a special interest in the subject. On duty now in the New Orleans District he found it possible to visit Vicksburg frequently and offer suggestions. Hans Kramer had gone to Germany as a Freeman Fellow about the time that I returned and upon completion of his year there was assigned to the Memphis District. He, too, found it convenient to visit me often and our continuing arguments served to bring out useful lines of thought and action.

During the early months of 1930, however, I had only my own resources to draw upon, and the main job confronting me was acquisition of the land upon which the station was to be built. I turned for help to a leading law firm of the city, Brunini and Hirsch, and was assigned the services of Alex Brunini, a son of the senior partner. Alex had graduated only recently from college, so his experience was as miniscule as mine, but together we learned a great deal about land records in the State of Mississippi. One of the first things we found out was that I could hardly have selected a more difficult tract of land to acquire. It was owned jointly by one Brit Ferguson and a mother and daughter, named Helen and Eva Hammett. I cannot remember which was the mother and which the daughter, but both were suspicious about the purpose of the Government in buying their land, and they were not on speaking terms with Ferguson. I learned the necessity of patiently engaging in aimless conversation on the ladies' front porch and meeting with Brit at a downtown drug store over a coca cola.

By early summer of 1930, we had completed acquisition of the land and
were able to start construction of the dam and spillway, design of which had now been completed. Simultaneously, work was started on the main building of the station, which was to have a large Engineer Castle over its front doorway. Construction continued throughout the remainder of the year and into the spring of 1931, about which time I received a visit by Professor Charlie Allen of Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He had been employed by General Brown to check on my plans and report back, I presume, as to whether or not I really knew what I was doing. His visit marked the beginning of a long friendship, but he really had very little to offer in the way of advice. Before departing he asked me if I could think of any recommendation he might make to the Chief that would be helpful to us. I thought for a moment and told him we could always use more land. We had started with about forty acres and as a result of his recommendation we were enabled to add twenty or thirty more.

As the work progressed, General Jackson asked me if I would like to build a house on the site for myself as Director. After consultation with my wife I replied in the affirmative and a dwelling was built that until World War II continued to be occupied by my successors. During the war years, when all or most engineer officers were on military assignments, Gerhard Matthes, civilian assistant to General Ferguson, then President of the Commission, doubled as Director of the Station, and since he had established his residence in the City, the house was converted to use as a library. Later, it was pre-empted by the President of the Commission and thereafter his successors continued to occupy it.

It now occurred to me, probably as a result of Professor Allen's visit, that although I had gained considerable knowledge about the hydraulic laboratories of Europe I knew really very little about what we had in the United States. I therefore requested and obtained authority to visit a number of Universities with facilities of one kind or another. This took me to M. I. T., where tests of weirs were being conducted, to Charlie Allen's Laboratory at Worcester Tech, to the University of Michigan, where I established a warm friendship with Professor Horace King and his assistant, Wisler, then on to the University of Illinois, where a Professor Dolan held forth. Later, I visited the University of Iowa at Iowa City where Nagler and Yarnell were carrying on pioneering investigation, but I will have more to say about that later. At each university I told the professors that after graduation in
the spring I would give jobs to their two top students at salaries of $100 per month, less of course fifteen percent! Astonishingly, this is the way we got some of our best men - men like Joe Tiffany, Frank Edwards, Joe Caldwell and Joe Johnstone, several of whom stayed on many years.

As the summer of 1931 came upon us we found ourselves with the dam and main building completed, and water in the reservoir. We began the calibration of weirs and current meters, and at the same time prepared for the collection of sediment and bed-load samples from the Mississippi River. About this time General Jackson called me to his office to tell me that he had the problem of determining the effect of Mississippi flood-backwater on the Illinois River. His engineers had worked out several backwater curves without finding agreement among them. The matter was important because the Federal Government would be held responsible under provisions of the 1928 Flood Control Act for the cost of levees along the Illinois River to the limit of Mississippi River influence. Moreover, the answer had to be forthcoming soon in order to receive consideration for appropriations by Congress in the current session.

I was ready in no way to undertake an experiment of the kind indicated. We had no facilities for building a model and operating personnel was limited. My young assistants were all busy on other things that demanded their attention. In view, however, of the doubts that were being expressed at that time in many quarters, even by responsible engineers as to the practicality of hydraulic model testing, I thought it best to assume a "can-do" attitude, even though I had no idea at the moment about what I might be able to do.

The demand for prompt action was so great that I knew I could not possibly build a conventional model within the time limits imposed, even if I had the facilities for it, which I did not. It occurred to me, however, that the unique quality of the soil of the area might make it possible to carve out a model river channel in the level grounds in front of our main building. Vertical road cuts in the loess that prevailed all around Vicksburg and throughout that part of the State of Mississippi had remained for years without sliding or caving. Once disturbed, however, the natural cohesiveness of the finely divided particles would be lost, never to be regained. We had charts of the Illinois River with sounding at cross-sections, closely spaced. These were plotted on paper and transferred in our tin shop to metal templates that were
used as patterns. Professor Bardsley, who was with us for the summer, laid out the river's trace on the stripped ground surface, and armed with a grapefruit knife, set to work carving out a miniature river channel in the native soil. We installed a weir box, supplied with water from our reservoir, put in a tail-gate and in a few weeks we were measuring river stages on the model. It was a crude experiment, but repeated tests gave us confidence that the limit of backwater influence could be properly established at mile 120 on the Illinois River. Our findings were so reported and so far as I know that is the distance that is still accepted.

A few weeks later, General Jackson called me again to his office to tell me of a similar problem then confronting him. This time it was to determine the limits of Mississippi River backwater over the Yazoo Basin. Since we had been so successful in so short a time at so little expense with our first model, he felt that we should be able to repeat the process. Here, however, there was a wide area to be covered and the loess soil, having been once disturbed would no longer stand as carved or resist seepage. I found it necessary, therefore, to concrete the surface and this was well under way when Jackson came out to look things over. He appeared shocked at the extent and obvious cost of our work and told me to desist. Since we had not concreted the first model he could see no sense in concreting the second. I explained that we were working against time in the first case and had succeeded in a gamble only because the loess could be carved to stand and resist erosion for a limited time, but once disturbed this would no longer hold. Moreover, we had been dealing with a river channel in the first instance, but now a broad expanse of backwater area was involved, with seepage a major consideration. He listened impatiently to my argument, gave me no indication of agreement and soon departed.

I decided then that I should go to Memphis that evening for some river data that had been needed, and I departed without passing on any order to stop surfacing the model. When I returned two days later the work had been completed and I never heard anything more about it.

While these things were going on we had erected out-buildings of frame construction for a sediment and soils laboratory and for shops that were needed in connection with the construction of models. We had now acquired a number of skilled workers from the Vicksburg District on permanent transfer for carpentry, tinsmithing and similar skills. With considerable debate centering
about the question of cutoffs at river bends we realized that we would soon
be called upon for studies. Also, there were many problems relating to the
movement of bed-loads that would demand our attention. We would have need
for an extensive and accurately built model of the lower river to work with
as needed. Such a model should be of semi-permanent nature and include the
principal problem reach between Cairo and Natchez. We realized that it would
have to be of relatively small scale in order to fit the space available for
it. We knew, too, that it would have to be greatly distorted, if built to a
very small horizontal scale, else we would not have measurable depths. Euro­
pean practice had lead to a conviction that a vertical distortion of 6 to 1
was about maximum allowable. We had decided upon a horizontal scale of 1 to
2400, being constrained to multiples of twelve for the reason that the only
cross-section paper available to us was keyed to the English measurement sys­
tem. With so small a horizontal scale, I knew we would have to defy conven­
tions of the past and go to a distortion of at least twenty to one if we were
to produce representative flow in the model. During the months that I had
been on the river I had seized every opportunity for field trips and I had
made many observations and measurements of tributary streams. I had noted
that nature effected her own vertical distortions and that these increased
as channel widths decreased. I recalled, also, that General Jadwin had stated,
while testifying on Senate Bill 1710, that, "* * * * there are tributaries of
the Mississippi and tributaries of the tributaries * * * that seem to * * *
duplicate in miniature many of the conditions on the river." This gave strength
to my resolve to proceed as circumstances required, and the results provided
justification. When I described this later in a technical paper of a British
engineering society it came to be accepted by European experimenters.

We relied heavily from the start on verification of a model's reliability
by comparisons with effects observed in nature, and no results were accepted
that did not meet such a test. This was especially observed as we began work
with movable bed models. For these we experimented with many kinds of bed
material, ranging from sand to finely ground coal, and in one model we used
oat grains to plot the course of flow around bends. Models requiring careful
monitoring were built indoors, where the temperature could be controlled and
there was no wind disturbance. A model to determine the effects of cutoffs at
the Greenville Bends was thus constructed and operated because of its extreme
importance. Doubts as to the efficacy and danger of cutoffs were so great that
even after the model had come to show upstream lowerings with no adverse ef-
fects downstream, hesitation remained against even allowing one to occur nat-
urally. Bolstered, however, by the results of our experiments, General Jack-
son gathered courage to allow nature her way at a bend south of Vicksburg
where Big Black River joined the Mississippi. General Ferguson, who succeed-
ed him a few months later, being reassured by not only the results of model
tests but observations on the river after the natural cutoff, proceeded to
effect a next one at Diamond Point, and then a whole series at the Greenville
Bends and elsewhere on the river.

By the end of 1932, we were in full swing, with many models being tested
both indoors and outdoors. One test involved flood-flow over a full-scale
railroad embankment; another was devised to determine the effects of a pro-
posed scheme for siphoning off flood-flows at river bends. The practical
effects of both these was to save embarking on costly and futile schemes, but
others provided needed solutions of problems, both pragmatic and theoretical.
We had taken the attitude of being willing to try anything, hoping always to
find something new and useful, and suffering not too great a disappointment
when the only result was to discard a theory.

As experiments continued with river models, we were doing more and more
in our makeshift soils laboratory. Bill Wood had been running this as a kind
of side line when one day a young man drove in the grounds with his family.
He chanced to see me and asked if he might look around and observe what we
were doing. He said his name was Buchanan, that he had completed a course in
soils mechanics at M.I.T. under Terzaghi, and that now he was on his way home
to Texas without a job in sight. When I asked him if he would take a job with
us at $100 per month - less 15% - he accepted with alacrity. Thus Spencer
Buchanan came to the Station and there he remained in charge of the soils lab-
oratory until World War II.

In the early spring of 1933, I went to Iowa City to see what Floyd Nagler
and his assistant, Yarnell, were doing in their laboratory at the University.
While there I was asked by Nagler if I would be willing to conduct a seminar
that had been scheduled for a group of graduate students that afternoon. At
the conclusion of the session I was approached by a young man who introduced
himself as Lieutenant Paul Thompson of the Corps of Engineers. He was in his
last few months of study and was scheduled to attend the Army Engineer School
at Fort Belvoir in the fall. During the interim he would be assigned to temporary duty at some Army post. He asked what I would think about him requesting a summer assignment at the Experiment Station. I encouraged him to write a letter about it to the Chief of Engineers.

A few weeks later when I was in Washington for some purpose that I cannot now recall, I was told at the Chief's Office that General Pillsbury would like to see me. Pillsbury was an Ichabod Crane type, with frame tall and gaunt, and when he pondered a question he had the disconcerting habit of rolling his eyes back until only the whites were visible. I had no idea of why he wanted to see me, but he made it clear at once by telling me that the Chief had received a letter from a young officer who would like to be assigned to the Waterways Experiment Station for summer work and training. He then rolled his eyes back and asked what did I think about it. Being already primed and somewhat startled by seeing only the whites of his eyes, I blurted out that I considered it a wonderful idea - simply wonderful!

"Well," he said, "If its that wonderful, why don't we send all of them!"

I found out later that "all of them" meant all the lieutenants who were then pursuing a one year course of post-graduate study at civilian schools of engineering. So it came about that in June, Lieutenants Paul Thompson, Kenneth Nichols, Terry Abbot Seedy Curran, Tom Lane, Frank Falkner and Jack Person arrived at the Station. They were a great bunch and fine help in many ways, but it kept me on my toes devising worthwhile tasks for them - and the City was never the same after they took it over. I use that expression advisedly, because take it over they did. A second lieutenant with a salary of $143.00 per month plus $40.00 for quarters was a man of means in depression-stricken Vicksburg, where the only cash money seen by many people was at cotton-picking time.

As I recall, only Frank Falkner was married, though several others were engaged. Paul Thompson and Jack Person were the red-hot bachelors, but all had entree to the Country Club and acceptance for dates with the most attractive young ladies of the town. As summer approached its end, Paul Thompson discovered one day that he had made two dates for the same evening - one in the city and another up in the Delta. In desperation, he asked his good friend and roommate, Jack Person, to take one off his hands. Ever willing to oblige, Jack escorted Beth Christian and before the evening was over they were engaged to be married. I remember well the following morning when John Christian came out to the Experiment Station with blood in his eye to ask me what manner of man was
getting his daughter.

Our work was now increasing to the point that we were carrying on experimental work for districts far away from the Mississippi Valley. One experiment, I recall was for testing the effects of flood walls or jetties at Brownsville, Texas; another was for the Louisville District about a problem of navigation on the Ohio River and still another involved operation of the St. Lucie Canal in Florida. In view of this increased activity I asked that one of the officers on temporary duty be given a continuing assignment.

Shortly thereafter I was in my small office discussing a problem with Frank Falkner and Paul Thompson, when Major Ludson D. (Bugs) Oliver of the Commission staff burst upon us with a telegram in his hand. "The Chief says you can keep one of these officers," he ejaculated, "Now, which one of them do you want?" I suggested that I be given time to consider the matter and advise him later, but he would have none of it. He wanted an immediate answer. Thus pressed, I told him I would keep Thompson, for after all it was his initiative that had gotten the others assigned. Falkner was crestfallen and I felt very badly about it, because he was an extremely able officer and a very good friend. However, when it came to leave it was Thompson who was sent to other duties and Falkner who was returned to the station to be its second director.

Thompson rendered valuable assistance to me during the active months that followed. General Ferguson was now President of the Commission and no one could think of more things to try out than he. We were also trying to find time between tests of a pragmatic nature to extend our research, but it was always difficult. Without the help of Paul Thompson it would have been much more difficult and much less interesting. With my home at the Station and many visitors now to be received and entertained I had less time than formerly for the detailed planning of models and solution of problems related thereto. My staff, however, had gained in both technical and administrative competence and I was rapidly becoming convinced that from now on the Station would be well run.

In mid-summer, 1934, I received orders to attend the Command and General Staff School as a student, beginning in the fall, and about the same time there came an invitation to visit Germany as a guest of the Hitler Government. The War Department approved and the ensuing trip provided a fine climax to that chapter of my life that began as a student there......
OBSERVATIONS ON SERVICE IN
THE PITTSBURGH DISTRICT,
U.S. CORPS OF ENGINEERS

1940 - 1943

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Observations on Service in
The Pittsburgh District,
U.S. Corps of Engineers,
1940 - 1943

I was assigned to the Pittsburgh District, Corps of Engineers, United States Army, in mid-summer 1940 and until mid-summer 1941 served as Chief of the Inspection Division. Tionesta, Mahoning, Crooked Creek, Loyalhanna and Youghiogheny Dams were all under construction at the time of my arrival and the Johnstown Flood Control Project was just getting started. My principal assistant was Herb Winn, ably seconded by Wilfred Bauknight. Since characteristics of the dams are a matter of record, as are the names of the contractors and the District personnel charged with supervision at each, I shall not try to draw on memory for those items of information. It was my responsibility to maintain the quality of construction, reporting thereon to Col. Ludson D. Worsham, the D.E. The Worshams and ourselves had arrived in Pittsburgh about the same time after service together at Fort Belvoir where we were good friends. Our congeniality helped to iron out the difficulties encountered during the first few months of house hunting and getting settled in a busy, bustling city.

Major D. Lee Hooper was the third officer in the District in those days preceeding Pearl Harbor, his position being that of Deputy to the District Engineer, in which capacity he was largely concerned with the training of reserve units. We got along well as a team, which was fortunate, for there was much to keep us all busy. Construction proceeded apace at all projects with few major problems to confound us and schedules were generally maintained except at Loyalhanna dam where a number of things had gone wrong.

The contracting firm with responsibility at Loyalhanna was the Great Lakes Dredge and Dock Company, a firm with excellent reputation in its designated field but no previous experience as a builder of big dams. Most of its difficulties had resulted from bad planning and inadequate supervision and the company now stood to lose considerable money. General Edwin Markham, who had retired some time earlier as Chief of Engineers, had become its President. Faced with financial loss he came to see what could be done about it. When informed of his
proposed visit I asked the D.E. how we should treat him. "The first day," he said, "we will extend to him all the respect and courtesy that is due an ex-Chief of Engineers. After that he's just another damn contractor!" Anecdotes of a similar nature come to mind in connection with each of the projects we were then pursuing, but our principal concern was adherence to schedules, and well it was, for we were able to bring all projects to a successful conclusion before the pressures of war construction fell upon us.

A few months after Pearl Harbor, Worsham was sent to a military assignment and Hooper took over as District Engineer. I continued for a while in the Inspection Division, but then moved over to Engineering. During this period, emphasis shifted completely from civil works to military construction. We inherited from the Quartermaster Corps a TNT plant at Meadville, Pennsylvania, and in rapid-fire order an airfield at Connelsville, a pentolite plant in Ohio and several lesser projects. I recall the Meadville plant as one of our meanest jobs. It had been badly mis-managed and was well under way when we took it over. We found many irregularities, including favoritism in the awarding of subcontracts and great effort was required to get things straightened out. Other projects that we took over gave us trouble, too, but none like Meadville. I remember well the great thrill I experienced when the first line went into production.

During the early summer of 1942, Hooper was sent off to other duties and I became District Engineer. Arriving in Pittsburgh as a Captain, I had been promoted several times to reach the rank of Colonel, but now I had no officer assistants. Circumstances required that commissions be obtained by those civilian assistants who could qualify, and soon Charlie Wellons, Bob Kline, Ike English, McCarnes and Dodds were in uniform as officers of the Corps of Engineers, Army of the United States. I tried to get Scott Harvey commissioned, too, for he was a wheel-horse in the organization, but a previous District Engineer, then in Washington and hearing about it, tried to do a good turn for Scott by insisting on a higher rank than the War Department would approve, with the result that no commission was granted. All of these people performed well, Charlie as a negotiator of engineering contracts and general technical adviser, Dodds as a director of construction and coordinator of river...
traffic, and the others as area engineers. Bob Kline was my trouble
shooter, moving from job to job to bolster each as needed. Even as the
work load increased and responsibilities grew heavier, morale remained
high.

Once we were committed as a Nation to participation in the war, in-
dustry speeded up for increased production. The impact of this was great
in the Pittsburgh area where steel was the major product. We came quickly
to realize that the hand operated locks on the Monongahela River would be
sadly inadequate when coal movements were increased to meet war require-
ments. With this in mind, I requested authority of the Division Office
to install donkey engines at each lock. Then without waiting for a re-
ply, because Jack Dodds knew where such engines could be quickly obtained,
we ordered and installed them. Weeks passed, and traffic was moving down
river at unprecedented speed, when word came from the Division that my re-
quest had been disapproved. I called Colonel Hall, the Division Engineer,
on the phone and told him there was no way in the world I could pay for
the installations out of personal funds and he would simply have to approve.
When he put it up to the Chief's office and they demurred, he defended my
position vigorously.

Lacey Hall was a great person, probably best described as a "charac-
ter". He loved above all else to put the Chief's office in an embarras-
sing position and make its ranking officers squirm. That is probably why
he never rose above the rank of colonel, though he was one of the ablest
technical officers of the Corps. There are those of the military hier-
archy who favor mediocrity and compliance above intelligence and initia-
tive. On one occasion Colonel Hall and I were traveling from Columbus,
Ohio by train to a location where we had a project under construction.
With us were a Congressman and a Brigadier General from the Chief's Office.
When we arrived at our destination it was raining torrents. We stood in
the vestibule of our car ready to detrain. Colonel Hall had a raincoat
on his arm and I was wearing mine. Neither of the others were so equip-
ped. The Colonel looked at one, then the other, and then said, "Far be
it from me to attempt weighing the relative ranks of a Congressman and a
Brigadier, so I'll just wear this coat myself. Now, let's get going!" And they both got soaked.

On another occasion we were visiting some newly constructed igloos in
an ammunition storage area. With us was a general officer from O.C.E. The General had been on Lacey all morning about one thing and another and as we stepped in one of the igloos, dark and cavernous, Lacey remarked quietly, "What a wonderful place for a murder." The General said little the rest of the day.

On still another occasion I was with him on an inspection trip when he had limited his smoking to one cigar a day, after lunch. We had been driving all morning and the noon hour had passed. Lacey grew increasingly fidgety and irritable. I had planned to lunch at a place I knew about but we seemed to be nowhere near it. Finally I asked our drive where we were and he told me he was lost! The next few minutes with Lacey were unpleasant to say the least.

All in all though, he was a great boss, and I got from him all the support I could ask for. He left it to me to select sites for military installations and he never interfered when things were going well. As to the selection of sites, I received a call from Washington one day to pick one for a new military hospital, preferably north of Pittsburgh. I made a map study and concluded that Butler, Pennsylvania provided all the logistical support such an installation would require. It was accessible by both road and rail and blessed with healthful surroundings. So, I drove to Butler and through the city northward. On the outskirts I saw, as in a dream, a newly built hospital, completely unoccupied. Upon entering I was greeted by a man who said he had been expecting me, and he proceeded to show me through the buildings, complete with kitchens, dental facilities, laboratories and all that is basically needed in a hospital. The hallways had strips of paper on them to protect their newness. Except for inadequate ward space I knew it was what we wanted. Upon inquiry I found that it had been built as a State hospital for the treatment of tuberculars. The Governor, whose administration had built it, had just left office, and his successor, being of the opposite political party, had chosen to leave it idle as a white elephant to embarrass his adversaries. I went to Harrisburg the next day, called on the Governor and obtained release of it to the Army. It remained only to build ward rooms over a large area in rear to increase its bed capacity. Bob Kline took on that assignment and made a fine job of it.

Around the same time I received orders to select a site for another
hospital near Cleveland. I sent out reconnaissance parties and then after receiving their reports set out by myself to look at the recommended locations. It was a rainy day and every site had water standing on it. I ruled them all out and continued on toward the city. As I drove around the west side of it from the south I saw an area that was marked for a subdivision. It was dry and a power-line passed directly overhead. I went into the city, called on the Mayor and told him I wanted that site for a military hospital. He agreed on the spot and the hospital built there became the Crile General Hospital. The site for the camp at Shenango, Pennsylvania was selected in much the same way as was the site of the Lordstown Depot.

In the case of the latter, we wrote specifications for as cheap an installation as we felt could be built. Bids came in from responsible contractors in the Pittsburgh area, but apparently none could think of building structures to last only a few years. The low bid was from an operator of movies theaters in Ohio, and he was a million dollars below the lowest of the others. We gave him the contract with doubts and fear, but he struggled through, often seeking our help, and when all was done he went to the Division office and laid a check for a million dollars on Lacey Hall's desk. When I asked him later why he had done that, he said it was worth a million dollars to see the look on that Colonel's face. Of course, it represented excess profits and he knew he would be renegotiated anyway. In spite of the good job that was done, we suffered one great disappointment at Lordstown. We were required to use wood-stave pipe throughout the entire area to save metal, and when water was turned into the system it all gave way and had to be replaced. In spite of that, however, the job was completed on schedule.

Other war projects included a large staging area and cantonment at Sharon, Pennsylvania, airfields at Coriopolis and Bradford, and underground storage tanks in an area camouflaged to look like a farm. We moved hills and filled the intervening valleys for the field at Coriopolis, and today it is the site of Pittsburgh's municipal airport. The airfield at Bradford was also converted later for the city's use, but with less happy results, for in the sixties it became known as the most dangerous airport in the country.

With the flood control system about completed and our eyes on projects
to assist the war effort, we had come to feel that we were out of the dam building business. We reckoned, however, without the increasing need for water storage by industries gearing up for war production and, in particular, the need for cooling water by the steel mills around Youngstown, Ohio. In recognition of this, Berlin Dam on the Mahoning River was authorized by the Congress under guise of a flood control project and shortly thereafter another was authorized on Mosquito Creek. Incidentally, of all the dams I have a hand in building, Berlin Dam is the only one I have been responsible for from ground-breaking to dedication.

I remember my year as District Engineer, which ran from about mid-summer 1942 to the fall of 1943 as filled with extremely hard work over long hours. Rising during hours of morning darkness I had long distances to travel and many projects to keep on schedule. Even at night it was necessary to check security measures. The results obtained would have been impossible without the superb assistance rendered by all members of my staff and employees of the District as a whole. Everyone felt the responsibility demanded by war and each contributed eagerly to the over-all effort. The District could well take pride in all that it accomplished.
THE OTHER WAR

1944 – 1945
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FOREWORD

On the thirtieth anniversary of the Japanese petition to surrender and thereby end World War II, my wife, Loreine, suggested that we bring down from our attic the letters I had written her during my nearly two years in the Southwest Pacific Theater of Operations. With few exceptions I had written every day as we moved from Brisbane, Australia through New Guinea to the Philippines and finally to Japan. She, too, had written faithfully, but my many moves had made it impossible for me to save any correspondence. In fact, I had returned in my letters to her, most of the letters that I had received from friends and family, thus affording her the pleasure of them, too. I had also enclosed snapshots, clippings and tear-sheets from local and military newspapers along with a variety of memorabilia, from invasion money to autographed menus. Most of this I have sent to the United States Military Academy library.

The letters were in a cardboard box, each in its original envelope with enclosures thereto. As I arranged them in chronological order and glanced through them I saw that they told the story of an unpublicized side of our Nation's greatest armed conflict, the war of ships, bulldozers, trucks, power shovels, tractors and all the equipment needed to build bases for the reception, storage and transmission of supplies to troops in the field who could go only as far as their lines of communication would permit. This other war involved the engineering effort required to provide hard standings, warehouses, roads and docks, and all the necessities for healthful living in a tropical region. It involved also the timely procurement and delivery of the supplies needed to make all of this possible: the lumber, cement, landing mat and thousands of other things required by
an army in the field, from food and clothing to guns and ammunition. It required the handling of these things by all means of transportation, their storage and the establishment of systems whereby they could be reached as needed and moved as required to the ultimate users.

Although the letters reflected all this in a general way, it was apparent that they could not tell the story by themselves. There would have to be explanations between the lines to reveal the facts that censorship prevented telling at the time. Also, only a few deserved inclusion as a whole, for there was much in most of them about the weather and the routine of daily life, embroidered by endearments and expressions of loneliness that could be of interest only to the addressee. I have, therefore, extracted and abstracted as has seemed appropriate and, where explanations have appeared desirable as background, I have called upon memory. I have made no effort to put any of this in technical terms or to describe operational details as for historical record. To that end I am including as an appendix a paper I wrote and delivered at the National War College in December 1945, which describes the organization and operation of Base M in support of the Lingayen operation.
THE OTHER WAR

They say everyone can remember where he was when news of the attack on Pearl Harbor came over the radio. My recollection of it is very clear. I was at my home in Mt. Lebanon, Pennsylvania that Sunday afternoon working in my garden and an hour later I was at a warehouse on Neville Island getting my uniforms out of storage. At that time I had been in the Pittsburgh District of the Army Corps of Engineers a year and a half, first as Chief of the Inspection Division largely concerned with the construction of flood control dams, and then as Chief of the Engineering Division. Prior to service in the Pittsburgh District I had served as instructor at the Army Engineer School at Fort Belvoir with classes in Division and Brigade tactics, motor maintenance, public speaking and flood control engineering.

It was because the Chief of Engineers had learned on a visit to the school that I was teaching flood control engineering without ever having been a District Engineer that he had me ordered to Pittsburgh, "a most active engineer district".

It had done no good to tell him that I had an MS degree in Civil Engineering from the University of California and a doctorate of engineering from Berlin Technical University, or to remind him that I had built and operated for nearly five years the Waterways Experiment Station at Vicksburg, Mississippi, where we were largely concerned with flood control problems of the Mississippi River. He considered only my lack of practical experience and he was right! All my other experience had been entirely on the military side, consisting of school and duty with troops at Fort Belvoir, school at Fort Leavenworth and troop duty in Hawaii. I should remark here that as a student at the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth I had solved one logistics problem by evacuating all the military supplies in an
area under attack by commandeering railroad trains that were non-existent in the statement of the problem, although a railroad line was clearly shown on the map. For that heinous crime I was recommended upon graduation for service henceforth as Chief of Staff, G-1, G-2, or G-3, but not G-4. I never wanted to be a G-4 anyway, but fate was not to be denied.

With the attack on Pearl Harbor and donning of the uniform that had been in storage, activity in the Pittsburgh District turned almost entirely to military construction. Training camps, hospitals, TNT plants and airfields were suddenly in demand, and by mid-summer '42, the responsibility for their completion was wholly mine as District Engineer.

By September of 1943, things were so sufficiently in hand that I could be relieved from duty in the District and sent for a four months course at the Army-Navy Staff College, a peripatetic institution that took a conglomerate class for instruction to an air base in Florida, the Naval War College in Newport and the Pentagon in Washington. I had visions of duty in the European Theater of Operations with a joint or combined Staff, but on graduation in mid-December I was told that my assignment to the Southwest Pacific Theater had been requested by Maj. Gen. Hugh J. (Pat) Casey of General MacArthur's headquarters. With Christmas just around the corner I asked a somewhat junior personnel officer in the Pentagon if it might be possible for me to delay my departure from Washington until after New Year's. "Oh, of course", he replied, "That MacArthur is always yelling for something. We just don't pay any attention to him". I was to find out in the months ahead how true those words were.

AUSTRALIA

I left by train for the West Coast on January 3rd, 1944, and arrived in San Francisco three days later. From there I was sent to Hamilton Field
for "processing" prior to departure by plane to Honolulu, where I arrived in the early morning hours of January 7th. I had expected to continue my journey on the same plane after a brief stop for refueling, but the plane was needed for a more urgent mission and I was assigned quarters in which to wait departure.

I got away finally on January 9th around 11:00 PM to begin an island hopping flight across the Pacific, with a last stop at New Caledonia. The lieutenant who came out to meet our plane, saw my engineer castles and told me that Hans Kramer had left there just half an hour earlier on his way to the States.

Jan. 12 - I arrived today in Brisbane and discovered on debarking from the plane that all my accompanying luggage had been taken off at New Caledonia by mistake. The only clothes I had were on my back. Tired, dirty and with no change of attire possible, I was assigned to a room in a definitely third-class hotel. Some of its features were cockroaches, a non-flushing toilet and no windows. After one night of this I went to the billeting officer and got assigned to the hotel where all the top brass reside and where everything is ultra modern - even to a radio over my bed. ** As to what my duties will be I am considerably in doubt, for it appears that several different individuals have requested my assignment - and at one time or another I have been lined up for nearly every type of activity. It seems most likely, however, at this time that I will be working with Jim Marshall, an engineer officer, who is on the staff of USAOS, those letters standing for United States Service of Supply. ** Today I have seen Tom Lane, Chick McNutt, Dusty Rhodes, Miles Dawson and a number of other old acquaintances. ** As to my impression of Australia, it seems a pleasant kind of country, similar in general character to some of our southern states. The people, too, are like Southerners in their friendliness and hospitality and like Westerners in their informality. Chick McNutt, at lunch, told this story related to him by an Australian. It happened that an old fellow, who had led a quite unvirtuous life, finally died and reported to St. Peter for settlement of accounts. St. Peter checked the records and found there was nothing to do but send the old man down to Hell. Fortwith, the old fellow rapped on the fiery gates and asked that he be assigned a billet. The billeting officer gave him a room number and a key, which the old man took and went upstairs. When he opened the door of the designated room he found heavy oriental rugs on the floor, a beautyrest mattress on the bed, running ice-water and all the conveniences of a modern hotel, including air conditioning. The old man looked around, scratched his head and figured he was surely in the
wrong place. Furthermore, he was reluctant to settle down to all this comfort and luxury if he would have to give it up eventually, because then it would be just so much harder to put up with what he had believed the real discomforts of Hell to be. So he went back to the billeting officer and asked if there had not been a mistake made. But the billeting officer replied, "Oh, no! Ever since the Americans have been here everything has been strictly first-class!"

Jan. 14 - My baggage arrived today from New Caledonia and after making myself presentable in a change of clothing I set out to visit a few offices in GHQ, not only to get acquainted, but to find out, if possible, what might be in store for me in the way of an assignment. Pat Casey, who is Chief Engineer in GHQ, had requested my transfer to the Theater, but he is away on a mission and it seems that others have ideas, too. Unable to determine anything definite I stopped in some of the down-town shops to see what might be offered for sale. The shelves were nearly all bare and in the markets only small cuts of meat were in evidence. One bake shop had nothing but a kind of raisin cake that is sliced and sold by the pound. *** The price of meals in Australia is established by law at three shillings for breakfast, four for lunch and five for dinner, the shilling being worth sixteen cents. Meals at those prices are very good and adequate. The Australians I have met treat us like honored guests, making every effort to be helpful.

At this time and until late in 1944, all efforts of the American forces in the Southwest Pacific were directed from Brisbane. Here the Commander-in-Chief, General MacArthur, had his headquarters, and here too was the headquarters of USASOS, which, under the command of Maj. Gen. James L. Frink, was responsible for the logistical support of all American forces in the theater. Both GHQ and USASOS had General and Special Staffs to carry out their work, the Special Staffs being comprised of technical service chiefs to include Engineers, Signal Corps, Quartermaster, Transportation, Ordnance and something known as I & E, which had to do with soldier welfare and morale. Each General Staff consisted of a Chief of Staff and four assistant G's, G-1 being concerned with personnel, G-2 with intelligence, G-3 with operations and G-4 with supply. The latter, of course, had to deal with all the special staff officers up and down the line of command.

Brig. Gen. Jonathan Lane (Pinky) Holman and Col. James C. (Jim) Marshall were Chief of Staff and G-4, USASOS, respectively. These were the
two with whom I would be working most closely during the next several months. I do not recall who held the positions of G-1, G-2 and G-3 because I had less contact with them and several changes were made from time to time. Of the USASOS Special Staff group, I recall that Mike Mitchell was Chief Signal Officer, Tom Plant headed Transportation and Tenney Ross the Engineers. Tom Plant was returned to the States about mid-year, 1944, and replaced by William W. (Wannie) Wanamaker. All were colonels at the time and all became my close friends.

Jan. 15 - Before coming here I had heard it said that the foreign theaters of operation are as over-organized as the Pentagon, but now I doubt it. I have seen no evidences of empire building such as I saw in Washington, and it seems that the sole aim of everyone here is to win the war in shortest possible time without regard to enhancement of his own position.

Jan. 17 - I am still adjusting to my new life and awaiting an assignment. Several possibilities have appeared, but no decision has been made except that I will be with USASOS. Under orders of that headquarters I will leave tomorrow on an inspection trip, accompanied by Bob Morris, who is also new in the theater.

On January 18th, 19th and 20th, I visited USASOS depots and other installations around Sydney. At one location central records were maintained for all supplies in USASOS bases. With the war moving forward and new bases being built in New Guinea the time was rapidly approaching that the distribution center would have to be moved to an intermediate location. To appreciate the situation it is necessary to understand the role of USASOS with respect to the combat forces, namely those of the SIXTH and EIGHTH ARMIES. As those armies leap-frogged each other from Australia across New Guinea, with assault landings at Port Moresby, Milne Bay, Oro Bay, Lae and Finchhafen, supply ships ordered by USASOS were moved into the harbors as floating warehouses from which supplies were lightered ashore to the troops in combat. As the battles progressed and shore areas were cleared of the enemy, service troops began the construction of roads, hardstandings,
airstrips, docks and warehouses. These were built hastily to serve the immediate needs and to provide a nucleus for full-scale base development at such time as USASOS might take over the responsibility of running it. The bases developed by USASOS were large installations with service troops capable of handling great quantities of supplies of all kinds. Records, of course, had to be maintained of supplies on hand at each base and in each warehouse and storage depot in order to meet current and future needs. At the time of my visit much of this was still being done in Sydney. After an interesting and informative three days there I went on to Melbourne for further orientation.

