

TAPE 1M
INTERVIEW WITH
GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL
February 21, 1957

Boyhood in Uniontown, Pennsylvania

Description of Uniontown as it appeared in the 1880s

Anecdotes about raft used as steamboat: Marshall sinks it when the passengers won't pay their fares

Marshall and friend run a greenhouse

Growing of a prize tomato

Marshall and chum open a restaurant—goes out of business when his friend substitutes sand for sugar on the sweet potatoes

Marshall and chum find some root beer and open a bar—selling beer and corn silk cigarettes until their father confiscates the stock

First school

Simple life of area before coal mines ruined it

Historical places near Uniontown—Braddocks' grave, Ft. Necessity, grave of Jumonville, Clark and Anthony Wayne expeditions

Teen-age Marshall goes on surveying trip in Mountains near his home

Marshall and chum, while fishing, meet Lillian Russell

Marshall and chum raise fighting cocks; are at a fight when it is raided; hide out until midnight

Marshall and chum practice being outlaws—shooting passerby with BB shot

Marshall studies his spelling so he can stand near head of class by his girl friend; gets spelled down next day

Torture of giving recitations on Friday afternoon

State fair days

Circus and pink lemonade

Public school—every boy in a democracy should go to one

Delights of the countryside

Recollections of Bryan campaign; Spanish-American war; return to home town troops from Philippines

Local ball team and its exhibition game with the Giants

Political parades—Marshall takes part with derby and cane

Recollections of his mother and father

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MY EARLY LIFE IN UNIONTOWN

RECORDED INTERVIEW WITH
GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL
AT PINEHURST, NC - February 21, 1957

The questions were made out by Forrest C. Pogue.
Sergeant William Heffner ran the tape recorder.

Uniontown, Fayette Co., Pennsylvania

I am making a start at the notes for you on the place of my birth. I have no idea how to approach this because there is so much that I might say—and it is much too much—and just what angle I should take is a matter still to be determined, but I thought the best way to do was for me to make a start and then you could advise me as to what is needed and then I could follow your advice and get underway in that fashion.

To begin with my first very clear recollection is going out to our barn in which we kept a horse, a cow, and a cow. It was rather large for a place in town and when originally built, it had been on the edge of the town.

My recollection goes back to climbing up the ladder, which was fastened to the side of the barn, in an effort to get to the haymow—the first time I had ever tried this. My brother had gone ahead of me and had disappeared in the haymow. And as I climbed up the ladder, being very cautious and a little frightened, I came to a windowless opening which I could look out of between the rungs of the ladder. In a sense, it seemed to—this is my recollection—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. And 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.

The house was at the one end of a very monumental arched bridge of the type that was common along this National Highway. Directly across the street from me was a red brick house in which lived my chum of those days. His name was Andrew Thompson. His father later became a tremendously wealthy man and of great influence in Southwestern Pennsylvania and in a sense a sort of rival of the Mellon financial structure.

However, to get back to me. I don't remember much of the very early days. But as I grew a little older, Andrew Thompson—or Andy as I called him—and myself became inseparable. We had a delightful country in which to roam.

This creek went through our place, and there was a little island and what we called an orchard—though it was only composed of four very large apple trees—in which we had the

privilege of crawling about all we wanted to and in which we had a tree house. There was a spring house there—a brick spring house—which was fed by a spring and there's where the milk and things of that nature were kept. I can still remember seeing my mother skimming the cream from the milk, with a long flat spoon. Against the side of this spring house was a very crude shack, built against the wall, and that was the great place of business of Andy and of me, where we later on ran our restaurants, where we kept rabbits and two or three other things that I don't recall at the moment.

The life was very simple. The country was very beautiful. And it was very rich in 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 home town.

