George C. Marshall
Interviews and Reminiscences
for Forrest C. Pogue
George C. Marshall Interviews and Reminiscences for Forrest C. Pogue

Revised edition
with an Introduction by Dr. Pogue

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Historian Douglas Southall Freeman, whose books Marshall enjoyed, suggested to the chief of staff in the spring of 1942 that he keep memorandums or a diary of important daily events. Other members of the Roosevelt administration were doing this, most notably Secretary of War Henry Stimson. But Marshall refused:

In the first place it tends to cultivate a state of mind unduly concerned with possible investigations, rather than a complete concentration on the business of victory. Further, it continually introduces the factor of one's own reputation, the future appreciation of one's daily decisions, which leads, I feel, subconsciously to self-deception or hesitations in reaching decisions. I realize that in the future I will probably be embarrassed by lack of factual evidence or contemporary notes regarding this and that phase of the war as influenced from my office. If I in any way propagated such thoughts, it would inevitably affect the clarity and logic of my daily approach to the changing situation. (The Papers of George Catlett Marshall, 3: 208.)

This volume, a compilation of transcripts and notes made during late 1956 and early 1957 by and for General Marshall's newly appointed official biographer, Forrest C. Pogue, represents the nearest approach to a memoir of his later career that the general ever attempted. Dr. Pogue typed the first draft of the transcripts himself. Marshall Foundation staff members Eugenia D. Lejeune and Dorothy Dean respectively proofed the transcripts against the recordings and typed the final version. These are the transcripts cited in the annotation of Dr. Pogue's definitive and monumental George C. Marshall (4 vols., 1963–87). The approximately thirty-one hours of tape were numbered 1M to 19M in roughly the chronological order of their contents. This tape order is preserved in this volume.

In 1977 a project was initiated to publish a multi-volume edition of selected and annotated documents by General Marshall. To assist the editors of The Papers of George Catlett Marshall and to enable Dr. Pogue's collection to be opened to other researchers, the Marshall Foundation decided in 1984 to prepare a typeset and indexed version of the interviews. Joellen Bland, the project's editorial assistant, had checked the transcripts against the original tapes in 1980. In 1984–86 Larry Bland edited the transcripts and re-recorded the originals onto cassette tapes in order to preserve the originals and to provide researchers with easier access to the recordings. The beginnings of the reel-to-reel originals and the cassettes are indicated in the text. In 1986 the transcripts were made available in an 8½"x 11" photocopied format under the title George C.

The demand for this source by researchers and others interested in General Marshall's life and times was greater than the editor had anticipated; thus in 1990-91 the book was retypeset into the present format. Three important additions were made to this new volume: an introduction by Dr. Pogue, illustrations, and annotation. The editor made few changes in the content of the transcripts; punctuation and capitalization were most affected. All footnotes and material in brackets in the text have been added by the editor. Material in italics within brackets is meant to be read in place of the original: e.g., "veterans of the First Division [Thirtyeth Infantry]" on p. 129.

Joellen K. Bland typeset and helped with the editing and proofreading. Sharon Ritenour Stevens selected the photographs, wrote the captions and illustrations list, and designed the photo sections and the cover. Larry I. Bland was responsible for the editing, index, and paste-up. Jeanne E. Pederson assisted with the cover design.
Some Highlights of George C. Marshall's Life

George Catlett Marshall was born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, on December 31, 1880, to George Catlett Marshall (1845-1909) and Laura Bradford Marshall (1846-1928), both of Augusta, Kentucky. His siblings were Stuart Bradford (1875-1956) and Marie Louise (later Mrs. John J. Singer) (1876-1962). He attended the Virginia Military Institute in Lexington, Virginia, 1897-1901, where he held the highest cadet ranks each of his last three years and graduated in civil engineering. On February 11, 1902, soon after he received his commission in the army, Marshall married Elizabeth Carter Coles (1874-1927) of Lexington.

After duty in the Philippines and the continental United States, he served in France during World War I, initially with the First Division and eventually on the staff of General John J. Pershing. During the interwar years, he served as aide to Pershing, with troops in China, and at Fort Benning and other posts in the United States. Three years after his first wife's death, Marshall married Katherine Boyce Tupper Brown (1882-1978) of Baltimore, Maryland, on October 15, 1930. Marshall acquired three step-children by this marriage: Molly Brown (later Mrs. James J. Winn) (1912– ), Clifton Stevenson Brown (1914-1952), and Allen Tupper Brown (1916-1944), who was killed in action near Anzio, Italy.

Appointed acting chief of staff, U.S. Army, on July 1, 1939, Marshall was sworn in as chief of staff on September 1, 1939; he served in that capacity until November 1945. After his special mission to China, 1945-46, President Truman appointed him secretary of state in 1947. After two years in this post, he resigned and became president of the American Red Cross in 1949. He was recalled to government duty for a year in 1950-51 as secretary of defense.

Marshall received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1953 for his initiation of the European Recovery Act. He died on October 16, 1959, at Walter Reed Army Hospital, Washington, D.C.

Professional Career

Commandant, Danville Military Institute, Danville, Virginia, September-December 1901

Commissioned second lieutenant, February 2, 1902
Duty with the Thirtieth Infantry in the Philippine Islands (Manila and Mangarin, Mindoro), May 1902–November 1903
Duty at Fort Reno, Oklahoma Territory, December 1903–August 1906
(detached service for mapping part of Texas, summer, 1905)
Student, Infantry and Cavalry School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, August 1906–June 1907

Promoted to first lieutenant, March 7, 1907
Detached service at the Pennsylvania National Guard summer camps, summer, 1907-10
Student, Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, August 1907–June 1908
Instructor, Army Service Schools, Fort Leavenworth, August 1908–June 1910
Inspector-instructor, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, Boston, June 1911–September 1912
Duty with the Fourth Infantry (Fort Logan Roots, Arkansas; Fort Snelling Minnesota; Texas City, Texas), September 1912–June 1913
Duty in the Philippine Islands, August 1913–May 1916; aide-de-camp to Major General Hunter Liggett

Promoted to captain, July 1, 1916
Aide-de camp to Major General J. Franklin Bell (San Francisco, California; Governors Island, New York), July 1916–July 1917
Duty with the American Expeditionary Forces, June 1917–April 1919: Assistant chief of staff, G-3 (Operations), First Division, June 26, 1917–July 12, 1918

Promoted to major (temporary), August 5, 1917
Promoted to lieutenant colonel (temporary), January 5, 1918
Duty with G-3 Section, A.E.F. General Headquarters, July 13–August 20, 1918

Promoted to colonel (temporary), August 27, 1918
Assistant to the chief of staff, First Army, August 20–October 17, 1918
Assistant chief of staff, G-3, First Army, October 17–November 19, 1918
Chief of staff, Eighth Corps, November 20, 1918–January 15, 1919
Duty with G-3 Section, G.H.Q., January 15–April 30, 1919
Aide-de-camp to General Pershing (France and Washington, D.C.), May 1919–June 1924

Promoted to major (permanent), July 1, 1920
Promoted to lieutenant colonel, August 21, 1923
Duty with the Fifteenth Infantry Regiment, Tientsin, China, September 1924–May 1927
Instructor, Army War College, Washington, D.C., July–October 1927
Assistant commandant (head of the Academic Department), Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia, October 1927–June 1932
Commanding Fort Screven, Georgia, and Civilian Conservation Corps (C.C.C.) District “F,” June 1932–June 1933
Commanding Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, and C.C.C. District “I,” June–October 1933
Promoted to colonel, September 1, 1933
Senior instructor, Illinois National Guard, Chicago, October 1933–October 1936
Promoted to brigadier general, October 1, 1936
Commanding Fifth Brigade of the Third Division, Vancouver Barracks, Washington, and C.C.C. District, October 1936–June 1938
Assistant chief of staff, War Plans Division, War Department, Washington, D.C., July–October 1938
Deputy chief of staff, War Department, October 1938–June 1939
Acting chief of staff, U.S. Army, July 1–September 1, 1939
Promoted to major general, September 1, 1939
Chief of staff, U.S. Army, September 1, 1939–November 18, 1945
Promoted to general (temporary), September 1, 1939
Promoted to General of the Army (temporary), December 16, 1944
Special representative of President Truman to China with the rank of ambassador, November 27, 1945–January 20, 1947
General of the Army (permanent), April 11, 1946
Secretary of state, January 21, 1947–January 20, 1949
Retired from active military service, February 28, 1947; restored to the Active List, March 1, 1949
Chairman of the American Battle Monuments Commission, January 26, 1949–October 16, 1959
Board of Visitors, Virginia Military Institute, 1946–1954
President of the American Red Cross, October 1, 1949–November 30, 1950
Secretary of defense, September 21, 1950–September 12, 1951
Chairman of the United States delegation to the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II of Great Britain, May–June 1953

Military Decorations and Awards

United States:
Distinguished Service Medal with First Oak Leaf Cluster
Silver Star
Gold Medal expressing “Thanks of Congress”
Philippine Campaign Medal
Mexican Border Service Medal
World War I Victory Medal with four battle clasps
Army of Occupation of Germany Medal
American Defense Service Medal with Foreign Service Clasp
American Campaign Medal
Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal
European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal with two bronze service stars
World War II Victory Medal
National Defense Service Medal

FOREIGN:
Brazil—Order of Military Merit, Grade of Grand Officer
Chile—Order del Merito
Columbia—Grand Cross of the Order of Boyaco
Cuba—Order of Military Merit, First Class
Ecuador—Star of Abdon Calderon, First Class
France—Legion of Honor, degree of Officer (1919); promoted to degree of Grand Croix (1945)
Great Britain—Knight Grand Cross, Order of Bath (Military Division)
Greece—Grand Cross, with Swords, of the Royal Order of George I
Italy—Order of the Crown of Italy, Grade of Officer; Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, Grade of Officer
Liberia—Centennial Medal
Montenegro—Silver Medal for Bravery
Morocco—Grand Cross of Ouissam Alaouite Cherifien
Netherlands—Knight of the Grand Cross with Swords in the Order of Orange Nassau
Panama—Medal of La Solidaridad, Second Class
Peru—Gran Oficial del Sol de Peru
U.S.S.R.—Order of Suvarov, First Degree

CIVILIAN AWARDS

Theodore Roosevelt Distinguished Service Medal of Honor, 1945
Varieties Club Humanitarian Award, 1947
Freedom House Award
National Planning Association Gold Medal, 1949
National Civil Service Award, Order of Eagles, 1949
New York Board of Trade Award for distinguished service and contribution to the American Way, 1949
U.S. Conference of Mayors Award for Distinguished Public Service, 1949
Disable American Veterans, New York Chapter, Citizenship Award, 1950
Virginia Distinguished Service Medal, 1951
Four Freedoms Foundation Award, 1952
Distinguished Service Medal of the American Legion
Nobel Peace Prize for 1953
AMVETS Tenth Anniversary Award
Woodrow Wilson Foundation Award for Distinguished Service, 1956
Pennsylvania Meritorious Medal, 1957
International Charlemagne Prize of the City of Aachen, Germany, 1958

Honorary Degrees

Command and General Staff School, 1934
Washington and Jefferson College, 1939
Pennsylvania Military College, 1940
College of William and Mary, 1941
Trinity College, 1941
Norwich University, 1942
Amherst College, 1947
Brown University, 1947
Columbia University, 1947
Harvard University, 1947
Lafayette College, 1947
McGill University, 1947
Oxford University, 1947
Princeton University, 1947
University of California, 1948
University of London, 1948
ILLUSTRATIONS

The sources for the illustrations are listed below. The accession numbers for the photographs at the George C. Marshall Research Library are provided.

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George C. Marshall being interviewed in 1955. GCMRL #3727

back cover
Colonel Marshall in France in 1919. GCMRL #233

frontispiece
General of the Army George C. Marshall, 1945. U.S. Army Signal Corps Photo P-11242; GCMRL #485A

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46. U.S. Army Signal Corps Photo 175179; GCMRL #973A
which I could look out of between the rungs of the ladder. In a sense, it seemed to me—my recollection is that this was my first look at the world.

A creek ran through our place, and my line of vision went down the line of the creek. I saw some little distance below me some highly colored ducks swimming about, which of course attracted my eye immediately. There was a dog or two along the bank. There were chickens wandering about. All of it fascinated me and it seemed a whole world exposed in an instant to my eye.

The barn was part of our place. There was also a carriage house and a smaller building—for what purpose I do not recall. All of this played a very important part in my early life—which I will touch on later.

The National Pike, the famous Federal Road from Cumberland to Wheeling, to connect up the freight line, we might say, from the east by the Baltimore and Ohio Canal to Cumberland by the great Conestoga wagons, from Cumberland to Wheeling, West Virginia, and down the river from Wheeling and then possibly up the Mississippi and then again on up the Missouri and further out clear into the really far Middle West, I would say, that was the approach. This road, as I said, passed in front of our house.
surface farming and in the coal which underlay the region and which eventually destroyed a great deal of its beauty. But it hadn’t reached the immediate vicinity of my hometown.

Beyond our house stretched some fertile fields and what we called the first and second and third hollows—one of which had a tiny waterfall which fascinated us—and we became curators of all the lizards out of the stream there. Altogether it was a very charming place for a boy, and we were allowed complete liberty in a sense to deface that portion in which we played.

To jump across considerably in the time element, I remember when Whitney, I think it was, was secretary of the navy and they constructed what we called in those days, “The Great White Fleet.” Well, Andy and I had built a canal—a tiny canal—about two inches wide, maybe more, which paralleled the creek bed for quite a lengthy distance and we whittled out these ships with matches for masts and thread for guys and constructed the “Great White Fleet.” And we would sail it down this canal we had made. I recall that because it was very fascinating for a boy, and most of the other boys in town came there in order to participate in this aquatic performance. (Incidentally, that region there of our place became quite a playground for most boys, because none of them had quite a similar opportunity—with a creek and an island and a little orchard, a number of other things of that nature.)

The trees on the place were very interesting because the man who had built the place some years before (I don’t of course remember when that was) was quite an expert in fruit growing, and he had developed these trees so that most of them bore two kinds of fruit. I remember our cherry tree, as I recall, had three kinds of cherries and they didn’t all come in at the same season. I also recall the stricture on the cherry tree was—made by my father—we could climb as much as we pleased to get the cherries, but we must not break off a limb. But that was very difficult because lots of cherries were far out and ours was always a race with the birds to see who would get the cherries first.

There was only one peach tree but there were a number of pear trees—some very large pears and others rather small, like sickle pears. There was one very fine apple tree; the others were not so good. Altogether it made a very attractive playground for a boy and, of course, that is my main recollection of the place.

I am now going to proceed without relation to the orderly development of the story on a time basis.

One of these houses on the place, as I explained, was the carriage shed, and the carriage that was in it disappeared after a time because father had the stable torn down and only the foundation stone left and the lumber all piled up to one side. He thought there was a possibility of
selling the stone from the foundation and also of selling the lumber. Neither of these things occurred, and both areas became the centers of our boy playing and developing. We first started out by building rafts out of the lumber and sailing them down the creek. But the lumber was too large and clumsy and too heavy and too old and that didn't go very well. But there was a friend of mine (an elderly man who had lost his great toy store by fire in Pittsburgh and who had opened a small store in Uniontown) had his brother make for me a fine flat bottomed boat that navigated the lower reaches of this stream. That played a tremendous part in our activities of that day.

We ran a ferry and had tickets for the ferry. And while the ferry was only the width of the stream yet to us it was a very important crossing. And the girls from school would buy tickets from us with pins and pennies and would come down after school to cross over and back on the ferry. We ran the ferry with great formality.

My chum would be the engine man and pole it. I don't remember his costume, particularly, but I know I was the conductor as a rule and I had my mother's punch from the 500 counting business (that was the card game of that day). I wore my hat backwards, and I took up the tickets.

One of the incidents of my young life that occurred here and made a definite impression upon me was the girls had gone over to the far bank and now came the return trip. They had these elaborately prepared tickets that we had made by hand. (We used a typewriter, a rather primitive machine for children of that day). On the return trip the girls got obstreperous and refused to give me the tickets. I was terribly humiliated—with my cap on backwards and my 500 punch machine in my hands to punch the tickets—and what made it worse was my chum Andy began laughing at me. And here I was with the girls in the flatboat all jeering at me and with my engineer and boon companion laughing at me, and I was stuck. Just then my eyes fastened on a cork in the floor of the boat which we utilized in draining it. With the inspiration of the moment, I pulled the cork and under the pressure of the weight of the passengers, this stream of water shot up in the air. All the girls screamed and I sank the boat in the middle of the stream. And they all had to wade ashore and promised me what their fathers were going to do to me. I never forgot that because I had to do something and I had to think quickly, and what I did set me up again as the temporary master of the situation. Our boat sank in the middle of the stream and we had to get it ashore later on.

Another thing that occurred there that had very interesting aftermaths—in looking back on my childhood period—was one of these
buildings, the carriage house (no, it was the other house) in which we established a greenhouse. We had gone with our mothers to the real greenhouse on the outskirts of the town, and we thought that the green related to the color of the house. So when we came back we went to our friend in the carriage shop—who I had to write to when he was ninety years old out on the west coast in later years—and he gave us the remains of the green paint in the cans left from putting the Brewster Green on carriages. We got this out with a little turpentine and painted as much of this house as we could, green, and it was therefore a green house.

