

TAPE 4

Recorded March 13, 1957

A. Did you take to a military type of life from the beginning, or was it something you had to come to like?

Did I take to the military type of life? I think it would be more accurate to say I accepted it. Of course at the V.M.I., and particularly my first year there, it was a very severe life. The cadet life in itself was very strict, but the hazing, which was very strenuous when I was there, made it still stricter. The first year was quite an ordeal, though I came afterwards, like all the rest of my friends, to look back on it with more appreciation than I did any other year.

B. Were you convinced that you wanted a military life before you came to V.M.I., or did you make this decision shortly before you graduated?

Was I convinced that I wanted a military life before I came to the V.M.I.? Yes, I was very much of that opinion. But with me it was a question of how in the world I could make it. I couldn't get into West Point, and I was not familiar with the procedure of getting in from the ranks. Very few got in from the ranks at that time, until they began to pass laws to accommodate the men who were in the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection. My problem throughout was, while I wanted to be a soldier, the question was how could I manage it other than by enlisting and starting off as a private.

C. Did your fiancée have any objections to your military career?

Did my fiancée object to a military life? My fiancée did not object.

D. What were some of the things you feel that college did well? What things about your instruction would you have changed?

The V.M.I. in my day was a pretty stern affair. I believe they were still paying off their war debt, that is, the rebuilding of the Institute after it was burnt down by General Hunter. I know I could look out of my window my first year and count, I think, eight cannon balls sticking in the wall where they left them after Hunter had fired them at the Institute.

I have explained before that the mess was a pretty stern affair. The main dish was called "growlie." I don't remember now much what was in it. I think most anything was in it that was around there handy to dump

into it. But we were all so hungry and we ate so rapidly—because you were not at the table very long—that it all seemed to go pretty well. The mess improved a good bit in later years there.

Life was exceedingly austere. There were no delicacies, you might say, no arrangements practically to amuse the cadets. You had to amuse yourself. They had a gymnasium and that was rather new. But that was not made much of, certainly not on a controlled basis. It was pretty much a case of looking after yourself and the old cadets chasing you while you were doing it. The customs now have entirely changed.

I remember when going there on the Board of Visitors, the superintendent asked me to take a look at the meals. There was much complaint about them. I told him I would do that if he didn't go with me. So I left the board meeting and went down the hill and walked into the mess hall and walked over and sat down at the table of the first captain. He always had a table with about three, himself and the adjutant and the quartermaster and the sergeant major. They received me very graciously. I asked them if I could have some of the lunch, and they had the waiter bring me lunch. Then afterwards I told him that I would like to speak to the cadets. So he called the battalions to attention and gave me the opportunity to say something to them. I told them exactly what had happened, that the superintendent had asked me to come down there and try the meals, that there was a great deal of complaint about them. I said that I'd been very graciously received, and I'd been served the luncheon, and that it might disappoint them, because it always irritated young people to be told about something in the past in their fathers' lives or in this case, in the Old Grad's life when he was there. I said that the meal was such a vast, vast improvement over what I had known that I thought it was quite wonderful. I didn't make myself very popular.

As to the instruction of those days, some of it was very good and some of it not at all well managed, I thought. The system, I thought, was fine, particularly when a cadet is assigned a subject. He goes to the board and writes his name up there, then writes the subject there, and then proceeds to develop it on the board. When the time comes to make his showing, he starts off and says, "Sir, I am required to discuss (or develop or whatever it was) such and such a thing." Then he goes into the explanation of it. That was a pretty good business, I thought, the way you went about it and then the way it was accepted. I thought that they were short in instructors. The general instruction, I think, was not particularly fine. I should comment very mildly, because I was anything but a star pupil myself.

E. What was the impact of V.M.I. on your later leadership and career?

The impact of the V.M.I. on my later leadership was probably much greater than I realized at the time. Having been a First Sergeant and later a

First Captain meant a great deal in control. I had specific things to do. I was responsible for the men, and you couldn't go to sleep on that. That required your attention every minute. You had to know just what you were doing, and you had to have some talent at putting it over. This was particularly true in the First Captain, because he took the lead in all such matters. He had complete charge of the Corps while they were at mess, in going to it, and coming back from it. Of course, if they could get away with anything, that was considered a good stunt and didn't particularly reflect on the cadet captain unless he was unable to manage it.

The fact that we had no vacations at all—just a part of a day here and part of a day there—I don't think we profited much by it. There was a great deal of time we gained in one sense, but I think we got so stale that we would have done very much better if we had had a breather here and there. I don't mean so much about going home and all, but we had so little liberty around about that section of the country.

F. Are there any points you wish to add on your close friends there like Nicholson and Peyton?

Regarding Nicholson and Peyton, I don't think there is much I can say about that except we three lived together in harmony for a long, long time. We were living very close together. Nicholson was quite remarkable. He kept his temper there for five [four] years. I never saw him lose it. When we were ragging him about something, I remember once he said he wouldn't be responsible for what he did if we continued, so we quit right there because he probably meant exactly what he said.

We led a very pleasant life and amusing life. I know they had a habit of letting an older classman skip breakfast roll call. The company commander had to do that and I was the company commander. So my two roommates skipped breakfast roll call. Then it was my job to single out a Rat. We generally had the same one all the time. I even remember his name—it was Smoot—and he had to carry a bottle of hot coffee on his chest, so hot that it almost burnt the hide, and hot biscuits. He would bring them up and then we had concealed about the place—and it had to be concealed, too—something to put on the biscuits. He would fix that on the table with coffee.

Our three bunks were in the other room, because as First Captain I had a double room, a sort of sitting room which looked out on the sally port in the front and the rear room which had no windows in it but had the door. Of course, the door was always open. He (the Rat) was required by Peyton, who was the chief organizer of such things, to dress himself up in a coatee and my plumed hat and come to the door with his arms folded and wake us up and announce, "My lords, the breakfast is served." Then we would go in and sit down and eat our hot coffee and biscuits and whatever the

condiment or something we could find to put on them. There were a lot of little things like that that were amusing, or we got great amusement out of them.

But I learnt. I was in control of a subdivision of the barracks. I had to keep order there and get the reports at night that they were all present or accounted for. If anything went wrong, I had to be out on the stoops (or the porches, as we would call them here) with a lantern to see that order was kept—no yelling was started or anything of that sort. And, of course, I had the responsibility of the Corps when it was going to meals and at the meals, which was the principal time that you had to exercise some talent at leadership.

G. You spoke of learning Chinese better than German and French. Did you use any of the Chinese you learned as a soldier in China when you went years later on your mission to China, or had you forgotten it by then?

As to Chinese, I was not able to use Chinese in Washington because mine was the Mandarin which applied to about two hundred million people in North China. The Chinese that I would encounter in Washington was almost entirely that of Canton—the laundrymen and people like that. Had I been at the Embassy, I probably would have found occasion to use the Mandarin. But they all spoke English, so it gradually faded away pretty largely.

