

WC/USAMHI SENIOR OFFICER ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

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INTERVIEWER: Lieutenant Colonel Robert P. Reddy

INTERVIEWEE: General Paul F. Gorman, USA Retired

[Begin Tape G-111, Side 1]

INTERVIEWER: Sir, if we may, I would like to start with your early childhood. What in your childhood, your family life, your hobbies and interests, or your secondary education, inspired you to serve in the military?

GEN GORMAN: Well, I can say immediately there is nothing in my family roots or history that would have led anyone to believe that I was going to enter the military. I believe it is true that I am the first member of my family, either side, to have served in the military since the family progenitors immigrated to the States back in the 19th Century. Of the two slight factors that were material, probably be first and foremost, was the depression. During my childhood, my father who was in the nursery business - that is to say, he grew and sold trees and scrubs, for landscaping purposes - was wiped out in the depression. Because his firm folded, he had to take up selling insurance for a living. The family went through a period of time in which income was very uncertain and therefore, one of the uncertainties that was impressed on me was that it was a distinct possibility that I was not going to go on to college.

I don't know when or how I got fixative on the notion that maybe the government would pay for my education. I do remember getting a book for Christmas, that would have been about the time I was 9 or 10 years old. It was a book written by a man by the name of Kendell Banning and it was entitled, West Point Today. That book was very powerfully motivating to me and I just decided then and there, after reading it, that I was going to some day do that. I think it is true that virtually throughout all of my subsequent years, I was striving toward that end. For example, when it became evident, sometime around time I was in my first or second year of high school my eyeballs started fading. I underwent a course of treatment with the local doctor, an optometrist I guess, who claimed that he had exercises that could increase visual acuity in cases of myopia, just a matter of getting muscles to the eye toned up. In order to pay for my course of exercises, I hired out to him as a landscape gardener with some sort of help from my parents. I don't know if they worked or not, but the fact is that I eventually did pass the physical to West Point after, I think, at least two attempts. It was not easy but I eventually did. Probably got in with a waver, I don't quite remember it that well. I think to summarize -- that is just sort of what I decided to do and I've been pushing that ways since I was about 10.

The key aspect of secondary education was that I won a scholarship to a private prep school. It was a competitive scholarship and wasn't worth a great deal. I think the total sum of money involved was like \$400, but it certainly incentivized me to believe that I could take exams competitively and prevail, and it put me in a very good school. One of the greatest strokes of fortune that I ever had. It was a school taught by the Servetian Brothers so I had male teachers. The discipline was, as you would expect, stern, unforgiving, and the Brothers were demanding of their students, and they had a method of proceeding where they pull off the brighter kids and subjected them to extra vigorous treatment. For example, I got pulled out of the stream and was required to take in my freshman year in high school, a course in German with a brother who was a native speaker. I think it is worth recording that, although I subsequently learned Russian, French, etc., I can score higher in a German test than I can in any other just because of the drilling these guys gave me back in 1940 or so when I started in.

I am eternally grateful to them for a variety of reasons, the least of which incidentally, that they required us to memorize long sections of Shakespeare and the Bible and other poetry. So, I have a lot of that in my head and my craw too.

The school was small enough so that, although not a very big frog, a small pond enabled me to sort of do what I wanted to do and get a sense of satisfaction in doing it. I think it was probably as good a preparation as you could get for the military academy. There was certainly nothing military at all about it, but in terms of meeting and demanding regiment and high standards and constant production -- not bad at all.

Now you have to remember that I went to high school during World War II, the depression colored the years before that, the war colored my high school experience and it did so in a variety of ways. Not the least of which was that the Brothers were under some pressure to turn their graduates out, so they began to build an accelerated program, and I was graduated a year early. The idea was to enable youngsters to get a start in college on the general assumption that they would be more useful to the government with that kind of additional schooling, and in addition they might qualify for one of the officer training programs that required being accepted to college as one of the prerequisites.

In any event, I was graduated, and again I got a scholarship, competitive scholarship, to MIT [Massachusetts Institute of Technology]. I took the examination in chemistry and the fellowship that I got was in chemical engineering. I am not sure why chemical engineering, except that I had taken a course in chemistry from a very good teacher who had really turned all of us on -- was kind of my last science course and one of those that seemed like a good idea at the time business. So, I signed up for chemical engineering and that put me into MIT, I would say in the fall of '44. Now this is, of course, after the invasion of Europe, the war is in full swing. Here for the first time in my life, my being enrolled in the ROTC [Reserve Officers' Training Course], was given a uniform, a rifle, and was introduced to close-order drill and all of that kind of business. Not a experience calculated to make anybody want to repeat it I must say. The ROTC at MIT was like most ROTC in those days, a sad state of disrepair. Nonetheless, there we were. I began to have a sense of participating in the war.

We backtracked at one point that I think was important for our subsequent discussion. One of the techniques that the Brothers used was to take the people at the "do well academically" and used them for peer instruction. That is to say they would double them back and rather than having the Brothers work on slow guys, they had us work on them. I ran a regular section, for example, stereotrigonometry, plain geometry, and advanced algebra every noontime. You were allowed 20 minutes to eat your sandwich and then you went out and drilled the slow guys for 40 minutes. The method of instruction that the Brothers used was blackboard recitation. That is to say, you assigned a problem to the students, they put their solution up on the blackboard, and then they were required to explain it orally. Again, I don't think that the Brothers ever gave a thought to the relationship between that form of recitation and what was going on up at West Point. It is identical to the mode of operation of the mathematics department up at West Point. So again, I was sort of advantaged by all of that.

To get back to the MIT business, having been in a small school with all of this careful handling, I was of course subjected to very severe cultural shock when I found myself in this huge factory, huge industrial operation. Not the least startling aspect of all of that was the fact that I was surrounded by contemporaries who were much, much better prepared for MIT than I was. They never had to memorize Shakespearean sonnets, they were never required to take a foreign language, they didn't have to set through hours of thomistic philosophy or other liberal pursuits. They had been focussed on MIT or engineering throughout their high school years, and they were way, way ahead of me in the understanding of the game. I just simply didn't know what in the world you were suppose to do. I recall, for example, we were all required to take mechanical drawing. They could whip through a problem in about a tenth of the time that it took me to complete a drawing. In one particular case, we were required to draw a bridge, a timber trestle bridge. I

don't think I ever finished that thing. I would turn in a sheet, the guy would say, "that's wrong." He'd show me why I was wrong and I would go back and try to do it again. I don't think I ever got the thing done. I was thrown into a calculus class in which you would be given an assignment to prepare problems to run through, etc. The instructor would come into class and talk about what he damned well wanted to talk about -- didn't have anything to do with the assignment or the problems -- never knew whether the problems were right or wrong or indifferent, there was no feedback mechanism in the business. You were just sort of left to work it yourself. I subsequently discovered, of course, that for most people, these freshman courses were a repeat of what they had done in high school. What he was telling them about is what the real work was going to be when they got into serious applications of calculus, etc.

