

TAPE 2

Recorded February 28, 1957

I'm going to resume my comments on Uniontown days. There were several incidents which I forgot to mention, and I've recalled others. Now that I have received word from you that you approve of this procedure, I will go ahead and add anything that I can think of.

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

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

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

The house was on a level with the street (the National Pike I have referred to) but the side of the house toward the creek was very much lower and the retaining wall was about eight feet tall and was actually the approach to the bridge over the creek of the National Pike.

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

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

Another thing at that period which I overlooked the other day was my employment in the church—St. Peter's Episcopal Church. I pumped the organ. The place for the pumper was in a very narrow region in rear of the organ and the pump was just a handle like the tiller of a boat. The pumping was not difficult except you had to be there. But there was a long period of wait during the sermon. On one of these mornings, I was occupying this period of waiting by reading a five-cent novel of that day about Nick Carter. Just in the most exciting portion, and it was very

much like Jesse James, my attention was called to the organ by the thump, thump, which the organist, Miss Fanny Howe, could make from the keyboard. And I realized that she had started to play at the end of the sermon and no music was coming out. So I pumped the organ very hurriedly. Of course, she was not only displeased but rather outraged. Miss Fanny was a very fine person, a woman well-to-do, of one of the old families there, and was a great pillar of strength in the church. I have said in recent years that she relieved me from duty with the organ. I think she did, but I am not certain. At least I can't remember who took my place. I mention this because I have seen it referred to several times.

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

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

I never had to make any talk, I don't think, until years later when I was senior captain at the V.M.I. and I had to talk to the whole corps at some meeting when we were under duress, as it were, and I remember the Board of Visitors was there to state their side of the question and I was called upon to state the side of the cadets. But I don't recall any previous recitations, speech or anything, until that occasion and I don't recall any after that for many, many years. So my talent, whatever it was, was certainly not existent at that time.

Speaking of the very attractive side porch of our house, which was connected to the front door by a straight hall, reminds me of another affair which now delights my wife. My sister's schoolmate, from her school in Philadelphia, was the daughter of the governor of Pennsylvania at that time, Haskell. Some might remember that he is referred to in a very flattering way by Li Hung Chang in his supposed diary of his journal of his trip to America. Anyway, Helen Haskell arrived and she was a very pretty girl and she was going to be entertained at a five hundred [card] party on this back porch on a pleasant summer day. The stipulation of my sister was that I was barred from the house during this party, because she regarded me as a rather turbulent member of the household. So I retired across the street to my chum's yard, and we went back to the stable in their backyard to find some activity that would amuse us. And we stirred up a bee's nest.

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

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

I recalled after my dictation the other day one item connected with our greenhouse which was next door to the carriage house, where we

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

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

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

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

had been shut in during snowy, cold weather. It was quite a sight to see them all break loose like a flushed covey of quail and sail up into the top of the apple trees.

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

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

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

You asked me about my comments on the developments during my youth, such as the automobile, the airplane, and other phenomena. As a matter of fact, both of these two occurred after I had left home. I saw very little of my home after I went away to school because there was no vacation during the winter. We had to be present even at dress parade,

evening parade, on Christmas Day, and if we didn't have a special permit we had to be there for lunch on Christmas Day. The session ran sometimes up into July, but as a rule about the 15th or 20th of June.

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

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

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

One daughter of his never married and lived to be, I think ninety-six, though I am not quite certain of this. She was my great aunt and she lived with us quite a bit of the time. She was a very remarkable woman in her intelligence and retained her mental faculties up until the last. I remember my brother and myself going to see her the last time I ever saw her alive. She was questioning him about his studies at the V.M.I. He was specializing in chemistry and going to be a chemical engineer. She wanted to know where he was in his progress in that study, and he spoke

of Davy's atomic law. She immediately recited it. I asked him afterwards and he said she had that word for word, and she hadn't had to do with it since she was eighteen years old. So she was a very brilliant woman intellectually. I remember even in those days when she had to read with a large magnifying glass, that she read her Hebrew Testament and her French Bible every morning. She had had a great many interesting experiences and she recorded them all. I think somewhere I mentioned that she rode horseback to and from a number of times—from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia.

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

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

But to go back to the book. It didn't interest me at all because I wasn't mentioned. I was born too late. My brother and sister were mentioned. My father and mother and brother and sister got a mere brief paragraph of about two or three sentences and that wasn't very exciting. But as I say, I wasn't mentioned, so I wasn't at all interested. But there was one portion of the book that I did enjoy immensely. It was a description of one Marshall lady who married a famous pirate of [the] South Carolina coast and of deprivations in the Caribbean and otherwise. He was called, I believe, Blackbeard. I haven't got the book here so I can't check. Anyway, he was a terror and he was afterwards, I believe, captured by Lt. Maynard of the navy and hung from the yardarm in execution of his crimes. That was near Charleston, South Carolina.

