TAPE 3M

INTERVIEW WITH

GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL

March 6, 1957

Virginia Military Institute

Why he went to VMI

Defends West Pointers

Running the block--slips out and risks punishment--to see his fiancée

Roommates--one becomes a general--the other publisher of the NEW ORLEANS TIMES PICAYUNE.

To Nashville to march in the Centennial parade

New Market day--honoring the VMI cadets who were killed while fighting in the battle of New Market in the Civil War

His fiancée (skips several years and tells of marriage and honeymoon in Washington)

Books which were read

Routine of cadet life

Problems of a football player

Description of the buildings and food; I think they were paying off the Civil War debt and the food was not good

Tradition of Jackson and Lee

Confederate veterans

Marshall--a Yankee at VMI

Nature of his studies and comments on their content Diversions

Visit to Washington to get backing for a commission. Recalls McKinley visits, then speaks of visit with Harding at White House in 1921. Talks of first meeting with Roosevelt-gives view contrary to Roosevelt's

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DAYS AT V.M.I.

RECORDED INTERVIEW WITH
GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL
AT PINEHURST, March 6, 1957

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

57A. Q. There is an often repeated legend that you did not go to West Point because your father was a Democrat in a Republic district and you could not get an appointment. I gather that you went to V.M.I. because your brother had gone there and because you wanted to go there. Did you ever try to get an appointment to West Point?

A. I had hoped to go to West Point, but my father told me he could not get me an appointment because it was a highly Republican district and further than that I had a defective right arm, a false joint I believe, which I still have and therefore I could not have passed the physical examination. I went to the V.M.I. largely I suppose because my brother went there first.

57B. Q. Did you intend to be an Army officer when you went to V.M.I.?

A. My hope was to be an Army officer, but the prospects looked pretty dim.

57C. Q. Did you ever regret not having gone to West Point?

A. I supposed I regretted not getting into West Point and I was particularly concerned because of the additional expense involved in going to the V.M.I.

57D. Q. Did the fact that you were not a West Pointer ever handicap you in the Army?

A. As to the handicap of not being a West Pointer, that is completely untrue. I think in a way I rather profited by not being a West Pointer because it was a little bit *distingue* as I got ahead and every West Pointer I came into contact with was exceedingly helpful to me. [They were] among the best friends I had in the Army, and did me a good turn whenever it was possible The West Point leaders, the Chief of Staff, a West Pointer himself, certainly acted with favor towards me when I was at Leavenworth, so far as it was in his usual procedure.

The rumor that is always prevalent in the Army that in time of war, that the West Pointers are highly favored is not true in my opinion. What happens pretty much, to take

the First World War when I had a good chance to see the whole operation, the appointments to the Army had been largely from West Point, almost entirely from West Point for a long period of years since about 1880 and maybe a little earlier. These men were near the top when the First World War came. There were almost none from civil life in that army at that time in high-ranking positions—a few but almost none. The most conspicuous example was General [Games G.] Harbord, who was deputy chief of staff and afterwards commanded the 2nd Division and had risen from the ranks. Certainly it did not detract in the least in his career that he was not a West Pointer. It has to be remembered that in an army such as ours in the time of war— a citizen army—you have a great many officers, particularly in the First World War, who have had very limited training, a very limited amount of training, and they were exceedingly jealous of any apparent preference that was given to a West Pointer. They would compare their own efficiency with that of West Pointers. Now say, the latter half of the class at West Point were ordinary fellows—they had a good education, but they had no special instruction at West Point to make them great leaders in strategy but they had a fine discipline instilled in them which meant a great deal and gave a great stability to the Army. But the lower echelons of the class, as a rule, were very undistinguished fellows, though some of our most prominent leaders have come from that region. I always found that I was given the greatest—a fair—treatment in dealings where the question of being a West Pointer or not came out. I remember as a contrast to what is the popular conception that while I was at Leavenworth, they organized a new bureau called the National Guard Bureau and a Brigadier General was appointed the chief of that bureau--maybe he was a major general—I don't remember that—but at any event, he chose me to be his assistant while I was still a lieutenant. That would have put me on the General Staff as a lieutenant, which had not happened theretofore, and would have been a very rare appointment. I was to be in charge of the training of the National Guard, just a lieutenant, of all the National Guard. And I was notified by the Secretary of the General Staff, unofficially because he was [a] great friend of mine, and I had just come back from Europe, not to unpack, as I would go to Washington as head of this division. And then I got another telegram telling me to go ahead and unpack that I would not be ordered in. (Now I will have to correct this last because it relates entirely to another incident and I will pick up the other story right here). I was at Leavenworth when I was notified that I would go to Washington as

deputy chief of this National Guard Bureau and it would be a very distinguished appointment. Then I was notified that I would not go and another officer would take my place. He happened to be a very good friend of mine. But when we found out what happened was General Bell had had a part in my selection, he was Chief of Staff and he certainly was a West Pointer. But the Assistant Secretary of War, who had held the job for many, many years objected to my appointment because he said as I was not a West Pointer it would detract from the position. So it turned out to be a civilian who objected to me as not being a West Pointer and a West Pointer Chief of Staff who selected me for the job.

58. Q. Frye's book opens with a long description on an occasion when you were "running the block" in order to have a date with the young lady who became your wife. Any comment on this? (He apparently got this story from Mr. Nicholson).

A. I did run the block a great deal, but I did it through the assistance of my two roommates, Nicholson and Peyton, and they never told anybody else so it was generally a secret confined to the three of us. In that way I was able to do it a great deal and though I was the senior military officer of the class there was no general suspicion that I was offending in this way. But I was very much in love and I was willing to take the chance. It was a dismissal offense if they had discovered what I was doing.

59A. Q. I will lump together a number of incidents which Frye mentions so that you can see the type of thing he wanted for a biography. They may suggest other points to you. These are: Since you were late in arriving your first year, you had to go to a room (88) on the Third Stoop instead of on the somewhat safer Fourth Stoop.

A. The statement that I was assigned to Room 88, for the reason mentioned is true. I arrived late and I will never forget walking down the long approach avenue to the barracks and hearing the bugle sound the assembly for dress parade and seeing the adjutant and the sergeant major strut out to form the line on which the battalion would form. I thought they were very wonderful looking figures to me.