Now we had to raise plants. Well, we had no plants, so we raised weeds and used tin cans painted green as the receptacles in place of flower pots. My father, who had quite a green thumb, happened to look at this greenhouse with much amusement and was much struck with what you could do with a weed if you fertilized it. Of course, there was ample fertilizer available because we had the inside of this stable to dig in, which had the fertilizer of years, of the animals that had been in the stable. It prompted him to suggest to us that we put some real plants in. He told us we could get seeds and grow them, and we could also get some little plants from the greenhouse. So, as I recall, he gave me 75¢ and, I think, Andy's mother gave him the same thing. We went to the greenhouse. I have always regretted that I never kept track of this man because he did something that I thought was very, very thoughtful in his dealings with children. We picked around so long that he asked us just what we had in mind. We were looking at the smallest pots he had, because we thought we could get more for the money and we only had $1.50. And when he heard that we were getting it for our greenhouse and were going to be his competitors in business, he gave us quite a large selection of these small pots in order to amplify what we otherwise could have only been able to obtain with our $1.50.

From then this greenhouse, as it were, began to grow. And we began planting outside in what had been a little chicken yard in front of it, and finally we began planting on the site of the old barn. And out of that came a very interesting occurrence. We read in the seed magazine of Peter Henderson and Company an advertisement that there was a new tomato that had been developed and whoever suggested the best name for the tomato would get fifty dollars. Well, that was the largest sum of money I think we had ever heard of at that time. So we sent for the seed and proceeded to plant this and grew the plants. And as they got a little larger, we transplanted them to the stable—not the stable yard—but the actual site of the stable in this very, very rich land. My father showed us how to prune the plant by taking the suckers out from between the
branches. And we grew these very large tomato plants and further pruned so that we had only a little fruit on each one. And we grew these tremendously large tomatoes.

In the first place we took these downtown to a grocery store and sold them. We got a very small return but we were very proud of the pennies that we got for these tomatoes. My father was rather contemptuous of us for selling them so cheaply. Then the grocer communicated with us and he wanted some more. On inquiry, we found that one of his richest clients had gotten some of these tomatoes and immediately wanted some duplicates. Well, he didn’t have them. We came back and reported with great glee that our stock was in demand especially, and particularly by this well-to-do family. My father told us, “Now, you set the price,” and he suggested the first price. Well, the grocer blew up when we gave him the price, because he thought to get them for almost nothing, and we actually put a good price on this large tomato.

Well, remembering the advertisement of the Peter Henderson magazine, we took a Kodak of a tomato with a silver dollar leaning against it in order to furnish a scale as to its size. (These were the first dollar Kodaks issued by the Eastman Company and we got a very good picture.) And we sent that on to the Peter Henderson Company as our offering in this contest. We suggested the name—two names as a matter of fact, hitched together—and they came back with a reply and thanked us for sending in our piece and told us that the two names, they thought, were inadvisable; it ought to be one name. But they wanted to say that was the largest tomato they had ever seen, and they would like one of our parents to write and describe how that tomato had been raised. They could tell they were dealing with children because we had written all this on our toy typewriter and it was very much a childish offering. I told this to my father and he was intensely interested in this and he wrote to Peter Henderson and explained how this was done. But he observed in finishing that you couldn’t tear a stable down every time you wanted to raise a tomato.

However, that was our first proud boast that our tomato had been the largest one they had ever seen. That was the Ponderosa tomato which you see advertised to this day, and the man who proposed Ponderosa was the winner of the contest.

So a great deal of our life circulated around these buildings we had at our disposal—our greenhouse, our other things we had there. Then we began raising game bantam chickens. My mother was very much opposed to our fighting game chickens, so we took her out and showed her two game bantam black breasted red chickens fight, and they were very cute and they didn’t hurt each other and she thought it was all
right. Then after she left we put the steel spurs on, which the blacksmith made for us out of horseshoe nails, and now they could walk around in their steel spurs and then they were dangerous fighters for their size. I remember that our prize cock weighed exactly one pound and I can recall that his name was Dinkum.

The girls would come down after school to buy our green things, and then I received an education in what happens in connection with the middleman. We were always exploring the country. We were getting old bones to sell, old iron to sell, and very little rubber because there were no rubber tires in those days. But we’d use a pony cart and go all over the countryside, which was open country right up to our house.

Out there one spring day we found the side of the hill with a very large cloud of blue forget-me-nots. Well, this appealed to us, so we took the spade out of the pony cart, which we always took with us, and spaded up quite a large number of forget-me-nots. When we got them back to our shop, as it were, we took empty strawberry boxes, the same as we have today, and cleaned them up, painted them green—again the paint came from our friend the carriage maker—and put a black stripe around them. Then we planted a forget-me-not in them and put moss around the forget-me-not. Then during the recess period at school, we hustled home—having gotten permission from our teacher to go a little early—and took these strawberry boxes, green with the black stripe,—with a blue forget-me-not and the moss around the top. It was a very attractive looking little affair, and the girls all bought them. I don’t remember what we charged them for them, but it was some infinitesimal sum.

Later on we were having a May Day picnic and these same girls, largely, and they saw this forget-me-not patch out in the country (in fact, we were fool enough to take them near it, to this hollow as we called it, where the little waterfall was, which was our favorite playing place in the country), and they saw that we had gotten these for nothing and we had spaded them up out of this plot. They immediately turned on us and thought that we had cheated them and they boycotted our whole enterprise, and that put the greenhouse out of business. But they gave us no credit for finding the patch, for digging the plants up, for finding the strawberry boxes, for painting them green and black striping them, for getting the moss to go around the plants and for transporting them to school. In other words, all the middleman activities in this thing, between the blossoming of the plant and the sale, we carried out and which was responsible for the attractiveness of it, but we were boycotted and that put us out of the greenhouse. But it also taught me a little bit about the position of the middleman.

The town at first, in my recollection, was very simple and very
attractive. Of course, a boyhood recollection of a place like that is rather difficult to compare to modern recollections. But I always thought it was a charming place to live and we had great fun out of it, and it largely centered around our yard which was fairly large. And the creek, of course, was the great jewel of the production.

Later on—well, I might explain some of our activities which will tell a little bit of boyhood life there—we ran a restaurant in this lean-to we had constructed against the spring house. And we had it very carefully fixed up with a counter. And then to one side of the counter—where you couldn’t see it from the counter—we had an old stove. Andy was the cook and I was the waiter. I valued my job because it allowed me to use the terms that they called out for apple pie and other things like that in the first restaurant of that character in the town. So I would advertise our food in a very loud tone of voice.

And the boys could enter this building by crawling in a double entrance. You first went in head first and then you turned to the right and got out. That had one door against the cold. There we sold, largely, sweet potatoes, such apples as were left from the tree, and most everything was anointed with sugar. We had a little shaker, I remember, with a little tin handle on it. And the favorite thing we sold were sweet potatoes. We had a strike on the sweet potatoes and the boys refused to buy them [one day]. They said they were no good. I went back to interview the cook, who had a newspaper representation of a chef’s hat, and he protested that he was making these sweet potatoes just like they were always made. He said, the only thing different was that he had run out of sugar and he had put sand in the can. I told him of this in after years and he resented that story that he could have been that dumb, but it was the actual truth. He afterwards became a millionaire, and he may have sold them more sand, I don’t know.

But we had a great deal of fun around this. The rabbit affair was the usual one with too rapid production and the burrowing out, getting down under the walls and getting out.

But the railroad came through this valley, purely a freight road because it tapped the richest coal region around in the country—the famous Connellsville seven foot vein of coal and wonderful coking coal—and the trains that came along there were only hauling out coke because they converted the coal into coke before they took it away from the mines. This railroad had not been there in my youth. It narrowed the valley, it abolished the island, and it produced a situation where floods became prevalent, because there was no longer the width of the stream to carry the water that there had been, and it made the basement of our house, which had the kitchen and several nice rooms,
usable except at intervals between floods, and it could no longer be used as a kitchen.

This again offered quite interesting things, and I remember my father, who was always putting his finger into new things when he saw them advertised or on display, coming home with the first recipe and mixtures for making root beer. My mother was always protesting against these performances of his, but we made a trial lot of root beer and it was terrible. Nobody could drink it. The family all liked beer. (I didn’t; never have.) And we had a great many beer bottles. In those days they had a rubber stopper on a swing that put it in; you pushed down one side and clamped it in the bottle. So we used these bottles for this root beer which we couldn’t drink and it stood there.

And then accidentally, about six months later, Andy and I found out that this was delicious to the taste. So we opened up a bar in the cellar. We sold corn-silk cigars and we sold beer. And we had the whole town in our cellar. Our father came home one day and found this affair going on at full speed. And he went into the cellar and sampled the root beer and he seized the whole issue because he found it had aged and was now really delicious. And we went out of action as bartenders. We regretted this bitterly.

Then we got into the development of game chickens—I mean the large game chickens of which the black-breasted red was our favorite as it had been in the bantam chickens. And we had these chickens “pitted” by the bartender [blacksmith], George Gadd, who was quite a friend of our youth, and his blacksmith shop was our “club” as it were. If one of us would pull the bellows, then the rest of us could sit there and talk and listen to the other talk.

This shop—blacksmith shop—faced on a great cobblestone square, which was the inner square of an inn, which had persisted from the days of the earliest development in Uniontown. I will interrupt this story to explain that being on the National Pike, this inn was used by all the great of those days who went to the West, and almost every prominent man of the West and part of the South would come through Uniontown because it was across the mountain and you had to take a rest—either coming or going—at Uniontown. So this inn was built in this old-fashioned way and had this great cobblestone square of which the blacksmith shop was a part—of which the butchery, where they killed the hogs in the fall, where we flocked around to get the bladders for footballs as it were, and the granaries and other things—fronted on it.

I remember when I was given a welcome in Uniontown after I was made chief of staff and I hadn’t been there for years, I found the hotel was built on the site of the square and where I was sitting at the table
was identified as one side which had no buildings on it. And across the room from me, my host identified the location of George Gadd's blacksmith shop, of the butchery place and of other prominent points in this square of the days of the coaching on the National Pike. It also—I was sitting [with my] back to the alley where my sister in our young days found me playing hooky from school and went home and told on me. She denies that now, but that was the fact of the day, and it was a very painful interlude.

I will go a little further. I had to make a speech. I had just been made chief of staff a few weeks. They were all concerned about the war which had just developed in Europe on the first of September. And the press, of course, would immediately surround me. I wished to make no statement, and yet I knew I would have to say something. Some of the press men came on from Pittsburgh and I believe one from Philadelphia. It was my first introduction to that sort of thing. I identified where I was sitting with the old square before I got up. Searching around for something that might be of possible interest and to save me from talking about the European situation—of which I knew little in detail at that time, but with which I was going to be so intimately connected as the days developed—I decided to identify the relationship of where we were to the days of our youth.

I recall the first explanation I gave was singling out a lady in a red dress, evening dress, and I called all their attention to that—and there were about four hundred people in the room—and I explained that was the site of George Gadd's blacksmith shop. And then there was a lady in another colored dress a little further up the line, and she was sitting where they butchered the hogs in the fall and where we assembled to get the bladders. I remember that my stepdaughter and Mrs. Marshall were with me at this time, and she was very much embarrassed by my talking about bladders and sort of shrank into insignificance when I got to that part of the tale. But I could identify things all around the square with my youth. And now it was this lovely dining room of the new hotel built on the site of this old tavern which had sheltered Andrew Jackson and any number of the prominent characters of that day who had traveled over the National Pike to get to the Ohio River and down to the Mississippi.

The schools in the town, for the children of my associates, began first. The earliest form was a school by Miss Thompson, who was an old maid that ran this school. And it was a very bitter period to me, because I never could do anything at all well. I only had one great struggle. I was very much taken with a young lady who now lives somewhat near here, as a matter of fact in Richmond. She was quite brilliant in comparison with me, and she stood at the head of the line in the spelling bee that
occurred every day. So I made my first superhuman effort and worked up the line of the spellers in order to be close to her and win her respect. I got up to next to the top and fell down the same day and went to the bottom, and I never tried again, and I still spell in a very fantastic manner. My only consolation is both my wife and my stepdaughter spell as badly if not worse than I do. So I am rather a one-eyed man in the Kingdom of the Blind when it comes to that.

In this life of Uniontown, I saw what you might call the end of an era, because it was a very simple life and a very charming life and had a long history behind it. The families there went back to the days of George Washington and his farm which was nearby. And the coal and coke oven plant that my father ran was right across from the Washington farm. And that plant that my father operated was, I think, originally purchased by Gist who was the guide for Washington when he made his first famous trip to see the French up near Lake Erie north of Fort Duquesne (which is now Pittsburgh).

The Braddock Trail ran through near this farm and my father pointed out these historical facts to me. And as a matter of fact, in our hunting trips which he frequently took me on, particularly for pheasant which were really grouse, we would follow the Braddock Trail, which remained to a large extent a clearing with attractive green covering of grass on it, because the pheasant would often land in their flights in this clearing and we could work with the dog pretty well there. So I became familiar with long strips of the Braddock Trail.

On this trail, about seven or eight miles from home, was the site of Braddock's grave. When they were building the National Road through, they dug up his grave and identified it by the brass buttons and skeleton and other things there, and they reinterred him close by in a very picturesque little plot. I don't think it was over fifty yards square. It had these little pine trees in it, and had his grave with a very small headstone. In fact, I don't remember what the grave looked like. But we would go out in that vicinity to picnic. And this little white fence had a flat board top, and we could sit on the fence, and lots of my early courtship efforts were made sitting on that fence on a moonlight night after one of these picnic suppers in the mountain.

Now just a few miles beyond Braddock's grave was Fort Necessity where Washington had to surrender his force—though he did it with the honors of war, and retained his weapons and marched off—when he was outnumbered by the French and Indians. That has now been built up into quite an impressive fort. But in my day there was just a slight ridge in the field which showed where the entrenchment had been, which my father showed to me when I was about seven years old. I went to the dedication of the new markers—the rebuilt fort—not so long ago.
And they had identified exactly where the fort was by finding, well beneath the surface, the lower end of the logs which formed the palisade, because they had been preserved by the dampness of the soil which was next to a stream which flooded frequently. And now you can see this same replica of the fort at Fort Necessity which is just a trifle beyond Braddock's grave.

So these were all old places to me in my youth. My father was very much interested in history, and he was interested in telling and showing me these factors. I always thought it was tragic the fact that none of this was included in our schooling. I went through the public school—not through the public school—wasn’t good enough, but I went through part of it, and nowhere was I taught anything of what had happened in what was a remarkably historic region.

There was a creek ran through the town that was discolored by the sulphur from the mines—Redstone Creek. I guess it had always been somewhat discolored, and it ran a short distance of say ten or twelve miles into the Monongahela River which was largely navigable as far as Pittsburgh, about thirty-five miles from there, and this again was the scene of very historic affairs.

At Williamsburg at this time [i.e., 1778] there was a meeting of very famous characters. I have forgotten who was governor of Virginia at the time, but I know George Mason was one of them, and I think Alexander Hamilton. Anyway, there were three or four very famous characters, and they had a meeting to decide what to do about the fact that the English were established on the Mississippi River next to what is now Illinois at Kaskaskia. That was pretty far south of Detroit which was the English headquarters of that day. The French had held it and the English had taken it over. And this group of men—the governor of Virginia and other state officials—felt that something had to be done.

Their decision is rather interesting because it was so brief and shows the extreme simplicity of organizing an army in that period. All you had to do was take the rifle down from the nails or deer horns across the fireplace ... [ Interruption]. I was speaking of the ease with which an expedition could be organized if it was local in a sense—if they didn’t have to cross the water. You took your rifle down from over the mantelpiece and went to war. The concentration—the organization rather—of the force was directed and a very famous leader was selected whose name I forget at the moment but which I’ll think of later. He organized these men there and they were to go out to Kaskaskia. They went to the vicinity of Fort Duquesne, got a little better organized there, and went down the Ohio River and finally left the river and went overland in order to effect surprise—to Illinois or what was then Virginia—and made a very difficult march to Kaskaskia. There they surprised the
British garrison. They were having a party—there were many illustrations of this frequently on calendars where the Indians are lying around the outer rim of the room and they are dancing in the middle and this famous leader was coming in and in a very dramatic battle cry demanded the surrender. They found the actual British commander in bed with his wife and Kaskaskia was surrendered to the expedition. (George Rogers Clark is the man I am trying to think of.) Then Clark turned around and went back to take over from the French at Vincennes which is now in Indiana and had a terrific march through the swamps in order to get there. But that is the way this phase of the struggle went up, which was started on Redstone Creek at my home.

Later there was another expedition, equally historic and much more determining in its results. We were in distress by the British backing up the Indians or utilizing the Indians, and the country, which was the Northwest Territory at that time, largely Ohio and Indiana, had strong Indian garrisons. Washington sent his first expedition out which was General—oh, I have forgotten that name, but you can look it up [St. Clair]—and he gave him particular advice, Washington did, this commander, about avoiding surprise by Indians. That is quite clearly accounted for in history, though it may be that the Washington enthusiasts thought up a good bit of it after the event occurred. However, I have no reason for saying that. Anyway, this expedition went out and was ambushed in a terrible massacre in what is now Ohio, which greatly shocked Washington, and he is attributed with a display of anger when he received the commander.

He (Washington) immediately turned to find a commander who could manage this thing, and he selected Anthony Wayne. This expedition is very interesting for the reason that "Mad Anthony" didn't seem to be exactly the proper nickname for him because he was a most careful man and one of the best organizers that I have come across in early history. He again organized his force, its beginnings, near Redstone Creek, on the Monongahela River, and paused below Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, for quite a long time to discipline these fellows, which is a very difficult thing to do with the old frontiersmen who are the epitome of independence and individuality.

