

RESUME OF SERVICE CAREER

of

GEORGE CRAIG STEWART, Major General

DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH: 28 May 1902, Selma, Alabama

YEARS OF ACTIVE SERVICE: Over 39 years

DATE OF RETIREMENT: 31 Oct 1954

MILITARY SCHOOLS ATTENDED:

The Air Service Flying School, Basic and Advanced Course

The Command and General Staff College

EDUCATIONAL DEGREES

United States Military Academy - BS Degree - Military Science

MAJOR DUTY ASSIGNMENTS (last 10 years)

<u>FROM</u>	<u>TO</u>	<u>ASSIGNMENT</u>
May 42	May 44	Chief of Trans, Mediterranean Theater
May 44	Feb 45	Chief Trans Officer, Southern Line of Communication
Feb 45	Jun 45	Dep Chief of Trans, European Theater
Jun 45	Feb 45	Chief of Trans (Western Pacific), Manila
Feb 46	Aug 46	Chief of Trans, HQ DA
Aug 46	Oct 48	CG, Ft Eustis
Oct 48	Dec 48	Dep CO, 10 th Inf Div, Ft Riley, KS
Dec 48	Sep 49	CO, Operation Snowbound
Sep 49	Sep 50	Dep Maneuver Commander, Operation Sweetbriar, Yukon
Sep 50	Dec 50	CG, 3 rd Log Cmd, Korea
Dec 50	Sep 51	Dep CG, 2 nd Inf Div, Korea

Sep 51 Jan 53 Dep for Foreign Mil Aid, ACSLOG, HQ DA
Jan 53 Oct 54 Dir, Mil Asst, Off of Sec Def

PROMOTION

DATE OF APPOINTMENT

2LT	12 Jun	23
1LT	14 Aug	28
CPT	1 Aug	35
MAJ	1 Jul	40
LTC	24 Dec	41
COL	1 Aug	42
BG	21 Sep	43
MG	16 Mar	53

US DECORATIONS AND BADGES

Distinguished Service Medal w/Oak Leaf Cluster
Silver Star Medal w/Oak Leaf Cluster
Legion of Merit
Bronze Star Medal
Silver Life Saving Medal

SOURCE OF COMMISSION USMA (Class of 1923)



INTERVIEW ABSTRACT

Interview with **Major General (Ret) George C. Stewart**

On 7 June 1985, **CPT Timothy W. Caddell** interviewed **Major General (Ret) George C. Stewart** at General Stewart's home in Asheville, North Carolina. General Stewart is a graduate of the United States Military Academy, class of 1923. The interview covers General Stewart's career and personal experiences from December 1941 to his retirement in October 1953.

In 1941, **Major General Stewart** was in Washington, D.C., working in the Pentagon; he described how he left the Pentagon for assignment in London, England. He listed several problems he experienced while planning for operation TORCH - the invasion of North Africa - and the steps he and his staff took to solve these problems. General Stewart also described the initial days of the invasion and how he helped establish the 3rd Port in Oran. Later, General Stewart was named Chief of Transportation of SOS, AFHQ, and NATOUSA, and he stated the facts around this appointment. **General Stewart** described in detail how he and his staff planned for the invasion of Sicily, Italy, and southern France.

After his tour in France, **General Stewart** was transferred to the Pacific and held the job of Chief of Transportation, SWPA; he listed several problems experienced as well as the solutions to these problems. He then presented his experiences during the Inchon invasion. At the Inchon invasion, General Stewart held the job title of Logistics Support Commander. He not only held this job during the invasion, but also during the planning phase.

General Stewart, during the last part of the interview talked about his tour of duty at Fort Eustis, Virginia. He discussed the state of the Officer Corps and enlisted personnel

in the areas of duty, honor, and country; the condition of the post and ideas he incorporated to improve these conditions and the course of instruction at the school.

The final pages of the transcript deal with **General Stewart's** thoughts and description of major points of interest. A logistician/transporter must be concerned with a contingency plan's planning phases. These areas are: the Theater Chief of Transportation must know what is coming into the theater and on what mode of transportation; the transfer sheds in the port area must never be used for long term storage of supplies; the Theater Chief of Transportation must attempt to find out what operations the area commanders are planning for in order to adequately support them; the equipment used by U.S. forces must be kept simple; the Transportation Officer at any level should be free from staff interference; and the U.S. Army must remain on good terms with the privately owned railroads.

INTERVIEW

This is the Army Transportation Oral History interview with **Major General (Ret) George Craig Stewart** conducted by **Captain Tymothy W. Caddell** at **Major General Stewart's** home in Asheville, North Carolina.

MG STEWART: In May 1941, I was assigned, when a major, to the Army General Staff in Washington. At that time, there was a small section of the General Staff that supervised movements and transportation. [COL, later MG Charles P.] Gross and [COL, later MG Frank S.] Ross were the only two officers in that section. There was no Transportation Corps. Movements that took place in the United States were handled by the Quartermaster Corps, which arranged for trains and so forth. Then the war broke out.

I wanted to go to the war - I was a trained infantryman and had never had anything to do with transportation as such. They absolutely refused to let me leave Washington, although I had several opportunities for duty as a combat officer. Meanwhile, Colonel Ross had finished his tour on the General Staff. He and I had been friends since service at Fort Benning. He came to me and said, "Look, you want to get out of this place, don't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"If you'll go with me," he said, "they'll let you leave."

"I've got one question," I said. "Are we going to the war?"

"We'll be overseas in two weeks," he said.

"I'll go," I said without knowing where I was going.

That's how I got into the Transportation Corps.

We went to England, and [MG, later LTG John C.H.] Lee appointed me Planning and Liaison Officer. I didn't know exactly what that meant but I found out when the plans for the invasion of North Africa came. General Lee made me responsible for working with the British to ensure that the American forces were properly loaded. The British loaded their ships and ours using civilian stevedores. That was their system. However, our principal problem was there was no official policy document or field manual that told us anything about our system of transportation overseas. There was not even a pamphlet on how equipment should be marked. Colonel John McConnekie, who was a fine officer, and I sat nights writing a manual on how to mark equipment. We had no particular difficulty upon implementation of our policies, and the British were very good at loading expeditions.

In my position as Planning and Liaison Officer, I had an Adjutant General Section through which I could issue orders. Well, I wanted to go to Africa, and I told Colonel Ross and BG [later MG Thomas B.] Larkin, who had a great deal to do with my life and the operations in Africa, Italy, and Europe. He and Colonel Ross told me I could not go, that I was to stay in London. However, since I had authority through my Adjutant General Section to issue orders, I had an order issued assigning me to the 3d Port, which was to open the Port of Oran in Algeria (North Africa).

One of the most disturbing things that happened during the planning stage for invading North Africa involved security. Staff members were practically threatened with execution if we broke security. To get in and out of the location of the planning site -- one of the great houses of London -- each person had to have a special pass. Well, as the time for sailing neared, I had accumulated all these logistical plans and was practically the only officer with full knowledge of the logistical situation. About 9:00 one night, I had to go from this house where the planning staff worked to our office in another part of town. There was an Army bus service from this house to a central location. With a briefcase full of top secret documents, I was forced to take the bus down to this central location. When I arrived, I tried to get the duty sergeant to give me a car to go to the rest of the way. He said he could not do it. I found a lieutenant and made the same request. He too refused me. That night, I walked about five blocks with the top secret plans of the North African invasion in my hand. This is only one of the crazy things that happened. Of course I couldn't explain to the lieutenant why I had to have a car, and he had orders that nobody was to get one. The situation was understandable but of little solace to a man carrying those top secret documents.

Another serious difficulty encountered at this time was the lack of information about the docks, the depths of the channels, the railroad sidings, and the beaches along the coastline of North Africa, all vital to planning an invasion. However, the British had some information, and, fortunately, my relations with them were then excellent. There was a residue of an American staff that had been in London prior to our coming over, an

observer group. They had been in London about a year and were very upset about our coming in. I made several efforts to gain information from the British before a U.S. major general, a member of the original group, called me in and told me he'd try me if I asked the British for another piece of information.

Well, the British came to me and said, "Look, we have a prisoner of war has a hell of a lot of information. Would you like to question him?"

"I'll be tried if I do it," I said.

"Why don't you write out the questions and we'll ask him," one of the British said. "Then we'll give the answers to you."

Also, the British told m they had considerable information in the Greenwich Library about the coastline of North Africa.

"Well, I said, "I'm between a rock and a hard place."

The British officer said, "Okay, tonight at midnight the doors of the library will be unlocked, and nobody will be there."

So, two of my officers went to the library with a camera and took pictures of the information in these books. Then we compiled a reference book showing the depth of the channels, the number of docks that, as far as we knew, were still usable, the length to the railroad sidings, what we could gather about the rolling stock, and other valuable information.

A strange paradox resulted. A good friend and classmate of mine was General John Clark, G-2. His usual method was to follow the rules, going through channels. I asked him if he would like some information regarding North Africa's channels, docks, sidings, and so forth.

"Oh," he said, "we've been trying to get it." When I showed him the information we had compiled, he looked at me and asked, "Where'd you get it?"

I said, "None of your damn business."

"I ought to report you for breaching security," he said.

"Go ahead and report me," I replied.

Well, some staff people come over from Washington. We showed them the book we had put together, and they took it back and had it reproduced. It was used as the basis for planning the initial invasion of North Africa.

Strangely, due to the strict security in London, I happened to be the only man involved in the initial invasion who knew what the ships contained, what ships were coming, and what convoys were scheduled.

Another unusual instance happened in London. General Larkin came to my desk and told me to follow him to a particular room. Well, I went. I had no idea why we were going. When we arrived in this room, there was General [MG, later LTG George S.] Patton, Jr., seated behind a field desk. I had never seen so many stars in my life.

General Larkin said to General Patton, " I think Colonel Stewart can answer your questions."

Patton looked at me and asked, "How many tons of cargo can I unload in Casablanca and move within a radius of 50 miles the first 30 days I'm there?"