As the months worn on, it became increasing evident to me that maybe sitting around doing this sort of thing, while the world was going through the convulsions of war, was not all together real swift. I was coming up now on eligibility for enlistment. There was a recruiting campaign under way to recruit youngsters who had some background in science or engineering to sign up for what was referred to as a radar technicians course. The Navy, in particular, was vastly expanding the application of radar to its ships and aircraft and there was enormous demand for repairman and operators. One of the things that I had gotten into in high school is radio repair and construction. These are relative simplistic radios sets, super heterinine sets. All analog of course. I had on my own, kind of mastered enough of it so I actually built some radios, phonographs, and that kind of stuff -- to design my own circuits and then go buy the pieces from the original Radio Shack, matter of fact, and put it together. In any event, one day kind of on a lark, I went down and took the examination for this program and got a very enthusiastic response from the United States Navy. They were prepared to offer me, upon raising my right hand, the august rank of seaman first class. It seemed like an offer that I couldn't refuse and I did that. I believe I enlisted on the first of May, 1945. So, before VE (victory in Europe) day and certainly before VJ (victory in Japan) day, I enlisted in the Navy and was shipped off to Great Lakes, Illinois. Now in the mean time, I had applied for West Point. I took a physical, flunked it, did not get the appointment. So the Navy thing seemed like a good option, and I was out at Great Lakes in training when the nuclear weapons were dropped on Japan in August that summer, and the end of the war came about. Well, the services started immediately to demobilize and here was the Navy with all of these people on their hands. The Navy admiral that was in charged of the program, a man by the name of Eddie, honored his commitment to us to send us to school, etc., to the extent of saying, "Look, you will get special consideration for discharge, and you will be discharged earlier than you might have been otherwise." The special consideration was that they sent us to separation centers and we became the menial labor at the separation centers for a period of time, probably 9 months, and then after that got discharged. He was exactly right, we were discharged earlier than might have been the case if the normal Navy bureaucracy had taking its course and we were in those separation centers a while. We, in effect, were close to home had a lot of advantages.

In the meantime, while I was in the separation center, I applied again for the academy, took the competitive examination and this time connected. It might have helped, that when I made my appearance this time, I was in uniform. For what ever reasons, Senator Saltensall of Massachusetts saw fit to make me his principal and I got my appointment. My Navy discharge came after it was fairly clear that I was going to go to West Point, so I had maybe, six weeks at home after discharge from the Navy and before I packed up and set off to the military academy.

I would describe all of that as simply youngster scrambling with the conviction that -- here I was the eldest of a large family -- what I had to do was to find a way into a college without being a financial burden on my

parents and I succeeded. [End Tape G-111, Side 1]

(Begin Tape G-111, Side 2]

INTERVIEWER: Sir, what stands out in your mind about your experiences at West Point, the nature and the quality of the experiences?

GEN GORMAN: The academy in those days had a fixed curriculum. The only options one had were the trace of foreign language. The academic system, however, provided for sectioning, that is to say, they divided the class in accordance with demonstrated academic ability, and you were regraded and resectioned periodically every month or so. The upper sections were permitted to branch a field from the straight and narrow stuff of the course, and I spent most of my time in the upper sections so I kind of thought the experience was exhilarating. I kind of enjoyed it. What I remember though, most vividly, would fall into these categories: One, I became active in the Cadet Magazine and ultimately became its editor. I did a lot of reading and writing and learned about layout and publications in the course of doing that and that was good fun. I met and became to know very well, the printer, George Moore of Newburgh, New York, who was one of a few very people outside the institution that I was close to back in those days. And in that era we were kept confined to West Point most of the time, but when we did begin to get privileges to go off post for short periods of time, I had in George Moore and his wife, a nearby person that I could go to and that was very rewarding kind of a contact.

Second thing, that is worth reporting in this respect, is that I was chosen to go on a trip to Europe in the summer of 1949 which was between my second and first class years, new first class man in other words. There was a group of a dozen or so cadets chosen to accompany Colonel Herman Bugleman, professor of Social Science, who took us on a trip to Europe. And because Bugleman was very broadly known throughout the Army, he was given access to the highest reaches of the command over there. General Taylor was one of the commanders who entertained us. Every place we went, from Berlin on down to Greece, we were literally given royal treatment and in Greece we were the guests of General Van Fleet who is the commander there during the war as you recall. He enabled us to go up to the front and talk to commanders on the ground. In Athens, we got not only a good dollop of Grecian culture of yore, but got to meet the royal family - it was just a eye bobbling set of experiences all the way around. I took my summer leave over there, I stayed over and continued touring, this time sort of going from riches to rags, lived on the other end of the scale for 30 days, but had a marvelous experience.

The other experience that I remember vividly, was teaching rifle marksmanship at Camp Buckner that same summer. All first class cadets were given an assignment of training the younger cadets. Mine was training third class men out at Buckner through their course in rifle marksmanship. I think that was my first experience with military training other than the sort of courses that we had during the year on how to give a class or how to conduct training. I really liked that work, I was good at it. As a matter of fact, I was a good shot so I didn't have any difficulty in identifying with the problem, and I learned a good bit about what works and what doesn't work and how to deal with the motivation factors in the business. I became the remedial instructor on the committee. When they had a guy they thought was going to bolo, they would remand him to me and I would coach him into a frame of mind where he thought he could get out there and shoot. More often than not, we succeeded in bringing them through. Beyond that, of course, was a very crowded, intense, 4 years, and I formed a lot of associations that I still treasure today. As near as I could determine, face down, comparing my schooling and my experiences, with those of contemporaries in other schools, like Harvard, civil schools, we really had a marvelous opportunity, a great education. Even compared with former Navy buddies, guys who had gone to

boot camp with me, who were down at Annapolis, I thought we were particularly well advantaged. I had opportunity there I simply never would never have had anywhere else.

So, I kind of left West Point pretty high. I can't say that I thought much about being an officer, that was just sort of a given, that is why you were there for. I don't think I spent a lot of time trying to think through what that really meant. I can't remember any studied effort on the part of the faculty or the tactical officers, to prepare us for officership beyond meeting the requirements from the academy. One of the things that strikes me going back there since, is maybe too much emphasis on where you are going in terms of officership. Not sure that kids of that age are terribly receptive to thinking down stream 5, 10, 15 years, it would have been uncharacteristic for kids of my generation. In any event, I came away from West Point very favorably disposed toward it and thought it was educationally and socially about the best I could have done. I was entirely pleased with it.

INTERVIEWER: What were the best and worst times which you can recall while you were a cadet?