Finally, they left there after some months—I think they wintered there—and they then went down the Ohio, and they paused at the falls of the Ohio, which I believe is Cincinnati, where a volunteer regiment of fine shots, volunteers, from Kentucky was to join them. They waited there quite awhile and went on down and cut in from the river to, I think it's Greenville—it's Green-something—where he went ahead with his further organization, getting these men into shape. This is most unusual, because most of those volunteer organizations organized today
and went to battle tomorrow. He then built an advanced post at what is called Fort Defiance and I think still is Fort Defiance which is on the Pennsylvania Railroad between Pittsburgh and Chicago.

He sent a fairly good-sized force there and they were attacked by the Indians in considerable force, and the British may have been there with them—I don't recall that—and they drove off his force successfully. In other words, they "blooded" the command, which he thought was quite necessary. He then organized a lot more of them up to Fort Necessity [Defiance] and finally moved out.

But I must say before this, although this is not about Uniontown—though this had its beginnings near there—a very remarkable thing had taken place. The chief, whose name I've forgotten—I will call him Little Chief or Green Kettle or something of that sort—had adopted a son, and this son was a white boy captured when he was six years old. And he had become the adopted son of the chief and he had become the subchief of the tribe. Of course, that made him a very valuable person if he could get into the Americans' hands—the American being the white man. But he was so shocked with the scene of all these bodies of white men at the time of this massacre—I think it was St. Clair who was massacred there at the time of this massacre—that he left Little Chief and went over to the white man's affairs. So when Anthony Wayne was organizing his force, this man came in and offered his services as a scout. And he, of course, became the chief scout. Of course he was a scout without parallel because he was brought up in Indian training which is so wonderful for a woodsman. He knew all about them, because he had been subchief of the tribe, and now he was the chief scout for Anthony Wayne's force.

[Begin cassette side 2]

Afterwards this chief scout, this Indian trained boy, played a dramatic part in the final massacre of the Americans, whose commander had given up and destroyed all his munitions of war, and this fellow, this chief scout who had for some time been out in Indiana in the wilderness in some sort of civil job in relation to the Indians, I think, and he took command of the advanced guard in this desperate situation which he wholly disapproved of, and near the site of what was the social center of Chicago of those days, they met the Indians, who had promised them a safe exit, and he died, fighting in the advance guard. And he rode with his face painted black, which is the custom of the Indians when you are on a desperate mission from which you have no hope really of surviving. This street in Chicago—it is parallel to LaSalle Street, Wells Street—is named for that man.

Anthony Wayne's people moved out from Fort Defiance and encoun-
tered the British and largely Indians in what is known as the battle of Fallen Timbers (where these huge trees were blown down by a hurricane of that early day) and defeated them completely and moved on toward Detroit. There they did not attempt to assault the fort, because that would have been rather difficult to do, and also it had to do with the diplomacy of that day. But they put out all the British trappers who lived outside the fort. Then they retired into Indiana and destroyed some thousands of acres of corn, because that was a great corn crop there that the Indians raised for the winter. Then they retired to Greenville (or wherever this was) and dominated the whole region.

The Indian chief came there with some of his subchiefs and they had a meeting with Anthony Wayne, and they had to parley with him in his favor because he dominated the whole region. Among the things that he determined upon, which they had to concede, was a tract of land where what is now called Chicago River empties into Lake Michigan, because that was a means of connection between the Illinois River and the Mississippi and New Orleans, and was going to have a great value because of that factor. And that is the origin of the site of Chicago and its build-up by the white men of that period.

Now to go back to Uniontown which I mention because of its proximity to these things.

Another place of my youth which I enjoyed was the fishing—trout fishing—in the streams in the mountains, and the one stream in particular which arose out of a deep ravine in the mountains—arose at the site of Washington’s encounter at the opening of the French and Indian War where the first shot was fired there which was literally heard round the world in those days—upset the thrones in Europe and pretty much changed the face of political Europe. I am sorry I can’t remember the name of this Frenchman who was ambushed here by Washington, who was as familiar to me as the name of the street in front of our house, but I will remember it later and insert it for your use, or you can find it in any history. Anyway, Washington surprised the French patrol commander and he was killed, as well as his men, and that was used against Washington very much by the French at this period. That was where we started our trout fishing. Jumonville—Jumonville’s grave is marked with a pile of stones which the occasional visitor puts in place, and in those days no tourist got anywhere near the place, and only those rather familiar with the mountains there would go into it, largely fishermen like my chum and myself.

But the story of Jumonville was recited to me by my father and nearby was the scene of Washington’s council of war with an Indian chief who was friendly to the Americans or English of that day. So there was a great deal of history, and very, very important history was written
in that vicinity. And there was this great life of the nation which flowed through the National Pike and stopped overnight at the inn, just two blocks beyond the house that I lived in as a boy.

In looking over the account of that inn, I think almost everybody in the federal government from the west, the near west, and the south spent a night in that inn. Historically, you might say the life of the nation, short of New York, Boston, Baltimore—places like that in the east—flowed through that particular town.

I remember, rather amusingly, that my first wife's mother, who was a very ardent Virginian of an old, old Virginia family—one of her progenitors was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and was one of the leaders in Williamsburg who is buried at the head of the aisle in the chapel there (which is always visited with historical interest)—she was a very ardent Virginian. She thought that the name Uniontown sounded rather common, and she was rather ashamed of where I came from. It wasn't until Beveridge's *Life of John Marshall* came out (which having no relation to me) which disclosed the fact that Uniontown was a far older settlement than her own Lexington, Virginia. And it had been in Washington's day and before that. And the name Union came from two so-called townships of that day were united. There were many old families there who had persisted through these years and formed a very exclusive community, which my father came up to after the Civil War in a position with the iron furnaces nearby.

I repeat again that I hardly know just what trail to follow.

I have said once that I thought this was rather the end of an era in the town life that was presented. It was very attractive and very simple and I thought the people were very, very kindly. They had old families, very old, that went back almost to Washington's day. In fact, it did go back to his day. It had its record of good fighting men in the Civil War, and it had its men who had gone to fight in the Mexican War, and what was more exciting to me, it had a few bandits in the mountains. That was right after Jesse James and that period and, of course, that excited me tremendously. I remember when they had one surrounded up in the mountains. I wanted very much to go and my father wanted to go, and my mother put a stopper to that. But they finally got the fellow, or fellows, because it was a whole gang.

This is certainly out of place as to the timing element, but that reminds me of an amusing experience I had. The geological survey came through that region, completing its mapping, and the basis for the mapping first had to be the triangulation stations and then came the levels—precise level run through to carry the exact elevations from the sea level and then the local level lines which were not so exact, but were comparatively exact as we would understand it, but they wouldn't
carry their error on through long distances such as the great base lines based on the triangulation.

Well, I got a job as an assistant to the man who ran the levels—local levels—and it was largely done with a stadia rod which I carried and he ran the transit. That was my first real close-up of engineering, though it was a very simple form. I enjoyed this very much in the summer. One night we reached the peak of that range of the Chestnut Ridge of the mountains and stayed overnight with this mountain family. There was no other place anywhere near them. This mountaineer was an old, dominant character, and as I recall, he had two married daughters and one married son and his wife and himself, and of course they had some babies. And we all slept in the same room. We slept on the floor, my level man and myself. I don't know what their arrangement of beds was, but they couldn't have had more than two or three, but that put the whole family away there. They were very generous to us and we accepted their hospitality very gratefully and were very happy to have this opportunity to rest. But they had a greatly valued old clock, a standing clock. It seemed to me that it struck the hour about every five or ten minutes, and I had a little trouble getting to sleep because I wasn't used to sleeping on the floor and I couldn't dig a place for my hips. And while I was young and not too heavy, nevertheless it was pretty uncomfortable. But the thing that amused me most was the life of the family under these circumstances. They didn't have much argument because they went to sleep very promptly, but they would all stir around and, of course, that would wake me up. And then they woke me up very early so I would have the private privilege of a bath in the horse trough and that was outside. Altogether it was a very funny night, particularly with this clock which seemed to me struck very, very frequent intervals.

Something happened—it's a very tiny thing to tell here, but I have never quite understood it. Like all young fellows of that age, I was apt to lose the intensity of purpose in the job which the level man would not. He was an older man, must have been about thirty-five. Several times he had to correct me for being absent-minded and not holding the stadia rod correctly for him to read. On one of these occasions I sought an excuse, as a boy always does, and I told him I was looking at that bird on the fence which, as I recall, was a swallow. Well, he stopped and in a rather scathing tone said, "Yes, what about that bird on the fence?" And without any real idea of what was happening or why I was doing it, and certainly with no premonition of the result, I walked over to the fence and picked up this swallow. It wasn't wounded; he didn't fly and I picked him up. That paralyzed my surveyor friend. And then I turned him loose and he flew off. And he thought I had some mysterious quality which enabled me to handle birds. But I never had a similar occurrence
in my life. But it dug me out of that embarrassment of being rather asleep on the job.

Now in this mountain country, as I say, Andy and I fished, explored, hunted grouse (which we called pheasant), and generally disported ourselves in a most entertaining and educational way. And I remember afterwards, years and years afterwards, when I was with General Pershing in Washington at a dance at the Chevy Chase Club, which occurred every Saturday night, a very lovely woman was sitting on the sidelines and she spoke to me. Well, I didn’t know her at all, but I responded by walking over and introducing myself. And she introduced herself. And it was Lillian Russell.

She had married a Pittsburgher at that time. Of course, she was a woman well up in years now, and she was good enough to say she admired my dancing and that she was sorry she had passed the dancing age and that she would like to meet me. I said, of course, I was greatly honored to meet her. I said, as a matter of fact, “I met you years ago.” I said, “Of course, you have met thousands of people and it just barely registered on your mind and you made an indelible impression on them.” She said, “Where did you meet me?” And I said, “I came in from fishing one day up in the mountains where a man from Pittsburgh had a rather large estate, and the lower end of his estate, which was almost a virgin forest, had one of our good trout streams in it. And we got in there, without his permission incidentally, and fished there. And we came out on the National Pike right at the foot of one of the ridges of the mountain. And there, sitting on horses on the other side of the fence, were these two very lovely women—one in particular and that was you, Lillian Russell—and you asked us what the country was like around there and where you might ride and I told you, and I have never forgotten that. At that time you were appearing in one of your earliest light operas. I believe it was called ‘The Mountaineer.’ And you were the most famous and beautiful woman in America.” And she was very much interested in my recollection and finally identified where the place was and in a faint way identified the place. She had been left alone with her companion because the host had had to rush off to Pittsburgh in connection with his coal interests, because he in that day was what was called a coal baron. But I have never forgotten meeting her out on the road when we were in one of our fishing things.

Now in connection with our fighting chickens, as I say, the man in the blacksmith shop “pitted” our birds for us and was our boon companion and was the president of our club, which was the blacksmith shop. We took our chickens up to a “main,” as they called them, up in the mountains, where a lot of Pittsburgh sports, seventy-five miles away, were to be present. And that attracted us because we had good chickens.
We had gotten eggs from Georgia—Georgia Reds and things of that sort—and really had very good chickens, but we couldn’t pit them ourselves and they would not have permitted us to enter the ring in an affair of this kind, so George Gadd had to be our performer.

And we took the horse and got up in the mountain where this “main” was to be. It was very much in defiance of law of that day, so we hitched the horse far remote from the pit, as we called it, where the chickens were to be fought. And there were quite a number of “spats.” I can’t remember, of course, I think it was a larger number than there actually were, but there were forty or fifty men and very heavy betting. We wanted to get the horse as far away from the activities as possible and from the other horses as possible. And then we went to attend the “main.”

The chicken fighting began. I don’t recall now whether Gadd got our chickens entered at this moment or not, but in any event, the affair had just gotten underway when we were raided and most of these men were herded in. Well, of course, Andy and myself were experts in rapid motion under such circumstances and we were terrified and we just squirted out into the forest there and got separated and hid out. I hid most of the afternoon, I think it was. Finally, it all seemed quiet, and I began in Indian fashion trying to get back to see how to get out of there. I supposed our horse was gone and our little two-wheeled cart was gone. Finally, I encountered this shadow of another party and then, really in Indian fashion, I scouted him and it developed he scouted me. After about an hour of this, we found that it was my chum and myself and we were the only people left up there. Then we met and we were very much disturbed, rather terrified as a matter of fact, that we had lost the horse and the cart. So we decided we’d go over where the horse and cart were and we found the horse was right there grazing. We had removed the bridle from his mouth and put him out on a long longe and so we got into the cart and came down the mountain.

I didn’t get home until about one in the morning. I got into the house without waking my father up and slipped up to my room and my mother immediately appeared. I might explain that she had a very powerful influence on my youth. And I think in the first place she was not only a woman of character and great determination, but she was a woman of great understanding. I told her everything I did, and she never corrected me. Because if I told her, I realized it was wrong and there was no use in telling me again it was wrong. And I told her what it was and she understood that. She had quite a sense of humor and she
didn’t give any indication of it verbally herself very much, but she was a very appreciative listener.

I remember in this case, I was describing to her why I didn’t get home until one in the morning when I had left the previous morning. I told her of the escape from the chicken fight, hiding out through most of the day up there, and finally finding Andy and being terrified about the horse and cart, and finding that and coming home and arriving at one in the morning. Parts of it she thought were very funny and I remember she laughed till she cried. Nothing was said about reprimanding me—didn’t need to reprimand me—I was not going back to any other chicken fight and go through that experience again. She didn’t tell my father because he would have been severe and would have corrected me. For that reason, I wouldn’t tell. But on the contrary reason, I told her literally everything. She was always rather glad to hear. Sometimes she may have been worried; sometimes she may have been ashamed; sometimes she may have been shocked; but she heard what the matter was, what the affair was, and whenever there was any humor in it, it amused her very much.

I remember on one occasion, as an example, we were copying the ways of this gang in the mountains. We had air rifles and we went out in the country and we would go through the motions of a holdup by letting the buggy (generally of a farmer) pass and then getting out in the road and shooting at the rear of the buggy. Well, in one of these buggies the little isinglass window was absent, and our BB bullet went through the window and hit the farmer in the back of the neck. We had one of the most thrilling escapes that we ever went through. The only thing was that we could run faster and roll under the fence faster than he could and we got away. But we were afraid to go home. So finally we turned our coats inside out and turned our hats on backward and made ourselves as conspicuous as possible in the feeling that we were now disguising ourselves, and returned home. My mother thought that was one of the funniest things she ever saw when we showed up in this “disguise” as we called it. But we were afraid to go downtown for about two or three days and she protected us against any questions that might be embarrassing to us. But that was my sole holdup and it ended up very tragically.

Now I’m trying to think of things in connection with Uniontown that would be of interest to you. The development of the town during my younger days went along very rapidly. The streetcars came in, I guess, when I was about fourteen, and I was fascinated with that as the other boys in town were. There was a train already going through—the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—they were branch lines both of them, because it was a very valuable coal region.
For that reason the railroad connections built up much more rapidly than they otherwise would have. But, as I say, in my earliest day we were spared the curse of coal smoke from the coke ovens, because they hadn’t begun to develop close in to the town.

After I got through this little early school to which most of my companions went, I went to the public school. We were very hard up at that time, so my father took me to the public school. I remember the agony he went through when the superintendent examined me to see what room I should go into, and I failed to answer the obvious questions. I could see then I would make a very poor showing on these present programs where you win $100,000 or $10,000 or any sum like that for your answers and these children of seven, eight, and ten star in their performance. I was very poor in school. My sister insists that this is not true. Mrs. Marshall insists, though she only has hearsay to go on, that it was not true. And the legend at home is that it is not true. Now the actual facts of the case are it was true. I didn’t get along at all well in school. I never learnt how to study until I left school [in Unioontown] and went away to school.

I had a very painful time in the public school, because I was ashamed to admit my ignorance and so many in the room knew these—particularly these arithmetical problems—so quickly and so much better than I did. If it was history that was all right; I could star in history. But the other things I was very, very poor in. Grammar I knew nothing about. Arithmetic I knew nothing about and still know very little about. It wasn’t until I went away to school that I learnt how to study and began to put up a performance.

My first year away at school was very poorly done. I think I was 35th in a class of about 150 or thereabouts. My last year, I was fifth. I was developing yet and learning to study and finally, when I went off to the staff college and gave a year in a very intense competition, which has been compared to the Prix de Rome at the Sorbonne in Paris and in those days was marked down to the hundredths and thousandths of a percent, I finally came out “one.” But it was a terrible year to me, but it fixed the habit of close study that I had never really gotten up to that time.

So we have had many arguments about this in which they think I am putting on a front and saying I didn’t do well, but I had a very humiliating career in school except in something like history. I was very much ashamed of it, but I did nothing about it. My father was very impatient about it; my brother was very impatient about it because he was an excellent student. What really changed me a good bit was I wanted to go to the V.M.I. He [Stuart] had gone and he had finished, and he had done very well scholastically and unusually well in the course he had
elected, chemical, and started the pursuit of chemistry in his earliest days connected with the iron furnaces. But when I was begging to go to the V.M.I., I overheard him talking to my mother. He was trying to persuade her not to let me go, because he thought I would disgrace the family name. Well, that made more impression on me than all the instructors, parental pressures or anything else, and I decided right then that I was going to “wipe his face” as we say or “wipe his eye” and I ended up at the V.M.I.

As I say, I was fifth at the end, by general standards only about fourteen, but that took in this year when I was thirty-fifth. I was the senior cadet officer—I was the first captain of the Corps of Cadets—so I did finally get ahead of what my brother had done. That was the first time I had ever done that, and there’s where I had really learned my lesson. But the urging came from overhearing this conversation, and it had quite a psychological effect on my career.