Well, I enjoyed very much reading about Blackbeard and his atrocities—that was the only interesting thing I found in the book. I enjoyed it so much that I took it out of the house and took it either to school or somewhere with my friends and read it to the boys. They liked it very much and boys always have quite romantic conceptions of who their progenitors are and they generally have them very celebrated people and very ferocious possibly. I had them all beaten because I had a pirate who had a very bloody, cruel history, with a long beard to help out.

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

I am going to your questions—first on ancestry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I have already pretty much described the house and you have a description of the place. I might say there was one thing that figured in my boyhood and I have always regretted that my parents didn't enliven my interest until it would have had a great educational value. In my chum's yard there was a honey locust tree and it was about twenty feet from their wash house where the week's washing was always done. Between the wash house and the honey locust there was a deep trail about—you could rest your thumb in it—and a continuous procession of ants going and coming to the tree or to the wash house and those

going one direction would generally carry some little white burden. Well, we would lie and watch these ants by the hour when we had nothing else to do—when we completely ran out of play time affairs—and we would watch this ant procession.

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

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

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

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

Parents: Frye's comments on the family seem to be correct as nearly as I can recall except he doesn't mention, as far as I know, that

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

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

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

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

My father was very fond of shooting and was a very good shot, and the hunting was wonderful around there—quail, grouse in the mountains and so on. He was very fond of fishing and I believe a fine fisherman, and he was very good at what I believe they called salmon pike, a very large fish which they found in the Youghiogheny River, not so far from home in a direct line, but very far in the way we had to go in those days. I remember his taking me up several times bass fishing. It was very hard walking because the banks of the stream were covered with huge rocks

about a quarter size of a house sometimes. I had great difficulty in climbing over them at my age—if you could climb over them. I remember on one occasion, which was my most famous fishing exploit even to this day. My father's two companions and my father had not had a strike all day and in the afternoon about two o'clock they decided to go to a place called Rattlesnake Hole which was two or three miles upstream. Well, of course, the walking would be very difficult as there was no real shoreline there—only these great piles of rocks.

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

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

8. *Do you or members of the family have photographs of your parents and of the entire family?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

or fifteenth of September. I was appointed chief of staff on the first of September, though I had been acting chief of staff since the previous July 1st.

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

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

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

10. You mentioned the other day that your father could be severe. I gather, however, that he was generally interested in your activities. Did you consider yourself close associates?

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

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

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

Anyway, when they got to Quebec, they had to flee from this priest who was after them. Conan Doyle gives a marvelous description of their passage through the Canadian forest trying to keep away from the Iroquois Indians. They finally paused to rest with the forest chateau, you might call it, of this titled Frenchman who was married to an Iroquois Indian chief's daughter. He persists in all the procedure of the French grand seigneur in France. Finally his party moves on with the famous scout taking them—Greysolon du Lhut—and they find the fort

they are going to has been seized, burned down, and the garrison tied to the trees, scalped, and of course, dead. They return to this chateau, as it were, and have a very perilous and marvelous trip through the forest of these great timbers, and their scout, their guide, Greysolon du Lhut, saves them in a most remarkable way.

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

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

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

[Begin reel side 2]

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

In those days they generally had you leaning on scenery. They would always have a prop back of your head to keep your head still, because they were time exposures. In this particular case they had me sitting on a log—a piece of scenery—and they didn't agree at all as to how I was to sit. One would pose me a little bit and then the other would pose me. Finally they reached an agreement and took their hands off me and I went over backwards. They had left me on only two points of support so that I didn't remain for the photograph. I fled because it was

too much for me. My mother was very hugely amused by this; my sister was very furious about it, that they should get me into position where I went over backwards when they let go their grip on me.

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

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

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

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

He then made the great mistake of his life, and much against my mother's advice, by investing in this land boom which swept over Virginia and that region at that time, just prior to the financial crash. Just how they expected this thing to prosper, I don't know. It was like the South Sea Bubble. However, his interests were largely in the vicinity of Luray, Virginia. In addition to making this heavy investment in it, even to the interest money on his recent profits, he signed himself in

one document without putting the word "president" after it, which legally made him responsible for everything and which wiped out every cent he had. The failure came, of course, as it did all over that region. All these land companies blew up and father went down with the crash and had to accept, I believe, although I am not so certain about this, bankruptcy as his stake for quite some time to come.

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

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

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

But I might interject now that while I went to dancing school at home and the little dances we had there, I didn't go to any dances at the V.M.I. for almost two years. The life of a Rat, as they called them there, was so humble that I chose not to try any social engagements.

14. *Frye indicates that your family was what was called well-to-do, but at the same time part of the main society of the town. Is this accurate?*

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

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

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

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

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

17. *Frye mentions the partnership of your father with A. W. Bliss and the close friendship between the families. Any comment on these business associations?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

You have mentioned Andy Thompson. Are there any others you wish to discuss?