Jan. 21 - Heston Cole met me at the airport and I thought he looked wonderful. Tanned and rugged, he appears much younger than when I last saw him. I had expected to find it considerably cooler here, so was surprised by a temperature of about 100 degrees. The air is dry, though, and even in a light wool gabardine shirt and trousers I was quite comfortable.

On January 22nd, I returned to Brisbane, but only long enough to receive orders assigning me to the job of Deputy G-4, USASOS and to establish myself in my new office. The whole G-4 Section was in temporary buildings in Victoria Park at a considerable distance from the rest of USASOS in downtown Brisbane. The staff was large and included representatives of all the services as well as a number of civilian employees. On the morning of the 25th of January I left for New Guinea, first to visit Base F at Finschhafen where I arrived shortly before ten o'clock. There, with Leland Hewitt, Tenney Ross and a couple of others, I inspected the installations and work of the engineers.

Jan. 26 - I met Sam Sturgis and Benny Folkes, both dirty and dishevelled, but happy and in excellent health. **** The engineers have done a whale of a job everywhere and I am proud to be one of them. The main problems here are of a technical nature and all disciplines of engineering are involved in their solutions.
I left Base F at 9:15 AM on the 27th of January and arrived at Lae (Base E) about forty five minutes later. During our short flight I observed the lush jungle growth and marvelled that New Guinea had remained in its natural state so many years. Once on the ground we traveled by jeep to our destination in the Base.

Jan 27 - Today I saw cocoa bushes growing in rows between taller trees that give them shade. * * * * This island reminds me of Hawaii with its views of the mountains. Otherwise it is quite different, being almost entirely undeveloped. Instead of cities there are only native villages, but they are generally neat and the huts have been built in a workmanlike manner. As for the American soldiers here, all I have seen appear healthy and well-fed.

Jan. 28 - I am still moving about New Guinea from base to base, learning about their operations. In the past several days I have been with Cliff Hunt, Al Lane, Sam Karrick and Pinky Walsh at various times and in various places.

I left Lae shortly after noon on the 28th of January and arrived at Dobadura around 1:30 PM. After two days there we flew to Goodenough Island, arriving at 10:30 AM, the 30th. Our visit there was mostly in the nature of a courtesy call, for there were no problems of a serious nature and the troops were few in number, so we flew on to Base A at Milne Bay the next day, arriving at 2:30 PM. This was a very large and active base, being one of the oldest, and we spent considerable time inspecting the many extensive installations. The next morning we went out early to the airstrip for take-off to Port Moresby, but no plane was headed in that direction and we sat around all day waiting for one to come along. We got away finally about 5:00 PM and touched down at Moresby at 7:15.

Feb. 3 - I am convinced that the airplane is the slowest known means of travel and the most difficult for distances under 500 miles. I am resolved never to put foot in a plane again once this war is over. * * * * The war here reminds me of a large construction project; there is little glamour and lots of work, with changes demanded continually. Patience is required at every turn.
Feb. 4 - I am now back in Brisbane, rolling up my sleeves to tackle my new job. One of my traveling companions on the last leg of my flight from New Guinea was Archie Roosevelt, a really nice guy.

Feb. 5 - This was my first day of real work since arriving in the theater. ** Working with Jim Marshall will be fine and I am sure I will have plenty of responsibility. I have the feeling of being an actor in a drama that will one day be part of history. There is an unreality about war that is difficult to explain.

Feb. 6 - My work is keeping me very busy and I am happy about it. ** Figuring the distance I have traveled since leaving home I have come up with a figure of about 11,000 miles.

Feb. 7 - To give you an idea of the cost of living here, my dinner tonight, consisting of soup, roast beef, asparagus salad, ice cream, cake and coffee came to 72 cents. Haircuts are only 27 cents, but clothing is quite expensive and rationed. ** Jags Eyerle is here on a brief mission and I met him today.

Feb. 14 - I arrived at our headquarters in Victoria Park before 8:30 this morning after a walk from the hotel and across the golf course. The grass and trees are very green, for it is getting on to late summer. The jacquaranda trees are beginning to bloom, so there is a bit of color to be seen against the variable green background of iron barks, gumwoods and silken oaks. ** Work at the office gets easier as I learn my way around, but I keep busy and see no sign of let-up.

Feb. 15 - Two morning conferences with work piling up in the meantime kept me at the office until 6:30 PM.

Feb. 16 - Captains "Buck" Buchanan and Frank Rhinehart, both from Vicksburg arrived today, escorted by Sam Sturgis, who had requested their services. I had dinner with them and also saw George Rehm. It is pleasant to have old friends around.

Feb. 17 - I am increasingly pleased to be with Jim Marshall and in General Frink's command. The work is demanding, but those around me are congenial and cooperative. ** The weather is now warm, like August in the States.

Feb. 18 - I enjoy especially my walks to and from the office where I work. The trees are particularly lovely at this time of year and some, like the frangipani, are in full bloom. The blossoms have a heavy fragrance, which mingled with scent of burning sandlewood is unique and unforgettable. I have never seen so many varied shades of green in the foliage of trees as in Victoria Park. They run all the way from the deep green of the Norfolk Island Pines to the dusty green of one of the gums.

Mar. 6 - As the days pass the weather grows cooler, for it is now early autumn in Australia. But the leaves do not fall and the grass
stays green, so it is very much like spring at home when everything is so beautiful.

Mar. 10 - Jim Marshall is away on an inspection trip, so I am temporarily in charge of things. Having been assigned to General Staff Corps last week my "castles" are presently in discard.

Mar. 14 - Frank Falkner and Henry Hutchins have arrived from the States.

On March 20th, I returned to New Guinea for a series of meetings with Base Commanders, leaving Brisbane at 8:15 AM. We flew by way of Townsville, where we stopped for refueling and refreshments, but in an hour we were on our way again to arrive at Milne Bay (Base A) at 3:40 PM. The rest of that day and the next two were devoted to meetings with base personnel to sort out their problems and see what might be done to assist them. Among those that I talked with were Colonels Cliff Hunt, Sam Karrick and Joe Cox, all officers of the Corps of Engineers. The principal purpose of my trip, however, was to attend a conference of Base Commanders at Dobadura (Base B) and my stop at Base A was only incidental to that. So, at 9:10 AM on the 23rd, I took off again. In addition to Base Commanders, the meeting was attended by a number of Service Chiefs, and also present were Henry Hutchins and Dave Ogden, both Brigadier Generals in command of amphibious brigades that had recently come to New Guinea. One of the subjects discussed was how their commands might be best used in future operations. After four days of meeting and planning I flew to Base F at Finschhafen on the 27th, departing at 9:00 AM and landing at 10:10. I was there for two days, during which time I met with several officers of the Base and Brig. Gen. Dwight Johns, who had the title of GHQ Coordinator for New Guinea Bases. On the 29th, I flew to Base E at Lae and on the 31st, back to Base A. On April 1st, I returned to Brisbane, arriving there at 3:15 PM.
Apr. 1 - Back now from New Guinea, where much of my time was spent in lengthy meetings and tedious inspection visits, I can report to you about some of the more interesting events of my trip. After my arrival at Dobadura at 10:10 AM on the 23rd, I spent the rest of the day with the Base Commander visiting his more important installations; then after getting ourselves cleaned up he took me out to a Dutch ship in the harbor. This was the ship that gained fame in the early days of the war by rescuing Dr. Wassel and his group from Malaysia. We were greeted most hospitably and given refreshments of beer and Holland gin, after which we were invited to stay for a fine dinner, accompanied by Javanese music provided by some of the crew. While taking departure we were asked to return the following night and the invitation was accepted with pleasure. This time the main course was nasigoreng (I trust I have spelled that correctly) and it was not only tasty but very filling. I was particularly intrigued by the coffee, which was served as a heavy, dark essence to be poured in the bottom of a cup that was then filled with very hot water. I asked how it was prepared and they told me that they punch many holes in the bottom of a large tin can which they fill with finely ground coffee. They then put ice cubes on top of the coffee and keep replacing them as they melt and the water drips through. * * * *

During my ramblings I ran into Chaplain Luther Miller and went with him to see his chapel, of which he is quite proud. I also encountered Russ Baker, who was an engineer in the Vicksburg District when I was building the Waterways Experiment Station. * * * The scenery throughout New Guinea is beautiful, with mountains and clouds forming a magnificent background for the lush foliage of the jungle. While at Milne Bay, in the center of great activity, I kept wondering what the natives must think when they see our ships in newly created ports, airplanes overhead and thousands of soldiers in jeeps and trucks moving around our enormous bases, each of which is like an undeveloped city. * * * * On my return to Base A, and after another lengthy conference, I met up with Frank Falkner, who had been there since shortly after I saw him in Brisbane. I told him I would take him back with me, so to go back clean he gave all of his clothes to a soldier for laundering. Later in the day he found everything on a line outside his quarters drenched with rain. He had to pack it wet for the return trip. * * * * Coming back to my room in the hotel in Brisbane I found thirty letters, two Saturday Evening Posts, a mystery book and three packages containing pajamas, sheets, pillow cases and books. Many, many thanks! * * * * Your letters tell me about promotions in other theaters and though I am glad for those so fortunate, I do feel that we are a little out of it, particularly as our engineers are concerned. Although the main job here is engineering, the engineers are not recognized as they should be by those in command. Tenney Ross has done a magnificent job, but he will never get the thanks he deserves.

Apr. 3 - Jim Marshall and I were dinner guests of Lane Holman last evening. He has a small but comfortable house with a large yard and a housekeeper who comes in every day to clean up and fix his meals. I have told you, I think, that he is Chief of Staff of USASOS.
Apr. 4 - I spent this evening with Tom Lane and Frank Falkner, the conversation centering about how few engineers there are in high positions although this is in so many ways an engineer's war.

Apr. 8 - Tenney Ross came by to talk about his many troubles. He is in a tough spot and no one gives him any help. They all expect miracles of the engineers, but when they are produced they are taken as a matter of course.

Apr. 9 - It is Easter Sunday and I had a little dinner in my hotel room tonight for Jim Marshall and my two principal assistants, Colonels Blair and Baetcke. In civil life Blair is an orthopedic surgeon and Baetcke a lawyer. Both of them have been most helpful to me and I appreciate their friendship. During the course of the evening we talked mostly about our work, as might be expected. We have an excellent team of loyal supporters, including U.S. army officers and enlisted men with a smattering of Australian girls for typing and filing. I would judge them to be somewhat less competent in general than their American counterparts, because of less education and training, but they try very hard and their sincerity is undeniable. Their supervisor is a Miss Pym, an ex-teacher from England, who prefers to be called just "Pym". She is a hard worker and very good for the morale of every one. She has a little garden out behind the office which she works in the evenings after office hours. Generally speaking the Australians have impressed me most favorably. They are certainly excellent hosts and I keep wondering how we would behave under similar circumstances. We have taken over their best hotels, their finest apartments, their best office buildings and have erected temporary offices in their parks, yet they never complain. All seem to be 100% behind the war effort.

Apr. 10 - I had dinner tonight with Tom Lane and Frank Falkner and we noted that the sand bags have been taken out of the corridor of this hotel where they had been piled as protection against air raids. It is one clear indication of how the war has moved away from here and to the north. There are still air raid shelters in the downtown streets, however, and many store windows remain boarded or taped-up to serve as reminders that there is still a war to fought.

Apr. 12 - Received word that my trunk locker that left home with me has just arrived in New Guinea. I shall be glad to have it, for although the days are still warm, the nights are getting cool and I may be needing warmer clothes. There is no heating of the buildings here in Brisbane, so heavy clothing is needed even in the offices when winter comes on. When you sent me my old bathrobe I wondered what I would do with it. Now I am glad to have it. * * * * I received a V-mail today from Colonel Wilkes, who relieved me as District Engineer in Pittsburgh. Bob Heily had written me that there was a fault in Berlin Dam and I had mentioned it in a letter to Jack Dodds of the District staff. Wilkes wrote that everything is O.K. and he doesn't know how such a rumor started. Its probably like the story going around here that the engineers sent two rotary snowplows to
New Guinea. There was never anything to it but the story persists. Tenney thinks it's funny but he probably won't years hence when he becomes known as Snowplow Ross.

Apr. 14 - As time goes on I am becoming more adjusted to this different kind of life. My work has become easier now that I am acquainted with the theater and its problems, and I am under a less constant strain. I have everything I need for comfort and altogether I live very well. I have excellent food, good shelter - in fact everything except that which I want most - my family! When I see the men who have been here two years and more I wonder how they have endured it. I have a kind of private aim to send as many back as possible and get replacements from the States. I have already sent several back and I am sending Baetcke soon. He was among the first to land here and most of his command was killed off in the early fighting. He was wounded and had both typhoid and dengue fever and that should have killed him, too. He is alright now but he should get back to his wife and two small children. Meanwhile, I am trying to get Bob Kline, Ike English, Bauknight, Herb Winn and a few others who were commissioned in the Pittsburgh District and are able engineers and administrators.

Apr. 14 - This evening I left the office with Chet Young of the Air Corps to go over to his place for dinner. He has a big, old-fashioned house with four other officers and meals are prepared and served by an elderly housekeeper. The meal was excellent and I thought how I would put on weight if I ate like that all the time. Every time I go to New Guinea I take off weight, but it all comes back when I return.

Apr. 16 - Tom Lane called this afternoon to tell me that he has been invited out for Sunday night supper with an Australian family and they asked him to bring a friend with him. This family, the Gardners, seem to favor engineer officers and several have been to their home a number of times. Having been away a lot I have missed out until now.

Apr. 17 - As to my dinner last evening - Mrs. Gardner's husband is a well-to-do, ex-shipping man, now recalled to Government service. I do not know where he was last night. Mrs. Gardner appears to be about sixty-five, but her two daughters are around our age and both their husbands are away, one in Government service in the South and one in the Army in the North. One of them has a little boy about Dickie's age, whom Tom Lane and I "interviewed" in his bed. It made me real home-sick in a nice kind of way. Lady Brooke, one of the daughters, is the wife of Sir Norman Brooke of tennis fame. If you remember, he played in Berlin when we were there in '29. She could talk about every place I had been, from Honolulu to Sewickley Heights. Her daughter is a Mrs. Clark - the Mrs. Clark, who has been recently commissioned a Captain in the WACs and is receptionist in the office of one of our -- but maybe I'd better not go into that. Lady Brooke says that Elaine is going back to her husband after the war is over. Anyway they made me feel immediately at home and soon I was talking about you and Herb and Dickie, and since they appeared interested I
had a grand time. There were no servants, but the table was set with flowers, and hot rum punch was served first. Then there was steak and kidney pie with spaghetti, followed by crepe suzettes for dessert, with coffee later. Tom Lane and Tenney helped serve, while one of the daughters fried the crepes, and everyone helped clear the table. I washed all the dishes while Lady Brooke wiped, and we all enjoyed it.

Apr. 18 - As is my frequent custom, I stopped this evening at a fruit shop, of which there are many, to buy some oranges, a lemon, a paw paw (Australian for papaya) and two alligator pears. I made dinner of them in my room and topped it off with a cup of instant coffee.

Apr. 19 - As supplies come from the States - or fail to come - it is the job of G-4 to apportion them to recipients. I feel often on this job as I did that time in Vicksburg when we had a dozen guests descend upon us and I had to carve a single small chicken to make it go around. I am thankful for such understanding and cooperative branch chiefs as Mike Mitchell and Tenney Ross.

Apr. 20 - I am now busy every day, with time only for a quick lunch. I leave my office usually around 7:30 PM, stopping on my way to quarters for fruit to eat in my room.

For the past several weeks we had been putting the final efforts on logistical plans for support of a landing at Hollandia. Over-all planning had been going on for many weeks. This was to be the final major operation to secure New Guinea and establish a forward base from which to move on to the Philippines. Everything seems to be in order for successful support of the landing.

Apr. 24 - Now that the news of Hollandia is in all the papers I can tell you how jubilant we are. I doubt though that I will ever be able to describe the infinite planning that is required for the logistical support of such an operation. The success that has been achieved here at such low cost in lives is the beginning of the end. There is still much work to do, of course, and still more fighting, but if we can muster the logistical support necessary I have no fear of the future. The importance of what has been accomplished in the past few months cannot be over emphasized.

Apr. 25 - Dwight Johns came in today for a kind of farewell visit before returning to the States. He will be in Washington and will phone you. He is the one who had the little black hen up in New Guinea that I wrote about to Dick.

Apr. 26 - The Australians have a rich but somewhat different kind of humor as is illustrated by the "shaggy dog" stories that had
their origin here. The following was told me today by my Australian secretary: A housewife opened the door of her icebox and saw a rabbit sitting inside. "What are you doing there?" she asked. "Isn't this a Westinghouse?" asked the rabbit, straining his neck to see the nameplate. "Yes, it is," the woman said. "Then," said the rabbit, "I'm westing."

Apr. 27 - The days are now long and I am tired at quitting time each evening. It is not a matter of physical or mental exhaustion but the dulling effect of constant application to never-ending problems. So I now follow the same procedure nearly every day of stopping for fruit on my way from the office and then having it with a cup of Nescafé and a spot of rum instead of cream and sugar.

Apr. 28 - Jim Marshall is still away and so is George Rehm. When some of the others get back, Tenney and I are thinking of going to Sydney to look into affairs there.

Apr. 30 - Jim Marshall and General Frink returned yesterday from New Guinea where they had gone to participate in the landing at Hollandia. Jim had a wrenched knee from jumping out of the boat. Once ashore, he and Frink took shelter in a native hut, but an officer came by and told them they would have to get in fox-holes or under solid cover for the night. It being then too dark to dig, they crawled under a tank. Jim said "the old man" got the dry place and he got a mud puddle. The "old man" said that might be so, but he had eaten a large chocolate bar and drunk five cups of coffee and not being able to relieve himself, he was miserable until daybreak. Such are the horrors of war!

May 4 - I shall be leaving tomorrow on a brief trip to New Guinea. It's a wonderful thing to be able to fly as far as from Washington to Denver and be away from home only a couple of nights. When this war is over people will fly from New York to London for week-ends and think nothing of it.

Pinky Holman, Tenney Ross and I left Brisbane in the early morning hours of May 5th and with a refueling stop at Townsville arrived at Finschhafen about 5:30 PM. There was much activity at Base F, pending the establishment of Base G at Hollandia, and engineering equipment with spare parts was greatly in demand. We spend most of the following day in discussions with the Base Commander and his Staff and inspecting installations. The weather being cool and overcast we kept quite comfortable in spite of rushing around. Our return flight on the 7th took the same pattern as our flight northward and we arrived back in Brisbane.
at 5:40 PM. We were met by General Frink who invited us to his quarters for dinner. He told us that he had felt some concern as we came in for a landing, because he could see that the pilot was finding it difficult to lower one of the wheels. We asked him if his concern was for the plane or those aboard it. Returning to my hotel room to clean up I put on a winter uniform for the first time. Jim Marshall made a fourth for dinner.

In the days that followed, our G-4 Section was kept hard at work on problems involving the supply of forward bases and the troops at Hollandia. One of our greatest problems was to get ships loaded in the States with the kinds of munitions and supplies that were actually needed in the forward areas. Those needs varied greatly from place to place depending upon the supplies already in storage and the current troop requirements. It was quite impracticable, of course, to move ships from base to base with a little taken off here and a little there. In the interest of getting them turned around and headed back for more cargo it was highly desirable, if not imperative, to unload each completely and in the shortest possible time at the base to which it was sent. That base then had to be able to store the supplies until they could be moved to the troops. All of the older bases had docks for unloading the ships and good storage facilities for the supplies taken off, but before these could be built the supplies had to be lightered ashore and moved quickly to dumps. When the ships were not unloaded promptly they would stack-up in harbors, often partially unloaded, to become sitting ducks for bombing attacks. In the weeks immediately after an assault landing the ships had to be unloaded by the combat forces and the service troops under their control and because
of the urgency of the situation there was always a tendency to pick and choose the supplies most needed at the moment. For these reasons it was highly desirable to get an operating base established as soon as possible with docking facilities for getting supplies from ships to shore to troops in an expeditious manner. This required, in addition, suitable hardstandings, warehouses and dumps to receive and store the supplies until needed, and also the roads on which to move them.

May 14 - The first contingent of WACs arrived today from the States. We get a Captain, a mathematics teacher from Wisconsin. I hope she can figure out how to make herself useful. The enlisted women will replace our soldier typists, stenographers and clerks, who will go to forward areas.

May 18 - I was informed today that I will be going to New Guinea again very soon. The party will consist of General Frink, Pat Casey, Tenney Ross, Reggie Dean and Wanamaker. Jim Marshall will hold down the office while we are gone. Colonel Baetcke has already left for home.

We left Brisbane at 6:00 AM on the 22nd and arrived at Finschhafen via Townsville at 2:30 PM. Upon landing, we drove immediately to Eighth Army Headquarters for a meeting with the Staff, and the following day we visited troop units and USASOS installations at Base F. In the afternoon of the 23rd there was a brief ceremony, during which General Krueger gave a decoration to a native who had brought information leading to the destruction of an enemy unit. A motley group was present, including Javanese women and children, all immaculately dressed and scrubbed.

May 23 - We have been with the Eighth Army Staff since yesterday and we covered a lot of ground today. With much dust in the air and mud on the roads we all needed showers when we got to camp. The engineers have done a great job building roads that are passable, but with so much rain and heavy traffic they are difficult to maintain. * * * * This evening it was announced that a small group of entertainers from Sydney were to perform for General Krueger and his staff. There was a singer from Sydney accompanied by a guitarist and an accordionist, and the headlights of a jeep furnished the illumination. As the music started, soldiers began to filter in from all directions and in short time all joined in the singing. The songs included: Oh! What a Beautiful Morning, Lay that Pistol Down, and When Irish Eyes are Shining.
All day on May 24th, we were at Hollandia looking over the situation and noting specially what had been left by the Japanese during their rapid retreat. We were altogether mystified as to how they had made out as well as they had with such primitive facilities. Their roads were narrow, with little or no surfacing, and fuel drums were cached in niches cut out of the banks alongside them. Their few supply dumps seemed inadequate for any kind of major operation and the supplies in them were paltry.

May 25 - We are now back at the established base, quartered in comparative luxury in a thatched hut with a wooden floor. Last night we were in tents, and after retiring a heavy rain started. We let down the sides of the tent, but forgot our boy scout training and failed to loosen the ropes. About 3:00 AM they had become so soaked and tightened by the rain that the one in my corner pulled loose to let the tent down on me. The others in the tent half awakened but offered no help and I went out in a raincoat to fix things up alone. Tomorrow we will be touring the base and conferring with the Base Commander and his Staff as to their needs.

We were at Finschhafen all day the 26th, touring the installations and conferring with the Base Commander and his staff. Then on the following day we flew to Base B and the newly established Intermediate Section at Oro Bay. Here central records were to be kept of supplies in all the New Guinea bases. I could not know at the time how well acquainted I was to become with this entire area in the weeks ahead. There was a beautiful beach and we all enjoyed a swim before dinner. During our evening conference we noted an almost complete absence of flies, bugs and mosquitoes in marked contrast to a previous visit when they were so thick as to accumulate in piles under the lights. We were told that this was a result of frequent spraying.

On the 28th we went on to Base A to meet with Cliff Hunt, Colby Myers and Henry Hannis. Our visiting party now consisted of Mike Mitchell,
Tenney Ross, Wannie Wanamaker and Reggie Dean, all engineers but Mike, and most of our time at the base was spent on engineer supply problems. The next day, the 29th, we flew to Port Moresby, the first base to be established in New Guinea in support of the early jungle fighting. It was now little more than a refueling point with a few troops and a native contingent. After an overnight stop we flew on to Townsville through a violent storm over the Coral Sea. We learned later that another plane flying the same course in the opposite direction had gone down somewhere with all aboard. That was a major blow to USASOS, for the plane was carrying key personnel of the Sydney Central Records Section, along with irreplaceable supply records that were being transferred to Intermediate Section.

One of the principle problems discussed on our trip was that of spare parts for the many kinds of mechanical equipment employed in the forward areas. There were bulldozers of various makes and sizes, tractors, power shovels, earthmovers, trucks, jeeps, and dozens of other items each with thousands of parts essential to its operation. To keep all parts on hand in every base was, of course, impossible. Moreover, the bases were widely separated, with no roads between, so all transfers had to be by air or water. With central records at Intermediate Section the problem boiled down to getting spare parts from bases where they might be in storage to those in which they were needed. The solution arrived at was to set up a system of fast supply boats to carry the needed parts from base to base on a more or less regular schedule, about as a postal system would work.

June 3 - Gen. Lane Holman is planning to take a month's leave back in the States and he has offered me his house for that period. He pays his housekeeper ten dollars a week and she does the laundering, sewing and everything. His grocery bill, including food for entertaining, runs to $3.25 per week. It's a very kind offer, but, hoping
to move to a forward area, I have declined. Also, I am so completely independent in my hotel room that I feel I would be foolish to take on the responsibility of a house. My surroundings are cheerful and I enjoy my nice modern bathroom with hot water always available. My room is tidy when I come in at night, no matter how I leave it. I tip the maid moderately and leave her cigarettes, and in return she always keeps a vase of fresh flowers by your picture. Tonight there were narcissus and African daisies.

June 5 - Jim Marshall is away again and I am in charge of the office.

June 6 - This will be an important date in World history, for the air is full of news about the European invasion. Our little show over here must seem small by comparison, but I will wager that our problems are just as large.

June 8 - Bill Heavey and Dave Ogden, both commanding amphibious brigades, were here today for a meeting with us. I saw Frank Falkner yesterday and also heard from Bob Kline, who wrote that things are slacking off in the Pittsburgh District and he will be glad to get away to join us. * * * * We have a fair number of WACs in our office now, training to replace the enlisted men and Australian girls as stenos and typists. They are not an attractive lot and the Aussie girls are chuckling, because for months they have listened to our soldiers telling how beautiful all American girls are. Pym, however, had a nice hearty cry when she saw WACs being taken into the plans room, where even she, the oldest and most trusted employee had never been allowed to enter because she is a civilian.

June 10 - A new list of Generals came out today with many more of my old friends and classmates of various school on it. I am glad for them and know they deserve it, but like so many others in this theater I have a feeling that the officers here are forgotten men. There is not the high drama to focus attention on them as in Europe. When I was with Bill Leaf on my last trip to New Guinea, he remarked, "My Mama married me when I was a lieutenant and she told me if I came home that way she would love me just the same and be perfectly happy." There is considerable comfort in that philosophy.

June 12 - Twenty years ago today I graduated from West Point. We have come a long way and much has happened since then. Now we are in a war that was not of our choosing and that we would like to end quickly. The average soldier doesn't give a hoot about international politics or the freedom of the world; all he wants is to get back to those he loves and take up life where it left off. He wants to be free to rummage in the ice box at home - not to trade with Patagonia, and he wants to be free to cook his own breakfast rather than to carry international responsibilities. He knows now, however, that to keep his personal freedom we must be collectively strong enough to discourage envious nations from attacking us. The big question is how long will we all keep on remembering that once we have been restored to an easy, pleasant life.
Maj. Gen. C. L. Sturdevant arrived in the theater about the middle of June and was assigned to USASOS. The only command fitting to his rank was Intermediate Section which commanded all the New Guinea bases, but he had no theater experience and it would take considerable time to learn all the ropes. The only answer was that someone familiar with the ropes would have to go with him as his Chief of Staff to keep things under proper control. The choice was between Jim Marshall and me. Whoever stayed on as G-4 would get a star; the one going forward would play second fiddle to Sturdevant. Jim and I did the Alphonse-Gaston bit, but I really felt that he had been overseas the longer and was entitled to first consideration.

June 1 - My orders came out today and I leave early tomorrow. I am now packed and ready to go. I hate to leave my nice hot shower and flush toilet, but there will be compensation in ocean bathing every day. Holman has left for the U.S.A. and I am shipping all my woolens to the same destination. From now on I will need only tropical clothing. Nevertheless, I will have to take with me a trunk locker, a flight bag, a large radio and two coats along with a laundry bag full of miscellaneous junk. It's a good thing we have a big plane.

June 16 - This has been my first day on the new job as Chief of Staff, Intermediate Section. There is less pressure here and I aim to keep it that way by avoiding involvement with a lot of routine paper work. Our work hours are roughly from 8:00 to 12:00, 2:00 to 5:00 and 7:00 to 9:00. Actually the hours mean very little because we live on the job. The long noon period provides time for sun bathing and a swim.

June 17 - Jim Marshall writes that he is being recommended for the star that was promised and that I am to succeed him when he goes on to something else. That means, he says, it may take three or four months for me to make the grade but it's as reasonably certain as anything in war. Anyway, I am enjoying this contact with soldiering, and as Chief of Staff I get my fingers in everyone's business.

June 18 - I have now fallen into a kind of daily routine of working at my desk all morning, taking a swim and brief rest after lunch, and then working into the late evening with a short break for supper. It's not as comfortable in a cottage on the beach as in an
air-conditioned hotel, but many people pay lots of money to live like this during vacation periods. Up here I am a big frog and the puddle isn't small, and I feel fortunate that I did not fall into a clerical job like so many of my ANSCOL classmates.

June 19 - I found out today that bread thrown on the waters sometimes returns, this time in the form of sauerkraut that I had tonight for my supper with franks. Some months ago I found that our soldiers were rebelling against eating the canned Australian cabbage, which was tasteless and slimey. But there is a lot of cabbage in Australia and it has to be used, and since it cannot be used all at once it has to be canned. It occurred to me that canned sauerkraut is at least palatable, so I got the Aussies started on that and it turned out very well.

June 20 - The ocean waves are high tonight and there is a wonderful breeze through my office. The days go quickly and I work every evening. In my quarters I have an electric ice box and electric lights, so I find little to complain about. General Sturdevant has not yet arrived, but when he does he will have a cottage next to mine. Frank Falkner is near here, but I have not seen him yet. Henry Hutchins was in yesterday and I have talked with Colby Myers on the phone.

June 21 - There are many of my old friends from the Corps of Engineers in this theater, but most of them are low on the totem pole. I feel that the Chief's office in Washington failed badly in looking after the officers who carried the Corps through the toughest days of construction it ever faced. District Engineers were used to the utmost, then when they had lost their chances for early promotion they were sent out with little appreciation of what they had accomplished. The ones that have profited are those who went with Somervelle to ASF.

June 22 - I received word today that Jim Marshall, Wannamaker and Frink will be accompanying Sturdevant when he comes to take command here, but their time of arrival is uncertain. This headquarters can best be described as a jungle Pentagon. Here records are kept of all supplies in the New Guinea bases and from here orders go out for their distribution. There are Sections for every Service, each with its own service chief.

June 28 - It is late in the evening and I am writing in my office. Just this minute a rat ran across the floor and between my feet. There are bandycoots here, too, and a few snakes, all of which seem harmless. A few nights ago, some animal, a rat I suppose, brought a crust of bread to my cottage and put it on a shelf by my bed. I guess he thought I'd be hungry during the night! * * * * Henry Hannis was over this morning for a visit, but he did not stay long. Frank Falkner has gone on a mission and I expect he will be away a month or so. I have not heard anything from Ike English or Bob Kline and cannot imagine what may have happened to them. I suppose,
though, it has taken a little time to close out their personal affairs. ** ** ** There goes the rat back again!

June 29 - I am getting things organized to my own liking now, because the old C.G. left shortly after my arrival and the new one has not yet arrived. That has given me about a week to shake things down and get more efficiently organized. Col. Fred Fogle, Chief of our Transportation Section stopped by my little house this evening and we had a highball before dinner. ** ** ** The radio is a wonderful thing up here, for I can get all places with it - even the United States.

July 1 - The new boss has arrived (General Sturdevant) but he has been resting in quarters for the most part. He is a nice old boy and I am sure we will get along well together.

July 2 - I awoke early and took a swim in the ocean before breakfast then I found myself tied up in staff conferences until noon. As a result I did not get to chapel services and the rest of the day was like any other.

July 3 - With a new C.G. here I am planning a little trip by boat in a few days to one of the bases. I want to travel the shoreline and see what problems there may be for small boats carrying spare parts between bases.

July 4 - The landing in the Mariannas at Saipan, to which you referred in a recent letter, was in the Central Pacific Theater, so we were not involved. Our fighting is still largely limited to New Guinea and the adjacent islands. It seems remarkable, though, that so much progress has been made here in the past six months. With New Guinea now secure we should be able to move on as quickly as the means can be made available.

July 5 - We left our headquarters before dawn this morning and boarded our small boat just at sun-rise. I had with me a Major Wallace from our Ordnance Section. The sea was choppy and there were heavy ground swells, all of which caused our craft to do a lot of pitching and rolling to the discomfort of all aboard. About four in the afternoon we dropped anchor in a little cove off shore from a native village. Our map told us that this was Cape Vogel, the name being that of a Dutch missionary who had been there many years ago. The village looked very clean and neat, with a mission building that identified itself by a white cross atop it. When we had been anchored about half an hour we saw an outrigger canoe leave shore with four natives aboard. They paddled rapidly toward our boat and as they came nearer we saw that two were men and two were boys. The older of the two men looked very old indeed, being quite wizened and small. His skin was like black parchment and his teeth were also black from chewing beetlenuts.
As the outrigger came alongside our craft the two boys scrambled aboard like monkeys, followed by the younger of the two men. The old fellow stayed squatting on a platform that lay athwart the outrigger supports of the canoe. We noted that all four of our visitors, men and boys, were about the same size and of nearly the same build. The youngest spoke good English and when questioned told us that his name was Wilson and he was eleven years old. The other boy, named Sergas, was his brother and he was fourteen years old. The old man in the boat was their father and his name was Erik. They all agreed, with laughter, that he was so old you could not count the years. I guessed that he was about forty, or forty-five at the most, for the average life span of these people is about thirty-five years. The younger man, no relative of the others, gave his age as thirty and said his name was Oscar. He told us that the missionary, for whom the village was named, came to his people in 1908, and as the years passed he had trained a native named Christopher to succeed him upon his death.

At this point the purpose of the visit was revealed. The old man in the canoe called up to ask if we had a battery for his flashlight - or "torch" as he called it. Major Wallace nodded in the affirmative and went below to get the battery out of his own flashlight. It became quickly evident, however, that the old man's flashlight needed much more than a new battery or even a new bulb, so with a generous sweep of the hand, Wallace donated his own to the cause. Meanwhile, the cook had given Oscar two cans of bully beef and I had given Wilson some toothpaste that he wanted to make his teeth white! This was followed by chewing gum and two packs of cigarettes that Erik wanted.

In the evening, the two boys, Wilson and Sergas, came out to us again with another teenage boy and a much younger one who stayed in the canoe and cried the entire time they were aboard our boat. This time the boys had shells to sell and, though they took money, they were hopeful to get something to write with. Fortunately I had a mechanical pencil in good working order, with a supply of leads, that I could give to Wilson. He told me that he was named after our President Wilson, that he hoped one day to go to the United States and that he is studying hard to that end, arising each morning at six, going to school at seven and to bed at nine in the evening. His studies are English, writing and "sums". When he had told us this, Wallace asked him to write us a letter. He asked Wallace's first name and when told it was Henry, he wrote:

Papua, July 6, 1944
Dear Henry - Thanks for the touch.
Wilson

Henry said he wasn't far wrong!

July 7 - We spent this day at Base A, visiting warehouses and installations of various kinds. We will sleep ashore tonight and start back sometime tomorrow.
July 8 - We are now on our return trip and once more anchored for the night in a little cove. It was raining when we boarded this morning and we were kept below deck most of the day. I have just now been up to watch the moon rise. The rain had stopped and there was gentle breeze. Looking shoreward I saw at first a gentle glow as from a distant fire that silhouetted the mountain tops; then as the light grew brighter and brighter, a crack of yellow light appeared. After that the moon rose rapidly and in just a few minutes it was fully visible above the ridge and pushing up into the clouds. There are stars in the sky tonight; the sea is peaceful and lights from native village can be seen along the shore. It should be pleasant sleeping.