GEN GORMAN: Why I guess the first class summer would be easily the best time, it was just a series of straight wins the whole summer. I guess the worst time probably would have been the winter of plebe year when you are at the nadir of hoax. I had become bored, I guess is the word. I figured I had done all that and ready to move on to something else, but it just kept going and going. It was entirely tolerable, wasn't very bad.

INTERVIEWER: Sir, did any of your classmates really surprise you as officers when compared to your opinion of them as cadets?

GEN GORMAN: Well, of course. The surprises go in several directions there. There are a lot of guys who matured very rapidly after they left the academy and developed a great deal of enthusiasm for their profession. They turned out to be remarkably good officers. Then there were guys who were very well regarded while they were cadets, got high rank as cadets in the corps, and were kind of accepted that they would go on to great things in the Army, and they turned out to be busts. There were people that you put a great deal of personal trust and confidence in, who subsequently turned out to be unreliable or who, for other reasons, faltered and fell by the wayside.

I had a roommate who was discharged from the Army for reasons of mental health and who is probably today a confirmed alcoholic, and I wouldn't have suspected that of him. Well, if someone had told me this was going to happen, I wouldn't believe it back then. I think the point to be made about that is one ought to be very, very careful about judging 20 or 21 year olds, particularly in a system such as West Point, where there not given much compass, not much latitude. The system is such that if you kept your mouth shut and did what you were told, you'd do very well. People got in trouble, or who ran higher risks, were people who were seeking a broader range of activities, particularly those that permitted self expression of one kind or another than the system readily proffered. Frequently those guys didn't do very well as cadets, but were exactly the kind of person that is going to succeed out in the Army. I think too, as I said earlier, that just a lot of us just grew up and grew up very rapidly after we got out, confronted with responsibility and I worry a good bit about the propensity that I think I have observed at West Point to try to draw certain definitive conclusions about how the individuals are going to perform in the service. I don't think you can do that very well up there.

INTERVIEWER: Sir, are there any other interesting issues concerning your formative years which we think you should include?

GEN GORMAN: All my years have been formative. My preservice years went up to 1944. No, I don't think so. But note, that from high school on, I was trained in all male institutions and they tended to be authoritarian. I don't think it hurt me a damn bit. Maybe different judgements brought to bear on that, but I readily accept the proposition that sexually particular education has a place. I personally rejoice in it, and I think that the United States ought to preserve or allow some goods at least to preserve their particularism. I, for one, would regard it a loss if VMI were required to take on women. And while I understand in spaces that led to the governments bringing women into West Point, I think I agree with General Berry, the Superintendent at the time, that it is not good for the academy, for the Army, to have done that. Ultimately we will get over it but I think something was lost that is unregainable when those decisions were taken.

INTERVIEWER: Sir, I would like to go into your assignments in military schools, including when you were a student and when you were assigned as a staff officer within the "school house". I believe that after receiving your commission, you were assigned directly to a unit which ultimately supported institutional training at Fort Benning. From your perspective as a platoon leader in the 82d Airborne Division in supporting institutional training, what were your impressions on how the Army trained officers?

GEN GORMAN: Let's first deal with the unit to which I was assigned. I joined the 325th Infantry, was assigned to G Company, 2nd Battalion, 325th Airborne

Infantry. The 325th had just gone through conversion from glider infantry to parachute infantry and the method used to bring about the conversion, was to allow units from within the 82nd to send over to the 325th. Those soldiers who "volunteered" and you can imagine the kind of soldier if you were over in the 502d, you "325d", as they said, you "325d" your eight balls. We had a group of individuals who were in the paralance of the day, genuine hoods. We had a group of NCOs who were similarly selected and I suspect were chosen because, for one reason or another, they were considered less desirable. But, we got a pretty good cut of company commanders. In fact, I think one of my best memories of that battalion were the quality of the company commanders in the other companies. I'll come back to G Company in a moment. By enlarge these were West Pointers, class of '46, many of whom were commanding their third company. So they had been overseas and most of them had been to Europe, commanding companies over there, had come back and now in an airborne infantry outfit. These guys were in one sense, real pros, they knew what they were doing and they knew how to coach young lieutenants. I think some of my best lessons on how to be an officer, were simply the role models these young regulars provided us brand new raw lieutenants. They were particularly considerate of us in knowing that we had not been to any schools, etc. They were tolerant, to a degree, of mistakes and careful to explain when we would screw up. I guess we made most of them. I can vividly recall that one of my duties was keeping the company fund. The company commander called me in one day, and he said, "I just got four checks returned from the bank for no money. I know that you say here in your records that you deposited funds more than ample to cover that. I want to know where that money is lieutenant." I said, "Sir, I do not know where the money is, I put the money in the bank." The company commander looked at me and then he said, "Okay, get your car." We got in the car and he said, "Now, take me to the bank." We drove over to the main post. You may recall that at Fort Benning, - maybe this isn't true any longer, but there were two banks back-to-back and the company fund was in bank A and I had been deposited the money in bank B. Company commander introduced me to the managers of both banks and he told the manager of bank B that if this guy ever comes in here again, throw him out. That was about it. I can think of company commanders that I have had since, given that kind of experience, would have made a object lesson of me for all of mankind. He was stern, I had ample time to regret my stupidity but he didn't make any official record of the business. My battalion commander was a fellow by the name of Clyde M. Dillinder, a regular, not a West Pointer, but a superb officer and a real teacher. He too did a lot to see to it that we lieutenants got proper guidance in doing our thing. The executive officer was a guy by the name of Locke and Major Locke was an old style officer who, I may be exaggerating a little bit here, would come in the morning and have a cup of coffee and then nip out of a flask. Then he would have breakfast and then nip out of a flask. Then he would have another cup of coffee and nip out of a flask. I can vividly recall going with soldiers as defense counsel to his summary court and you sat on a soldier made bench outside of the majors office and he would call the miscreants one at a time with a loud, "Send the next guilty bastard in." The hapless soldier would go in and salute. Then he would say, "What have you got to say for yourself?" Soldier would start to speak -- GUILTY and he would be ushered out and then you'd hear the clink as he open his drawer and fill the class again. [End Tape G-111, Side 2]

[Begin Tape G-112, Side 1]

