

Dartmouth College Oral History Project  
The War Years at Dartmouth  
Interview with James Sutton Hardigg '44  
By Mary Stelle Donin  
February 17, 2009

DONIN: How is it you chose to come to Dartmouth back in 1940? Did you have family members before you that came to Dartmouth?

HARDIGG: No, no. I didn't have family members. I think my father probably in talking with friends and all, had it figured out that for somebody with—he was looking for a school where you could grow up. Where you're a boy, and you could grow up under nice surroundings like this. And if you loved the out-of-doors, that you would have access to the out-of-doors. So for a person with my inclinations, this was about as good a place as you could find.

DONIN: Had you seen it before you came here for the first time?

HARDIGG: Yes. I came up here on a Boy Scout trip. In the troop that I was in, if your patrol had done well, they had what they called the Eagle trip. And in the summer the scout master and an assistant scoutmaster would take the patrol in one of these wooden beach wagons, as they were called, on a trip. And we went up through here. We went to Franconia Notch and Cannon Mountain—I mean Mt. Washington and places like that. And we wouldn't have known about Moosilauke, but we did come through Hanover. I don't know if that had been in any way arranged to let me take a look at it or not. I don't know. So I had seen it, yes.

DONIN: Were you attracted to Dartmouth because you liked the outdoors kind of life that was available here?

HARDIGG: Yes, yes. And I was a serious scholar. And the idea, which I later heard propounded by Dean Neidlinger, who was a dean here at that time, was that, you know, the professors were here, were really chosen and advanced on their teaching ability. This wasn't a research institution. And I think that did show, that the teachers, the instruction was.... Now I was a math major. And the math teachers, with one exception, were excellent teachers. The exception, they said, was the best mathematician among them. But it was hard for him to put anything across. But anyhow, so, yes. It was a beautiful spot, and you had good sports, and you had the Appalachian Trail

going right through town. And I went up to Moosilauke a lot and Smart's Mountain and on the river in the canoes and all. So that part was very good. But also I had good instruction, and I tried to make the most of it. I didn't stay up late at night. I tried to get the homework done by ten o'clock, went to bed, got a good night's sleep. Went to freshman Commons and got breakfast. One thing in the freshman Commons I've never forgotten. You went through a cafeteria-like line. And among other things you got a half a pint of milk. Well, that was meant to be for your cereal. Well, when you sat at your table, these round tables, they had these aluminum pitchers full of skim milk. And I got so I could—I felt it was nutritious; I got so I could drink the stuff. I remember from one boy from Minnesota that said, "Where I come from, you couldn't give this stuff away."  
[Laughter]

DONIN: He was used to the stuff with all the fat in it.

HARDIGG: Yes, he was used to whole milk. Now coming to college, I did know one person in my class previously.

DONIN: Oh.

HARDIGG: And I'd known him in the Hawaiian Islands. My father was stationed there. And from the time I was ten to 12, and I went one year there; I went to the Punahou School which is a wonderful school started by missionaries back in the 1830's in the Hawaiian Islands. And it was the best school until I got to Dartmouth, I think, and the best instruction that I ever had, although it wasn't bad in high school. But it was really good there. And there was a boy, John Peacock, who was in my class. It was funny. When we went to the freshman Commons the first night that I was back from the freshman trip which I went on, we were lined up in the hall in front of the double doors that went into the eating section of that College Hall, up ahead there was a fellow, and from behind, and he was a very large boy or young man. It looked like John Peacock. But, you know, [Laughs] there are millions of people around. But sure enough, it was John Peacock. So we were classmates.

DONIN: You must have been so surprised to see him.