Well, I didn't even know he was going to Casablanca. I didn't know anything about the Americans going to Casablanca. You can imagine how I was sweating at that point. I said, "General, I didn't know why I was asked to come here, and I certainly can't answer that question offhand. But I'll get you the answer."

He asked, "When?"

I said, "Tomorrow morning."

He asked, "What time?"

I said, "Eight o'clock."

He said, "You be here. "

Well, [CPT, later LTC, Franklin M.] Kreml, who was then a captain; [CPT, later LTC Chester F.] Sharp, who knew something about shipping, [CPT George W.] Barton, who knew something about truck transportation, and I sat up all night. We figured and figured how we could get the cargo unloaded and moved out. We came up with some figures that we considered reliable.

The next morning I saw the General. He said, "Where are they?"

I handed him the figures. He stood up and knocked over a flimsy table. Papers went all over the floor. He came over and shook his fist in my face and said, "Do you know what you've done?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"You have proved I can't do what I'm going to do," he said.

Now, you have to understand what was in back of this. The number of troops that can be allotted to an operation depends not on the number of troops available in the United States but on the ability to put them ashore and support them. General Patton was trying to get more troops assigned to his command. The limitation was the support that could be given him, how much cargo that could be delivered to him. That was what was in back of this.

He said, "You go back and change those figures.'

I said, "General, I hope they're wrong for your sake, but I am not going to change them."

Well, I never heard any more about that, and we missed the figure of actual performance by one-tenth of one percent. That was quite an experience.

I still have a letter on file the General wrote me before the invasion of Sicily.

CPT CADDELL: Sir, were the ships involved in the initial invasion from America?

MG STEWART: No, from England. You see, we were going into Oran and Algiers [Algeria]. I designated myself as Operations Officer for the Port of Oran, and my friend [COL, later BG, Edward H.] Lastayo, who commanded the port, agreed to that on a temporary basis.

I landed with the 1st Division of the 18th Infantry at Azur, which is about 10 miles east of Oran. After two or three days of fighting, things died down. The French quit fighting us. General Larkin and I went down to Oran where there was one U.S. battalion. I think it was from the 3d Division that had come up and occupied the port. The French had opened the sea cocks on six or seven ships and positioned them to block the channel. General Larkin, who was a Brigadier General (and I was, at the time, a colonel), commandeered two tugs. Each of us had a soldier with a rifle with us, and we made the tug captains take us out to the ships. He and I climbed onto the ships, tied them to the tugs, and had them pulled out of the channel. That's how the channel was opened. General Larkin, who was quite a man, said, "Now let's go down to Mers el Kebir and capture that place."

I said, "General, all you're doing is trying to get us killed. We can't go down there; it's dark already." So, we didn't go.

We moved into Oran and the 3d Port arrived on the first convoy. A situation developed there that was quite frightening. The Algerian French had been unable to ship their wine to France. They made a crude wine, put it in large casks almost the size of an average schoolroom, then shipped it to France for refinement. Well, the port was full of these huge casks of raw Algerian wine.

The first night, members of the 3d Port, well over a thousand men, all had ammunition and arms. They had never been in combat. One of the first things they did when they

came into port was to shoot holes in the casks and fill their canteen cups with this raw wine. I didn't know anything about it until somebody came and told me we had a bad situation. I went to see what was happening and found quite a bit of trouble. Some of the officers were also drinking the wine. We had every man disarmed and placed officers to guard the wine casks with orders to shoot anyone approaching them. That wine made people crazy. You can imagine six or seven hundred people with guns and ammunition, including some of the officers, drunk on that stuff. Had it not been stopped, it would have been both a disaster and a disgrace.

Following this episode, we prepared to receive the next convoy.

CPT CADDELL: Sir, beside the two ships that were sunk in the harbor, what else was wrong with the port?

MG STEWART: There were more than two ships. All had their seacocks open and were put in the channel to sink. They were still afloat, however, so we pulled them out to shallow water. The port was in very good shape. It hadn't been shot up. The French ships that were in Mers el Kebir had been shelled by the British, but we were operating the Port of Oran. Early on, I was watching a convoy come in when the lead ship was torpedoed about a mile off the port. I told somebody, "I bet that's our port equipment." We had to have that equipment to operate the port: cranes, forklifts, and trucks. There could be no combat operations unless the port operated.

Sure enough, the torpedoed ship was carrying our equipment. So, we went through the cargo already landed, took what we had to have, and had new signs painted to designate it. We got enough equipment to start operating the port. Nobody ever knew it happened.

Our first problem was that, although we could unload the ships, there was no organized system for clearing the port and delivering to the supply services. Captain Frank Kreml - who was not a soldier and had just been put in a uniform from civilian life -- was an expert on motor transport. He created the Safety Traffic Institute at Northwestern University. I called him and said, "We've got to have some system, an orderly system, for getting the cargo out of the port. You're in charge of the motor transport clearance."

He got hold of all the local vehicles that burned charcoal to make gas to operate the engines. Then, being the brilliant man he was, he soon had things organized so that we could clear the port.

There is one principle that anybody responsible for port operations should observe: Never let the supply services store their supplies in the transfer sheds at the port! That blocks all port operations. They'll try, as they have tried over and over in the past, because of the convenience to them.

At any rate, we got the port into operation. Then another thing happened. The first personnel convoy came in. It included a company of WACs [Women's Army Corps], the

first WACs to arrive overseas. Their ship was torpedoed about five miles off the port, but it didn't sink quickly and destroyers got the people off. [BG Edmund H.] Levy, later MG and Chief of Transportation, was then the Chief of Staff; he was with General Larkin, who organized the Oran Bay section and had charge of all the supply depots and ports. Colonel Levy said to me, "You've got to take care of those people."

Fortunately, we had a number of troop transports tied up at Mers el Kebir. I don't remember exactly where these ships came from or how or why, maybe it was the remainder of the convoy. These people from the torpedoed ship came in without any extra clothes; most of them were wet and cold. We took them to Mers el Kebir and put them on some of the ships anchored there. They got food and a place to sleep until we could ship them out to their destinations.

Many things were accomplished because of the ingenuity of our people. Just shortly before the Kasserine Pass trouble in Tunisia, we received a shipment of tanks. These American tanks were supposed to go to the British. The British wouldn't take the ship into one of their ports -- I never knew why for certain -- presumably because they could not unload it. So, they sent the ship into Oran. We didn't have anything strong enough to lift the tanks off the ship. However, there was an old barge in the harbor with a kind of arm on it, a crane, and a reciprocating steam engine. It had no self-propulsion. Our people put that barge alongside the ship with tugs. The crane on the barge lifted the tanks off. Then, with a tug turning the barge, the tanks were placed on the dock. We got those tanks unloaded, serviced, and shipped by train to Tunisia.

General Ross, who was highly temperamental and a genius in many ways, called me on the phone and said, "You've just made me look like the biggest fool in the world."

I said, "What'd I do?"

He said, "Those tanks won't go through the train tunnels!"

"Well," I said. "I didn't know that."

He said, "Oh, my God." Fortunately, the clearance through the tunnels was all right.

Later, General Larkin came to the port. He said that either Colonel Lastayo, the port commander, or I had to come to his headquarters and take over as Base Transportation Officer. Lastayo had the first choice since he was the senior. Lastayo said he wanted to stay with his outfit. So, I became the Transportation Officer for the Oran base, which was the only U.S. base in the area at that time. There was a base at Casablanca, but I had nothing to do with it at that time. I served as base Transportation Officer until January 1943.

Frank Ross, who was one of my best friends, did not like the British and he made little effort to get along with them. He had come to Algiers to be the Chief of Transportation of the Mediterranean Theater. The situation between him and the British got so bad that

he was relieved and sent back to London. He was later the Chief of Transportation for the European Theater.

In the meantime, General Larkin had gone to Algiers. From there, he called and told me to get on a plane and be there that afternoon. Again, no information. So, I went. General Larkin and Colonel John Atcock, who was G-4 on [MG, later General of the Army, Dwight D.] Eisenhower's staff and a couple of other people were in a meeting when I arrived. They were in a foul mood.

Larkin said to me, "You'll will move in with the British Chief of Movements." The British called transportation "Movements" and Brigadier A.T. de Rhe Philipe who was the youngest brigadier in the British Army headed it. You have to understand that the British, to be sure General Eisenhower didn't get himself out on a limb, had put their smartest and best people on his staff. Philipe was one of them. Philipe and I had had some differences about the figures that came out of Oran earlier. He had made a statement to the effect that the figures we had reported on port operation in Oran had to be false. He said that we could not unload what we had reported. So, I phoned him and told him to come to Oran. He came down, and I said to him "Now get in a boat and go out and look at the ships. Is the cargo still on the ships or is it not?"

So, there were some bad feelings between us, and, of course, the British rather looked down their noses at us.

But Larkin said, "You will move in the office with Philipe today and take over all American interests in transportation." I started to ask a question, and he said, "Don't ask any questions. You do what I tell you." And then he left.

Well, I was left standing there. I had no orders. I went up to see Philipe and I said, "Rhe, I've been pulled up here to take over from Frank Ross. I don't know what it's all about and I sure don't know what I'm supposed to do." I knew that Philipe and Frank Ross had been at odds. Philipe said, "I'll tell you what you do. You come into my office. We'll have our desks in the same room, and we'll get along." If that wasn't a miracle, I've never heard of one.

The next morning at seven o'clock, General Larkin had me on the phone. He asked me if I was in Philipe's office.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Have you got a desk in the same room with him?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"I'll be damned!" he said and hung up.

That's how I became Chief of Transportation for the Mediterranean Theater. And there's not a single order in existence designating me as such. I just assumed the title.