July 9 - When I got back to Intersec about noon, I found that the Headquarters Commandant had installed electric lights in my dry-closet and a light over my bed for reading. He had also put a water-closet in Sturdy's house and they say you should have seen the old boy's eyes light up when he saw it.

July 10 - Jack Benny and Carole Landis were to be here tomorrow night but I understand their visit has been postponed. Bob Hope will be along shortly, too.

July 12 - Went with Sturdy and members of my staff to witness a full Division Review. The soldiers showed the results of effective training, looking hard and tough but at the same time clean and military. I got a special thrill when the Engineers went by.

July 13 - Sturdy and I will leave tomorrow on an inspection trip of about four or five days. This, too, will be by boat and I hope for smooth seas. If it is only a little rough I do pretty well but pitching and yawing gets me down.

July 14 - We left headquarters about 1:30 PM and headed northwestern this time instead of southeastern as before. About six o'clock we dropped anchor and made ourselves ready for supper. Although the day had been quite warm it turned cool as evening approached and it is now very pleasant out here on the water. Shortly after we had finished supper we were visited by natives in two outrigger canoes but they left quickly.

July 15 - A very rough trip today made breakfast and lunch unpalatable. We had a good supper ashore, though, at Base F (Finschhafen) and then spent the evening with Dave Ogden and Jerry Galloway.

July 16 - We left Base F at 7:00 AM by plane to arrive at Manus Island about 10:00. After a short stop there we went on to Hollandia where we arrived shortly after mid-day. From then until about five o'clock we rode all over the base, inspecting roads, docks and installations. Great things have been accomplished by the engineers since my last visit here. At that time it was a primitive area; today it is an active, full-functioning base, though still under Army control. We
will spend the night on a ship in harbor, where we had dinner this evening. As a special treat we had a bottle of saki that had been left behind by the Japanese during their hurried departure.

July 17 - We took off at 7:15 this morning and arrived at Biak around 9:30. Here the effects of heavy bombardment from sea and air are clearly evident. Abandoned enemy supplies are everywhere, with wrecked barges, trucks, tanks, guns and all kinds of equipment strewn about the landscape. The limestone cliffs in which the Japanese held out against the assault have been blasted and torn by the heavy artillery fire. I saw Dwight Beach briefly. He appears rugged, tanned and in good spirits. I have written his mother to tell her that he is well and that she need not worry about him. * * * We will be here all day tomorrow and will start back the following day, going part way by plane and the rest of the way by boat. From here on it looks like clear sailing.

July 18 - We were in conferences all day: three and a half hours in the morning with General Krueger and a number of his staff officers, then all afternoon with the staff, all of which resulted in the solution of several problems. There was a fine dinner in the evening, featuring among other things a cocktail of Japanese crabmeat, topped off with more saki and Japanese beer.

July 19 - We visited General Eichelberger at his headquarters in the morning and stayed on for lunch with him. Having concluded my official responsibilities, I used the afternoon for sightseeing. Supper was featured by a large glass of ice-cold, canned orange juice and how good it was! Col. Fogle, our transportation officer, has been with us on this trip and the similarity of names has caused much amusement. It has also caused considerable mix-up in laundry at our headquarters. Clovis Byers, I found out, has gone back to Columbus, Ohio on leave, but will return. I seem to be the only one too busy to get away.

July 20 - Although we had planned to return to Intersec by plane and boat, we decided to fly all the way to make up for our failure to get away yesterday. The distance was 700 miles and we arrived back in time for supper.

July 22 - I think when you get this you had better start addressing your letters again to Hq USASOS, APO 501, for it looks as though I will be going back shortly. At least we received notice today that I am to be released for an "important assignment". I do not know what it is, but many changes are being made. Sturdy, of course, will stay right here where he is. It is strange that I hated to leave Brisbane where I felt fairly rooted; now I feel the same way about this. I guess it is human nature to love the place you are. Do you remember how you cried the night we left Berlin? * * * * I am enclosing a program of the dedication of our new chapel, which will take place tomorrow. Building it has been a labor of love with many hands participating. Even those of natives were used to weave the palm fronds that bedeck the altar.
July 23 - We had the dedicatory service for our new chapel this morning and it was very impressive. Frank Tobey, the Chaplain, is a man in his early thirties with an outgoing personality. Although a New England Baptist, he qualifies as a "regular fellow" with the men by being thoroughly sincere. ** I told you yesterday that I am to be moved very soon. It appears I will go back to Brisbane for a month or so at least, but I do not know what it will be after that. All I know is that the radio said it is for an important assignment.

July 24 - We have had a dust storm today and it reminded me of those we had in Kansas when we were at Fort Leavenworth. In this case, however, it was caused by a small volcano about 50 miles away that had gone on a mild rampage. ** I have found out that Pat Casey is taking over a brand new job that sounds most interesting and that I am to be his right hand man. It's flattering, of course, but I do not know what it may lead to. Maybe nothing! ** Sturdy is fine, and I have enjoyed being with him. He is not really very well, or perhaps I should say vigorous, and he spends much of every day in his cottage, coming to the office for only an hour or two in the morning. It has been easy working with him and I am able to exercise my own initiative to the utmost.

July 25 - We have had a food and dietary expert with us today. He was sent over by the War Department to help us with our problems. The name for these fellows from the Pentagon, who came over to straighten us out, is "feather-merchants." This one is selling a strange kind of feathers, called vitamins. Although I have taken mine regularly and believe in their efficacy, I had to take with a grain of salt his story of a woman in Sydney who was suffering with a mastoid and had been told by her doctor she would have to undergo an operation. Our visitor said he rubbed one drop of halibut liver oil concentrate on the underside of each forearm and repeated this every day for three days. At the end of that time the mastoid was gone. He said that the same treatment will cure a cold in twenty four hours. He also recommends a new vitamin tablet put out by the Quaker Oats Company, which is made of grass and is both cheap and effective.

July 26 - I haven't heard anything more about when I may be going South, but would not be surprised to be here another week or possibly two. This is really a delightful and restful place, so I am not impatient, though I am a little anxious to find out about the new job.

July 27 - When I came to work this morning, Ike English, Bob Kline and Abe Lincoln walked in. Each looked as I had last seen them. Bob and Ike are thrilled to be here, though Bob had a bad time, being sick most of the way. You probably remember me telling you that he used to get sick in the back seat of an automobile when we were on inspection trips in Pittsburgh.
July 28 - The day has been very warm, but just a moment ago it started to rain quite hard and a fresh breeze has come up. The evenings are nearly always cool and pleasant. Sturdy and some other officers went out fishing late this afternoon but ran their boat on a reef and had to hail a smaller boat to come out for them. The small boat then got beached away out from shore and they had to wade in. They were a bedraggled lot, and Sturdy now has a doctor patching up a stubbed toe.

July 29 - Jack Benny and party arrived today, so there will be a show tonight. The others in the party are Carole Landis, June Bruner, Martha Tilton and Larry Adler. Our I & E officer is Lieutenant Lanny Ross, whom you will remember as quite a radio star and singer in his own right before he got patriotic and joined the Army. Well we put him in charge of arrangements for our "distinguished guests" and they treated him as a valet, even to giving him their bags to carry. He took it like the good sport he is but I am certain he was burning up inside. When I met Jack, he bummed a cigar from me, then when someone went to take his picture he held it behind him because, he said, he will be on the Pall Mall cigarette program this winter.

July 30 - Benny told me today that he couldn't bring his wife, Mary, because he is going to be a father. "After all," he said, "Someone has to stay home to have the baby."

July 31 - As the war in Europe goes into its last phases I begin to wonder if the stories we hear are true - that there may be a let-up at home in determination to carry the war to Japan's home territory. Even though it may mean being over here longer to finish the job I'd rather do it than leave a smoldering fire for my sons to put out.

Aug. 1 - Still no news about my move, but the war news from Europe is good.

Aug. 2 - A soldier just drove by in the queerest contraption I have ever seen on wheels, a rubber-tired cart drawn by a gray, moth-eaten burro. He had made the cart from odds and ends he had picked up, and he had bought the donkey from an Aussie who got it from the Japs. It's the first four-legged animal bigger than a possum that I have seen in New Guinea.

Aug. 2 Sturdy has gone to Brisbane and should bring back news of the new job that has been proposed for me. There appears to be some conflict between Pat Casey's request for my services and the desire of USASOS to retain me. * * * I was sitting on my porch this noon with Ike when a group of native boys walked by. I called them over and gave one of them the flannel trousers of my old red, polka-dot pajamas, having mislaid the top and finding no use for flannel pajamas, in New Guinea anyway. I asked the young man his name and he told me it is Kipling. He is sixteen and has to work because the mission school is closed on account of the war. He asked me if the war across the ocean is still going on. He wondered if it would be
possible to go to America with our returning soldiers after the war is over. He wants to go there, he said, to go to school. Yesterday I talked with an Aussie major, who is with ANGAU, the organization that administers affairs in New Guinea. He told me that he has organized a native band and that they are very musical, being able to read the score. As a whole they are quite intelligent and given an opportunity to learn, they do very well.

Aug. 8 - Tenney Ross, Wannemaker and Mike Mitchell (Chiefs respectively of Engineer, Transportation and Signal Corps Sections of USASOS) came up here with Sturdy on his return and I have Tenney as a guest in my little house. Sturdy indicates there is some argument about my going to another assignment at this time and I may be here another month. Pat Casey is reportedly standing his ground about wanting me, but my superiors apparently feel I am more needed where I am, though they do not tell me that they are standing in the way.

Aug. 10 - I got Tenney, Wannie and Mike off on a plane for Brisbane this morning and received an afternoon visit by Generals Steyer and Ed Hull, who are feather-merchanting through several theaters of operation. In the evening I stopped by Sturdy's cottage to say good-night and found him at his desk in an undershirt and trousers, with a book in one hand and a broom in the other. At his feet was a roll of maps that had been chewed by mice and alongside was a dead mouse. As he started to speak, mice began darting back and forth in all directions and we took after them with brooms. It seems that Sturdy had mentioned to Bob Kline that he had seen a mouse in his quarters and Bob had undertaken to mouse-proof them. In so doing he had left several families imprisoned.

Aug. 13 - Late last evening I received a message that Pat Casey would be coming through here at 7:00 AM and would like to see me at the airstrip. We had quite a long talk and it appears that everything is set for me to take on a new job that appears very important. I will in any event enjoy being with Pat, who really got me over here in the first place.

Aug. 15 - We are beginning to get WACs assigned to us. Quite a few have arrived and there will be many more. All seem well behaved and serious, and no more glamorous in their fatigue clothes than any soldier. When Sturdy asked if I thought we should put a fence around them I told him I thought we had better put it around the men. Bob Kline, now our man of all work, has been building quarters and latrines for them and he says it's a hell of a way to fight a war.

Aug. 16 - Our headquarters is in a coconut grove and the layout consists of many long separate buildings between the rows of trees, adjacent buildings being connected by covered walkways. I think I have told you before that it is known as the New Guinea Pentagon. As we grow, we add new wings, gradually building out to the edge of the jungle. Coconuts drop from the trees off and on during the day, some landing on the tin roofs with a tremendous bang. The natives
climb the trees for them for their noontime meal but pick only the green ones, which they can cut open more easily with their machetes. They drink the milk and eat the white pulp, which has the consistency of a soft or medium boiled egg.

Aug. 17 - I have installed Ike English as my right-hand assistant in an office next to mine and he is doing nicely. I moved Henry Hannis to a good job last week where he will have an excellent opportunity to get ahead. Tom Kern is still waiting around for something. I have not seen Frank Falkner lately although he is only a few miles away. As for myself, I am still waiting but keeping busy. Sturdy has been away a great deal the past few weeks so I have been carrying the responsibility of command and enjoying it.

Aug. 18 - We had a real blowy, tropical rain this evening to break our long drought. Afterwards the air was cool and clear and tomorrow the dust should be well settled.

Aug. 19 - I have been expecting a visit by Lane Holman, who is back in Brisbane again as Chief of Staff, USASOS, but his arrival has been postponed day by day. I am anxious to see him, because he should be able to give me some information about the assignment that has been proposed for me. ---- Damn! Just this moment a radio dispatch was brought to my desk. It read: "Decision was reached today to leave Col. Vogel on his present assignment." With Brisbane closing out, Intersec will become a rear area and it makes me sick to think that I will be left behind in it with a bunch of WACs! So change my address back to Hq Intersec APO 503, where I will be living in comfort and security while the others go forward. Maybe it will all turn out OK in the end, but right now I'm thinking how I will hate to tell my grandchildren that I fought the great war as a supervisor of WACs in New Guinea.

Aug. 24 - Still nursing my disappointment, I reflect that I have known for sometime that considerable argument was going on about my reassignment because of our rapidly increasing responsibilities, and I am quite sure that Sturdy will need lots of help in the weeks ahead. * * * The coconuts have been falling from the trees all around my office. This must be the ripening season. With spring approaching I can detect a slight increase in the average temperature. I understand that the days will get quite hot, but if the nights will remain cool I shall not complain.

Aug. 26 - I heard today about the promotions of Art Trudeau, Robbie Robinson, Walter Wood and others of ASF. I am glad for them as individuals, but it's a little hard on morale to hear of those things happening back in Washington, where all are happy safe and snug with their families. That's the trouble with getting away from the throne -- you are quickly forgotten and the things you accomplish only serve to reflect more glory on those who have remained close to it. I have been told that I was recommended the same time as Art, but I find it hard to believe anything.
Aug. 27 - Sturdy was all smiles when he got back today and heard that I am to stay at Intersec.

Aug. 28 - I had planned to go down to Brisbane, but activity has increased to the point that I cannot get away in good conscience. Much of our work has been put upon us by some visitors from Washington, who have been here several days.

Aug. 29 - We got the feather-merchants away by plane this morning and then spent the rest of the day doing the things we were kept from doing while they were here. Reconciling myself to a considerable sojourn in my New Guinea paradise, I have remodelled my house to provide a larger porch by elimination of the guest room. My bedroom is now completely screened, so by spraying before retiring I am saved the annoyance of a mosquito bar.

Aug. 30 - Maybe I don't know when I am well off. Bob Kline said today, "Imagine getting paid for living this kind of life." We do have a tremendous headquarters now, stretching out with many wings in all directions. It's over half a mile from one end of it to another. WACs are coming in by droves and with Red Cross gals and nurses in evidence everywhere it's a strange looking army. To increase morale and instill a little discipline in this motley command I have organized a band and we now have music for both reveille and retreat. We have also had a parade or two and I must say the women enjoy marching much more than the men - probably because they keep step more easily and naturally.

Sept. 4 - I have just heard that General Jim Hyde of our ANSCOL class died in Washington and that his son was seriously injured in Europe. Terribly sorry!

Sept. 6 - Sturdy having been away for several days it became my duty to welcome a new contingent of WACs and tell them something about New Guinea. I am beginning to feel like the Dean of a girl's boarding school.

The influx of WACs continued until we had 1,300 of them. Males at our headquarters numbered 1,100 by comparison, but just half a dozen miles away General "Jumping Joe" Swing's 11th Airborne Division was bivouaced. I have said that our girls lacked glamour in their G.I. fatigues, but that was not true when they donned bathing suits for the beach, and the paratroopers soon found it was great fun to buzz the beach areas when the girls were on it. Also, after a drink or two in the evening some would try to force their way into the WAC area uninvited. My protests to General Joe
did little good, for he was more concerned with the morale of his men than the morals of our girls. Accordingly, I decided to do what I had advised against earlier, namely, to fence the ladies in. There were loud cries against this, particularly from their senior officer, a Lieut. Col. Brown, who even went to GHQ about it. My position was sustained, however, and our Provost Marshall cooled intruders from the 101st by rounding them up when they came in, loading them in trucks and driving them out several miles into the jungle to make their several ways back on foot.

Sept. 7 - General Frink, C. G. of USASOS, came to see me today and we talked at great length as he tried to convince me that I am more needed here than in a forward area. As I have said before, I probably don't know when I am well off.

Sept. 8 - The ship that brought the last contingent of WACs is still in harbor and one of our officers went out to her today to see what he could scrounge in the line of foodstuffs. He came back with condiments that we have not seen in months, including mustard, chili sauce, olives, tabasco and A-1 Sauce. I now have in my refrigerator six beautiful, ripe tomatoes that I shall make last as long as possible.

Sept. 9 - It is Sunday and my once, almost-private beach, with bathers of both sexes on it, is taking on the appearance of Coney Island. Before the WACs came our soldiers hardly ever went near the water; now with the girls out there you couldn't keep them away. It seems, too, that the beach is especially attractive in the evenings as a place to lie and look at the stars. Recognizing the inexorable forces at work I have had an elevated stand built for a life-guard, who blows a whistle at 9:00 PM to announce curfew. At the sound of the whistle, feminine voices can be heard from all down the line, calling, "Coming, father."

Sept. 15 - Sturdy is still away and will probably not be back for another week. Meanwhile, we have all been terribly busy and every section has been working late hours.

The Command of Intermediate Section included all the New Guinea Bases, with some 200,000 troops and it was the responsibility of its headquarters to direct and coordinate all inter-base activities. There was increasing pressure on us at this time to get supplies of all kinds and categories to
the forward bases, especially Base G at Hollandia, which had become a focal point for the launching of future operations. Although still under control of Sixth Army (ALAMO) plans were afoot for its take-over by USASOS at some undetermined time. Meanwhile, ALAMO was concerned with the immediate supply of its own forces in the vicinity and each service chief had his own special requirements. With many ships in the harbor and more arriving daily, our concern was in getting them unloaded and turned around for return to the States for re-loading. All pleas by us had gone unheeded; the service chiefs of the Army continued, each in his own way, to take off what he wanted from wherever it was most conveniently available. As a result, few if any of the ships were getting completely unloaded and the growing congestion was becoming an attractive target for an all-out attack by enemy bombers.

In the late evening of September 13th, as I was about to leave my office for some much needed sleep, the Chief of our Transportation Section, Fred Fogle, came to me with the draft of a radiogram for which he desired clearance. The message was directed to the Chief of Transportation, Sixth Army, and it pointed out the serious situation that had developed at Tanamara Bay as a result of selective unloading of the ships therein. I told Fred that I shared his concern and would send the message, but I changed the addressee to CG ALAMO and added an admonition to the effect that if remedial command action was not immediately taken the most serious consequences could be expected.

The next morning things began to pop. About ten o'clock I received a phone call from General Frink to tell me that General Krueger had called him and strongly implied that he did not appreciate gratuitous advice from a colonel as to how he should run his Army. Frink was obviously upset and
embarrassed, but I told him I meant every word of the message and that
Sixth Army had better take heed. By this time I would have welcomed
being relieved from duty. On the evening of the 15th, I decided to
forget my official duties and attend the movie that was being shown.
While there I was given a message that directed me to fly in the morning
to General Krueger's headquarters for a conference.

I left Base B at 7:15 AM and arrived at Base G about 10:30. I was
met at the airstrip and driven to Sixth Army Headquarters, where General
Frink was waiting. I explained the seriousness of the situation to him as
briefly as possible and we both went in to meet the CG of ALAMO. We were
greeted coolly and I was asked to explain my concern about the way ALAMO
was handling its supply problems. I did so at some length, pointing out
the staff deficiencies I had come to notice: in particular, the lack of
authority that had been delegated to Army G-4, as a result of which each
service was vying with every other and creating complete confusion. As
General Krueger listened, his manner changed from cold austerity to
appreciation. He sent for a number of his staff officers and the discus-
sion was continued until noon, when we all went to lunch together. After
lunch we sat down again to work out a solution, and the upshot of the
discussion was a decision to give Bill Leaf, as G-4, full authority for
the distribution of supplies to the Services of ALAMO, with unquestioned
control of the Special Staff.

Sept. 17 - I had planned to go on to Biak tomorrow, but as the result
of a head cold I have had some ear trouble and the doctor said I
should not fly. Fortunately I have enough here to keep me busy and
there is a conference scheduled for tomorrow evening at which Bill
Leaf will be present. I talked with him today on the phone. I also
visited Pat Casey at his new location and was told that nothing is
moving yet so far as he is concerned. It is probably true, there-
fore, that I am better off where I am.
Sept. 18 - I did quite a bit of traveling around the Base yesterday, but today I stayed on the headquarters ship in harbor to work on plans for the future supply of Base needs. Altogether, I feel quite pleased about the way things have gone here.

Sept. 19 - I got back to Intersec about 3:30 PM, took a shower, ate supper and I am now back at my desk, looking over accumulated papers. I have called a staff conference for 8:00 PM to go over the results of my visit to Sixth Army. General Krueger offered me the use of his plane for my return trip, but by the time I got ready to leave it was needed for another mission and I was forced to make my own arrangements. When I got to the airstrip I found that the regularly scheduled transport would not be going out until quite late, and then I would have to transfer and take chances on getting out of the transfer point. About that time I saw a plane from C.B.I. warming up on the runway, so I crashed the party and got to Nadzab, where I called an Air Force friend for whom I had done some favors and he got a special plane for me. Altogether, I had a pleasant and non-tiring trip to top off a most successful mission. After talking with Pat Casey and Bill Leaf last night and visiting Pat's set-up the day before, I feel much happier about my present assignment.

The remaining days of September passed uneventfully. Staff work progressed smoothly, orders went out to bases, and supplies moved as needed.

The situation at Hollandia improved steadily. My letters became almost wholly conversational, with expressions of concern for my family's welfare, the education of my elder son and behavior patterns of the younger. Sturdy was ill off and on, and away on trips to Australia when able to travel.

General Frink dropped in from the clouds one day for a brief chat and on another occasion we were visited by General Eichelberger and his Chief of Staff, Clovis Byers.

Oct. 1 - We were pleasantly surprised this morning by the unannounced arrival of Jim Marshall and Tenney Ross. Later in the day Tenney went to Base B, not far from our Headquarters, there to meet a sister-in-law, who is a WAC. He said it was the first time he had kissed a corporal. Tomorrow Miles Dawson, Dave Chaffin and a few others will be here, so you can see I am having plenty of company. I think most of these people find excuses to come here because of our fine beach. In addition to my imagined role of headmaster of a girl's seminary I am beginning to feel like the Mayor of Miami Beach.

Oct. 3 - Major Elliott Smith of the Australian Army was here today. He is in charge of ANGAU, the Government-in-being of Papua. He has lived in New Guinea for twenty years and has been back to Australia
only four or five times, each time for three or four months. His wife and children lived up here with him before the war, but they are now in Brisbane. He has full and unquestioned authority over all the natives in an area of 10,000 square miles, being a one-man Supreme Court as well as Chief Executive. He is a most interesting fellow – rugged and tough but well educated and a thorough gentleman.

Oct. 10 – Two more bright boys from Washington visited us today. These Pentagon officers, usually majors and lieutenant colonels, come frequently and ostensibly to straighten out our problems for us. Actually they want only to spend thirty days in a combat theater, thereby to get another ribbon on their chests. Their main expressed concern is in the types of "forms" that are used for various purposes. Recently, one of these feather-merchants, a lieutenant colonel, arrived to straighten out our warehousing problems. After listening to him for about an hour I told him that I considered his advice so valuable that we should keep him permanently on our staff and that I would radio a request for his assignment. He turned deathly pale and excused himself. Every day thereafter for the next week he came to my office to ask if I had received an answer to my request. Of course, I had made no request, but I never relieved his anxiety and in a short time he hopped a plane back to the States.

Oct. 12 – Word came today that I am to establish headquarters for a new Base Command, initially at Base C, and then move forward. This will be under a larger command headed by Pat Casey. I shall be glad to get away from what is rapidly becoming a rear area.

Oct. 14 – Received a letter from San Sturgis, Engineer for Sixth Army, expressing appreciation for what we have done to expedite the movement of supplies to him.

Oct. 15 – We have a new chaplain and I practically forced Sturdy to attend services today. He enjoyed the sermon so much that he got all the way back to headquarters before realizing he had the hymnal in his hand. Upon returning to my office I told the sergeant, who is my Chief Clerk, that he should go to the second service. He said he was too busy and when I told him he wasn’t, he had other excuses. So I gave him the hymnal with instructions to take it back to the chapel and stay until the end of the service. He enjoyed it, too.

Oct. 18 – Radio orders for my new assignment came through today. I am to command the furthermost base in the Philippines, the one that will support the final assault there. I am now off General Staff and an engineer officer again. There is a kind of thrill in that alone. As to the job ahead of me, I am simply delighted – marvelling at my good fortune in being selected for it.

Oct. 20 – Today you have heard of our first landing in the Philippines. As all others, it has taken months of careful planning, but now that we have a toe-hold we should be able to go forward rapidly.
Oct. 23 - I packed this morning for departure. Then in the after­noon Major General Walter Wood (Woody, as we used to know him) arrived with Lane Holman. Later there was a farewell parade, followed by a cocktail party and dinner. I now have my formal orders and will leave tomorrow for Base G, stopping on the way for a one-day conference at Finschhafen.

Oct. 24 - They sent me off in style with a band at the airstrip playing "Auld Lang Syne" and not a dry eye in the house! Anyway, I was very pleased and I am happy with the challenge.

Oct. 25 - Left Base F at 8:00 AM and arrived G (Hollandia) at 11:30.

Oct. 28 - These past few days I have been busy lining up a new staff to assist me. Pat Johnson, son of Gen. Hugh S. (Iron Pants) Johnson of NRA fame, is to be my Chief of Staff. Ike English will arrive tomorrow and I will also have Bob Kline shortly. Reggie Dean is already here to head an Engineer Command that will parallel my Base Command. My G-4 is a West Pointer, Class of 1932, and Ike will be his assistant. Another of my staff officers was in the Vicksburg District as a civilian employee when I started the Experiment Station, and I have a number of officers from Intersec. My secretary, an enlisted man, was secretary to Major Rait, who built the hospital at Martinsburg, West Virginia under my direction. I am getting a new jeep in which to roll forward and as it is customary to name such things, I am calling it "Mister Dick".

Nov. 3 - We have received the official table of organization for our new Base and it authorizes a B.G. to command it.

Nov. 4 - We will be sailing sometime tomorrow for the location at which the basic elements of my command will be assembled and trained. The trip will probably be of about a week's duration.

LEYTE
*****

Nov. 12 - Today I rolled off our LST to Philippine soil in "Mister Dick", my little jeep. Our trip, though not unpleasant, was slightly boring and nothing really happened until this morning as we approached the shore in total darkness. Ack-ack batteries on land were putting on a show, with shells bursting in air like Fourth of July roman candles, when suddenly the ship second ahead of us in the column to our left opened fire with a single gun. On the fifth burst a Jap plane exploded in mid air and plummeted to the water about 500 yards from us. It had been trying to sneak in unnoticed, though heaven knows why! When the wreckage hit the water it spread gas and oil over a large circular area and the flames burned brightly for about twenty minutes. It was a beautiful sight, not soon to be forgotten. After daylight our own P-38's came out to cover us and they, too, made an attractive sight. We had breakfast on the boat, so were well fortified when we went ashore. Shortly after arriving at the site of my new headquarters, a single Nip bomber came in directly overhead and I
THE ENGINEER CONSTRUCTION GROUP

requests the honor of the company of

Col. [Name], ASCOM

for dinner at five hours and one half on

Monday, the thirteenth of November

Group Officers Mess, Route 1
(One mile south of)

* * * * * * *

Dress: Formal (sleeves down);
Invites: All Engineer Colonels or better in residence on the island of.
Refreshments: Dry only. Due to the war etc., the management regrets. However, the management has available glassware and ice (?) and will enthusiastically countenance combination and individual "toting".

* * * * * * *

R.S.V.P. (Direct to messenger delivering this if possible)

Sorry, I just learned that you have arrived. Your acceptance has been accepted (Proxey). Fine! JGC

INVITATION TO JOE COX'S DINNER

("Leyte" deleted by censor")
made a fox-hole in one flying leap. No bombs fell near, though, and two of our P-38's took after it. A little later, four more Nips came over to attack our ships in harbor, but the ack-ack opened up and I saw one plane come down in flames. Still later, another three-motored, Nip bomber came in, but two P-38's started in pursuit and a few minutes later both returned, one of them doing a victory roll.

Nov. 13 - This has been a comparatively quiet day everything considered. The Nips came over about 4:30 AM but did no damage except to awaken everyone. Between breakfast and lunch my time was taken up with conferences and after lunch I drove out to Army Headquarters for a talk with Bill Leaf and Sam Sturgis. Later on Reggie and I jeeped over to Joe Cox's place to attend his "dinner party". We took a bottle of liquor with us, which was fortunate because no one else had any to take and we were able to squeeze out a cocktail around. Among those present were Pat Casey, Harwood, Klinke, Zimmerman, Murray Neilson, Tom Kern, Keyes, J. C. B. Elliott, Heiman, Bernard Robinson, Reggie, Joe and myself. It's even possible that I have forgotten to name someone. All are regular Army Engineer Officers except Harwood, who was out of the service for many years. Going in to dinner we had to eat by candle-light because there was a red alert at the time. Starting out with a consomme, we went into a main course of fried chicken (fresh off the hoof), snap beans, canned corn and french fried potatoes. All that was followed by coffee and apple pie. I am really filled up tonight and whatever I may have said about chicken in the past I now take back. Not only did I take two pieces, but I chewed them to the bone. * * * * Driving along the road this afternoon we passed hundreds of nipa shacks in almost solid rows. Many of the children held up their fingers to make the sign of the "V" as we passed. * * * * A red alert sounded at this point, so with the lights out I had to go to bed. Now it is morning and another day. The Nips have been around quite a bit the last few hours and just now we saw a P-38 bring one down in flames. Earlier the ack-ack got one.

Nov. 14 - It was very hot today, particularly this afternoon. I was so busy, however, that I scarcely noticed it. Now that evening has come it is relatively cool and pleasant. The Nips paid us a visit this morning, but fewer went back than came over. About nine o'clock, while standing in front of Headquarters, I saw a Jap Zero streaking away from our area. Quite a distance behind him but coming up at terrific clip was one of our Lightnings (P-38's) in hot pursuit. It closed up the distance so fast that it looked as though the Nip was standing still. When right on his tail the P-38 let out one burst and the Jap lighted up like an arc light. The P-38 swooped off gracefully for its return to the airstrip. I was told later that the pilot was one Major Bong, whose exploits have been widely reported. His performance in this instance was certainly as professional as anyone could ever hope to see.

Nov. 17 - It has been dark and rainy all day, but at least it is cool. With the ground so wet and puddles everywhere it is hard on the
men still in pup tents. Up front, where the fighting is going on, they must be pretty miserable. One thing about this kind of weather though, you don't get many air raids. Apparently it is too nasty for even the Nips. I have Bob Kline working on a camp area for our enlisted contingent, but he has had a hard time clearing away stumps, nipa shacks and chicken yards. Many of the men arrived without tentage or equipment of any kind, so we have had a considerable problem on our hands.

Nov. 18 - Reggie and I went down to Army Headquarters this morning to attend conferences that continued for most of the day. There we saw Sam Sturgis, Bill Leaf, Bill Ely, Henry Hutchins and others. I have now set up my own Headquarters in an old frame building that required considerable cleaning. The former occupants were Japanese, who had also used it for a headquarters but without much attention to sanitation. Our sleeping quarters are in a ramshackle building next door where Reggie and I have adjoining rooms. We work closely together but our responsibilities are quite separate.

Nov. 20 - Rain, rain and more rain - it has been coming down in torrents all day. Tomorrow the sun may shine and the ground begin to dry, but then we will perspire. The upshot of it all is that one stays continually damp and clothes never dry out completely.

Nov. 23 - I drove down this morning in a sea of mud to confer with Bill Leaf, stayed on for lunch and got back in time for Thanksgiving dinner at 6:00 PM. Driving through the little filipino villages, each a collection of rickety frame buildings and nipa shacks around a central square, we saw people of all ages going in and out of church in celebration of Thanksgiving. With so much water and mud everywhere most were barefooted, with skirts held high or trousers rolled up to the knees. The women were mostly in white and some of the men wore white suits. One elderly woman was in a gay fiesta costume and another wore what appeared to be an evening gown. The children looked polished and happy and most of them held up their fingers in a "V" when I rolled by. Everyone appeared to be truly thankful. * * * Out from the villages, the poorer people live along the road in primitive shacks supported on bamboo frames. They live simply and have had to endure many hardships during the Japanese occupation. Even the recent landing took its toll, for many were injured by stray bullets and exploding shells. Just after my return to headquarters one of our officers drove in with a half-naked, brown boy in the back of his jeep. He had picked up the youngster emerging from the woods, sick, covered with sores and creased across the forehead by a bullet. The Captain's problem was to find out whether the boy belonged in the vicinity or had been brought there by the Japanese, so I called over a couple of women who were collecting clothes for laundering and they interrogated the lad. It developed that he was from a nearby village from which he had fled when the Japanese took it over. For many months he had been living in the woods on what he could find to sustain him. We sent him to an Aid Station for treatment. * * * We had four red alerts last evening and
there have been several tonight. A full moon seems to inspire raids as a lamp attracts flying insects.

Nov. 24 - The Nips staged a morning air raid today and I had a good view of the ensuing battle, though it was a little like trying to watch a three-ring circus. One bomber received a direct hit by our anti-aircraft and went down in flames. Another was knocked down by P-38's. A few of our boys got nicked by flack but none was seriously hurt. A steel helmet comes in very handy around here.

Nov. 26 - Back at Sixth Army today for another conference with Bill Leaf. I stopped to visit with George Palmer, a classmate of mine, who is an assistant to Bill. George is an avid butterfly collector and he told me that he caught them all over New Guinea. He has over 900 in his collection. He keeps a net right by his desk, which is in a tent, opened all around, and when a desired specimen flies past he grabs the net and takes off in pursuit. This can be disconcerting in the middle of a conversation.

The last days of November and the first days of December passed quickly with much planning to be done for our movement to San Fabian on Lingayen Gulf, where Sixth Army was to land for the assault on Manila. There we would establish Base M for logistical support of the operation. Officers of each of the service sections were engaged in their own planning and there was much to be worked out as to details of landing and getting supplies ashore from ships. We knew that everything would have to be lighter ashore and that "dukws" would be used extensively, particularly for ammunition which could be moved directly to dumps by them without rehandling. We had been making careful studies of all G-2 reports and believed we would be able to operate on three separate beaches.

Aside from logistical planning there was the problem of training our personnel and adapting them in short time to combat conditions. Many had been sent to us directly from Australia with inadequate equipment and little or no knowledge of how to conduct themselves in the field. Our first efforts, therefore, were directed to instilling in them a sense of personal pride and a desire to help themselves. The first test was severe: pitching
tents and making camp in the mud and rain, and many were inclined to give up. Soon, however, they learned how to drain their encampment areas, build latrines, erect showers, dig fox-holes, set up kitchens and generally fend for themselves. By the application of a little ingenuity and the use of native materials they were soon making themselves comfortable with tent floors, tables, chairs, cupboards, frames for mosquito bars and other amenities. They came to realize that any soldier can live like a hog in the mud but it takes a really good soldier to live comfortably and decently. To drive home the importance of self-help, we posted a slogan: "If you won't help yourself, God or the Engineers can't help you."

Reggie Dean was to direct activities of the engineer components of ASCOM, and Col. Manzano of the Philippine Scouts was to head an organization for civilian control of the area to be occupied by our forces. Neither, however, had even a nucleus of a staff and it became quickly apparent that they would act mainly as staff advisers and coordinators of activities directed by ASCOM. Those letters stood for Army Service Command, the organization to be Commanded by Pat Casey. Except for the headquarters group of Base M and a small staff of its own, it was ephemeral in nature at this time. Therefore, we of the Base group made our plans and performed our administrative duties during daylight hours, reserving the evenings for joint planning with the ASCOM staff. Those evening meetings were frequently interrupted by red alerts and bombs falling too close for comfort.

We were apparently considered a good target and as the moon grew to fullness the nips would come over to visit us. Everyone slept with a steel helmet under his bed and shoes nearby to jump into. Most of this was in the nature of a nuisance, for we suffered few casualties. The worst occurred one night when several soldiers took refuge behind some gasoline
drums that received a direct hit. In addition to a helmet, I also kept a few cans of beer under my bed. I could never get used to chlorinated water and even warm beer was more palatable when I wanted to quench my thirst during the night.