59B. Q. He mentions, but does not say much about your first roommates: Johny Gilliam, Leonard Nicholson and an uncomed boy from New Jersey.

A. As to my roommates, I don't remember Gilliam. Nicholson, of course, was with me from the first to the last. Later on, Peyton became a roommate, but I rather think this wasn't

until my third class year.

59C. Q. He tells of a trip which the cadets made to Nashville for the Centennial Exposition your first year at V.M.I.

A. The trip to Nashville is correct. We went before the Corps was thoroughly drilled because it was quite early in the season and the whole Rat class was untrained, so that the Corps, I didn't think, made a very good showing. We camped on Exposition Grounds.

59D. Q. He does not mention whether the cadets marched in the inauguration parade in 1900 in Washington. Did they and were you along?

A. There was no parade of the cadets in Washington while I was a student at the V.M.I. The only places we went were Nashville and later on that same year, the celebration of the battle of New Market. My personal recollection of that was carrying two upperclassmen's rifles through most of the marching.

59E. Q. He mentions the fact that you narrowly escaped serious injury while being hazed by being placed over a bayonet and adds that you were not hazed thereafter.

A. After the accident I don't think there was any particular difference in the hazing. It always was rather robust in the earliest weeks but it continued the entire year so far as I remember.

59F. Q. He says that you and others used to sleep through the sermons of a rector known as "Whistling Mac."

A. As to sleeping through the sermons that is not correct. We may have fallen to sleep, but if you did you were immediately reported and you were in trouble. One of my great difficulties when I was captain was to be careful to stay awake myself because I had to see that everybody else stayed awake.

59G. Q. He mentions a hike to House Mountain which you talked Nicholson and "Rooster" Johnson into taking with you. Says your nickname was Pug.

A. The hike to House Mountain was correct.

59H. Q. The impressiveness of the roll call for cadets killed at New Market is described. Frye and others speak of the effect which the New Market battle and the reputation of Stonewall Jackson had on you.

A. I was much impressed by the May 15th roll call when some designated member of the

first class would step forward and salute and say "died on the field of honor" as the name of that man was called if he belonged to that company which he was in. There were two, I think, in my company. I think that was probably more impressive in my day than it is now because the little cadet cemetery was in a wooded dell, I guess you would call it, sort of a little swale in what is now part of the level parade ground. And my first New Market Day, Mrs. Stonewall Jackson was one of the spectators, when we honored the graves of the five young men, if it was five, who fell at New Market.

59I. Q. Frye speaks of a fifty-yard dash for a touchdown against Washington and Lee you made in November, 1900 and of the mention the *Rockbridge County News* gave to your tackling ability against V.P.I. the same year. He says that the victory over Washington and Lee set off a riot.

A. As to the fifty-yard dash, I don't remember exactly that. I remember more particularly running for a touchdown in one game, rather a long run, and then having it called off because somebody had held somebody else. I don't remember the riots with Washington and Lee though there was a first-class riot the first year I was at the V.M.I.

59J. Q. Frye says that you and Peyton got no demerits your last three years by making a deal with Nicholson whereby you and Peyton cleaned the room, while Nicholson's name was posted as room orderly every week. (This sounds like a Nicholson story).

A. As to the demerits, I don't think it was quite that way that Peyton and I got no demerits because Nicholson took them all. What happened was you often received demerits for some minor untidiness in your room and Nicholson the last year, his name was always carried as room orderly, so he would get the touch if anything was wrong. But we all did our work in turn as room orderlies ourselves though our name wasn't in for that reason. I remember one rather amusing thing that occurred there-my window either, in my second class year I guess, looked out on the parade ground and we were going to have a ball game that afternoon, I believe with the University of Virginia. The teams turned out for practice earlier in the afternoon than the cadets were able to get out. And, of course, we all wanted to see the practice. And a number of the classmates slipped into my room where they could look out and see the players practicing on the field. They were observed and the sentinel reported them-called the corporal of the guard. The sentinel's name was Marshall. The corporal of the guard's name was

Marshall. He went in and reported to the officer of the day who was Marshall. There may have been a sergeant of the guard, but anyway everybody was Marshall until it got to the commandant and he was Marshall.

59K. Q. He mentions your paying a Sergeant Wolf $2.50 to polish the stock of your new Springfield rifle.

A. The comment about Sergeant Wolf and the cleaning and polishing the stock of the rifle was correct. A number of us did that.

59M. Q. He tells of forbidden feasts in your room with you furnishing cans of pork and beans and with John Fleming on one occasion furnishing oysters his father had sent.

A. The feast in my room that they are referring to, I think, was an occasion when my mother was sick and therefore was not able to prepare me a Christmas box. Every fellow received one of these as a rule. Everybody had boxes and I didn't. My roommates did. So sometime after Christmas, a couple of weeks maybe, my father in Pittsburgh went into the big delicatessen store and ordered a whole barrel of things which included the canned goods you could get in those days and all the delicacies that could be packed up in that way. It was delivered to my room and the entire glass assembled there, I think. I remember myself being crowded up to the radiator where I could sit on that and watching them eating. We tried to pick out a few things that we could hold for late feasts for ourselves but I don't recall that we could hold anything out, because this was a rare treat and nobody was receiving any food at that time. And as I have never said before, I don't think, to you, the food at that time was something terrific. I don't recall the business of Fleming and the oysters.

59N. Q. He mentions briefly your first wife.

A. My first wife was Elizabeth Carter Coles. She was a very lovely looking woman. I guess you might call her a beauty. She was the finest amateur pianist I have every heard. I think I have already explained that I had heard her playing and that brought about my meeting with her. We became "steadies" you might say, very, very shortly—just a few weeks—and were engaged the last year and a half I was there, and married shortly after I left there. We were married for twenty-five years when she died after an operation at the Walter Reed Hospital. She had a very bad heart which had occurred before we met from excess strain of social things which finally culminated in St. Louis where she was bridesmaid and maid of honor and so on at one or two

weddings of her friends out there. It was called mitral-regurgitation.