HARDIGG: Yes, he was very surprised. Yes. But I didn't know it previously. Oh, another fellow, I forgot. Of course my roommate I knew him. He was from the high school where I went. But also John Vandegrift who was in my class. As a little boy we used to play together in

Washington because our parents lived near each other. That was along where Wisconsin Avenue, you have Fulton Street, Garfield Street, all these streets. Well, he lived one street off of Wisconsin, that would have been 38<sup>th</sup> Street and I lived at 38<sup>th</sup> and Fulton. So it was just a few blocks away and we were good friends. And then we went to high school together. We were on the swimming team together in high school and then we were here. I didn't see a lot of him when we were here. So I did know those fellows. But I think that does exhaust all the people that I previously had any experience with here.

DONIN: Now what dorm were you assigned to when you first got here?

HARDIGG: I started in Gile Hall, second floor of Gile Hall. I can almost remember the number. But anyhow, you came up the stairs, and you went to the left, and on your right was our room. So I was there one year. And then the next year—that was with Bill Trease. And then the next year we were also in the second floor of Gile, but there you came up the stairs and you went to the right down toward the end of the hall, and you went to the right again, and then you took the second door on the left and that was our room. Then later I was in I guess it's Richardson. That's on the corner. If you start down Tuck Drive it's on the right and I was in the top floor of that by myself. Trease had gone. We started in '40, and we had a year. And in '41, you came to December 7<sup>th</sup> and things changed. And so he signed up for the Air Force. And I went in the Army Enlisted Reserve, my father being an Army officer. Physically I could have qualified for pilot. But I was willing to be a foot soldier if that's what I had to be. So I went in. And Dad said, he said, "In the First World War, the volunteers were sent in without enough training. We lost a lot of people that could have made good officers," he said. "Join this, and they'll take you when they need you." But they kept us longer than I ever thought they would. I signed up in December of '41. And it wasn't until—I'm not sure which month now, but maybe March of '43—that they called us up. And in those days you went during the summer, so if I could have finished that term, I would have graduated—a little truncated, of course, because I never had a chance to take some of the courses in philosophy and things like that I would have liked to have taken. You had to concentrate on your major, mine being math. And then some other sciences seemed valuable, like astronomy because you learned to navigate, and things like that. So in physics—I don't know why I took some more physics, but I did. Most of my friends then either went for the Army or Navy Air Corps to be pilots or officers. Didn't have to be Air

Corps or the naval officers. And I can see the advantage of that. But anyhow, I was going to be a soldier. [Laughs]

DONIN: And then at that point, Dartmouth was running year round, wasn't it?

HARDIGG: Yes.

DONIN: Right after Pearl Harbor, I guess.

HARDIGG: Well, yes. They had that V-12 program which was Navy and some Marines. And they became—most of the dorms were filled with those people. They became far and away the majority. There were very few of us that were—there were some people who maybe weren't medically able to join the forces. But most people were away, had been called up in the armed forces. All my friends had gone in. Except for one friend who was a year behind me who was a medical student. I knew him from a year before. But most people were gone. So what I used to do, I went to my classes, of course. But then I would go down from where I lived—it was a short walk down to the Ledyard Canoe Club. And they had some little canoes down there. I don't know what—never seen them anywhere else. But they were short and narrow. But a single person could get in one of those. You could either get out in the middle and kneel and paddle as one person. But I found that I could get in the stern, and the boat would tilt way up. And if I leaned to one side, it would go around to the left. And then if I paddled on the right, I could make it go straight; they compensated each other. So I would paddle for an hour or so up the river and back frequently. Then I had a bicycle, one of these three-speed bicycles. And my first summer, I had worked in a paper mill in Maine, up in Livermore Falls, Maine. And I'd ridden all over central Maine on my bicycle on my two days off that I had each week. Wednesday and Sunday I took. But finally, at the end of the summer, I rode back to Washington, DC, on my bicycle.

DONIN: All the way to Washington?

HARDIGG: Yes.

DONIN: Oh, my goodness!