I found a superb staff headed by Colonel [LTC Thomas] Fuller who had been with the Atlantic Coastal Line in civilian life. He was a Reserve Officer from Florida, a wonderful man. There was a good rail section, a good motor section, and an especially good shipping section. Philipe and I worked together and he helped me quite a bit. The British staff officers are superbly trained. Their plans were far superior in detail to ours, but our execution was better. At any rate, we got things moving. I could issue orders to the ports and simply give a copy to the base commanders. It's impossible to go through channels when you've got supplies moving.

Another point that must be remembered by anybody who has the job of Chief of Transportation in an overseas theater: the man in the theater has got to know ahead of time what's on the ships, what unusual loads are on the decks, and how much that ship is drawing. Otherwise, you have a lot of ships arriving, and you don't know what to do with them.

We made an arrangement with the Port of New York for a special courier. As ships were loaded, a manifest with two or three copies and a carbon was made. When the last ship was loaded, our courier would leave on a special plane and fly over. I don't remember with whom we arranged all of this, but we had a section of enlisted men and a couple of WACS. They were wonderful people. When the courier arrived, their only job was to take one of the manifests and make from fifty to a hundred copies, because every supply service needed to know what was in the ships. They would work without stopping for about 48 hours. The room would be about 3 feet high in paper. Then we gave all the Supply Service copies of these papers.

The convoy was still coming while this was going on. When the convoy was 24 hours out of Gibraltar, we had to inform the convoy command what ports the ships were to go. Some of them went to Casablanca, some to Oran, some to Algiers, and, later on, some to Italy. To determine the ports, we would have an auction back in Algiers. We had a big board with the ship numbers and pertinent information: what each was drawing, any special or unusual lifts on the deck, a rough outline of what each was loaded with, the location of the Quartermaster and Ordnance supplies, and so forth. Then we had all the Supply Services bid for a ship and state what port they wanted it in. Sometimes, we would encounter a situation that made it impossible to dock a ship in the port they wanted. For instance, the ship was either drawing too much water or it had a locomotive on the deck that we couldn't lift off. The auction would take about a half-day. Finally, we would get the best agreement we could about where each ship was to go.

A British officer in the Royal Navy, a captain, was charged with controlling the convoys from 24 hours out of Gibraltar. We'd give him the information, and he would send the message to the commander of the convoy. Through this method, the ships could be directed to the appropriate port.

The Transportation Officer has to know ahead of time what's in the ships and whether or not he can receive it. I wrote several times to New York and the Chief of Transportation asking them to load these ships for passage through comparatively shallow channels. The answer was that the unions demanded that every ship be fully loaded in New York. So, we had to do a lot of lightering outside of the ports.

There is a story connected with that captain, the British naval officer. He was a very nice person and a good man. He told me that he couldn't get any transportation out of the motor pool to get to the different meetings held all over town (this was in Algiers). "I can't get to the meetings on time, I'm catching hell from my boss, and I don't know what to do," he said.

About that time, I had to go to Oran for some reason, and you'll have to remember that General Larkin was a very good friend of mine. I went down there, and he said, "George, come to the port with me. The thing's not operating."

I went with him and found the transfer sheds stacked with Supply Services cargo. I said, "General, I have warned repeatedly never to let this happen. You cannot unload the ships if you use these transfer sheds for Quartermaster and Ordnance stores."

Now, I knew everybody on his staff. Some of them were good friends of mine. When we left the dock, I guess he had a meeting. I don't know what happened in that meeting, but it must have been something awful. I was sitting in my room, and his Chief of Staff and G-4 walked in. They said, "Listen, what'll it take to get you out of town with an absolute promise that you won't come back for 30 days?" I thought they were kidding me, and I said, "Well, I'd like to have a brand new jeep and a watch. But I don't want to sign for them." They left and about an hour later they returned.

"The jeep's outside," they said, "and here's a watch. Now get out of here and don't come back for 30 days or longer."

The reason I'm telling this story is I gave that jeep to the British naval officer.

"I can't take it," he said.

"You can give it back to me when we get relieved," I said.

So, he went back to see his bosses, came back, and told me that he could use it, but they would not give him any gasoline.

"We'll give you the gasoline," I said.

That little action saved this country millions of dollars. If we needed a convoy slowed down or speeded up, the British naval officer would arrange it for us at no peril to the convoy. For instance, say we had a ship in Oran that had to get to Italy with critical cargo but the cargo couldn't be loaded for another 10 hours and the convoy was

departing, I'd go to this officer and tell him the amount of time needed so that the ship could join the convoy. He always came through for us. If a ship missed a convoy, it would sit in port floating around in anchor chains at a cost of \$3,000 a day just for maintenance of the ship, and the cargo on it would not be delivered on time. That had happened a number of times.

We had to send a contingent of replacements over to Italy one time. We still had air attacks and submarine attacks by the Germans. We had to get these people over there, and we just couldn't send them without proper escort. This officer was able to get me a special destroyer convoy. He was a good man. He probably would have done the best for us he could anyhow, but getting him that jeep resulted in the solving of many of our problems.

CPT CADDELL: Sir, what problems did marking of cargo cause in the ports?

MG STEWART: It never caused any problems as far as I know, once personnel in New York got the instructions on how to mark it. I don't remember any trouble with the marking of cargo, except by those people stealing. The Navy was superb at it. A U.S. Naval officer, who later became a full admiral, was on General Eisenhower's staff. After the war-, when I was on the Secretary of Defense staff, I ran into him. Recalling all those big refrigerators that the Navy had on their land bases, I casually asked him, "How'd you get all that?" He said, "The first thing I asked for when I went to Africa was the best sign painter in the Navy. He just went down to all the ports dressed like a soldier, and whatever we needed he marked."

General [BG Carl R.] Cray, Jr., came over. He was a magnificent operator of railroads; he made them run. He got the railroads going in Africa, and after some initial differences between the two of us about who was who, we became very close friends for the rest of the war, and also after the war. The agreement we finally made in very broad terms was that he would run the railroads and I would tell him what to move. That worked fine. He later went on to Italy and southern France and eventually ran the entire military railroad system in France.

There is one other thing I want remembered. There was absolutely nothing in writing on what a theater Chief of Transportation was supposed to do -- nothing. In a way, it was a godsend. When I began to understand what I was supposed to do, I would write what the British called my "terms of reference," which gave me such authority and responsibilities as I thought I should have. Since there was nothing in writing, my terms of reference were always approved. This gave me a tremendous freedom of action. In fact, I don't think anybody else in the United States Army ever had the freedom of action that I had. The staffs were constantly furious with me, and I'm sure they went to their commanders a number of times. The only thing I can believe (I have some evidence on which to base it) is that when they'd complain about the way I operated, they would be told, "Leave the scoundrel alone. He's getting the work done." That gave me strong support. I could do almost anything I wanted.

CPT CADDELL: Sir, highway operations were the responsibilities of Captain Kreml. A lot of the research that I have done started there were many initial problems with the highway network. Can you elaborate on some of these problems and how Captain Kreml solved them?

MG STEWART: I think I know what you have reference to and I have to tell you the background on this. When the Fifth Army was getting ready to invade Italy, I went to General Al Gunther who was General Clark's Chief of Staff. "Al," I said, "you have got to have a Transportation officer on your staff."

"Oh," he said, "we'll take care of that in the G-3 and G-4 sections. We don't need one."

"Well," I said, "I've got to get supplies to you, and I'm telling you you've got to have one."

He said he didn't want one.

I said, "All right, Al, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a man and keep him on my paper for 60 days. If you don't want him after 60 days, I'll take him back."

I gave him Kreml. I didn't hear anything from Al for 90 days. Finally, I found him and said, "I want my man back."

He said, "What are you talking about?"

"You know," I said. "I gave you a man. He is on my paper."

"Oh," he said, "are you talking about Kreml?"

I said, "Yes, of course I am."

"Let's start all over," he said. "You can't have him. We can't operate without him."

"Well, if he's all that good," I said, "why don't you promote and decorate him?"

The next day I got a cable: "Kreml promoted and decorated."

I transferred Kreml. He organized the entire rear area of the Fifth Army throughout Italy. He was so good that they gave him two MP [Military Police] battalions, two Signal Corps battalions, and absolutely dictatorial authority over every movement in the rear of the Army. I think that's what you're talking about.

Of course, there was no great road network in Africa. We didn't have any great land transport in Africa except right in back of the armies. But I'll tell you what Kreml did in Tunisia.

When we got to Tunisia, our line of defense ran north and south, parallel to where the Mediterranean bends around. British General [Sir Bernard L.] Montgomery was driving German General Field Marshal [Erwin] Rommel across Africa and up the corridor between our line and the sea. The British First Army was in the north, a French corps was in the middle of the line, and we had the II Corps in the south. The only way to supply the II Corps was over a narrow-gage railroad. We had to transfer supplies from broad-gage to narrow-gage equipment and move them down to the II Corps. We got some narrow-gage equipment, believe it or not, from Whitehorse Pass Railroad in Alaska. There had been no cuts and fills made on that rail line; it just followed the contour of the earth. The French engines were a problem. Every time the water got low on an uphill or a downhill grade, the safety plug became exposed. The plug would blow out, and we'd have those trains stuck all over the country and not know where they were. We finally got this line running and got supplies to the II Corps.

Now, back to Kreml. Due to protests by Generals Patton and [LTG Omar N.] Bradley, General Eisenhower ordered the II Corps, which was south of the line, to take up an attack position on the extreme north. Montgomery wanted all the glory. He didn't want the Americans in it at all. That's when Patton and Bradley went to Eisenhower and demanded the move, but they didn't notify me of the change. The II Corps started to move across the rear of the French and British.

The history books in my bookshelves tell of the great achievements of Patton's staff, but only one officer of his staff remained behind. The French and British were moving east and west and our people were moving north. The whole thing was probably the greatest road jam of the war.

Somebody got hold of me in Algiers and said I had better do something about this situation. Well, as I said, they hadn't even informed me about the movements. I designated Kreml, who at that time had moved to my staff in Algiers, and the British designated a colonel from their staff with full authority to clear up this mess. They went down and stopped all movement, took everything off the road. Then they made out march tables in agreement with the French and British. The movement was then completed without further incident. Due to Kreml and the British officer, this was one of the finest logistical actions of the campaign.