Her mother was a Miss Pendleton of Virginia. One of her progenitors, I think I mentioned, is buried at the head of the isle next to the altar at the famous Bruton Chapel at Williamsburg. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and would be occasionally mentioned when any question of family came up. They were rather contemptuous of me because the name of my hometown sounded like a very recent affair and they were rather shocked when they found out if was much older than Lexington, Virginia, because it was a famous stopping place on the National Pike after coming over the mountains or before starting up the mountains which were only a mile away.

59O. Q. He notes you taught at Danville while waiting for your commission.

A. That's correct about my teaching at Danville.

59P. Q. He mentions that your honeymoon was spent at the New Willard Hotel in Washington.

A. That's correct about the honeymoon. The New Willard Hotel, at that time as I recall, had very recently opened and we stayed there. I know there were two theaters running in Washington then, so there were some theaters to go to although there were no movies. What was novel were the taxis. The motor taxis, which, strange to say, were made after the style of the hansom cab where the driver sat on top and you sat under him inside. We used those quite a bit to divert ourselves.

60.Q. Who were the professors at V. M. I. who impressed you most? (Frye mentions only a Colonel Price).

A. I won't comment on the professors at the V.M.I. except Colonel Nichols, who later became Superintendent, and who was a very fine friend of mine and very warmly supported me.

61. Q. What were the subjects you liked best? Liked least?

A. Frankly, I didn't like practically any subject best. In trying to think about it I can't recall now that any one pleased me. I was a very poor student and, as I have already said, I did very, very badly my first year. I think I was 35th in a class of one hundred and something. But I ended up, I believe, in my last year as fifth in my class. Ambition had begun to set in. But I started rather late.

62. Q. What were the books you read?

A. Of the books that I read at that time, it was pretty much anything I could get my hands

on, particularly the last year and a half. I didn't discover until about then that my roommate Nicholson—he and his brothers were orphans and they owned the *Times-Picayune,* which was just merely the *Picayune* paper of New Orleans—he made a casual remark one day that they got all these books to review and they sold them for five cents apiece. So we immediately got him to contact a friend of his on the paper find, and he, the friend, would send us a barrel of books at a time. You will find on the register there the record of the books contributed to the library by Nicholson. That's the way it came about. I was a rapid reader and Peyton was a rapid reader and Nicholson a very slow reader. Peyton and I just read through the barrel. Finally, a very thin, stern, sort of Creole-like character, a lawyer, a Mr. Rapier, arrived at the V.M.I. and he was Nicholson's guardian. And it was a few days, about a day at least, before we discovered, Peyton and I, that we were the ones that were being investigated, because Nicholson was not standing well and they thought maybe we were a poor influence. But it developed that Peyton was third in the class and I was about twelve or fifteen and Nicholson was next to last. So Mr. Rapier gave up the idea that we were a bad influence. The reading though was bad because Nicholson read very slowly and that absorbed a great deal of time. So they directed that the book supply be turned off. However, he managed to get other deliveries and we continued to read quite a bit. I read a little in the library. I remember coming across for the first time Rudyard Kipling and I read every book they had by Kipling. I don't remember the others that I read there though I think I did read some on historical accounts of life in Virginia in the early days.

63. Q. How did the appearance of V.M.I. differ then from now?

A. The appearance of the V.M.I. in part is very much the same. But the courtyard looks differently because it is closed at one end—very firmly. They did put a building there just before I left but that was not satisfactory. So the present firm continuation of the barracks and the additional barrack which extends beyond and which includes the Marshall Arch which they complimented me by giving my name to it [were added]. The parade ground is much larger. The little woodland where the New Market boys were buried is no longer in existence. The various new buildings along the lane leading up to the V.M.I. were entirely new. Over the parapet, as we called it, beyond the road, there was nothing then but woodland but now all of that is generally filled up with buildings including the gymnasium which is quite a structure directly in front of the main archway but far below it. The mess hall now is a single story building; it was then a

two-story building. The little shacks—almost as they were—coming down the hill to the mess hall have been replaced, I believe. Maybe one is there with the upstairs veranda on it. Anyway, it was where the military storekeeper, Colonel Poague, held forth who I discovered after I left there was a very celebrated artillerist in Lee's Army and played a very prominent part in a great many battles, particularly in the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Court House, and at the opening of the Battle of Antietam.

64. Q. What was the routine of the life of the cadet then?

A. The routine life of a Cadet in those days was very austere, I might say. They didn't make any provision for our entertainment. They had a dance, I think, oh, very seldom. And I never went to the dances in my early days there because the position of the new Cadet was so humble that it was easier for me to stay away than it was to go, so I didn't go.

I didn't go out socially, I think at all, for the first two years that I was there. And we would go up town on Saturday afternoon and window shop. There were no movies, of course. There was a famous little store there on the corner—[H. O.] Dole's, they called it. He was quite a character and made a great point of favoring the cadets. On Sunday afternoon we were allowed to go in the back country but not uptown. We couldn't go until after midday roll call and we had to be back for evening parade. I remember one very ridiculous thing happened back there. We killed a duck and the farmer caught us at it before we could carve the duck up and cook him. So we had to take up a collection to pay for the duck or be reported. We had very little money, any of us, but taking about all our money together we paid for the duck and after we had settled with the farmer, we looked around and the duck had walked off. We had paid the money and we didn't have any duck. [chuckle]

66. Q. Did you dislike any of the routine of cadet life?

A. The routine of cadet life I became accustomed to and accepted. I think I was a little bit more philosophical about this thing than a good many boys. They would get very exercised over something of that kind. It was part of the business and the only thing to do was to accept it as best you could and as easily as you could and that I tried to do and I think I was fairly successful in doing it. A good bit, of course, depended on your roommates. If they were agreeable fellows, why you were all right. If they weren't, why you were in trouble. Mine were very agreeable.

67. Q. Who were close friends of yours besides Gilliam, Fleming, Peyton and Nicholson?

A. In 67 you asked me who were my friends besides Gilliam and Fleming. I don't even remember them. As the time went on, there were others [who] became pretty warm friends of mine—the older McCabe boy, Erskine Miller from Staunton, the Johnson brothers, or cousins—I don't recall which it was—those I remember in particular.