HARDIGG: This three-speed bike. If I remember right, after deductions, I earned \$22.39 a week in this paper mill and my room and board in

a nice clean little hotel which I think was probably sponsored somehow I did 770 miles, and it took me six and a half days. And my dad said, "Well, if you're going to do that, just don't come down Route No. 1." So I went down to Portland from Livermore Falls. And that night I got to Dover, New Hampshire. Slept in a ballpark in Dover, New Hampshire, on some benches. I had an Army blanket. In those days I could sleep on a bench and get some sleep, you know. [Laughter] I don't know if I could do that today. And then the next morning I went through Dover, and I went to a grocery store and got some food. I had just a little bag. It didn't have panniers. I would carry very little on my bicycle. Very little clothing and just a little food. So then I rode across, all the way across New Hampshire, Concord, Keene, and then across to Brattleboro. And then I would get supper—I bought food in grocery stores and made my meals until suppertime. Then I had a warm meal. Then I rode up out of Brattleboro; it's pretty steep going out of Brattleboro. And there was one of these roadside picnic areas with a couple of benches and a little stream going by. Well, I slept on their table. That was better than a bench; it was wider. And then the next day I started on across Vermont, but it rained. It wasn't a heavy rain, but it drizzled all day long. And this up and down, up and down. That was the hardest day's drive I had. And my blanket got damp.

DONIN: Oh!

HARDIGG: You know that was the bad part. But then I went through Schenectady, and I went out beyond Schenectady a little bit. There was some little place I saw a restaurant. And I had dinner there. Then right up the road there were tourist cabins. But the fellow that ran them saw I was all alone. He said, "If you're all alone, you can have a room in my house." And it was 75 cents. You had a nice clean room with a bathtub and everything. So I probably needed a bath after two days on the road. [Laughter] So the next day it was clear weather. But I didn't have to sleep in a wet blanket. At least that was good. So the next day I made it to Binghamton, New York. And outside of Binghamton the road forked. Maybe this is not part of your story; I don't know.

DONIN: Oh, it's wonderful.

HARDIGG: There was a little boy. I didn't know which way to go. There was a little boy there, and I asked him. And he didn't know either, but he said, "My mother would know." So he took me—There was a little gas station, the family lived above and behind the gas station. He

took me around back and talked to his mother, and she told me which road to go. And she said, “Well, where are you going to spend the night?” It was almost dark. I’d had supper already in Binghamton. And I said, “Well, I saw a pile of crushed rock down the road there. I could hollow that out a little bit and that’d be pretty good, you know.” So she said, “No, you’d better stay with us.” [Laughs] So the little boy was moved into his sister’s room, and I slept in his bed. And the next morning the father, who worked in the post office—I never met him; he came in, and he was probably in bed when I left. And I had some breakfast. But the mother—They weren’t going to let me pay anything. But when she wasn’t looking, I put a dollar under the sugar bowl. [Laughter] Which I guess they found in due course. So I got back on the highway, and it was a beautiful trip down through Pennsylvania. I got down as far as Williamsport, Pennsylvania. And there I slept in a little tourist cabin. Only cotton blankets. It was hard to get warm in that place. My blanket was still a little damp. Then from there I don’t clearly remember. Well, I went down—it was a beautiful section. You go past a part where you go along the Susquehanna River on the bluffs above the Susquehanna...it’s a place. Then I went on down the Susquehanna, and I ended up going through—Stayed overnight in Gettysburg. And by noon the next day I was in my home in Washington. And I was leaner than I’d ever been in my life.

DONIN: I’ll say.

HARDIGG: It was good training for running and things like that, you know.

DONIN: Mm-hmm. And this was the summer of 1941.

HARDIGG: Yes, summer of ’41.

DONIN: So that was before all the—

HARDIGG: Just before we got into the war.

DONIN: Yes.

HARDIGG: I remember seeing two movies that were shown at the Nugget Theater, the old Nugget in.... One was called *World in Flames* and *Blitzkrieg in the West*. And these were kind of propaganda films, I think, German propaganda films. At least one of them was. But they didn’t intimidate you. They made you want to fight, you know. And they showed Dunkirk, the beach at Dunkirk that those people

retreated over. And the shell holes, just one shell hole after another. And how they stood it, I don't know. But anyhow, yes. So then we had the Pearl Harbor thing.