Now some more things about the pleasant little life we lived there in Uniontown. I remember there were only two pool tables in town. One was in the beautiful home of a great friend of mine who is near here now and one of the few remaining companions of my youth, if not the only one, in her house. Hers was a fairly modern house for that day. The other was in a house of one of the oldest families, and the nephew of this judge who owned the house would invite us there to play pool. The room was a little bit constricted, which interfered with some of the shots. I played very poorly because I found I had very poor hand coordination, which has persisted to this day.

But what interested me in the poolroom there was a painting of Christ with a crown of thorns on his head. I unfortunately made the observation to the nephew of the judge that I thought a painting of Christ with thorns on his head and the poolroom was a rare combination. Well, this was repeated to the old judge, who was a very severe character, and he forbade me the house from then on; so my pool education ceased right there while all my friends could go and play. I learned early in the game the lesson of keeping your mouth shut unless you’ve thought very particularly of what you were going to talk about and who you were going to talk to.

I might tell a very tragic and interesting thing about this old gentleman—this old judge. There was a branch of the railroad that took off near the station (I think of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, maybe it was the Pennsylvania Railroad) and crossed one of the nice streets of the town pretty far out. They had tried to get the railroad to put a watchman there or to put a gate (they didn’t have those gates in that day though, I must say) but to put a watchman there, because you couldn’t see the train because of a cut. It rolled right out of one of the
principal thoroughfares where there was a great deal of traffic. But they were stopped every time, largely by this old judge, because he was a heavy stockholder in this road and he was for keeping down expenses. (Now I am telling this thing from the recollections of my youth and what was hearsay to me at that time when I was a very small boy, and it may be quite wrong, but nevertheless this was my understanding of the thing.) He opposed the installing of a watchman at this crossing. Several people were killed there and finally, tragically enough, the old judge was killed himself with a silk hat, I recall, in connection with attending some church function, which I thought was a very tragic result of this unwillingness to put a watchman at this corner.

I recall this other railroad, the lesson I learned from that, which crossed not far from our home and took off part of our grounds and an island in the creek which I valued very highly. But they had to cross the main highway which, as I have said, was the National Pike. The town was opposed to their crossing the highway or was unwilling to let them do it unless they paid more money—I don't know which—I expect the latter was probably the case. At any rate, the railroad had all these hired laborers in all sorts of clothes, good and bad, water with oatmeal in it for them to drink, which I got twenty-five cents a day for carrying at times, and they couldn't get across this National Pike. I remember that there was a complete stalemate there and the first thing I knew the railroad crossed the Pike in the night and when morning came they were in possession of the route through the town which has lasted ever since.

Well, I went back there and went over all this to remind me of my youth; I found it was largely under a twenty foot fill. I couldn't recognize anything very well around it. They had buried my youthful associations there, as I say, under a twenty foot fill.

There was another thing that made quite an impression on me which really, only in an abstract way, relates to the town. But one of the friends of my youth was a black terrier, a short-haired terrier, named Trip. He was owned by a boy friend of mine who played with me practically every day. Trip always went with us. He was devoted to us and we to Trip. A couple of other dogs formed part of the gang—one celebrated dog named Towser, who afterwards we discovered had three names and boarded at three hotels. I could give a description of him in detail, but I don't think that's appropriate to what we are talking about.

Anyway, this Trip business is, a little bit. I came back for a very brief visit to see my mother, who was still at home, while I was a second lieutenant, I think after I had been in the army three years or four years. I went up to Trip's home—his owner I think was dead then—and the owner's old mother was still living there and I went in to visit her and
then came out, and Trip was still lying on the stones by the old pump in
the sun and his black coat had burnt almost brown. He paid no atten-
tion to me. He didn't bark at me. He was so old he was just indifferent to
me. Well, that was quite a blow because Trip was one of my close
companions of my youth. So I sat down on this long flagstone that was
around the pump and succeeded in petting him, although he rather
resented it in a way and was rather unwilling. I talked to him quite a
long time trying to renew my youth and very much distressed that he
couldn't remember me at all. After, I suppose, five or ten minutes, he
took a little careful sniff at me and then he sniffed at me two or three
times, and then he just went crazy over me. He had finally gotten a
scent in his old nostrils and he remembered me. That was the most
flattering thing that occurred to me on that short visit home after many
years of not being there.

I am always surprised now when I think of the various places I
showed up at in Uniontown when I was a boy. As far as I can figure out I
seem to have stuck my nose in everything. I remember getting in to see
the hanging of the only man I ever heard of then being hanged and
getting into the funeral in some way through the courthouse.

I remember so many particular exhibitions. I remember the first
exhibition of the long distance telephone when they had about twenty
phones on one board. You could come in and talk to Chicago or wher-
ever you elected. I, of course, talked to Chicago, which was quite an
event in my mind. But it was the introduction of the long distance
telephone which was just entering to my life at that time. I must have
been about thirteen or fourteen years old at the time. By a little subtrac-
tion you can figure out when that was.

The circuses of that day—of course I was deep in them. I arrived at
the circus train, watched it unload, and got out to the circus. My main
occupation was getting in without paying for it.

Then the thing that very much absorbed the attention for one week
a year, of my chum and myself, was the State Fair. They called it the
State Fair. Whether it was the real State Fair or not, I don't know. But it
had a half mile race track for trotting and pacing animals and a few
running, but not many. It had the midway pleasance of that day where
you put your money down and watched the wheel turn around and stop
at the Alaska diamonds, or the revolver, or the alarm clock, which
appeared very large in our eyes, or you bought the ten cent paddle on
the wheel where you won a dollar if the wheel stopped at your number.
All of that sort of thing.

There were a good many different gyrations to the plot. Well, we
arrived at the opening of the fair before the things were put up. We saw
everything put up. We saw every snare involved in it. We saw how the man could control the thing and dupe the credulous guests. Having all this knowledge, we indulged in what you might call refined blackmail. They would have to allow us to win the big prize, but we would take it back until we got to the last day of the fair and then everything we won we kept and we would hide it. We had a great time there.

But what has stuck in my recollection was a brand new wooden tub, with a sort of light wood on the inside and with nails all around on which were hung tin cups, and that was lemonade and all you could drink for a nickel. Well, that was the best lemonade I've ever tasted. I've never tasted any since that just touched it—and all you could drink for a nickel. But the trouble was we tried every way we could to drink a lot, but they wouldn't allow us to pause. After we got to a certain point, you developed this pain in your temple and you couldn't drink any more. Then they would take away our tin cup, and we would have to produce another nickel in order to go any further.

But we had a lot of interesting things, and we learned a lot about such things during that period of our experience at the fair. Another way of raising money was to get into the grandstands and then to crawl out the back and sell the pass ticket we got at a reduced rate (which was a nickel instead of a dime), and then crawl out the back again. My father caught me at this and I was very severely reprimanded and not allowed to do it any more. We knew the stables intimately—the various horses, some of the owners—and could have advised betting pretty well, but we never became involved in that phase of the matter. Altogether it was a very enjoyable sort of recess in our life in this small town.

Unfortunately, we didn't have a river or a very large stream in which we could do swimming, so we had to swim in ponds out of which I finally got typhoid fever. It wasn't until I went down on the Ohio River in Kentucky at my father's and mother's home in Augusta, Kentucky, that I learnt how to swim. I remember I had a very amusing uncle, rather a man with a very keen sense of humor and a devilish performer of practical jokes, who used to go down with a chair—down the grade as they called the beach—and watch me learning to swim and splashing desperately in trying to keep up for a few feet.

My last years at home were in a private school which only had a short life. It was built up by a very brilliant man, but one who was not very good on a business affair and was very apt to become diverted by other things. He was very handsome, very popular, beautifully educated, but he was an uncertain quantity in the world. Afterwards some people from home, some of the men, met him in Paris with two very lovely women and he cut them dead. He ran the school and had a
number of teachers, and I remember when it broke up there was no money to pay the teachers. That I think was my last school experience there. I thought the years of public school were not very long, but they were very valuable to me. I think every boy in a democracy should

Manila Bay there wasn’t an ambassador accredited to the United States, nor did we accredit an ambassador to any other state. We were hardly noticed except as having a Wild West. I think most of the information about us related to the Wild West—the buffalo, the magnificent hunting, and things of that sort, and the sort of wild life they thought that we led. New York, of course, was in touch with a few Europeans and Boston and maybe Baltimore to a certain extent, but not much, and Charleston and Savannah, and San Francisco, in a very brief way, with the western Pacific.

But it’s hard to realize now how limited was the United States at the time of Dewey’s battle of Manila Bay. There began our international involvements, however you may term them, whether we want them or not. That is the international beginning, in a way, of the international history of the United States as I see it. It developed very quickly. There were very serious political campaign battles in regard to it, notably the Democratic campaign in regard to the development of the Philippines and the Republican campaign in connection with the development of the Philippines, for as they said, its eventual return to the Filipino when he was in a position to govern himself, which he certainly was not at that particular time. All of this happened in that period of my youth. I can recall so well my father walking up and down and discussing the dispatch that had just come in about the battle of Santiago in Cuba.

I recall equally with that going down to the 8:15 train in the morning and getting the newspaper—which I wanted to read more than my father and mother, but they both wanted to read it—which gave the description of the fight between John L. Sullivan and Corbett. Later on when the telegraph would give the news of fights, I remember waiting outside the window of the telegraph office where they read the messages aloud to us—the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. I remember the discussion there to this day between two men who were arguing about Fitzsimmons who won the fight in the thirteenth round, as I remember. They announced the winning of the fight when we were getting the eleventh round and then we had to wait to get the remaining three rounds. These
that sort, and the latter day—the bicycle day I would call it, when I got into that extension of my activities.

The return of the regiment from the Philippines was a very great day. They painted the street red, white, and blue for the local company. They turned the town upside down. They had arches made of coke; they had arches of bunting; they had other arches. They gave these men everything they could in the way of hospitality, including drink. But very shortly after that, they failed to support the National Guard company, so the remaining history there was no National Guard company from that town, which I thought was a very unfortunate thing. They began making money so fast that they didn't look into any of these things until the crash came and everybody was next door, seemingly, to the poor house. I was gone and forgotten at that time. I saw great prosperity without realizing just what it meant. I wasn't there in the days of extreme financial stress.

I am trying to think of other periods there of my youth which would be interesting in recording the development of affairs. I always marched in the torchlight procession when they allowed me to, but I was pretty small for the purpose. I liked the William Jennings Bryan campaign, because they gave me a gray hat and a cane. I think I was about fourteen then, and I walked in every Bryan celebration. I was very proud of myself with my cane and my gray fedora hat and the intense amusement of my mother.

These things all seem very small. I had a very attractive coterie of friends—one or two of them who won great national prominence as athletes—particularly one who was the fullback on the Yale team, the pitcher on the Yale ball team, and the broad jumper on the Yale field team—all in his first year became very well known all over the country. He was just about my age, about a year older than I was, but a companion of my youth [M. Herbert Bowman].

There were several others that won great fame. We had a very interesting ball team. There was a lawyer there who was very fond of baseball and who had played on the Lafayette team. He was a lawyer and busy, but he couldn't get away from his fondness for baseball so he organized a team on which he played first base. He got most of these boys, country boys. Well, it just happened he landed on two wonderful pitchers who afterwards made great records—one at Princeton, in particular, and he refused to go on in national baseball because he got his education and became a doctor. The other fellow I met years and years afterwards when I went back for the first planned visit for me. He was at the plane to meet me in his shirtsleeves. I won't say any more on that.

This team that this lawyer organized had great success. Finally it developed that he was getting a little old for the team. They put in a
young man playing first base which rather broke his heart. The man-
gagement of the team was taken over and while they were all volunteers,
in a sense it became semiprofessional, although there was no profes-
sional league at all. Then the trouble was finding anyone to play. They
licked everybody and defeated everybody around them. If my recollec-
tion is correct—though I may have an exaggerated recollection of the
circumstances—I know that this lawyer succeeded in getting Johnny
Ward, the first baseman of New York, to bring that team over when it
was first or second in the National League, and the Pittsburgh team,
which was first or second the same year, came over. I don’t know who its
manager was, but I know its great pitcher was Red Erick who fascinated
me because he kicked as high as his head when he made his delivery in
pitching.

They came over and with the New York team was Rusie, I think was
his name, who was supposed to pitch the fastest baseball of that day and
maybe later, I don’t know. But whatever it was, we had one colored man
at the time, Hucker McClure, who played right field. Hucker came to
bat his first time up against New York and knocked a home run off the
famous Rusie. I think Rusie sort of slacked up on him and the home run
leaked out. Now, I am not quite certain of the result, but my dim
recollection is that they defeated New York. I won’t say that they
defeated Pittsburgh too, but they gave them a rapid run for their money.

However, these were destructive of the team, because they were
signed up all over the country and there was no team left. Most of
the men went to colleges, some went to professional football [baseball].
They were largely country boys, but that was the great interest at
home—that ball team—and it was so completely destroyed that there
was never any fine ball team organized in the days of my youth after
that.

I think I have given you everything but the murder trials which I
used to try to attend and got put out of the courthouse. Those were the
activities of youth.

One thing I delighted in was when the snow was on the ground and
we could sled ride—when it really got frozen up and the main roads,
which were all macadam roads and sometimes not even that, could be
used. One road cut right across the town over to Main Street. When that
got into excellent condition, they would put somebody on watch at
Main Street in order to stop any traffic when a sled was coming down.
They had these big sleds they called “Panics,” where the front part was
connected in a loose way with the long slant of the sled and where the
head man sat with a skate on one foot and his legs crossed over and
guided the sled and held on with two hands.

Later on a sled came out which was purchased, and they still have it
I think—the Flexible Flyer. They got me the largest size. There were only two sizes, I recall. That was fine—there was nothing like that in town. We got a plank for it so that we could put on two extra people, when the sled riding got really fine and we could use this main road right across the town and on down stop the traffic in the evening. On a moonlight night, my father would go and take a friend of his. We liked that because the weight made the velocity of the sled much greater. We had this board along the length which extended over the rear and allowed them to get a little bit out over that. I sat in front with the skate on my foot, or my chum, and my father would sit behind and was supposed to swing the sled. We would come down this road. It had walks across the road which were built up, which really made “jumpers” as we called them, and the sled would leap out from them and you had to be very expert to sit and prevent it from turning turtle when it landed on the other side of the crossing. The whole town would turn out and it was quite a fine sport to have all the men, old and young, and the boys all playing together. And playing together was what it was.

I saw in the *Saturday Evening Post* the other day an illustration in colors of the local barbershop, apparently of this day, and apparently out in the west—a very amusing illustration, very expertly done. I was reminded of my youth. There was one barbershop, as I recall, in the town, run by a Negro man, who was quite a friend of mine. He had about four Negro assistants, so he must have had about five chairs. That was a sort of club. The Elks Club had just gotten formed, but that wasn’t much except on the Elk night. So there would be a great deal of sitting in the barbershop where you could get all the news. They didn’t like the boys to come in there then, because they liked all the chairs available for the men. Most of the men, as I recall, came there to get their shave in the daytime. Whether they got shaved every day, I don’t remember. But I know they got their shaves there—didn’t shave at home—and there was no safety razor. Each one had his own cup for the soap, and his name was on the cup in very fanciful letters. So you could see the names of all the patrons in these cups in the rack, which interested me as a boy. All these men came in, many of them around noontime to get their shave, many in the evening after dinner, and then immediately after work in the afternoon.

It was a very solid town in its ways. I remember that one young man there, a very attractive young man, a fairly good fellow as I recall, was almost blackballed because he didn’t work. He had enough money to have some good horses. He rode horseback and drove good rigs—and it was a beautiful country to do that in—and he had organized a riding club which went up in the mountains. He was rather taboo because he didn’t work. Later on he took a job at a plant which was about a mile out
of town. He would have to walk down the railroad track a mile to that
plant every day and walk back for lunch, or eat out of a lunch pail, and
walk back again in the evening. I think he really did it to take the curse
off this taboo on him because he didn’t work. Later on there were many
who didn’t work, but they didn’t improve the life of the town at all.

(If I think of anything else that will go with this, or if this gives you an
idea of what I should really furnish you in way of information of these
days, I will do it.)

I remember I got one lesson when I participated in a political
parade for a governor of Pennsylvania. I don’t remember who he was,
but he was the Democratic candidate. They had a tremendous to-do.
They had these torchlights and people cheering out the windows. To me
[he] was just the governor-elect of Pennsylvania. He was snowed under
by a terrific vote which came largely from Philadelphia and which was
very much a controlled vote. I got my first lesson of politics there,
because my mother finally explained to me why, though this man was
successful where we were and successful other places around, he was
completely defeated by the political organization of the city of Phila-
delphia.

I knew about everybody in town. I walked to everything I went to. I
walked to school. I walked to these other things and seldom rode on the
streetcar, because they were always too short a ride to pay a nickel to
get. I always remember my mother going shopping and coming back to
the house and getting off the streetcar, which was rather high up. The
street hadn’t been bricked yet and it made it a little bit high above the
macadam road. She stepped off in the middle of a dog fight. We had two
or three dogs there, my chum had a dog, and a strange dog had gotten
involved. Our dogs had a bad habit of barking at the horses. In this
general melee—they were all fighting—mother just stepped down in
the middle of the fight. I remember she landed sitting and lost her hat
and lost her basket, but even that didn’t make her so mad because she
was very fond of the dogs and she recognized a dog did that. Ours
weren’t so well trained, but they were beautifully trained for shooting,
which was their principal activity, which allowed them a considerable
liberty in their ordinary dogdom.