Then we had the problem of supplies. All our supplies were in the south; we had to get 10 days of supplies to the north before the big attack. The British had the main line railroad, a broad-gage railroad. They would only give us a pittance of tonnage on that railroad. Well, we got hold of everything that would float and shipped supplies from Oran along the coast. We moved what we could with the railroads, we did what we could with trucks, and we just made it before the attack. But we got the supplies up there.

You can see the danger of top-level people making decisions without telling somebody on the staff what's going to happen. The transporter has to know what's going to happen.

My boss was Lieutenant General Sir Humphrey Gale. He was Eisenhower's chief administrator. Both the British movements and my outfit were under him. He came in one day and asked if I had seen a specific telegram.

I said, "No, sir, I haven't."

He said, "You'd better get it quick. The roof blew off this morning at Eisenhower's conference."

Well, I got hold of the telegram immediately. It was sent by Larkin, my good friend -- of course, his staff did it - in response to General Clark's complaint that he had repeatedly asked for the shipment of some ammunition and hadn't gotten it. The request had not come through me at all. When this final telegram came, it was a very vigorous protest.

Larkin's staff wrote a reply which said, "Request has been made for the allocation of ships to move this ammunition, but it has never been granted." They called me by name and said "General Stewart of Allied Forces Headquarters" had never given them any movement capability. They gave that telegram worldwide distribution, sent it to Washington and everywhere.

I had my staff stop everything, and we searched our files. We finally found a request for transportation to remove this ammunition. I looked at the date-time groups on both the response message and the request and found that the request was written fifteen minutes before the telegram of complaint. I took it to General Gale.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Pour it on them," he said.

So, I wrote a telegram and gave it the same distribution as Larkin's staff had given their message: "Attention is invited to the fact that the date and time of the request for movement of this ammunition is exactly fifteen minutes before the date and time of the telegram saying it hadn't been granted."

Larkin came to see me. Of course, I was sick about the problem. He said, "This can never happen again. What will we do?"

"Make me your Transportation officer," I said. He headed all the SOS [Service of Supply], all the bases were under him, Italy, Africa, everywhere.

"I can't do that," he said; "you're already Chief of Transportation for the Theater." He added, "what will you do if I do this?"

"I won't do anything except have another letterhead," I said.

"I have never heard of such a thing in my life," he said, "but, by God, I'll do it!"

I was named Chief of Transportation for the complete SOS organization, Chief of Transportation for the American Theater, and U.S. Chief of Transportation for the Allied Forces.

Larkin asked, "What are we going to do with [COL John R.] Noyes?" Noyes was Larkin's Transportation officer; he also happened to be a classmate and friend of mine.

I said, "Send him up to me and I'll give him a job." Which I did.

Thereafter, I could issue instruction from three levels. There was a man outside of my door one day talking, just raising hell about something I'd done. The officer he was talking to said, "That rascal can issue orders from three levels. He can issue orders for himself, then for everybody else on two levels."

It worked; it prevented further misunderstanding and allowed me to deal directly with the ports.

Then we moved over to Italy. This was a different kind of setup.

General [Jacob L.] Devers had taken over from Eisenhower and placed his headquarters fifteen miles north of Naples in the second largest palace in the world. He put all of his general staff people in one area, and General Larkin had the rest of the palace. I was with Larkin now. It was not quite as prestigious as being a general staff officer in Eisenhower's staff, but everything worked the same. We operated there until the invasion of southern France. Carl Gray came over and got the railroads running. We got the Port of Naples open.

Before we moved to Italy, General Larkin and I went over to Naples and had a meeting. The Navy told us of the progress they were making in opening the channel to a dock in the Port of Naples. The Engineers reported how well they were doing building a road to the same dock. The place was all rubble because we had bombed the hell out of it.

General Larkin said to me, "You went down there and surveyed it. How about it?"

"Well," I said, "it seems like I'm always the skunk at the lawn party; but the pier to which the Navy is opening a channel is not the same pier to which the Engineers are building a road; they're building a road to another pier."

We finally got this matter straightened out.

I don't remember any particular problems in Italy until we started to load out for the invasion of southern France. That cut down on the amount of cargo we could deliver, particularly to the British. They just raised hell about it and we had quite a time about that.

Another thing: I was asked (we were then still in Africa) to submit a paper about the feasibility of bringing the 15th Air Force into east Italy. There were ports on the east of Italy that supplied the British Fifth Army. I made a study and concluded that we could support the 15th Air Force. I didn't know at the time that although our people wanted the 15th Air Force there, the British did not. Anyway, we went to work. By using small oilers and building piers and putting pipelines on them, we could get the fuel to the airfields. By using east coast ports, we could bring in the bombs and other supplies. In return, we gave the British part of the tonnage in Naples. It was rather awkward but it worked, and we got the 15th Air Force in there.

This is a personal item, but it is amusing. [Major] General [Ira C.] Eaker sent some staff officers to see me. They said, "General Eaker wants you to know that anything you want from the Air Force you can have."

"What's this all about?" I asked.

They said, 'Hell, that paper of yours is what permitted him to establish the 15th Air Force in Italy.'

I said, "Well, I didn't know anything about that."

"Anything you want, you can have," they said.

I used that privilege a couple of times to get a plane for special trips.

Another thing that probably should be in history somewhere: Bari was the name of a port on the east coast of Italy. It was a good port and a city was there. We brought in some artillery shells loaded with mustard gas to use in case the Germans used chemical warfare weapons. The British were responsible for protecting that port from air attack, and they had, on the particular day I am talking about, turned the air defenses (antiaircraft) at this port over to the Italians. They said that no German plane could get within 50 miles of Bari. We had about 15 cargo ships in the port, and some of the ships had mustard gas on them.

In came a fleet of five German bombers, and nobody fired a shot at them. Even the searchlights at the entrance to the harbor were left on, and the pilots could see as clear as day. The planes took turns coming in. I think they were betting who could drop a bomb down a smokestack. I don't know how many ships they sank or exploded but over 2,000 people were killed in the port and many more were injured. Some of the mustard gas was released into the air. A doctor in the local hospital noted a peculiarity in the blood composition associated with the victims of mustard gas. He did some studies on this and went as far as he could with this discovery. Then a pharmaceutical outfit in the States got hold of his information and did further studies. In time this led to the development of chemotherapy. The attack on Bari was probably one of the most tragic and inexcusable actions of the war, but I don't think it got in the papers.

CPT CADDELL: Sir, throughout the entire operation in North Africa and Sicily, your staff had to use host nation support -- host nation labor to work the ports. What problems did this cause?

MG STEWART: Most of those people had only one set of clothes. There was little use in paying them in money. They couldn't buy anything with the money. We had to pay them largely with food, as well as with minimum sums of money. They were rather independent. We had docks full of ammunition, and these people would bring to the dock trucks with boilers on them, with hot coals dropping on the ground. I remember one particular case. They were working with boxes of percussion caps. They'd take them and throw them down. Through an interpreter I told them how dangerous these caps were. One of the natives took a box he was carrying and threw it at my feet. We were just lucky that the whole place didn't go up. You couldn't stop them. When the holidays came along, they didn't work. On their big holiday, they didn't eat or drink all day. They would come to work, but they were so weak they could hardly get anything done. Even so, we didn't have too much trouble. We used native labor all the time in all the ports, under the supervision of our people.

CPT CADDELL: Who was responsible for organizing the labor, sir? Was it your staff, your supervisor, or your subordinates?

MG STEWART: No, each port did it.

CPT CADDELL: Sir, back to the invasion of Sicily and Italy. The invasion of Sicily was on 10 July and Italy was on 9 September 1943. For the invasion of Sicily, it was decided that North Africa would be used as a staging area while fighting was still going on. What problems and constraints did this cause for your staff?

MG STEWART: General Patton had gone up to command the II Corps right after Kasserine. Then later on, he came back and General [Omar] Bradley took over the II Corps. Patton had established a headquarters around Oran, planning the American's part in the invasion of Sicily. Some of the units of the 1st Division and the 3rd Division, I remember distinctly, were assigned to General Patton's outfit for the invasion of Sicily. They had been in Tunisia. He had some other units, too. Well, there was a big problem, quite a problem. When you load a ship involved in an invasion, the ship has to be loaded in a certain order. It has to be loaded, as the combat commander wants it loaded. In other words, you don't put the guns on the decks and the shells in the hold, which has happened, incidentally. So, the first problem is to figure out how you're going to load these ships.

Now, the base people developed a way of preloading a ship (I had nothing to do with it). It took hundreds of pieces of paper with a cross section of a Liberty ship. We were fortunately that most of our ships were 10,000-ton ships, uniform. They would find a representative of the unit, sit him down with the preloaders, and load that ship on paper, as he wanted it loaded. That required that the cargo arrive at a certain pier opposite a

certain ship in a given order. It is not simple, but the cargo has to come in that order. Unless you know what's going on a particular ship, you can't do anything.

Now, Patton's commanders were fighting for troops. I think there were two beaches, the Yellow Beach and the Red Beach. Each of Patton's commanders wanted more troops for each beach. No decision was made where to send the troops and that was the problem that other people may run into some day. There was, in Algiers, what they call an executive planning committee, chaired by a British colonel, which met every two or three days. I wasn't even invited to attend the meetings, but I went anyway. I told them on two occasions that if we didn't get a decision about what troops were going where, we couldn't load the ships. The committee didn't say anything.

Well, after being ignored the second time, I was furious, and I went to see General Eisenhower's American deputy (later the Chief of Ordnance), [BG Everett S.] Hughes. Everybody was scared to death of him. I walked into his office and threw my hat down. I don't recall exactly all I said, but I didn't say it politely. I told him if we didn't get a decision regarding the troops in 48 hours, the convoy couldn't sail in time.