H. Are there any recollections you can give me which would show how your mental horizons changed and how you grew mentally from boyhood to manhood in the years at college?

As to my mental horizons, I don't know. I became more of a person, of course. I had responsibilities which were very large for one of my age and which kept me developing in that respect. If I had been a first class private, as they would always term them, I would have been very indifferent about matters and made it a practice, as a matter of fact, to be as slack as I could be. That was the habit of all first class privates. But I in my job as First Captain had to exercise authority all the time and I had to do it in such a way that didn't create resentment.

When I went back to China, I couldn't, of course, understand the Shanghai dialect. I had considerable difficulty in understanding Madame Chiang Kai-shek. I had forgotten a great deal by that time. Strange to say, the first time I began to make some headway with my Chinese was with the coolies up in the mountains where we went during the hot weather. Though this was in central China and not north China, yet I understood more of the talk of my chairbearers (and I had eight to carry my chair) than I did of any of the others.

I might say that the Chinese that we learnt in the regiment at Tientsin was very important to us because we had to keep things on an even basis there—to see that there was no interruption of communications with Peking—and to see that the international train ran from Ching Wang Tao down to Tientsin, 185 miles, and then on to Peking, 90 miles. We had to be able to talk to the engineer about shifting the train and doing various things, because during these special wars, these war leaders were mixed up all over the place, and every now and then we would get six or eight or ten trains blocking each other and the fireboxes of the locomotives burning out and things of that sort, and it was up to us to see that the jam was broken and the trains got started on a clear track to Peking or to Ching Wang Tao.

I. What were the things you did which made you First Captain? Was it drive, tremendous attention to details, a tendency of others to defer to your leadership? Were you tough as a cadet leader?

What were the things I did to make me First Captain? Well, the first thing was I tried very hard in all the military affairs. I was very exacting and exact in all my military duties. I was gradually developing in authority from the very mild authority, almost none, shown by a corporal, to the very pronounced authority as First Sergeant, because I fell the company in, I called the roll, and all things of that sort. I kept tabs on it entirely and had to march the details to guard mount every morning. As a matter of fact, I came back from breakfast and I had about ten minutes to get into a coatee and a sash and a sword (straight old noncommissioned officers' sword that the First Sergeants wore) and march my detail down to guard mount and stand behind them at attention during guard mount, and then get back out of that rig and into my blouse by eight o'clock every morning all the cadet year.

I suppose they judged me in making me a First Sergeant, in estimating what my development would probably be by the time I might be made First Captain. Those advances were made on the recommendation of the tactical officers, that is, the subprofessors, and also the recommendations of the four cadet captains, the adjutant, and the quartermaster. I know that in my last year one of my classmates got down under the building in what we called the "catacombs" and got under the Commandant's office where he could hear what was going on, and reported to me that I had gotten what they called "a solid rec," that is, all the recommendations of all these people concerned for First Captain. That is not surprising, because if I had had several dissenters, it would have probably been questioned entirely whether I should be made First Captain at all or not.

I don't know what to add to V.M.I. days. There was so little latitude that was allowed. Football, of course, was an interesting departure. When I

went out for football---I didn't go out the first two years due to a promise to my mother that on account of my arm that I wouldn't do it. Then when I went out my last two, I got on the first team very quickly. Then I had to go out to practice every day. I might say, in the light of what happens today, I don't know about the V.M.I., but I know generally, there was quite a difference. We went out for practice at three o'clock. From three to four was covered the period of dressing, undressing, bathing, redressing in uniform, and our practice of football in that hour. Then I had to go to drill for an hour, and then into full dress to dress parade which took about thirty minutes after that. That was every day, except Sunday, and then I had to go to what was called evening parade where I didn't wear full dress, but where the band played and we formed up again. So it was a pretty stern life as to requirements, and there wasn't much latitude. There wasn't much play.

The traditions that went into the past, particularly the Civil War, had a pronounced effect and was continuous all the time. In the catalogue it used to show each class by name until the numbers got too great. I know it always impressed me to see that the names of the men that had been killed in action were always in heavy black type, and the class of '61, as I recall, practically every member of the class was killed in battle, which showed how much hard fighting the members of the Cadet Corps got into. They were all practically made officers. In those days, with the battles fought the way they were, that put them into actions, in leadership in the most dangerous positions. They paid the price very gallantly and very completely. The other years there were tremendous losses or killed in battle. My dim recollection is the entire class were killed in battle. I always thought it was too bad that that was discontinued in the catalogue. It was done for a very specific reason---there were too many names involved in later years. But it told a story that was very impressive to the young mind.

1. Frye notes that you entered the army at almost the same time the fight over the establishment of the General Staff was in progress. He speaks of Elihu Root's activities and the opposition of General Miles and others. He cites arguments by Generals Merritt and Schofeld and Davis in favor of the General Staff.

I am familiar with all that. I have read all that testimony. The particular individual who was adviser to the secretary of war was General William H. Carter, who became quite a friend of mine in later years and talked to me at great length about the battle they had. I had read all the testimony, but I was unaware of it when I was at the V.M.I.

1a. Were you aware of this fight as a young lieutenant? Have you any comments on the development of the General Staff and its value to the U.S.?

As a young lieutenant, I became a little more aware of it, but even then

very little. I was so remote from Washington and from any Washington contacts that all I knew was that the older officers of the army cussed out the young officers on the General Staff, notwithstanding they were a very select lot, like General Pershing and men of that caliber. He was a captain then. But the army had largely been controlled by the Adjutant General's Department and all related to that. All the older officers were "agin" it. As a matter of fact, it was to gain for the line of the army representation in Washington.

2. Briefly, Frye tells of your sailing on the Kilpatrick by way of Honolulu and Nagasaki to Manila in May 1902. He mentions your assignment to Company G on the island of Mindoro (Calapan) where you reported to Captain Charles Bent, who had a cholera epidemic on his hands.

As to 2 (sailing for the islands and assignment to Company G in Calapan on the Island of Mindoro, and so forth) that's correct.

2a. Do you recall any impression of Honolulu, Nagasaki, or Manila at this time that you wish to record? Any impressions of the trip generally?

The trip was a very long one. Frye's record is not correct. The ship never touched port until it landed in Manila Bay. It skipped Nagasaki. It was a very dangerous thing because it went by a new route. It was a single screw boat, which would mean if the single screw failed, we were off the beaten track and might be hanging around the ocean there for quite a long time. I knew that at the time and we talked about it. It was rather interesting on the boat. I have very clear recollections. There were quite a few officers who had been volunteers in the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection and now had received regular commissions. Some of them were very industrious in telling me, particularly, who had come from civil life, how I should function. They understood it all. Later on I discovered they knew damn little.

2b. Is there anything about the cholera epidemic which impressed itself on you?