The unit, 2nd Battalion, 325th Infantry, was sent from Fort Bragg down to Benning when the 3d Division, which had been stationed at Benning, was sent off to Korea. Third Division, when it departed, took the 29th Infantry, which had

been the infantry regiment supporting the school. The 30th Infantry, which was at Benning as well, then I think they picked up one of the regiments out of probably Fort Devens, Massachusetts, I am not quite clear on that, but they went off to Korea as a division. Where the Infantry School had a regiment plus a division in back of it to call on, the Department of the Army provided this airborne infantry battalion. Now, the question that you put to me was how and what did I learn about being an officer. Much of what I learned had to do with the fact that this battalion was by itself, we did not have all of the supports and constraints that might have obtained had we been at Fort Bragg surrounded by other regiments and supervision of the division and division staff. We were all by ourselves. It meant that during those periods of time when the unit was free to do its own training, which was significant, because much of the school work was done inside the "school house." I think that as the school accelerated its classes to increase its output to meet the demands of the war, it cut back on field exercises and training. It would have had to in any event, because that one battalion could not have supported them in the style which they had been accustomed under the 29th. Therefore, we did have a significant amount of time to do our own training and that was particularly rich time. If we wanted to fire any kind of weapons imaginable, there were ranges, ammunition, facilities available for the asking. Nobody else competing for them, do anything you want to do. My memory of that period was one of really learning weapons and learning weapons by shooting weapons, not talking about weapons, but shooting weapons and shooting at realistically placed target arrays. We would go out and put in our own pits, and put in our own target arrays, and set up our own exercises. We took the 60mm mortar, used it for indirect fire. We ran exercises with live ammunition that I am confident would have turned the safety officers hair gray if he had known what was going on out there. I will cheerfully confess that I have been hit a couple of times with fragments from mortars, getting too close in to them, but nobody hurt. When I said hit, yeah I got pinged with them. We really were teaching ourselves a lot about what soldiers and armies are suppose to do. It had great good effect on the soldiers. By enlarge, what impressed me, was that for the most part, this was the first time these kids had been doing that kind of thing. Although many of them had been in the Army 3 or 4 years, this was the first time any of them been really gotten out and done this kind of business. As I remarked yesterday, what this did, was to pull out of many of them, totally unexpected talents and capabilities.

I learned an enormous amount about soldiers and soldiering just because of that atmosphere. I also learned a lot about the depravity of man, if you will, because right across the river was the famous Phoenix City, Alabama. This was back in the days before it was cleaned up, it was wide open then. The battalion each night, sent an officer, two NCOs, and a 2 1/2-ton truck, over to Phoenix City, and the name of the game was to go through the various dives and pull out soldiers who were incapable of making it home under their own steam or who were in a state of obstructiveness that indicated they were headed for a night in the pokey. Of course, that brought me in contact with a whole side of life which I was, up until that time, largely ignorant.

I guess I would say I was also brought up hard against the culture of the officer corps in unexpected ways for example the prop blast. I don't know what goes on these days in airborne units, but in those days prop blasts were pretty rough parties. Ours went something like this. Orders appeared, I announced that I was not going to comply with the orders, I wasn't going to get involved in a drunken reverie, I was above that kind of stuff. Finally, one old first lieutenant got me by the collar and said, "Listen you damn fool, you show up there. If you don't they will make life so god damn miserable for you that you'll try to transfer out of this outfit, I guarantee it." So, I showed up along with all my contemporaries. There was over on the main post of Benning, a place called The Polo Hunt Club, out on that parade field up against 1st Division Road out there,

where they still have rings for riding horses and jumping. It was a low, rambling building. When we reported to the board, there was a board of officers behind the table, and each of us came in and reported formally to the board and were then handed a water glass full of whiskey, which we were required to consume and then sign in. Then after that you were taken out to the kitchen of the Polo Hunt Club. The kitchen of the Polo Hunt Club was a room, maybe a little bit bigger than the one we are in, and my memory was that there was a large pot belly stove in the middle of the room. It was in the autumn and it was cold so the stove was hot.

Among my contemporaries was an officer who did not drink, had never consumed alcohol and he was, to put it mildly, shocked by the whole experience. I guess, I could feel the water glass full of whiskey, but this guy was giggling, he was in the silly mood. There were among us, a newly appointed warrant officer. You will recall the fall of 1950, there was a big activation from among the enlisted ranks of guys who had had previous commissions or reserve warrants. One of the guys was going through the prop blast was a warrant officer who had been my platoon sergeant when I had joined the organization. He too, feeling his whiskey. His mood, however, was the opposite of the former guy who was giggling. He was one of the people who, when they drink they get mad, he was really getting nasty and he started picking on the giggler. The long and short of it is that I intervened and words were exchanged. My story is that the warrant officer swung at me; his story is to the contrary, but it does seem clear that I did knock all of his front teeth out. In the course of this, the giggler sat down on the stove, burned his ass to a fare-thee-well, stood up screaming and in the course of doing it, knocked the stove over and set fire to the building. Where upon the Fire Department came, the police came. It occurred to those of us who were in an advanced state of imbibition that it would be a great

good idea to take over the hoses and have a hose fight. Among the other things that the firemen had to contend with in putting out this fire, which turned out to be relatively minor, was a bunch of us turning the hoses on one another and otherwise disporting. Naturally the party was capped down, the warrant officer was taken off for medical care, my giggling friend was taken off for medical care. When they got everybody back together, the business resumed and we got more whiskey.

I don't remember much about the rest of it, except that at some point in time, they brought us out one by one. One of the acts that they went through is that you are going overseas so you got to get a shot. There is a scar right here -- these guys had a huge, I assume it was a training aid, hypodermic syringe with a needle on it about as big around as your little finger. I said something to the effect that, "You wouldn't dare stick me with that you son-of-the-bitch," whereupon he did. I got my whole arm opened up with the damn thing. I still carry that scar, that is where that thing went in. It was an indecorous evening.

I don't know how we got home. I can remember, however, two things that happened subsequent. I'm in my BOQ [bachelor officers quarters] and in bed, I became aware that there was loud talk out in the hall and it was the warrant officer with a bunch of his buddies. They were coming to find me to beat out my teeth. I can recall having enough presence of mind to roll out of the bed and get under the bed. These guys came in, they were all drunk and they stumbled around. I obviously had been vomiting because they were appalled at the condition of the floor, etc. They left and in the wake of these guys, comes a captain of the battalion who found me under the bed, got me up in bed, cleaned up the room a little bit. Then the son-of-the-bitch tries to kiss me and I apparently decked him too. I have this vague memory of this nightmarish situation. In any event, things were pretty tense around the battalion for some time thereafter. No action was ever taken against me, never heard of that warrant officer again, he just disappeared off the screen. The captain disappeared shortly thereafter too. Again, not a very edifying experience. What that taught me is that you just got to be pretty careful in letting these "customs" grow because they will very rapidly get out

of control if somebody doesn't sit on them. This was a clear case where someone was going to get hurt sooner or later and I gather that in subsequent years people did.

That particular night, incidentally, one of my fellow platoon leaders never did get home, he spent the night under the bushes. He was involved in the hose fight, had gotten drenched, knocked down, and just rolled over under the bushes and went to sleep. They found him the next day and he was encased with ice. The doctor said that probably saved his life. Another guy drove himself home but had the presence of mind to know that he couldn't make it all the way. So he stopped, got out of the car, and proceeded toward his abode. This is a married officer and he makes it home. His wife described me that she heard scratching at the door that she thought was a dog. Went to the door and here he is on all fours with the knees of his trousers worn out and knees a mass of blood because he had come on hands and knees pretty near a mile of gravelly roads. She had no idea where he came from or why he was in this condition, but she got him in and got cleaned up, put him to bed. The next day they found the car sitting in the middle of the road with the door open and motor running. He had just gotten out and moved off. But, like I say, we were just fortunate we didn't have someone killed that night. It also taught me something however, about my own nature under heavy drinking. Subsequently avoided that, in fact, maybe that was one of the purposes of the initiation, didn't drink at all for a while.