When I got through, he said, "Sit down." He called the stenographer in, and he told me, "You repeat everything you just said, including all the profanity."

Later on, the stenographer came back in and read what he had typed. General Hughes asked, "Did you say that?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "Is it true?"

I said, "Yes."

The next morning, he telephoned me and told me to get on a plane and go down to Oran immediately. He said the roof blew off the St. George Hotel that morning when General Eisenhower heard what I had said.

I went to Oran and attended a meeting of about 50 people, which included some senior officers of Patton's Army. I never took such a beating in my life. One of the remarks made was, "He can sit on his fat behind back here while we're getting shot, and he's trying to tell us what to do."

I said, "Gentlemen, you can solve this problem very easily. You can take me down in the square and shoot me, but there's a clock and a calendar. I'm telling you once more that if I don't get a decision on this thing in the next 48 hours, you're not going to sail on time."

They took me to see Patton.

I thought, "Boy, oh boy, this is going to be terrible."

Well, Patton had some discussion with the staff about several things, kind of bullied them a bit. Then he said to me, "Come with me."

I went to a room with him, and I thought, "Here we go."

He said, "What's the trouble?"

I said, "General, no matter how many men you've got, you can only work a ship with so many men in the 24 hours of a day. It takes a certain number of days to load one of these ships. I can't load these ships until I find out what troops are going where. They haven't decided who's going to get those troops. I've got to have an answer in the next 48 hours, or your convoy won't sail on time."

He asked, "Is that what's the matter with those rascals?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "You'll have an answer."

Thirty minutes later I got the answer. We loaded the ships.

When you're loading out, I can't overemphasize the necessity of knowing the details about loading a ship correctly and the sequence in which cargo must arrive at a given port at a given time. We got pretty good at it after several tries.

I want to make a point here that I think should be recorded. In the Pacific, the combat troops loaded their own ships. The combat assault ships were all right -- the troops should load them -- but not the follow-up ships. There were 300 ships riding around their anchors at various islands. Nobody knew what was on them or anything about them. Nobody ever knew why they were there. We (North Africa and Europe) adopted the British system. We had the port people load the ships, with the representatives of the active forces standing alongside checking that we were loading them the way they wanted them loaded. That way, we had a complete record of what went in every ship.

Incidentally, later on, for the invasion of Inchon -- which I inherited -- I was appalled at the fact that the troops were going to load the ships. Fortunately, the loading was done in the big port south of Tokyo, where an officer who had been with me in World War II was the executive officer of the port. He placed people at every dockside to make a record of what went in each ship and what part of the ship it was in. When we sailed, I had a complete record. When we got to Inchon, there was no other source of information about what was in each ship and where it was located.

The system we used is by far the best, if the port people do the loading and record the information. Otherwise, you can have a horrible situation. For instance, you may have a

medical unit coming ashore screaming for equipment that has not been located. Well, somebody's got to know where it is and get it off.

To come back to the invasion of southern France: One interesting thing happened there. We loaded the assigned expedition in Naples. As I've told you, there was great difficulty in supplying the British and American armies in Italy at the same time. We got all the cargo loaded. There were 100 ships in the follow-up convoy.

Colonel Gus Vogel was in charge of a petroleum section, and he and I were talking one night. He said, "George, what's going to happen if there is little resistance on the coast and we break through? What our forces will need is motor fuel. The way they've loaded these ships, there's no great quantity of motor fuel available."

Well, there was a ship coming up from somewhere in Africa into the theater. Somewhat overreaching my authority, I stopped that ship in Sicily and loaded it with 50-gallon drums of motor transport fuel and hooked it onto the convoy as an extra ship. Sure enough, our forces met little resistance on the beaches, and there was a desperate need for fuel for the trucks.

General Patch, who commanded the Seventh Army, sent us a telegram requesting motor fuel.

We wired back: "Ship Number 101 has fuel. Throw those drums overboard, raft them, and float them ashore. You'll have all the fuel you want."

They went out there, made rafts, floated the drums, ashore and got their fuel. General Patch saw me later and said, "Thank you for doing that." Initially, I caught hell from the world shipping pool for stealing a ship, but finally [everyone] was nice and [I] told not to do it again without telling them. That was the sort of thing you did to get the mission done.

CPT CADDELL: Sir, what other plans were you involved in with the invasion of southern France?

MG STEWART: Well, I want to go back to something I said before. The size of an invading force is determined by the ability not only to land troops but also to support them. Of course, the force builds up; support needs increase. On a number of occasions, the G-3 people would come up with a plan. (I think this is the most flattering thing they ever did for the Transportation Corps). We'd have a meeting and they'd ask could they be supported? I never once had them reverse me. I would say "yes" or "no."

In the invasion of southern France, I don't remember any particular trouble we had. The personnel at the port of Naples were, by that time, a superb outfit; they could do anything. They would have to provide information about the capacity of various ports, because different ports were being considered. I'd always have to give my estimate of

what we could unload. Apparently these estimates were pretty accurate, since the ships were loaded without any problems.

However, for the first time in the Mediterranean, we had a backlog of unloaded ships. We couldn't unload and load out all of them. Other ports all over the world were jammed with ships they couldn't unload, but up to then we had kept our ports clear. General [LTG Brehon B.] Somervell came over and said, "How long is it going to take you to clear this thing up?"

I said, "Sixty days."

He said, "You can't do it. I'll take my hat off to you if it is done, but I don't believe it can be done."

Well, we got the convoy out for the south of France, and I sent him a telegram at 30 days stating there was no backlog of ships. The telegram he sent back to me is one of the things I wish I could have saved. It said, "My hat is off with a sweeping bow."

CPT CADDELL: Sir, you inherited many problem in Manila when you became Chief of Transportation for the Southwest Pacific. What were some of these problems, and how did you go about solving them?

MG STEWART: Well, there were all of these unloaded ships, and the port of Manila was operating at just about a quarter of its capacity. I went over in July, and the war ended shortly thereafter when they dropped the atomic bomb. But we had already started planning for the invasion of Japan, and we had to get the cargo off the ships and sorted so that we could plan for load-outing the ships. The problem was not the ability of our people to do a job, but the cumbersome, complex administrative and command net they had acquired. A group had established a complete organization with representatives in every port. A port commander couldn't move a ship from one dock to another without getting the representative's permission. This group (largely Engineers, I might add) had planned what had to be done and left no room for initiative, no freedom of action for anybody in the operating end of it. It was a mess in all areas: for example, unloaded ships, inoperable tugs, and discontented people in the Transportation Corps.

Well, General Somervell, after offering me a chance to take my family to a fine recreation center and congratulating me on the job I had done in Europe, added that I was to be in Manila in seven days. He gave me a letter written to General [GA] Douglas MacArthur. I don't remember all that was in the letter, but in effect it said, "If you let this man have a free hand, he'll do a lot for you." I don't know if MacArthur ever saw it. There was a meeting of his logistical staff including all these people who were looking over the shoulder of the Transportation people. They were cynical as hell. They had been in the war effort all the way up from Australia, and I think they thought I was a disk jockey from Washington because of the letter from General Somervell. They begin to give me a hard time.

Finally, I had enough and I said, "Gentlemen, look. I don't know where you think I've been, but I've been in the European Theatre for three and one-half years, and you know there's such a thing as points for getting home. I've got more points than anybody has in this room. If you want me to stay here, you had better let me do what I know how to do."

They asked what I wanted to do. I handed them a piece of paper with my proposed terms of reference. They read and agreed with it. They took the air transport away from me, but they gave me a free hand everywhere else.

I immediately did away with that cumbersome organization. A piece of paper would come in and, as in all staffs, it would be routed to everyone. I took a paper around once myself. I asked each man what he did with it, and he'd tell me. One officer said, "I don't do anything worth a damn with it."

In one week, I had my headquarters personnel strength down from 150 to 75. I made out a very simple form that had a request for movement, the date received, an allocation of facilities to move it; the date loading started, the date removed, and the date delivered. Every morning, there was a meeting that started where the last one left off. I'd ask, "Where do we stand on this now?" And people would tell me. I knew exactly where I was all the time.

We got things moving, and I got two new men in the Manila port. One was an expert at trucks, and one was an expert at cargo. The gripe from the man unloading ships had been, "I can't unload because they don't clear the port." There was no railroad, unfortunately, and the man at the trucks had said, "I can't move it all out because I don't have enough trucks." Well, these two new men had been with me in Africa, Italy, and southern France, so I put one of them in charge of unloading ships and one of them in clearing. They didn't like each other to start with, and I said, "Now I'll find out who's lying."

Well, the new men got the port cleared. The port commander stepped aside, and we did the job.

Another thing that is very important to remember is the matter of spare parts and maintenance. (I ran into much opposition on this after the war.) In the Port of Manila, I think there were between 30 and 50 of the most beautiful tugs you've ever seen in your life. Not a one of them was operating because of lack of the spare parts. The only tug operating in the Port of Manila at that time was a Philippine tug with a reciprocating steam engine which could burn either coal or wood. The rest of them were just floating around their anchor chains.

The point I want to make is that in peacetime you design and build a perfect piece of equipment -- a tank, a truck, or a tug -- and it is absolutely out of this world; it's got everything. You've got people you train to operate it. This works beautifully. In wartime, you've got draftees that you have to put on these various pieces of equipment. If equipment is complicated, it's just a question of a week or two before it won't work.

Make tugs and all other equipment to be operated in wartime by recently trained draftees simple, otherwise it won't work.

After the war, there were several meetings to discuss designing a new tug, and I'd vote against it. Everybody would say, "What in the hell is the matter with that fellow?"

I would tell him, "You've got to keep it simple or it's not going to be any good during wartime."

Another example of this point was the tank in Korea. There was a device on the tank to level the gun while it was running. We never once used the leveling device. I think the devices were all inoperable to start with, but we used the tanks a lot. After the Chinese invaded, I was transferred to the 2d Infantry Division and ended up as the Assistant Division Commander. I was with the division for nearly a year.