Dec. 6 - There is heavy rainfall nearly every day, particularly in the morning hours; then when the sun comes out everything steams up. I am beginning to think that this is a war of mud, sweat and warm beer. We have only two kinds of climate: hot and wet.

Dec. 7 - Today is the third anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor. It has taken a while, but here we are in the Philippines and there can be no doubt now about the outcome. * * * * I visited Sixth Army again today to coordinate some of our planning and while there I talked with Bill Leaf, Sam Sturgis and Pinky Walsh. I now have my own Base APO number - 72.

Dec. 12 - Now that our troops have landed on the west coast of Leyte and at Ormoc, enemy air activity has been greatly reduced. I have had several good nights of uninterrupted sleep. * * * * Our Chaplain is planning a Christmas party on the 25th and the soldiers are making crude toys. By saving their rations of candy and chewing gum they will be able to give the neighborhood children a thrill. I have never seen so many children in one place in my life. The birth rate must be terrific. The average family seems to have five or six children and there are frequently more.

Dec. 13 - After a visit to Sixth Army today, I stopped by a supply dump that we are operating for Army to give our people practice. I put Ike English in charge - he is now my G-4 - and he is happy as a lark to have a really active job. He and his gang have established a new record for tonnage handled at that point and considering that they are using Filipino labor, they have every reason to be proud.

Dec. 17 - Tom Kern, who was to have been my Base Engineer, got sick a few weeks ago and had to be sent back to New Guinea. As his replacement I have been delighted to get Col. Albert Wright from Intersec, where he succeeded me as Chief of Staff on my recommendation. He is a Harvard man and we were good friends at Oro Bay.

Dec. 18 - With Christmas in the offing we got word today that 10,000 bags of mail had arrived and volunteers were requested to help sort it. Dozens responded, even officers, they were so anxious to get their letters.

Dec. 23 - All the mail has now been sorted and delivered. The effect on morale has been phenomenal. Packages, too, have been arriving but the soldiers as a whole seem happier to get their letters. * * * * It has been very hot and dry for about four days now and the air is full
of dust. ** ** ** Just as I was beginning to think that the dry season had arrived there was a tremendous clap of thunder and the rain started.

Dec. 24 - Here it is Christmas Eve. I went to chapel services this morning and spent part of the afternoon with Tenney Ross, who came over to discuss our plans. ** ** ** The Chaplain has a big Christmas tree in front of our headquarters, cleverly contrived of bamboo shoots tied around a central bamboo pole and all hanging downward to create the illusion of a pine tree. It will be decorated and lighted for the Christmas party tomorrow. Four of our younger officers asked me over last evening to see their tent, in which they had a Christmas tree made of sticks, wrapped from green paper, surrounded by dummy packages. They had used foil wrappings from dehydrated potatoes for tinsel and with some paper bells and stars, arranged for a light to fall upon them, they had created a "feel" of Christmas. Some days ago I wrote and sent you a Christmas poem. In case you did not receive it, here it is again:

Somewhere in the Philippines
Christmas - 1944

Frost and snow - the sound of bells,
Or burning sun and bursting shells;
A sparkling tree with gleaming lights,
Or ack-ack streaks through wakeful nights.
No choice is ours; the course is set, 
But joys of home we can't forget.

So ring out the bells and ring them loud, 
Frolic and play with the Christmas crowd, 
We want it happy; we want it gay 
When we return to the U.S.A.

Christmas morn - a time of joy, 
Or deadly moments to destroy; 
The laugh of friends midst carols clear, 
Or groans of wounded fallen near. 
No choice is ours; we'll do the task, 
A smile from you is all we ask.

So let carols rise to fill the air, 
Lift up your voices beyond compare, 
We want it joyful in every way 
When we return to the U.S.A.

Aisles in church - and anthems there, 
Or earthen trench and silent prayer; 
The Star of Peace in heavens high, 
Or rocket flares against the sky. 
No choice is ours; we'll see it through, 
Helped by thoughts of home and you.
So send us a prayer - a prayer sincere,
Thought of your thoughts will allay all fear.
We want it peaceful; we want to stay
When we return to the U.S.A.

Dec. 25 - Christmas is now drawing to a close. We had our party this afternoon for the children of Tacloban and there must have been a hundred and fifty present. All sizes were among those who flocked to the Christmas tree and, as might be expected, the older and bolder boys tried to get more than their share of the candy. Several brought their little brothers to hold their booty while they went back time and again for more. All, however, were clean and generally well behaved. Just before Santa came to distribute the gifts it began to rain - a veritable cloudburst - so all had to crowd under the porch roof and the wide, overhanging eves. That precluded any orderly method of distribution and Santa, with the sergeants who assisted him, was literally mobbed. Two girls of high school age, attractively dressed, assisted a magician, who pulled a monkey and a cockatoo out of a boy's hat, and another translated the Christmas Story as told by the Chaplain. Later I asked her if she was glad to see the Japs go, and she replied, "Oh, Colonel! Good riddance I call it." One mother, dressed in Filipino finery, consisting of a long colored skirt and a white blouse with puffed sleeves, brought her brood of five or six small children, and several fathers were present with their offspring. The Nips, who have neglected us lately, returned just in time to interrupt the late festivities with a nuisance raid. Our anti-aircraft got three of them and we had a good view of them falling in flames, thus ending the day for us with a fireworks display. Here is the Christmas message contained in the program that was distributed to the children. (See next page)

Dec. 31 - This is a different kind of New Year's Eve than I have ever spent and certainly not the most pleasant. The routine that I have described previously has continued since Christmas, and we are now in the final stages of readying for our movement forward. We have had many last minute conferences with the Alamo Staff and everything should now be in order.

-1944-

Jan. 2 - An officer who just arrived here from Hollandia told me this story which he swears is true. He said that when the WACs arrived there the Engineers of Base G built a camp for them right across from the Signal Center and Signal Corps soldiers were detailed to build them a latrine. One technically skilled sergeant installed a loud speaker under the seats with a connecting wire to a microphone in his office where he could sit and watch those who entered. He would wait a minute or two after the entry of a WAC officer and then say into the microphone, "Would you mind moving over to the next seat, lady. I'm painting under this one."

Jan. 4 - My new orderly and jeep driver is a lad from Canton, Mississippi and one of my lieutenant colonels is from Ann Arbor, near my home town;
A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

We have asked you children of — to share our Christmas with us, because, in a way, we are really selfish. No one, you see, can enjoy a thing all by himself—particularly Christmas. So we have invited you, who are hosts to us in a larger sense, to be our guests on this particular occasion in order that we may have the pleasure of your smiles and laughter. The gifts which we have for you are very small, but the importance of Christmas is in the spirit which motivates the giving. We used to forget that sometimes in the past.

If the war has done nothing else, it has given us all a new sense of values. We know now what things are most worthwhile. Christmas is one of the most really worthwhile events to all Christian nations, and this Christmas is of added importance in that it marks the spiritual reunion of the Filipino and American People. We wish that you boys and girls could meet and play with the children so dear to us across the Pacific. By your presence you remind us of them; our brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, sons and daughters. If you could meet them you would find that they are very much like yourselves, friendly, happy, carefree, and simple in their desires. We would like them to know you in order to emulate your fortitude and courage.

And now we wish you a Very Merry Christmas—not only for this year, but for all the years of peace to come.

HERBERT D. VOGEL
Colonel, C. F.
Commanding

(N.B. — The word Leyte was expunged by censor)
The Commander-in-Chief, the officers, and the men of the American Forces of Liberation in the Pacific wish their gallant allies, the People of the Philippines, all the blessings of Christmas, and the realization of their fervent hopes for the New Year.

Christmas, 1944

These greetings were distributed by plane over civilian areas of the Philippines.
another is the son of a professor I knew when I was a student at the
University of Michigan. It's a small world!

Jan. 6 - Things are moving fast now and I have to write as I can
find the time. Bob Kline has gone forward with an advance echelon
of my Command, but I will be catching him soon. Ike and others of
my top staff are with me. ** At Hankie's request I am naming a
jeep after him, too, calling it "Young Hank".

Jan. 8 - I came aboard ship this morning with all the equipment I
will need for the next two or three weeks. My jeep, "Mister Dick",
is waiting below to carry me ashore when the time comes. All after­
noon we have been lying quietly at anchor, surrounded by ships iden­
tical to our own. Sometime after dark we will slip away, join the
remainder of our convoy and begin our journey. Now that the weeks of
planning and waiting are behind us we have thrown off all anxiety in
favor of anticipation. There is a kind of holiday spirit among
officers and men alike, as though we were starting on a pleasure

SAN FABIAN-LINGAYEN GULF

Jan. 9 - At sea and everything is very quiet. Because of rain and
heavy clouds it has been quite cool.

Jan. 10 - The radio news from Europe is better tonight and everyone
now knows about the landings at Lingayen Gulf, where we are headed.

Jan. 12 - Still no Japanese air action! We have been fortunate in
having a heavy cloud cover and complete darkness at night. I doubt
that the Nips have spotted us.

Jan. 31 - It seems little short of miraculous that we have come so
far without encountering enemy action. We might as well have been on
a Caribbean pleasure cruise. It certainly shows what a good job the
Navy has done in working over the Jap airfields.

Jan. 14 - Last evening after I had commented on the lack of enemy
action the Nips came over our convoy with a light force to let us
know they have been thinking of us. They caused little damage and we
got a couple of their planes. The rest of the night passed unevent­
fully and I awoke early, thinking that we would make a landing about
7:00 AM. Delays occurred, however, and we found ourselves lying
around all day waiting to get ashore. We had lunch on the ship and
then as it got later and later we came to realize that we would be
having supper, too. After the evening meal we sat around talking
until dusk and then received word that we would beach immediately. By
the time we hit shore it was totally dark.

My jeep was first in line to debark and in it were Ike, the
driver, myself and all our gear. Conscious of our heavy load I
experienced a moment of doubt when the big doors swung open and the
ramp was lowered into the surf. All I could see ahead of us were
breaking waves and I could not even guess at the depth. Holding our
breaths, we took the plunge into less than a foot of water, and off we went to the shore. The soft sand of the beach slowed us down and in a short time we came to a dead stop. We had only a vague idea of directions and realized that any movement on foot in the utter darkness was risky and perhaps foolhardy. Accordingly, we decided to hole-up for the night and those following adopted the same tactics, dispersing themselves above the beach line.

Feeling our way in the dark, we found a half-overturned Jap landing craft to crawl under. About that time we came to realize that we were on the extreme left of the Army position and that fighting was in progress ahead of us. Naval guns began firing and the Jap artillery fired back. Our own artillery added to the din. Lying in the sand, half covered by it, we would see a flash from the direction of the sea, then hear a boom, followed by a whistle and a whoosh as the projectile sailed over us on its way to the enemy position. Seconds later there would sound a heavy crr-ump-ff as the shell found its mark. Star shells and rockets gave out a weird light from time to time and the Japs were generous in their return of fire. All this went on from about 8:00 PM until 2:00 AM. At midnight I looked at my watch and breathed a sigh of relief that the 13th of January was past and the 14th had arrived.

On both sides of us now, and in fact all around us were the vehicles and troops of ours and other ships of the convoy, all powerless to move in any direction. It reminded me of the pioneers in their covered wagons, huddled together for protection against Indian raids. All of this was fine as protection against infiltrating Japanese, but I realized that at daybreak we would make a fine target for early air raids. I planned, therefore to get my base personnel moving at the first sign of daylight.

As I have said, the heavy firing decreased after about 2:00 AM and shortly after that I fell into an uneasy sleep. There was nothing half-hearted about Ike's sleeping, though, and his snoring soon rivalled the guns. When day came we assembled the various parts of our Command and moved to the vicinity of San Fabian where we joined the advance party and began establishment of a headquarters.

Jan. 15 - I believe the climate here will be pleasanter than on Leyte, and the people appear of higher type. At least there has been no rain and as to the people, they seem inordinarily clean, friendly and happy. Their faces reflect a high degree of intelligence and nearly all speak English to some degree. They have little or nothing in the way of worldly goods, because the Nips took about all that could be carried away. A small powerhouse near my headquarters was stripped of its generators, which were sent back to Japan. The stories of atrocities are rife. There has been a strong underground movement and we are greeted everywhere by the two raised fingers and shouts of vic-toe-ree! The people we have seen do everything to cooperate, seeming gloriously happy that we are here.

As to my job, it should now be apparent that everything I have done during the past two months has been in preparation for this. During that
period of time we had to select and assemble personnel for a staff, build an organization to represent and control the many service units that will follow us, and finally, execute the detailed planning necessary for the successful logistical support of all elements of the Sixth Army. Toward the end of our staging at Tacloban, with our job nearly completed, we fell into a period of waiting. We were like a football team brought to perfection for the big game, with the game still a week away. I was afraid that staleness would set in and I volunteered for all kinds of odd jobs to keep ourselves busy. Even so, there was too much time to worry about the ordeal ahead and nerves grew tense. Homesickness, inspired by the Christmas season, did not make it any easier, but the general spirit of comradery that prevailed helped greatly to sustain morale. Now that we have arrived and all are busily engaged, morale is high everywhere. The situation changes from hour to hour, plans have to be revised on the spur of the moment and everything gets balled up occasionally, but we are all pleased that we can see the results of what we are doing.

Jan. 16 - I have been on reconnaissance all day, trying to acquaint myself with the area Base M will cover. We will have upwards of 50,000 troops of all services, each with its own headquarters, and we will be wholly responsible for the logistical support of Sixth Army with its 350,000 men. The village where I have my headquarters in the school house is quite typical of all the villages around here. There is the usual central square or Prado, within which there is a large church and around which there are many small houses. Our officers are bivouaced in a coconut grove where there is a little fish pond and artesian water for bathing and washing. The enlisted men have what might be called a picnic grove on the bank of a stream. There are artesian wells throughout the area, so water is plentiful. Yesterday I drove for several miles over a stretch of concrete pavement, the first I have seen since leaving Australia.

Jan. 17 - I am chasing myself in circles, attending conferences, reconnoitering the area and trying to run a Base. With so much jeeping I feel as though I have been horseback riding. Today I went by boat to a point on land ahead of our outposts to check on a location for a sub-base. Prior to landing we had been led to believe by the reading of intelligence reports that there would be three good beaches upon which to bring supplies ashore from the ships in harbor. We learned soon after our arrival, however, that only one beach was suitable for such purpose, the others being blocked by rows of submerged rocks. This has made it very difficult, pushing us into competition with the Navy for the one beach. We have working things out on a time schedule but it will be necessary to make other arrangements as the need for tonnage grows. From where I had now landed in my search for an additional suitable beach area I could hear mortars and small arms fire from the Japanese positions a few hundred yards away, and as I stood there many refugees from nearby villages came streaming by. There were people of all ages, carrying what they could, while carabaos pulled the rest of their belongings on sleds and carts. The father of one family told me that the Japs had raided their village the night before, taken their food, bayoneted three girls and several men and told them they would be back the following night. They were undoubtedly very frightened.
Jan. 18 - With thousands of troops in my command over a vast area, I have had to keep moving during these early days of organizing. Fortunately I have a fine, energetic young staff with several older heads to give it balance. Pat Johnson has done a great job in every way.

** * ** The little jeep that I Christened "Young Hank" had a harrowing experience a night or two ago when some Jap soldiers infiltrated our lines. I sent an officer and two soldiers out to locate the firing and while they were crossing a small bridge a Jap patrol threw a hand grenade in the jeep. All the passengers jumped out and escaped unhurt but the jeep is out of circulation now. ** * ** I saw Frank Falkner today. He will be in command of a sub-base at Dagupan, with operational control of an amphibious brigade.

Jan. 21 - Base activities are now well organized and all units are functioning well. I have moved from a tent to a small shack built of native materials.

Jan. 25 - There was an inspection visit today by Generals Frink and Casey, after which all three of us called on General Krueger. The latter said that Sixth Army has never been served so well in even small operations and that our work has been phenomenal. Frink added that what we have done will make military history. We have really established a remarkable record of tonnage moved from ships to shore to troops and I am very proud of all by boys. You have never seen such workers.

Jan. 26 - Today was the birthday of both General McArthur and General Krueger. As a gift to them we hit a record high figure for tonnage handled.

Jan. 27 - We are still receiving compliments from the high command and, of course, we enjoy it. In turn I give much credit to Bill Leaf, who as Army G-4 has coordinated the needs of its Services, thereby giving us the means to satisfy all rather than just a few. It was a lucky thing that I jogged General Krueger so hard by my midnight radio that he awoke to the need of putting Bill in charge and strengthening his hand. We have worked together as a team at all times and I appreciate his great contribution to the war effort, though I doubt he will ever get the credit he deserves.

Jan. 31 - All elements of Base M are now working around the clock, pushing supplies forward. I am usually on call until midnight, when Pat Johnson takes over the phone for me. He said that last night there were seven calls between 2:00 AM and daylight. With air alerts dwindling the lives of civilians in the area are returning to normal. ** * ** The rains have now started after a long drought period.

Feb. 6 - Feather-merchants from the Pentagon are beginning to arrive now that things have settled down to a routine and danger has abated. Jim Marshall has been evacuated to New Guinea with jungle rot and will probably be returned to the States. I know that Frink will want me to replace him as G-4, USASOS, but Pat will insist that I stay here until we pass the peak. Since the decision is not mine to make, I'll not worry
about it. * * * * On my inspection this morning I visited depots, dumps, sub-bases and many separate facilities, including a couple of bakeries that are already turning out tons of bread a day. We are also operating a railroad and a truck line along with everything else you can think of from hospitals to cemeteries.

Feb. 7 - Activity continues at a rapid pace but routines are being established and pressures have decreased considerably. As we begin to breathe more easily, however, the civilian population shows signs of renewed life. Out on the roads there are many carts and carriages that have been dragged from their hiding places. Some are drawn by hump-backed cows, some by undersized ponies, but all are filled with Filipinos enjoying their first outings in a long time. They threaten to become a traffic nuisance, but until operations are impeded I won't do anything about it. * * * * Yesterday the Governor of the Province came to see me and I found him to be a pleasant young man of good education. Like most of his people he wore white cotton trousers and a white embroidered shirt. I showed him with some pride my new, native-type, one-room house that has been built for me in the officer's compound. It has a bamboo frame covered with palm fronds, and the roof is thatched. I have a shower with hot and cold running-water, but I should add that it is hot only when the sun is shining on the pipe which connects it with an artesian well. With the weather unbelievably pleasant right now, and my new cottage, I am very comfortable. Tenney and Wannie, who were here yesterday, remarked on this - with some envy, I thought.

Feb. 14 - Ike English and Bob Kline got their promotions to Lieutenant Colonel today. Both have been with me since arriving from Pittsburgh and their promotions to every rank have been simultaneous. * * * * We have received more letters of commendation from high sources, including the Navy. Everyone tells us we have accomplished more than ever before and I feel myself that we have contributed a fair share to the success of the Sixth Army. As its forces moved on to Manila, we not only kept it supplied by providing a buffer against nuisance raids on its left flank. During the early days of our operations the Nips continued to occupy the heights around Baguio and we were harassed nightly by sporadic artillery and mortar fire and infiltrations. It got so bad at one time that our duku companies became dispersed while working and much valuable time was lost. Only by a personal appeal to my old friend and classmate, Clyde Eddleman, who is now Army G-3 was I able to get an infantry platoon for their protection while hauling ammunition to dumps.

Feb. 15 - Today marks the beginning of a new phase of our operations. Pat Casey is going back to his old job as GHQ Engineer and we revert to USASOS control. It must be about time for me to move, for as C.O. here I now have it too comfortable.

Feb. 17 - With activity reduced to a routine I am using some of our troops to build a chapel in the public square as a temporary substitute for the church that was destroyed by Naval bombardment during the landing. We have been miraculously protected by Divine Providence during our days here, and the restoration of a place of worship for these devout people seems an appropriate way of showing our thankfulness.
Feb. 18 - Base M practically runs itself now and life has become hopelessly routine. Sixth Army has moved on to Manila and those who were imprisoned there have been freed. One of our chaplains took a whole truck load of food stuffs to them.

Mar. 2 - Driving to Manila for a conference with Sixth Army Staff I encountered great congestion on the highway. Crowds of refugees with every kind of conveyance and all their possessions were moving in both directions. With travel so slow, I decided to stay in the city overnight and that gave me an opportunity to look around a bit. What I saw was not pleasant, for the destruction is great. The retreating enemy blew up or burned everything possible, even forcing young boys to set fires with cans of gasoline.

Mar. 4 - The only thing of importance this date was the dedication of the chapel we built for San Fabian.

Mar. 7 - Word came last night that I am to take over as G-4, USASOS in a week. A brigadier general will take my place here now that everything is under control and I will be relieving another.

Mar. 8 - There was a hurry-call this morning for me to get down to USASOS right away to take on my new duties and I shall leave tomorrow morning. This afternoon I made awards of medals to those who earned them by their work here at Base M the past couple of months. In a few minutes I am to attend a farewell party that is being given by the Mayor. Although I am going to a good assignment I feel a pang of regret in leaving my command.

RETURN TO LEYTE

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Mar. 10 - It is good to be back with my old friends in USASOS but I have an odd feeling about being back here in Leyte, so far from all the activity of combat. Anyway the fighting is about over so far as the Philippines are concerned and from now on we must be thinking about meeting the enemy on his home ground.

Mar. 11 - Conferences all morning and into the afternoon.

Mar. 12 - This is a great change from running a Base, but I have been promised a free hand to organized my Section and run the job. The set-up here is temporary, of course, for we will be moving to Manila in due course.

Mar. 17 - Now that I have had time to catch my breath I can review events of the past few months with deliberation and considerable satisfaction. We had a big job to do and everyone seems pleased with the results accomplished. General Frink told me today that he has sent forward recommendations for my promotion to B.G. and the award of a Distinguished Service Medal.

Mar. 20 - The past week has been uneventful but the C.G. and I will fly up to Manila tomorrow for a conference in GHQ and to look over the situation with respect to establishment of our headquarters.
March 23 - We have been in Manila the past two days and this afternoon we inspected the house in which General Frink will live and where we will have our Staff Mess. It will make a nice set-up, with sleeping quarters for the Staff in nearby houses.

Mar. 24 - Back in Leyte with only routine activity in prospect for the next several days.

Mar. 30 - Lt. Gen. Wilhelm D. Styer and party from Washington were here all day and at noon we had lunch on one of the ships in harbor.

** * ** We keep watching the news from Europe, knowing that the end there will bring things to a close here that much sooner, for then we will no longer be forced to a secondary role.

Apr. 1 - It is Easter and the Filipinos are dressed in all their finery as they go to church.

Apr. 4 - I am back in Manila for staff conferences and will be here the next few days.

Apr. 6 - On this day of rumors, news and discussions about world events, including resignation of the Japanese Cabinet, renunciation by Russia of the Russo-Japanese non-aggression pact, designation of MacArthur with five-star rank to Supreme Command in the Pacific, and the capitulation of Germany, I was called to General MacArthur's Headquarters with General Frink to receive his personal commendation for my work of the past few months. He said it was his earnest desire to effect my promotion quickly to star rank and he would do everything possible to achieve that end. He then told General Frink that he wanted us to support the offensive against the Japanese Islands. He was bubbling with good spirits because of a report just received that the Japanese were launching an all-out assault on Okinawa and this, he believed, would consume their remaining strength. He was also elated by his elevation to five-star rank. He then told us that General Styer and a fairly large contingent of Pentagon officers will be coming over to assume control of the Philippines as we move on to Japan.

Apr. 7 - We are in a transition period of moving USASOS from Leyte to Manila. It complicates things somewhat, but there is no enemy action of any kind to discommode us and though we have elements in both places communications are good. I got back here in Tacloban at 1:30 this afternoon.

MANILA

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Apr. 12 - Today I took final (I hope) leave from Tacloban, arriving in Manila at about 3:30 PM.

Apr. 13 - This morning I awoke to hear the shocking news of President Roosevelt's death and the good news of our progress of Germany. These are exciting and momentous days.

Apr. 16 - On a short inspection visit to Base M by plane and boat I saw many of my old staff, including Bob Kline and it made me the more
regretful to be away from them. I know now, though, that I can do more
good in USASOS as G-4.

Apr. 18 - I am writing this high in the air over the Philippine Islands,
returning now to Manila after my third trip in three successive days.
Yesterday I was in Zamboanga (where the monkeys have no tails!) and
today I have been in Cebu. On both islands we have small bases for the
supply of the troops elements that have been landed to assist remnants
of the Philippine Scouts that have held out there. At the moment we
are almost directly over the enemy held areas, but their air power has
been so completely knocked out that it is no longer a threat. From here
the scenery is quite beautiful, with tall mountain ranges forming a
background for many square miles of rice paddies and fish ponds. From
the other side of the plane I can see the ocean with waves breaking on
the beach, and far beyond are other islands.

Apr. 22 - After telling you how I have trimmed my figure during the past
several months, you wrote that a friend of yours would like my formula
for reducing. So here it is: Limit all meals to a plate of canned dog
food, canned fruit and synthetic lemonade or rancid coffee; work eighteen
hours a day, spending at least four of 'em in the tropic sun; spend three
or four hours at separate intervals each night jumping in and out of
fox-holes and sleep on a canvas cot. If that doesn't take weight off,
nothing will.

Apr. 23 - I went out with Pinky Holman this evening to look at our new
house. We will move in after May 1st and Wannie will go in with us
after a brief leave in the States. Although a little bare at present, it
will be quite livable when we get some furniture in it. With the rainy
season approaching I am glad to be moving out of a tent.

Apr. 24 - We are doing well insofar as meals and general living conditions
are concerned, but it has been extremely hot the past few days and even
the nights are uncomfortable.

Apr. 30 - If I were not so busy I'd be terribly bored, for every day is
the same: uneventful and hot. The only thing I can find to be enthu­
siastic about is the food in our Staff Mess. We have an ex-chef of the
Army and Navy Club as our cook, and each meal seems better than the last.
If this were to keep up long I'd get back all my lost weight.

May 1 - Several of my old friends are now returning to the States,
including Tenney Ross, whose health has failed badly. Frank Falkner
is also in bad shape physically and Jim Marshall petered out some time
ago. Wannie is going back for a conference in Washington and so is
Howie Lowe. I almost sent Ike along, too, but I need him here on the
work he is doing. I'd like nothing better than to go myself, but I know
this is where I have to be right now. The planning we are doing for the
final operations is too important to leave for even a short time.

May 4 - I spent about eight hours in a jeep today and got back just in
time to remove the first layer of dust before dinner. The war news from
Europe continues to foretell the complete collapse of Germany. Those
going there from Washington will have to hurry to get their medals.
In my travels about the island of Luzon I saw many carabao, animals so common throughout the Philippines that they have come to characterize those islands in the minds of military men. The "Order of the Carabao" in Washington, D. C., does in fact restrict its membership to those who have served in the Philippines. Watching those big, lumbering beasts as I rode by them, I came to wonder what my little boy would say if he could see one. We had been to the zoo in Washington together and I knew that the animals impressed him greatly. So I wrote the following verses in my letter of March 19th, 1945, as I imagined he would think:

The carabao's a dirty pig  
Who wallows in the mud.  
His habit's like a cow in that  
He often chews a cud.

They call him water buffalo  
For reasons I can't tell,  
But if he were a buffalo  
I'd know it very well.

He draws a cart like any horse  
And pulls a plow I'm told;  
But carabao will never live  
In any place that's cold.

I'm rather sure he's not a fish,  
And likewise not a bird.  
You see he never, never swims,  
And songs are seldom heard.

But though he is a lowly beast  
And fairly nondescript,  
To be like him I think I am  
A little trifle hipped.

He never worries, never thinks,  
And has no inhibitions.  
He'd make a lot of money if  
He went on exhibitions.

But little boys must wash their hands  
And keep themselves quite clean.  
It's all a frightful nuisance, if  
You see just what I mean.

So, Ho! for the life of a carabao -  
(I'd like it very well!)  
Except one thought that bothers me  
And this to you I'll tell.

If I were just a carabao,  
(A little muddy one)  
My Mother'd be one, too, I guess -  
And weigh almost a ton!

AND ---- I'm sure I wouldn't like that at all!
May 6 - Received your letter with the clipping about General Styer. We have known about it for some time and, in fact, I wrote you about a month ago that General MacArthur had so informed General Frink and me when we met with him. There will be work for all, these being the people who will take over the rear areas as we move forward.

May 7 - We have just received the news that Eisenhower has declared V-E day. How long, I wonder, will it take over here.

May 8 - I moved yesterday into the house I wrote about last week. The news of Germany's surrender came over the radio about eleven o'clock last night, so now we know it's all over, over there.

May 9 - Dinner at the staff mess tonight was in celebration of the end of the war in Europe and the birthday of Major Robinson, the C.G.'s Aide and pilot of our plane. We had everything from cocktails to Baked Alaska and a cake with candles.

May 10 - My new quarters are very nice, with modern bathrooms and moth-proof closets. The living room is big enough to hold a dance and with so little furniture it looks bigger. My room has large sliding windows that permit a free flow of air at night. We have a couple of soldier strikers, who supervise half a dozen Filipino boys to get the work done about house. The Filipinos would rather polish floors than anything you can think of and they do it by skating around with each foot on half a coconut husk. Our one lack is water, due to damage received by the pumping and purification plants of the city. Thus a main occupation of our house boys is to keep pails of well-water in the bathrooms for the flush tanks and the tubs. Although there are still inconveniences such as this, the city is rapidly recovering from the shock of war and in spite of the wide-spread destruction life becomes more normal every day for the populace as a whole. Tonight there is to be a concert by the Manila Symphony Orchestra.

May 12 - They tell me that General Styer will be here next week and we are all waiting to see what happens.

May 13 - Sturdy will be here for a visit in a couple of days and I shall be glad to see him. This getting to be a popular place now that things are serene. I anticipate that our guest room will be continually occupied.

May 14 - The Styer party got in this afternoon with a package for me from you. I'll be able to make good use of all the items except possibly the stars! With the war over in Europe and the necessity of finding jobs for the rank already created it's hard to tell how it will all turn out. Work that has been done by Colonels will be done by Major Generals in the future. I may be unduly pessimistic - and I hope I am - but I also know human nature and self-interest is one of its strongest attributes.

May 15 - The rainy season has arrived, starting really during the Joe E. Brown show a couple of nights ago. I am glad to have a solid roof over
my head instead of canvas. I also enjoy a floor underfoot and a
light beside my bed to let me read in comfort before I go to sleep.
The bathrooms are a real luxury, even without running water. It's
all quite a change from a couple of months ago, but the new arrivals
from Washington feel that they will be "roughing it".

May 18 - With the newcomers jockeying for positions and rumors rife,
I am simply going ahead with my work as G-4, USASOS, which will become
AFWESPAC (Army Forces Western Pacific) when Styer takes command.
Frink will command a new organization to be derived from it and
designated USASCOM-C, and I am to be its G-4. My work in AFWESPAC is
to be taken over by two major generals who came up from the Corps of
Engineers, namely Walter Wood and Frank Heilman, and each of them is
to have a brigadier general assistant. With all the changes and
rumors of change it is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain
the morale of our group. Furthermore, I have the problem of keeping
up work in the old organization while drawing off personnel for the
new one. The pot is boiling with many new feather-merchants arriving
daily to add fuel to the flames.

May 22 - I am still at my old desk, working as best I can, while the
newcomers mill around, trying to find slots for themselves and not
knowing what they will do when they find them. General MacArthur told
Frink and me that they will take over administration of the rear areas
as we move forward, but there are still plans to be made for that and
I see no one starting on them. * * * I have just received a box of
cheese that was sent me for Christmas. It was pretty ripe!

May 23 - We now have running water in our house and it's a blessing,
the weather being what it is and a shower bath so badly needed at the
end of a day.

May 24 - I received an official radiogram today, signed MacArthur, to
inform me that I have been recommended for promotion to the rank of
brigadier general. I have also been told that it may take two or three
months for it to be acted upon by the Pentagon. This may be more of
the old carrot and donkey routine, but who knows! General Frink says
that whatever the outcome, having been recommended, I will be entitled
to thirteen guns at my funeral. That certainly makes it all worth-
while!

June 3 - This week "Oklahoma" is playing here with a full cast and our
Staff was given six tickets for the opening performance. Mrs. MacArthur
also attended and her seat was next to mine. I found her charming,
petite and quite "southern".

June 6 - I have mentioned the name of our new organization before and
you will note it on the envelope of this letter. USASCOM-C is to
furnish logistical support for a future assault landing and it will be
commanded by General Frink. When his wife wrote to ask him what the
"C" stands for, he told her "secret". We will move shortly to a new
headquarters location on the campus of Philippine University (P.U.) on
the outskirts of Manila, leaving our present headquarters in the build-
ings of Far Eastern University, in the heart of the city, to AFWESPAC.
I am still at my old job and old desk and will so remain until Frink gets his new outfit set up. Woody is expected tomorrow, but it will take him some time to get sufficiently informed about the problems here to take over his half of the job, and I don't know when Heilman will be ready for the other half.

June 7 - Woody arrived today with Dick Worsham and a couple of other Generals assigned to AFWESPAC. It is notable that most of these people coming over from Washington are Corps of Engineer officers who got their stars by holding down armchairs with Somervelle's ASF in the Pentagon. I hear that Art Trudeau will be coming from Europe, although he went there only a few weeks ago.

June 9 - I thought that after all the rank got here from Washington and Europe I would be able to take things a little easier, but I find that I now have to do the work necessary to keep supplies moving and answer questions, too. So far as Woody and the rest are concerned I find them easy enough to get along with, even if they are not much help, and it should not take too long to break them in if they are willing to work. They all seem amazed at how much we have accomplished with so little.

June 11 - Art Trudeau is scheduled to become G-3 of AFWESPAC, they say, and as I am still G-4, our offices will be across the hall from each other for a while. Frink is trying to break me loose but Styer seems to think I should stay here a little longer. This is not the first time I have been so drafted.

June 12 - It is looking more and more as though I will stay right where I am until something gives. I don't know how it can be continued long with me a Colonel and Woody, a Major General, playing the role of understudy, but if he doesn't mind I guess I shouldn't.

June 13 - I saw Dick Worsham for the first time today. He is taking Tenney's place in offices about a block from our headquarters. *** As we were sitting down to dinner this evening a couple of Filipino boys came to our door with a large tureen of chowder and a platter of roast pork from a family across the street. Dinner had been prepared and was being served, and the chowder had a strong fishy odor, so although we accepted the offering with thanks, we refrained from eating it. We will return the favor later to show our appreciation, which is really very great. A gift of food, considering its scarcity among the Filipino people, marks the height of generosity. I wonder if we would be as kind under similar circumstances. I felt much the same way about accepting the hospitality of the Aussies.

June 16 - Sturdy came up tonight from Intersec, which he still commands, and he remarked that it is much hotter here than in New Guinea. I, too, have noticed the heat lately and with a little more time on my hands than usual I composed some verses on a card that I am enclosing. I trust you will appreciate the sentiments.
In frequent dreams I plainly see
Your gentle warmth enfolding me;
Protecting me from earthly storms
Restoring life to all its norms.

My arm in yours, I walk the past,
Defying even winter’s blast.
I view the future without fear
So long as I can have you near.

As now I stand 'neath tropic spires,
Of towering palms, my heart perspires
The same as do my hands and feet —
Oh Lord! How sick I am of heat.

I long for wind and ice and snow,
But there is one thing I must know
Before I view with confidence
Returning to my residence.

I must be sure that you'll be there
To shelter me and help me bear
The chilling blizzard's icy sweep
That tries so hard to make one weep.

Enshrouded strength you'll give to me
When comes the day of victory;
I hope when I step off the boat,
You'll welcome me ---
Old Overcoat!

June 18 - I spent the greater part of the morning in conferences and talked with visitors so long this afternoon I had to rush like mad to get through the accumulated papers. Then I took Ike and another officer to our house for a beer before dinner. With changes still being made at headquarters it may take longer than I thought to get things shaken down to the point that I will be able to get away to the new job. It appears that Art will not become G-3, but what he will do is a mystery.

June 19 - I heard today that new list of B.G's has been put out in Washington, but it's a long chance that I am on it. I have not given up hope, but I am not expecting. It's getting very late in the war, in spite of the fact that there is much more to be done.