I think I will call it a day. I am going to send this reel for your
reaction. I know you don’t want to print all of this nonsense, but maybe
you can find something from it which will give you a little eyesight into
the life of the town in which I grew up. But I think you can tell me better
what will be suitable.
I'm going to resume my comments on Uniontown days. There were several incidents which I forgot to mention, and I've recalled others. Now that I have received word from you that you approve of this procedure, I will go ahead and add anything that I can think of.

Our home, which was a two-story brick house, rather large, and with a very delightful side porch on which we did a great deal of our living during the seasonable portions of the year—I might describe it, because I have never seen another quite like it. It was up about ten steps or more above the ground level. The roof of the porch extended beyond the house quite a ways. The overhead of the porch itself was the second story of the house.

The side porch upstairs [was] off my bedroom or the nursery. The front hall led directly into the side porch. The main door or side door to the porch led into the dining room. We always had a sort of a Gloucester hammock on the porch and, of course, a number of chairs. But the fact that the roof of the porch, which was really the roof of the steps down to the yard level and beyond, extended at least ten feet beyond the foot of the steps and had quite a slope to it.

Upstairs off the rear room, which was the nursery and my bedroom, the side porch had grapes along an arbor. The leader from the grapes around our springhouse passed over to a large maple tree which early in my youth collapsed—that is the top fell off leaving more than a stump. This leader from the grapevine passed on to the upstairs porch, so that it was possible for me as a boy, during the season of the bearing of the grapes, to step out of bed and walk out in my bare feet on the porch and pull down bunches of delicious Concord grapes and another variety which I have forgotten. I am struck by the fact today how easy it was to grow things in those days. Every bunch was more or less perfect. Now today at our Leesburg place, unless we put each bunch early in a sack, it is ruined by worms. And I have never grown a successful crop of grapes up there though I have ten varieties. But in my boyhood, the arbor around the spring house was covered with grapes and the extension to the side upstairs porch had two varieties which bore prodigiously—though that is hardly the word.
The house was on a level with the street (the National Pike I have referred to) but the side of the house toward the creek was very much lower and the retaining wall was about eight feet tall and was actually the approach to the bridge over the creek of the National Pike.

Another incident of my young boyhood was the very pleasant habit of young men, young lawyers and so forth who lived at the hotel—one of the hotels of the town—and as there was no golf course, there was no club, there was no place for them to go much on Sundays and nothing to do. My family—my father and mother—were from Kentucky, and they were accustomed to a very bountiful living and continual hospitality. There were always people for meals; there were always many around. That was not the case at all at home. They had very old families that went back to the early days, but they entertained very little and particularly on Sundays led a very austere life. On the contrary, my mother and father enjoyed having young people about—meaning young men, for example—and the habit soon formed of half a dozen of these young fellows coming to our house on Saturday afternoon and sitting out in what we called the backyard, which was the edge of the orchard and not far from the creek.

There built up at home the first ice plant in that part of the country, and I became a temporary employee of the ice plant whenever I could get the job and have the time in summer. So it was a very easy matter for me to put the choice watermelons my father picked out in the room where the ice blocks were stored. So on a Sunday afternoon, I would go to the ice plant with my wagon and haul a couple of watermelons home. On a black Japan tin waiter, father would carve these melons out in the yard, with an admiring group of young men, and cut them into large V-like slices. Everybody of the male variety, in their shirtsleeves, would sit and eat watermelon and squirt the seeds out on the lawn. That became a regular business during the watermelon season and I think was the only entertainment offered in the town of any kind, except to sit in the hotel lounge window and look out at the street which was more or less vacant on a day like that. But I always remember these watermelon festivals, and they persisted the entire length of the watermelon season. As I recall, the melons cost about ten cents a piece.

Another thing at that period which I overlooked the other day was my employment in the church—St. Peter's Episcopal Church. I pumped the organ. The place for the pumper was in a very narrow region in rear of the organ and the pump was just a handle like the tiller of a boat. The pumping was not difficult except you had to be there. But there was a long period of wait during the sermon. On one of these mornings, I was occupying this period of waiting by reading a five-cent novel of that day about Nick Carter. Just in the most exciting portion, and it was very
much like Jesse James, my attention was called to the organ by the thump, thump, which the organist, Miss Fanny Howe, could make from the keyboard. And I realized that she had started to play at the end of the sermon and no music was coming out. So I pumped the organ very hurriedly. Of course, she was not only displeased but rather outraged. Miss Fanny was a very fine person, a woman well-to-do, of one of the old families there, and was a great pillar of strength in the church. I have said in recent years that she relieved me from duty with the organ. I think she did, but I am not certain. At least I can’t remember who took my place. I mention this because I have seen it referred to several times.

Another item of my youth which made a great impression on me at the time was my inability to make a speech—meaning a recitation. I seemed utterly unable to do this. When I went to public school, they had just had an addition of a very large assembly room, which took in most of the pupils. They could all sit in there for these Friday afternoon occasions. I had to recite on this particular Friday. I have never forgotten this, because never again have I experienced quite such agony. So I looked through the book—I remember some of the things—pieces of poetry and matters of that kind. I remember one was “Riding Down from Bangor on the Evening Train” and this particular one which caught my fancy because of its excitement was “Asleep at the Switch,” when this boy goes to sleep when he is watching the switch and the train is going to be wrecked and, as I recall, he wakes up to find it a dream. However it was, I contracted to recite “Asleep at the Switch” to the more or less entire public school.

As they got started on the program and mine wasn’t until towards the last, I realized that I had forgotten entirely part of one verse. I struggled every way with my memory and I couldn’t recall what that verse was. So I sat there in agony knowing that my turn was coming and I couldn’t recite because I couldn’t remember one of the leading verses—or at least a portion of it—and I went through positive agony there which was much prolonged because the program stretched out quite far. But this eventually saved my life because the time ran out and the session was dismissed. And with it passed from my life “Asleep at the Switch.”

I never had to make any talk, I don’t think, until years later when I was senior captain at the V.M.I. and I had to talk to the whole corps at some meeting when we were under duress, as it were, and I remember the Board of Visitors was there to state their side of the question and I was called upon to state the side of the cadets. But I don’t recall any previous recitations, speech or anything, until that occasion and I don’t recall any after that for many, many years. So my talent, whatever it was, was certainly not existent at that time.
Speaking of the very attractive side porch of our house, which was connected to the front door by a straight hall, reminds me of another affair which now delights my wife. My sister's schoolmate, from her school in Philadelphia, was the daughter of the governor of Pennsylvania at that time, Haskell. Some might remember that he is referred to in a very flattering way by Li Hung Chang in his supposed diary of his journey to America. Anyway, Helen Haskell arrived and she was a very pretty girl and she was going to be entertained at a five hundred [card] party on this back porch on a pleasant summer day. The stipulation of my sister was that I was barred from the house during this party, because she regarded me as a rather turbulent member of the household. So I retired across the street to my chum's yard, and we went back to the stable in their backyard to find some activity that would amuse us. And we stirred up a bee's nest.

Well, it was quite the fashion in those days to fight bees. You whittled out a handle on a shingle and cut out some air holes so it would be easier to swing. With this sort of tennis-like paddle you proceeded to fight the bees. You stirred them up and they came at you and you hit at them. If you had bad luck you got badly stung. So we were fighting bees. In the group, I remember—the boy that led to my misfortune was named Bowman, Herbert Bowman, who became a famous Yale athlete; I think he was pitcher on the baseball team, fullback on the football team, and broad jumper on the track team, all in his first year—and he displayed these talents in a battle with me when we were both trying to get under the other to protect us against this bee which was determined to get us. We were hitting in every way with our paddles, and we broke our paddles on each other, not intentionally, and we were having a desperate fight and the bee was just humming right in the rear of our hairline. It was [in] a desperate effort to get free of the bee that I broke loose and the bee chased me.

I came from the far back yard of my chum's house and passed his house in a flash and across the street and the front door was open—it was a summer afternoon—and I went straight down the long hall. Then I remembered at the last moment that I was forbidden the house and the card party was going on, on the side porch, peaceful and delightful. So I turned to the right and went off into the dining room. But the bee went straight ahead and stung the guest of honor, Helen Haskell, and I didn't dare come home until late that night. That is an actual fact. It stung the girl. They wouldn't believe me. They claimed I took the bee in there. (Chuckles) My reputation wasn't very good.

I recalled after my dictation the other day one item connected with our greenhouse which was next door to the carriage house, where we
painted it green as much as we could in order to keep in line with the name for these flower shops. We learnt in the first place—we with a great struggle made a flag—it was white, some kind of cloth, and on it with great difficulty we printed “Marshall and Thompson,” “Florists” below the name. The only trouble was we left out the “I” and it was “Forists.” We made a pole beside the house and hoisted our flag and that stood as our advertisement of our greenhouse. When our home there was broken up—I was away of course; matter of fact, I was in the army, I think—my mother found in the attic this famous flag. While she kept many things which I couldn’t understand her for keeping, she destroyed our flag which I would have delighted in having today.

The other thing about the greenhouse was that we learnt that congressmen in those days would get you free seeds from Washington—free seeds. That was the only free thing we could think of, so on our toy typewriter we wrote to our congressman, who I had never seen because he was from another town, and I never did see our congressman until long after I was in the army. Anyway, we wrote to him for free seeds and in due time there came from the Agriculture Department a packet of seeds. The only trouble was they were cotton seeds, which was sort of out of place in Pennsylvania. However, we planted them and they grew a little in our strawberry boxes but that was not much of a success.

I recall years later, when I was before a committee of Congress, hearing a remark by one of the members in a question to me that I probably had had no relations with Congress in any way until I became chief of staff. I said no, that was not correct. I had a relationship with Congress that went back to my early boyhood and so my mind was not entirely the military mind which they so often would claim when they were opposed to what I was saying. They wished to know what that connection was and I told them of the cotton seed and they were very much amused at that. I said I never had any other relationship with my congressman after that. The cotton seed experience was enough for me.

I got a great deal of amusement out of our black breasted red bantam chickens. The hens looked almost like quail, lacking the top-knots. The roosters, of course, were highly colored, with long tails, black tails, red plumage with a black breast. But they contented themselves largely with strutting around. The hens not only appeared a little like quail, but they flew a little like quail. When I would open the henhouse up after they had been shut in for the night to save them from any animals who might destroy them, they would generally take flight and sail up to the top of the apple trees. This was particularly the case if they
had been shut in during snowy, cold weather. It was quite a sight to see
them all break loose like a flushed covey of quail and sail up into the top
of the apple trees.

Another incident of my boyhood always strikes me as amusing. In
those days there were large, thin, paper novels—the Nick Carter series,
the Frank Merriwell series, the Old Sleuth series. We were forbidden
from reading all but the Frank Merriwell series and those were highly
recommended. Therefore, while they were very well adapted to boy-
hood, they were a little bit despised because they were approved. In
order to read the Nick Carter series which was very much like Jesse
James at his best, we would retire to this springhouse. (I have told this,
didn’t I? Cancel that; I’m retelling the same thing.)

You ask the question as to how I probably became interested in the
army. Well, frankly I don’t know. I recall that at the earliest school I
went to—Miss Thompson’s—that at recess I used to try to drill a
company of boys with stick guns and they would march at my command.
I have a dim recollection that they didn’t like it and we didn’t do too
much of it, but that we did do this at recess. That’s the only key I can
give to my military desire except that when my brother went off to
school, and a military school with a very famous record of fighting
during the war, and I had been taken over that battlefield at New
Market, I was intensely interested in that sort of thing. My interest was
much increased by the fact that we met Colonel Charles Marshall of
Baltimore at that time, who was a very, very distant highly collateral
relative, who had been Lee’s aide during the war. He talked quite a bit to
mother, and I think he was responsible for the interest that developed in
sending my brother to the V.M.I., where I followed. Other than that and
the fact that I, more or less, like all boys, we always played fighting
Indians in the woods. I don’t know otherwise why I should have espoused
a military career.

There was no particular ancestry of mine—that is, near to me—of a
military nature. I have already told of my father being captured, when
he was about sixteen, I believe, by Basil Duke, who was a cousin, in the
Home Guard defense of their town, Augusta, Kentucky. He was released
by Duke after he had gotten down to Frankfort, Kentucky, I think. I
know that two of my father’s brothers were in Lee’s army. He was just a
boy in the Home Guard which in its essence, I guess, was Federal—was
Union.

You asked me about my comments on the developments during my
youth, such as the automobile, the airplane, and other phenomena. As
a matter of fact, both of these two occurred after I had left home. I saw
very little of my home after I went away to school because there was no
vacation during the winter. We had to be present even at dress parade,
evening parade, on Christmas Day, and if we didn’t have a special permit we had to be there for lunch on Christmas Day. The session ran sometimes up into July, but as a rule about the 15th or 20th of June.

When I would come home, the family would be, as a rule, off in the mountains. They were nearby—they were about 2500 feet high at the highest point nearby—and there were a number of old mountain houses where you could board very reasonably and get a wealth of food, particularly chicken—broiled chicken—gravy and waffles and honey. I know I had a record of twenty-three quarters of waffles at one time. It’s a wonder it didn’t kill me. But then the family would not come back until it was time for school. So I was away from home practically all summer and I was completely away from home when I was off at school at the V.M.I. So my intimacy with home life more or less ceased when I was sixteen years of age.

I don’t recall the introduction of electricity. We had carbon street lights which killed hundreds of thousands of bugs and had to be cleaned of bugs almost every day. I remember that, but I don’t remember the other lights and their introduction, though it may have happened at that time.

My family came all from Kentucky on my father’s side and halfway from Kentucky on my mother’s side. Her father was a doctor in Augusta, Kentucky, who went to a medical school in Philadelphia—Jefferson Medical School, I believe. There he met his wife who was the daughter of a man named Bradford (no, she was the daughter of a very well-to-do, able businessman [Stuart] in Pittsburgh). He, incidentally, owned a great deal of the property down on the Point which has now been made beautiful through the Aetna Life Insurance Company, I believe. He owned property all over Pittsburgh, mostly farm property, and when the National Pike crossed the river at Monongahela thirty-five miles away, he sold this property and bought extensive property on either side of the Pike at Monongahela City. Of course, when the railroad developed Pittsburgh, Monongahela City fell flat. The great traffic over the Pike died away. The great Conestoga wagons became a thing of the past and his wealth was very much decreased, though he was still a very well-to-do man.

One daughter of his never married and lived to be, I think ninety-six, though I am not quite certain of this. She was my great aunt and she lived with us quite a bit of the time. She was a very remarkable woman in her intelligence and retained her mental faculties up until the last. I remember my brother and myself going to see her the last time I ever saw her alive. She was questioning him about his studies at the V.M.I. He was specializing in chemistry and going to be a chemical engineer. She wanted to know where he was in his progress in that study, and he spoke
of Davy’s atomic law. She immediately recited it. I asked him afterwards and he said she had that word for word, and she hadn’t had to do with it since she was eighteen years old. So she was a very brilliant woman intellectually. I remember even in those days when she had to read with a large magnifying glass, that she read her Hebrew Testament and her French Bible every morning. She had had a great many interesting experiences and she recorded them all. I think somewhere I mentioned that she rode horseback to and from a number of times—from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia.

I recall one incident regarding the family which was a profound irritation to my father. He was very much interested in the genealogy of the family—very much so—and was very proud of our connection with John Marshall. As a matter of fact, John Marshall was a very distant, collateral relation. His father, Thomas Marshall, and his brothers went to Kentucky and they left him in Virginia—or rather he chose to stay in Virginia—and his great reputation grew up there along with the charm of his personality in Richmond, while his father and brothers settled near Maysville, Kentucky, at a place called Little Washington. I remember going to visit there in my youth with my mother to some of her old friends when we were down in Kentucky visiting her brother in Augusta.

The point that I recall that rather delights my recollection today was, there was a book—there is a book; you can find it in the congressional library—on the Marshall family. I had a copy in my younger days, but I lost it in all my books being flooded in transportation on one of my trips to the Philippines. Anyway, there were other copies—the other children, my brother and sister both, had copies. (Incidentally, I am sending you separately an outline of this book so far as it relates to me, which my secretary in the War Department at that time when I was chief of staff had compiled in order to mimeograph and answer questions which were continually coming in about me and my progenitors, so that you can see just what it is.)

But to go back to the book. It didn’t interest me at all because I wasn’t mentioned. I was born too late. My brother and sister were mentioned. My father and mother and brother and sister got a mere brief paragraph of about two or three sentences and that wasn’t very exciting. But as I say, I wasn’t mentioned, so I wasn’t at all interested. But there was one portion of the book that I did enjoy immensely. It was a description of one Marshall lady who married a famous pirate of [the] South Carolina coast and of deprivations in the Caribbean and otherwise. He was called, I believe, Blackbeard. I haven’t got the book here so I can’t check. Anyway, he was a terror and he was afterwards, I believe, captured by Lt. Maynard of the navy and hung from the yardarm in execution of his crimes. That was near Charleston, South Carolina.
Well, I enjoyed very much reading about Blackbeard and his atrocities—that was the only interesting thing I found in the book. I enjoyed it so much that I took it out of the house and took it either to school or somewhere with my friends and read it to the boys. They liked it very much and boys always have quite romantic conceptions of who their progenitors are and they generally have them very celebrated people and very ferocious possibly. I had them all beaten because I had a pirate who had a very bloody, cruel history, with a long beard to help out.