Another interesting story about World War II: The Germans had mined the Port of Marseilles, but the French got there in time and very few of the mines exploded. Compared to other ports we'd had, the Port of Marseilles was fairly open. It had some blocked ships and some docks torn up, but the French got in there and made the Germans, under threat of death, dig up those mines. So we had a port that operated pretty well and, again we had excellent people.

The advance of the combat units that were in southern France was very rapid. They got way up around Dijon and on up in France about 250 miles or so. Of course, they outran the supplies. The Germans had torn up the railroads up the Rhone Valley; they had also blown the bridges and torn up the tracks. You cannot supply an army with just trucks alone. You can't do that.

The only two ways you can supply a large force is with railroads and pipelines. Petroleum is one of the most critical and most difficult to move of all the supplies that an army needs. You can have tank trucks and tankers on the railroad, but they simply cannot do the job. We had 50 or 60 tank truck battalions in France, as well as the railroads, but we still had to supply by the pipeline. Railroads carry the cargo; pipelines carry the fuel. The trucks are auxiliary and, of course, near the front they become the total means of moving supplies. So, one thing to remember is that railroads and pipelines are critical. The railroad often has limitations due to rolling stock and torn-up track. The pipelines, with flexible joints, can be laid above ground very rapidly.

Back to southern France. General Carl Gray came over and, with the help of the Engineers, began to rebuild this railroad up the Rhone Valley. They had something they called the "shoefly" where the bridges were blown out. Without waiting to build a bridge, they ran track down to the water's edge, built a little trestle across the stream, and then ran the track up the other side. General Gray got the railroads moving.

General Larkin's headquarters had been moved to Dijon. From there, we had to support the Seventh Army group, which was composed of the Seventh Army, the French Army,

the Air Force, and some civilians. It was a very touchy situation, because we relied almost entirely on what we could get over the railroad. We had trucks moving, but when you take a truck on a 250-mile run, you're not making anything. The trucks burned up more gas than the haul was worth. Our procedure was that Carl would tell me every week what he could deliver. (He was very good at doing what he said he was going to do.) Then, we'd have a meeting with the G-4s of the Seventh Army, the French Army, the Air Force, and the people who had civilian control. We'd have just so much cargo we were going to deliver the following week. Each representative immediately would claim all of it; everybody wanted all of it. Of course that couldn't be done, and we'd finally have to make arbitrary decisions on who got what.

These people were very difficult to deal with, so this was my solution: I arranged for a big dinner party at the hotel. I got all the liquor I could get my hands on, had them all to dinner had some Red Cross girls and nurses to pass out the liquor, and got them drunker than hoot owls. Then the next morning at 7:30 I called the meeting. I said, "I have a proposed distribution of available cargo up here on the board, Seventh Army so much and so forth. Anybody have any questions?" Nobody said anything. After that, the distribution problem improved.

The way we solved the problem of delivery was quite interesting. There was a base section under General [Sir Henry Maitland] Wilson in Dijon. We were supposed to deliver to him, and he was supplying the Army. He didn't have warehouses. He didn't have any stock. So, we devised a code in broad terms like ammunition, food, and so forth. We loaded the trains in Marseilles and gave each car a code. When the train was made up, the base commander at Marseilles would Teletype us the train number, listing each car in it and each carts code. This gave General Wilson information as to what he might expect to receive.

We had another problem. Some cars would have to be dropped out on reaching the high grades, especially when we were using French equipment. The crews would have to leave the cars [that] the engines couldn't pull. So, we didn't know what you were getting. To solve this problem we put a group, usually an officer or two, at each major town or city along the route. As the trains came by, they would record the cars that were still in the train and send it to us, and we'd have a record of what was going to get there. Because we knew what was loaded in each car, we were able to make up trains for each division railhead without unloading the cars. Because all supplies were moving forward so rapidly, we were down to one day's reserve. Finally as the railroad improved, and we began to accumulate supplies in the warehouse in the base section, the problem eased. But we were just living hand-to-mouth for several weeks, barely getting by.

There is another thing I am not certain is in history: We were the same group that started in Oran. We'd been through the North African Campaign, Italy and southern France and had become pretty good. General Somervell came over and had a meeting with us.

He told us that in Washington the supply situation for the European Theater was considered a failure. However, for political and morale reasons none of the key people were going to be relieved. General Lee was to remain the Chief of SOS; Frank Ross was to be the Chief of Transportation, and so forth and so on. General Somervell told us that we were going to be sent to Paris, and the staffs there had been told what was going to happen. Each of us would be designated as a deputy in charge of operations. We were to have absolute, complete authority, but not the title. General Somervell gave us one piece of advice: "There's a lot of mistletoe up in that tree. Get a bunch of it and tie it on your coattail, because you're going to need it. They don't like you coming up there." Of course, we had nothing to do with this decision.

When I arrived at my new assignment, there was Frank Ross, my old friend. I walked in, and he said, "Okay, George, before you tell me what you want, I've just got one request. You know Dave Trob has done a good job handling the ports. I hope you'll let him stay in that job."

I said, "I'm not going to make any changes."

Frank and I got along. We were good friends. I was, in fact, because of the authority he designated to me, Chief of Transportation for the European Theater.

Well, we had quite a time with Carl Gray. This leads in turn to another point that I hope will be part of the Transportation Corps doctrine. You must stay on good terms with the railroad people in this country, the USA. In time of war, they make up the rail battalions. They're not soldiers, but they are operating people and they're good. Without them, your railroad is not going to run. They have to be encouraged in peacetime and encouraged to stay in the reserves. General Gross made that a very strong point. He told me, "You have to see that Carl Gray finishes this war with the proper attitude toward the Transportation Corps, because we have to have these people if we ever need them again."

You have to understand about Carl Gray. He was good, a superb operator. He was also an egotist and very conscious of his place in history. His father had been president of the Union Pacific, and he had been vice president of a railroad in the Chicago area.

Well, General Gross said that Carl Gray had to take over all the railroads in the European Theater of Operations [ETO], not just the southern line of communications. But Carl had stated flatly over and over that he would not work for General Lee. Nevertheless, General Gross repeated that Gray had to take over all military railroads of the ETO.

"It's your job," he told me. "You see that it gets done."

Carl Gray and I were very good friends and I told him, "Carl, you've got to go up there and take over all the rail."

"I swear," he said, "I don't want to be up there. I'd rather go home."

"Now, wait a minute," I said. "You're too conscious of your place in history to turn down the control of the biggest railroad system ever put together in one place."

He said, "I'm not going up there. I can't work for that man."

"Well," I said, "under what conditions would you go?"

He refused again.

I said, "Why don't you write out your own terms of reference and let's see if we can't work something out."

The next day I went to his railroad car. He had a three-page document.

I said, "There is no use even reading that."

"What's wrong with it?" he asked.

I said, "You know what's going to happen to that paper. It will get into the hands of the staff up there, and they'll pick it apart, tear it to pieces, and write you an order that you won't live with."

"Well," he said, "what are we going to do?"

We got busy and set down something to this effect: "Major General Carl R. Cray, Jr., is hereby appointed commander of all military railways, services, and operations in the European theater. As such, he will have command of all railroad troops and authority to place them anywhere he sees fit. He'll report directly to the Commanding General of the SOS, not through any base commander."

Carl said they wouldn't approve that. I told him that we had ways to get it approved. We sent it up and the order was issued.

Carl went up there, took over, and did a magnificent job, although he did have trouble with some of the base commanders. His troops would be stationed in an area that was under a base commander and the commanders were giving orders to his units. Carl was upset.

"They're my troops," he said; "the commanders have nothing to do with them."

So we got together to work out a solution. "Let's decide," I said, "what the base commanders do and what you do."

We made a list of such things as hospitals, courts, and so forth, and added a term based on one in the Constitution, "All authority not herein delegated to the base commanders is retained by the commander of the military railway units." That got by.

It was decided that a leave train from the front to Paris would be established for the soldiers. It was a splendid idea, except that between the French requirements and the Army requirements, there was difficulty in getting leave trains. However, top commanders put a lot of pressure on us to meet this requirement, and we finally were operating two or three leave trains. We had to coordinate with the French, since our military railway units only operated beyond the point where the French could operate. The French had requirements for the distribution of food and coal and for getting timber for the mines. I remember those were two critical items. They had to get the coal out by train so they could run the trains. All of our engines were steam operated.

The ports were operating well, after we got the ports in Holland and Belgium and the depots well situated. The only trouble was the Supply people would requisition everything they needed or might need, then the base commander would forward the requisitions to the port. We delivered supplies to the forward base commander, General Eddie Plank, then he delivered to the armies. The problem was they would order too much. As a result, all the railroad yards were chock-full of cars, unloaded cars.

The armies began to scream and gripe that they weren't getting what they needed. General Plank began to scream and gripe at me. We had a terrible time about that before we got it straightened out. In fact, at the last meeting, Larkin said, "What's the matter with the supplies, George?"

I said, "Plank can't do his job; he ought to be relieved."

Plank jumped up and screamed, "That's a lie!"

Larkin said, "All right, I'm going to find out before it's over and one of you isn't going to be a general anymore, I can tell you that." Nothing ever came of this threat; the war in Europe ended shortly afterward.

We had another meeting at Patton's headquarters. It was rough. There was much name-calling. General [Walter J.] Muller, who was Patton's G-4 (and later took over from me at Fort Eustis), gave me two brand new Luger pistols before the meeting.

I said, "Maud, there's going to be a bad meeting. I don't know whether you want to give me these guns or not."

"Well," he said, "take them."

We had the meeting, and an officer named Colonel Arthur E. Stodard from the military railroads (later president of the Union Pacific) was there; the heat was on him about the

congestion of the railroad. It wasn't his fault at all, and I supported him and had an argument with Muller and Plank.

After the meeting, I asked Maud if he wanted the pistols back. "No," he said, "take one of them and blow your head off."