DONIN: Were you on campus that day?

HARDIGG: Yes, yes. I can't remember exactly how I heard it, but I heard it. And I didn't spend any time by the radio. We had a radio. My roommate had a radio. But I didn't usually listen much to it. But news got around pretty fast, I'm sure.

DONIN: Yes. Now do you remember Ernest Martin Hopkins?

HARDIGG: Oh, yes. I liked him very much. I greatly respected him. And I don't know what led to it, but I used to have talks with him.

DONIN: Oh!

HARDIGG: He used to go down from his office. He would walk down to beyond the fraternity house there on the corner, the Casque & Gauntlet. There was a little magazine and newspaper place there. And he'd get his newspaper. And there's a funny story about it. When he was walking back one day, Professor Foley I think his name was, who was a well-liked professor here, he remembered a time when Hopkins was installed as—and they had the governor of New Hampshire speak. And he hadn't had a chance to read—he told Hopkins, "I don't know what to say at an event like that." And he said, "Well, have your secretary write something. It'll be all right." And apparently the secretary wrote something. But the governor, he came up from Washington on the train. He really didn't see it until he was up on the podium. So he was reading his speech and he came to the point, and it said, "And it will be a milestone." And he said, "It will be a millstone in the life of the college." Because the professors, I gather, were not totally impressed with having a non-professor, where I think he was better qualified than any professor. He'd trained under Nichols, I think. Was it? No, no, not Nichols.

DONIN: Tucker.

HARDIGG: Tucker, who was really a great man and a real leader of men. So he had some really good training. And then he was in the telephone company, and he'd managed training in there. And then he did the Filene's store. He did a lot of things. Anyhow, I liked Hopkins. Now I don't know whether it was before or after, I did get the mathematics

prize in my class, you know. The second year of calculus, you go in there. That's another story. But I— So he presented the prize. So he might have recognized me better after that. But I used to meet him on the street on his newspaper run.

DONIN: Mm-hmm.

HARDIGG: And we would talk. And I always felt there was a benign influence in the college, and I felt it probably emanates from him. And I did feel that about the college, which under some of the other leaders here, I haven't felt that. Not at all. But under him I felt it was—and I'm sure it was—a tradition you had; probably came from Tucker, then to Hopkins. And he had been here quite a while by the time I was here. You know there's a funny story about him. It was Mr. Tuck that gave the Tuck School, was a philanthropist and lived in France. An American, but he lived in France. And he used to invite Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins to come over in the summer and stay with them in their nice home outside of Paris. And you know the story probably. It's written up in one of these books about Hopkins. But one time the women were going to go to some concert or some play or something, and Mrs. Tuck knew that Mr. Tuck wasn't so impressed with this particular kind of thing. So she gave him a couple of tickets to something else and said, "Here, you can go to that." Well, when they left, Mr. Tuck said to Hopkins something like, "Why don't we go to the Folies." [Laughs] So they go down to the Folies. And as they're going in, there's a balcony—I've never been in there—but there's a balcony. And Hopkins had a high forehead and was a tall man. There were some Dartmouth students upstairs. And they said, "Hey, Hoppy, what are you doing here?" And he was embarrassed. Well, they were ushered—Mr. Tuck was a frequenter of the place—they were ushered down right by the stage. And at one point one of these scantily clad ladies came out over the wire around like that, and she said, "Hello, Eddie! Where have you been? Haven't seen you recently."

DONIN: Oh!