68. Q. What were the things you learned at V.M.I. which were to influence you most?

A. It would be hard to say what particular thing at the V.M.I. interested me most. Of course, I was being disciplined—I was learning discipline. I was learning responsibility and, of course, that was particularly the case as I rose in cadet rank where I had very great responsibility and quite different from that at West Point. At the V.M.I., I never remember a tactical officer coming into the mess hall more than three or four times in the year—it may have been oftener, but that's all I recall. So I was responsible for the entire corps in the mess hall every meal all through the year. And if I do say it, it was run with hardly a loud laugh. I only had to move the Corps out once ahead of time while they were still eating, when they had a new dessert, maybe it was strawberries. Whatever it was, there was a complete silence while they were eating and that attracted some fellow's attention, so he shushed the rest and they all settled down to complete silence and then looked at me to see what I was going to do. It happened at that time, there had been a famous case up at West Point of giving a silence to a tactical officer, meaning a sub-professor, and that had attracted a great deal of attention. I don't know but what that got involved in a Congressional investigation. Anyway that added to this silence and they all turned to look at me to see what I was going to do. I had a small table there with three others. And I merely got up and called them to attention and marched them out of the mess hall when the strawberries were only about a third eaten.

66. Q. [More for question 66]

A. The routine of cadet life that got me most was the early morning. I never did like that, but I suppose that is the same with all boys. And it was early morning, we generally got up in the dark. We took rather pride in sleeping with these very wide double windows wide open—in fact the older cadets made you do it when you were a new cadet—and the snow would fly in on us. And we had a strap around the blankets in the bunk to keep the covers from coming off of us, and we just slept like dead men which meant we were in very good health. Whatever we may say about the diet, we were in very good health.

69. Q. What was Lexington like then?

A. Lexington at that time was a little smaller town. One end of it out toward the cemetery, beyond the cemetery, has been much developed since those days, but it hasn't changed a great deal and it's pretty much the same town it was in my day. I think it is probably affected more by the fact that Washington and Lee has a much larger enrollment and, of course, those men are free to be in town whenever they want to be.

68. Q. [More for question 68]

A. What I learned most at the V.M.I. was self-control, discipline, so it was ground in, and the problem of managing men which fell to the cadet non-commissioned officer and cadet officer. He was very severely judged by his classmates if he was slack. They might be willing to try to pull things which would give him the reputation of being slack, but at the same time they would judge you very severely if you proved to be a very slack performer in the business of your military grade.

70. Q. Did any dignitaries visit V.M.I. while you were a cadet?

A. I don't recall any distinguished visitors coming there, except once when I was officer of the guard or officer of the day, I forget which. Anyway I was in the little room right in the sally port which was in the office of the officer of the day and where the delinquency book was kept and a very stern looking man came in--he was an officer of the Army. He had on a blue cape with a yellow lining and yellow stripes on his blue trousers and he wanted to see Cadet Godfrey. Then I realized that this was Colonel Godfrey of the famous 7th Cavalry, who took a leading part in the Custer battle, the Little Big Horn, and wrote a very interesting and authoritative account of it for *Harpers* or the *Century Magazine* years before. When I told young Godfrey that his father was here, he looked like he had been shot. Apparently he was under stern parental discipline and he wasn't doing very well.

I remember another occasion which stuck with me. In the archway, the sally port we called it, there was an old fellow with a scraggly beard and he was so sunburned and dark he looked like he was a colored man. And he sat there and sold nuts and things like that he had collected up on the mountain. Some one of the cadet officials ordered the old man out of the archway, it may have been a sub-professor, I'm not quite certain, but anyway later he was sent for by General Shipp and in the General's very ponderous voice, very stern voice,

he was informed that that man was a veteran of the Confederate Army, the Confederate cavalry, with a very fine record and he could sit in that arch until he died. So the man with the nuts came back.

71. Q. Was there any family opposition to your becoming an officer?

A. There was no family opposition to my becoming an officer.

72. Q. Did you visit battlefields a great deal in this period?

A. I did not visit battlefields a great deal during that period. I didn't have a chance because the session lasted from September until the middle or late June—once it lasted until the 4th of July—and there was no occasion to get to battlefields. And also there were no automobiles.

73. Q. Were you greatly influenced by the tradition of Lee at this time?

A. I was greatly influenced by the traditions concerning General Lee and General Jackson. They were both buried there. I went to frequent services in the Washington and Lee Chapel where the effigy of General Lee rested behind the chapel over the vault in which he is buried and I had plenty of time to reflect. I might say, incidentally, I persuaded General Pershing to go to the V.M.I. after he had finished a visit to West Point when he first came back from France. And he was received in the Washington and Lee Chapel with great ceremony and stood in front of the effigy of General Lee and made his remarks. We immediately received quite a clamor from certain men in Chicago and others who objected to General Pershing going there where Lee was buried. And I remember General Pershing left me to answer all the letters. He said, "You got me to go there, now you attend to the letters objecting to my having gone."

I used to be impressed by the recollection of the famous march on Washington by Early, which started at Lynchburg, and considering the distance they would march a day, slogging up those bad roads of that period, it was a long and tedious performance and it was quite surprising he could go so far without troops being mobilized against him. But the thing that stuck in my mind was, when I would go by the cemetery, was that his whole column turned in there on its march without halting and moved into the cemetery, circled Stonewall Jackson's grave and went on up the Pike towards Washington.

74. Q. Impressions you got from hearing of the Spanish-American War regarding our

weaknesses, the leadership of the Army, supply problems, medical problems.

A. As to the Spanish-American War, I got very little. The newspapers, of course, were lurid. They soon changed from vain descriptions into antagonistic accounts of one commander or the other. There were attacks on the Navy—that occupied all the attention—and General Miles came back and made some comment about this trial of the admirals--the investigation of the admirals—and Theodore Roosevelt reprimanded him so that everybody around in the upstairs of the White House could hear the reprimand. In that way the aftermath of the war was not very wholesome, but at least gave you an idea of what democracy could do and particularly what politics could do in military matters during and particularly after a war.