The successful operations of the Corps in Africa, Italy, southern France, and the European Theater were due entirely to the work of the able and dedicated officers and enlisted personnel of the Corps. It is impossible for me to list all of these fine people, but I feel compelled to name several with whom I was closely associated:

Colonel Tom Fuller, my deputy from Africa to the southwest Pacific. No finer man ever lived. He had initiative, was tactful and loyal, and many times stopped me from making mistakes. To my gratification, he was promoted to Brigadier General in the Reserves after the war.

Colonel Frank Kreml, of whom I have already spoken. His performance with the Fifth Army speaks for itself. After the war, he was promoted to Brigadier General in the Reserves. He is still active and performing a great job in assisting states and cities with their problems.

General Carl Gray and his railroad commanders and units. Carl could get rail tracks repaired, bridges built, and trains running faster than any other man. After the war, he was appointed head of the VA.

The port commanders and their personnel could and did perform miracles in discharge and clearance of cargo. The most outstanding of the port Commanders was Colonel Lastayo. He also was later promoted to Brigadier General.

Miss Lily Brown, a WAC, who was assigned as my secretary in Africa. She was a proper young lady from a small town in Oregon. No one ever had a finer and more efficient secretary. She rose to be a warrant officer- and was with me all the way to the southwest Pacific. She gained the respect of all that knew her and was greatly admired by the British and the U.S. senior officers.

And finally, my driver, Sergeant [] Michner. He was never late, never had an accident, and always was on hand when I needed him. He was my friend.

For my service in the Corps, I was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, the Legion of Merit, the Bronze Star, Honorary Commander of the British Empire, the French Legion of Honor, and the Cross of the Italian Crown.

After World War II, General [BG, later MG Edmund H.] Levy had become Chief of Transportation. When I got back to the states from the Pacific, I was sent immediately to Alaska for six weeks to serve on a committee to determine the future military use of

Alaska. That was a rather interesting assignment, although it didn't make me very popular with my family to be sent away so soon.

When I returned from Alaska, General Levy told me I could have any job that was open, including the post of New York, if I wanted it. By then, I had been reduced from Brigadier General to Colonel.

I said, "I understand you're going to establish a school in Virginia; with my background, I could do you more good down there than I could in New York."

"All right," he said, "if that's what you want."

I went to Virginia and General Plank was moved to New York. What I found at Fort Eustis was appalling. In the first place, the post had never been designated a permanent post, and the Transportation Corps had not been designated a permanent corps. As a result, the Department of the Army gave just a pittance of money for maintenance.

There were about 14,000 troops there. The officers -- with the exception of a few very fine men - were anything but officer material. Many of them were quite proficient in their civilian work, like a dispatcher on the railroad, a captain on a tugboat, or a gang foreman on the docks. They had been commissioned and had done good work during the war. However, they had not the slightest idea of what an officer was, what his duties were, or what his responsibilities to his men were. To illustrate: We had what we called a provisional regiment, a unit of troops not connected with the School. I looked into that and found most of the officers living in the bar-racks right in the middle of the regiment, eating in company messes, and having the only dayroom in the entire area. The troops had no dayrooms at all. There was a great deal of theft, stealing of funds. In fact, every fund I had was investigated.

There were also communists mixed in there. For some reason or another, the communists were able to infiltrate the personnel and transportation areas. They caused a lot of trouble. I began to try to teach these people what an officer was supposed to be, and I became extremely unpopular. Some of the key people turned against me, plotted against me. But I stayed with it until we got the place cleaned up.

I was particularly worried about the living situation of the men. I got the officers out of that area and reorganized it so that every company had a dayroom; I got some furniture from somewhere. I discovered a classmate of mine, a Coast Artilleryman, now in the Transportation Corps. I thought, well, at least I'll get a good West Point officer down here. I gave him the regiment, but later I had to relieve him. It was very painful. All kinds of petty, vindictive things happened. Once I had charges preferred against me.

I wanted to improve the living conditions in those barracks. They were all unpainted, but I couldn't get any paint. So, I sent a couple of young officers out with orders to find some

paint. They came back and said, "There's a surplus warehouse in Richmond that's got a lot of paint. They'd be glad to give it to you. All you've got to do is requisition it."

I said, "How much will they give me?"

They said, "You can have all you want."

I sent a fleet of trucks and procured a million gallons of white paint. After I received it and locked it in the only permanent building on post, I reported to the Chief of Transportation that I had obtained paint through irregular but legal channels. Then we painted the post. We started by having soldiers paint their own quarters. By adding a little mixture of some kind to the white paint, we could make green for trim.

After the soldier's quarters were painted, we divided up the rest of the post and painted it. Then an engineer came to me and said, "General, You're in trouble." (Incidentally, I went there as a colonel, and in January 1947, out of the clear sky, I was reinstated as a Brigadier General with my original date of rank that went back to September 1943. That made me extremely unpopular with hundreds of officers in the Army who were still being demoted.) This engineer continued, "You painted this post with soldier labor, which is against regulations. It gets the unions up in arms. The Army Engineer at Fort Monroe has preferred charges against you."

He handed me a certificate and told me if I'd sign it, the charges would be dropped. The certificate indicated that I didn't understand that I was violating regulations when I used soldier labor to paint the post. I told the engineer, "I suppose you're trying to protect me, but all you've done is insult me."

I put out a memorandum stating that I used soldier labor to paint the post of Fort Eustis, that every step of the way I was aware of every regulation I was violating, and that I did it deliberately. I told the engineer to take that back to his people.

Shortly thereafter, down came the Army Commander. He asked, "George, what are you doing over here?"

I said, "I'll try to show you. This is a mud hole 20 feet above sea level at the highest place, and that's the gun emplacement. These men have been living in the mud in World War I buildings. I'm trying to make this place livable. I got the paint, which I reported, and I painted the post. The soldiers painted their own quarters before they ever touched any other part of the post. That's what I did."

He said, "Well, take me around."

I took him around the post and showed him what had been done. He said, "George, I wish I had more post commanders like you." and he tore up the charges.

The paint also was quite a useful instrument for trading. A friend of mine, General [BG William M.] Hogge, was commanding Belvoir outside of Washington and I went to see him. The place was badly in need of paint. I said, "Bill, why don't you paint this place? It's shabby looking." Well, he flew into a rage. Nobody would give him any paint, and he couldn't get any maintenance money. So, he said the hell with it.

"I have managed to get a little paint," I said; "maybe we can make a deal. You know, you've got a construction battalion here that needs some training, and I want to build an airstrip and a coal yard with the capability of dumping coal out of a car instead of having to shovel it out. I've got the material, but I haven't got the personnel skilled to build it. If you'd let your construction people come down for six or seven weeks, we can make a deal on some paint."

He looked at me and asked, "How much paint have you got?"

I said, "I've got a little bit."

"All right," he said, "for fifteen thousand gallons of paint I'll let you have them. Take it or leave it."

Well, I had a million gallons. So, I gave him fifteen thousand gallons of paint, and the construction battalion came down. I had steel planks, and they laid the airstrip where, I guess, the present helicopter pads are. They built a trestle over an old pit so that coal could be dumped. They then built a railroad yard to store the railroad cars. None of this cost the government anything.

Once, the James River froze over, and the district engineer came over and he had some oil barges that had to get up to Richmond. He couldn't get anybody to break the ice open on the James River, and he asked me if I could do anything about it.

I said, "We will get it open for you."

We had two seagoing tugs, one steel and one wood. They broke the channel open and he got the oil to Richmond. A few days later, the district engineer came back with a check for twelve hundred dollars.

"Here's your check," he said.

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

He said, "I was given twelve hundred dollars to get that ice broken, and you're the only one who would do it."

I said, "You're just getting ready to put us both in Leavenworth. I'm not going to take this money."

He told me he had to do something with it, and I told him again I wasn't going to take the money. "I don't care whether it goes in a fund or where," I said, "but no money is to come here. However," I added, "those two tugs are very unusual craft. It's just amazing how much sand and cement they use to operate; they just burn endless amounts." Three days later there were carloads of cement and sand on our siding. We made sidewalks out of it.

Later on, this same engineer had a barge sunk in Richmond. It was full of shale and big heavy boards. He couldn't get anybody to contract to remove it, and he came to see me again.

I said, "We will get it out for you."

We had a small diving outfit, and we put some steam shovels on a barge, went up there and tried to get the shale out. It was so thin that we couldn't do it. So, the divers went down and blew that barge to pieces, bit by bit. Then we picked up the bits, put them in the barge, and got the channel open. Sure enough, we got some more cement and sand without ever saying anything, enough to build all the sidewalks that were needed.

I had considerable trouble with incompetent officers. Some of them were outright crooks, and most understood nothing really about being an officer. Of course, there were some good men. But it was a struggle, and it took me a year to clean up the thievery, particularly of company funds.

There was also a problem at the Officers Club. I finally got an officer I knew was honest and I told him to see what was wrong. Well, someone had set the slot machines so we couldn't seem to make any money out of them. Obviously, somebody was taking the money. The officer that I sent over there took charge and discovered the problem, and the Club began to make money. People began playing the slot machines again because now they paid off.

Well, I could go on forever about Fort Eustis, but one thing few people know is why they call the dock "3d Port." It was named in honor of the port that went into Oran, the 3d Port; the name was without any authority, but it stuck. The road that leads down to the port is named after one of my officers who was killed in an airplane accident in Italy.

Another incident, to show you the way the Army works: June 29, I got a phone call from Washington, I guess the Chief's office. I was asked if I could use a hundred thousand dollars. That was more money than I'd ever seen down there.

I asked, "For what can I use it?"

I was told it was for field exercise money and asked, "Do you want it or not?"

I said, "I'll take it."

I was told it had to be committed before midnight the next night.