Now we come to the school. I guess I would report three impressions that I got from the school. First, the school was a large show biz. I mean what we did in the way of "demonstrations" were as carefully managed as a high school play. It was all designed to convey a specific series of impressions to people sitting in bleachers. We were performers and whenever I tried to say, "Well, you know we don't do it that way in this outfit," I immediately got stepped on by a very high ranking, field grade that wanted me to understand that I would do exactly what I was told and see to it that all of my people did exactly what they were told, when they were suppose to do it, because that is the way we do business here.

My second impression, was that there were a few guys on the faculty who were genuinely interested in troops and training. However, they were so few that to be exceptional and stand out with my mind, but on some of those few occasions these guys would come down and explain to the troops what was being taught and get the troops to understand why they were doing it. This was so rare that I treasured those kinds of moment. I can still recall the individuals who took that time and trouble to ensure that the troops understood what it was that was suppose to be happening, or that I understood so I could explain to the troops. But more often than not, it was a matter of me reporting with the troops and then they would go out and sort of one by one individually, put the soldiers in the places they wanted them. Bad, bad news from my point of view, in establishing proper rapport with the troop unit.

The third general impression was that because we were the only troops on post, we were general purpose infantry. One of these exercises I got to put on frequently because I liked doing it, was the armored infantry show. There I had a particularly good instructor, one of those people I can remember. We really had a lot of fun doing that armored infantry exercise. He let us change routes and play around with the game. He was this good -- he told the class one time, the platoon is up in front of the class, this is an armored infantry platoon. I'm the first squad leader and that kind of stuff. But he told the class that he was going to give us an attack order now and he was going to allow the platoon leader to select the route to the objective and to lift the supporting fires, etc. He said, "Now I am going to tell the platoon leader as I'm telling you that these vehicles, [we had the M39 which was a open top, full tracked personnel carrier] have a number of limitations, one of them is they are not very good on steep sided hills, that is to say, if you get the vehicle canted up with a lot of weight on the down hill track that it will attempt to throw the

track off the drive sprocket. You must pick your routes (and he talked about what would be a good choice and what would be a bad choice). We are going to let these folks go where they want to, we will watch it and talk about it." And by god, one of the vehicles succeeded in throwing a track because I had swung up the hill side to take advantage of some concealment. I think that this guy knew I would do it,

but he had the presence of mind to use that as an example. He did two things though. He said, "Okay, the vehicle did get into trouble, we lost a track, but you noticed what they did. They immediately dismounted

and continued the attack on foot. The platoon leader compensated for their absence by moving his machine gun and he had that squad come up on the objective and all that good stuff." Then he came down afterwards and congratulated the troops for carrying it off. Now, that was kind of a free wheeling demonstration that was unusual at Benning at that time. Most of them were very rigid, have to be done just exactly this way, and just exactly in this spot, etc.

One other sort of example of what I am talking about here. We were issued the 57mm recoilless rifle in the rifle platoons. In the course of one of these, they were referred to as problems in infantry platoon in the attack, the instructor wanted a 57mm crew to come up abreast of the bleachers, take aim at a sandbag parapetted foxhole up on the hill at the front and hit it to make the point that among the covering fires for the platoon were its

own direct fire weapons. I had a lot of gas pains with that because first of all he could not fire 57mm from there because you are here at this goddamn bald of a hill. I wouldn't send the 57mm squad there, I would take the 57mm squad with me and fire from over there. Moreover, I didn't think the 57mm was a very good weapon for going after that kind of a target, I must rather do it was artillery. He said, "Shut up. Get that guy out there and he is to hit." He gave me, I think, three rounds during the practices, and my gunner hit three times running so he was very pleased with all of that.

[End Tape G-112, Side 1]

[Begin Tape G-112, Side 2]

GEN GORMAN: We ran the the problem for the class. It turned out on that day, General Mark Clark showed up. He was in the bleachers when the thing went. And son of a gun if I don't get a message, I'm up on the objective going through my reorganization drill, to report to the bleachers that General Clark wants to see me. I go at a dead run all the way from the objective

to the bleachers, get there and Clark puts my heels together and chews my ass up one side and down the other for stupid use of that recoilless rifle. "Why in the world did you think that this was a good weapon against that kind of a target? He missed the target, he is exposed, he is up on top of a hill, the back blast will get those people killed. Don't you know any better than that lieutenant?" The son of the gun instructor stood there and let all of that happen without saying one bloody word. "Yes Sir, it won't happen again, we'll hit it next time, we'll do it right." That was the last time they let me run that particular show. What did they learn, hell, goddamn it, stand up for your people. Series of little things, these are the kinds of things that lieutenants learn, I guess, in anybody's outfit. But it seemed to me, at least from my very parochial view, that the opportunities to learn came faster and more pointently just because of the strange circumstance in which we found ourselves.

I really got a lot of professional mileage out of those months and years. One last anecdote I guess, is also highly instructe. Eventually the entire regiment was moved down to Benning. As the Korean war grounded on and the school expanded, they brought down the entire 325th. I was out on a rifle range with my platoon, the platoon was being used mainly for road guards, ammunition detail,

and there was a detail from another post unit in the target house pasting targets. My guys are pulling targets, ammunition, range cards, etc. My platoon sergeant was up supervising the pit detail and I got a telephone call on the firing line. I was up in the tower running the range, and I got a call from the platoon sergeant saying, "You better get down here, there is trouble in the target house." I went down and

discovered my soldiers on one side of the target house and these pasters on the other side. My soldiers had their jump knives out, switchblade knife, and the jibonies from post had those big thick handles that they use, they had taken the brushes off the paste and they had these things. The confrontation was over the fact that these guys were mere legs and had the affrontry to wear jump boots and Carcarons at that, and several of my soldiers had decided to cut those boots off. I succeeded in separating the business, I told the sergeant to take my soldiers and replace the road guards. Take these guys and double time them out to replace all of the road guards, bring the road guards back to take their place in the target house and I would deal with them later. I then turned to the still armed guys and told them to lay down their clubs. A couple of them refused to do so I remonstrated with them a little bit, and I eventually did get them outside at a position of attention and talk to them about good order and discipline, etc. I am prepared to admit that they may have been there for as long as 10 minutes but I didn't think much about the incident. All of the guys on our side of the thing got some extra duty out of it, a goodtalking to from the company commander, and we relieved them of a lot of knives and other stuff they were not suppose to have on their person, and I went on leave.