When I landed in Manila, it was in the midst of a great cholera epidemic, and as I recall, I think there were about five thousand deaths a day. I was in a great hurry to get out of town because it was very expensive and I had very little money. I had a tailor fit me for uniforms. But meanwhile, I saw that staying at the Oriente Hotel---there were six of us in one room which was right by the sally port which looked out on Binondo Square. (I think it was Bernardo or Tondo or something like that.) I finally got at the port captain, who was a naval officer, and got permission to board a boat, *Isla de Negros*, the Isle of Negros, which was taking its last passengers on that day, and there wouldn't be

another boat for three months. Well, I would be bankrupt in three months, or three weeks for that matter, at the prices we were paying at the hotel. So I found the port captain, this naval officer, and he told me there was a launch going out at half past one o'clock. If I made that launch, I could get aboard.

So I made a dash to the hotel to get my things and then to the tailor's to get my things. He hadn't sewed up all these things. I discovered when I got down there I had lost the pockets for the blouses and the leg on one pair of trousers. It was a long, long time before I was ever able to get these replaced, because there was no such thing as a tailor where I was going. In fact, there were only six little shacks in the town and no communication except by water, and that only about every three or four months. But I did get on the launch at the very last minute. In fact, it was starting to leave when I reached it. I got aboard. I had to throw my things aboard, and I went out to the *Isla de Negros*. It had a Spanish captain and a Spanish first mate, and it had an American representative of the Quartermaster Department, though he was not an officer. Very nice fellow.

The boat was very greasy and dirty. The food was particularly greasy—it seemed to be bathed in it. The major domo was a one-eyed performer who won my antagonism immediately. Everything was very strange and there was practically no deck room. We had a little place right behind a tiny superstructure which was the cabin of the mate and the ship's captain. Then I found we had to lie there in cholera quarantine for five days. The heat was terrific. Finally, another young officer and myself, going with my regiment, went down the rope ladder and dove off into the bay and started to swim. In the first place the bay was filthy, and in the next place we had hardly gotten into the water when a padre there, Padre Isidro Sanz, whom I came to know very well afterwards in Calapan, began screaming to us and pointing. We looked around and there were two sharks with their fins sticking up. We had a swimming race to that rope. I went right over the fellow's head going up that rope. I never showed such strength and agility in my life as going up the side of that boat. That was the only cooling experience that we had, and it could hardly be called that.

So we laid there, stewing in the heat. The deck was metal. There was an old Philippine Scout officer there who had been an old first sergeant of cavalry, chasing the "Apache Kid" down in Arizona, and he was captain, though he was a first lieutenant, of the Scout company on Calapan when I got there. He was taking down furniture for his house, and among these items was a rattan divan, if you could call it that, which he had lashed to the side of the boat on the rail. Finally, we went out. We went by Corregidor and were waved at and jeered by the

garrison, all of whom seemed to have bath towels. Then we turned down the coast.

We were not aware at the time that we had disregarded the typhoon signals, and that night we ran into the damndest typhoon that I ever experienced. I am not exaggerating at all when I state that the boat would tilt over until the lifeboats on the upper deck would go in the water. Then it would just poise there for a little bit, and it would seem like it was never going back again. Then it would go up and go to the other side, these huge waves. The captain got frightened or sick, or whatever it was, and left the bridge, which was on the same level with us, and went to his stateroom and knocked around there on the floor in a sea chest which was rattling around from one side to the other. The Filipino at the wheel, which is up against the superstructure, got his ribs mashed in, and of course, he was gone. That left nobody at the wheel and nobody in command up above.

So this young fellow, Daly, who was a lieutenant going back to his station on Calapan—he was a Volunteer officer just given a commission—he and I took over the boat. I don't remember what became of the old Scout officer. I think he was sick. The two of us got the wheel and, of course, we turned it in the wrong direction and were heading right into these forbidding looking mountains. Finally, we turned it the other way and we just battled that thing all night long, until along about three o'clock in the morning, the first mate came up from the lower deck. He did it by climbing up the stanchions on the outside, and he would go in the water every time the boat tilted over. I think what saved us in this tilting of the boat was that we had on a heavy cargo of meat and potatoes and all, very heavy. The hold was loaded full and they were all around the deck below us. I think that kept the boat weighted so that it didn't upset. But it was a nerve-wracking experience. Finally, with this Spanish mate, we made Batangas Bay.

I remember one thing. The water would go into the engine room. We could look right down into the engine room through this open ventilated space, which was the middle section of the deck. The Filipinos started to leave the engine room. We leaned over there with our guns and threatened them. As I recall, we shot once or twice, but not at a man but someplace else, to bulldoze them into staying there with the fires. I wouldn't have stayed myself if I had been in their position. Of course, the Spanish mate, he handled that better than we did.

The next morning, we came into the peace of Batangas Bay. There, I always remember a captain, a very senior captain—he must have been just about to be made a major. He must have been about the class of '91 or '92 or maybe '93 from West Point. He was very contemptuous, though silently, of Daly and myself. We tried to tell him a little about what had happened to us during the night. We had gotten coffee and these big round hard

crackers they had. But he just scorned us, and he took his chair that was on deck that had projections to hold your feet up the side—took that away from us and went rather forward at the side. I endeavored to tell him that was a pretty bad place, but he scorned me.

Then we pulled out finally and started across Batangas Channel by that island (whose name I have forgotten now) for Calapan. The minute we got into the seaway between Mindoro and Batangas Harbor, the first wave that hit us, the captain sailed the whole length of the boat, going backwards. I just stood up and cheered him as he went by and went over backwards. I met him in after years. He was the father of a young lieutenant, but I never had much regard for him. I always remembered his flight from the forward part of the vessel as he was going backwards towards the stern.

Getting to Calapan was not too bad. But when we came in there, we couldn't go into the harbor (if you could call it a harbor—it wasn't any bay or anything) and you had to lie about a mile off shore. But they couldn't lie offshore there, because the sea was too rough. So we went around a point and came upon a barren coast. But it was only barren because there weren't any people, but it had palm trees all along it. It more nearly came up to what you would expect in the tropics and in that sort of a thing. Then we lay there about a half mile off shore until a man on a pony came down, oh, about a half an hour or an hour later, and waved a white handkerchief or something to us. Through our glasses we could see that he was a white man. He was waving his glass. With that reassurance, they put me in a boat and rowed me ashore. I was the only person getting off.

We got to the beach and got my bedding roll off, which was pretty large—I learnt later not to have it—and my trunk and box locker. This officer had no other pony. So we walked up, he leading. We walked almost half a mile up through this jungle trail and there we encountered the outpost. Well, that seemed like war to me, coming into the outpost out there with these forbidding mountains that came up almost from sea level about 8500 feet. Then we got by the outpost and the picket and we came into the town. There was the great contrast. It was typical of all American procedures of that kind. Here was the outpost—here was the town—surrounded by protective measures of that character. The hills were full of insurrectos who would shoot into the town from time to time. Here in the plaza in a shed, without sides and just a roof of palmetto leaves, was a big buck sergeant teaching all the children how to speak English and how to sing English songs. That was the school and we had already started it, and this sergeant was the king of all he beheld in the town, because the children were crazy about him and the mothers had to admire that. Most of the fathers were insurgents and were out in the hills.