June 20 - The new list of promotions reached us today and I was glad to see Wannie's name on it. He and Woodberry were the only ones from our outfit but I am next in line - if they don't stop now. ** ** Woody, Dick Worsham and I are going on a trip tomorrow to visit some of our bases on the other islands with plans to be gone about three days. I am leaving Ike to ride herd on a large group of newly arrived Colonels and I think he is a bit fearful of the task.

(Following is a copy of a memo that was folded within an old notebook:)

SECRET
HEADQUARTERS AFWE SPAC
CHECK SHEET

File No. GSD Subject: Itinerary

FROM: G-4 TO: Gen. Wood 18 June 1949

21 June 1945:
0830 -- Depart Manila
1030 -- Arrive Leyte (CO Base K -- Col. Jeff Barnette, CAC).
P.M. Visit General Eichelberger's Headquarters.

22 June 1945:
0830 -- Depart Leyte for Davao, circling Macjalar Bay enroute and over Valencia.
1000 — Arrive Davao (24th and 31st Divisions)  

1300 — Depart Davao
1630 — Depart Zamboanga
1730 — Arrive Cebu (Americal Division - Maj. Gen. Arnold)

23 June 1945:
1200 — Depart Cebu (Base S - Col. Rattan)
1240 — Arrive Iloilo (40th Division - Maj. Gen. Bosch)
1500 — Depart Iloilo
1645 — Arrive Manila

June 21 - Back tonight in Tacloban on the island of Leyte, and how different it is from when I first arrived here. The rainy season has passed as well as the agitation and turmoil of war. It is very peaceful tonight, with the lights of ships blinking unafraid in the harbor. No air raids or red alerts are remotely possible. ** ** ** We called on Clovis Byers and his C.G., General Eichelberger, this afternoon, drank a cold beer with them and spent an hour or two in conversation. Since the early days of the war Eighth Army has brought up the rear with Sixth Army carrying the load of combat. I have often thought how every time I was with General Krueger he worried me about meat for his soldiers in the field; with Eichelberger it was ice cream for the officers' mess. One of the purposes of this trip has been to find out how the troops in combat are faring as to supplies. It appears that they are getting more fresh meat than the folks at home.

June 23 - Back in Manila, landing about 5:00 PM in a drizzling rain and under a very low ceiling. When I got back to quarters I found Pat Tansey there, resting from his trip across the ocean. He will be assigned to USASCOM-C under Frink, as will I when I can get loose from AFWESPAC. ** ** ** I have been thinking about the places we visited the past few days and how different everything is from a few months ago. There is little or no enemy action now, either on the ground or in the air. With their lines of communication cut the remaining remnants have no means available for continued resistance. The bases supporting our forces offer marked contrast to Base M in its most active period. There we had around 50,000 troops, including an amphibious brigade under our control, and work went on day and night. These bases are very small, with a few thousand men each, and operations are of routine nature.

June 26 - Major McCarnes, who was one of my officers in the Pittsburgh District, arrived today as the result of a request that I made about a month ago. Rodney Smith and Charlie Mason have also arrived and have been assigned to AFWESPAC. Charlie will probably go over to USASCOM-C when I go. It is difficult to constitute two new organizations out of old USASOS, one to stay in the Philippines to control the rear areas while the other goes forward to support future operations.

June 30 - Bill Leaf came in to see me today. He and Pinky Walsh and I are all in the same position of waiting to see what Washington will do about the recommendations for promotion that MacArthur submitted last
month. Our names went in together and should be on the next list if there is one. It looks to me, though, that they are getting too many generals over here to make any new ones.

July 6 - In your last letter you wrote, referring to Sam Sturgis, that if he phoned you on his return to Washington he would probably have no more to say than I am O.K. and working hard. It amused me because that is about what I have been writing day after day these past several weeks. Pinky Holman said today that all we do is sleep, get up and dress, eat, go to work, talk and go back to bed again. That's about right!

July 11 - I am fortunate to have people in the office with me like Ike English and Howie Lowe to whom I can sputter; and people living with me like Pinky Holman, Pat Tansey, Wannie and Coppie to whom I can also pass on my discontents.

July 12 - Art Trudeau arrived today, but I was so busy until nearly five o'clock that I found little time to talk with him. Sturdy is also here and I have spent several hours with him on his problems.

July 13 - We heard today that all the MacArthur recommendations for promotion have been turned down in Washington. I don't really care very much because I know that everyone here has done everything possible. Also, I have had the privilege of doing the work and holding the assignments of a G-4 since last October. It is a bit ironic, though, that I will be replaced in my present job by two Major Generals, each assisted by one or two Brigadiers.

July 16 - I learned today of Charlie Stewart's death and I am as sorry as can be for Mildred. He seemed so healthy the last time I saw him, but he may have been under too much pressure. Some people take things harder than others. If I have learned anything at all from my experience here it is that you seldom get what you want and it is best not to want too much. We have made out with so little for so long that we don't expect much of anything. Woody and Styer haven't learned that and both are already looking haggard.

July 17 - Beginning today I will have desks in both AFWESPAC and USASCOM-C and I will be at both desks every day. That sounds like two jobs, but is really only one, because I will be using people in both places on plans for support of the same operation. Art will be at the new Manila Base as assistant to Eddie Plank, if what I hear is correct.

July 19 - Maj. Gen. Heilman arrived today to take over the other half of my G-4 responsibilities at AFWESPAC and as soon as I can break him in I will be free to go with Frink. Jack Sverdrup left for leave in the States with an assigned mission to try for a reversal of the decision on promotions in this theater.

July 21 - I am now turning more of my attention to USASCOM-C than to AFWESPAC, but since the one is growing out of the other much of the operational planning must be done by the older staff. The two headquarters are about seven miles apart, with my living quarters and mess.
about halfway between. I shall probably continue to divide my time between the two headquarters for a while, even after orders for transfer are written. Eventually I will have a complete Staff in the Philippine University Buildings, where USASCOM-C has its headquarters and where small cottages are being built for the General Staff and Service Chiefs.

July 22 - Reggie Dean came over to my office for a while after lunch and while he was there Ralph Glasgow, another classmate, dropped in. Ralph arrived recently from Washington, where he was teaching in the Army and Navy Staff College.

July 23 - I appreciate the compliment by Sam Sturgis, as reported in your last letter, but should tell you that he is probably prejudiced by the friendship that developed between Base M and the Sixth Army Staff. We thought a lot of them and the feeling seemed to be reciprocated. They are all great fellows and Bill Leaf was one of the greatest. I don't believe that his contributions to the success of ALAMO will ever be fully understood or appreciated except by such people as Sam Sturgis and myself.

July 24 - I visited GHQ this morning and my new office at USASCOM-C in the afternoon. I have moved out of the G-4 office at AFWESPAC to a small building behind that headquarters, where I have a group of officers at work on plans for support of the next operation. For a while I will continue to divide my time between the two offices as best I can.

July 30 - There has been no news to indicate that the Japanese will soon surrender, but we all feel sure they will not be able to sustain themselves as the beatings continue. *** All the days now are hot, dry and dusty.

July 31 - I am becoming more restless and anxious to get things moving to a finish out here. There is still lots of work to be done, however, and the big-shots that have been coming over are little help. As Pat Tansey says, we need fewer chiefs and more Indians!

Aug. 1 - Wannie and I went Corregidor today, leaving about 9:00 AM and returning in the late afternoon. We had lunch on the boat that took us and spent about two hours looking things over. It was my first visit to the island though I have flown over it a number of times. I was impressed that it seems greater in size on the ground than in the air.

Aug. 2 - Eddie Plank has been designated to command Base X, which will be here in Manila. It is now confirmed that Art Trudeau will be his deputy.

Aug. 3 - Getting competent personnel for my new office is most frustrating, for AFWESPAC is reluctant to give up any of the people it inherited. I have Charlie Mason as an assistant, but I am a bit unsure about him and when you wrote about Nick I got off a radio request immediately. I have also requested Les Skinner.
Aug. 6 - The long dry spell has been broken by a hard rain with much thunder. With it came news of the atomic bomb on Japan. I hope it shortens the war, and it probably will. * * * * Wannie and I moved today from our house in town to the cottage we will share in the suburbs. Our offices are in two large University buildings between camps for our officers on one side and enlisted men on the other. Our staff cottages are on a rise of ground beyond the officer's camp. They are of light frame construction, enclosed halfway up with woven bamboo and above that with screening. They can be closed tight during a blowing rain. We have bamboo furniture and grass rugs on the floor. There is a living room, separate bedrooms and a common bathroom.

The above is what I wrote on August the sixth, 1945. The events of that day, however, and the circumstances leading to them involved such machinations in areas of high command that I knew any reporting of them would fail to clear censor. I decided, therefore to wait until the lifting of censorship to tell the whole story, not knowing that it would occur in less than a month. In my letter of September 4th, however, I was able to tell all.

Aug. 8 - I took General Tompkins, an old-timer of the Corps of Engineers, who has joined our headquarters, downtown this morning to meet some of the people in AFWESPAC. He will be deputy to Frink and in Command during a planned visit of the latter to the States. Bruce Clarke has also joined USASCOM-C and will be assigned as assistant to Pat Tansey.

Aug. 9 - The news that took the headlines today was the declaration of war upon Japan by Russia. Late radio announcements by the Japs are to the effect that the Russians have already started to move. All this coupled with the second dropping of an atomic bomb should bring a quick end to the war.

Aug. 10 - I attended a conference at Army Headquarters and took the floor on invitation to orient a number of new arrivals from Europe on the logistical situation. General Courtney Hodges was present and we had lunch with him after the meeting. Ike and Howie Lowe were with me and each carried his part well.

Aug. 11 - Just before ten o'clock this morning we heard on the radio that Japan has petitioned to surrender, provided she can keep her Emperor. As the news circulated pistols and guns were fired until it sounded like an old-fashioned Fourth of July. Now that the first excitement has subsided everyone is waiting to hear whether the offer will be accepted. If peace comes, we will still have a little job to do, but in any event I look forward now to getting home much sooner than previously expected. Our new organization is footloose and anxious to assist the occupational forces into Tokyo. How thankful I am that we are not in the position of the Johnny-come-latelies, now comprising AFWESPAC, who will be staying here as we go forward. Except for the greatest good fortune it could have been the other way around.
Aug. 12 - We are still awaiting word on the surrender of Japan, which, according to the President, must be unconditional. I feel sure our logistical plans for support of the anticipated invasion are sufficiently flexible that with a little work we can adapt them to support of an occupation.

Aug. 13 - This has been a day of tense waiting. Last night General Tompkins and I were called down to AFWESPAC for an 8:30 conference to discuss our respective roles as they will be played in the future. We are now getting better cooperation and many of the people I have wanted are being released to us. As a result we are getting stronger all the time. Les Skinner, who arrived a week ago, was sent over to us today and is already at work. ** ** Next door they are tuning up the radio to see if the President has made an announcement.

Aug. 14 - News of the Japanese surrender was picked up about four o'clock this afternoon and we are now awaiting the President's announcement. There has been great excitement here as might have been expected, but I have seen no let-up in activity. Everyone in USASOS is rarin' to get going.

Aug. 18 - I have been working on logistical plans all day and have had several conferences with AFWESPAC, with another scheduled for after supper. A formidable indication of its probable length is that sandwiches and coffee have been ordered for 11:30.

Aug. 19 - The meeting last evening at AFWESPAC was a very large one, involving all elements of the Command, but when I found out that its purpose was to discuss plans for administration of the rear areas, to which they now appear reconciled, I took my departure, since that did not concern me. I saw Art Trudeau on the other side of the room as the meeting was about to start and I took the opportunity to invite him out to our place for dinner day after tomorrow. I hope I am still here at that time. There is considerable uncertainty about our future actions and anything may happen. With that in mind we have been working feverishly in preparation for departure, but much remains to be done organizationally. As for myself, I need only throw my few remaining possessions in a bag, grab my field equipment and take off.

Aug. 20 - It is ten o'clock and Art has just left after spending the evening out here. We had a fine dinner of soup, filet mignon and ice cream with chocolate sauce. After our coffee we talked at great length and I am sure he has known nothing about the problems I have had with the higher -ups in AFWESPAC. He is having his problems, too, but they are of a different nature and he seems to be enjoying his work in spite of them. I asked him how long he expects to be here and he said two years at the least. I am glad I don't have to face that prospect.

Aug. 22 - I am writing this late in the afternoon because I have to attend a staff meeting at 7:30 with Eighth Army.

Aug. 23 - There is nothing very "chic" about the woolen clothes I drew form the Quartermaster this morning, but they will be warm, practical and comfortable. I have a sweater, battle jacket, woolen trousers
and shirts, an outercoat with hood, gloves and even heavy boots. With a sleeping bag, I am completely outfitted.

Aug. 24 - With nothing remaining to be done at the office, I stayed in quarters this evening. It seems hardly possible that a few months ago we looked with dread on a full moon, knowing that it meant Bombing attacks throughout the night. I had developed a positive distaste for the sight of a palm tree silhouetted against a moonlit sky. But the moon tonight, though full, has a hazy encircling ring like a hula moon that speaks of peace and happy days ahead. We will be on our way shortly and I now feel like a baseball player, who having hit a home run needs only remember to touch third base on the way home. I'll not stop at third any longer than necessary.

Aug. 25 - We left camp at 1:45 PM to board ship at three for a six o'clock sailing. We soon heard, however, that a typhoon warning had been received and we would not be able to sail as planned. Having moved everything aboard there was no use going back, so here we are, tied to the dock and sweltering in our cabins. There is so much military rank aboard that it would be safe to bet that no ship ever carried more on a single journey. Everyone who will participate in the surrender ceremony is - or will be - aboard. Our trip should be an historic one and I trust it will be uneventful. I understand, however, that to avoid taking any chances we will travel under blackout.

Aug. 26 - A band started playing on the dock at 2:30 this afternoon and kept it up until we sailed at 5:00. Bob Kline and another officer of the G-4 Section had me down to their stateroom for a drink at 5:30 to celebrate my birthday. Our seatings in the dining room put me between a Dutch Colonel on my right and an Aussie Colonel on my left, with a Canadian General across from me. There are many nationalities aboard, including both Chinese and Russians.

Aug. 27 - After breakfast I went up on the top deck and talked with Holman, Frink and Wannie until time for lunch. With nothing to do but relax I am making the most of it.

Aug. 28 - Before dinner tonight I had drinks with Frink and Styer; then after dinner I spent the better part of an hour with General Courtney Hodges and a Canadian Colonel. Styer got to come up for the surrender even though his Command will be holding down things in the Philippines. He shows no ill will and I am not sure he even knows a great deal about what has been going on.

Aug. 30 - This morning a few of our own Navy planes flew over us while I was on deck. Except for that and a few whales, porpoises and flying fish there has been nothing to look at but water.

Aug. 31 - We have had islands within sight all day and for some hours now warships have been near us. Planes have also been overhead most of the time. We should be docking late in the afternoon or toward evening. The air is definitely cooler now and I was thrilled when I went on deck last night to see the old familiar constellations of the Northern Hemisphere, with no Southern Cross in sight.

Sept. 1 - We arrived in Yokohama harbor yesterday afternoon and docked about eleven o'clock this morning. As we came through the breakwater the city appeared dead and deserted. The docks and the warehouses in
rear of them showed little sign of damage. After lunch I set out by jeep with Pat Tansey and two other officers of our Command to reconnoiter the city. I have indicated that the dock areas were untouched by our bombing; the same is generally true of an area two blocks parallel thereto. Behind that there is virtually no city. Everything has been burned down and the ground laid bare. The destruction in Manila was slight compared to this. Much of the damage, if not most of it, resulted from the incendiary raid of May 26th when a seventy mile gale was blowing. The burned-out families are living in tiny shacks contrived from the corrugated iron roofing that was not consumed by the flames, and most of these are along the bluffs behind the city, where other families less fortunate are in caves. Most of the people appear stupified and numb to all feeling. The admission by their Government of defeat took them wholly unaware and even now they cannot understand it. They had been told so often they were winning the war that news of the surrender came as a terrible shock. Though they had received heavy damage they believed that our American cities were in worse shape.

In the area I have described as relatively untouched, all buildings have been stripped of metal not absolutely essential to their structural needs. Iron gratings have been removed from walkways, grill work from windows and iron rails from fences. Even light fixtures and brass switch plates have been removed along with brass door pulls. There is no doubt in my mind but that Japan has been on her last legs for some time. The atomic bomb drops may have shortened war by a few weeks, but the Nips were defeated before that.

It is difficult to describe the attitudes of the people I have observed. Some smile, many bow, a good many salute, but the great majority appear without understanding or even curiosity about what has happened to them. Few, if any, are sullen and all seem willing to cooperate. After their cruelty to prisoners I think they are amazed at our gentle treatment of them.

After dinner on the boat this evening I went into the city for a conference with GHQ and Eighth Army. I was accompanied by Ike English, Charlie Mason and Howie Lowe, and, transportation being at a premium, we walked. It may sound risky walking down darkened streets in an enemy country, for the surrender won't be signed until tomorrow, but I had no sense of danger. Nevertheless, I carried side arms as, of course, we all do.

I would like to be present for the signing tomorrow, but there will be hundreds trying to crowd in and I have a lot of work to line up. In spite of everything the troops have to be fed and supplied and that doesn't happen by itself. I am writing rapidly now and probably making many mistakes in grammar and spelling, but there is so much to tell and the hour is getting very late. What I don't get on paper now, I will try to put in future letters.

Going back to the state of affairs here, we have taken over a large number of Japanese automobiles and trucks, and we are driven by Japanese chauffeurs. Every car is a wreck and they all make frightful
noises. Most of them have to be pushed to start and then they may stop within a couple of blocks. When I tell you that the Country was finished, I mean finished! We have not gone into Tokyo yet but the Japs say it is worse than Yokohama. That is hard to believe, but I shall soon find out.

Sept. 2 - The surrender was signed this morning - the war is over! The whole situation seems unreal to me and it must be bewildering to the Japanese. Our troops are coming ashore in increasing numbers, but behaving well in every way. The rules are strict; discipline will be enforced; there will be no "liberation" of enemy effects as in Europe. I thank God we have MacArthur to administer the occupation.

Sept. 3 - I left here this morning with General Frink, Wannie and Frank Besson on a trip by rail to Tokyo and points beyond. We had a special train and with everything pre-arranged, the day went smoothly. We left ship at 7:00 AM and jepeed to the Yokohama railway station where we were met by a score or more of Japanese officials. The central aisle of the station was cleared to give us unobstructed passage to the train. Though not luxurious, the car we occupied was spotlessly clean. As we rode through Kawasaki to the main station of Tokyo I noted widespread destruction throughout the industrial district. Acres had been laid waste by fire and the chimneys remaining upright created a surrealist scene.

We got off the train at the Tokyo station and were met by the Station Master and his entourage. The entire platform had been cleared for our arrival as was the station itself. Throughout its entire length it appeared cleaned and scrubbed as for inspection. Debris and rubble had been removed, segregated and piled outside. The station personnel were drawn up in military ranks along the passageway to the street and as we walked by they saluted. Crowds awaiting their trains were held back, about a city block away. We walked out of the station to the open street, from which all traffic had been barred. Many people were on the sidewalks and as we went ahead they moved to the roadway behind us to follow at a respectful distance. Having no particular place to go and being of no mind to call on Emperor, though the Palace was not far away, we wheeled about at a word from General Frink and retraced our steps. As we turned around the crowd parted to again clear the roadway. There was no shouting or talking or, in fact, noise of any kind. The only expression on individual faces was that of curiosity. Back in the station, the Station Master escorted us to his private office and served us ceremonial tea.

I should tell you that the railroad system of Tokyo is like that of Berlin, where a Ringbahn encircles the city. Our plan was to go halfway around the circle, then break away from it at the north and go to Omiya. From there we planned to return to the circle, cut across it and then go back to complete the circle. Our object was to determine the rail capability for movement of supplies to troops that would be stationed in and around the city. We deviated from our plan
to some extent in order to shorten the trip but we did get to Omiya. Everywhere we went we saw destruction - not the scattered destruction of Manila, where public buildings had been blasted by carefully placed explosive charges, but complete devastation of many square miles. The large, fireproof buildings of downtown Tokyo were not too badly damaged, for many had been built to withstand earthquakes, but many residential and factory areas have simply ceased to exist.

Along the way we stopped at several more stations and at each we were served ceremonial tea. Each time we heard the same story with variance only in its phrasing. It went about like this: The people are glad the war is over. The people did not want to fight America; the people love America. America opened the door to our civilization; America helped us after the great earthquake. It was the military people who were bad. It was a great mistake to fight America - a great mistake! One high railroad official told me - and I quote verbatim, "Now that Tojo! I think that guy should be hung."

At Omiya we were sought out by the Japanese ex-teacher of Ambassador Grew's wife, who offered to be of help in any way possible. We thanked her, but there was nothing that we needed. There in Omiya they had hung out paper American flags to welcome us. There is much more to tell, but it would take too long and serve no useful purpose. After all we have seen today and during the last few days, however, I feel compelled to say that the atomic bomb did not defeat Japan. It may have triggered the acknowledgment of defeat, but Japan was hopelessly defeated months ago, probably about the time we took Hollandia and certainly by the time of our landing at Lingayen. The atomic bomb provided an excuse, but it was the defeat of their land forces and the continually heavy incendiary air raids, along with whittling of their resources, that did the job.

Sept. 4 - With censorship lifted I shall try in this letter to fill in some of the gaps of past correspondence. It is no secret, of course, that I am in Yokohama, a stone's throw from Tokyo, with Kawasaki between. I am still on the ship that brought us here, the General Samuel D. Sturgis, named after Sam's father. The reason I have not moved off is that the ship will lie here for some time and accommodations aboard are better than in the hotels downtown. Those living in the hotels complain bitterly about the Japanese food, which consists largely of fish and grapes, all are happy to come aboard ship as guests to get an occasional square meal. GHQ will be going to Tokyo soon and when that happens there will be more accommodations and we will have established our own messes.

Now to explain about the various organizations that I have mentioned in previous letters: USASOS, which I joined in Brisbane in 1944, was the organization that provided logistical support for all combat operations up to and including the landing at Lingayen Gulf and the subsequent advance of the Sixth Army on Manila. For that culminating operation it was my privilege to command the 32,000 troops of Base M, that furnished logistical support to Sixth Army's 250,000. In view of our success, General MacArthur promised General Frink in my presence that we would provide the logistical support for the final
assaults against Japan. These would consist of a landing in November of this year (1945) to be followed by a main blow next March. The first operation was dubbed Olympic and the second, or crowning one, Coronet. Logistical planning for the first of these was well along, under my direction, when the decision was made to create Army forces Western Pacific (AFWESPAC) and United States Army Service Command-Coronet (USASCOM-C) out of USASOS, the former to be commanded by General Styer and the latter by General Frink. It was clearly understood, we thought, that AFWESPAC was being created to administer control of the rear areas as the combat forces moved on Japan, supported by USASCOM-C. This, in effect, was what General MacArthur had promised Frink and me in early April, and to accomplish it most expeditiously, the name of USASOS was changed to AFWESPAC when Styer took command. Frink then moved to a new location with the promise that he would be supplied personnel from AFWESPAC as needed. I had been earmarked as G-4 of USASCOM-C, but I continued to hold that same job in AFWESPAC, even after Generals Wood and Heilman arrived to take it over from me, and I was tied up with the completion of plans for Olympic, while starting plans for Coronet. Most of my staff personnel were in AFWESPAC, although some had been transferred to USASCOM-C. That is why I had to work in two offices, while breaking in Wood and Heilman to succeed me in AFWESPAC.

Meanwhile, General Somervelle, Chief of Army Service Forces in Washington, kept sending Generals by the dozens from his office to Styer as replacements for Colonels and Lieutenant Colonels whose chances for promotion were growing dimmer and dimmer, even though they were the ones who brought the war this far along. At this time, though we had no knowledge of it, Wood and Heilman were spending much of their time with the Staff of GHQ to get AFWESPAC marked to support the forward movements, with USASCOM-C being left to wither on the vine. This would be a complete turnabout, but plans to accomplish it were well under way when one of my staff officers brought me word of it. I passed the word to Frink, but he was so confident of MacArthur's promise that he refused to believe.

Shortly thereafter, things happened rapidly. The Japanese offered to surrender; plans for the invasion were hastily turned into plans for occupation; and word came down from GHQ that USASCOM-C, still inchoate, would remain behind while AFWESPAC would go forward.

Pat Tansey, coming from Washington with a deep antipathy for the entire Somervelle set-up and the group that had been thrust upon us, supported me all the way, and on the morning of August 6th we went together to General Frink to urge that he call upon General MacArthur and remind him of his promise. Frink was reluctant to do this, but when handed a letter already prepared, he signed it, added a personal note of his own, and took it to GHQ. I do not think he got to see MacArthur, but the note was given him and results were shortly forthcoming.

We were just finishing dinner when we were informed by a messenger that our presence was desired at an 8:30 PM meeting in GHQ. When General Frink and I got there we found General Whitlock, G-4, GHQ, in
the Chair, with his assistant, General Harold Eastwood nearby. Also present were Generals Styer, Wood, Heilman and Leavey of AFWESPAC. General Whitlock informed us in few words that the CinC had found out during the afternoon that, contrary to his desire, plans were being made for AFWESPAC to furnish logistical support for the forward movement to Japan in lieu of USASCOM-C. He wished it made known that General Frink's organization would go forward and AFWES PAC would stay in the Philippines as was originally intended.

I saw Woody the next morning and he was so upset that his chin quivered when he tried to talk. Styer has been grand to me, being the good sport he is, but Woody, Heilman and Leavey will never forgive me. They lay the whole blame on me for the upset of their plans and they are damn well right! I felt that as long as General Frink had supported the Armies through to the Philippines he was entitled to the honor of going into Japan and I was quite sure that the CinC would feel the same way and take the necessary action if reminded of his promise.

There is much more that could be told about the things that went on among those descending upon us from Somervelle's ASF, but most of it is best forgotten at this point. I would only add that when Styer arrived in Manila we gave him full cooperation, turning over USASOS to him complete, and asking only that he turn back several hundred key personnel as we would call for them. He promised he would do so and I know he was sincere, but those he had brought with him blocked us at every turn, hoping to freeze us out so we would not be ready and they could take over. It almost succeeded - but it didn't and here we are now in Japan - at the end of the road. What the future has in store I do not know. I want to get away and return home as soon as possible, and in a short time things should be in such shape here that I can be easily spared.

Sept. 5 - This has been like an early fall day back home. I am setting up my headquarters in the National City Bank Building, which has been taken over for that purpose. It is small for us, being a one-story structure, but it gives us working space for the time being at least. We will be moving to the Custom House in a week or less and there we will have lots of room. I intend to stay on the ship as long as I can because of the meals, though quite a number have left it and are finding good accommodations in the hotels. The occupation is proceeding smoothly with the Japanese accepting the situation without question. They seem bent on treating us as honored guests and it strikes one strange to be asked such questions as, "Is this your first visit to Japan?" and "How do you like Japan?". One courteous fellow said, "We really wish you could have waited a little longer to come here so that we could have had things cleaned up for you. We hate to have you see us so torn up."

Sept. 6 - Most of the construction I have seen here is of the flimsiest nature. No wonder the residential areas disappeared when fire hit them. Even the moderate sized, downtown buildings are lightly built. Many have walls of stucco on expanded metal lath, but are so finished
as to give an external appearance of cut sandstone. When they burn practically everything disappears except thin sheets of concrete, the tin roofs and chimneys.

Everything continues to go smoothly so far as the civilian population is concerned. Our own situation is somewhat confused because of the many headquarters that are being established, but in a day or two that should straighten out. GHQ will then go to Tokyo and we will remain here with Eighth Army. In all combat operations, the Divisions went in first, to be followed in order by Corps and Army Staffs. Thus before any headquarters group could come ashore the next lower ones had to be moved forward. This time, with no combat involved, all the headquarters rushed in to create a terrible congestion of "brass", all seeking comfortable billets. Then when the troops came ashore they piled into the same areas to create a greater congestion until they could be moved inland. That's another reason I am glad to be living on the ship, and another is that the ship distills its own water. The water in the city is so polluted that it has to be heavily chlorinated, I never drink any of it.

Sept. 8 - I drove over to Tokyo today with six other officers of our headquarters and an interpreter. We rode everywhere and saw everything without interference of any kind. Most of the people on the streets appeared not even to notice us; others exhibited a mild curiosity, but there was no pointing or staring. After a general reconnaissance we were escorted to the largest department store of the city by our interpreter. The manager received us courteously and invited us to a private room for cherry blossom tea, a ceremonial drink that tastes like salted water. He then gave us each a small fan and a square of cloth that packages are wrapped in, all to soften us for a hard sell. I had noticed in walking through the store that the shelves were nearly bare and I am sure that stocks were depleted. However, the manager had some things put away and these he brought out for sale. After partaking of his hospitality I felt I should buy something, so I came away with some sleazy silk, a string of cultured pearls and a couple of compacts, for which I had paid more that they are worth. I feel rather sure of that, because later on the second floor of another store I peeked in a back room and saw a number of employees putting new price tags on gift items. Prices are supposed to be frozen as of last month but I don't know how it can be enforced with every soldier looking for souvenirs.

Sept. 9 - The paper today stated that General Wheeler has been nominated for Chief of Engineers. It came as quite a surprise after your prediction that Pick would get it. He will make an excellent Chief I am sure. I am hopeful that Charles Holle may be able to line up a good assignment for me and get me back soon. If he is unsuccessful I will write to General Wheeler.

Sept. 10 - We are now in a kind of dull routine and I am less than overburdened with work. When I was at Base M, with a relatively junior staff, we unloaded an average of 10,000 tons a day by lightering and supplied an army under combat conditions. Here we have a
high-ranking headquarters with three or four times as many people as we need and once we have unloaded the initial supplies there will be only maintenance to handle. That should run to about one-fourth ton per man per month, so for a force of 240,000 that's only 60,000 tons per month or 2,000 tons per day through three or four bases, where there are modern docks, warehouses and everything needed for cargo handling.

Sept. 11 - To get away from here now - and they surely don't need me - it will take a request from Washington. Both General Frink and General Thompkins will do all they can to get me released if such a request is made. I hope Charles can help me, but I just remembered that I told him I would like a northern station and I hope he doesn't think of Detroit or Chicago.

Sept. 12 - The more I thought about it, the more it seemed like a good idea so I got off a letter to General Wheeler yesterday. I am enclosing a copy.

Sept. 14 - I am sending Ike English with a party of railway people to Sendai, Aomori and Niigata. I had planned originally to go myself but we are taking on logistical responsibilities for the XI Corps and I do not feel I should leave right now. It is really amazing that the Japanese railways suffered so little damage from all our bombing. Only three bridges were destroyed in the entire empire. This is quite in contrast to the great damage caused by incendiary bombs in the tinderbox cities.

Sept. 16 - During the move of our headquarters today I took the opportunity to drive a short way out of the city. The country folks, as in the United States, are more relaxed and informal in their human relationships than the city people. As we drove through the small towns, just my driver and I in a jeep, the children waved and called out to us. Many saluted and quite a number raised two fingers in a "V" and yelled "Vic-tor-ree", as did the children in the Philippines. It's all very amazing. I told Reggie Dean this evening that I won't be surprised if Japan asks for annexation to the United States in a year or two.

Sept. 17 - I am writing this at my desk in the office at mid-afternoon, because I have so little else to do. Tomorrow morning I will move off the ship to a room in the Grand Hotel.

Sept. 18 - I moved off the ship at eight this morning and found the Grand Hotel much grander than expected. My room has a dresser, dressing table, writing desk, two chairs and a fine bed with inner-spring mattress. I have a bathroom with hot and cold running-water and a tub with a shower. What more could one ask! The hotel itself is very modern and most attractive. We eat in the dining room, where there are clean tableclothes and napkins at every meal, flowers on the table and excellent service. The food is G.I. but well prepared and Japanese beer is served with the evening meal. Tonight, Howie Lowe came to my room with a bottle of "Vat 69" and we had a highball apiece before dinner. After dinner, Jack Sverdrup came up to tell me goodbye, because he is leaving for the States tomorrow to get out
of the Army. I went down to his car with him and he confided that he
will be much closer to the Administration than people would guess.
You shouldn't pass it on, but it was he who changed the choice for
Chief of Engineers from Pick to Wheeler. * * * Frink told me today
that my name was submitted three times to Washington for promotion
and that on the eligibility list for permanent B.G., as submitted
by MacArthur, I was number one from the service organizations.

Sept. 19 - The hours drag - the evenings are long - I am anxious to
be starting home and hope it will be soon. A small party is going
down to Osaka, Kobe and nearby points by train tomorrow night and I
may go along to see the sights and renew acquaintance with Sixth
Army, which now for the first time is in the rear. It will take
only two nights and a day and I can surely be spared.

Sept. 21 - At first I did not write you about it, because I couldn't
be entirely sure. Then I thought I would like to surprise you, but
putting myself in your position I felt you would want to know that I
am coming home. Colonel Lancaster of the Transportation Corps is
arranging passage for me on the President Taft. It may not sail
until near the first of October, but I'll be home between the 15th
and the 20th. Pat Tansey is to take my job as G-4, making it the
fourth or fifth time that I have been replaced by a general officer.
Pinky Walsh will replace Pat as Chief Engineer. Both are happy with
their prospects and you must know how I feel! This evening Howie
Lowe and I, with three other officers, went to a Japanese restaurant
for dinner. There were Geisha girls to sing, dance and play on
stringed instruments. It was interesting, but we all agreed that
once is enough. * * * We did not get away on our southern trip,
because we had not received a clearance from Sixth Army, which is in
control of the territory. If approval comes through tomorrow we will
leave in the evening. I will then feel that I have seen about all of
Japan that is necessary.

Sept. 22 - Have not yet been able to get clearance to visit Osaka,
Kobe and Kyoto, so our trip there is uncertain. Also, the President
Taft is unloading rather slowly, so she may not be able to sail until
about the first of October. Wannie was down today to visit her. He
says she's a beautiful ship and it's her maiden voyage. She's not a
trooper so the chances are I will be the only passenger aboard. I
look forward to two weeks of rest and relaxation.

Here the letters stopped, but our group did get clearance to visit the
Japanese cities and the ship did sail on October 1st, getting me back to
San Francisco two weeks later. A few more days of impatience on a train
and I was back in Washington with my loved ones. There I found that I had
been given two weeks for "rest and recuperation", after which I was to
report to Buffalo, New York, for duty as District Engineer. The Chief's
office had taken seriously my request that I not be assigned to a tropical area. When I arrived in Buffalo there was a raging blizzard, with the snow so heavy that the train floundered at Niagara Falls and I had to get the rest of the way by automobile. I thought of the poem I had written a few months earlier, when after a year and a half of tropic heat I hoped never to see another palm tree. There were no palm trees in Buffalo and the next three years there were pleasant indeed.
The plan for logistical support of the Leyte operation marked a radical departure from earlier procedures in the Southwest Pacific Theater. In all previous operations, the Army had provided its own support up to such time as a base could be established and the base organization assume responsibility. Under the new scheme, an Army Service Command, sponsored by the U.S. Army Services of Supply, was assigned responsibility for logistical support well in advance of the target date. At a pre-arranged time, prior to the target date, operational control of the Army Service Command passed to the Sixth Army, and from then until a second agreed-upon date, when ASCOM reverted to USASOS control, the Army was its sole master. Lessons learned at Leyte were applied to the Lingayen Operation in order to improve efficiency and the result was a never-failing flow of vital supplies from ships to dumps over rapidly extended lines of communication.

The Army Service Command had a dual mission: first, logistical support of the operation through an established base, and second, the prosecution of engineer construction projects. The Base Commander was assigned full responsibility for the prompt establishment of a base after landings by the assault troops, and for supplying these troops throughout their forward movements. The Engineer Commander took over all major construction to include airfields, roads, hospitals, bridges and certain post facilities.