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, and 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 that the stricture on the cherry tree was—made by my father—that 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 the 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 rather 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 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 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 on 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 eye 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. And 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—looking back on the childhood period—was one of these buildings, the carriage house. No, it was the other house in which we established our 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 green paint left 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 and was much struck by 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, from 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 seventy-five cents and, I think, Andy's father or his mother rather 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 dealing 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 chick yard and finally we began planting on the side 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 could suggest 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 me 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. So 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 grocery man communicated with us and he wanted some more. On inquiry, we found that one of the richest clients had gotten some of these tomatoes and immediately wanted some duplicates. But he didn't have them. We came back

and reported with great glee that our stock was in demand and particularly by this well-to-do family. Then 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 he would 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 the tomato with a silver dollar leaning against it in order to furnish a scale as to its size. (These were the first dollar Kodak’s 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 that was the largest tomato they had ever seen and wanted one of our parents write and describe how that tomato had been raised. They could tell they were dealing with children because we have 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 that 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 and other things we had there. Then we began raising our 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. 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 rubble 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 on spring day we found the side of the hill with a very large clot 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 and painted them green—again the paint came from our friend, the carriage maker—and put a black stripe around them. Then we planted the 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 the 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. And 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 had it very carefully fixed up with a counter. And then around to one side of the counter—where you couldn't see it from the counter—we had an old stove. And 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 and such apples as were left from the trees. 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 those sweet potatoes like he had always made. He said that 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 actually the truth. And 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 and 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 cooking 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 and 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, unusable 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 he made a trail lot of root beer and it was terrible. Nobody could drink it. The family all liked beer. (I didn't and 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 and 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. My 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 and 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 of 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, 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 in 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 that 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, the butchery place and other prominent points in this square from the days of the coaching on the National Pike. It also—I was sitting 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 pressmen came on from Pittsburgh and there was 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 my youth. And 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 side 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 travelled over the National Pike to get to the Ohio River and down to the Mississippi.

The schools in town, for children of my associates, began first in earliest form with a school [run] by Miss Thompson, who was an old maid that ran this school. And it was a very bitter period to me, because I could never 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 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 and 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 say what was I guess you might call the end of an era because it was a very simple life and a very charming life and it 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 to 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. 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 he 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 log 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 sulfur 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 a scene of very historic affairs.

At Williamsburg at this time [he is speaking of the seventeen-hundreds] there was a meeting of very famous characters. I have forgotten who was governor of Virginia at the time, but I know that 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. And 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 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 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 and 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 are many illustrations of this, frequently on calendars where the Indians are lying around the rim of the room and they are dancing in the middle and this famous leader was coming in and with 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). And 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—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 it 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 and 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.

And 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 for, 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 frontiersman 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 then 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 were 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, but I don’t recall that, and they drove off this 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 [?] and

finally moved out. But I must say before this, although this is not about Uniontown, though it 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 had become the sub-chief of the tribe. And, 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 service as a scout and he, of course, became the chief scout. Of course he was a scout without really parallel because he was brought up in Indian training which is so wonderful for a woodsman and he knew all about them because he had been sub-chief of the tribe and now he was the chief scout for Anthony Wayne's force.

Anthony Wayne's people moved out from Fort Defiance and encountered 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 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 and 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 sub chiefs 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 river and New Orleans. It 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.

(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 Michigan or Indiana or 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 in which you have no hope really of surviving. This street in Chicago, which is parallel to LaSalle Street, Wells Street, is named for that man).

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 trout fishing—in the streams in the mountain, and the one stream in particular which arose out of a deep ravine in the mountain rose 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 around 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 I am sure 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. And 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 at that inn. Historically, you might say, the life of the nation, short of Boston, New York, 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 and 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 had no relation to me—which disclosed the fact that

Uniontown was a far older settlement than her home in Lexington, Virginia. And it had been in Washington's day and before that. And the name Uniontown came when two so-called townships of that day were united and there were many old families there who has 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 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 the Mexican War and then 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 and 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 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 as 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 seal 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 he reached the peak of that range of the Chestnut Ridge of the mountains and we 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 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 we were very happy to have this opportunity for rest. But they had a greatly valued old clock, a standing clock which, seemed to me, 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. The thing which amused me was the life of the family under these circumstances. They didn't have much argument because they went to sleep 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 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 at 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, "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, so 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 the 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 had had to rush off to Pittsburgh in connection with his coal interests, because he was what was called in that day a coal baron. But I have never forgotten meeting her out on the road, when we were in one 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 a 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. And 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 “sports.” I

can't remember, of course I think it was a larger one than it actually was, but there were forty or fifty men and very heavy betting. We wanted to get the horses as far away from the activities as possible and as possible from the other horses as possible. And then we went to attend the "main."