I was received there by the commanding officer, who was almost as new to the place as I was and almost as new to the Philippines as I was. He

had been at West Point throughout the war and now, as colonel, he came to take command. He only had one arm incidentally—he'd lost it in the Civil War—a very nice man. But he was just as strange to the proposition as I was. He was very strange to the wildness of this small garrison he had inherited, because they were wild—about the wildest crowd I had ever seen before or since.

We took our meals together. On account of the cholera, everything was canned. You certainly get very tired of canned food like that. We couldn't eat anything that wasn't cooked or drink any water that wasn't boiled. I remember our principal amusement was to sit after meals with an old phonograph, the kind with the big receiver that you see on advertisements, "His Master's Voice." We had one recording device. So we would shave our one wax record. We would shave it and then we would play. We would take the recorder and record our amateur performances. Even there, with only about eight of us, they got very self-conscious. But we would make a record and then we would play it back and get great amusement out of that. That was the sum total of our amusement as I recall at that time.

I had a house which faced the plaza. Across from me was the church and the convent, built like fortresses—actually had been used as fortresses. Then the two other sides were rather open. On one side was the mess of one of the companies. On the other side were a few houses. I suppose there were two or three dozen houses of the town. The river was right behind us. The kitchen was detached from the building, and you went across a little bridge which went over the water to the kitchen. It was done that way to keep the heat away from the house and also was thought to be more advisable. There was where our meals were prepared.

We went to drill at 6:30, then had company inspection about 7:00 or 7:30, then went back to our quarters and had a bath, and then to our breakfast. After breakfast two fellows there that were nice to me in those early days, would take me to call on the refined women of this little community. There were only about six in the town. There were three sisters. I remember that the name of one of them was Polonia, which I thought was rather euphonious. I don't remember the other two. But we would get there about half past nine or ten. I couldn't talk any Spanish, so the other fellows had the conversation and most of it was in making fun of me in a pleasant way. The girls—one played the harp—and they played and sang very sweetly. That was the morning entertainment and we'd come back about twelve o'clock.

I mention these sisters in particular because suddenly the cholera broke out. It broke out almost in a day. We had no warning of it there. We thought we were safe. It broke out and the three sisters—I helped bury them all by three o'clock that afternoon. It was Asiatic cholera, and it

seemed to be extremely violent there. I was living then with a doctor, Fletcher Gardner. He was the only one, and he just worked until he was exhausted. There wasn't any treatment much you could give except saline injections, and while they would frequently, in a sense, cure you of the cholera, you generally died of heart failure afterwards. The spasms of cholera are terrific and are a terrible strain on the heart.

The men were confined to their barracks and not allowed out at all. Everything had to be boiled. The fingernails had to be cleaned, the hands had to be washed in hot water. Their mess kits had to be washed in two or three runs of hot water. You had to enforce these things very carefully or they would skimp them. A very little skimping would cost you your life.

There was a spring up the river about two miles, of good water. The water we were getting out of our wells was brackish—the sea was sort of leaking in. So they established a cholera camp up near that spring. I would go up there to help my friend, and had to go up there as officer of the day. The first time I went up I found the soldiers peacefully eating their supper off a pile of coffins. Later on, there weren't any coffins. The deaths came too rapidly and they were buried in, probably, lots of a dozen in a trench and a sheet was put around them and disinfectant poured on them. It was a tragic sight.

They had the sides of the tents rolled up so you could see the patients, and they were on these gold metal cots without any sheets or anything of that sort—which we never used—and they were all drawn up with their knees almost under their chins and generally shrieking with the agonies of these convulsions. But they didn't last very long. I think the death rate was almost one hundred per cent through most of the thing. I don't recall, myself, anybody recovering at that time.

But down where we lived—the doctor and myself—he came to me one night and explained that he had the cholera. He had put some papers there for me to see that his mother got. He put some keepsakes, notably his watch fob and things like that, to go to his mother. That's all I remember. I went to sleep.

The room was L-shaped. His cot was around the L from my bed where I was, and there was a big desk on the side. Next thing I knew, I woke up and it was morning. I thought this was a dream. Then I realized it wasn't a dream. I was horrified that I should go to sleep while a man was telling me that he was getting the cholera and he was going to die. So I got up and crept to the corner of the room and looked around the corner to his bed. It had been used and he wasn't there. Well, I breathed a great sigh of relief. I went over to my desk and there were the papers he had referred to. I went to the lattice window and looked out, and he was coming across the plaza with some friends from breakfast. He saw me and shook his fist and said, "There's the damn fellow who went to sleep when I told him I was dying."

That was Fletcher Gardner and I kept track of him through the years, and when I was chief of staff, he was at San Antonio. I wanted to see him, but he wasn't able to move about and I didn't have time to run about. I was only there very briefly. That was my introduction to Calapan.

Finally, the cholera quarantine was eased up. On the Fourth of July I was put in charge of the celebration. Unfortunately, in typical adjutant fashion, the adjutant had schemed out what was to be done. He wasn't content with saying I was to organize athletic things, but he had described each one and how it was to be done—the usual hundred-yard dash and this and that and the other, and tied me down to his routine. I went around and solicited funds from all the officers for prizes. I was wise enough to stick them pretty hard. There was nothing for them to spend their money on there. So I got a pretty fair sum from every officer. I think I got ten to fifteen dollars from every officer. I know I stuck the commanding officer for about twenty-five dollars.

The rule provided that men must enter the day before in the events they wanted to contest with, then they would turn out that morning. Of course, nobody entered anything. When I got out there, the garrison officers all had to turn out—those were orders—and the men had to turn out under orders. So I came to the first event of a hundred yards and I didn't have a single soul that had entered. Some of these older officers were laughing at me, because the morale of the garrison had just been knocked galleywest by the arbitrary and tyrannical handling of the place by a predecessor of the then commanding officer. The men were all sore and all outraged and just in a sort of a sullen silence.

[Begin cassette side 2]

I called out for entries in the first race, though under the adjutant's order none of them could enter because they had not entered in advance. I ignored that and three men stepped up and entered. I describe this very carefully because of something that comes later—a half a century later. They ran the hundred-yard dash. I gave the number one man twenty dollars, the number two man fifteen dollars, and the number three man ten dollars. Well, as a soldier's pay then was only \$13.00 a month, those were huge prizes. Some of the officers objected to my doing this, and I told them just to get the hell out of there, that they had left me to run this thing, and I'd run it.