I wanted a gymnasium. Previously, we had gone across the peninsula to an old cantonment where there were two wartime gymnasiums that were in quite good shape. We tore one of these down, brought it to Fort Eustis, and tried to rebuild it. We simply didn't have the skills, or all the material needed to complete it. My engineer got on the telephone. We made an agreement with a contractor to complete that gymnasium; we named it Field Training House No. 1. It stood until the post was rebuilt. That's how we used the money and got a gymnasium.

We built a marine railway at Fort Eustis, which I think is still there. It could handle only the small craft. Over by the port, there was a gully that ran into the creek. I had some railroad ties and creosote posts that had been dumped off in the siding. So, we built a slanting railroad down into the water. The divers built the underwater part. We were able to get a motor and put it at the head of the winch. We could dry-dock many of our harbor craft. That was the kind of improvisation that you have to use to get things going.

Now about the Transportation School. I got rid of the first commandant assigned there. I won't tell you what I really think of him. Then I got Rush Lincoln, who later became General Lincoln, one of the smartest men I ever knew in my life. He graduated number one in his class at West Point. I had done some work with him during the war. Lincoln became commandant, and we brought Frank Kreml in and he made out the curriculum for the advanced school. (I imagine it's been changed quite a bit since then.) Frank had been a schoolteacher, and he was good at making out the lesson plans. We also had all of these training courses for pipe welders, and so forth. Half of the personnel were working in tents.

There were no quarters on post for officers or married enlisted men. There were three houses near where the Officers Club is now, the big house on the point above the port, and a little farmhouse near there. When I went to Fort Eustis, I decided I wasn't going to move anybody out, and I took the little farmhouse. I fixed it up a bit and stayed there. Aside from that, we didn't have any quarters for people on the post. This was unfortunate, because company commanders and first sergeants should live on post.

Up until the time I arrived, there had been only one swimming pool, which was used alternately by enlisted people and by officers. So, we made the little lake we'd constructed near my farmhouse the officer's swimming pool and gave the other one to the enlisted men.

I knew the lady who owned Carter's Grove in those days, and I went to see her. She gave me a mallard drake and two mallard hens; we clipped one wing of each a little bit and put them in the lake; they developed and had some young ones.

Down at the Warwick River, we had a number of canoes and rowboats. We had a dock down there and we got some fishing equipment. A soldier could go there, get a boat, and go fishing. We did as much as we could for the soldiers.

We had a lot of trouble with the stockade. When I went to Fort Eustis, it was a terrible place. I knew from past experiences that you have to watch the stockade like a hawk. Now here, I found out that a very small soldier had gotten drunk downtown and the MPs had beaten him up and thrown him into the stockade. He was raped while in there. The damned thing was a mess.

Well, I started to change things, and there was a meeting headed by a master sergeant protesting my actions. So, I had him in, tore the stripes of his sleeve, and kicked him out.

I later had to do something different and I didn't go through the proper channels. I built a new stockade on the edge of the post and did away with the old one that was near the post entrance at that time. I got rid of the sadists, as many as I could. There's one thing here you want to remember: Too often people who don't want to fight drift into positions like stockade guards and MPs; again, there are exceptions and very fine men. I'm not accusing all of them, but there are always some cruel individuals who hold these types of jobs. They haven't the ability to earn any authority outside, but in a stockade, for instance, they get these helpless people under their control, and they can be brutal.

I had an MP -- to show you what a mess things were after the war -- who beat up a drunk downtown without cause or justification. I think I took him off duty or something -- nothing serious. Then, he beat up another one, so I put him under arrest. He was a very fine-looking soldier, very neat, and had all kinds of ribbons. We were going to try him, and a lot of officers on post thought he was a wonderful man. I thought there was something funny about him and began to make inquiries. That MP also said he had worked for the FBI [Federal Bureau of Investigation] one time and had been in combat, where he received his decorations.

I had trouble getting his record as it was out in St. Louis. I asked the FBI about him, and they said that he never worked for them, but they would be interested in finding out what the source of his statement was. When he did something else out of order, I had the doctors look at him.

"That man's not normal," I told them.

Their reply: "He's one of the most intelligent people we have ever interviewed."

Well, we finally tried him. He came in wearing all of his decorations and overseas marks, looking like a million dollars, and was acquitted. About two days later, I got his records. He had never been any further overseas than Panama. He had never heard a hostile shot in his life, and he hadn't earned a single decoration.

I got the doctor over and said, "What about this?"

He said, "Let me see the fellow again."

We ended up discharging him for the good of the service.

When Fort Eustis was all cleaned up (as far as I knew there wasn't another scandal in the place), I went to the Chief of Transportation. I said, "I've been treated fine, I haven't got any gripe, but I trained to be an infantryman and I'd like to go back to the line."

He said, "Since you've had no infantry command in the war, you'd go to the bottom of the list and probably get reduced again."

I said, "I'd like to go back."

"All right," he said, "you get somebody that's acceptable to me to take over Fort Eustis, and I won't cause you any trouble."

Maud Muller, who had been Patton's G-4, was stationed at Fort Monroe, and I knew he was unhappy there. I had known Maud and his wife for a long time; she was an unusual person. I said to her, "Look, how would you like to be the lady on post, wife of the commanding general, sitting at the top of the heap?"

She said, "Why, I think that would be wonderful."

I said, "If Maud will take the post at Fort Eustis, that's what would happen."

Maud Muller agreed to come, and we arranged for him to take over the post. I was released and assigned to Fort Riley as Assistant Division commander of the 10th Infantry Division. That's how I got out of the Transportation Corps.

Before closing, there are several items concerning planning I want to cover: In an overseas operation, the Theater Chief of Transportation must know what is in the ships that are being sent over. He's got to know before the ships get there. Lack of that knowledge results in complete and utter confusion. Some device must be established for that information to reach the theater several days before the ships arrive. That's one important thing.

The second item regards port operations: Never let the Supply Services use the transfer sheds for storage of their supplies. It blocks the port.

The third item is more difficult to accomplish: Someone must know what the top commanders are going to do. Often when two commanders get together, they will make a decision but fail to advise their staff or the people involved in it. This causes endless difficulties.

I cite as one example: We had this special convoy of tankers -- fast tankers with their own escort -- which came from the United States to the Mediterranean. We had to turn them around in 48 hours; that is, unload and release them for return voyage. Now that meant that we had to have tank facilities and so forth to accept the fuel. A decision was

made in Washington, without any consultation with us, to load fighter planes on the decks of these tankers. In those days, a fighter plane couldn't fly across the Atlantic, and it was a problem to take them apart, bring them over, and then put them back together. On these flat tanker decks, there was a lot of room, so this convoy was stacked with fighter planes. We were expected to turn that convoy around in 48 hours.

The port where the oil was discharged did not have the facilities to take off a plane. We were stuck all because we were not consulted ahead of time about the shipment. It apparently embarrassed the people in Washington when we sent the ships back with those planes still on deck.

Later on, by special agreement, we could accept a certain number of planes, and we'd be prepared to put that tanker in where could take the planes off.

So, to the extent that is humanly possible, there must be some liaison, through some channel, with the top people.

The fourth thing I would like to emphasize is that equipment must be simple. I told you about the tugs in Manila Bay. Decision-makers have to realize that equipment is going to be operated in time of war by draftees who have had, compared to peacetime soldiers, very little training. No matter how well complicated equipment works in peacetime with trained personnel, it's not going to work well in wartime with partially trained draftees. This is a very important point, particularly in situations like the one I encountered with the tugs. Imagine having 40 tugs and not a one of them operable! The simplest thing we can build which will work and do the job is what we ought to have for wartime.

The fifth thing that every Transportation officer who may reach higher levels must be prepared to do is to establish the capability of supporting a force overseas. The size of the force depends on the ability to support it. That means landing the equipment and delivering it to the people who are going to use it. By experience, we were called on any number of times to say whether or not a proposed operation was feasible from the viewpoint of supporting it. In every case I was involved in, the decision to initiate a plan or not was based entirely on the transportation section deciding whether it could be supported. In that planning stage, the Transportation officer plays a very key role about a forthcoming operation.

The sixth point is that to the extent that it's proper and feasible, the Transportation officer at any level should be free from staff interference. Transportation is a moving operation: trains are moving, ships are moving, and trucks are moving. When the Transportation officer has to go through a G-4 section that takes the time to tear an order apart and put it back together again, the operation is almost over before shipments arrive. That's a ticklish situation because theoretically Transportation, like Quartermaster or anybody else, is under the control of the commander and his staff. Solving this type of problem depends largely on good relations with the commander and, if possible, with the staff. In the Mediterranean, we finally had an arrangement

where it was possible to issue orders directly to the port and give the base commander a copy that allowed them to protect the orders if they wanted to.

The seventh point I would like to make is a very delicate one, but very important. We must maintain good relations with railroad people. If we have to operate overseas and operate railroads, the only source of people who can do it well is from the civilian railroads in this country. And we must not expect these people to be disciplined soldiers. They go overseas to run the railroads, and they run them. We need to keep good relations with them.

The eighth point is about personnel. I'd like to emphasize again that there is a certain sequence in which events must take place when you're outloading. Now, I've spoken about the cargo having arrived at a given dock, at a given time, and in a given sequence. Well, the same thing is true of the personnel.

If all of their housekeeping equipment is taken away, an outfit is unable to sustain itself. It can't feed itself, and it can't house itself. So, the Transportation officer has to set up facilities near a port in which to house and feed a unit that's had all of its equipment taken away, until the personnel are put aboard a ship. That, in turn, requires a careful timing of the way the units move.

I illustrate with a final example: We had a transit camp outside Algiers, and we were loading for Sicily. Someone called in suddenly and told me that a whole port outfit with a thousand men had arrived. They had gotten themselves to Algiers a week ahead of schedule. We were not prepared to provide for them at that time.

I got this fellow in and asked, "Why did you do that?"

"We wanted to be on time," he said. "We got a way to move, so we just came on up."

I could have cut his throat right there.

Well, that was the last point I want to make. Let's end this interview. I hope something beneficial results from our talk.

CPT CADDELL: Sir, thank you very much.