SECOND SIDE

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 well 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. And 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 car was gone. And finally I encountered this shadow of another party and there, really in Indian fashion, I scouted him and it developed he scouted me. And 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, and so we decided we'd go over where the horse and cart was 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.

And I didn't get home until about one in the morning. And 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. And she had quite a sense of humor and as she didn't give any indication of it verbally herself very much, but she was a very appreciative listener. And 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 then being terrified about the horse and cart and finding that and then coming home and arriving at one in the morning. Parts of it she thought was very funny and I remember she laughed till she cried. And nothing was said about reprimanding me. They didn't need to reprimand me. I was not going back to any other chicken fight and going through that experience again. And she didn't tell my father because he would have been severe and would have corrected me. And for that reason, I wouldn't tell. But on the contrary reason, I told her literally everything. And 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. And 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 and 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 backwards and made ourselves as conspicuous as possible in the feeling that we were now disguising ourselves and returned home. My mother thought that was the funniest thing 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 and for that reason the railroad connections built up much more rapidly than they otherwise would of. 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 to the town.

After I got through this little early school to which most of my companions went, I went to public school. We were very hard up at that time, so my father took me to the public school and 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 obvious questions. I could see then I would make a very poor showing on these present programs where you earn \$100,000 or \$10,000 or any sum like that for your answers and these children of seven, eight, and ten star in these performances. 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 is not true. And the legend at home is that it is not true.

Now the actual facts of the case are that it was true. I didn't get along well in school. I never learnt how to study until I left school [in Uniontown] 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 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. And my first year away at school was very poorly done. I think I was 35th in a class of one hundred fifty or thereabouts. And my last year, I was fifth. I was developing yet and learning to study and finally when I went to 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 the hundredths and thousandths of a per cent, I finally came out “one.” 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. And 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. And what really changed me a good bit was I wanted to go to the V. M. I. and he 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 and 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 35th. And 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 and that was the first time I had ever done that and there’s where I had really learned my lesson. But the urgency came from hearing that 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 and 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. And 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. And I unfortunately made the observation to the nephew of the judge that I thought that a painting of Christ, with thorns on his head, and a poolroom was 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. And I learned early in the game the lesson of keeping your mouth shut unless you 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 B & O 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 gates in those days, I must say, but to put a watchman there—because you couldn't see the train because of a cut. And 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 is my understanding of the thing. So 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 the unwillingness to put a watchman at this corner.

I recall this other railroad, and 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. And 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.

But I went back there and went over all this to remind me of my youth and found it was largely under a twenty foot hill. And 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, was at home, this was while I was a second lieutenant, I think after I had been in the Army three 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 lying on the stones by the old pump in the sun and his black coat had burned almost brown. He paid no attention 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. And 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, when after, I suppose, five or ten minutes, he took a little careful sniff of 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 and 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 all 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 into 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 and you could come in and talk to Chicago or wherever you elected and 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 my life at that time. I must have been about thirteen or fourteen years old at the time. By a little subtraction, 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 and watched it unload and got out to the circus and 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 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 pleasure 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. And all of that sort of thing. There were a great 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 and having all this knowledge we indulged in what you might call refined blackmail. They would have to let us 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. And we had a great time there.

But what has stuck in my recollection was a brand new wooden tub, with sort of light wood on the inside and with nails 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 have ever tasted—I have 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. And after we got to a certain point, you developed this pain in your temple and you couldn't drink anymore and then they would take 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 experiences 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 the 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 anymore.