HARDIGG: That was funny. [Laughter] He was embarrassed. But Hopkins, you know, so I think there was—He was a really fine man. And I think the principle I heard later Neidlinger speak about when I was later as an alumnus at some alumni meeting, he said, "Well, the concept of the college is to have good teachers that transmit the proven knowledge of the past." In other words, that's totally different from what you read about what a modern college is like. Everybody has



to be a researcher. I think that's baloney. First of all, they aren't all that gifted. And some of the things—if everybody has to get something new, not everything new is necessarily better. Whereas you had I know in mathematics, a Professor Brown, Professor Robinson were very good teachers. I never had Brown, but I had Robinson a number of times. But I remember Professor Brown being quoted as saying, "Well, I think I'll know how to teach that a little better next time." In other words, they really worked on how to teach. And you could feel the difference. I later went to MIT. And there were some good teachers there. They were more the research types. They could hardly wait to get out—some of them—to get out of the classroom to go back to the laboratory. They weren't as good teachers. They put it on the blackboard, but that was it. Whereas here, if you stuck around after class if you had a question or sometimes Professor Hull invited students to his home; he was a physics professor. And Professor Rayton, a very nice man and his wife, when they had... The second year, they had a trip to Mount Katahdin. I went the first year but the second year had a bad cold. Well, the Raytons asked me to—you know I'm a guy who had a really bad cold. And Van Paschen his name was, he was of German origin. He was head of the Outing Club. They were going to have Thanksgiving together, and they asked me to come.

DONIN: Oh.

HARDIGG: Now that's pretty darned nice to ask a guy with a bad cold to come. They knew I was alone, you know. Van Paschen knew that because I was active in the Outing Club. And it was a wonderful trip. Used to take—I don't know if they still do that—Thanksgivings. And there was a John E. Johnston Fund for the Outing Club which would give you—if you were going on this trip, it would provide a turkey for you. You could get it either cooked or to cook. Good thing we took it cooked when I was a freshman—That's another story, but maybe I'll tell that story; I remember that vividly. I hadn't signed up quite quick enough. There was only room for ten people. And it was in one of those—Traveling was going to be in one of those wooden-backed beach wagons.

DONIN: Mm-hmm.

HARDIGG: They hardly hold ten people. But anyhow, when I went I saw I was No. 11 on the list. There was another guy No. 12 or something like that. Anyway, they weren't going to take us. So I went went down while they were packing up, down to the Outing Club room there.

And finally the trip leader said, “Okay, Hardigg, you can come. Go get your stuff.” So I.. Same to the other guy. And I ran back, and got my Hudson Bay blanket, the warmest thing I had. Didn’t have a sleeping bag in those days. And some wool socks and my ski jacket and some mittens and things. I didn’t have enough, it turned out, for what we were up against. So we all crammed in this thing somehow. We were like squirrels in a squirrel’s nest, facing each other in the back of that beach wagon. Took all the seats out so your legs were interlaced with the guy on the opposite side. I think there were three in the front seat. It was a single seat. You’re not supposed to have but two, but that’s all right. All our gear was piled on top, and we set out. It started to snow. We had a few days at Thanksgiving time. But it started to snow. It snowed all the way to Maine, all the way to Maine. And we got to I think it was Orono, Maine, where the University of Maine is. And one fellow said we could stay in his fraternity house or something. Well, the place was shut up. There was nobody there and it was locked and we couldn’t get in. So we kept going. And we kept driving—I think 20 hours at least we were driving.

DONIN: Oh!

HARDIGG: I wasn’t driving. I think I had a license, but they had more experienced older drivers. You know they had a couple of upperclassmen were on the trip, leading the trip. Well, finally we get up, we go through the woods, and we finally get up to the road leading to Chimney Pond on, I guess, it’s the east side of, I think, of the mountain. And the road kept angling up, but we went up, and the snow was beginning to get a few inches deep. But it wasn’t—it was still drivable. So we went around. We turned the car around, the beach wagon, and put a little piece of wood under the front tires, and made sure the emergency brake was off so it wouldn’t freeze up on us. And we start up the trail to Chimney Pond. It was snowing like everything. There was already quite a bit of snow on the trail as we got farther up. And I shouldn’t be the one to say it, but since I’m the only one here, I got in the lead. Probably all that bicycling.

DONIN: You were in good shape.