The next race we had so many entries we couldn't accommodate them on the track. Then the sergeant came up to me and said, "Lieutenant, we have got a lot of captured ponies back here. I think a horse race would be a good thing." I told him to go down and organize it. I'd pay out the prizes. Of course, I had reduced the sum after that to normal amounts. He went

down there and got these captured ponies and got something like a bridle on them, and let them go bareback, and started them in a race down the street of this little town where these nipa houses were, and where all the girls were looking out of the second story which was where the family always lived. The first story was generally for the horse and pigs and things of that sort. They had a wild race down the street. Two of the ponies went through one house and the whole house dropped, took the women down to the ground. We had to pay for restoring the house.

It was a great success. It cheered everybody up and was the first laughs they had had there in months. Then some fellow dug up bicycles. We had a bicycle race. All these things were added to. Then I discovered for the first time, because I just never paid any attention to it, that I was responsible for a show that night.

I tell all of this because it had quite a bit to do with my standing in the regiment afterwards, particularly with the men. This same sergeant, who had befriended me on the horse race, came to me and I asked him, "What am I going to do about this thing tonight?" He said, "I'll make the stage out of hard-tack boxes and I will put up a tarpaulin as a curtain." He mentioned two or three other fellows and said, "We are going to organize this thing and we will carry it through."

I didn't know what was going to happen, but I went down to the affair that night and everybody sat out there in the moonlight. We had a thing equivalent to footlights for the stage. The curtain went back—it didn't go up—went to the side rather. They came on with some little stunts that seemed to amuse the audience very much. One fellow, in particular, with something I couldn't even see, was funny—had them in an uproar. Well, laughing was a prize at that time on account of the state of morale. The sergeant came to me and said, "This is going pretty well, Lieutenant." He said, "Up in the guardhouse is the most popular man here and he clogs and sings, and if we could get him here, it would help us a lot." I said, "I'll go get him." He said, "The trouble is, he is in irons."

So I went to the colonel, who was rather timid, and told him that we were getting along. He congratulated me. I said, "I want you to help me now, colonel. I want the man that's in the guardhouse that is a wonderful dancer and sings and is very popular." I said, "I want you to get the adjutant to tell the officer of the day to let me have him tonight." He consulted the adjutant who was rather dubious. Why the devil he should have been dubious, I don't know. It was agreed. Then I broke the news to the colonel that the man was in irons. Well, he had gotten in that deep and I managed to get him to agree to take the irons off. So this fellow came down and when the curtains drew back and they found him dancing, with the band playing, they just cheered to the echo. He put on a grand performance. He was out of irons, he was out of the guardhouse, and the

whole garrison was cheering him. He made it quite a show. His singing was good. The men were crazy about it, and he did encore after encore. Of course, what they were particularly crazy about was his getting out. They thought it was not just that he was in there. He had suffered a little bit for what I call this tyrannical handling of the place beforehand. Anyway, it went off in good shape.

Afterwards, my sergeant-adviser came to me again. He said, "It's a shame to put that fellow back in the guardhouse, terrible to put the irons on him." I went to the colonel. I said, "Colonel, you've seen these men tonight. They are cheered as they never have been, I'm told. Certainly, that must be a valuable thing. I have consulted around with some of the officers and others, and this fellow, I don't think he is much too bad. I think he blew up with the injustice of the first arrest as he thought it was an injustice. I don't know whether it was or not. But it is not a great matter anyway. He's electrified the whole garrison. Can't we parole him instead of putting him back in irons?"

The colonel had never heard such a thing. He said, "I'd have to examine the charges, and I'd have to do a lot." I said, "Colonel, isn't this the time to strike while the iron's hot? You've got them all cheering. You've got them all laughing. You've got morale seemingly vastly improved. Why shouldn't we make a try of this?" To my great surprise, he agreed. I said, "You announce, won't you, that this man is paroled."

I dimly recall that he declined to announce it. I wouldn't do it, because I didn't want to be too conspicuous. That isn't a very good business. My dim recollection, though I am not positive about this, is that the sergeant was allowed to go to the front and announce that Private So-and-so would not return to the guardhouse, would not return to irons, but he was placed on parole and in the charge of the garrison. Then there was uproarious applause to that, which lasted for about two days, as a matter of fact. The applause was psychologically just what they needed.

Now, a half a century later, I went to a meeting. I flew up to a little resort on the lake between Indiana and Michigan where a society of the veterans of the First Division [*Thirtieth Infantry*], that is, not the officers but the men—one of the few organizations of that kind I know about—was having its summer camp convention. They had invited me several times, and I had never been able to go. I was always interested in it, because they would always send me a report of the names of the various fellows. As time went on and numbers dwindled a little bit, I always felt if I ever had the chance, I would get to one of these meetings. So I flew out there. It was just a half a century later. They gave me an uproarious welcome. I found that the chairman of the organization was the same fellow who had won the first race and got twenty-five dollars and, of course, he had a great deal to

say. I had a tremendously enjoyable time. It was very impressive to see how these men had changed, how many had been successful, because they were a terribly rough, tough lot. It wasn't the citizen army as we know it today at all. They had been virtually enlisted across the tracks in Columbus and put on the train and shipped west. I don't know when I valued anything quite so much as I did that brief visit of twenty-four hours or a little more—thirty-six hours—to these men fifty years after I had first seen them as a young lieutenant in his first year out in the Philippine Islands.

3. *Frye mentions a number of people you met at this time: Captain Clark Wertebaker, Lieutenant Henry Hossfeld, Sergeants Schriebert, Smith, Brown, Gebhard, Corporals Allen, Donaldson, Privates John Willey and John Martin, Surgeon Fletcher Gardner, First Sergeant William Carter, Sergeant Torstrup, Quartermaster Sergeant Sims. Any comment on any of these?*

As to the people Frye mentions, I remember Dr. Wertebaker. He was the principal performer on the phonograph. He was the authority on who should do the various things. Lieutenant Henry Hossfeld I knew very well and later on out at Vancouver Barracks when I was a general officer. Henry had an interesting experience. He had been in the German Army and had been kicked—he was an orderly—kicked down the steps by a son of the secretary of war. So the minute the term was up, he left Germany and came to the United States and landed in New York City without being able to speak a word of English. He was a very highly educated fellow. He enlisted in the army because he thought he could learn English. That sent him immediately to the Philippines, and he was an excellent noncommissioned officer. He had all the discipline instilled in him by the strenuous German system. He learnt his English. Then they allowed men from the ranks—and he had reached the grade of first sergeant, I think—to apply for commissions under the new act, to allow men to come in from the Philippine Insurrection. He was accepted and he was commissioned a second lieutenant not so many years after he landed in New York, not being able to speak a word of English. Not until then did they discover that he was not an American citizen. So they sent him to San Francisco to get his citizenship. I saw him the day he returned from San Francisco, a citizen now, and a second lieutenant.