We knew the stable 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 to the Ohio River in Kentucky in my father's and mother's home at Augusta, Kentucky, that I learned 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 learn 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 valuable to me. I think every boy in a democracy should attend, for at least a period, a public school—although I must say the teaching is often far below par and creates considerable difficulty if the boy tries to go to a very high grade school where he has been intensively instructed. But the democracy of it is very important, I think, in the life of every young American. I think working, ordinary work,

is very important. It is pretty difficult for a wealthy boy to do. But if the parents can get him away where he has to go on his own for a while to make his own money, to find his own job, I don't know anything better for you as a preparation for the roughness of life and the necessity for understanding life as it is lived in a democracy and among the many particular kinds of people with which you are associated.

The development of the town was very rapid after it once got started, it seemed to me and the first great move was putting in the streetcar line. The next one was paving a good bit of the street. I didn't like that at all because my father made me wash the street with the hose and I had to wash both sides of the street—both my chum's side and my side and the streetcar track—and I had to do this in the morning right after breakfast and before school. And all the other fellows going to school and the girls all made fun of me. And, of course, that is very painful to any young person, but I had to do it every day.

We had a number of dogs—two or three hunting dogs and then “Towser” our famous pet. And when we went to taking our meals, during the days when we were having difficulty with the servant question, which was very difficult there, I had to carry home scraps from the kitchen of the hotel. This was very painful and humiliating performance for me. However, it contributed to my education, though I didn't enjoy it at all and it was always sort of the black spot on my boyhood.

The dogs were very interesting. My mother was very fond of them. We all were. Several of them were fine hunting dogs. Towser, the old fellow, who had every kind of blood in the world in him, was a very curious citizen and a very fine one. He would take my father down to his train when he would go down to the coal and coke works and he would learn in time when

the other train came back and he would meet him at the train. He took my chum's father, who was president of a bank, to the bank when he would go at 7:30 in the morning. He would meet him for lunch and would take him back after lunch and would meet him when he went late at night and he would often stay at the bank until eleven or twelve o'clock, but Towser was always there to meet him.

Towser had very famous fights with a bulldog. The bulldog got the best of it when he'd pinch on Towser's neck and ear and afterwards this ear became quite a problem with his state of health. But he stayed with the bulldog and finally they dragged the bulldog off—killed. The bulldog belonged, incidentally, down at this place on the banks of the creek where I saw the ducks in my first view of the world from the ladder in our stable.

We played a great deal in the country. Andy's grandfather had this very valuable farm, which they farmed in the splendid way of those days and was very profitable. It was underlaid with coal, but they didn't mine it. The next time I saw it was two or three years back and it had been ruined by the coal veins taken out from under it. But then it was a very rich farm. When we could go out there, we would be allowed to sit at the table with the harvest hands and listen to the conversation of the harvest hands. And Andy's old grandmother would help wait on the table and help with the cooking and they were very wealthy people. Later Andrew's father became one of the richest men in western Pennsylvania. His grandmother was very well-to-do but she worked. She helped the maids in the kitchen and she waited on the harvest table.

And the masses of food these men ate! While it didn't impress me much as a boy, I can look at it now and think where they got their appetites and where they got the food and how they could eat so much. You all washed out in the yard near the horse trough and you had a tin basin

and there was one little broken mirror and an old comb and you would slick your hair down and make it sort of curl around on your forehead. But that was the way you got ready for lunch. And then the conversation at the table seemed to me smacked very much of that I get in the Westerns I read of the cowboys in the West where they are always making fun of each other and dressing down one of their members if he in any way seemed to brag about any particular achievement of his. They were always tearing down a fellow and making little of him to the immense amusement of all the others. But I never heard of fighting or anything else of that sort.

I learned a little bit about farming because I helped with a great deal of it. I helped as far as I could in the barn—and they had a beautiful barn. I helped out in the fields, hauling the hay shocks. I helped in distributing the manure on the parts of the land that showed from lack of crops in that vicinity or the grass that it needed refreshment. I learned a great deal about it, without really being conscious of the fact that I was learning. Of course, when we got bicycles, which was an introduction during my day, we could go there much more frequently and we were always rewarded with whole pies and that was a wonderful thing.