By establishing headquarters at Tacloban on 13 November 1944, two
months in advance of "S" day, the Base Commander was able to assemble his entire headquarters group and a large number of supporting service troops to be welded into an integral working organizations. The need for this soon became evident. Headquarters personnel began arriving as a heterogeneous group of individuals, untrained in military discipline and with little knowledge of how to take care of themselves in the field. Fully half of the personnel arrived from assignments in Australian cities, without field belts, arms, helmets or even blankets. Shortly after the first issuance of fire arms, a number of them fired upon P-38's with carbines, thinking they were Jap planes.

A course of instruction for all enlisted men and junior officers was immediately instigated to include military discipline, handling and care of fire arms, perimeter defense, and self-maintenance in the field. Meantime, key personnel of the headquarters group were engaged in formulating detailed plans for carrying out their many functions. SOP's and base regulations were prepared and disseminated. Briefing instructions were drawn in detail and dispatched to service units in New Guinea by a special officer in order that those troops arriving on the beach shortly after "S" day could be moved directly to allocated areas without loss of time. Service Chiefs were thoroughly indoctrinated with the idea that they must not depend upon Engineers to set up their establishments for them but that they must be self-reliant and self-sustaining. All this amounted to skull practice.

The next step in training was to provide scrimmage practice. This was done by obtaining assignment of resupply ships from the base at which the headquarters was staged and by borrowing a port company and a dukw company. A small sub-base organization was then established on a selected
beach, the ships were unloaded and supplies stored and issued. The base unit was then prepared to function as a team for its playing of the Big Game.

On "S" day, Engineer and reconnaissance Signal teams went ashore in the objective area. On "S" day plus 2, an advance echelon of base headquarters was sent in to make a final selection of sites previously determined from the map study. This advance echelon located and began work on a headquarters area to receive the main operating portion of base headquarters by "S" plus 4. A rear echelon was left at Tacloban until the departure of the "S" plus 18 convoy.

Meanwhile, technical service chiefs were busy establishing depots, dumps and service centers with their own resources; and, by the employment of civilian labor and native materials, almost unbelievable results were obtained in a minimum time. Practically no critical engineering construction materials were used within the base itself. This was the direct result of the earlier indoctrination, whereby it was impressed upon all services that they must be self-reliant in all things.

With all plans firmly perfected, service troops were moved directly to their areas, beginning at about "3" plus 5, and on "S" plus 10, the base organization took over lightering responsibilities from the Army. By "S" plus 20, all logistical responsibilities, to include forward movement of supplies to Army supply points, had been assumed.

An essential feature of the base organization was its division into two functional groups, one for administration under an Executive Officer, and another for operations under a Deputy Base Commander. The Executive Officer assumed responsibility for all administrative functions, including those of the IG, AG, JA, Special Services, I&E, etc. He was assisted by
H-1, 2 and 3. The Base Commander was thus relieved of the small but time-consuming details of administration. The Deputy Base Commander, assisted by G-4, assumed direct control of the Port, Motor, and Service Commanders. He was thus responsible for the complete handling of supplies all the way from ships to beach to dumps, and finally to Army supply points. He was in a position to coordinate and regulate the assignment of trucks, cranes and other handling equipment. He also dispensed civilian labor to those places where it was most needed. To assure 24-hour per day operation, an operations room was established, in which officers acquainted with all details of the operation were constantly on duty. This comprised the nerve center of the entire set-up. Reports were received from sub-base commanders as to their progress, emergency calls were received and handled, and accurate, up-to-the minute charts were maintained.

While supplies were being lightered to the beach and thence moved by trucks to the dumps, considerable congestion occurred through a shortage of trucks and cranes. Trucks were rather quickly obtained in proper numbers by the assignment of high priorities to ships carrying them, but cranes remained a problem for days. One reason for this was that while the cranes were dock loaded their booms were bottom stowed on most ships.

During the planning at Tacloban, close contact was maintained with G-4 and Special Staff sections of Sixth Army. Constant study was also made of current G-2 information. A study of all maps indicated that the shoreline northwest of San Fabian, extending almost to Demortis, was an unbroken, sandy beach suitable for landing all types of craft in all kinds of weather. Based upon this, plans were drawn to establish the principal dumps for class 1, 2, and 3 supplies in this vicinity, where they could be readily reached from the main highway paralleling the coast. The first
Ground reconnaissance revealed that this information was faulty and that in fact a line of rocks paralleled the entire beach between Rabon and Demortis, about 100 feet seaward from the shoreline. This made the entire area in question unsuitable for any landing craft at any time. It was necessary, therefore, to make a complete change of plans whereby maximum use was made of white beach, in the vicinity of San Fabian, and advantage was taken of the Port of Dagupan, Orange Beach west thereof, and Port Sual to the extreme west. Sub-bases were established at Dagupan, Orange Beach and Port Sual, while White Beach was operated directly under Base Headquarters at San Fabian. Port Sual, being so remotely situated with respect to the troops served, never developed to any capacity and about "S" plus 15 it was turned over to the Navy for use as a PT base. Orange Beach found its greatest use for the handling of Air Force supplies destined for the Lingayen air strip and air installations in the vicinity thereof. An average of 1,500 dead-weight tons per day were handled over it through the course of the campaign.

The units came ashore with the following supplies:

- Class I, II & IV (less construction materials) 30 days
- Class III 15 days
- Class V 5 U/F for Combat troops
  3 U/F for Service troops

Class IV construction materials as directed by CG Sixth Army.

From "S" day until "S" plus 10 the units supported themselves from Division dumps which were formed with the supplies accompanying the troops.

Resupply shipping started arriving with the "S" plus 2 convoy and each convoy thereafter brought increasing supplies. The supplies unloaded from these resupply ships were placed in ASCOM dumps and in general no issues
were made prior to "S" plus 20, at which time ASCOM assumed logistical responsibility for support of all forces ashore.

At Dagupan it was necessary to raze approximately 10 acres of Filipino living quarters in order to obtain an area for the location of dumps. A dock was erected on the Dagupan River by the Engineer Command for tying up reefer barges and inspection boats, but it could not be used for the handling of heavy cargo. Practically all supplies were lightered ashore over the river beach. Heavy surf and a dangerous bar at the mouth of the Dagupan River hindered lightering operations to such an extent that it often became necessary to suspend work during the hours of darkness. On one occasion it was necessary to suspend all activity for a 24-hour period. During these periods of suspended lightering, emphasis was placed upon clearing the shoreline of accumulated supplies and of tidying the dump areas. Tonnage handled at Dagupan varied from 1,000 to 3,500 dead-weight tons per day, and all classes of supplies were handled there, with principal emphasis upon Classes I, II, and III. A large warehouse just south of the city provided excellent storage for Engineer and Class IV supplies. In passing, it might be mentioned that the postal regulating station and base post office were located in the city of Dagupan, as well as a gas-oil drumming plant and several Quartermaster installations including a bakery.

White Beach was the focal point of all ship-to-shore activities. On this beach of limited extent LCMs, LCTs and LMs disgorged their loads. Dukws and Buffaloes also plyned from ship-to-shore with their cargoes of ammunition destined for nearby dumps and dumps at Mangalden and Rabon. The latter point became the principal ammunition storage area after about "S" plus 20. White Beach at all times was a beehive of activity. Through
loose sand, trucks made their way from lighters to the dumps to unload in thickly congested areas. Hardly a square foot of the area was unused either for roadways or storage. A peak of 8,500 tons was reached at White Beach on "S" plus 28.

From "S" day to "S" plus 30, an average of 9,450 tons per day was removed by landing craft or by lighterage from heavy shipping. A peak of 13,500 dead-weight tons was reached on "S" day plus 28 and then repeated on the following day. From that time on it became necessary to prepare some of the truck companies and amphibious engineers for transfer to the Manila area, and tonnage dropped to an average of around 10,000 tons per day by "S" plus 60. With the loss of more companies at that time, tonnage again decreased.

Movement of supplies from beach dumps to Army dumps was effected by trucks and railroad. Fortunately, little damage had been done by the withdrawing Japanese to the Manila railroad, and only a few repairs to bridges were required between San Fabian and Tarlac. Northwest of San Fabian 3 miles of track had been ripped up by our own infantry in order to prepare a road bed for the movement of divisional trucks. Meager rolling stock was available and all engines and cars were in bad condition. Another difficulty lay in the fact that no coal was available for fueling the locomotives. As a substitute, coconut husks and driftwood were used until new diesel locomotives could be obtained from State-wide shipping. To unload the new locomotives, a special jetty was constructed north of White Beach, from which a spur was carried back to the main line of the railroad.

One of the greatest difficulties experienced by Base M was the supplying of fuel-oil prior to the construction of an oil jetty and pipe lines.
Practically the only place that barges could be brought ashore was in the Dagupan River, and mention has been made of the dangerous bar at its mouth. Time and again barges went aground when gas and oil were desperately needed. Oil was a daily necessity for laying the dust on the Lingayan air strip, and great quantities of it were thus consumed.

The only solution to bringing in the fuel-oil barges was the employment of constant vigilance in their handling and round-the-clock activity in order to take advantage of the best conditions in every day. Mention has been made of the natural difficulties imposed upon the operations, to include high surf (particularly at Dagupan), lack of trucks, lack of adequate accessible storage areas and adequate beaches. On the other hand, it should be brought out that the base was blessed with almost ideal weather; that fresh water was abundantly available through artesian springs; that good roads were existent; and that minimum maintenance was required in spite of the heavy loads carried over them.

The service troops available for this operation were, to put it mildly, conspicuous by their absence. Not only was there a shortage of service troops in the theater, but shipping was not available to the CG Sixth Army to bring in the available ones in the early stages of the operation.

Two great deficiencies were in QM Truck and MP Companies. There were times when the base was so hard pressed for trucks that G-4 and G-3 of Sixth Army had to pull badly needed vehicles from divisions already short of transportation. The base exerted every effort to meet all requests of the army but because of limitations in service troops and transportation it was often a tough go. Here, I believe, was one of the finest examples of cooperation between the combat and service elements of the army. The staff of Sixth Army cut its requirements to the minimum and when their needs still exceeded
transportation available to the base, trucks were pulled from combat units. During the battle of Manila the XIV Corps hauled its ammunition from Lingayan Gulf to Manila, a distance of approximately 150 miles. Only 6 truck companies were available for all operations within the base, and only 3 MP companies were assigned. With an area extending along the shore from Port Sual to east of San Fabian, and in depth to Tarlac, the 3 MP companies could barely perform their duty of regulating traffic. In addition, however, they were required to guard bridges and maintain law and order in the many towns and hamlets. There were never enough to guard adequately against pilferage. Another deficiency was in the assignment of combat troops to protect the left flank of base establishments. Until a battalion of infantry was obtained from Sixth Army, troops of the Engineer Special Brigade and Service units had to be employed. The result was a loss in their efficiency.

With respect to the Engineer Special Brigades, it was found best to assign their component parts to the sub-bases and to White Beach where they operated directly under the duly designated commanders. Brigade headquarters was used only for administrative purposes and took no part in the base operations.

Relations with the Navy were generally harmonious. The only arguments which arose were as to the use of White Beach, which provided the only suitable landing place for LSTs. The arrival of an LST convoy inevitably slowed down base operations at the beach, but most of the problems incident thereto were worked out directly between Army and Navy commanders on the spot. On one occasion considerable confusion arose as the result of the Navy failing to give information of a convoy which arrived 12 hours ahead of schedule.

The greatest lesson developed from the logistical supply of the Lingayan operation was relative to the need for constant and intimate contact between
the Army G-4 and the Base Commander. The Army G-4 arbitrated all problems arising among his staff in a masterful fashion and passed on his require-
ments to the Base Commander day by day. He and the Base Commander were in constant touch with each other by telephone. Had the situation been other-
wise, confusion would have resulted and some failures would have inevitably occurred. With a definite ceiling on tonnage which could be removed from ships to shore in every 24 hour period, it was obviously necessary to proportion the demands of Ordnance, Engineer, Signal Corps, Quartermaster and all the other services. Each Special Service Chief of the Sixth Army clamored continuously for more and more of his own supplies. Had it been left to the Base Commander to decide which demands were the more important, not only would hard feelings have developed, but some services would have received excess supplies at the expense of others. The Quartermaster, in order to provide an entirely balanced ration, constantly demanded that a minimum of 10 days Class I be accumulated in Base dumps with an additional 3 days in Army dumps. This would have meant taking the Class I ashore at the rate of 3,500 tons per day, while at the same time Ordnance was clamoring for approximately the same tonnage of ammunition. Ammunition was a problem because, during the siege of Manila and the fighting in the mountains on the left flank, great quantities of artillery shells were employed. For a protracted period 12,400 rounds of 105 mm. ammunition were being used each day. With all Army requirements sanely budgeted, the Base Commander was able to make his plans from day to day on the basis of meeting minimum levels. Operations were always on a shoe string. It was impossible to bring up great stocks, but by carefully balancing within minimum levels results were obtained that caused General Krueger to remark he had been supplied better during the Lingayen operation than at any time in his military career.
One more point should be brought out in this connection. Mention has been made earlier of the Army Service Command under which Base M operated. Nevertheless it constituted an unnecessary link in the chain of command. For prompt results, direct action was necessary between G-4 of the Army and the Base Commander. The CO Sixth Army opposed the setting up of this intermediate headquarters between his staff and the base supporting the operation. However, when overruled by GHQ, every effort was made by the CG Sixth Army and his staff to make the plan operate successfully. Time could not be spared that would be required to go through the headquarters of ASCOM for the transmission of all information or the passing of instructions. Furthermore, ASCOM, in order to provide a job for itself, found it necessary to unduly harrass the Base Commander about unimportant and trivial details. It may be argued that ASCOM performed a useful role in coordinating the activities of the Base and the Engineer command. It can, however, be just as well argued that with an Engineer as Base Commander the Engineer Command could be assigned to him. As a matter of fact, a competent Base Commander of any background could be trusted with his own Base development as readily as with the technical matters of other Services than Engineers. In case two or more bases should be required there might arise the need for an Army Services Command to tie together all their activities, but even in this case Engineers should be assigned directly to each Base Commander for the prosecution of such engineering work as he deems necessary.

In summary, it can be said that the Army was well supplied through all phases of the Lingayan operation. In spite of obstacles, this was accomplished largely as a result of the intelligent understanding by the Army G-4 of the problems confronting the Base Commander. Ever ready to
make a decision as to what supplies should be brought ashore, and drawing deeply on resources of the combat troops as occasions demanded, he main­tained full control of the supply situation within the Army.

The success of Base operations resulted largely from the method whereby the Base Headquarters was organized. It bears repeating that greatest efficiency will be obtained when all administrative details are brought together through one head, and the movement of all supply is integrated under a single responsible commander. With such an organization the Base Commander is free to visit all parts of his area to determine trouble spots and speed up operations on the ground.
22 April 1945.

ASSIGNED PERSONNEL

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name and Rank</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Commanding Officer</td>
<td>Colonel Herbert D. Vogel, CE</td>
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<tr>
<td>Deputy Commander</td>
<td>Colonel Kilbourne Johnston, INF</td>
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<tr>
<td>Executive Officer</td>
<td>Colonel Roy E. Arnold, INF</td>
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<tr>
<td>Control Officer</td>
<td>Major Gordon W. Cook, QMC</td>
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<tr>
<td>S-1 and S-3</td>
<td>Lt. Colonel Charles L. Winkle, FA</td>
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<tr>
<td>S-2</td>
<td>Major Riley F. McKoy, MI</td>
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<tr>
<td>S-4</td>
<td>*Major Dewey Bell, CE</td>
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<tr>
<td>Area Commander</td>
<td>Major Harvey N. Buffalo, CE</td>
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<tr>
<td>Motor Commander</td>
<td>Lt. Colonel John A. Miller, QMC</td>
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<tr>
<td>Port Commander</td>
<td>Lt. Colonel Sidney E. Walker, TC</td>
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<tr>
<td>Service Commander</td>
<td>Colonel Reid W. Bond, CE</td>
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<tr>
<td>Deputy Service Commander</td>
<td>Lt. Colonel William I. English, CE</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chemical Warfare Officer</td>
<td>Major James D. Ingle, CWS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engineer</td>
<td>**Colonel Albert Wright, CE</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ordnance Officer</td>
<td>Lt. Colonel John M. Henderson, Jr., ORD</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quartermaster</td>
<td>Lt. Colonel Edward A. Evenson, QMC</td>
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<tr>
<td>Signal Officer</td>
<td>Colonel Henry L. Schnoor, SC</td>
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<tr>
<td>Surgeon</td>
<td>Colonel Everett G. King, MC</td>
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<tr>
<td>Adjutant General</td>
<td>Lt. Colonel James N. Shigley, AGD</td>
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<tr>
<td>Civil Affairs Officer</td>
<td>Lt. Colonel Walter B. Grimes, CE</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chaplain</td>
<td>Lt. Colonel William P. Hardigree, CHAP</td>
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<tr>
<td>Finance Officer</td>
<td>Lt. Colonel Arles H. Miller, FD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Headquarters Commandant</td>
<td>Major Charles J. Cowgill, AVS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I &amp; E Officer</td>
<td>1st Lt. Carl E. Moen, AUS</td>
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<tr>
<td>Inspector General</td>
<td>Major William Hall, IGD</td>
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<tr>
<td>Judge Advocate</td>
<td>Major William S. Holbrook, IAG</td>
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<tr>
<td>Provost Marshal</td>
<td>Lt. Colonel John P. Meuller, CMP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special Service Officer</td>
<td>Lt. Colonel Percy O. Clapp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CO, Sub-Base 1</td>
<td>Colonel Reid W. Bond, CE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CO, Sub-Base 2</td>
<td>Colonel Wallace A. Moyle, ORD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CO, Sub-Base 3</td>
<td>Colonel F. H. Falkner, CE</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Succeeded Lt. Colonel W. I. English, CE.
**Succeeded by Colonel I. C. Bennett, CE.
HEADQUARTERS
ARMY SERVICE COMMAND

AG 330.13 (26 Jan 45) CG

APO 358
26 January 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO: Commanding Officer, Base M., APO 70.

1. I have noted with distinct pleasure and satisfaction the splendid record attained by Base M in accomplishing approximately ten thousand (10,000) weight tons of cargo unloaded during the past twenty-four (24) hours. You and your men responsible for this splendid achievement merit high commendation.

2. There exists at present a critical shortage of shipping to supply all theaters. It is essential, therefore, that all ships be unloaded as promptly as possible so that they may be made available for transportation of critically needed supplies to this and other theaters.

3. There is a vital need for all forms of supplies to support our present important and accelerated campaign. Our rate of advance and the success of our operations are affected in large measure by the amount of supplies and equipment we can get ashore.

4. The splendid record you have already attained is an important contribution to the success of these important objectives. I would like every individual concerned, including craft operators, winch operators, stevedores, truck drivers and others who have contributed to this achievement to know that their outstanding efforts are recognized and appreciated. I want them to feel that throughout this command we appreciate the importance of their tasks and the hard grueling work they have performed in their accomplishment.

5. It is my hope that all concerned will continue, particularly during the critical period of the next month or two, to carry on in the same splendid spirit they have already demonstrated.

HUGH J. CASEY
Major General, USA
Commanding

Copies to: CG, Sixth Army
CG, USASOS
HEADQUARTERS
ARMY SERVICE COMMAND

AG 330.13 (7 Feb 45) CG
APO 358
7 February 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : Commanding Officer, Base M, APO 70.

1. I desire to express my personal appreciation to you, your officers, and your men for the splendid accomplishment of unloading the S plus 18 convoy twelve hours ahead of the intensive schedule set.

2. This convoy consisted of critically needed personnel and supplies for the current operation. The significance of its importance is reflected in the liberation of thousands of U. S. Army prisoners of war and internees, and the capture of the City of Manila by a major element of the forces that you landed from this convoy.

3. The troops now ashore will tax the facilities of Base M to provide the necessary logistical support, and this will be at least temporarily aggravated by the loss of some personnel and units to Base X, but I am relying on you and your command to overcome all difficulties and continue the fine record that you have established.

HUGH J. CASEY
Major General, USA
Commanding

Copy to:
CG, Sixth Army, APO 442.
CG, USASOS, APO 707.
COMMANDER AMPHIBIOUS GROUP SIX
U. S. PACIFIC FLEET
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

11 February 1945

Major General Hugh J. Casey, U. S. Army
Headquarters, Army Service Command
APO 358.

Dear General Casey:

Your letter of 26 January, which evidently went to San Francisco and back to reach me, just ten miles from where it was written, came today.

The attainment of the record unloading you mention is a tribute to the efficiency of your own splendid organization, and we are grateful that the seagoing end of our joint effort contributed measurably. The commanders of the various naval units concerned are being informed of your comments.

We have, on our part, thoroughly appreciated the understanding and cooperation all departments of your command have exhibited on every contact. Particularly is this the case with the staff of Base Mike and the several Boat and Shore Regiments engaged in unloading.

It has been my experience in joint service matters that if ever a minor misunderstanding takes place it is usually due to a sectionalized or narrow viewpoint on the part of either party. My job here at Lingayen SOPA has been a real pleasure due to the fact that ALL HANDS seem to want "to play ball." Noteworthy is the fact that with over one hundred merchant liberty ships in and out of here to date—from our point of view—there has not yet been one untoward incident.

Thank you for your letter. With best wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours,

FORREST B. ROYAL
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy
Commander Lingayen Control Group and SOPA

Copy to:
ComGen 6th Army
ComGen USASOS

(COPY)
AG 201.22

12 February 1945.

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : Commanding General, Army Service Command, APO 358.

1. Upon the assumption by the Commanding General, USASOS, of logistic responsibility in the Lingayen area, I desire to express to you and the officers and men of your command my personal and official appreciation and commendation for your wholehearted, highly effective efforts during your service under my command.

2. Although the missions assigned to it were unusually difficult and arduous, the Army Service Command, by the exercise of skill and devotion to duty of a very high order, successfully accomplished them and thus contributed very materially to the success of the operations of the Sixth Army in the Luzon campaign.

/s/ Walter Krueger
/st/ WALTER KRUEGER
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army
Commanding

A TRUE COPY:

E. A. BROWN, JR.
Colonel, C. E.
SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO: Commanding General, 4th Engineer Special Brigade, APO 70.
    Commanding Officer, Base M, APO 70.

1. It gives me great pleasure to transmit to you and your organization copy of a letter received from Rear Admiral Forrest B. Royal, Commander Lingayen Control Group and SOPA, commenting on the efficiency and cooperation of Base M and the various Engineer Boat and Shore Regiments engaged on the joint unloading task.

2. The statements made in Adm. Royal's letter with reference to the work of your Command confirm my observation of your performance.

1 Incl—Ltr fm Adm Royal
    11 Feb 45.
SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO Commanding Officer, Base M, APO 70.

1. The attached commendation from the Commanding General, Sixth Army, for the highly effective and successful operations of the Army Service Command during the Luzon campaign is forwarded for the information of the officers and men of your staff and units under your command. It is desired that this splendid commendation be transmitted to all units which served under you during that campaign.

2. It is a distinct pleasure to transmit this well deserved commendation for the splendid performance rendered by you and your command during that important campaign. The task of providing logistic support, construction and base development was a most important and difficult one. The success of the entire tactical operations of Sixth Army depended thereon. The highly successful advance by Sixth Army, culminating in the capture of Manila, forcibly demonstrated the successful accomplishment of your important phase of that operation.

3. I extend to you all my personal and official appreciation and commendation for your loyal, unstinted and effective performance of a most difficult task.

HUGH J. CASEY
Major General, USA
Chief Engineer

1 Incl—Commendation
TO: Commanding General, Base M, APO 70.

1. I take great pleasure in transmitting this well merited commendation for the splendid performance rendered by you and your command.

2. The distinction with which the many important missions assigned your Base were accomplished contributed very materially to the success of combat operations during a critical stage of the Luzon campaign.

3. The officers and men of your command may be justly proud of the important role they played in the driving of the Japanese Army from the Philippines.

FRAYNE BAKER
Brigadier General, U. S. Army,
Commanding
Colonel HERBERT D. VOGEL performed exceptionally meritorious and distinguished service to the Government in positions of great responsibility in the Southwest Pacific Area from January 1944 to September 1945. Serving successively as Deputy Assistant Chief of Staff, Headquarters, United States Service of Supply, as Chief of Staff, Intermediate Section, United States Service of Supply, as Commanding Officer, Base H, Lingayen Gulf, and as Assistant Chief of Staff, C-4, United States Army Service Command C, Colonel Vogel demonstrated superior qualities of administrative ability, leadership and resourcefulness. He most skillfully directed a large part of the logistical planning for the invasion of Hollandia, being in complete supervision of the execution of those plans in Australia, and subsequently, as Chief of Staff of a command of some 200,000 troops, rendered conspicuous services in preparing and coordinating Sixth Army supply support for the invasion and rapid seizure of Leyte. His broad professional knowledge and discerning foresight were vital factors in the efficiency with which base operations were conducted in conjunction with the continued advance of wide-spread Sixth Army elements in Luzon. He served with great credit and distinction in undertaking logistical plans for the projected invasion of Japan, conceiving operations with such soundness and skill that only minor changes were necessary upon the enemy capitulation. By his superior leadership, exceptional competence, and unfailing devotion to duty, Colonel Vogel made a distinguished contribution to the success of operations in the Southwest Pacific Area and Japan.
Dr. Crawford: General Vogel, let's sum up your early life, background and experience before your appointment to TVA.

General Vogel: Very well. I was born in Chelsea, Michigan, a village of then about 2,000 people. It is fourteen miles from Ann Arbor, the seat of the University of Michigan. My early education was in the Chelsea Public Schools. In 1917, after our entry into World War I, I became anxious to get involved in the struggle. My father would not give me the authority to enlist at seventeen. He said, "When you are eighteen you can make your own decision."

At eighteen I registered for the draft, and a couple of weeks later entered the University of Michigan as a private in the Student Army Training Corps. My duties for the next two months, those being the last of the war, consisted largely of serving as a hospital orderly and on K.P. I cannot think of anything very important that I did except to put a great big hole in the middle of my learning processes. In fact, I dropped so far behind in my studies that I found it difficult to pick up during the rest of the year. The second year was somewhat better, although I found it necessary to commute between the University and my home, and as a result I never did get the feel of college life.

With all this creating a sense of restlessness I groped for something better, even thinking of going into the Army Air Corps as a flying cadet. I had enrolled in a newly formed, aeronautical division of the College of Engineering and my interest was aroused in both aviation and engineering. I knew very little about the Army and nothing at all about West Point. The opportunity to go there occurred suddenly in the form of an appointment by Congressman Earle C. Michener of the the Second Michigan District. It was in the summer of 1920 that I entered the United States Military Academy. I graduated in 1924 with the commission of a second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers.

My first assignment was at Fort Humphreys, Virginia, about twenty miles southwest of Washington, D.C., and at that time the principal post of the Corps of Engineers. For the first year I served as a Company Officer in the 13th Engineers. The following year I was assigned as a student to "The Engineer School" and the year after that I again performed company duty.

In 1927, I was sent by the Chief of Engineers, along with several other officers, for a postgraduate course at the University of California, from which I graduated in 1928, with the degree of Master of Science in Civil Engineering. While at the University I gained the friendship of Dean Charles Derleth of the College of Engineering and it was he who encouraged me to apply for a fellowship then being offered by the German-American Student Exchange for study in Germany. Although presumptuous for a Second Lieutenant, I wrote the Chief of Engineers, telling him that if I were permitted to go to Germany I would be willing to pay the travel expenses myself. How I would have done that I don't know, for I never had a hundred dollars in the bank at one time before I became a Colonel.

My approach was naive, but the letter struck the desk of the Personnel Officer and was referred to the Chief of Engineers personally, this happening at a time when he was in the middle of a controversy with one John R. Freeman, a distinguished Civil Engineer, who had been trying to obtain legislation for
the establishment of a hydraulic laboratory in the Bureau of Standards, Department of Commerce. Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, supported Mr. Freeman's campaign and with that backing the appropriate House Committee of Congress had approved the measure. General Jadwin, who was Chief of Engineers, hearing about this apparent threat to the autonomy of the Corps, went before the Senate Committee where the bill was under consideration and made a strong appeal that the proposed legislation be not enacted.

It was during the course of this that my letter was passed to the Chief and at the next session of the Committee he said, "Mr. Freeman has charged us with not knowing what they are doing in Europe, and has told you that he has sent students abroad under fellowships to study experimental hydraulics. I want to tell you now that one of our young officers has been offered a fellowship from another source to study in Germany, and what is more, we are going to send him." His forceful presentation resulted in killing the Freeman bill and opening the way for a laboratory to be built by the Corps. He sent two other officers over for a quick survey of the European scene and to report on the situation so that he might make a more intelligent report to the Congress at a later date. When I returned to the United States after my year of study in Germany, which netted me a Doctor of Engineering degree, I was assigned to the Memphis District, where it was planned to build the controversial hydraulic laboratory. General Jadwin was a pretty tough-minded fellow, and not being fully convinced of the practicability of such a thing, stated that he wanted a very small amount of money spent on it. I was put in charge as a Second Lieutenant under supervision of the Assistant to the Chief Engineer of the District, who would report through his superior to the District Engineer. Having had his fingers burned a few years before when a couple of professors tried to foist the results of a model study on him against his "better judgment", General Jadwin was not about to put somebody with uncontrolled authority in charge of experimental work that might controvert established theories.

I arrived in Memphis in early October, 1929, having left my wife in Washington for the birth of our first child at Walter Reed Hospital. I had rented an apartment and was working on plans for a laboratory to be built at the site of the engineer shops in West Memphis when word came down that General Lytle Brown, who had just succeeded General Jadwin as Chief of Engineers, had decided to move the Mississippi River Commission to the lower valley of the Mississippi, with headquarters in Vicksburg. That being the case, he wanted the hydraulic laboratory established there, too. I moved immediately and on New Year's Day, 1930, I was able to bring my little family to Vicksburg.

Now the whole situation was changed. No longer would we talk about a "laboratory" to be built in a confined space with little money. There would be space available for an experiment station of sufficient size to carry out worthwhile investigations on respectable scales. Being near the President of the Mississippi River Commission and his assistants and having gained their confidence, I was able to work directly with them. I was encouraged by Major P. S. Reinecke, a man of broad vision, to develop plans for a station that would serve not only the Mississippi River but all rivers and harbors of the country. I don't think General Jadwin ever understood what a hydraulic laboratory can do. His principle purpose was to keep such an establishment from being set up in the Bureau of Standards, where in the hands of scientists it might control engineering decisions. As it turned out, the Bureau got a hydraulic laboratory later to perform tests relevant to its mission, while the Corps was enabled to build the "Waterways Experiment Station".

Dr. Crawford: At that time, General Vogel, while you were there, did you find any particular feeling in the Corps about the Tennessee Valley Authority. Were they aware of its existence?
General Vogel: We were certainly aware of its existence. TVA became a reality in 1933 and I recall that two of my assistants went over to work with it. We were in the middle of the great depression and it was probably the economic situation that gave life and strength to both TVA and the Waterways Experiment Station. Nobody had any money in those days and the most capable people could be employed at low salaries. Even so, everyone employed in the Federal service was docked fifteen percent of his pay as a kind of a tax. There was a complete freeze on the employment of people under Civil Service, so I hired young engineers as laborers at one hundred dollars a month less fifteen percent. TVA had its own employment rules, so its employees were better off.

When I started out to build the experiment station, I had as an assistant, a young man, who was a graduate of the University of Michigan. He held the grade of Junior Engineer in the Vicksburg District and was assigned to me on a kind of permanent loan. Around him and another young man with very little engineering experience I built a staff.

Dr. Crawford: Were you able to get the staff you wanted at that time?

General Vogel: We got the staff we needed, though it wasn't the staff I wanted. I am certain that with unlimited funds and no restrictions on employment I would have gone out to find people who had already made names for themselves. That would have been a great mistake, for such people would have pursued their activities along conventional and accepted lines. The young men that I had to take were energetic, daring and innovative. If they could have proved Sir Isaac Newton wrong they would have been glad to do so. Being able to pay only a hundred dollars a month I was forced to recruit new graduates from colleges and I could get the best. I made a trip shortly after I had arrived in Vicksburg to the Universities of Illinois, Michigan, Cornell, M.I.T., and I think a couple of other colleges, and in each case I told the professor of hydraulics that, come spring, if he would send me his two top students I would pay them the salary I mentioned. We got several excellent men in that way, who rose to the top of their profession. That's how tough things were.

Dr. Crawford: I know that TVA was hiring engineers under similar conditions in 1933 and they had no trouble getting them.

General Vogel: The background of the depression, as I have said, greatly influenced activities on the Mississippi River; I am sure its effects on developments in the Tennessee Valley were equally profound. However, I had very little knowledge of what was actually going on over there, being so busy with my own affairs. Later, when I had been appointed to TVA, I found that many citizens of the Valley, particularly in Knoxville, had been resentful of the new government agency that came in and upset their economy. It is probably analogous to a situation in Michigan, where I was born. There it came as a shock to the community when it was announced that Henry Ford was going to pay a minimum wage of five dollars a day. This was absolutely unbelievable and I can remember my father saying, "Just imagine! A man who sweeps the floor is going to get five dollars a day." There must have been a like feeling when TVA moved into Knoxville and around Norris and began paying salaries that, though really quite low, were in great contrast to what other people were earning. Twenty years later, when I arrived in Knoxville, there was still a general feeling that TVA had been an interloper. It was not greatly different in Mississippi.

Dr. Crawford: They looked upon them as outsiders?

General Vogel: Yes, and it upset the rather comfortable economy of those at the top.

Dr. Crawford: Did the hydraulic laboratory remain in Vicksburg?

General Vogel: Yes, and I remained. I spent five years there, designing, building
and operating what has become the largest institution of its kind in the world. We developed new methods of research and experimentation, and solved problems that led to the control of the Mississippi River and the development of other waterways.

Dr. Crawford: Do you feel that the flood of 1927 influenced the decision to go ahead on this?

General Vogel: Oh, very definitely. Except for the flood of 1927, there would have been no Flood Control Act in 1928. That Act, of course, was what gave the Corps the tremendous task of taming the Mississippi River. Altogether, a fine job was done there and the Waterways Experiment Station figured in it, of course. For one thing, the decision to effect cutoffs at bends of the river was largely influenced by the results of experiments with models.

In 1934, I was relieved of my assignment with the Station and was sent as a student to the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. They had a two-year course in those days, so I was there until 1936. Then I was assigned to the 3d Engineers at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii, where I served two years. In 1938, I was sent to be an instructor at the U.S. Army Engineer School at Fort Belvoir. This was old Fort Humphreys, where I started my commissioned service, but it had been greatly expanded and given a new name. There I taught flood control engineering, brigade and division tactics, public speaking and even something of motor maintenance. It was quite a jumble, of course, but along with it all I wrote a text on flood control engineering that was used in the school for a number of years.

In 1940, I was assigned by the Chief of Engineers to the Pittsburgh Engineer District. This was a very active District, for there had been serious floods on the Allegheny, Monongahela and Ohio Rivers in previous years and Pittsburgh had suffered from them.

Dr. Crawford: Did you live in Pittsburgh?

General Vogel: We rented a home in Mt. Lebanon, a suburb of Pittsburgh. The first year I was in charge of the Inspection Division, which supervised all construction work in the District. We were building Youghihenny, Crooked Creek, Mahoning, Tionesta and Loyalhanna Dams, and a fair number of other civil works projects were underway, including channel improvements at Johnstown, Pennsylvania. The next year, 1941 to 1942, I was in charge of the Engineering Division where the design of dams and other structures was carried out.

It was during this time that the attack on Pearl Harbor occurred. Two officers who had served successively as District Engineer were sent to military assignments and I inherited the title and its responsibilities. Besides our civil works activity we were now engaged in an enormously expanded military construction program, which included TNT plants, airfields, hospitals, underground storage tanks, a troop staging area, and large depots. During this period we designed, built and dedicated Berlin Dam as a war project. Of all the dams for which I have had responsibilities, this was the only one for which I was completely responsible from beginning to end.