75. Q. Did your training in the last year show any effect of lessons learned in the Spanish-American War?

A. I don't think my training in the last year had any particular change resulting from our experience in the war. I remember, more particularly I remember, having to drill a new cadet who had been in the war and that was quite a performance watched by everybody with keen interest.

76. Q. Did you see or meet any of the leaders of the war then or later—Shafter, Fitzhugh Lee, Roosevelt, Leonard Wood, Dewey, Schley, Sampson or others?

A. The only one of the leaders you mentioned that I met afterwards was General Wood. That's quite a story and I will tell it at some later time. [He never did]

77. Q. From what you learned later by reading and by contact with officers and men who took part in the war, what is your opinion of the way in which the whole war; was handled.

A. As to the war I might state that we know pretty well what happened in the preparations for the battle of Santiago—the difficulty we had. I remember one ship captain—I travelled on his boat later on—was telling me how this quartermaster directed him to tie his boat to a tree. He said he was running out of coal and he wanted to coal up. The quartermaster, who was directing the landings, said he couldn't go. Well, of course, that meant that the boat would be helpless there off the rough coast with no coal to keep the engine headway. And afterwards they would be in still greater difficulty. So this army quartermaster directed the captain "to stay there like I tell ya and tie your boat to a tree”— which was a new form of ship business even for those days.

The first indication of the complete lack of preparedness was the assembly of the Army down at Tampa. Literally everything was wrong. It wasn't so much wrong in a sense as it was lacking. If it hadn't been for the resort hotels there where they could all sit on the porch and rock—some of the leaders and the press—it would have been a very grave business. Roosevelt and Wood with the Rough Riders highlighted the affair and sort of took the painfulness out of that situation. But there wasn't practically anything in the way of preparation and the troops had just gotten together from the western posts, company by company, assembled there almost for the first time since the Civil War. The best explanation of the situation on the West Coast was, as I recall, and I dug this myself out of the records, the first expedition sailed for the Philippines, seven thousand miles away, which were still in the hands of the Spaniards and the insurrection amy of Filipinos under Aguinaldo rapidly forming. It sailed with 150 rounds of ammunition per man. Now at that time, I think, the amount of ammunition you were supposed to have—not at that time but a little later—the amount of ammunition you were supposed to have on the man, in the train immediately behind the division and in the other train in a couple of days march back, was something like seven hundred--and all these reserves then available in this country to fill it out. Here they were going seven thousand miles from home with 150 rounds per man and God knows when they would get any more, if there was any more ammunition suitable for those rifles--like our tremendous shortage in 1939.

It was a sorry dilemma and only the gallantry, individuality, and the initiative of the men and leaders and the extreme weakness of the Spanish Army, which was debilitated by disease and all, in both Cuba and the Philippines, made it possible to go through with the early fighting up to the surrender by the Spanish without some great catastrophe befalling us.

78. Q. Were you made to feel that you were a Yankee at V.M.I.?

A. Was I made to feel that I was a Yankee at the V.M.I.? Yes, quite a bit. I was "hazed" on my accent up to the day of my graduation. And I remember that when, I was called on to make a speech at my class dinner honoring the occasion of naming this arch for me, my principal twist that I gave to it was while they were these southern fellows largely, and while they pretty much kept the pressure on me on account of my northern accent and all, I happened to be the one and the only one there who had an arch named for him down at the

V.M.I. But they were hazing me, as it were, even at the time I was a first captain about my accent, which had a little bit of the twang that was common to Pittsburgh. It improved a little bit with my first marriage, but it was always referred to in a rather derogatory manner.

80.Q. Did your cadet days mark your first real entrance into social life? Did you first dance then?

A. Social life. As I have said before I didn't go out practically at all my first two years and very little after that until I became interested in my future wife. And my social life then was concerned practically only with her. Whenever we could we would go driving because she had a fine little horse and Stanhope trap, where the lady sits up on a slightly raised seat and has a whip with a long lash

81.Q. Did you learn any language at V.M.I.?

A. At the V.M.I., I studied German and came away knowing about a dozen words. I knew a little bit about German grammar. I also studied French and I came away knowing less. I wasted all my language instruction. And the great fault, I think of language today in America, they are so busy teaching you grammar and things of that sort, they don't teach you how to talk. You've got to learn a language really by starting like a child does and they taught the officers Chinese beautifully without going into grammar at all. I could conduct an ordinary conversation in Chinese while I was out there the first time. It didn't do me much good when I got back here because all the laundry men spoke Cantonese and the others, largely the dialect of Shanghai, and it seemed to me I seldom encountered anybody who spoke Mandarin which was the language of about two hundred million in the north. Of course, if I had been in Washington going to the Embassy, I would have run into that there, but everybody at the Embassy spoke English.

82.Q. Do you feel that there are a number of differences between V.M.I. then and now?

A. So far as I can see about the V.M.I. today, it is much less strict, generous in vacations, particularly expensive, comparatively speaking, in what the cadets must spend for their dances and things of that sort. We spent little money—had very little money—and I think we got along much happier.

I will now go back to some of the questions and some of the matters concerning my youth. In the first place, I want to add some little to what I gave before. First as to my

reading. I remember now the name of the one book I thought was so perfectly written by Conan Doyle in which Hugh Everly—Everid—that was *The Refugees*, which began in the court of Louis XIV and ended up with the Iroquois Indians in Canada. I thought that was one of the most wonderful books of description that I had ever read and I still do. I had three or four copies of it, but they have always been carried off by somebody that borrowed them.

Another book that I remember my father reading to us was *The Wandering Jew* (about an hour ago I remembered two or three more but I can't think of them right now). That was a very lengthy book I recall.

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

A. My father's parents and my mother's parents died before I was born. Therefore, I never had any living grandparents. Father told me something of them. Mother told me quite a little of them. But they were not striking things. She was very proud of her father who was a doctor, for his handling of affairs during the great cholera epidemic. I think it was in the seventies. It may have been back in the sixties, but I think it was in the seventies. I know she told me that he was out so much—he rode horseback on his appointments—that he had gotten into such a state of fatigue that the horse brought him home. He would fall asleep and the horse brought him home to the stable three times in one night before he ever finally made the patient. She also told me that he himself had developed the saline injection treatment for cholera, which I knew later on in my cholera experiences, which were pretty lively in the Philippines. That was the only thing we had that seemed to be very effective. The only trouble was, you cured the man of cholera and he died of heart failure, while he was so weakened.