Going back to the bicycle, I first rode and very briefly the tall bicycle with the little wheel behind it and most of the time I was on my nose. Then came in the “safety,” as they called it, which had spade-like handles and a hard rubber tire and was a very heavy machine. And then very quickly after that came the inflated tire and the light machine. I learned to be very expert in changing the tire because we had a great many punctures. Dunlop was the first pneumatic tire of my youth and I think that the Dunlop patent made a great fortune in this country as well as in England. But that came in during that period and that changed the life of the countryside very much because we could now ride out on our bicycles quite a long distance. And I picked up things that seemed very distant and very remote and was unheard of until I got onto the bicycle.

I remember so well getting on the boat on the Monongahela at one point. We had ridden to that point and were about exhausted when we got there. The river bank, or beach, was covered with pottery which was there to be loaded on the boat—uncrated, just the pieces of pottery of various designs and types. And on inquiry, it took quite a bit of inquiry to get this straight, I found out that all resulted from a Swiss who had settled in that part of the country and became a very well known statesman and he had brought with him the Swiss industry of making this pottery and had established there at a town called Geneva. I didn't know Geneva was name from Switzerland and I didn't realize that this pottery all came from the knowledge of these people who came from Switzerland—settled in what was called Geneva, and where this beautiful place was built up by Glass—Glass something another [Albert Gallatin?]-who was Secretary of Treasury I believe. Anyway he was involved in the purchase of Alaska and he was a very able statesman. And the beautiful place he built still stands and still is occupied and was purchased by my chum Andy in later years when he became a well-to-do man before his father's fortune and his fortune crumbled.

All these things developed certain steps and the population of the town was changing. It was about five thousand as I first knew it and as I recall. I don't know what it could have been at the time of stages coming through on the National Pike from Baltimore to Wheeling. The next stop was Brownsville by the way which was the birthplace of two very important men, James G. Blaine and Knox who afterwards became Secretary of State and Attorney General. But Brownsville was very remote from me. It was only twelve miles but you practically never saw it until we got bicycles, and then I saw Brownsville a little though it had been as remote as a dodo from the earlier activities of my youth.

In this respect I remember being visited by nine boys while I was Secretary of State who wanted to see me regarding a plan they had for feeding the poor boys in France or otherwise in Europe. I saw them because I thought that was unusual. I thought of my own youth when all these places that are so familiar later on were just maybe matters of history, but certainly not places that I have every visited. When these boys came, they had all been dandied up in their Cub Scout uniforms. And they'd all had their hair cut and everything was freshly starched. I invited the Press up to hear this interview, but I didn't tell them what it was. And they were very much incensed that I had dragged them upstairs for nine boys of about nine years average age apiece. I seated them at the table. I didn't know yet what they wanted. And the boy on my right told me that they wanted to give this money they were going to make, and they had yet largely to make, to a fund for the poor boys in Europe. They had gotten the use of a movie and they thought they had the borrowing of a theater. And they were going to put on this special matinee and invite all the school children and mothers, fathers if they could get them, and others and they wanted my endorsement. That was all he said and I remember complimenting him on the completeness yet brevity of his statement. They didn't appreciate just what that meant. And then I got to thinking at that moment—just at that moment—of what a contrast that was to my youth. My radius of activities at nine years old didn't go as far as Brownsville which was twelve miles away on the Monongahela River. It went up into the mountains because we summered there. But it didn't go over five miles from home—I don't think much. I had only heard of Salt Lake as a tale of history, and not very serious history at that age. I had heard of San Francisco—the Golden Gate—but that very briefly. I had never heard of Manila—I am quite certain I never had. Pittsburgh was the furthest point and that was because I was taken there with my mother shopping when she went to the City as she expressed it. I had gotten down to Kentucky to my

father's home, but I don't believe I really got there until I was about twelve. Anyway it was a very restricted, circumscribed area in which I lived. Now here were these boys talking about Europe and nine years old and raising money to feed these European boys who were really on the verge of starvation.