I remember Sergeant Schriebert, Sergeant Smith, Sergeant Brown and Sergeant Gebhard very, very well. I remember most of the others that you mention, particularly Sergeant Carter. Sergeant Torstrup, I remember him very well, because he was with me—Sergeant Carter was with me also—when I was left with twenty-six men, I think, at Mangarin, Mindoro. We went through our Christmas Day together, not realizing it was Christmas until almost afternoon. Torstrup and I boarded the boat when we were moved to Manila. Then he was back in the company

while I remained with it until I came back to the United States. Just how he was discharged or not, I don't know. But to my great surprise, when the special regiment which General Pershing had organized in France which paraded in the United States, when we got on the boat to come home with this special regiment, who should I find was first sergeant of one of the companys [of the] regiment but Sergeant Torstrup.

4. *What was life like in these early posts? What sort of living quarters did you have?*

What was the life like, and so forth. It varied entirely anywhere you were. Up at Calapan it was rather pleasant. There were a lot of officers, a lot meaning about a dozen, as I recall, and there was a band. There wasn't much to do, but we did that together. We all had the mess together. We were very much held in by the cholera.

Finally, a ship came by one night—this same *Isla de Negros*—and I learnt that on board was my brother's roommate at the V.M.I., who had just married a schoolteacher in Manila. I had myself rowed out to the *Isla de Negros*, which was lying about a half or three-fourths mile offshore, and introduced myself to my brother's roommate, and he introduced me to his bride. I didn't have very long to talk to them because it was a long trek back to the boat and the wind and the tide were against us, and in a flat-bottomed boat that makes it pretty tough. I didn't get ashore until well after dark. Hossfeld met me on the beach. He said, "I've got your bedding roll and I've got your trunk." I asked him what it was about. He said, "You are being ordered to Mangarin at the southern tip of this island of Mindoro. And you are to leave tonight on this boat." I never got off the beach. They put my things back on the boat. I went back out and took off in the early morning following for Mangarin.

I walked around this very limited deck up there to find where my brother's roommate and the bride were. Finally, I located her and went over on the other side of the deck to put up my cot, or rather had my boy do it, who was with me, and crawled under the blankets. Despite the noise of the winch loading throughout the night, and coconut oil light burning right over us, I went to sleep. I was wakened up by the silence of the winch. I saw the quartermaster's agent—this nice fellow, Hitchcock, from Pittsburgh, incidentally—was going round looking for a place to sleep. He came over and looked at me. I didn't say anything. I kept my mouth shut and my eyes apparently shut, and I presumed from what happened I looked like the bride, because he went over and put his cot squarely beside the bride. When the sunrise occurred—when the sun came out of China, out of China and something else from cross the bay (whatever the Kipling quotation is)—he found himself facing the bride with his face and a heavy black moustache only about three or four inches from her face. She

opened her eyes at the same time and screamed. He leaped to his feet, with the blanket, and sprinted off the deck and went below. I thought that was all very funny. Hitchcock and I afterwards became very warm friends, because he would bring me my only contact with the outside world.

There were different living quarters at each place. Sometimes it was a shack, sometimes it was a tent. Down at Mangarin there was a little two-room shack. The partitions only went halfway up to the ceiling, a little hall along the side which was used as the mess thing, and the whole side of the shack opened up and rested on posts which were put on the rail of a narrow porch. That was a very nice place. We always had dinner served when the sun was halfway down on the horizon across the China Sea. Then we would stay at the table until probably twelve at night.

[Begin reel side 2]

The quotation I fumbled for is "The dawn comes up like thunder out of China across the bay."

Now life at Santa Mesa, outside of Manila about eight miles, was quite different from that at Calapan. Ten or twelve of us lived in a nipa house across from the commanding officer's quarters. We would frequently go to town and go to the theater. The Army-Navy Club was our port in the city. It was very pleasant there to eat your dinner out in the open in the courtyard which the building surrounded. It was on an old street called the Calle Cabildo. The whole regiment was there, so there were plenty of officers and plenty of amusement which would come from the contact with them. Had horses to ride—not very good ones—but still horses. We would ride into the city or go to the Luneta for the band concerts. Luneta is now far inland, comparatively speaking, and the thing has lost its attraction entirely. Everybody, practically, in Manila in our social order would go to the concert in the evening and circle the Luneta, call on each other from carriage to carriage, and listen to the music. That, of course, has all disappeared. But it was one of the most attractive phases of life in Manila.

As contrast to the quarters in these two places I have just mentioned, I was stationed up in a small town on Laguna de Bay. There I lived in the extension of the church which was the convent. My room was off the gallery of the church. There I ate my meals, had my bed, and did most of my living, except in the evening it was the custom to take a large quart tin cup of coffee up in the tower of the church and drink the coffee and eat the cracker looking all over the bay. You got a magnificent view. I flew over that, very low, when I landed in the Philippines on my way to China in 1945.

Then there was another station which was a good shack, but a terrible life. That was on an island in Laguna de Bay—the prison island. The prisoners were the dregs of the army of the Philippine Insurrection. They

were the toughest crowd of men I have ever seen. You had to count them twice each night. To go through the barracks there where they were lying stark naked on these gold metal cots without any sheets—we didn't use sheets, any of us, at that time—it was a very depressing sight. The kitchen—I saw a man attacked there with a cleaver. I don't know whether he was killed or very badly injured, but I remember I was officer of the guard or officer of the day, and I was in the kitchen about three in the morning when this attack occurred. We were not there very long because we were relieved by the Seventh Infantry from the States. Their depression when they saw the place was very great. Our elation when we left was even greater.

I remember we had two dogs the company was very fond of, and they had been puppies when they started to raise them at Santa Mesa outside of Manila. We came down the river this moonlight night, being towed by a launch. I was riding in the launch and the men were in one or two large *cascos* as they called them. We finally came to the bend which was not far below Santa Mesa. The men all bade farewell to the two dogs and they were thrown off the boat at that point. There was almost weeping on the part of the men at their having to get rid of them because they couldn't take them to the States.

I don't recall any interesting points of my service at these other places. They were the usual things that happened to every young officer. It was a pretty rough, tough, hard-drinking crowd. I didn't drink at all in those days. I don't think I ever took a drink in the army until I had been in the service about three or four years. I never cared much for liquor anyway. I used to say (and it was rather accurate) that I only drank to laugh at a poor joke. I started to taking a cocktail, or whatever it was, after I had been in the service about three or four years.

Oh, I have forgotten a very interesting period of my service. When I had come up from Mindoro to Manila, I found I was ordered to post the coming reservation of Corregidor. They wanted to make it a military reservation. The first need, they had to notify each citizen. Well, there were very few. Practically none of them could write. All the little shacks were at the base of the heights. The post later on was built on the heights. That was just a jungle at that time. I went over there and stayed with the two doctors who had a reserve hospital as they called it, a sort of convalescent hospital, at the foot of the bluff, and the little settlement of San Juan. (I think it was called that.) I went all over the island. I went up on top, saw the guns that had been there when Dewey came into the harbor.