I remember my mother telling me that my father's father ran for the Senate, as I recall, twice, and my mother's father became a very ardent opponent. Not that he was appealing for office himself, but he was opposed to father's father being a United States senator. The result was that the families didn't speak and it ended up with my father's sister marrying my mother's brother. So I had double first cousins. But I know that my mother and father had to wait until one or the other of their fathers had died before they could dare to marry.

I don't recall father telling me any particular story about the Kentucky Marshalls

except that they came to Kentucky, as I recall, with the father of Chief Justice Marshall who remained in Virginia. But his father settled there near Maysville, Kentucky, near a town called little Washington later on. And that was the beginning of the Marshall family in Kentucky. That is not so far from Augusta which was my father's home. Incidentally, I guess this question is down here later but I will tell you now, my brother and sister were both born in Kentucky and I was born in Pennsylvania. The family, I think, had moved to Pennsylvania at the time they were born, at least at the time my sister was born, but my mother went there for the birth of her children.

I visited Augusta several times for about a month at a time and I went to Maysville for a very brief visit—not in Maysville but out in the country—which was the first home of the Marshalls. The homes in Kentucky of the members of the family were all in towns. There was very little country life in those days, like there was in Virginia on the east coast.

I heard a great many Indian legends of that period--more tales than I read, of course, of Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton and Girty and of their days. My mother always referred to Kentucky in describing this period to me, as the dark and bloody ground, which I believe it was called in those days. I remember as a young fellow thinking it was a very beautiful countryside particularly out towards Masville.

19.Q. Frye mentions such names as the White Swan, Gilmore's hill a horse named Old Billy, a hired man named Fred Hallow, Hospital Hill, and Natty Brownfield.

A. Comments about Fred Hallow. I don't know. I don't remember him. I remember the colored man who cut the lawn if that was his name. He was always arguing for more pay, which I think he was entitled to, because they got very little in those days.

I remember mother's hickory nut cake and her caramel cake and except for getting hickory nuts I didn't help her very much. When she made the ordinary cake, like caramel cake, she always made a little one for me which I could eat right away. So I would sit down with a small cake and a glass of milk and generally eat it all up right off.

I don't remember any particular Thanksgiving, affairs although, of course, we had a Thanksgiving dinner.

Mother played on the piano. I think I have already explained that we had a good bit of music in the family because my father sang very well. He had a fine tenor voice. My

mother both played and sang. She had studied in Philadelphia when she was a girl coming up from Kentucky because she had an aunt who lived in that famous square—Rittenhouse Square. My principal recollection of Rittenhouse Square (and this isn't to be published incidentally because I can't root into the other part of the family) was that the husband of one of the relatives was a pretty lively chap and he belonged to the Philadelphia city troop and I liked the description of his hip boots and sword and plumed hat and a very fancy coatee or coat and particularly the description of his falling down the stairs in his uniform, plumed hat and all, and being picked up unconscious at the bottom of the steps.

But mother loved to play and was very willing with her music. And with my brother playing two or three instruments and singing fairly well but very pleasantly for a young man and my sister singing, I was the only one who didn't come up to the general standard of the family though I did play a little on the piano, a little on the banjo and a little on the guitar. The music I liked was the semi-classical. I don't remember “The Battle of Waterloo" so for as music was concerned. We did not have regular singing. Mother and father would sing together. I didn't much like that because I had to sit around on a hassock and listen and keep quiet--it was a little too long for me. And I believe, as I have already said, my principal recollection of the song was "When the Swallows Homeward Fly.” I didn't like that. I imitated it and got a licking for doing it.

No, our home did not have the illustrated life of Napoleon or of Lincoln. There was, I think, a history of Lincoln and Napoleon there, but I don't recall just what it was. There were a good many of the illustrated books common to that day with the steel engravings.

I remember the Homestead strike very well—the day it happened—all the things about it. The Molly Maguires had father on the black list. They killed his partner and they almost got him and they threatened to assassinate him in order to frighten him into not giving testimony, which convicted the assassin of his partner—which had to do with the brim of a hat. He had a very hard time with the strike business. And I remember as a young boy being down at the works of a place called Percy and seeing a striker’s army of, I suppose, of five-hundred or maybe a thousand largely armed with poles of the pitchfork tine wired to the end. On one occasion I was standing on the tipple through which the coal was shot down into the cars or rather I was sitting on the edge of a freight car—open freight car—which was below the tipple,

waiting for it to load, when a lump of rock coal was thrown from outside the picket lines and struck the tipple and came down the chute and hit me over the eye and knocked me out. I have a slight bluish scar there today. It's very hard to see now. But the whole Molly Maguire business appealed to me very strongly and I was quite thrilled by the procedure which led to the conviction of so many of them when this detective became a member. But this was largely in eastern Pennsylvania rather than western, though they were there--as I say, my father barely escaped assassination and his partner was assassinated.

I don't recall any particular reactions to Andrew Carnegie and Henry Clay Frick except they were great dominating influences. Frick more than Carnegie because he was more actively in the game as I grew to a more appreciative age. But I was quite familiar with Carnegie's buildup—great fortune—and I felt Frick was a very stern man.

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

A. I do not recall telling you who was in command of the local Home Guards fighting in Augusta against Basil Duke's brigade of Morgan's command. It may have been Colonel Bradford, but it certainly wasn't mother's father. All I recall her saying is that she saw her father, Dr. Bradford, and father's father conferring at this time and that was the only time she ever saw them talking to each other. I have nothing more to add to this.

49.Q. What magazines did you read?

A. I read the *Youth's Companion* when I was a boy. There was a *Harpers Young People*, I believe, but I didn't read that. There was a *St. Nicholas* magazine too, but I didn't read that.

I started my riding after I entered the Army.