I came back and discovered that I was the subject of a investigation preliminary to court-martial, I recall, forget what article of war this thing was going on. Turned out that, of course, all of these guys are black and the local NAACP [National Association for the Advancement of Colored People] Chapter had a civilian lawyer who brought charges and the post commander had appointed an investigating officer to go through the precourt-martial business. My goodness, depositions were taken and testament, you wouldn't believe the story that these guys had concocted about. I had used racial apropos terms, I had made them stand in the sun for an hour, etc., etc. All of which, of course, was nonsense because I had a class full of students out on the range there and I don't think we interrupted the firing on the range more than, at the most, an half hour. In any event, the investigating officer apparently recommended no trial but that I was to get a counseling and the commanding officer of the regiment, whose name was Mittland, known fondly to the troops as "mother Mittland," called me in. He held up a piece of paper and said, "You have never seen this, but what this is, is your promotion to first lieutenant." He tore the paper up. He said, "Don't you ever bring disrepute upon this regiment again. Let this be a lesson to you. Dismissed." Well, shortly thereafter I was posted to the 508th. I assume that the 325th was doing to the 508th what it had been done to it, and guess who was foremost on the hit list to go out to the 508th? The 508th was being formed in Benning as an independent airborne infantry regiment and General Joe Cleland, the great white father, big mane of white hair, was to command the regiment. It was stationed out in Sand Hill, Fort Benning. I went over there and I again had the marvelous experience of going through advanced individual training and basic unit training with a group of new soldiers, new sergeants, and new NCOs. By this time, I really got this act together, we were doing just great.

My battalion commander believed in night operations, he believed traveling light, he had us stripped down to the point where he took away all of our mess gear except our spoon. I can vividly recall going through the mess line with my soldiers with my entrenching tool held out which they loaded up with fried eggs, bacon, potato. Then you sit down with your spoon and eat off your entrenching

tool. I learned a lot from all of that about how to do the business, night jumps, forced marches, the whole nine yards. A lot of it was pretty easy, these guys believed in live fire exercises. You know what I knew about live fire exercises, I was ready to go with it. Then I got sent back to the school to go through the basic course.

That, as I remarked yesterday, was a pretty satisfying experience because I knew why the school was doing what they were doing, and I was able to kind of kibitz or to look over the instructors shoulder because I had enough of a grasp as to what was going on. I even got to see some of the demonstrations that I use to put on from the bleacher point of view. Then, after importuning the Department of the Army for 2 years, I'd been up to Washington, I went in to see General Taylor who was by then the DCSOPS [Deputy Chief of Operations for Operations and Plans] of the Army. I said, "You know I was at your house last summer, I want to go to Korea." He gave me a pat on the popo and sent me back down to be a platoon leader in the 82nd, and said, "We need them too." I went back repetitively any time I could, trying to get on orders to Korea, couldn't do it. Come out of that school and I'm on orders to Germany. Well, that seemed to me to be clearly a mistake at the Pentagon for me, they just didn't have it right. So, I got on a plane and flew out to that replacement camp which was near San Francisco, it would be what, Stoneman? Camp Stoneman? I reported in and the adjutant of this replacement center said, "Gorman, we don't have anybody like that on our list." I said, "You will. It just a matter of getting the orders through." I then went to the nearest pay phone and called the infantry branch and said, "This is Lieutenant Gorman and there is a problem out here at Fort Stoneman, they don't have my name on the orders list." The guy says, "Well, we will get that fixed right now." I said, "Would you be good enough to call Captain so and so at this number and just tell him that orders are coming?" I went back and the captain said, "I just got this call from Washington, yes, your orders will be in, you are on draft such and such, get ready to go." You know I am confident that somebody wanted to go to Korea was so exceptionally, not only no questions asked, sort of delighted. In any event, we are getting off the schools business. The main thing is I probably was among the most fortunate of my contemporaries when I arrived at my troop unit in combat. I had had probably the best experience that anybody could have gotten at that point of time in the war.

INTERVIEWER: Sir, a couple of quick questions about basic course when you went through it. Seeing what was done from the prospective of supporting the program of instruction during the curriculum, do you think that the school was sensitive to integrating tactics and techniques, which were emerging or developing in Korea, into an accepted body of doctrine which they were teaching at the time, or was there a reluctance on the schools part to incorporate new ideas and new ways of thinking?

GEN GORMAN: Well, when you read Marshal, you will discover that he makes the point that schools change very, very slowly in terms of time and very, very reluctantly because of the elaborate mechanisms that has to be adjusted to take in new ideas. At the time I was in the 325th, there weren't any lessons from Korea because the only people that had come back were in hospitals or body bags. It wasn't until, really about the time that I got to the basic course, that we began to see people on the platform that actually had been in combat. I can recall a number of instructors saying, "Now, the school has been teaching this, but you should appreciate that in Korea this obtained and there will probably be an adjustment of Army doctrine down stream." I got the distinctive impression therefore, of a kind of a doctrine in transition. I recall a lot of debate at the school over whether the book is right or not. Do it by the book was one enjoiner, one bit of advise that many senior officers gave to students. Again, the terminology senior officers now from the prospective of

second lieutenant -- the major said, "Do it by the book." And there was a school of thought that the problem with the units in Korea that were having trouble, was exactly that the people didn't know the book, didn't understand the doctrine, therefore, weren't defining doctrine properly. Then there was, of course, the third view, that this is a totally different war that we have ever had to fight and these are totally different enemies so we need a totally different way of doing the thing.

I suspect that all of those views are correct. There were some people that didn't know what the book was, therefore, couldn't throw the book away because they never had it. There were people that were doing it by the book and succeeded and there were people doing it by the book, failed to deal with the situation on the ground and got their ass waxed. I think probably examples could be cited readily of all of those. There was a perpendity of people who had been teaching down there for a long time, to read through the stuff coming out of the theater for examples to prove what they had been teaching was right all the time. Probably a great deal of circumspection is warranted when it comes to dealing with the question of combat experience in the school. General Marshal makes the point that at Benning his greatest problem was combat experience. The guys that would get down there and insist on teaching October 1918 again and again and again. He had to keep making the point that circumstances of October 1918 would never be repeated again, no point in going back to that. I think that is probably good advise to anybody that is worried about our school system. But Benning was in transition. We talked yesterday about the issue of the organization of the squad and role of the BAR [Browning Automatic Rifle] and all of that. It took Benning almost half a dozen years, from the start of the war until they really got that squared away. And even then many people would tend to think that they had now come upon a new formulae, a new cookbook, recipe that was going to work in all circumstances -- not like that.

INTERVIEWER: I believe the next school you attended was the Marine Corps equivalent of the Infantry Officer Advanced course. How well did that school prepare you, and what were the differences between the Marine Corps approach to training young officers, lieutenants and captains, and the way the Army did it at Fort Benning?