Then I had to go to each island in turn and post one of my printed declarations of the government that it was taking over the whole place as a post. Now, the first big island was close to the main island of Corregidor. That was not difficult at all. But there was one out at sea about, as I dimly recall, six miles. I went there in a sailing banca, that is, it had a bamboo log

on one side to offset the pull of the sail on the other. That was quite a trip. If the weather turned on you, it was pretty bad. There was nothing out on this island. It was bare rock. I think that was El Monja—the Nun.

Then I had to go to another island which was El Fraile. There was where the gun fired at Admiral Dewey as he came in. It was very hard to even get on the island, to scale it, because the little blown-out gun platform was well above the water, but I got my card put up there. El Carabao was right next to the Cavite shore. That was about twelve miles across, as I dimly recall, from Corregidor. I went over there in my canoe and got caught in a pretty bad blow. But finally, I got back to the main island of Corregidor safely. Then I returned and made my report to Manila. They didn't pay much attention to me. There was nothing much lower than a second lieutenant and I was about the junior second lieutenant in the army at that time.

I remember when I came up from the provinces I had to turn in some money. I had it in a sock. The chief quartermaster was in a rage because the Filipino boy had thrown out his wastebasket into which he put his unfinished business, not realizing it was papers that were still in use. So he was just infuriated with this situation, and I blew in with my sock of money. He pretty much took me apart. However, I found he was pretty agreeable in the end and sort of laughing at himself. He afterwards became quartermaster of the army. [C. B.] Humphrey was his name. I always had an interest in him because of the way he blew up and then in the way he was nice to me later on. This money was to be turned in from my last post, Mangarin.

Now I want to make a jump back to Mangarin, because I went on several expeditions up in the mountains and managed to surprise a couple of Igorot camps, or mountain men I guess we called them. But they were very effeminate—very small and really quite effeminate, the men—the women even more so and rather attractive. They wore beads around their ankles and beads around their wrists and on their arms and around their necks and anywhere you could fasten a bead. They were very much frightened. You had to be pretty careful to surprise them first because they would turn loose with poisoned arrows and other things like that, because they had never seen a white man. And they were rather fearful of the Filipinos of that section, the Tagalogs, because I believe they had been pretty hard on them at times and of course, they had firearms and the Manguianes is the right name for them—mountain people—Manguianes.

I remember I did one thing there. I went on an expedition trying to get at this so-called white tribe. I left the boat with the two men on it, anchored well off shore so as they couldn't be surprised, at a small town well down to the south. We got through and turned back into the hills, surprising a couple of camps of Manguianes, trying to convince them

that we meant them no harm. I remember finding five women without any stitch of clothing, not even a breech clout on any of them, in a little shelter that was made about three feet off the ground. Each one had a baby. They were just frightened into frozen silence when I came up. I tried to give each one of them a present. I gave one of them a cigar and I gave one of them the band off the cigar. I don't remember what I dug up to give to the other three, but they were all after the band [of the cigar]. That was the most attractive thing of all and that made me friendly, a friend of all of them

Later I saw a number of them close to the ocean. We were trying to get down to our ship, our sailboat. We had too many for the boat, and we knocked a hole in the bottom on a submerged coral reef. We had quite a trying time getting back to our base which was a camp of these Manguianes on the seashore. We found they were trading with a Chinaman who had a large boat there. That, of course, was against orders, because all the ports on Mindoro were closed. However, I didn't see fit to say anything about this because they were just trading with these Manguianes and they were not at war with anybody, and it had no bearing on the conduct of the Philippine Insurrection. So we had to wait until the tide came in, in order to float our boat, which was aground.

Finally, I went to sleep. I had a pretty tricky time with the men because they had no opportunities to see women practically at all. Here were these little Manguiane women, very attractive looking, certainly very attractive looking in comparison to the one or two Tagalog women down near where our station was. I knew that that would stir up a great strife, and I had to stay awake to watch that. Finally, I got the sergeant and told him to sit by me and stay awake while I slept. When I woke up he had been asleep, too. Fortunately, nothing had occurred about the women, and finally I thought it was time to get the boat off.

The tide had begun to come in, but it had not come in enough to clear the boat. I got down into the water with three or four others and we tried to push the boat clear. The Chinaman was near me. He was pretty muscular. In the water at three in the morning on this night I asked him (finally he betrayed the fact he could speak English) and I asked him where in the world he had learned English. Here he was with this boat on this god-forsaken shore there, trying to trade with these people and running the risk of getting in trouble with the military. Where did he learn his English? To my utter surprise, standing in water almost up to his chin, he said, "In Chicago." He had made his stake there and gone back to China and bought this boat and was getting himself established. I was very much surprised. It seemed an impossible sort of situation.

I will tell a little bit more about that, because we got the boat off and to get on we couldn't get below deck, because it was loaded up to the guards

and it had a lot of nipa (I guess you'd call them) shingles for building. You had to lie on top of these. We started out that night. I woke up—I have never been so cold in my life. I thought I would have inflammatory rheumatism the rest of my life. The men were all in a heap, hugging each other. I couldn't indulge in that heat propagating procedure, and I just lay there and speculated on how much of an affair I would have in the way of inflammatory rheumatism. We came in close to a great cliff, sheer, and these members of the crew, stark naked, oh, with a breechclout, would run along the side with long staffs and pole the boat clear of the sheer wall. We ran around this point in that way. It was a wierd-looking thing to see at night. Finally we got back and found our own boat (I might say that this was his, the Chinaman's boat, all the time, that I had seized) and bade him farewell. I didn't know as much about Chicago as he did.

6. *Frye mentions Padre Isidore Sanz and Eduardo Lualjadi as two people you met at this period. He adds: "It was a tragically lonely assignment. Marshall had to rely on the dubious pleasure of the company of Padre Sanz or more frequently on close application to the limited number of books he had brought with him." Of Padre Sanz, he says: "He could play cards, or strum the mandolin, or sing Spanish songs of a bawdiness truly Rabelaisian."*

You asked me in 6 about Padre Isidore Sanz. He lived with me—that is, he took his meals with me. I furnished the coffee and sugar and flour, things of that sort, and he furnished the vegetables, the frijole beans and all the things of that kind which he could get his hands on and I could not very well. I found him a very interesting character. Unfortunately, my Spanish was so limited at that time, it was very difficult for me to communicate with him or he with me. But his conversation was very, very interesting. He had been out there, as I recall, at that time eighteen years. Also with us for awhile was Padre Feliz, and he had been out there twenty-five years. One had come from Granada and one from Seville. Padre Sanz was not quite the quality of priest that the other man was. Padre Sanz was, I think, more of a business priest, and he was down there looking after their holdings on what had been a very large horse ranch. They had had as many as ten thousand horses there. But the insurrection had gotten in there and taken a great many of them away.