Well, it seems some father had heard this mentioned by his son at the supper table. Anyway, he poked a little fun at my father who was quite sensitive about his family. Father was perfectly furious that out of all this book, which he thought showed a fine line of progenitors, I had chosen Blackbeard as the only one which interested me and had publicized him in the town as being descended from a pirate.

I am going to your questions—first on ancestry.

1. **Do you have anything you want to say about the Marshall and Bradford background?**

   I think I have said all I care to say about my ancestry.

2. **Where did the Catlett in your father’s name come from?**

   I do not know where the Catlett came from, except there are Catletts in Kentucky and you have Catlettsburg as a town.

3. **Is the Uniontown home place still standing? Do you or other members of your family have photographs of it?**

   Next is home. Our home place in Uniontown is not standing. It has been built over and the low ground filled up. That is where I spoke of the twenty-foot fill blotting out a good many of the spots of my youth.

4. **Can you describe the place itself? (You have given a good picture of the grounds and barn.)**

   I have already pretty much described the house and you have a description of the place. I might say there was one thing that figured in my boyhood and I have always regretted that my parents didn’t enliven my interest until it would have had a great educational value. In my chum’s yard there was a honey locust tree and it was about twenty feet from their wash house where the week’s washing was always done. Between the wash house and the honey locust there was a deep trail about—you could rest your thumb in it—and a continuous procession of ants going and coming to the tree or to the wash house and those
going one direction would generally carry some little white burden. Well, we would lie and watch these ants by the hour when we had nothing else to do—when we completely ran out of play time affairs—and we would watch this ant procession.

There would be these great floods which would put that portion of their yard under about two feet of water, but after the floods were over the ants would return. When I went back to Uniontown for a reception, after I was made chief of staff, I was very curious about the trail of the ants and I went down to this house which was still standing, but was rented by some seemingly Lithuanian—I could hardly understand him—but he was an old man sitting there in a rocking chair. And I asked him if I might go out and look in the yard and he told me I could. But I couldn’t find this trail. The springhouse, of course, was gone. But the honey locust was still standing and I came back and told him what I was looking for. And he said I was turned around as to the location of the wash house. He pointed out where it really was, and I went out there and I immediately found the trail of the ants running exactly as it had in my boyhood so many, many years before. I have often thought if they had given us a big magnifying glass and some book on insect life, we would probably have become very deep students of it and have gone into the other manifestations. As it was, it was merely the ants, the long trail, and the burdens they carried.

5. Is the Marshall home place in Augusta still standing? Any photographs?

My father’s home in Augusta is still standing and I believe my mother’s too. My father’s was a three-story brick house and took up, with its grounds, the block in which it was located. In that part of the country—it was quite different from eastern Virginia—there were no great country houses. They were almost always in the towns. My recollection of my father’s home was that it had a very wide brick hall right through the center of the house—very wide—that was overlooked by a balcony, off which the bedrooms opened—a very curious formation. It was more or less ruined in prospect by the fact that the railroad came through—the C & O, I think—and came into the side of the town very close to the house.

6. William Frye says that your father as a boy of seventeen participated in the Home Guard under Joseph Bradford against a raid by General Basil Duke. He says that since the Marshalls were of southern background, the participation was perhaps unwilling. Any comment on this incident?

Parents: Frye’s comments on the family seem to be correct as nearly as I can recall except he doesn’t mention, as far as I know, that
Basil Duke was a relative. His comment about the Marshalls participating in the Home Guard action against Basil Duke I don't think is justified by the history of those days. The raiders had burnt some village covering a ford into Ohio at one time, as I recall, and this time, they were expected to burn the town in order to protect the ford. Just why it was so protected I don't know, because they were headed for a raid into Ohio. For that reason the Home Guards turned to defend the town. But there were apparently a great many Union sympathizers in the town.

But, as I said, in my father's family two brothers were in Lee's army and the oldest member of the family, a sister, ended up by marrying a Union colonel who had been wounded and she nursed him. That was accountable later on for my father going north and getting a position with an iron furnace because he [the colonel] was a furnace man and in his early days a very well-to-do man. The legend is that after this fight, which largely centered around my father's home, this older sister (who married the Union colonel) came out of the cellar and was met by Duke who came in to find if any of the family had been hurt. She is said to have met him on the lawn, slapped his face and ordered him out of the yard. I don't know how true any of this is.

7. Frye says that your father was pretty much of a joiner and stood very high in the Masons and Knights Templar organization. Any comment on these activities?

I think he is right about my father—Frye is right—about joining the Masons and the Knights Templar. His Masonic interests were very intense and always took him one or two nights a week away from home. I remember a very ludicrous incident. I think he had the high post in his lodge at this time—he was either preeminent commander or past preeminent, whatever they call them—and he brought home his robes, which looked very much like a Catholic bishop's or an Episcopal bishop's robes, to get my mother to mend them. She mended this tear, my sister helping her, advising her or commenting on it. When my father tried them on after she mended them, my mother and sister, Marie, were hilarious because it developed he had been wearing them backwards for years. He was very sensitive about this—outraged at their levity—and they were just continuously amused every time they spoke about it.

My father was very fond of shooting and was a very good shot, and the hunting was wonderful around there—quail, grouse in the mountains and so on. He was very fond of fishing and I believe a fine fisherman, and he was very good at what I believe they called salmon pike, a very large fish which they found in the Youghiogheny River, not so far from home in a direct line, but very far in the way we had to go in those days. I remember his taking me up several times bass fishing. It was very hard walking because the banks of the stream were covered with huge rocks
about a quarter size of a house sometimes. I had great difficulty in climbing over them at my age—if you could climb over them. I remember on one occasion, which was my most famous fishing exploit even to this day. My father’s two companions and my father had not had a strike all day and in the afternoon about two o’clock they decided to go to a place called Rattlesnake Hole which was two or three miles upstream. Well, of course, the walking would be very difficult as there was no real shoreline there—only these great piles of rocks.

[Begin cassette side 2]

My father knew that I would not be able to make it, so he very generously and unselfishly declined to go with them, and went off to occupy me, fishing where we had not been able to get a strike all day. We went up to a great rock which had halved off, which left a flat surface on one side about three feet above the water which was in quite a pool since the river ran in alternate pools and rapids. I had one of my father’s old rods, but I didn’t have a reel. He didn’t think I would be capable of managing a reel. When he baited my hook with minnows—two minnows—I threw it in and he was going to bait his own when I got a strike—the first strike of the day for any of us. When I began to pole these fish in, I had two bass, one on each hook. My father had to help me land them, and when we got them in—we had to lift them quite a ways out of the water because we were two or three feet up—he had to get them off the hook and re-bait my hook. Then he turned back to his own line and before he got his own straightened out—of course, he had a reel—I had another strike and he had to abandon his preparations and help me land my fish.

Well, to cut this story short, we caught in the neighborhood of thirty bass of which I caught a fair part. I delayed all of his catching because he always had to help me land my fish. I had no reel and we didn’t want to break the leader on the line. That was the finest fishing anyone had up there for years and my finest run of bass fishing that I’ve ever had. I have caught larger bass but never so many bass all standing in one place. We went back home to this mountain house where we were staying, because we had all the bass our reel would carry and we had strung some which we were carrying outside of that, and went up and got a bath and went to a big mountain supper. Father’s two friends didn’t get back until after dark; they’d never had a strike all day. When they found him with this tremendous collection of bass, their expressions, even to a boy of my age, were interesting.

8. Do you or members of the family have photographs of your parents and of the entire family?
I will see if I can find any photographs. I have none. My possessions of that nature have largely been lost or destroyed in the many moves I have made—to the Philippines several times, to China, typhoons—and other places of the United States and a careless attitude on my part to all such manner of things.

9. Will you describe the appearance of your parents: height, build, eyes, hair, general appearance, temperament.

My father was a very handsome man. He was about five feet nine or ten—a heavy mop of hair—very strong features and blue eyes—carried himself very erectly. Was very fond of walking. I remember on one occasion when we were up in the mountains, about seven or eight miles away across a ridge of the Chestnut Ridge Mountains, he walked out of church and was lonely for the family, and in his striped pants and cutaway coat of that day, and cane, he walked straight up into the mountains by a shortcut trail and arrived at our house in time for the midday meal.

My mother was a very quiet woman but with a great deal of strength of character. As I have said, she had a keen sense of humor and always observed with much interest the passing people on the streets and, of course, they were very much the same people day after day in the life of the town.

I think a partial explanation of being unable in later years to find much of a record of my father and mother is the fact that the town in my youth was about five thousand people and the next time I went back to it, I believe they told me it was about thirty-five thousand. Well, that would pretty much drown out the former life of the town. I know I found very few people I knew. My boyhood acquaintances had largely moved away. My brother and sister left home very early in their young life. My mother finally left and lived with my sister, spending her winters at Haddon Hall in Atlantic City, so her departure from home occurred fairly early of my life period. The town completely and utterly changed, particularly in its relationship of people and social life. I find very few families now that identify with the old days.

I remember when I was given this reception in Uniontown after I was made chief of staff, they had a dinner for me, which I believe I mentioned, at the old White Swan Inn. But this was the new building in which the dining room was located on the site of the former cobblestone courtyard. I didn't realize at the time I was talking at that dinner, when I was called on, that it was being put on the broadcasting of a short wave affair there at home. So I told a great many stories of my youth in order to avoid anything in relation to the war situation—war just having developed on the first of September and this must have been the tenth
or fifteenth of September. I was appointed chief of staff on the first of September, though I had been acting chief of staff since the previous July 1st.

Not realizing that this was being broadcast, though locally, I was astonished when the people passed by to shake hands with me afterwards. And incidentally, it was not an arranged affair and I was on one side of the table and they were on the other as they passed and forced me to do a lot of leaning over to shake hands with them. But the thing that interested me and amused me, too, was that here would come by a lady in evening dress and right behind her would be a fellow in his shirt-sleeves and maybe his sleeves rolled up and maybe half or a little bit tight. I remember one fellow, I remembered of my youth, who was quite a character. I don't want to identify him further, and he had a heavy load on and he was right between two ladies, both of whom were in evening dress. He got to me and took my hand and he had heard this broadcast in the barroom where he was, and he and a great many had come down to see me right away, because I was talking of their time and their events and they had appeared in some of my stories that I had recounted on that occasion. He told me about this and how glad he was to see me and how interested he was in what I said. He interlarded about every fourth word with a violent curse word and these two women stood there in their evening dress just being showered with curses. It made a very mixed-up affair. But I must say I was interested and amused.

The change in the life of the town, as I say, was complete. In addition to that the region had been opened up in its coal and coke, being first I think expanded by the Federal Steel Company who brought a good deal of coal and coke there. My chum's father, the banker, had very carefully and judiciously invested in coal land and became immensely wealthy and immensely powerful and made a large number of the young men who worked with him, in connection with the bank and all, also wealthy. That developed quite a thing.

I remember there was one fellow who was a barkstripper up in the mountains. He had gotten connected with some of this coal land and he had made a great deal of money. He was famous at the Waldorf-Astoria and everybody liked him there because he was so rough; he was an uncut diamond. Everything he said was more or less amusing and was certainly a shock to any New Yorker who patronized the famous Row that the women used to parade on in those days.

10. You mentioned the other day that your father could be severe. I gather, however, that he was generally interested in your activities. Did you consider yourself close associates?
My father was rather sensitive about things and rather high-tempered when he got stirred up. My mother was very calm and more or less deliberate. I remember my last licking. I was squirting the hose and cleaning the brick pavement in front of the house free of all dust, which I had to do before school, when I thought my sister was coming to the door. She had been jeering at me out the window—the upstairs window. So when she opened the door, I turned the hose on her and I hit her square. She screamed and I continued to play the hose on her. She couldn't call much because the water would go in her mouth. Finally, when I varied it a little bit, I discovered I was sprinkling my mother and I was in a great dilemma. She, after she recovered her glasses, was rather shocked but very much amused, because she knew the terrible plight I was in, which arrived very shortly with my father. He needed no explanations at all, but he took me into camp and that is the last licking I recall getting, which mother at first laughed halfway through and then became sympathetic with me, but without much avail.

In the home life, I realize today, I got a great deal of benefit from reading. My father read aloud, very well, and liked to do it, strange to say. My mother read to me a great many things like *Ivanhoe* and all that series of books. But her eyes went back on her and she couldn't read much any more. Then my father liked to read and we all liked to listen.

He read a great many things. I can recall some of them. I remember the *Saracinesca* series—*Sant Ilario* and *Don Orsino* by our writer [F. Marion Crawford] who lived in Rome. I remember the Fenimore Cooper stories that he read to us, and particularly the famous story by Conan Doyle [*The Refugees* (1893)] which begins at the court of Louis XIV with Mme de Montespan and Mme de Maintenon in Versailles and then goes with these fleeing people who wouldn’t change their religion. They came to America and landed at Quebec. They were pursued all the way by a member of the Catholic Church—I am suffering from one of these failures to remember names—but this religion of which a great many settled all over North America and contributed a great deal to American life. They were a very industrious and a very clever people. You will know right away what I am talking about [Huguenots].

Anyway, when they got to Quebec, they had to flee from this priest who was after them. Conan Doyle gives a marvelous description of their passage through the Canadian forest trying to keep away from the Iroquois Indians. They finally paused to rest with the forest chateau, you might call it, of this titled Frenchman who was married to an Iroquois Indian chief’s daughter. He persists in all the procedure of the French grand seigneur in France. Finally his party moves on with the famous scout taking them—Greysolon du Lhut—and they find the fort
they are going to has been seized, burned down, and the garrison tied
to the trees, scalped, and of course, dead. They return to this chateau,
as it were, and have a very perilous and marvelous trip through the
forest of these great timbers, and their scout, their guide, Greysolon du
Lhut, saves them in a most remarkable way.

Then the Indians encircle and attack this chateau and finally at the
last take it in a desperate fight. These people are all captured and then,
of course, they are freed by a relief party from another fort. But it was
one of the most thrilling accounts of that sort I have ever read, and his
description of the appearance on the trail of this Iroquois chieftain on
the warpath with his son beats anything I have ever heard of that kind in
my life.

There were any number of these books my father read to us, and I
remember them today very clearly, and it is a delightful recollection. I
am sorry I can't remember at the moment the names because they
were everything leading of that day. Our evenings when he was home—at
least several nights a week—were spent in listening to his reading. I
am very sorry I can't remember more of the books because they were all—The Conquest of Mexico was one of them. That's all I can do for
this.

To go back to the photographs, there are photos of the family. I
don't know where they are. I haven't got them. My sister has them, what
they are. I think Mrs. Marshall has one or two. My photographic history
ended rather abruptly during the dancing school days—in the same
building where they had the dancing school.

[Begin reel side 2]

As I said, my photographic history rather came to a check at the
time of this dancing school. In this same building was a photographer
named Kough, and my mother and sister led me down to the photo-
graphic gallery while I was dressed up for dancing school—one of the
few times they would catch me in such a costume. Then they together
posed me for the photograph, not jointly, but I might say differentially.
Each one took a turn in putting me in the posture that they thought
would be best for the photograph.

In those days they generally had you leaning on scenery. They
would always have a prop back of your head to keep your head still,
because they were time exposures. In this particular case they had me
sitting on a log—a piece of scenery—and they didn't agree at all as to
how I was to sit. One would pose me a little bit and then the other would
pose me. Finally they reached an agreement and took their hands off
me and I went over backwards. They had left me on only two points of
support so that I didn't remain for the photograph. I fled because it was
too much for me. My mother was very hugely amused by this; my sister was very furious about it, that they should get me into position where I went over backwards when they let go their grip on me.

13. Was your family financially hit by the depression in the nineties?

Well, this opens up quite a special streak of history of the family. My father had gone to Fayette County to accept a secretarial position—either secretary or treasurer—of the Dunbar Furnace Company, which this husband of his sister had procured for father. In the same company was a Mr. Bliss, from Muscle Shoals, as I recall, Alabama. They were compatriots as it were—they were both men of the Southern touch up in the colder stratum of the North—and they were both hard workers. As I recall, they joined forces and while they continued on their jobs, they purchased a brick works right close by, which was very profitable. As soon as they got the brick works out of debt, they then ventured into coal mines and coke ovens. Finally they developed a very large installation about six or eight miles north, up the railroad as we would say, from Uniontown, called Fair Chance, which has now been consolidated into one word. After they had gotten these large installations of ovens built—and father was the great expert on the building of the beehive oven—and they had gotten the mines opened up, and they had gotten the tracks in for the freight cars, they had a very heavy burden of debt to carry.

It being very good times, they made a most successful sale to H. C. Frick—I don’t know whether it was Frick and Company—but H. C. Frick was the principal. Frick and my father had been associates in his younger days up there. I remember father had a frock coat and silk hat with trousers which he had won in a bet with Frick. However, they had become completely disassociated. Frick went in for the financial end and father followed the operative end.

The Oliver interests and the Frick interests were the predominant interests in the coal region. This region was largely founded on the famous seven-foot vein of Connellsville coal. Father made quite a handsome sum of money out of this sale and as a young man was in a very prosperous position.

He then made the great mistake of his life, and much against my mother’s advice, by investing in this land boom which swept over Virginia and that region at that time, just prior to the financial crash. Just how they expected this thing to prosper, I don’t know. It was like the South Sea Bubble. However, his interests were largely in the vicinity of Luray, Virginia. In addition to making this heavy investment in it, even to the interest money on his recent profits, he signed himself in
one document without putting the word "president" after it, which legally made him responsible for everything and which wiped out every cent he had. The failure came, of course, as it did all over that region. All these land companies blew up and father went down with the crash and had to accept, I believe, although I am not so certain about this, bankruptcy as his stake for quite some time to come.