In January 1944, right after New Year's Day, I was sent to the Southwest Pacific to serve under General MacArthur. I went first to Brisbane, Australia as a staff officer in the Services of supplies organization; then a year later I was sent to New Guinea to serve as Chief of Staff, Intermediate Section, USA-SOS. Later, following the landings in the Philippines, I commanded a base at San Fabian. Following that, I served as G-4 for a newly organized logistics command which was to support the invasion of Japan. The war ended about this time with the dropping of the atomic bomb, and the logistical plans, upon which I had been working for a couple of months, were turned around to back up the occupation.
I moved to Japan with the first echelon of troops and had been there two or three months when I was assigned to Buffalo, New York, as District Engineer. I arrived there the latter part of November 1945, in a howling blizzard, and took charge of District activities, which included maintenance of and construction on all the U.S. harbors of Lakes Erie and Ontario, as well as flood control work within the drainage areas of those lakes on the U.S. sides. Among the more important projects of the District were Mt. Morris and Onondaga Dams, and Veterans Administration hospitals at Erie and Buffalo. It was a pleasant, albeit active three years and at the end of it I was assigned to the Panama Canal as Engineer of Maintenance.

I served as principal assistant to the Governor on all administrative and technical matters relating to the operation and maintenance of the Canal and associated activities, including the Panama Railroad, heavy maintenance shops, commissaries, theaters, municipal and governmental functions, and prepared plans for the reorganization of canal activities, which resulted in creation of the Panama Canal Company.

Under the reorganization I became Lieutenant Governor of the Canal Zone Government and Vice President of the Panama Canal Company. My duties remained about the same as when I was Engineer of Maintenance. Altogether, I was in the Canal Zone for three years, from 1949 to 1952. Then I was assigned to Dallas, Texas as Division Engineer of the Southwest Division, Corps of Engineers, where I had charge of civil works and military construction in an area that embraced all or parts of eight states. This was during a period of rapid expansion of aviation facilities, following creation of the U.S. Air Force as a separate arm of the Service, and the program involved much new construction along with the enlargement of dozens of air installations in Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana. Also, there were large industrial plants to be built for the Army to enable it to meet new conditions of warfare.

During this period I served as a member of the Mississippi River Commission and the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors. Also, as Division Engineer of the Southwest Division, I was ex-officio Chairman of the Arkansas-White-Red Rivers Interagency Committee. Our headquarters for the latter were in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and the Committee consisted of representatives of eight states and some six or seven Government departments, all trying to reach an agreement on the future course of development of the three rivers. It was a difficult assignment, because early in the game, before I came on the scene, it had been agreed that no decisions would be made except on a unanimous basis. There were those on the Committee who were not inclined to agree to anything, and they had to be approached obliquely to get any kind of rapport. I often thought it was a lot like trying to work out agreements in the United Nations. Eventually, however, we worked out a scheme which has resulted in a lot of improvements.

My two years as Division Engineer in Dallas comprised a capstone for thirty years of service with the Corps. I had been promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, but rules for retirement were strict and I began thinking about what I might be doing next. Without my knowledge, the Chief of Engineers had asked that an exception be made to my retirement, and I learned much later that Carr Forrest, President of the National Society of Professional Engineers, had made a similar request of the Secretary of the Army. On top of this, and again without my knowledge or consent, a telegram had been sent to the President in the names of the eight Governors comprising the Interagency Committee asking him to intervene and block my retirement.

Dr. Crawford: Who do you suppose was responsible for that, sir?

General Vogel: I really don't know. Each state had a representative of the Governor...
on the Committee. The Governors were nominally the members, but never attended the sessions. Presumably the representatives got their heads together and spoke on behalf of the Governors.

Dr. Crawford: You knew nothing of this?

General Vogel: I knew nothing about it until I was shown a copy of the telegram the next morning. Anyway, a few weeks later I was in my office in Dallas, Texas, in conference with a number of my District Engineers, when my Secretary entered in great excitement, saying, "The White House is calling." This was, of course, an unusual event and I reached for the phone immediately. As I gave my name, a voice came on without preliminaries, announcing that it was Sherman Adams speaking. He said, "We have been talking about you up here and we wonder if you would accept the Chairmanship of the Tennessee Valley Authority?" Sometime before this I had told my wife, "I don't know what I am going to do when I retire from the Army, but I can tell you that under no circumstances will I ever accept a Federal appointment or work again for the Federal Government." So I answered without hesitation, "No, I wouldn't be interested in that." Well, that set him back. There was a long pause - I don't know how long, maybe only ten seconds, but it seemed longer. I thought I could hear the clock ticking while all my visitors sat around the room saying nothing. In this profound silence I heard Mr. Adams saying, "You would be willing to come up and talk with us, wouldn't you?" Now, an officer in Army uniform doesn't tell the man next to the President of the United States, "No, I won't go to Washington and talk with the President." So I said, "Yes, sir! I will be up to talk with you about it."

When I got home after work I told my wife about it, adding, "But don't give it a thought." I had previously had a couple of feelers for employment after retirement, one of which was from the Association of Railroads. The other was a sort of halfway approach by the Edison Institute, an arch rival of public power. These were both hanging fire, but I was most interested in the Executive Vice-Presidency of the Association of American Railroads, whose headquarters were in Chicago. I would not have wanted to live in Chicago, but the job intrigued me. So I told my wife, "Don't worry about this thing. I will go to Washington and give them a quick brush-off; then I will come back home by way of Chicago, where I will talk with the railroad people."

Well, I got to Washington and was received in the White House by Sherman Adams. He was a brusque man and he had everything fixed up. I was to go over and talk with the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and then come back and speak with the President at eleven o'clock to give him my decision. The reason he wanted me to talk with the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission was that this was at the time of the Dixon-Yates hassle, which centered about the furnishing of power by TVA to AEC. That is what had made the business of finding a Chairman for TVA so difficult. Anyone considered would be suspected of bias one way or the other.

Dr. Crawford: What date was this - your first trip to Washington?


Dr. Crawford: Who was Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission? Was it Strauss?

General Vogel: Yes, and the General Manager was General Kenneth Nichols, an old and good friend of mine. In fact, while I was Director of the Waterways Experiment Station, the Chief of Engineers had sent a half dozen young officers of the Corps down there one summer to learn the rudiments of experimental hydraulics. Nichols was among that group, and over the years our friendship had grown.

I must watch now, because I am likely to slip back and forth among
the events that followed each other so closely. As I have said, I went to Washington and talked with Sherman Adams who sent me over to talk with Admiral Strauss about the Dixon-Yates situation and what it amounted to so far as AEC was concerned. I went back then to the old State, War and Navy Building to meet Roland Hughes, who was Director of the Bureau of the Budget. The Dixon-Yates contract was a very controversial thing and many people were concerned about it.

Dr. Crawford: What did Admiral Strauss think about it?

General Vogel: Well, of course, he was all for TVA supplying power to the Atomic Energy Commission however it could be done and it seemed apparent to him that the only way to do it was by contracting for a new plant to be built by private power interests. The new plant would supply the City of Memphis and, relieved of that obligation, TVA would be able to meet the foreseeable needs of AEC. Congress had made it very clear to all concerned that it would provide no more appropriations to TVA for the construction of thermal generating facilities. Before going into that, however, I would like to say that of all the things for which I had responsibility in TVA, there were three achievements from which I derive the greatest satisfaction. First, was working out its financial future. Second, was bringing about harmony, not only in the Valley, but with the private power interests around it. And third, was the development of an attitude among the people of the Valley that made them eager to help themselves with the guidance of TVA.

Dr. Crawford: When did you decide that those were the primary needs?

General Vogel: Only as the years went by. You don't decide such things in advance. I am digressing, however, so let us go back to the day I went to Washington. At that time I knew very little about the background of TVA or anything connected with it. I had some idea of the general picture, yes; but as to the philosophy I had had no instruction whatever. I did know that the Corps of Engineers had previously held responsibility in that area and that during the period following World War I they had made a study of the river and its possible development. The Corps made a great mistake though. Instead of coming up with a single clear-cut plan, it offered alternate plans. One was for a series of low dams for navigation only; another provided a series of high, multi-purpose structures to serve the needs for flood control and power generation as well as navigation. They failed to put a finger on one or the other, simply giving both plans to Congress and asking Congress to decide. Well, Congress can never decide a thing like that, so the question remained unanswered and the door was opened for new leadership. This, with needs created by the depression and Wilson Dam crying to be used, set the stage for introduction by Senator Norris of legislation to create the TVA.

Dr. Crawford: Having worked for both, did you notice any resentment by either the Corps or TVA?

General Vogel: No, I don't think so. In fact, as soon as I got there our relations became well established. I am rather amused now to recall the contents of a letter I received from General Sturgis, Chief of Engineers, who had been a close friend for many years. He congratulated me on my appointment and then, in closing, said, "I think we had better not be too closely associated in the future, less our relationship be misunderstood." So perhaps there was a little feeling of awkwardness at first, but it quickly disappeared and, within a few years, the Chief of Engineers sent a couple of young officers to TVA to study our methods and procedures.

I am sorry to jump around like this, but without an outline before me to keep events in order I find myself going back and forth in time. There
has always been a question in my mind as to why I was selected to head the TVA. As I have told you, a telegram had been sent to the President in the name of the Arkansas-White-Red River Basin Commission, and the President of the National Society of Professional Engineers had written to someone. Just how the Chief of Engineers figured in it, I do not know.

The story told by Drew Pearson was that a secretary in the office of Sherman Adams had noted the several letters and telegrams urging that I not be retired from Federal service. At the same time the President's office was looking for someone not too controversial to head the TVA. They had interviewed or considered quite a number of people without coming to a decision. In fact, Clapp had left office in May and they had not come to any conclusion in June. So, it was reported that the Secretary said to Sherman Adams, "Why don't you kill two birds with one stone. You have all these telegrams and letters urging that General Vogel be kept in the service and you also have the problem of filling the vacancy in the TVA. Why don't you just put him in there?" How true this is, I don't know, but it might have some substance. Anyway, on that fatal day in Washington I talked with Sherman Adams, Admiral Strauss and Roland Hughes, Director of the Budget.

Dr. Crawford: What sort of briefings did they give you? Did they attempt to persuade you to take the job?

General Vogel: No, I wouldn't say so. They were primarily trying to bring me up to date as to what the Dixon-Yates controversy was all about. It was not a very complicated thing or difficult to understand, but it took considerable time to explain all the details. To put it in its proper context we have to go back to the Second World War when the atomic bomb was being built. When it was decided to carry on that work at Oak Ridge it was foreseen that large amounts of electricity would be required for operation of the plant. TVA had a capacity of three million kilowatts of hydro power and this seemed sufficient to service the needs. At the same time, however, there were other military needs, resulting in a great growth of industry. Factories were being built in the Valley to create a growing demand for larger amounts of electric energy. With the hydro potential largely exhausted, TVA had to get in the business of building steam plants. The largest of these was built at Kingston, Tennessee with its output of power earmarked almost exclusively for Oak Ridge operations.

Well, after they had been building steam plants for a period of time after the war had ended, private power interests began to ask why TVA should receive the benefit of Government appropriations for the expansion of power facilities when the same treatment was not accorded other regions of the country. I was a pretty valid argument. If it was to be a continuing thing - this building of thermal plants - it would create a serious drain on the taxpayers. Speaking of the Government as a whole, we were probably more money conscious in those days than people are today. Anyway, the Senate had issued an edict - and it was a Democratic Senate, too - that there would be no more appropriations for the building of power facilities by TVA.

That was the basis for the action taken by the Office of the President. Roland Hughes, Director of the Budget, was a banker, who had come down from Boston. He was a good man; there wasn't anything vicious, mean or undercutting about him. He did not really understand Government, though. Or perhaps I should say, the ways of Government as opposed to those of private enterprise. He did a number of things that reacted badly against the administration. For instance, he had Adolf Wenzell, a previous associate from the First Bank of Boston, come into the Bureau of the Budget and look around for information about TVA. He didn't have to do that. He could have gotten bet-
ter and more accurate information by sending a man directly to TVA to ask questions, but he didn't understand that in Government you do things in the open. It is not like business where secrets are kept behind locked doors.

Well, word got out about the Wenzell report and it stirred up people in the Valley. It also stirred the Democratic Senators and Congressmen, who found political value in posing as champions of TVA. In so doing, they made it clear that they were not about to approve any appointment of a new TVA Chairman by the President without an argument.

Incidentally, when years later I took an assignment in the World Bank as Engineer Adviser, I became closely associated with Adolf Wenzell, who had become a staff member there. I found him to be a fine, conscientious person and we have been good friends for a long time now.

Going back to "that day", after talking with Roland Hughes, who outlined the general situation, I returned to the office of the President, and at eleven o'clock he came in. He had just returned from the funeral of a near relative. I was introduced to him by Mr. Adams. The President was very gracious, his first words being, "Have we ever served together?" It wasn't, "Have you ever served under me?" but, "Have we ever served together?" I said, "No, Mr. President, this is my first meeting with you." He outlined what he had in mind and told me he would like me to accept the appointment. I remember standing there with all the things I had said going through my mind — how I was going to "brush them off real quick and then come home." I found myself without words for a moment. Then I said, "Mr. President, this is not a thing I would have asked for. I have served our Country for thirty years and I would like now to do something different. If you feel, however, that it is in the National interest then I cannot refuse." He replied, "I think it is, and I would greatly appreciate your acceptance." I nodded. I can remember him then putting his hands in his pockets, turning around and walking the length of the room before coming back to me and saying, "You know it's a nine year appointment." By this time I was speechless. I could only shake my head in a negative sort of way, but I was committed. Then he told me, "All I want is for you to use your heart, your brains and the facts as the basis for any recommendation you may bring me in the future." I said, Yes, sir.

A few days after that, having returned to my home in Dallas, I was recalled to Washington for discussions as to how best pave the way to confirmation hearings in a Democratic Senate.

Dr. Crawford: About when did that happen? How long after your first meeting?

General Vogel: Oh, I would say a week. Actually there were several meetings, none of them lengthy, but they served the useful purpose of getting me acquainted with the White House Staff.

Dr. Crawford: Did you feel any of the members of the committee were hostile?

General Vogel: There was only one who exhibited what I would call hostility. That was Senator Wayne Morse, who was strongly opposed to my confirmation on the basis of my probable adherence to policies of military command. He knew I was an army officer, of course, and he felt that the President was not friendly to TVA. That being the case, he felt I would accept orders from the President unquestioningly. Senator Gore raised a lot of questions, but I cannot say that he was antagonistic. Insofar as the others were concerned, all were very much on my side. Well, strangely enough, the morning after the final session of the hearing, Senator Morse had to go to the hospital for treatment of a sore throat. He was gone only for the morning, but during that time the Senate Committee reported on my nomination and it was unanimously approved.
This so annoyed Morse that when he came back he wrote a whole page into the Congressional Record to indicate his displeasure.

Several weeks intervened between the time of my confirmation and my actual assumption of office on the first of September. During that space of time I had to go through the process of selling our house, closing out my responsibilities as Division Engineer and saying good-bye to our friends. Then my wife and I, with our younger son, drove from Dallas to Knoxville, where we arrived on the 29th or 30th of August. My retirement as an officer of the Army became effective at midnight of the 31st and at eight o'clock the next morning I was sworn in as a Director and Chairman of the Board of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

Dr. Crawford: Where were you sworn in? At the New Sprankle Building?

General Vogel: Oh, yes. That has been the custom from the beginning.

Dr. Crawford: Did you take the usual TVA oath?

General Vogel: Certainly.

Dr. Crawford: I believe that there were some provisions added.

General Vogel: A belief in the principles and feasibility of the Act. That is required of all appointees to the Board and it never worried me. I have been a believer in the Act since the time that I learned what it was all about. Although everything was pleasant on the surface at the time of the swearing-in ceremony it became quickly apparent that I would find difficult days ahead. The Dixon-Yates contract had been signed, providing that the two firms would together build a steam plant at Memphis. This plant would supply the power needs of the Tennessee Valley that could not otherwise be met, releasing thereby a similar amount of power for use by the Atomic Energy Commission in its plant at Oak Ridge. Although the contract between the Government and Dixon-Yates had been signed, it contained a proviso that made it inoperative until another contract could be worked out between the TVA and AEC. How this could be accomplished, with the rights of both parties preserved, was difficult to envisage. It would require a considerable study of the costs involved. The two directors with whom I was to work, Drs. Harry A. Curtis and Raymond R. Paty, had taken the position that under no condition would they meet with the Atomic Energy Commission to discuss the terms of such a contract. Even though they had been ordered by the Office of the President to do so, they still refused.

Dr. Crawford: Do you know what their reasons were?

General Vogel: Well, they felt that the encroachment of private power in the Valley to supply the City of Memphis, would be an entering wedge for private power interests and that eventually the Valley would be divided between services by private and public power. Power service to any area must be monopolistic. There is no question about that, and actually the Dixon-Yates contract was a bad arrangement. It could be justified only by the circumstances as a stop-gap measure. Power needs were growing; there was no money to be obtained by appropriation and something had to be done.

I took the position quite strongly that when the President of the United States asked the heads of two Government agencies to sit down together and talk about something to see if they could find a solution, it did not behoove one to say, "No, I won't talk with the other." I thought that was just too dogmatic and not the way to a solution of the problem. So, when I had been in office only one day I felt the first order of business was to make some kind of contact with AEC.
Dr. Crawford: Had you discussed that with Admiral Strauss?

General Vogel: Earlier, yes. But not at this particular time. I was probably naive. I made no appointment with Admiral Strauss. I simply got on a plane and went to Washington. When I got to the offices of the Atomic Energy Commission I found that Admiral Strauss was not in, but that General Nichols was. He was the General Manager and, as I have already told you, we had been friends for years. It was not in my mind to enter into any final deal; I wished only to establish a basic working relationship. So I talked with Nichols, I suppose, a couple of hours, going into the various problems that existed between TVA and AEC and the continuing need for power by AEC. After considerable discussion, I said, "Well look, we're not going to settle anything here between us. We can't do it anyway. It's a matter for our respective Boards, but let's approach it on this basis: that whatever arrangement is worked out it will not put a burden of extra cost on the Federal Government, nor will it force the Tennessee Valley Authority to bear any cost that would not be normal for it." So with this agreed upon I left. As I came out of the office there were a number of reporters waiting to see me. They asked what our meeting was all about. I told them we had come to a meeting of the minds on how to approach our mutual problem. As a result of that, the headlines of the evening papers in the Valley made reference to a "meeting of the minds" and the "Nashville Tennessean" next day featured a cartoon that portrayed two military dictators, overshadowed by an ogreous President, who was about to sell TVA down the river.

Well, I went back to Knoxville on the afternoon plane and that evening my wife and I were guests at a dinner party which was also attended by the Patys. Now Dr. Paty was a nice sort of chap and he had a lovely family. He wasn't the kind of person to take a strong or fixed position. The obstructionist attitude with respect to the contract was all on the part of Dr. Curtis, I am sure. Curtis was a lovable curmudgeon. Both he and Paty had been professors and you know they run to all types.

Dr. Crawford: Yes, indeed.

General Vogel: Curtis used to get his greatest pleasure out of mathematical problems. He had worked "pi" to some hundred decimal places, and with the advent of computers he said, "Just think, you can now carry this out to probably a million decimals." It was the kind of thing he enjoyed most. He was stubborn, too. Once he had made up his mind about something he was awfully hard to change. He was an agnostic. I won't say an atheist, but he wanted proof for everything. I grew to like both Curtis and Paty very much as the days went on, but we had our quarrels and arguments along the way. Still, I think there was mutual respect.

Going back to the evening when we were at the party with the Patys after my return from Washington, the telephone rang and Dr. Paty was called to it. He came back to me and said, "That was Curtis on the phone. He is terribly upset. He has read the news dispatches that you have come to a meeting of the minds with AEC and he wants a meeting of the Board tomorrow morning. I know it will be a Saturday and I am sorry." I said, "Well, I'm not going to call a meeting of the Board at this late hour for a Saturday morning when everybody will off from work." He said, "As a personal favor to me I wish you would. Curtis is really upset, and I think it will make for a bad start if we don't get together right away and iron things out."

Dr. Crawford: Was that to be your first meeting?

General Vogel: Our first meeting and on a Saturday, unscheduled, calling everybody in from their homes. Well, anyway, I told them to set it up for ten o'clock
the next morning. When we went into the board room the staff was all present. The three Directors, Curtis, Paty and I, sat at the head of the table. As the meeting started, Curtis opened up on me. "It was a disgraceful thing you did," he said. "You let us down badly by making such a statement to the press, and furthermore, I think you should be ashamed of yourself, that you, the Chairman of Board of the Tennessee Valley Authority, descended to talking with the General Manager of AEC rather than to the Chairman himself."

Well, he went on in that vein until finally I interrupted and said, "The staff is dismissed. The Board will go into executive session." When the others had departed and just the three of us of the board were there, I turned to Curtis and in half a dozen ill-chosen words told him what I thought of him. He replied in kind. Then we all stood up and walked out. Thus ended the first meeting of the Board of Directors.

Dr. Crawford: That was quite a beginning!

General Vogel: I was indeed quite a beginning, but, as I have said, things worked out better after that. We did sit down with AEC, or rather our power people did. I do not know how many meetings were held, but there were a good many. In fact the talks dragged on and on, and I do not know whether they would ever have found a satisfactory solution.

About this time, however, Mayor Toby of Memphis got in the picture, and here is how that came about. Twenty years earlier TVA had signed its first power contract with the City of Memphis. That contract permitted the City to buy power and sell it at its own rates - that is, with a surcharge on the price paid to TVA. Now this was a very nice arrangement for those of political offices in Memphis, because the surcharge made it possible to keep taxes down. It made the tax structure of the city very attractive - a flower in the buttonhole of the Mayor.

Well, prior to the furore over Dixon-Yates, TVA had announced that when the contract was renewed upon its expiration, which would occur soon, Memphis would not be permitted to apply a surcharge; they would have to sell power as all the other distributors, without a surcharge. That was a shock Mayor Toby because it would obviously force a raise in taxes and that isn't good for any politician. So Mayor Toby jumped into the fracas, announcing publicly that to save TVA, Memphis would build its own electric generating plant and thus make the Dixon-Yates arrangement unnecessary.

Meantime, up in Washington the President and his staff were looking for some way to get out of the whole thing and save face in the process. When they read Mayor Toby's statement in the paper they saw a way out.

My wife and I were at a dance at the Cherokee Country Club that evening and I was called from the main ballroom to the phone. It was Roland Hughes inquiring about Mayor Toby's threat - or promise - to build a generating plant in Memphis. "What's this about the Mayor," he asked, "Does he really mean what he says about building a steam plant if we drop the Dixon-Yates deal? "Well," I said, "I don't know whether he does or not. He said it though, that's for sure." He said, "I wish you would get in touch with him right away and find out if he means it." And so, right there at the party, with the music in full swing, I called the Mayor of Memphis. I said, "Do you really mean what you said, Mr. Mayor?" He said, "I sure do."

Feeling that Toby was committed I called Roland Hughes back and told him so. He said, "Alright, you get in touch with him again, and Monday morning bring him up here. We will meet with the Attorney General and if he stands by his word we will drop the Dixon-Yates deal." So, I called Toby and the meeting was set. We went to Washington, met first with Brownell in his office, then went over to the White House to see the President. Mayor Toby repeated that Memphis would build a steam plant. President Eisenhower said,
"Very well. We will drop the Dixon-Yates contract right here. We shook hands all around. I have a picture of it as it appeared in the evening paper. Everyone is smiling except Mayor Toby and he looks as though he is not quite sure of what he has gotten himself into.

Dr. Crawford: He was left with the responsibility of carrying it out.

General Vogel: He was left with the whole thing lying in his lap. The President was happy, Roland Hughes was happy, I was happy, Brownell was happy, and Dixon-Yates became a thing of the past right there.

Dr. Crawford: Do you remember what date that was?

General Vogel: No, I don't.

Dr. Crawford: I'm sure it's a matter of record.

General Vogel: I'm sure it is.

Dr. Crawford: Did you believe personally that Mayor Toby would go through with his promise?

General Vogel: Oh, yes. He was publicly committed and we were sure he would go through with it. I had confidence in him, and the President did, too. As you know, Memphis did build its own plant, though it never operated economically. Several years later it was taken over by TVA.

Although the Dixon-Yates contract had now been killed and a solution found for the immediate future, I knew we had to develop some long-range plan for financing generating facilities sufficient to meet the rapidly growing demands for electrical energy in the Valley. Now, I am no financial expert. In fact, I don't have much knowledge about such things, but I did know that there are only three ways of getting money when you don't have enough to meet future needs. That's to beg, borrow or steal. Well, we had been begging from the Congress these many years and that had finally been ended by the Senate saying there would be no more appropriations for power facilities. I ruled out stealing on the basis that honesty is the best policy. That left only borrowing. The question then arose: how to borrow? Well, a corporation needing money for expansion borrows by selling bonds --

Dr. Crawford: Did you consult the legal staff about this?

General Vogel: Oh, I think we all talked about it off and on and the idea took hold by degrees. We had to get the blessing of the Bureau of the Budget and the President's office, but that came quite easily. Details were worked out largely by our own power people. They did most of the work, assisted, of course, by our legal department.

Dr. Crawford: Were they able to forecast income and expenses?

General Vogel: Oh, sure. We could do those things. But I must tell you this: as plans progressed we were fortunate in the appointment of Arnould Jones as a Director. He succeeded Dr. Curtis, whose term of office ended in May 1957.

Dr. Crawford: His background in accounting, in the Budget Bureau was helpful, I suppose.

General Vogel: Very helpful in many ways, but it still took five years to work out the details of legislation satisfactory to all parties and to get it enacted by the Congress.

Dr. Crawford: Were you confident that the bonding program could be repayed; that TVA could expand its sales sufficiently to pay for it?
General Vogel: Oh, yes. We were expanding so rapidly and the needs were so great that I even felt we wouldn't have to increase the cost of power. That did not prove to be the case, but other factors have intervened. Interest rates in the last few years have become so high that bonds are costly. Moreover, the price of coal has increased inordinately.

Dr. Crawford: In the meantime the rates have remained quite low?

General Vogel: They are still about one-half the national average in spite of several increases.

Dr. Crawford: There is one thing that seems to me was the key point; that was the Presidential approval. How did that come about?

General Vogel: Just by conversations. Not with the President, but with Roland Hughes and others in the Bureau of the Budget. From the time that the President made his basic decision all details were worked out with the Bureau. That made it difficult because the Bureau Staff was much opposed to giving TVA unrestricted authority to run its own affairs. They wished to keep themselves in a position of control.

Dr. Crawford: It seems there was an in-built conflict between the Bureau of the Budget and TVA.

General Vogel: That's right.

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FOLLOWING IS INTERVIEW NUMBER 2. JANUARY 9, 1970.

Dr. Crawford: Let's go on from where we left off in the morning.

General Vogel: We were talking about basic conflicts between the Bureau of the Budget and TVA with respect to a bill for the financing of TVA's power expansion program. These were revealed during the many hearings before committees of Congress, in exchanges of correspondence and in discussions with the Director of the Budget. I recall in particular one conversation as we were working out details of the proposed legislation. We had proposed a billion dollar ceiling on outstanding bonds. The Bureau in its review had reduced this to five hundred million. While discussing this and other points of the legislation with Roland Hughes, I told him that five hundred million dollars was too small a limit. He replied that he just could not go along with a billion dollar limit. I asked why. He said, "It just sounds like such a hell of a lot of money." So I proposed a compromise and he agreed to split the difference. That is how we arrived at a ceiling of seven hundred and fifty million dollars. Today there would be little worry about a billion dollars, but it was different then. As a matter of fact the ceiling has been increased many times in recent years to several billion dollars.

As time passed we worked out major points of difference and in 1959 a bill was passed by the Congress and sent to the President for signature. I knew of this but received no word from the White House as to what was being done about it. After waiting several days I telephoned Jerry Morgan, who was the President's legal adviser. I asked when the President was going to sign the bill. He replied, "He is not going to sign it." I could hardly believe I had heard correctly. "You can't mean that," I said, "We have been struggling with this for five years. What do you mean, he's not going to sign it? If that's the way things are I want to talk with the President." He replied, "Save your breath, save your time, save the Government the cost of sending you up here, because under no condition will he sign the bill as it now stands. It contains a provision that gives the Congress an authority over and beyond that given the President and he has been ad-
vised by the people in the Bureau of the Budget against signing it, and he is not going to sign it."

That was along toward the end of a week in the latter part of July as I recall. Not knowing what else to do I sent a telegram to the President in person requesting a hearing and asking that he take no prior action. On Friday, the last working day of the week, I received a reply to the effect that an appointment had been set for the following Wednesday at 11:45 AM. I was informed subsequently that the President was to meet with some Senator at 11:45 for the purpose of pinning medals on some war veterans. This gave me only half an hour to present my case. I prayed for the right words to get the attention of the President and gain his approval. The whole future of the Tennessee Valley depended upon adequate power for its industrial and agricultural growth. Remember, we had worked on this bill five long years; if it should fail of enactment now I feared for the consequences.

These thoughts were going through my mind as I waited with the other two Directors, Arnold Jones and Brooks Hays, in the President's office. The President entered. I introduced him to my fellow members of the board and then heard myself saying, "This is a happy occasion for me, Mr. President, a kind of anniversary for me." He glanced quizzically at me. "How is that?" he asked. "Well," I said, "it was five years ago, just about this time, that I came to this office and you asked me to assume the chairmanship of the Tennessee Valley Authority. I told you that I did not want to take the job - that I had other plans. You prevailed upon me to accept and then gave me what I have always considered the best directive I have ever received. "What was that?" he asked, his curiosity aroused. "Well," I said, "you told me to use my heart, my brains and the facts in arriving at any recommendation I might make to you in the future. I have come here today with such a recommendation." He asked me to sit down and I took a seat opposite him at his desk. The other two directors took seats to my left and slightly in rear. Further to the left and nearly against the wall was Jerry Horgan, the President's counsel. He had not participated in the amenities and now he simply sat and listened. At a word from the President I started to talk and I continued to talk for about thirty minutes without interruption, trying to make it clear how important this whole thing was to the future of the Valley, a very important segment of the Country as a whole. Suddenly he broke into my discourse, somewhat impatiently - almost irritably, saying, "Everything you say is true! I know it to be true! I want to sign this bill more than I can tell you. Furthermore, the private power interests are anxious for me to sign it. I've been getting calls in my private quarters at night from them, even after I am ready to go to bed, urging me to sign the bill. They would give me a golf course in Georgia if I would sign it! But I can't. I can't do it." I said, Why not, Mr. President?"

We each had a copy of the bill in front of us as we faced each other across the desk. "Because," he began, "--- Well! let me refer you to these two paragraphs. One paragraph gives an authority to the Congress, stating it has a right to veto or deny any request for the sale of bonds by action within ninety days. On the other hand, the President is denied such a right. He is only a messenger; he has pass on the request as contained in the budget without comment to the Congress. Now there has always been a tug of war between the Executive and Legislative offices of Government and I am not going to have it said years from now that the power of the office of the Executive was first eroded by the actions of Eisenhower. So you see, I can't sign it. I just can't do it."

Well, I don't know, I guess this is where the Lord answered my prayers. I reached into my pocket, took out my pencil and said with the appropriate gesture, "What do you say we strike out both paragraphs. Let's just
cross them both out." He said, "That's a good idea! Let's do that." Jerry Morgan, sitting over by the wall, appeared propelled from his chair. "You can't do that," he said. I exclaimed, "Why not, Jerry?" Well, the Lord put the wrong words in his mouth. Instead of saying that the President had one of two alternatives, either to veto or sign, he said, "Because elimination of those paragraphs will exempt you from provisions of the Government Corporations Control Act." I said, "Jerry, they bear no relationship whatsoever to that. We will be subject to the Government Corporations Control Act regardless of this bill."

By this time the President, anxious to get to his next appointment, stood up, came around his desk and said, "O.K., that's fine." He put his arm around my shoulder and said, "You boys go and work this out now. That's fine. We'll just strike out those paragraphs."

When we were outside the door Jerry turned on me angrily, saying, "What have you done? What have you done?" I said, "What do you mean, Jerry?" He answered, "You know we can't change this bill. The President has power only to veto or sign. He can't change it." "Well," I said, "You heard what the boss said, didn't you? You've got to do it." He replied, "Look, we've got to talk with the Bureau of the Budget. I'll get the boys over this afternoon and we'll have a meeting here at one o'clock." I said, "Jerry, you can have all the meetings you want, but I am not going to be there. I have talked to the Bureau of the Budget for the last time on this matter. I am going to the TVA office in the Woodward Building. Your have my telephone number and can call me when you have things worked out."

When we went back to the TVA office we knew we had it made. We didn't know just how but we knew we had made it. So we went for lunch to a little German restaurant on Fifteenth Street and Brooks Hays in his exuberation, though a non-drinking Baptist, ordered a martini. Back at the office, after lunch, we found there had been no phone call from the White House, so I waited until about three o'clock and then called the office of Jerry Morgan. When he came on the phone I asked how he was getting along with the Bureau people. He said, "We're just going around and around and haven't come up with anything. There's just no way to do this!" "Well," I said, "All we want you to do is to give us authority to get things straightened out on our own. That's all we want. You don't have to do anything. Just give us the authority - the White House authority - to talk with anybody in the legislative branch and work things out." He said, "We aren't getting anywhere with that kind of talk." So I hung up and about 4:15, I called him again. This time I said, "Jerry, you know the sky is clobbering up and we've got to fly back to Knoxville today. With the weather turning bad we're going to have to leave; now what do you want to do, because we must have an answer." He said, "Just go ahead, go ahead, do anything you want!"

So with that, Brooks stayed in Washington and went over the next day to talk with Sam Rayburn. Being an ex-member of the Congress and an old friend of Rayburn we felt they would work something out. Marguerite Owen, who had been running the TVA Washington office for many years, knew everyone on the Hill and, in particular, Senator Bob Kerr, who had been sponsoring the bill. So she called Kerr to explain the situation and we left for Knoxville.

Well, the upshot of it was that Senator Kerr introduced a resolution in the Senate, which was acted upon unanimously the next day. This was to the effect that if the President would sign the bill in present form, another bill would be immediately introduced and passed to eliminate the two paragraphs distasteful to the President. In the House it took a little more. Hallock was the Republican leader and he held out against a resolution. Thereupon, Sam Rayburn called Eisenhower and said, "Mr. President, if I control the majority I expect you to control the minority." So Eisenhower rapped Hallock on the
knuckles and the resolution was passed in the House as in the Senate. Thus assured, Eisenhower signed the original bill and Congress enacted the amending measure.

Dr. Crawford: So that's the way it happened!

General Vogel: That's the way it happened; and the bill as finally enacted was probably the best that could possibly have been written, for the controls that would have resulted in delays and tying the hands of TVA were now eliminated from it. Subsequently there were meetings of staff members of TVA and the President's office to establish methods for the establishment of working relationships. I shall provide copies of correspondence between the President and the Board that resulted from those meetings.

Dr. Crawford: Then it could not have turned out better had you planned it so.

General Vogel: No, for in addition to gaining the rights of any other Government corporation, TVA obtained clarification of its relationship with the executive branch of the Government. Arguments with the Bureau of the Budget became fewer and differences of opinion were resolved by personal discussions.

Only one other questioning of our acts was forthcoming from it during my term of office. That, also, related to Executive control by the Office of the President. A year later it had become apparent to the Board of Directors that ability to furnish electric power in quantities sufficient to meet the growing needs of the region would depend upon a continuing coal supply as well as adequate generating facilities. Accordingly, options were taken on certain coal reserves in Kentucky. Subsequent to this action of the Board I received a letter from the President dated July 22, 1960, stating to be his desire that we obtain his specific approval before exercising options on coal reserves. In reply to this, we stated the reasons for the action of the Board, explaining the necessity of providing a source of coal for future needs and outlining the general scope of proposed actions. No other objections were forthcoming, to my knowledge.

Dr. Crawford: That does not fit very well, does it, with the picture of you as drawn by the cartoonist, taking orders from the President?

General Vogel: No, but these problems did not arise as the result of personal differences with the President. Either they were the result of misunderstandings or unwarranted attempts by staff personnel in the Office of the President and the Bureau of the Budget to assume the prerogatives of the TVA Board. An incident involving both of these factors occurred early in the Kennedy Administration.