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

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

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

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

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

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

I remember Billy Ewing very well. He had a goat cart which he could sit up in. He came down with his goat cart, which was a very rare thing

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

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

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

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

You mention certain names and ask about them. The White Swan was a tavern from the earliest days of the Pike which was only a block

and a half from my home. It was on the side of a hill. I have described the great cobbled courtyard inside. I was never inside the building up above. It was frame and a series of individual buildings connected up. It was run in my day by a fine old character called Natty Brownfield. It was Natty Brownfield's butchering of hogs in the fall which always fascinated us, on the border of this cobblestone courtyard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Boyhood incidents. You say Frye quotes Alex Mead, saying that I was very fond of licorice candy. I don't recall that. I know we used to make licorice water and we were very heartbroken when it all froze and the bottles broke.

The Crane store—I think it's a mistake. Kramer was the store. It was very small. It had the conventional open barrel of oyster crackers and the tight barrel of dill pickles. We were allowed to loaf in there, I guess, much to Mr. Kramer's irritation—though he suppressed it—but his clerk was very nice to us. One penny, as a rule, was about the extent of our investments as we went along, but a good bit of our life was led in that vicinity.

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

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

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

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

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

[Begin cassette side 3]

I overheard him (Sgt. tells me I have told this) advising my mother against sending me there because I would ruin his record. And I think I added in telling it, I got ahead of his record because he held no military rank and I was first captain. I think I was one stand ahead of him in my graduation record despite the fact that I was about 35th in a class of 135 or thereabouts in my first year.

24. *Did you make any overnight hiking trips? (I am trying here to get anything that might tie in with your later army career).*

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

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

23. *What kind of fish did you catch mostly?*

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

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

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

26. *Any sleigh rides, skating, picnics?*

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

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

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

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

28. *Any memorable picnics?*

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

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

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

30. *Did you have a favorite horse?*

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

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

I don't recall any particularly.

32. *Did you have any particular interesting Christmas that sticks with you more than others? Will you describe a typical Christmas?*

I had a particular interest in Christmas and I think our family had the most delightful Christmases I have ever seen in a family. All my friends had Christmas Christmas morning and the tree was lit just before daylight. They got out of bed and the parents had worked half the night on the tree. Then daylight would come and the candles would dim and they would have to put them out, and they would see their presents and then they would go back to bed.

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

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

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

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

think, I was allowed to have them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

We didn't play many games by the fireside. We all had checkers, of course, and we had dominoes and we played a little casino. But mostly by the fireplace we would have an iron upside down and a hammer and be opening hickory nuts. Incidentally, we always cleaned all the hickory nuts for mother's very famous hickory nut cake. Walnuts were easy to open and we would go and get them, and it would be quite a long time before our hands would clean up from the yellow stain which came from opening the walnuts.

I always liked our fires, because we had what was called cannel coal and it made a soft, delightful homelike flame to it, and it was very agreeable to sit in front of. Later on, when natural gas was piped in, the fireplace lost a great deal of its charm, also of its efficiency.

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

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

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

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

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

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

38. *Were you regular in church attendance?*

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

39. *Was discipline in school harsh?*

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

superior knowledge of those around me. I was always afraid of being embarrassed when I was questioned and I couldn't answer the question.

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

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

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

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

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

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

42. *You mentioned summering somewhere north of Uniontown. Can you describe the place and the life you led?*

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

43. *Any memorable fights in school?*

I don't recall any.

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

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

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

I've answered.

46. *Was there a military tradition in the family?*

I've answered.

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

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

48. *Did your father have a considerable library?*

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

49. *What magazines did you read?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

shown some of the battle scenes is General Pershing. He commanded all our troops in Europe." He made no reply to that. He just spat a little tobacco juice.

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

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

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

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

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

I sat there and watched people go in by appointment—I suppose ten or fifteen—stay about ten minutes and then be excused. Finally, a man and his wife and daughter went in with this old colored man escorting them, and I attached myself to the tail of the procession and that way I gained the president's office. The old colored man didn't see

me, or did see me, I think, and frowned on me when he went out, and I stood pat. After these people met the president—they merely wanted to meet him and shake hands with him—they went out and left me standing there. Mr. McKinley, in a very nice manner, said what did I want. I stated my case to him. I don't recall exactly what I said, but from that I think flowed my appointment, rather my authority to appear for examination.

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

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

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

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

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

55. *Boyhood ambitions?*

Of course I had boyhood ambitions, but they gradually centered on the army as I grew older. But a railroad engineer appealed to me. I

worked a little as a civil engineer when I was very young, merely being a rodman, a stadia rodman at that. The cowboy wasn't so prominent in our lives in those days because we didn't have much cowboy literature. I was not interested in banking. I was interested in the railroad engineer largely from the view that my very young friend, Mary Kate O'Bryon's father was a railroad engineer, as I have described.