It was quite a long time after that when he either recovered possession or in some way had maintained possession of a rather small coke and coal plant nearby, which was on the Gist farm that I have mentioned before, right across from the famous Washington farm that's right off the Braddock Trail. He held on to this up to the time he died. He and Mr. Bliss—no, I don't believe Mr. Bliss was interested in this. He was involved with another family who had loaned him some of the money and stipulated that a certain relative of theirs was to be employed, which was not at all helpful to father.

So the days of my boyhood, from the 1890 crash up to the time I went away to school, were very limited financially, and only my mother's very modest income from some property she still held in Pittsburgh saved the situation. I know when I was going to the V.M.I., she had put aside the money or succeeded in having father put aside the money for my brother's and sister's schooling, but that was not done for me because I was much younger then. Now when my turn came to go away, it was with the greatest difficulty that mother scraped up enough money to get me entered at the V.M.I. I remember very well that after I was in my second or third year there, she told me that there wasn't going to be enough money to continue my education. Then she found she had one lot that she had hoped to build on there, and she sold that lot and that carried me through the remainder of my education at the V.M.I.

We had to economize very bitterly. It was exceedingly hard on my mother. She had to do everything. She not only kept house, but she did everything in the house, and this continued all through that period immediately following the nineties and up to about 1899. I know when I graduated from the V.M.I. in 1901, we were still in a state of very strict economy, so I was quite accustomed to that sort of a life, which wasn't my natural reaction, because I was careless about money, indifferent about money matters. Now, of course, I had to be very, very careful. My allowance I know at the V.M.I. for the first three years was $5.00 a month. My roommate Nicholson took care of that for me. My last year it was $7.00 a month. That took in everything—girls, dances and all.

But I might interject now that while I went to dancing school at home and the little dances we had there, I didn't go to any dances at the V.M.I. for almost two years. The life of a Rat, as they called them there, was so humble that I chose not to try any social engagements.
14. Frye indicates that your family was what was called well-to-do, but at the same time part of the main society of the town. Is this accurate?

I don’t quite understand the question. I think I catch the meaning though. Uniontown was a very conservative community. There were several old families there that dated way back almost to George Washington’s day. While the name sounds new—Uniontown—it actually was very, very old. They were very conservative and they led a very restricted, constrained life. Father came up from the South, mother came up from the South, and it was a long time before they were fully accepted in that circle. There were many others of the newer families that joyfully accepted them because father was very convivial and liked people and they liked him. Mother, of course, was a woman that commanded respect anywhere, though she was not particularly socially inclined. But for a long time, I know, there was a restriction to our social activities in relation to some of these oldest inhabitants, particularly those that are concerned with the gentleman who owned the pool table in which the head of Christ was crowned with thorns which got me into trouble.

15. Did your father take an active interest in party politics? Did he prefer the Cleveland brand of politics to that of Bryan?

My father took a deep interest in politics, but he came to a highly Republican town with a Democratic instinct from his southern exposure. He remained very much interested, I think, until the end. I think at one time he was party chairman, but they were seldom ever successful because they were generally swamped by the Republican vote. But he never gave up. The organization was against him and his associates were very reputable but very solemn and uninspiring men.

16. Were your early political views best described as conservative or liberal?

My political views at that time were largely those of my mother’s. She was inclined to be Republican in her instincts, but she didn’t have much to say out of her respect for father with his intense Democratic feelings. We had no Congressman from home. He lived in some other region and I never saw him and I knew nothing really about him. The first time, as I recall, that I had any connection with that [was] when I was standing at the desk at the New Willard Hotel, when it was just new, and on my honeymoon. Mrs. Marshall was waiting for me when this man came up and introduced himself either as the Congressman from home or associated with somebody from home politically and wanted to meet me and meet my wife.

17. Frye mentions the partnership of your father with A. W. Bliss and the close friendship between the families. Any comment on these business associations?
I think I have mentioned the association of my father with Mr. Bliss. There was a very close friendship between the families. Mother and Mrs. Bliss were very fond of each other and very intimate. The Blisses lived in the old home of the head of the stage company on the National Pike—Stockton I think was his name—and it was a very fine old house and it always intrigued me because it had an extension which was attached to the house by an arch under which came the coaches, right outside the dining-room bay windows.

18. Frye says that the two chief influences on your life were those of your mother and of the Rev. John R. Wightman. Is this accurate?

I think that is quite correct. My mother exerted the most profound influence on my life. Dr. Wightman—John R. Wightman—undoubtedly did also. The point with him was, he was a new minister. He succeeded an English minister who had been the minister at St. Peter's Church, I think for thirty-odd years and died in the pulpit, incidentally. Well, he was very conservative and he had a very conservative backing. When poor young Mr. Wightman came, he had a very difficult time. As a matter of fact, he left in the end. I think I had gone off to school by the time he left.

There was no club then at which men could meet, and all the men worked, as I have referred to before, so there was almost no associate during the workaday periods for Mr. Wightman and there was no club where he might meet them at night. They didn't entertain very much. So the net result was, particularly during vacation periods, Mr. Wightman and I used to take long walks. He seemed to be very glad of his association with me, because I was literally the only person that he had to go around with at that hour of the day and time. I came to know him very intimately, and I was very much impressed by him. I don't ever recall his exerting any influence on me, but he undoubtedly did and profoundly.

19. Frye spends about four pages on your boyhood. He mentions as playmates: Andy and John Thompson, Alex Mead, George Gadd, Will Wood, Frank Llewellyn, Mary Kate O'Bryon, and Helen Houston. He says that your deskmate at Miss Thompson's school was O'Neil Kennedy. Later friends are Billy Ewing and Jim Conrad. Then later, there are the names of Jap Shepler, Sid Bieghly, Herb Bowman, and Ed Husted. He mentions such names as the White Swan, Gilmore's Hill, a horse named Old Billy, a hired man named Fred Hallow, Hospital Hill, and Natty Brownfield.

He says you had a nickname, Flicker, which was given you by Mary Kate O'Bryon, which was given to you because of the color of your hair, but which was a nickname that didn't stick with you. Is this correct?

You have mentioned Andy Thompson. Are there any others you wish to discuss?
Boyhood friends. Among those you mention, I would have to go into a little better description. There were the members of the Gadd blacksmith shop crowd who loafed there. That would be largely my chum and myself and one or two others. Will Wood, as you have it, which we called Bill Wood, whose father ran a harness shop—Bill’s place was beyond my chum’s place. He was a very frequent daily associate in our playtime, and I was very fond of him. Bill died rather early in life, but he ran a very successful shop for making stogies, which was a popular smoke there in those days. Bill was of a sort of philosophic frame of mind and became, I think, rather influential politically, but that was after I’d left home.

Frank Llewellyn was an older man in the carriage shop who I kept in contact with for many years after they moved out to California and I became fairly prominent, then I would hear from him quite often. Mary Kate O’Byron was a young girl. She must have been about four years or more—maybe much more—younger than I was and I didn’t remember her very well. I never saw her father that I recall. I never saw her mother that I recall. But he occupied a very romantic place in the opinion of Andy Thompson and myself, because he was the night engineer on a train which to us was very dramatic.

Helen Houston was one of my girl friends who lived nearby. Adele Bliss was another one. Catharine Lindsey, who is now Mrs. Egbert Armstrong and a widow living in Richmond, Virginia. There were two or three other girls whose names I will remember in a little bit. But those were the particular ones of my early youth. Catharine Lindsey had a sister named Nannie Lindsey, who was a little younger but went with our crowd. I was very fond of her. I hear from Catharine occasionally now, though she and I are both getting well up in years.

My principal intimates at Miss Thompson’s school were Andy and Jim Conrad, Billy Ewing a little bit. O’Neil Kennedy was younger than I was, but I remember him quite distinctly. Jim Conrad did very well at school, as well as Catharine Lindsey, and I did very, very poorly.

[To Sgt. Heffner: Didn’t I tell once about the spelling bee? Heffner: I think you did but it might be well to recall it.]

I think I told you about the spelling bee in which I made my first heavy effort in studying in order to get up to the head of the class which was held by Catharine Lindsey, who was the pretty girl I was devoted to, though she didn’t pay much attention to me. After what I thought was a terrific effort, I moved up to number two in the class and was only there a day when I got spelled down and I never studied after that for many years.

I remember Billy Ewing very well. He had a goat cart which he could sit up in. He came down with his goat cart, which was a very rare thing
for him, as he was very conservatively brought up and he didn’t play with us boys, though he wanted to. But his father, who was a widower and a judge, had him very closely held in. Billy came down with his goat cart and turned into our yard and drove around into the general boydom of the orchard and the creek, when one of our prize cats, the big Maltese, took after the goat. I think Billy’s cart was not a goat cart but a big dog cart. The cat went out of the yard sitting on the dog’s head and Billy in the runaway. He was upset outside and it ended in a total disaster, but of course very much amused all the rest of us.

Jap Shepler was considerably younger than I was, but I knew him quite well and his sister, Mary Shepler, strange to say, is married and lives here at Pinehurst. Sid Beighly must have been much younger than I was because I don’t remember him. Herbert Bowman was the great Yale athlete I have referred to.

Ed Husted was a very close friend of mine, and he was a fine bicycle rider and a very handsome fellow and very much liked by everyone. It was his father who was in command of a troop of cavalry which was the escort to a battery of artillery commanded by Senator Dupont at the battle of New Market where the V.M.I. cadets fought. They watched this advance of this famous charge and when they finally made out these were boys, they then decided they would send their son to this school, whatever it was. Ed Husted’s father, Captain Husted, as we called him, did this and he sent his older brother to the V.M.I., but he only stayed a year, I think, and didn’t like the strict discipline and went to Lawrenceville and to college. Ed did the same thing. He didn’t go to the V.M.I. His father was very much disappointed. I know after I went there they would always ask me to call on them and tell them how I was getting along, and they took great pride in the fact that I gradually went up until I was first captain.

I will tell another delightful period of my boyhood. Mrs. Husted was an awfully sweet woman and they had a rich farm out in the country. Therefore they had lots of milk and cream, things of that sort. She would mix ice cream for us. She would put all the things that belonged in it—the fresh strawberries or fresh peaches or whatever was current at the time—and then Ed would call us up and we would go out there and we froze the cream down in the cellar and we ate it. We cut for who would get to lick the dasher and then we ate ice cream until we had such a pain in our forehead that we couldn’t eat any more. But I have always remembered that business of Mrs. Husted fixing things up for us. She would never come down. She would get it all ready and then we would just gorge ourselves.

You mention certain names and ask about them. The White Swan was a tavern from the earliest days of the Pike which was only a block
and a half from my home. It was on the side of a hill. I have described
the great cobbled courtyard inside. I was never inside the building up
above. It was frame and a series of individual buildings connected up. It
was run in my day by a fine old character called Natty Brownfield. It
was Natty Brownfield's butchering of hogs in the fall which always fasci-
nated us, on the border of this cobbledstone courtyard.

Gilmore's Hill was about a block and a half on the other side of our
house, leading out the National Pike towards Wheeling, [West] Virginia,
and Mrs. Bliss's mother was Mrs. Gilmore and that was their property,
and therefore it was called Gilmore's Hill. Across the street, which was
on a much lower level, was another home, a very nice home, that was
owned by Mr. Thompson's sister. Her husband had died rather unex-
pectedly and early of pneumonia and Mrs. Nichols was her name,
inhaled quite a lot of money and I think was let into better money by
her brother [in-law] Mr. Thompson. Her daughter, Lida Nichols, had
been left money by her father, who didn't dream of his dying so
early. So she inherited this while she was still in her teens, and she is
now the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, but a widow, I believe. I used to
hear from Lida quite frequently. The last time was on my seventy-fifth
birthday. But she used to dictate into records and send them to me on
her views on political questions when I was Secretary of State. I might
say that very frequently she didn't agree with me.

You mention a horse named Old Billy. I'm sorry, but my memory
doesn't carry me to Old Billy.

You speak of a hired man named Fred Hallow. I don't remember
him, but it seemed to me maybe you were talking about First Hollow,
which was one of our boyhood playgrounds back in the country.

Hospital Hill was named after my day. The hospital was built after
my day but it was out of town about a mile and a half. The Gilmore
place, which was the brother of Mrs. Bliss, was right there and gave it its
name.

Your statement as to Flicker was correct. I don't recall a nickname
for any of the boys. All of my friends, they were called by an abbreviation
of their first names as a rule—Herb instead of Herbert, Andy instead of
Andrew and so on.

20. Frye, quoting Alex Mead, tells of your liking for licorice candy you bought at
Crane's store. He says you liked to read "Nick Carter" and "Diamond Dick" and
that your reading of these books one day got you fired as organ boy at St. Peter's.

Boyhood incidents. You say Frye quotes Alex Mead, saying that I was
very fond of licorice candy. I don't recall that. I know we used to make
licorice water and we were very heartbroken when it all froze and the
bottles broke.
The Crane store—I think it's a mistake. Kramer was the store. It was very small. It had the conventional open barrel of oyster crackers and the tight barrel of dill pickles. We were allowed to loaf in there, I guess, much to Mr. Kramer's irritation—though he suppressed it—but his clerk was very nice to us. One penny, as a rule, was about the extent of our investments as we went along, but a good bit of our life was led in that vicinity.

I have mentioned about liking to read "Nick Carter." I don't recall "Diamond Dick" but I do "Old Sleuth" and "Frank Merriwell." I have mentioned the organ boy at the church.

21. Mead indicates that you used to carry bats for Harry Wilhelm of the Amateurs.

The comment as to carrying bats for Harry Wilhelm, who was the pitcher of the amateurs, I don't recall, but it may well be so because I went to all the games.

22. Frye mentions the fact that Professor Lee Smith, principal of the Central School, took an interest in you despite a poor entrance examination.

Professor Lee Smith's interest in me, despite my poor entrance examinations, I think is a little misleading. I don't think Professor Smith took a very keen interest in me until I achieved a little success at the Virginia Military Institute, and later on when I got a little national prominence. He was a very fine man and very forbearing with me. I remember my father taking me to his house where he examined me to see what room in the public school I should go into when I was transferred from private school to public school—for financial reasons, I might mention. I know my father suffered very severely about my inability to answer so many questions which to him were very simple and to me were an enigma. As I have said before, I was very poor in my studies at that time unless it was history and things that you would read of that nature. I didn't come up to the scratch at all. As I say, my sister always disagrees with me on this and says that I say this as a sort of reaction of mock humility, but that isn't so at all. I was just very poor. I will tell now what happened to me that really transformed me.

I was very anxious to go to the V.M.I. My brother had finished there with considerable merit in his performances academically.

I overheard him (Sgt. tells me I have told this) advising my mother against sending me there because I would ruin his record. And I think I added in telling it, I got ahead of his record because he held no military rank and I was first captain. I think I was one stand ahead of him in my graduation record despite the fact that I was about 35th in a class of 135 or thereabouts in my first year.
24. Did you make any overnight hiking trips? (I am trying here to get anything that might tie in with your later army career).

I don’t recall any particular overnight camps except one and that was merely across the creek. In after recollection, it was rather amusing. The National Guard came to camp near our place and, of course, all of the boys immediately became very military. My brother, who was six years older than I was, and his friends made a gunny sack tent with a gunny sack tent fly in front, and they put it up across the creek and they were going to spend the night in it. Of course, I wanted to go, too. The only rifle they had was a crossbow gun. There were no ordinary air rifles at that day. They made a track back and forth in front of the tent fly where number one walked his post and called out “Number one and all is well.”

They were very antagonistic to having me go to camp with them, but I succeeded, with my mother’s influence, in being taken. Early in the game I got pretty sleepy, but they were being very military. They were very much upset once by an enemy attacking, which developed into a cow. About that time I went to sleep. What happened after that I didn’t see, but I believe maybe the cow came in there. In any event the garrison fled. They fell off the bank—it was a high cut bank—into the creek and dispersed and all went home. When my mother inquired where I was, he had to admit he had left me high and dry across the creek. My father was perfectly furious and made him go with him while they recovered me and saved my life. They found me sound asleep. I had missed the entire affair and acquired some ill will on the part of my brother because he had been punished. He had gotten wet and I had merely slept through this great military adventure.

23. What kind of fish did you catch mostly?

What kind of fish did we catch? Well, in the earliest days, they were just chubs or large minnows, and then when we got into the mountains they were trout. I don’t remember any larger fish until we got into bass in the Youghiogheny River when I was about ten, I suppose, at the time.

25. What did you hunt besides grouse? What kind of gun did you use?

We used to hunt quail and that region was filled with quail at that time. I had an old gun of my father’s. It had hammers on it instead of being hammerless. His own gun was a very fine one which he later gave to me, which was hammerless. I think he paid, which was a very big price for those days, $300 for it. Now a gun like that would cost about $1,500, because I remember it had two sets of barrels and I was very envious of it. It had a very beautiful stock. Of course, we shot rabbits and squirrels and things of that nature. But we hunted assiduously and I thoroughly enjoyed it and so did my chum.
26. **Any sleigh rides, skating, picnics?**

We had sleigh rides and skating on the various ponds. I never learnt to skate very skillfully because the skating was not sufficiently good. Some of my acquaintances, not my immediate friends, did learn to skate better. I had very poor skates. You had to hitch them on to your shoes and they were always falling off or tearing the sole off. But such a thing as shoes which the skate was almost a permanent part were unheard of by our crowd.

We had Sunday School picnics, of course, which were the conventional ones with all the cake and lemonade and stuff in the world, and also a ball game they would fix up. These were in the mountains. The sleigh rides were largely large wagons with runners put on it and straw and hot bricks and a jolly crowd, and we had those quite often.