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

A. I made the one visit to the White House, I described, when McKinley was President. And I was never in the White House again until I was Deputy Chief of Staff. No, until I was aide to General Pershing and I was there several times with him, and very frequently in the Executive Office of the Secretary to the President in connection with business that had some relation to General Pershing. I remember sitting out on the south veranda of the White House on the last

day President Harding was there and he and General Pershing were waiting for the parade of the Masonic order to arrive and it was an hour late. So they had quite a discussion there between themselves and part of it was in relation to General Dawes who was then organizing the Budget Bureau. Dawes was very violent about a good bit of it and he particularly wanted to have the Secretary of State compelled to report to him on all their expenses rather than require him to go search with their understrappers about the thing. He wanted each man, each cabinet officer, the head of his own department, accountable himself for it and he the budget chief in a position to dominate the investigation. This was very unpopular with them all and I remember the President assembled them all in some building there and Dawes conducted the affair—and I remember his describing one scene in which he took a broom and swept. The whole thing was the Navy had a lot of brooms of one kind and the Army had a lot of brooms of another kind, and the one couldn't use the other's broom, and he thought that was reaching the peak of absurdity. And he made quite a funny business out of it, but he pretty much made everybody mad. But he did get the budget going and did make it a very effective bureau. It lost its great prestige when he moved out. It lost its rather dominating power when he moved out, but it still became a very influential and dependable bureau. But he created it from the start. I got a pretty good insight into the thing because he would come in and talk about it afterwards and before these affairs to General Pershing and he talked to me because he was so full of it. He talked every time he sat down about these things and he would sit in my office and talk to me sometimes by the hour, so I was very familiar with these goings on, as you might call them.

Then I went to the White House when I became Deputy Chief of Staff but very officially and very few times. I had to go, of course, to the army and navy receptions and things of that sort. I remember I had to wear this special full dress with long tails and I had no cape to go with it, so I wore an overcoat over this which made rather an absurd set-up, but I was so stony broke in those days that I couldn't afford the cape and I just didn't have it.

I don't know how many times I had been to the White House before I became Chief of Staff but I was present at several serious conversations with the President while I was deputy and I remember—no I don't remember any conversations with the President much—I am thinking more of those which occurred while I was Chief of Staff. One of the first ones was quite an assembly of men and a great many of the New Deal protagonists, but it had to do with these

appropriations we were trying to get in a military way. And there was a great difference of opinion as to what it should be and the President, of course, was all for the increase in the air but he wasn't much for getting the men to man the air ships or for the munitions and things that they required. He was principally thinking at that time of getting airships for England and for France, but the French requirement quickly disappeared as France fell to the Germans. I remember the first one of these large conferences I attended—I believe I told you this before—I sat on a lounge way off to the side. I was deputy at this time. And the President finally got around to me. Most of them agreed with him entirely, had very little to say and were very soothing in their comments and he, of course, did the major portion of the talking. And he finally came around to me. I was on the end, sitting on the lounge there, and I remember he called me "George" – I don't think he ever did it again. Well, anyway, that rather irritated me because I didn't know him on that basis. Of course, the President can call you pretty much what he wants to, but nevertheless I wasn't very enthusiastic over such a misrepresentation of our intimacy. So he turned to me at the end of this general outlining, in which he had done most of the talking, and said, "Don't you think so, George?" and I replied, "Mr. President, I am sorry, but I don't agree with that at all." And I know that ended the Conference and the President gave me a very startled look and when I went out they all bade me goodbye and said my tour in Washington was over. But I want to say in compliment to the President that that didn't antagonize him at all. Maybe he thought I would tell him the truth so far as I personally was concerned, which I certainly tried to do in all of our later conversations. He thought I was too intent on things of course and he was having a very hard time raising the public backing for the money and there was a debt limitation during these early periods, but my job was to see that the country was armed if it was possible to do so which meant large appropriations.

I went into the White House once to see Mr. Coolidge when I was with General Pershing, but that was to go with a group and to second an invitation. I had nothing to say myself. I was thinking I went in once when Mr. Hoover was President, but I can't recall it.

I know when President Harding died, Mr. Hoover was on the funeral train when it came back from San Francisco and I was there too because the car, in which General Pershing and I were travelling at the time this occurred, was hitched to that train and we lived on that car.

I did not know any of the presidents intimately before F. D. Roosevelt.

With regard to my arm, it never was treated. They were advised very strongly against trying any operation. What had happened was a tendon had been pulled some way in my boyish performances of football or something— football I guess—and the arm had gotten out of its regular joint. And it virtually had to make a new joint and it was quite painful in those days. It was very painful when I went to the V.M.I. If anyone brushed into me or touched me, it hurt quite a bit. That got gradually better through the years, but it took quite a few years for that pain to wear off. But now I just can't use that arm in the normal way. I have to bowl instead of pitching; I have to hook instead of striking out straight and so on. I know my riding was different from other people, though I rode a tremendous amount. I didn't dare hold the reins partly with my left hand because I would not be able to pull up the horse if he stumbled because my right hand I know would be gone because of my right elbow. So I rode with the reins in one hand—my right one—and was prepared to make a short grasp with the left if anything went wrong, which occasionally it did.

You refer to typhoid fever. I had all the common diseases of that day it seemed to me, and as I recall, neither my sister or brother did. I had typhoid fever, I had measles, I had scarlet fever and I think I went right down the line. I was a great obligation to the family. I know when I had scarlet fever I was delirious, the only time I can remember being delirious in my life, and the typhoid fever was a very long siege which put me out of business for months and months.

The next question regarding where I was born I have already answered.

If I gave the impression that General Pershing told the story of the old man in the barnyard up near the New Market battlefield, I misled you a little bit because he didn't retell the story exactly, he referred to it, but I think it was a rather brief reference.

36. I read a little of Dickens and a little of Hugo or rather it was read to me, but I can't even remember just which books they were. I know it wasn't the Dickens' books I commonly remember. I remember Ouida *Under Two Flags*, but I think I read this myself.

To go back to the last question before this, General Pershing wasn't very good at telling stories in his speeches. He could tell them otherwise sitting around though he was rather restrained and he was not a free talker. He would sit up with me and talk until midnight particularly on the train—rarely ever go to bed before midnight—and he was

very, very sociable and rather youthful in his approach, but he didn't tell many stories. He told me about his youth, it was just a straight factual account, and I think was probably much more correct than mine about my youth.