So I described this all to these boys, what my youth was like in contrast to theirs. And if I do say it myself at the moment, I talked pretty well, because I was rather moved with the whole contrast. Then I went into the present day. I first described the short history in an international way of our country as we know it. The fact that we never had an ambassador in this country nor an ambassador that we gave to another country until very late in the development. And at the time of Dewey's battle of Manila Bay there wasn't an ambassador accredited to the U. S. 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 and the magnificent hunting and things of that sort and the sort of wild life they thought we led. New York, of course, was in touch with a few Europeans and Boston and maybe Baltimore to certain extent, but not much, and Charleston and Savannah, and San Francisco, in a very brief way, with the western Pacific. But it is hard to realize now how limited was the U. S. at the time of Dewey's battle of Manila Bay. And 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. And it developed very quickly and 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 and 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 the fight, I remember waiting outside the window of the telegraph office where they read the messages aloud to us—the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. And I remember the discussion there to this day between two men arguing about Fitzsimmons who won the fight in the thirteenth round, as I remember it. 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 men were now arguing about Fitzsimmons who was the national hero of the moment and just of that moment. This man was insisting that he was a great American and this other fellow says, “No such thing, he was born in Australia.” This man said, “He was an American, he is an American citizen.” And the other man said, “He was born in Australia.” And the reply was “Just because you were born in a stable, you are not a horse.” I have never forgotten that to this day. The Sullivan-Corbett fight when that came in the newspaper on the train—the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight—I don’t remember about the others as I guess I had left home at that time.

All these things came as a common denominator of my day—the early day when I was a little boy, running a green house and things of 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. And they turned the town upside down. They

had arches made of coke; they had arches of bunting, they had other arches. And 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 crack came—the crash came—and everybody was next door seemingly to the poor house. But I was gone and forgotten at that time. But I saw great prosperity without realizing just what it meant. And 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 development of affairs. I always marched in the torchlight processions 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 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 of the Yale ball team and the broad jumper of the Yale field team—all in his first year became very well-known all over the country. He was just about my age or about a year older than I was, but a companion of my youth. There were several others who 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. So 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. And 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 and he was at the plane to meet me in his shirtsleeves, but I won't say any more on that.

But this team that this lawyer organized had great success. Finally it developed that he was getting a little old for the team and they put in a young man playing first base which rather broke his heart. And the management of the team was taken over and while they were all volunteers, in a sense it became semi-professional, although there was no professional league at all. Then the trouble was finding anybody to play. They licked everybody and defeated everybody around them. And if my recollection 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 either 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 is 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. And Hucker came to the 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 the Pittsburgh team, 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. 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 that I have given you everything but the murder trials which I used to try to attend and got put out of the courthouse, but those were the activities of youth.

One thing I delighted in was when the snow was on the ground and we could sled ride and 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. And they had these big sleds that called “Panics” where the front part was connected in a loose way with a 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 very fine—there was nothing like that in town, and we got a plank for it so that we could put on two extra people and 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. And on a moonlight night, my father would go and take a friend of his. And we like that because the weight made the velocity of the sled much greater and 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. And we would come down this

road, and 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. But 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, and he had about four Negro assistants, so he must have had about five chairs. And that was sort of club. There were no clubs for men in those days. There was no country club and no town 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 sitting in the barbershop where you could get all the news. They didn’t like the boys to come in there then. 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 with 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. And all these men came in, many of them came 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 horse back 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. And he was rather taboo because he didn't work. Later on he took a job at a plant about a mile out of town and he would have to walk down the railroad a mile to that plant every day and would have to walk back for lunch or eat out of a lunch pail and walk back in the evening. And 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 any ideas 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. And they had a tremendous to-do. And they had these torch lights and people cheering out the windows. And, of course, to me he was just the governor-elect of Pennsylvania. Well, he was snowed under by a terrific vote which came largely from Philadelphia and which was very much a controlled vote. And I got my first lesson in 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 Philadelphia.

I knew about everybody in town. I walked to everything I went to. I walked to school. I walked to these other things. I seldom rode on the streetcar, because they were always too short a ride to pay a nickel to get. But 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. And she stepped in the

middle of a dog fight. We had two or three dogs there and my chum had a dog. And a strange dog had gotten involved. Our dogs had a bad habit of barking at the horses. And 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, because I would like to get 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).