We had been making studies over a considerable period of time to determine the best location for what would be the largest, electric generating unit ever built. It was to have a capacity of a million kilowatts. We had already installed a five hundred megawatt unit at Widow's Creek and a couple of others somewhat larger than that in our Paradise, Kentucky plant. A great deal depended upon getting the new plant in the best location and it had finally come to a choice between two sites: one on the upper Cumberland River in Kentucky, the other on the Clinch River in Tennessee. The studies had progressed to the point that we were assured of about a thirty million dollar advantage in building on the Clinch River, because there we would have sufficient water for cooling purposes, whereas on the upper Cumberland there was so little flow that it would be necessary to build cooling towers.

As the decision was about to be announced I received a call from the Governor of Kentucky, Bert Combs, telling me that he would like to bring his Lieutenant Governor and a number of important people of the State, par-
ticularly from the upper region of the Cumberland, to my office to discuss the location of the new generating plant. I tried my best to steer him off, telling him among other things that if the decision should go against him he might find it embarrassing to have supported a losing cause. I did all but tell him that we had already reached a decision adverse to his desire. I could not tell him that because of correspondence currently in progress between ourselves and President Kennedy, who had written us a few days earlier to urge that we select a site in Kentucky. The President's letter stated his desire to improve economic conditions in the Appalachian region by providing a market for its coal and opportunities for labor. In reply we had cited the consideration given to alternate locations, pointing out that the cost would be much less for a plant on the Clinch River and that the only possible impact on the labor market would be during the period of construction. The operating force for an electric generating plant is really very small. Also, whether the plant were built in Kentucky or Eastern Tennessee, the coal supply would come from the same source in Kentucky.

Our letter to the President was sent on a Thursday by special delivery mail to our Washington office with confidence that it would arrive there the next day. By phone we instructed Miss Owen to have it delivered to the White House on Monday. It was in the interim period, over the weekend, that the Governor of Kentucky called me. Then on Monday he called again, insisting on a meeting, and yielding to his desire, because I felt sure the President had by this time received our reply to his letter, I set it for Thursday afternoon. At the appointed time the Governor arrived with his staff and a considerable number of people from around the region of the upper Cumberland. Wilson Wyatt, the Lieutenant Governor did most of the talking, and as he talked my subconscious mind made note of something vaguely familiar in his arguments. The afternoon wore on with much talk by the Kentuckians. About four o'clock it seemed that they had exhausted the subject. There was little or nothing that we of TVA could say, for our minds had been made up and we had already advised the White House of our decision - or so we thought!

Dr. Crawford: And that meeting was on Thursday?

General Vogel: On Thursday. The Thursday after the Monday when our letter should have reached the White House. As the meeting came to an end, someone of our Staff came in to tell me that there were a number of reporters outside, waiting to hear the outcome of our discussion. With this I turned to the Governor, telling him that I had feared this would happen. A meeting by the Governor of Kentucky and his Staff with the Board of TVA was bound to become known to the Press and the Press could put two and two together. I knew they wanted to find out what decision had been reached and I felt the time had come to put all cards on the table. We had written the President of our decision, which he should have now had for several days and it seemed pointless to tell the Press that we still did know what we planned to do. I told the Governor this and, although it made him unhappy, I announced the decision.

I got home rather late that afternoon and was dressing for an evening with friends at the Cherokee-Country Club when the telephone rang in the bedroom. The television, right next to the phone, was turned on and it was being announced that in a few minutes President Kennedy would come on to talk to the people of the United States about the Laotian crisis. When I answered the phone, a voice said, "I hear you made a decision on the steam plant today." I said, "We sure did!" The voice said, "This is Mike Feldman in the White House. I've just come from meeting with President Kennedy and he is hopping mad. He has heard that you made and announced a decision to build the new TVA plant in Tennessee contrary to his stated desire. He wrote you a week ago telling you his views on this and asking you to ex-
plain to him why you would decide one way or the other. He has never had a reply to that letter and he says, "What is the matter with those fellows down there; do they think they are too important to even answer a letter from the President of the United States?" I replied, "We did write a letter. We wrote it in reply to the President's letter which we received a week ago - actually two days more than a week ago. Our answer was sent to Washington a week ago for personal delivery to the White House."

"Well!" the voice snapped, "He has never received it. He is hopping mad and wants to know why he hasn't heard from you. Furthermore, he wants to know by the time he gets back to his office from the broadcast." After hanging up the receiver on the phone I stood for a moment watching the President on the television, knowing it wasn't going to take forever for him to finish his talk and that I had better hurry to get an answer for him. I phoned the Washington office of the TVA and got no response. It was now six-thirty in the evening and they had all gone home, of course. Finally, I managed to reach Marguerite Owen at her apartment. She had just come in and was fairly out of breath, having probably run to the phone. I said, "Marguerite, what in the world happened? Why didn't you deliver my letter to the President?" She replied, "It was delivered to the President. It came in on Friday, and Monday morning we had a young man in the office take it over to the White House. He went to the right entrance, as instructed, presented himself and was ushered to someone, who, he was told, would take the letter." Then she added, "We have a receipt to show that it was delivered." "Well," I said, "The President never got it and they tell me he is hopping mad." She said, "Well, you tell him to keep on hopping. It is good for his health." I said, "Marguerite, you're a big help."

After that I called Feldman back, but I could only verify what I had told him before. The letter had been sent and it had been delivered to the White House. It was up to him to find it!

The next morning I went to my office early and the first thing I did was to call the White House. They had a time locating Feldman, and I could hear the people in a number of offices answer as the call went around. It finally caught up with him in the office of Lee White, who had been an administrative assistant to Senator Cooper of Kentucky before going to the White House as an assistant to the President.

Dr. Crawford: Kentucky?

General Vogel: Yes, and though a Republican, serving a Democratic Administration, he was a Kentuckian first of all. Things began to connect up in my mind. There was Feldman in the office of Lee White, who had been assistant to Senator Cooper and who probably had good connections with the Governor of Kentucky. I started out by asking, "How do you feel this morning?" Feldman answered in a lively way, "Pretty good. Pretty Good!" "Oh," I said, "You found the letter then?" "Yes," he said, "We found the letter. Your man delivered it to someone, who delivered it to someone else, who gave it to Mrs. Lincoln, the President's personal secretary. She put it with some mail, which was supposed to go up to his private quarters, where he looks it over at night. But the letter in question got shuffled in the mail and he didn't really get to see it." Well, that was a pretty vague explanation and more things began to go through my mind. I remembered how at the meeting with the Governor the argument by Wilson Wyatt had a ring of familiarity. Suddenly it hit me that the order of his argument was the same as the order of facts in our letter to the President. He had been attacking them, lawyer fashion, one by one and in order! Everything then fell into place and I realized what had happened. Lee White had gotten the letter first because it pertained to TVA and he had been handling the agency's affairs. He had probably had copies made and sent to the Governor. He may also have telephoned
the Governor, but most likely the letter had never left his office. This is all surmise, of course, but it is certain that the President never received our reply to his letter.

Now my temper rose. I said, "I want you to know that I don't appreciate one bit the interception of an official letter personally addressed to the President by the head of a Federal agency. I am burned up about it and I don't think there is anything you can say to excuse it." Feldman replied, "Maybe the leak occurred at your end." I said, "Let me tell you, the people here at TVA are old timers, responsible Government employees; they understand the protocol of Government. They are not a bunch of Johnny-come-latelies." With that I hung up the receiver.

A week passed. It was again Thursday evening and my wife and I were again dressing for dinner at the Country Club. Again the phone rang and again it was Mike Feldman. He said to me, "I have just been talking with the President. He has now had an opportunity to read your letter. He has written a reply to it and he is asking, will it be all right with you now if he releases both your letter and his reply to the Press!"

It was just a short time after that that my wife and I were invited to the first formal State dinner of the Kennedys in the White House. So I must say for Mr. Kennedy that he was one to understand a situation when it was explained to him, and one to put things right.

Dr. Crawford: Do you suppose he ever understood what happened in the White House to the correspondence?

General Vogel: I doubt that he was ever told all the details. He knew, of course, by the date on the letter and the fact that it was personally delivered that we had not ignored his letter to us. He couldn't help knowing it had been kicked around the White House and had not gotten to him as it should. He appreciated, I am sure, that we had based our decision on the economics of the situation and were doing what we deemed best for the Valley without regard to political pressures. That has been the real strength of TVA, its separation from control by political elements of the Government. So long as TVA gets good Directors, men of conscience who will accept the responsibilities of office unselfishly, it has the makings of the finest organization possible.

Dr. Crawford: I believe it only sensible to locate facilities where economic and engineering studies indicate.

General Vogel: It is one thing, of course, to say that and another to achieve it. One of the most remarkable things about the Tennessee Valley Authority is that over the years its Directors have all been good and honorable men. One may comment on their personalities, dispositions, philosophies, capabilities, educations or backgrounds, but there has never been a rascal among them. All have been men of high principles, who worked as they could for the organization to develop a high esprit de corps. As I look back I wonder how this could have come about, because by the law of averages there should have been a bad egg somewhere - and there is simply not one to be found in this case. With the right kind of Directors, regardless of personality differences, the resulting organization is bound to be good.

It is not widely known, but when it came to developing the Indus Basin in West Pakistan an organization was created in the pattern of TVA to administer the project for the Government. Pakistan had been created in two parts by cutting off pieces on the east and west of India. The Indus River runs south from the Himalayan Mountains through West Pakistan and the Brahmaputra traverses the East. Shortly after separation, the Indian Government started building dams on the eastern tributaries of the Indus, thereby posing
a threat to lands downstream in West Pakistan, where water was needed to irrigate and nourish that part of the valley. Affairs came to a breaking point when India made a move into the Kashmir, in the upper regions of the Indus Basin. The Pakistanis reacted with arms and serious trouble appeared imminent. About this time Collier's magazine thought it would like have an article about the situation and Lilienthal, an early Director of TVA, was asked to write it. He concluded with a suggestion that an international agency deal with the problem to seek a solution short of armed conflict. Eugene Black was president of the World Bank at that time. He read the article and decided that the World Bank should assume the role of arbitrator. General Raymond A. Wheeler, a retired Chief of Army Engineers, was the Engineer Adviser to the Bank. He was given the job of bringing the Pakistanis and Indians to agreement. It was a tough job because of high feelings engendered by religious differences. They were in agreement on one thing only. Both respected General Wheeler whom they had known for his leadership during the China-Burma-India campaign of World War II.

Time after time they would meet, get into heated arguments, break up and go home. But each time Wheeler brought them back together and each time things were a little easier. Finally, they evolved the Indus Basin Treaty, whereby it was agreed that a number of countries, who preferred a peaceful settlement to war, would provide something like a billion and a half dollars, augmented by relatively small amounts from India and Pakistan, to develop and implement a plan for the supply of water to the eastern tributaries of the Indus River in lieu of that withdrawn by India.

The World Bank assumed the responsibility of implementing the plan. The contributing countries were: the United States, Great Britain, Australia, Canada, New Zealand and the Federal Republic of Germany. First of all, an organization had to be created to direct activities in Pakistan on behalf of the Government of that Country. TVA served as the model, with a Board of three Directors, one of whom would serve as Chairman. Supporting personnel was drawn largely from the existing organization for irrigation. Fortunately, as with TVA, the right kind of men were found for the assignment and the organization became known as the West Pakistan Water and Power Authority (WAPDA). Honest and dedicated as they were, however, they required technical guidance. Mangla Dam, one of the World's largest, was to be built and there were to be link canals and barrages of great magnitude. So they obtained the services of an American engineering firm for general guidance and other consulting firms for the various parts of the project.

Without going into details, it can be said that the Indus Basin Project has been a great success. There is still work to be done, another large dam to be completed, but lands of West Pakistan, once brown and barren, are now greening with wheat and other crops for sustenance of the population. One can look upon it as a long green shadow of TVA reaching half-way around the world.
October 30, 1954

Dear Governor Clement:

I just learned of your suspicions that my assistants are presuming to represent to you conclusions and even decisions that do not conform to the policies laid down by me for implementation by my staff. I assure you that the replies sent by Governor Adams to your inquiries concerning this Administration's immediate plans with respect to TVA are in conformity with my general thinking on the subject.

It seems to me that all argument for the construction by the Federal Government of the additional steam plants ignores this one and very important truth: If the Federal Government assumes responsibility in perpetuity for providing the TVA area with all the power it can accept, generated by any means whatsoever, it has a similar responsibility with respect to every other area and region and corner of the United States of America.

Logically, every section of the United States should have the same opportunities, and the Federal Government should not discriminate between the several regions in helping to provide this type of facility. My own conviction is that we have not been alert enough in making certain of this equality of treatment. If this is the case, then it is high time that other regions were getting the same opportunities.

Of course I cheerfully admit that this is an over-simplification of the case. Many secondary arguments have been advanced — some of them seem to be more confusing than clarifying in their effect. But I cannot believe that Americans, in general, disapprove of attempting to place all regions on a basis of equality in this regard. Consequently, there must either be some re-examination of any plans which would call for the Federal Government to supply all the additional power capacity that might be needed in the future in the Tennessee Valley, or logically we would have to begin plans for a gigantic power development to cover the entire nation equitably.

The directive to the AEC to make arrangements for the purchase of private power — either directly or by finding a new private source to replace available TVA power — was designed to allow time for a thorough examination of this whole vast field, without hurting the citizens of the Valley.
Governor Clement -- 2.

As a consequence of these facts, I believe that the project for building new plants at Federal expense -- implying a purpose of continuing this process indefinitely in the future -- is therefore wholly indefensible unless it should become part of a vast national plan. If this is to be national policy, it is most certainly a project that demands earnest and prayerful study. In the meantime the citizens of your region will not be deprived of the additional power they need for the next several years.

It seems to me that there has been a very great deal of talk and argument -- much of it partisan -- about issues that are really clear and simple. No one in this Administration has any intention of destroying or damaging TVA or of diminishing its effectiveness in any way.

I appointed as TVA Chairman one of the ablest professional men in the country. The single directive I gave him was to use his own heart and brains -- and the facts -- to arrive at the recommendations he may in the future submit to me. I would not have asked him to undertake that job if I had any thought in mind of diminishing its importance or its functions. But this is not the same thing as fastening on the Federal Government a continuing and never-ending responsibility which I frankly do not believe is logical nor, in the long run, in the best interests of the country.

With warm personal regard,

Sincerely,

/s/ Dwight D. Eisenhower

The Honorable Frank G. Clement
Governor of Tennessee
Nashville, Tennessee

cc: Chairman AEC
    Director of the Budget
    Chairman TVA
    General Persons
Dear General Vogel:

Thank you for writing me so extensively in your letter of January 21 about the opinions you have developed on TVA since becoming Chairman of the Board of Directors. As you are aware, the study you are making is one which I believe to be of deep significance to the people of the Tennessee Valley and the entire nation.

I shall give your comments my close attention in discussion with interested officials here, and I shall be interested to know of your further progress in the months ahead.

Sincerely,

Brigadier General Herbert D. Vogel (Ret.)
Chairman of the Board
Tennessee Valley Authority
Knoxville, Tennessee
August 3, 1959

The President
The White House
Washington 25, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

We greatly appreciated the opportunity to meet with you on July 29 and present to you our views concerning the pending TVA financing bill, H.R. 3460, and the urgent need for its enactment.

Following our meeting with you, we had a further discussion with members of your staff. At this subsequent meeting we presented a one-page memorandum, representing the opinion of our General Counsel relative to the meaning of H.R. 3460. The first paragraph of that memorandum is as follows:

H.R. 3460 does not exempt TVA from the budgetary provisions of the Government Corporation Control Act. TVA will continue to submit its budget program to the President; and the President will continue to submit such program, as modified, amended, or revised, to the Congress as part of his annual budget. H.R. 3460 provides that the issuance and sale of bonds and the expenditure of bond proceeds shall not be subject to the requirements or limitations of any other law, but the budgetary provisions of the Control Act do not relate to the issuance and sale of bonds or the expenditure of bond proceeds and are therefore not affected by this provision.

The second paragraph of the memorandum refers to certain provisions of H.R. 3460 now appearing at the end of subsection (a) of the new subsection 15d which the bill would add to the Tennessee Valley Authority Act. During the discussion with your staff, it was suggested that your reservations concerning the bill might be eliminated by deletion of this language.
Subsequently it was suggested that we write you to set out in further
detail our interpretation of the effect of the bill after deleting this
language.

As stated to you and to your staff, the budgetary provisions of the
Government Corporation Control Act cover two steps: First, our
submission to you of our best advance estimates as to power
revenues and revenue-bond proceeds available for use and the use
we estimate it will be necessary to make of both to meet the demands
for electric energy in the area which relies on the Corporation for
power; and, second, transmission of such estimates as modified,
amended, or revised by you to Congress as a part of your annual
budget. Congressional action would be limited to substantive
legislation, since action could not ordinarily be taken through
the appropriations procedure. Under the rules of the Congress
such action would be considered substantive legislation and,
therefore, subject to a point of order. Except in the event of
some future congressional action, the legal authority under which
TVA might locate, construct, and issue bonds to finance new power
generating and transmitting facilities at any time would rest exclu­
sively on the TVA Act as amended by H.R. 3460 in whatever form
H.R. 3460 may become effective.

We wish again to assure you of our earnest desire to carry out our
responsibilities in a manner that will justify the confidence you
placed in us in appointing us to the TVA Board. We see nothing
in the subject bill that would change the Corporation's basic
responsibilities as the supplier of power to a region or alter the
relationships existing between you as President and us as members
of your appointed Board.

Respectfully yours,

Herbert D. Vogel
Chairman

A. R. Jones
Director

Brooks Hays
Director

HDV, ARJ, & RHM: MK
CC: Mr. A. R. Jones
  Mr. Brooks Hays
  Mr. A. J. Wagner
  Mr. C. J. McCarthy
  Miss Marguerite Owen
[Copies distributed per
HDV's instructions.]
Additionally, as President and Chief Executive, I will expect the Authority's Board of Directors, in exercising powers conferred by the revenue bond legislation: (1) to include in the Authority's annual budget submissions the Authority's proposed power construction programs; (2) to conform, in accordance with established practices for wholly owned Government corporations, to the general outline of the power construction programs set forth in budgets for the Authority as approved and transmitted by the President to the Congress, except as modifications in such programs may be made by law; and (3) not to announce or initiate, without the prior approval of the President, plans for the construction or acquisition of any power-producing projects (including additions of generating units to existing projects) not previously included in budget programs transmitted by the President to the Congress.

Any proposed construction or acquisition of power-producing projects resulting from the reappraisal -- referred to in the 1960 budget -- of the Authority's current requirements for additional generating capacity should also be submitted for my prior approval.

I would appreciate receiving the Authority's confirmation of this statement of the nature and requirements of the Authority's relationships with the President.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

The Honorable Herbert D. Vogel
Chairman
Tennessee Valley Authority
Knoxville, Tennessee
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 14, 1959

Dear Mr. Chairman:

I appreciate having your letter of August third, signed as well by the other two members of the Board of Directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority. Your letter outlines the Authority's understanding and interpretation of the effect of the TVA revenue bond financing legislation (H. R. 3460) as amended by S. 2471. I have today signed S. 2471 and am pleased that it has been possible to work with the Congress in thus improving H. R. 3460.

As you know, however, public discussion of these two measures and their legislative history have generated much confusion about the relationship between the President and the Tennessee Valley Authority. In view of this confusion, I am persuaded that as President and Chief Executive I should at this time apprise the Authority of my views as to the nature and requirements of our relationship.

The basic legislation which established the Tennessee Valley Authority, as amended by the recent revenue bond financing bill and by other legislation, places certain responsibilities directly upon the Authority's Board of Directors. No such legislation can, however, alter the basic relationship between the Authority's Board members and the President in his role as Chief Executive. The courts have ruled in clear language that the Tennessee Valley Authority is an integral part of the Executive establishment and that its Board members are, therefore, directly responsible to the President as are all other subordinate officers in the Executive Branch.

Your letter of August third makes it clear that we are in agreement as to the Authority's responsibility to submit its annual budget program to the President in accordance with the Government Corporation Control Act. We are further in agreement that the President will continue to transmit such program -- as modified, amended or revised -- to the Congress as a part of his annual budget for the Executive Branch.
Dear General Vogel:

I have been advised that the Tennessee Valley Authority has recently obtained options to purchase extensive coal lands in Kentucky. Since the Tennessee Valley Authority traditionally has secured its coal requirements by competitive bids from commercial sources, the exercise of such options and the subsequent extraction of coal, would constitute a major policy change.

Inasmuch as the Tennessee Valley Authority is the largest purchaser of coal in this country, and the purchase of coal is the largest single item of expenditure for the Tennessee Valley Authority's power operations, such a major policy change could have a profound effect on both your agency and a sector of the private economy.

Accordingly, it is my desire that you obtain my specific approval before exercising existing options on coal reserves or taking options on any other coal reserves.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

The Honorable Herbert D. Vogel
Chairman
Tennessee Valley Authority
Knoxville, Tennessee

7-27-60--SB
Verifax copies distributed with copies of reply.
My dear Mr. President:

In accordance with your desire, expressed in your letter of July 22, 1960, we shall take no action to exercise options on coal reserves or to option other reserves without your specific approval.

In this connection you may like to know that the existing options were taken only to insure a continuing supply of coal for the new steam plant that has been proposed for the eastern part of the TVA area. Should it be feasible to build at some future time in the southeastern corner of Kentucky, where an economic stimulus is greatly needed, the investment would be thus protected.

The options relate to mineral rights only, except for a few small tracts, but do provide an opportunity to enter upon the lands and determine by physical investigation that coal may be actually available in quantities sufficient to make its recovery economical. It has not been planned to work these reserves except as coal may be unobtainable from other nearby sources at reasonable cost, in which case competitive bids for mining the coal would be solicited from private interests.

These steps were discussed with your staff and the Bureau of the Budget before any action was taken, and discussions were subsequently held with members of the coal industry representing both labor and management. The matter was also discussed on a number of occasions with both Senators from Kentucky, one of whom issued a press release which was well received by his constituency.

My fellow Directors and I assure you of our determination to keep you fully advised of developments in this situation.

Respectfully,

Herbert D. Vogel
Chairman

The President
of the United States

Approved before release by
HDV, ARJ, BH

CC: Mr. A.R. Jones
Mr. Brooks Hays

CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE FILE
Dear General Vogel:

I understand that the Board of Directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority now have under consideration reports from your staff on the economic and engineering factors involved in selecting the site for a new steam-electric generating station.

I am not familiar with the nature of these reports or with the conclusions that they reach, but I believe you should include in your deliberations factors which may assist the development of the territory adjoining the site. These considerations are wholly consistent with the purposes of the TVA Act as set forth in Sections 22 and 23.

I am informed that one of the engineering questions relates to the water supply and the availability of reservoirs. Governor Bert Combs has indicated a desire to cooperate in helping meet this problem, and Congressman Carl Perkins has written and discussed with me various possibilities for the construction of reservoirs in Eastern Kentucky. Governor Combs, Congressman Perkins and Senator Cooper have all been in touch with me to assure me that they are anxious to make their own studies and proposals available to you.

It would seem to me that important subjects for inquiry, in addition to the feasibility and cost of the various sites, would be such matters as the relative effect the location of the plant would have upon the industrial development of the territory surrounding it. I am informed that unemployment in Eastern Kentucky exceeds 11 percent. There are 9 areas of substantial and persistent labor surplus, comprising 30 counties, in Kentucky, and 20 of them are in Eastern Kentucky. There are also two such counties in Northeastern Tennessee.

I would appreciate it if you would include in your considerations both the engineering factors and the relevant human factors and report to me prior to taking any final action.

Sincerely,

/s/ John F. Kennedy

Honorable Herbert D. Vogel
Chairman, Board of Directors
Tennessee Valley Authority
Knoxville, Tennessee
March 17, 1961

The President
The White House
Washington 25, D. C.

My dear Mr. President:

This is in response to your letter of March 8, 1961, regarding the site of the new steam electric generating station which TVA proposes to erect to serve the eastern portion of its power service area.

During the past several years TVA has faced the problem of increasing the capacity of its power system to keep pace with the growing demands of the area. Recently trends in power demand have indicated clearly that the next new plant should be built in the eastern part of the area. Before deciding upon any specific location, contracts in the amount of about $30 million were entered into for the manufacture of generating units and boilers. They will be produced in labor surplus areas.

Now—since your letter was written—a new factor has entered the picture. The Atomic Energy Commission has notified us of a substantial cutback in the use of power at its Oak Ridge installations. Consequently, the schedule for starting on-site construction at this new plant has been delayed. Despite the delay, however, it will be necessary to proceed at once with selection of a site in order that manufacturers can be provided with engineering details which depend on the specific site and so that other essential arrangements can be completed. We, therefore, plan to announce our selection next week.

In seeking a specific site for the new plant, it became apparent almost immediately that two general areas, one on the Clinch River in Tennessee and the other on the Cumberland River in Kentucky, offered the best possibilities. Detailed investigations revealed that the Clinch River site permits the most economical production of power; that sites on both the Cumberland and Clinch lie within labor surplus areas; that both would provide limited employment for unskilled labor in their immediate vicinity; and that the Clinch River sites have available to them nearby most of the skilled labor required, but the use of the Cumberland River sites would require importing most of the skilled labor. At either location, we anticipate that much of the coal will come from southeastern Kentucky. The first unit in the new station will burn over two million tons of coal a year, a substantial portion probably coming from this depressed mining area.

After consideration of these and many other factors, the Board concluded that a new plant should be located at the Edgemoor site on the Clinch River, just west of Knoxville, Tennessee.

The Board wishes to assure you that we, too, are deeply concerned about the economic plight of the surplus labor areas and the related human element about which you wrote. The principal solution, of course, is the creation of more jobs. TVA’s experience has demonstrated, and the TVA Act assumes, that provision of power at the lowest feasible cost to consumers is a vitally important means of encouraging the establishment of new job-producing industry and furnishes a lasting base for improvement of the economic opportunities of the people. It is in this way, rather than in the local activity related to construction of a plant, that steam electric generating stations can contribute most to economic development.
Unfortunately, the assumption persists that the location of a multimillion dollar steam plant will automatically attract job-producing industry to the vicinity in which the plant is built. In the TVA area, this has not proved to be the case. TVA power is sold throughout the area at uniform rates. An industry therefore obtains no advantage by locating close to one of our steam plants. It is free to choose its location on the basis of factors other than the availability and cost of electricity. In any case, the industrial development of southeast Kentucky would not be affected by the construction of a TVA steam plant inasmuch as the area concerned is well outside the area we are permitted to serve under the TVA Act as amended in 1959. The output of the plant could not be used in its own neighborhood.

The assumption that construction of a steam plant will absorb substantial numbers of unemployed workers also is not entirely valid. This is a type of unemployed workers also is not entirely valid. This is a type of construction which requires a labor force with a variety of specialized skills. When these skills are not available close by, they must be imported from adjacent labor centers. Much unskilled labor also is used, but the proportion is much smaller than commonly supposed. As noted above, these necessary skills are not found in sufficient numbers among the unemployed of southeastern Kentucky and qualified labor would have to be brought in. On the other hand, the Edgemoor site is near a labor center--also in an area of labor surplus--which, with few exceptions, can staff the construction organization.

Engineering analyses show a net cost advantage of at least $30 million for the Edgemoor site as compared with sites on the Cumberland, based on a two-unit plant. These economies will permit us to continue to produce low cost power. Moreover, since the project will be financed from net power proceeds and power revenue bonds, they will protect to the fullest extent possible both the power rate structure and the interests of present and future bondholders. No appropriated funds are involved in the project.

As you have noted in your letter, water supply has been a major problem in determining a plant location. The Clinch River site, situated on the future Melton Hill Reservoir, has an ample water supply. The Cumberland sites have an inadequate water supply. This is a technical problem, however, and can be overcome, but only through substantially greater capital investment and operating costs. Reservoirs alone are not a solution. The solution involves both reservoirs and cooling towers. Avoiding the costs of these features is a major element in the economy of the Clinch River site.

We are convinced that the TVA power system can make its greatest contribution to the development of industry and the alleviation of unemployment by maintaining its power rates at the lowest possible level. We have concluded, therefore, that the construction of the new steam plant at the lowest possible cost is the approach to the problem which will contribute most to the human problems of this area.

We appreciate your interest in the TVA program as expressed in your letter, and we are glad to provide this information about it.

Respectfully yours,

[Signature]
Herbert D. Vogel
Chairman
Dear Mr. Vogel:

I have your letter of March 17th and have studied the reasons which led the TVA Board to locate its new steam plant at the Edgemoor site. The main one you cite - the capital saving of $30 million - would seem to provide a firm base for your decision.

I am of course anxious to utilize every weapon of government to attack the labor surplus problem in places like East Kentucky. The TVA is in the business of resource development and I want to feel that in your future thinking on the continuing problems of the valley region, you will be giving thought to the problems which go beyond the production and sale of power.

We need much creative thinking in this area and the TVA has stood in the past for original and bold thinking. This vigorous and imaginative momentum must be continued.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ John Kennedy

Herbert D. Vogel
Chairman, Board of Directors
Tennessee Valley Authority
Knoxville, Tennessee
My appointment as Chairman of the Board, TVA, was due to terminate on May 18th, 1963, but by the spring of 1962 I began to feel the lack of a challenge. I also became concerned that with the term of Tennessee's Governor expiring the following year it would be convenient and politically expedient for the President to appoint him as my successor and I did not feel that that would be good for TVA. Accordingly I submitted my resignation to the President and it was accepted, effective June 30.

Upon leaving TVA I established an office as a consulting engineer, and shortly thereafter was elected President of the Tennessee River and Tributaries Association. This involved little work, however, and opportunities as a consultant were so meagre in Knoxville that by the spring of 1963 I was becoming very restless. At the urging of some people in Memphis, including an element of the press, I toyed with the idea of running for Governor, but with no sign of adequate financial support in evidence I gave up the idea, albeit with some reluctance. After considering a number of alternatives, it happened that during a visit to Washington on behalf of the T.R. and T.A. I stopped in at the World Bank to pass the time of day with some friends, including Neil Bass and General Raymond Wheeler. Learning of my availability they passed the word to the Chief of the Projects Department and within a month I was installed therein as Engineer Adviser.

My duties were so kaleidoscopic in nature that it is difficult, if not impossible, to describe them with any accuracy. Suffice it to say, every day was interesting and every trip an adventure. I visited the countries of Europe on numerous occasions and circled the Globe several times. On a number of trips I was able to take my Lo, who has always enjoyed traveling. Our overseas rambles are listed on following pages.

After I had been in the Bank about a year and had become well acquainted, General Wheeler retired and I succeeded him as engineer member
of the Working Party for the Indus Basin Project, this in addition to my other duties. Fourteen times during the next three years I journeyed out to West Pakistan and traveled the country and this got me involved in a study for the development of Pakistan and the planning of future water-storage projects, including Tarbela Dam. Resulting from this study is a three-volume work, entitled Water and Power Resources of West Pakistan.

I retired from the Bank at the end of June 1967 and forthwith opened my own office as a consulting engineer. I was busy from the start - and the show is not over yet!
June 1922 New York to San Francisco via Panama Canal by Army Transport
Aug. 1927 Washington to New York to San Francisco via Canal by Army Transport. (Lo)
Sept. 1928 New York to Bremen by U.S. Lines; then to Berlin (Lo)
Oct. 1929 Beline to Bremen to New York (U.S. Lines) then to Washington (Lo)
July 1934 Vicksburg to New York then to Bremen, Germany on S.S. Bremen (Departed N.Y. July 1 - Returned N.Y. August 24) (Lo)
Aug. 1934 Return trip on S.S. New York to New York then to Vicksburg (Lo)
July 1936 Fort Leavenworth to Washington and New York, then by transport to San Francisco and Hawaii (Lo)
July 1938 Hawaii to Fort Belvoir via transport to San Francisco and New York (Lo)
Jan. 1944 Air to Brisbane, Australia.
Nov. 1945 Ship from Tokyo, Japan to San Francisco; then train to Washington.
June 1948 Buffalo to New York then by S.S. America to Cherbourg (PIANC meeting) Returned by ship after 10 days in France and Holland.
July 1929 Buffalo to New York, then to Panama Canal by S.S. Panama. (Lo)
1949-1952 Several trips to U.S. from Panama by both air and water. (Lo)
June 1952 Return from Panama by Panama Canal Line (Lo)
June 1956 Transport to Bremerhaven, then to London for PIANC meeting; then to Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen and return by transp. (Dick & (Lo)
June 1958 London (for meeting at Newcastle) then to Zurich (Lo)

TRAVEL FOR WORLD BANK

1963
5/18 - 5/22 Panama via Miami.
1964
4/21 - 5/22 Singapore via Honolulu and Tokyo; return via Beirut and London. Met Lo in London, then to FIDIC meeting in Edinburgh. (Lo)
5/30 - 6/11 Lahore and Rawalpindi (Murree) via London; return same route.
8/16 - 8/21 Caracas
9/6 - 9/18 Lahore via Copenhagen and Zurich; return via Rome.
10/26-11/12 Lahore via London; return via Athens, Vienna and London.
1965
1/11 - 1/14 Tegucigalpa via Miami; return via Beliz and New Orleans.
3/1 - 3/19 Lahore via Rome (Mangla Dam, Tarbela, Saidu, Peshawar) then to Tokyo and return via Honolulu.
4/13 - 4/16 London
5/23 - 6/5 Rawalpindi via London; return via Frankfurt, Copenhagen, Helsingor (FIDIC meeting), London.
6/23 - 7/17 Lahore and Rawalpindi via Copenhagen, Stockholm (PIANC), Paris; return via London, meeting Lo there after her visit to Castellares. (Lo)
9/5 - 9/10 London
10/13-10/24 Mangla Dam via London, Lahore and Rawalpindi; return same route
12/1 -12/4 Panama; return via Tegucigalpa, Guatemala City.
1966
3/14 - 3/18 London
5/19 - 6/8 Dublin (FIDIC Meeting) via Shannon, Killarney and Cork (Waterville); return via London, Oslo, Brussels and Madrid (Lo)
7/23 - 8/2 Lahore via London; return via Frankfurt and London. (Lo)
10/22-10/29 Mexico City (UPADI) (Lo)
11/7 -11/25 Lahore via Rome; return via Tokyo, Honolulu and Los Angeles
1967
1/3 - 1/7 San Juan, P.R. (NSPE Meeting) (Lo)
1/23 - 3/2 Tokyo via Rome, Lahore, Rawalpindi, Mangla, Peshawar, Bangkok, Hong Kong; return via Tokyo, Honolulu, Los Angeles. (Lo)
8/19 - 9/2 Manila via Honolulu; return via Tokyo (for Asian Bank) (Lo)
11/14-12/1 Mangla Dam Dedication via Frankfurt, Rome, Beirut; return via London. (Lo)

TRAVEL AFTER WORLD BANK

1968
7/19 - 7/29 Tokyo via Honolulu and return by same route. (Ludington group) (Hospital: 9/6 - 10/11)
1969
9/29 -10/10 Rome with stop at Castellares (International Engrs. Meeting), then Naples, Pompeii, Salerno, Amalfi Drive and Capri; return via Portugal. (Lo) (Hospital: 11/1 - 12/11)
1970
7/1 - 7/3 Mexico City via Dallas (Bovay)
10/20-11/2 Panama via Miami; return via New Orleans by Panama Line (Consultants) (Lo)
1972
2/21 - 2/28 Panama (Consultant's Meeting) (Lo)
5/25 - 6/3 Sicily (PIC Meeting) via Zurich, Locarno, Lugano, Florence, Rome. (Lo)
1973
5/16 - 6/1 Amsterdam (FIDIC Meeting); return via Vienna, Berlin, Frankfurt. (Lo)
7/8 - 7/18 Ottawa (PIANC Congress) (Lo)
1974
5/29 - 6/17 West Point, Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam (PIC Meeting), Dubrovnik, Rome, Florence, Rome. (Lo)
1975
6/4 - 6/20 Frankfurt, Hamburg (PIC Meeting), Milan, Florence; return via Milan, Frankfurt. (Lo)
9/27 -10/5 London and Harrogate (Joint Metting ASCE and British Inst. Civil Ergrs.)(Lo)