I remember one absurd thing we had to happen on the train. And I might say it was very agreeable travelling with General Pershing because he seemed to be as young as I was when we were getting about until we got home and then it was business. We would always be laughing at some joke when we drove up from the train in Washington. But when I came to the office—when he would come in about eleven o'clock—it was just business as though we hadn't been together before. We were up in Lowell, Mass., where he had to make a speech. When we got on the car on which we had a stateroom, Senator Moses was on the train which came down and hooked on the car. Somebody had given General Pershing a fine quart of whiskey—Scotch, I believe—and he had been drinking some of it and he looked at the bottle and he said, "Now, there's just enough for you and I and a little bit left over for a parting drink." It was then about one o'clock in the morning. So he said, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We will give this Scotch to Senator Moses." Drinks were very hard to get in those days—real whiskey and not hooch whiskey, as we called it otherwise. So he poured out the remaining Scotch in the drink for Senator Moses and I went down the aisle carrying the drink and he followed me in his shirtsleeves without the collar and I was about the same way – dressed about the same way. And we came to the berth that we had heard Senator Moses state he was cached in and General Pershing scratched on the hanging and whispered "Senator Moses." And Senator Moses didn't reply. And he scratched again and said "Senator Moses" and lifted the curtain a little bit when this young woman's voice came and said, "What do you want?" Well, he turned and ran against me and we spilled the Scotch, between us, all over us and raced down the aisle and I had a hard time keeping out of his way because he was running right up my back, but we got into the stateroom and got the door shut and then he just sat down and laughed until he cried. We had no more Scotch—I think there was a little bit—and he suggested I go back with it and I told him he would have to get another aide, I wasn't going back out there again. But in the morning when we got off in the station in New York, we found sitting outside our stateroom door, where a berth had been made up, Senator Moses and the young lady that we had tried to root out of her stateroom. She had known him and she had told him what had happened

and he had identified General Pershing and me as being the culprits and we had a very amusing back and forth in regard to it. He was very youthful in that way. Not at all the stern disciplinarian one would think.

And I might say now in regard to General Pershing that I have never seen anybody who could listen to as severe criticisms, particularly personal criticisms-just as though it was about a man in another county. He never held it against you personally. He might not agree with you in any degree. But he listened to very, very frank criticisms in regard to his actions, in regard to the event or whatever it was he said or corrections if his memory had gone bad but as a rule his memory was very accurate and he was conservative to the point that he wouldn't say anything unless he was pretty certain what the facts were. We travelled together a great deal and it was not at all boring. Often we would just take a car where we were and go off on our own to this place and that place and the other place as the thought occurred to him at the time and as we found the people at home. It was pleasant, it was entertaining, and he was far more youthful in his reactions and conversations than officers very little my senior were, it seemed to me. It was always rather astonishing because he was supposed to be a very severe character. He was anything but that in his normal reactions. But when we got back to Washington and after he had gone home and changed and freshened up and had come back to the office and I came in to see him, he was just as stern as though we had never been together at all.

I can tell one incident about General Pershing, while I think of it which shows pretty much what kind of man he was to deal with, having in mind the stern qualities that, he displayed. There was something came up. General Harbord was deputy chief of staff then and he brought it to General Pershing and they were going to change this. General Pershing had a way of sending most all of these things into me and nobody knew about it and all he would put on the paper was Colonel "M. " Then it was up to me to take a look at it and tell him what I thought, but that was never betrayed outside of the office, that I was put into this position of maybe criticizing my superiors. Well, in this particular case, he had decided in agreement with General Harbord and it was about something that General March had done and they were changing it and I thought they were entirely wrong. And when I got paper with Colonel "M" on it, I dictated a little memorandum to General Pershing to that effect, why I thought they were

wrong and so on. General Pershing sent for me and when I came in, he said, "I don't take to this at all. I don't agree with you." "Well," I said, "let me have it, General again, let me have it. I didn't express myself well. "And I took it back in there and very carefully drew up my resume of the affair and why I thought it was wrong. And he sent for me again and he said, "I don't accept this, I think Harbord and I are right." I was very much upset because I thought it was entirely wrong. And I said, "Well now, General, I have done a poor job on this, let me have that paper again." So I took it back and rewrote the whole thing to give it a brand new flavor and then I took it in and handed it to him. And he read it and he put it down and said, "No" and as I recall he slapped his hand on the desk which is something I had never had him do before, and said, "No, by God, we will do it this, way." I got the paper back into my hand—I remember this pretty clearly—I said, "Now General, just because you hate the guts of General March, you're setting yourself up and General Harbord, who hates him too, to do something you know damn well is wrong." And he looked at me and handed me the paper—I didn't have it before—and said, "Well, have it your own way." And that was the end of this scene where he was bitterly determined to do this and yet he ended up by saying, "have it your own way," which I thought was very remarkable. No prolonged feeling—nothing—that was the end of the affair. I don't think it was the end of the affair so far as General Harbord was concerned. But General Pershing held no grieves at all. He might be very firm at the time, but if you convinced him that was the end of that. He accepted that and you went ahead.

The books you mentioned—Sir Nigel and others—I read later on in life. They were not read to me but they were great favorites of mine and when I come up to Leesburg I will tell you something that concerned the Sir Nigel series which involved King George and the Queen Mother and later on Princess Elizabeth and finally Elizabeth the Queen, which I had to do with the punchbowl down in Surrey and one of my trips there.

You must be very careful to caution George and Miss Spilman not to mention any of these stories that you happen to read to them. In fact it makes me rather timorous to realize that all these intimate recollections will be on file and I suppose read by people because I think it is pretty much an overdose of childhood and I go back to thinking in the end it is better to have the cherry tree story and nothing else, rather than this long list of affairs that look like I was trying to make a career of my childhood.

I am going to try to collect in my mind a number of items about the war which haven't been mentioned and you would not find the record. There are several quite important that I think of from time to time and I will note them down and try to get them together. I think they will probably have to be done in sequence and that way I can remember them better. That is all for the present.