HARDIGG: And the snow by the time we got to Chimney Pond was over my knees. It was getting pretty deep. And the pond was frozen over and covered with snow. That pond— That was not an airtight building. It was built like a corn crib, you know, the wind blew right

through. [Laughs] And as far as we could tell—there was a big thermometer on the porch—and it was below the lowest division. Now by extrapolation, which may not have been valid, but it said 40 below.

DONIN: Oh!

HARDIGG: It was really cold. It must have been well below zero, well below. So I remember going down to the pond with an old axe and chopping through to get ice, about six inches of ice we got, to get water. But there was no firewood to speak of. So you could barely keep the water warm on the back of the stove. We couldn't cook anything really except just a little bit. We would scrounge around in the snow trying to find firewood. But, you know, there wasn't any.

DONIN: Well, it was going to be all wet anyway, wasn't it?

HARDIGG: Probably.

DONIN: How did you survive that weekend?

HARDIGG: Well, we didn't climb the mountain that day. It was just too darned cold, you know. So by the next morning, it was only zero. That wasn't bad. So we set out—two or three people had snowshoes, and they went first. It was a sort of pine grove. I didn't have any, but I came along trying to step in snowshoe tracks. Then we came to a very steep pitch, and it was iced over with about half an inch of ice with snow underneath. But I managed to kick steps in this face and get up to the top. Then the wind was blowing like everything. It was on the saddle between the peaks. But we made it up to one of the peaks. South Peak, I think. And then we came back down. And I shouldn't say these things. But I remember waiting until everybody got down. And I came down in my—the footsteps were still kicked just like steps in the crust. And I don't know whether that's when I froze my toes or not. But my toes were frostbitten. But then at night, you see, I had one Hudson Bay blanket to wrap up in, and I had a couple of blanket pins. And I had some thick wool socks, and I had a sweater and a ski jacket, I suppose, and some kind of wool hat and mittens. And that wasn't enough. So, you know, you got through the night. So the next morning when we set out, we hiked down to the car. It started all right. And then when we got in and we're in there, it began to get a little warm, my feet began to hurt.

DONIN: Oh.

HARDIGG: Another guy was a little worse than I was. Mine were not seriously hurt. But they were getting there. But they hurt for quite a while. But finally they quit hurting before we got to Hanover. And so that was one of these trips where we didn't lose anybody, but it was close.

DONIN: My goodness! And that was freshman year.

HARDIGG: Yes, freshman year.

DONIN: At Thanksgiving.

HARDIGG: Yes.

DONIN: But you loved the Outing Club. That was your....

HARDIGG: Oh, yes, I loved the Outing Club. In fact, that made it—That saved me. Because when I came to college, it struck me three weeks before I came that I really didn't understand anything. I didn't understand why we were here. I didn't understand the meaning of life. You know, I had always put my full energies into whatever I undertook. And I had done well in school. And the Scout troop had a camp down in Maryland. We cut wood, we built log cabins. We did all sorts of things. And I always worked hard there. But now I couldn't see what do we do all this for? I couldn't see the meaning of life. And then when we came as freshmen, the first thing we had to do in freshman English, Professor Booth's English—I liked Professor Booth and came to know him better later. You had to write an essay on why you came to college. So I wrote about my quest for meaning. I didn't get any response from Professor Booth at all. I mean I got probably a B or something like that on my written essay. But there was no—You'd think that somebody would say, well, why don't we come in and talk about it? You know? There was no response. The closest—And I didn't hear students talk about this ever. But I don't know, I later came to realize that some students, some of my friends now, say they had thought some of these things. And there was a professor here who some of them were greatly, well, motivated by and intrigued by and taught by Professor Rosenstock-Huessy, who was a.... His course sounded interesting to me, but I didn't have enough free electives to take it. I took Professor Wheelwright's Introduction to Philosophy, and I liked Professor Wheelwright, too. But I didn't want to bother this dear old man with these, to me, burdensome questions. There are two ways of taking that question: One is you can be happy as a clam that

you've been given this life. The other is you can think, well, I just don't understand why I should do these things. It can be a burden or a blessing. Anyhow, so....