27. **Did you go looking for Indian relics?**

We did not look for Indian relics. We were perpetually hunting Indians. We were going where they had been and where their chiefs had been in consultation with Washington. But we didn’t, as I recall, find any relics.

28. **Any memorable picnics?**

No memorable picnics. I know we would go to mountain suppers which cost us, I think, seventy-five cents—maybe not that much. I remember one place, called the Stone House, which was only about a mile from Braddock’s grave, and on a moonlight night we would walk out there with our particular girl after supper and sit on the fence and cogitate or whatever was the procedure of that day.

29. **Did you ever take part in school dramatics or in Friday afternoon recitations?**

I never took part in any school dramatics and I think I have explained about the afternoon recitals which were very painful to me.

30. **Did you have a favorite horse?**

I did not have a horse. My brother had a pony for awhile which threw me once or twice so hard that I didn’t do much riding, though I was very young at the time. The trouble was when I would get on the horse, he would scare it because he didn’t want me to ride and the horse promptly put me out of business.

31. **Were there excursions during your school days in Uniontown?**

I don’t recall any particularly.

32. **Did you have any particular interesting Christmas that sticks with you more than others? Will you describe a typical Christmas?**
I had a particular interest in Christmas and I think our family had the most delightful Christmases I have ever seen in a family. All my friends had Christmas Christmas morning and the tree was lit just before daylight. They got out of bed and the parents had worked half the night on the tree. Then daylight would come and the candles would dim and they would have to put them out, and they would see their presents and then they would go back to bed.

With us, it was quite different. We had a very large dining room which opened through a rather open—not exactly a square hall, but a considerable hall—into the library. We didn't have dinner that night and we were confined to the library while father and mother trimmed the tree which was on the far side of the dining room—the dining room table having been pushed aside out of the way. The tree always had the same thing at the base—a white bear rug—and the presents were put around the base of the tree. Of course, there were all sorts of decorative illuminations in the tree. But as I recall, very few presents were put in the tree. Almost all of them were on the white fur rug and beyond that.

If there was any particular thing that could show up, it would be featured. For instance, it was generally something I was crazy about. I remember once they gave me a theater and it came from the big toy store in Pittsburgh. It was a beautiful theater and it had very attractive scenery. They set the stage for this forest scene with the characters on the stage, and the thing I delighted in was it had footlights, which were pretty dangerous, incidentally. But you could light these things and when the door was opened and we were introduced to our Christmas tree across the room, here was the tree on this white fur rug and here were the tinsel and glitter about it and on it and then the presents at the foot, and there featured was the theater lit up by its own footlights—which looked magnificent to me.

I remember when they gave me my first toy typewriter, that was featured. And the same way, each year with something, as a rule, I was crazy about. I being the youngest, much the youngest, was always favored in the display. I can always remember my sister when she got a little chip diamond ring—it was certainly a chip—you could hardly see it. When she opened it, she was standing near the sideboard and against the side of the sideboard. Between the wall and the sideboard were stacked up all the leaves of the table, and when she opened this box and saw this chip diamond ring, she began screaming “a diamond, a diamond!” and upset the table leaves which landed on the floor with a great crash and was altogether a very thrilling Christmas scene.

My brother got in trouble when he got his roller skates and began dashing around the dining room in those. Of course, I rightaway wanted them—as I seemed to want anything that the others got. Too often, I
think, I was allowed to have them.

But these Christmases were delightful. We could eat all the fruit we wanted. We could eat all the candy we wanted. We hadn't had dinner and we could have our friends in. So we had—to me—a perfectly charming evening of which I still have the most acute and delightful recollections. Going to my friend's house in the dim dawn of the morning, were very dismal scenes to me compared to the very delightful animation and charm of the Christmas at home.

Fourth of July was just Fourth of July. I generally had a couple of cigar boxes full of my firecrackers and things of that sort. I remember one Fourth of July. For some unexplainable reason, (chuckle) they all exploded on me and left me without anything very early in the day. We had some cannon crackers—we couldn't have many of them because they cost too much for us—but we delighted in their heavy report. We weren't allowed to have little cannon. I did have one but there had been so many accidents with them that my father put a taboo on the toy cannon. We had fireworks at night that we put up from our yard, and spinwheels and things of that sort. The public fireworks didn't come along till very, very much later. You made your own amusement in my day, rather than depend on the town for it. Maybe that was better because it let the poor folk in, which our procedure did not.

33. Were there favorite articles of clothing, such as boots or a special cap, that you remember?

As to favorite articles of clothing, I don't remember. Oh, I think in my youth I was very fond of some boots with brass toes. I liked those very much. I was particularly fond of black shirts because you didn't have to wash when you wore a black shirt, until mother discovered that the black—the dye—was coming off over my waist and she couldn't scrub it off me, so she called a halt on the black shirts.

I don't remember any particular cap, except we liked a cap with a visor. But the visors weren't so common in my day.

34. What games did you play by the fireside—checkers, cards, dominoes, guessing games, etc.?

We didn't play many games by the fireside. We all had checkers, of course, and we had dominoes and we played a little casino. But mostly by the fireplace we would have an iron upside down and a hammer and be opening hickory nuts. Incidentally, we always cleaned all the hickory nuts for mother's very famous hickory nut cake. Walnuts were easy to open and we would go and get them, and it would be quite a long time before our hands would clean up from the yellow stain which came from opening the walnuts.
I always liked our fires, because we had what was called cannel coal and it made a soft, delightful homelike flame to it, and it was very agreeable to sit in front of. Later on, when natural gas was piped in, the fireplace lost a great deal of its charm, also of its efficiency.

35. *Did you engage in small town horseplay on Halloween or other occasions?*

We participated in the conventional Halloween performance, but not so much as to make any particular impression on me. We upset the usual outhouses and things of that sort.

36. *What were your favorite books in Uniontown?*

My favorite books were of a historical nature. I don’t mean just histories, but books that bore on history—the Henty books. I read all of them, I think. My early Punic War history of Italy is largely based on the Henty books and things of that sort.

37. *Did you have to learn the Catechism at church?*

Yes, we had to learn the catechism at Sunday School. I could recite it. I remember my old great aunt paying me a certain sum when I learnt finally to recite the catechism. Incidentally, she was a highly educated woman and very thirsty regarding knowledge, and determined that I should be well educated. So she began teaching me at about five years old, and she so soured me on study and teaching that I liked to never have recovered from it, because I would be held by her chair while she taught me and I could see out in the streets my friends playing. That was particularly horrible to me on Saturday morning.

38. *Were you regular in church attendance?*

We were very regular in our church attendance. I, as a growing boy, took a very leading part in the young church work of that day. I was very fond of the minister, Mr. Wightman, which as I have already explained, and I did as many things as I could around the church.

39. *Was discipline in school harsh?*

I would not say that the discipline at school was very harsh. Certainly, Miss Thompson in the elementary school was severe in words with us but that was about all. I don’t ever recall her whipping anybody. Now in public school they did administer the rod very severely. I didn’t get licked, which I expect is to my discredit, because it doesn’t exactly indicate a very adventurous sort. But there were some that got very heavy lickings. They used to make them sit down and put their hands behind the bench and they would lick them across between the knees and the waist. My principal trouble in school was that I was ashamed of my lack of knowledge and the
superior knowledge of those around me. I was always afraid of being embarrassed when I was questioned and I couldn't answer the question.

40. Were there any plays or pageants or special dramatic performances while you were in Uniontown?

There were some dramatic performances, but they were for an older group than myself. My brother used to take quite a leading part. He was very amusing on the stage in such characterizations. He played the End Man in the Elks minstrels for some years, particularly after I left home.

41. Did you have a phonograph? What were your favorite tunes?

I don't recall our having a phonograph, but I think we must have. We had a music box which my father bought when we were stony broke and my mother was terribly shocked, because it was the barrel wheel type with the little prongs sticking out, and it only played nine tunes. It played those beautifully and they were very attractively suggested. But it had a very limited use and it cost quite a bit of money and it was a great extravagance.

My favorite tunes were largely those of my mother's production. She played very regularly, almost every night, and I enjoyed the music immensely. Hers was good music, semiclassical music. I finally met my first wife through hearing her playing some of the airs my mother had played to which I had become devoted. I immediately set about meeting this girl who was playing so beautifully these airs. Incidentally, the first Mrs. Marshall was one of the finest amateur pianists that I have ever known. She could hardly read a note. She studied for years under [Alfred G.] Robyn who wrote a number of the light semi-operas of that day, "Jack and the Beanstalk" and things of that sort. He didn't want to disturb her rendition. She had begun playing when she was five years old, sitting on several large books, including a dictionary. Just where she had inherited her music, none of them could find out. But she was a magnificent pianist.

I didn't play any instrument, though I could pick out airs on the piano and on the banjo and on the guitar. But there was something missing in my music. It seemed to me there was a basic chord missing, and while I played in harmony, yet I couldn't extend it very much. My brother played and my sister played and sang. I was in deep trouble because she came back from school in Philadelphia, and I was in the pew next to her in church. She sang with a decided tremolo, which I guess was an affectation anyway, because they were very self-conscious in that day and whatever it was, I imitated it. She was perfectly furious and had father put me out of church.

42. You mentioned summering somewhere north of Uniontown. Can you describe the place and the life you led?
We summered in the mountains, the Chestnut Ridge of the Allegheny mountains. To the top of the mountain from home was only about a little short of four miles. The actual slope of the mountain measured up to the top was about two and one half miles and your horse had to proceed at a walk. At the foot of the mountain was a town called Monroe. Then it was only about a mile or a mile and a half straight into Uniontown. There were several of these old mountain houses where the people farmed and lived through the winters and were generally prosperous. They took boarders in the summer. It was very delightful to live there. You got rich food, lots of it. Your pursuits were very homely, largely in walks. We used to play Indians there because it was the Indian country with the Indian traditions all around you. We would usually go there in the summer.

43. Any memorable fights in school?

I don’t recall any.

44. Did you play at war as a child? Any toy soldiers? Did you build forts?

Yes. I didn’t have any toy soldiers that I recall very much. But we did build forts and we played at that sort of thing until finally my father caught us shooting at each other in the pants, corduroy pants—with air rifles, so he suppressed hostilities right then before we lost an eye.

45. When did you first get the idea you would like to be a soldier.

I’ve answered.

46. Was there a military tradition in the family?

I’ve answered.

47. Were you awkward and gawky when growing up? Were you abnormally shy? Were you teased a great deal?

Yes, I had very large feet. I was cursed with my feet. I find now that they are not particularly large. In fact some people comment on the smallness of my feet. But they were a burden to me when I was a boy, and they made fun of me a great deal. We didn’t wear long trousers in those days. We wore stockings and shoes which made the shoe appear very much larger and your whole procedure very much more awkward.

48. Did your father have a considerable library?

No. He had a number of very choice books and we had a great many plain novels. But I wouldn’t say he had a fine library.

49. What magazines did you read?
I read largely the magazines that came home, the *Century* magazine, the *Harpers* magazine, which were predominant in that day, and I don’t remember quite what others. *Munsey’s Magazine* came out when I was very young and I remember amazingly it sold for ten cents and I enjoyed it quite a lot, because it had sort of a variety of material in it.

50. *Was the Civil War discussed a great deal when you were growing up?*

The Civil War wasn’t much discussed. We were rather remote from it there in Uniontown. I used to always walk out to the cemetery in my bare feet, follow the parade on Decoration Day, but the speeches were too much for me and I would leave in a hurry. But it left quite an impression on my mind—these graves, these graves on Decoration Day—and the brief periods that I listened to the oratory of the day gave me a flash into what it meant to that community, though it was very remote from it as compared to places in the South.

When I went to the V.M.I., I remember hearing Early make a speech that was almost treason in its enthusiasm for the Confederacy and its condemnation of the North. The whole thing was very intense there even in those days. It wasn’t very tactful of you to have much to say about the fighting in the “War Between the States” as they very carefully termed it.

51. *Did you go to the Gettysburg battlefield before your V.M.I. days?*

I didn’t see the battlefield at Gettysburg in my V.M.I. days. We went to the battlefield at New Market my first year there, the first month there, and my principal recollection is that I had to carry two upper-classmen’s rifles and there was a great deal of marching in order to get to the place. I remember the next time I went there—I had gone by it several times, but you had to get into it to really see the real scene of the battle—I took General Pershing in on his way down to the V.M.I. and I couldn’t find the scene of the charge. I had gotten it confused in my mind with the steep hill and I was looking for a steep hill. I found the steep hill but I found nothing to remind me of the fight. Actually, I was way back in the region of the first deployment.

The general was waiting out in the car outside of this farm where I stopped. In the farmyard was a tall, angular, Lincolnian-frame individual with a halfway beard and his beard and his cheeks somewhat stained with tobacco juice. So I went back in and asked him if he had been there at the time of the battle of New Market. He said he had, though he was rather cagey about saying anything, and I asked him if he had seen the cadets, and he said, “Yes, I watched them march by on that hillside right there.” I said, “Well, did you see the battle scene where they charged?” “No,” he said, “I didn’t see that.” I said, “Outside here waiting to be
shown some of the battle scenes is General Pershing. He commanded all our troops in Europe." He made no reply to that. He just spat a little tobacco juice.

Well, I wasn’t getting anywhere, so I repeated again. I said, “Outside is General Pershing who commanded all our troops in Europe. He is going up to the V.M.I.” This fellow looked at him and said, “I heerd you the first time.” That is all I ever got out of him. General Pershing told that, I remember, up at the V.M.I., and made quite a hit with its amusing flavor.

52. When did you make your first trip to Washington?

I don’t recall my first trip to Washington, unless it was the time I went up from the V.M.I. to try to get an appointment to a new commission, and you had to have an appointment for that in those days, though after you got that you had to take an examination. I had one of my father’s cards, and I remember now, as an amusing recollection, that I called on these various people and I just had to do it just sort of any way I could. I didn’t have anybody, except Philander Knox, who was then just appointed attorney general [April 1901] and was afterwards to be secretary of state, and he was a friend of my father’s, though I had never seen him, and he had just been appointed. I got into his office with my card, but I got nothing out of him. My trouble always was getting the card back.

The nicest one that I encountered, though there was nothing particularly nice in his manner, but I called at the house of the chairman of the [House] Military [Affairs] Committee, Captain Hull. I think I got in there because Mrs. Marshall’s brother had married Captain Hull’s niece. A reception was going on and yet Mrs. Hull took me in and took me upstairs to the den where Mr. Hull was resting. He took time to talk with me though he didn’t promise me anything much.

I thought I told how I got in to the White House. (Heffner: “No, sir.”) I went to the White House and I had no appointment of any kind. The office was on the second floor, which is now among the bedrooms and the upstairs private sitting rooms of the president. I think the president’s bedroom, as I knew it in Mr. Roosevelt’s day, must have been Mr. McKinley’s office. The old colored man asked me if I had an appointment and I told him I didn’t. Well, he said, I never would get in, there wasn’t any possibility.

I sat there and watched people go in by appointment—I suppose ten or fifteen—stay about ten minutes and then be excused. Finally, a man and his wife and daughter went in with this old colored man escorting them, and I attached myself to the tail of the procession and that way I gained the president’s office. The old colored man didn’t see
me, or did see me, I think, and frowned on me when he went out, and I stood pat. After these people met the president—they merely wanted to meet him and shake hands with him—they went out and left me standing there. Mr. McKinley, in a very nice manner, said what did I want. I stated my case to him. I don’t recall exactly what I said, but from that I think flowed my appointment, rather my authority to appear for examination.

53. *Were you athletically inclined in your teens?*

I was athletically inclined in my teens, but not talented. I couldn’t play baseball because I had a defective arm of which the tendons had been pulled and gotten out of the main joint and seemingly formed a special joint. We had no x-rays in those days. They didn’t find this for a long time until they noticed this lump on the side of my arm which has gradually shrunk up, but it persisted very heavily for my first years, and I know when I was at the V.M.I. that my arm was very sensitive. I never could strike out straight with it. I couldn’t throw. I had to bowl. I played baseball. I played some ball, as much as I could, but I wasn’t very popular as a member of a team on account of my inability to throw. I caught very well—I used to catch back of the bat—but they wanted more prowess in batting than I possessed.

I played football on the private school local team, and I wasn’t a pronounced success at that. I was too light and they had some grown men on the team—though my friend, Herb Bowman, played very well considering his light weight at the time. When I went to the V.M.I., my mother made me promise for two years not to risk this arm in playing. At the end of two years I told her that I thought I had done that and she might now let me use my own judgment, which she did. I made the team that first year I tried for it. I made it my third day out for the team, or second day I think, and continued on the team until I graduated.

54. *Have you ever gone into the genealogy of the family? Where does the name Marshall come from?*

I have never gone into genealogy. In fact, it rather bored me. I was also rather sensitive about it. My father was so keen in family interest that I was rather sensitive about it because I was embarrassed by his keenness. I thought the continued harking on the name of John Marshall was kind of poor business. It was about time for somebody to swim for the family again, though he was only a collateral relative.

55. *Boyhood ambitions?*

Of course I had boyhood ambitions, but they gradually centered on the army as I grew older. But a railroad engineer appealed to me. I
worked a little as a civil engineer when I was very young, merely being a rodman, a stadia rodman at that. The cowboy wasn't so prominent in our lives in those days because we didn't have much cowboy literature. I was not interested in banking. I was interested in the railroad engineer largely from the view that my very young friend, Mary Kate O'Bryon's father was a railroad engineer, as I have described.