GEN GORMAN: First of all, the school I attended was called the junior course and most of the people in my class were field grade officers. In the Marine Corps, you have got your junior course after you have been a company commander and you are probably a newly promoted major or something like that. In any event, most of the Marines I remember were either majors or fairly senior captains, about to be majors. There were some exceptions, but clearly the bulk of the class were pouchy majors. Most of these guys I would characterize as men who had been athletes, who were literally going to pot, they were putting on weight faster than they could cope with it. Most of them made their own beer. Seriously, we talked a lot about what is the right recipe. Most of them smoked cigars, the class was almost entirely lecture and it took place in a hall, a sort of a big auditorium. I can vividly recall that as the day would go on, the smoke up in the top of room would accumulate to the point that it would lower. By midafternoon, you couldn't see the top of the vu-graphs because the smoke pall had descended to the point where it obscured the top of the screen -- kind of peered under the smoke. I remember also that the lecture almost always began with a dirty joke and the raunchier, the bodier the story, the better. One instructor sort of vying with another to tell a particularly odious kind of a joke. I can recall further that the butt of those jokes -- no pun intended -- was more often than not, Marine officer ladies. The kind of stuff that today would clearly be court-martial or worse, to these guys were countless little crimes. The focus of the course was amphibious operations

and the amphibious operations we had drummed into us were inherently a matter of preplanning. Everything had to be planned out to the last iota because they had to go on the ship in the right order, so you can walk the ship in the right order and get across the beach in the right order. Unfortunately, the Marine Corps had allowed this emphasis on thinking through contingencies to fritter over into their tactical thing. Their approach to tactics was exactly try to anticipate every contingency right in order, to beat that hiatus. It was the kind of schooling that Marshal objected to so strenuously as we discussed here yesterday. I have a vivid memory of three incidents.

One was in the fall of the year, it was cold and the leaves were off the trees. Classes had been taken out to join the class of the Marine Corps Command and General Staff College in a command post exercise. The command post exercise involved tents set up in the woods connected by EE-8 telephones, representing the several echelons, organizations within the division and students playing the role of commanders and staffs at echelons down to battalions. It was a master incident list scripted map drill. One was permitted to do a modest amount reconnaissance and the map we were using for the exercise was the map of the area, so there was some attempt made -- in fact, as I remember it, we were taken out several times on reconnaissance before the exercise began, maybe for a week the previous week to sort of work on this and then we all went out to run the thing. This is 1957 mind you, and I was flabbergasted to discover that the way they fought when you went to war. Everybody was issued the old message book, the World War I message book, with the filmsies and when you wanted to send a message to higher or lower, you wrote it out on your message book and you gave it to the sergeant who filed a copy, who gave it to the message center, who then had somebody, some private, read the message. I watched this and it boggled my mind that the people were doing this. I finally went over to a member of the faculty, a lieutenant colonel, and said, "Hey Sir, you guys really do this?" [End Tape 2, Side 2]

[Begin Tape 3, Side 1]

GEN GORMAN: He said "Uh no, your know. We send radio messages, then we write them up the record." I said "Holy smoke, I can't imagine going through that kind of thing." Some of these messages were, for example, A company move from position X to position Y, signed Duflicks, lieutenant colonel. I then said "why wouldn't the colonel or the operations officers just get on the phone and tell the company commander to move?" Oh, he said, "We have learned in the Corps that you got to encrypt these messages and so we have this system so the messages can be encrypted. On the islands, the Japanese were all over our telephone lines." I said, "But if the company is moving from A to B and you got the A and B plotted on your map, and he's got it on his map, the Japs don't -- why do you need this?" He said "You don't understand, you know, get back." There is a good example of how not to run a war. Another incident, we were watching a demonstration, we are now back, kibitzing instruction, and here is the Marine Corps school doing the same sort of thing I was doing. In this instance, the demonstration platoon was in LCVP [landing craft vehicle personnel], full track, big gismo. There are three of these, each of which carried 40 men a piece, so you have these three attack packadurms wandering over the ground. They were to attack a low lying hill on which there was suppose to be a defending enemy platoon. The situation was such that the enemy had just pushed forward and this was the lead company of the counter attacking battalion of the regiment. These guys went through this kabuki where they bring these vehicles up into a draw and they dismount and they discharge the platoons, and the platoons spread out and they get into an attack formation, and they go long and advanced to an assault position, then the artillery comes in and then they

do the same thing that the Army did, all go up and assault the objective. we got all through this and the instructor said, "I'm glad to take your questions."

I put my hand up and said, "Did you give any consideration to not dismounting?" He looked at me and said, "What do you have in mind?" I said, "Well, if the enemy had, in fact, just arrived up on this hill, they haven't had any time to dig any fortifications so they are going to be very vulnerable to your artillery. Why wouldn't one solution be just to drench that hill with artillery and go right up over it with your armored vehicles, keep your troops inside your armored vehicles, and continue on to the next terrain feature that you want to occupy, instead of punching him in the nose and having to take conceivable his artillery and his counter attack and we just have a lot of blood expended for a meaningless piece of ground. I said it was so low, it is hard to understand why we are fighting for this thing." His response was, "Okay wise guy, you come down here and you tell us how you would run this." I said, "Well, the first thing I would do," I took out my message book, "get rid of that mother. Now we are going to have to understand that we've got radios, communications with this guy, I would pick out the radio and I would give him the following kind of an order. I would describe an attack, you are going to attack and seize hill 432, which was the next superior terrain feature, you are going to do so by traversing hill so and so and then follow the road up the hill and back here. I am going to deliver VT [variable time] fires on the last named hill until you have gotten beyond it, then I am going to move the fires with you until you are approaching your objective. The fires will work the objective over and then on your command, we will cease the fires. But we are going to keep you on artillery fire a while, speed is in order and don't worry about any of the enemy that you may leave behind you, we will take care of that later on." The instructor, to his credit, said, "Yeah, that damn well may work." He said, "But supposedly you had miscalculated, suppose for example, they had put out just one mine, you know one mine, one LCVP is one platoon." I said, "Right, I'll go back to my scenario. You attack up on that hill, if the enemy has got any presence of mind, he is going to wack you back unless you are extraordinary quick about getting those guys back in those vehicles and get on to the objective, get on to other business, they could take as much of a beating as you are going to give the guys that seize the hill in the first place." We had this long exchange and when we got through, I drew a round of applause from my colleagues, my class.