DONIN: Did you ever find anybody at Dartmouth whom you could talk to?

HARDIGG: Well, the only time I heard anybody, it was the college psychiatrist. He addressed the freshman class. And he said something to the effect that, you don't know how your radio works. But you can turn the knobs, the dials, and get music. And I thought this guy probably understands the problem. But he was such a nervous individual. He could hardly talk it seemed to me. I didn't think if he knew what I'm looking for, he wouldn't be in that condition. So what saved me was the out-of-doors. I felt something in the out-of-doors in places like the forests on Mooselauke and some of the others. And then this good Ross McKenney, the college woodcraft advisor. I liked Ross a lot. And he was a courageous man. He was an example of a good courageous man, and he was wise, too. And he thought about things. I never discussed this question thoroughly with him. But I felt that there was something to him, just as there was to Hopkins, and one or two upperclassmen that I knew, that there was a spirit in these people, and I guess is what I sought to have myself. Which didn't come right away. Later, yes. But not then. But I could hike in the mountains. I felt a spirit there kind of like an Indian or something. I felt trees. I felt there was a—I didn't go up and hug these trees. But I liked the trees. And there'd be birch and beech and evergreens and all. And then the views. I went over the mountains. So I felt something there. And that made it possible for me to survive. Then I could come back to the civilization here and work on these books. But that's what gave me...kept me going in a spiritual sense.

DONIN: Mm-hmm.

HARDIGG: And I think that's such a value of this college which one or two of the presidents we've had since then didn't fully appreciate. Perhaps the present one does, I don't know. But I don't know how many people were affected that way. How many people whose lives were basically saved. [...]

DONIN: So when did you leave here?

HARDIGG: Well, I came back, oh—I left here in '43, in the spring of '43.

DONIN: And you'd finished?

HARDIGG: Well, I went in the Army, you see.

DONIN: Mm-hmm.

HARDIGG: From Washington. That you go to Fort Lee, Virginia, and I was there 19 days. But then they give you a new physical exam. And that's when they gave me... My lungs, they had changed the x-ray requirements. If you have little... If you ever had TB, you have little spotted places. But it turns out, they learned later, in Virginia, West Virginia, and Ohio, along in southern Pennsylvania, there was a disease called histoplasmosis. And you can get these spots from that in your lungs. Now I walked in chicken yards. That's where—you can get it from chicken manure. And one man in Washington died. He got a load of chicken manure from a farm outside of Washington and was fertilizing his garden with it, and he got so much that he died of exposure to this stuff. But most people, you might think you have a bad cold or something. But it leaves you with these spots. So they sent me home.

DONIN: Oh, so that was it.

HARDIGG: Nineteen days, you see. Well, yes, I was there, and I had a funny experience over there. The sergeant who was one of these rough-and-tough guys—a nice tough guy, you know. He lined us up about five o'clock in the morning, whenever it was. And one morning he said, "Any volunteers for KP?" Well, some of the barracks lawyers had said, "Whatever you do, don't volunteer for anything. Be scarce. Stay out of the bunkhouse, the barracks and all." Well, another guy and I stepped forward. So he assigned us to KP from four p.m. to eight p.m. that day. Well, the next day he started assigning it. Well, you go and you go.... And they went about four in the morning and four in the afternoon. [Laughs] They got a real dose of KP. So that was maybe a little lesson for the boys. Anyhow....

DONIN: So had you already been given your diploma from Dartmouth when you left here in the spring of '43?

HARDIGG: I don't think so. I don't remember clearly. So I came back and finished. I couldn't quite—if I'd gone to the end of the term, I would have graduated. So I took more courses, and I was here into the

fall. I guess I took the summer term perhaps. I think it was in the winter that I went to MIT.

**[End of Interview]**