The other thing I remember about that program, the other anecdote that worth discussing. We were talking about airborne operations, attack by airborne troops of the amphibious lodgment. The enemy tries it, and of course in the description, gets whomp. Sort of inevitable -- I'm getting hot under the collar listening to all of this and finally, at the end of the class, I put up my hand. "Of course you are going to win presented by that kind of stupid airborne commander but how about a guy that does it right? What would you do about him?" Then I get invited back up on the stage. They had those kinds of mikes that hung on wire frame down on your chest, so I went through a big pantomime of opening the wire out so I could get the pin head that had preceded me I would get the thing on. Then I went on to describe what a proper airborne attack of this thing would have looked like and therefore, how much more difficult it would have been to defend again. It is not that you cannot defend against it, you just got to be prepared for considerable different kind of tactics then was portrayed. Well, again got a lot of favorable response from my Marine colleagues. There were only five Army officers in that class, one of them was General Volney Warner, who went on, of course, to be CINCREC [Commander-in-Chief, Readiness Command], 4-star and a great commander of airborne troops. I saw him recently and it reminded me of that class. By enlarge though, my memories of the year were mostly centered on the social aspects of the business -- Marines are good people. They are a marvelous institution. I have a great deal of admiration for them as such. I did not think much of their tactics and techniques, but you would expect that. I don't think

I would have thought much of the tactics and techniques if it was presented at Benning either. There you are.

INTERVIEWER: Sir, I believe your next assignment was as a history teacher at the military academy. When you returned as an instructor, did you find many changes from when you were a cadet?

GEN GORMAN: I come back from Korea in 1953, I think I probably got back in the States in February. Battalion was up on Hill 347, old Baldy, Pork Chop Ridge, that region. And as I left Pork Chop, as a matter of fact, we were mortared, things were getting pretty tense. Of course that whole thing blew up after I departed, I think it was in March that we lost old Baldy. March and April, the battles for Pork Chop took place. I had to go back in the hospital because my hand, which I had a gun shot wound in from the previous spring, had become squenched up, tendons had collapsed on me and I couldn't open my right hand. So, they sent me back to the hospital to have an operation to cut those tendons and restore a grasp, successful by the way. I was told I would have to be on convalescent leave and limited duty for some period of months, so I sought out an academic experience and was able to go up to West Point. I went in to see Colonel Lincoln, who was Colonel Buckner's successor at West Point and he offered me a chance to go up to Harvard prepare for an assignment as an instructor at West Point. I cheerfully signed up for that. I am still a lieutenant, you understand and I was one of the junior officers at West Point when I arrived, but I went up to Harvard for a year, then went to West Point. So my experience at West Point is directly after Korea. I am still a very junior officer, and was promoted to captain probably in '55, or '56, somewhere in there, while I was at West Point. The question, aside from the chronology of it all, did I find many changes? Well, being an instructor at West Point is very different from being a cadet at West Point. Did I find many changes as far as cadets were concerned? No, the courses were not all together different, there was no shift in academic policy, but it was a wholly different position to be in as an instructor of what I had been as a cadet.

INTERVIEWER: You mentioned earlier while you were at West Point as a cadet, that there was very little discussion of this idea of officership and what it meant to be an officer. I was wondering, if when you went back as an instructor, did you find that situation to be the same or was there now beginning to be more discussion about officership and what it meant?

GEN GORMAN: Well, the answer to the question is yes. I suspect that was a function of the war, the questions over nuclear weapons, the use of force, is there a need for an Army, a whole raft of issues that were on everybodys tongue those days. Indeed there was a lot of talk about the obsolesce of infantry, would we need infantry any more because we have these marvelous weapons as a retaliation, they would do everything and we wouldn't need infantry. There was a lot of concern therefor about which branch should the men interest themselves in, which branch would get the best and the brightest.

I can recall three things about that. First, there were groups of us that use to meet for the purposes of -- we are talking about instructors now -- discussing professional issues. I can remember those of being some of the most educational kinds of experiences that I had as an officer. For example, it was there in those seminars -- more often than not we were sitting around in someones quarters with beer kind of late night, college student sort of debate -- but it was there that I first articulated the idea that being a commander ought to be a speciality and that being a commander was not for all officers; good commanders were very special and rare people and the Army ought to find them and treasure them, etc. I had not thought about that much. It worried me a little bit because the guys that were making these points, were relatively senior field grade officers, not on the

academic faculty, but on the so called tactical officers meaning they were running discipline on the military training for the Corps. But these were experienced officers, good combat records and I hadn't really taken that idea into account until I heard it articulated and defended abely by some people who I really respected. This was the first time I began to hear complaints about centralization, began to hear complaints about lack of integrity at the top. At least among some of us, those discussions carried over into the section room with the cadets. There were a number of cadets who got intrigued early on with professional issues. Now I suspect that was the case when I was there, although I don't remember it and it certainly didn't involve me. Okay, maybe this goes on all over at West Point and just that I stayed off line from it when I was there. But, once again, I don't think this was part of the curriculum.

One thing though, that did come up which I would cite you in this context. The issue arose over the difference between the faculty at West Point and the faculty at Annapolis. You recall at this point in time the Air Force Academy is just being formed so the issue is how do you do that, what is the right way. At Annapolis, most of the instructors in most of the departments are civilians full time, educational professionals. The military officer is relatively rare, maybe reluctant to tell some of the optical study English, come back and be an English professor. If there were Naval officers on the academy faculty, they would tend to be on the engineering side or tend to be in supervisory positions. Whereas, at West Point, the notion was that they wanted junior officers in the section rooms as role models for the cadets. Just because of my natural mind set, I tended to draw my cadets into discussions of military science and tactics. I ran a course in European history and I ran a course in Far Eastern history. I was eventually appointed the assistant professor of Far Eastern history, but those were courses sort of in the military history of what we talked about in the classroom, was more often than not, how did the phenomenon that you read about in your reading assignment manifest itself? What was the military manifestation of these events, how did they go about doing it? I was well supported in my history program by one of the guys over at the West Point museum who would pony up for me weapons from each era and we would talk about the ideas that were implicit in the weapons. They are sort of an expression of the societies that they represented and the military organizations and the forms that they took. It was good fun and I was always grateful for the museum for making that happen. I had, just last week, a professor from Washington and Lee sitting right on that sofa where you are sitting and he looked over at that bayonet and it said something to the effect that he hadn't realized that they were so long. I said, "Well, they were fundamentally symbols, they were incitement to the soldiers to close with and destroy the enemy and they were made as dramatic a symbol as possible." He said, "You mean to terrorize the enemy?" I said, "No, the courage of our own few and few of the enemy could get close, it would be rare if you ever got close enough to see your bayonet and I think he would have few things to worry about beside the length of your blade in any event." But that thing is an idea, a romantic idea at best. I doubt if very many men have been killed in the modern era by a bayonet, but it was considered absolutely essential to being a proper infantryman to have that on your rifle. Here we are just at the first of the century -- you know I gave them my little lecture on how ideas change -- the bayonet is atrophy, it is shrinking, it is vestigial now and all but disappeared, it probably will in the next set of go arounds. I said, "I would hope professor, in your courses that you get into issues like that." He said, "Well, I can but I just never heard anyone talk like that." I then took him through th