Eduardo Lualjadi was quite an interesting character. He was back up the river there quite a ways. It was quite a trip to get to him. He was the most natural boss I have ever seen. He dominated everything around him. I went to the wedding of a daughter. This thing lasted two or three days. It was what we say *muy boracho*, but it was intensely interesting. I had to keep the peace or rather the goodwill of Eduardo because he was a very important influence in the country.

I don't remember the padre playing the mandolin. My predecessor,

Edward R. Stone, spoke Spanish very fluently. He and the father got along much better than I did, because their means of communication were so much more fluid.

7. *Mention is made of a desolate Christmas, 1902, at Mangarin Bay, while you and a detachment of twenty-six waited for relief. However, you went to Manila on December 30, 1902, in time to celebrate your birthday there.*

You refer in 7 to a Christmas Day affair. I don't know where Frye got hold of that. Actually, we had forgotten it was Christmas Day, and it wasn't until about midday that we discovered we were dealing with Christmas Day. The only thing we could get was a pig we had raised, which was still young and tender. So we killed the pig and roasted it and all sat down together to our Christmas dinner. I have forgotten any details of it, but it was the best we could do on the occasion.

8a. *Some other things mentioned about the stay in the Philippines are: your duties included inspection of the newly built Fort McKinley.*

You refer in 8a to my inspection of the newly built McKinley. McKinley wasn't built at the time I went out there. As I recall, we went over the ground for the site of McKinley and I had the battle, which had been fought right there, explained to me, and we found the line of cartridges that hadn't been picked up, the brass shells which showed the line of the troops.

8b. *You had malaria for two weeks in September 1903. Quinine put you on your feet in time to take over from Captain Eames in October.*

I had dengue fever on the way up to the island in the Laguna de Bay. But it only lasted about two weeks. Captain Eames had come and taken over the company when we were still down in Calapan. We went up to this island. He got a transfer to the Tenth Infantry, so he and Mrs. Eames left.

8c. *March 1903 saw a plague of grasshoppers.*

I remember the plague of grasshoppers that you refer to in C. I think we had several. I know it was so dense that riding horseback I could hardly see—turn back and hardly see the tail of the horse in this flight of grasshoppers which destroy the natives' crops almost completely.

8d. *In May 1903, 2500 nipa dwellings burned in Manila.*

I don't remember about the burning of the nipa dwellings in Manila.

8e. *November 1903 you headed back to the United States on the Sherman.*

I remember very distinctly coming back to the United States on the *Sherman* in 1903. I think we went through Nagasaki about early December. My recollection is that we rode in a typhoon practically for four or five

days, and I think one day we didn't make even a knot forward. It was very severe and the whole sick bay was washed off the boat. There were three of us in a very stuffy little cabin, and it was very hard going. You couldn't get on deck at all, and you couldn't put a fifth of the people in the lounge. But that's the way things went in those days.

My mind comes up to something that occurred not long before that which had a rather amusing occurrence. A doctor gave us all a dinner at some hotel there which was right near the upper bridge across the river. We had a private dining-room upstairs and there were about twelve or sixteen of us, congenial people, and there was a big bay window with red curtains at the side, almost like a stage. We were arranging a little operetta, as we called it. We had several musical members and one or two very attractive members. We arranged the footlights out of all the various condiment bottles on the table in front of this bay window.

Right in the middle of the thing the police came in—these were Americans (the finest police force I ever laid my eyes on—they were selected from the volunteers that had been in the Philippines and that was the police force of Manila). They came in there because somebody had been dropping chairs out of the window two stories down on the people in the streets. We knew nothing about that till we found one of our members, who hadn't participated in the play, was very solemnly going around there—he was pretty tight—and dropping these chairs out the window. Well, we were in dutch with the cops then. However, our most attractive member persuaded the cop to take part in the play. So he remained up there and became one of the cast in this operetta we were doing.

During those days I didn't drink at all, so I could register pretty much what was happening. But I remember the gentleman who was dropping the chairs out. Afterwards he was sort of an inspector general, as we called them, and he was investigating the case of a student officer at Benning. I was running the school then—two student officers—and they had done something semi-outrageous. He came to me with his report and was seeking my advice as to what he should recommend be done to them. Well, I was sort of modifying his recommendation, though I wanted the place straightened up all right. He turned to me and said, "How can you pass by in that manner anything like this?" I said, "At least, so and so, they didn't drop any chairs out the window on the people in the street." He remembered for the first time some of his earlier performances in Manila. So the boys got off light.

[Begin cassette side 3]

I remember on the *Sherman* stopping in Honolulu. It was quite a different place from what I saw in later years. It was still a very quaint place. We were there about a day and a half. I will go to the finish of it first.

When the time came to sail, I had to go to the jail. I found sitting out in the courtyard of the jail almost half my company. They had all been locked up for what they had done. So I bailed them all out and they went back to the boat better boys. Something else occurred there which made some impression on me, but I have forgotten entirely what it was.

9a. *Do you have any general description or comments on the Philippine Insurrection and the problems of dealing with it?*

As to the Philippine Insurrection under 9. I didn't know much about it. I only got into a little of it down south and that was mainly with the Ladrones, as they called them, up in the mountains. I didn't see the great land battles and that part.

When I got back to the States, I was very much ashamed of myself because I knew so little about what had happened. As I will explain later, I had gotten hold of all the records of the campaign in the Philippines, because they had advised every officer that there were a lot of additional copies of that, and if the officer wanted it, just to put "yes" on the postcard. I put "yes" on the postcard and, as I recall, I got six mail sacks full of these books.

But they proved invaluable to me. They were illustrated. They were all the telegrams and letters and reports and happenings of the campaign in the Philippines, and the adjustments with Aguinaldo and matters of that sort. I went through them all in great detail. I remember seeing a request from Funston when he landed in Vera Cruz, that if anybody had any copies of these things to please send them down there, because there was the whole scheme of the build-up of civil government by an occupying military force from the time it had started with the occupation of Manila when the Spanish surrendered, down to the final formal organization on a peaceful basis.

I learned a great deal from this. For instance, there were little fights going on all over the place. So many lieutenants were commanding towns and the towns were being attacked, and the lieutenants were being sent out on expeditions. It was very interesting to read the reports.

One officer would make a great deal out of the thing. I remember distinctly one officer was reporting that he had three men wounded in this encounter and he had burnt the town down. The general, Hughes, I think it was, returned this thing and said if the fight was no more severe than three men got wounded, it hardly justified burning the whole town down. It showed how they are apt to get out of hand when they are on their own in critical situations. I know that right near Manila a cathedral there, that had what was considered to have the finest library east of the Suez, and it was burned down. I got at the facts from the records, and I found that some of the Americans had taken the robes of the priests and the silver

services from the chancel and were exercising a dance outside.

So, however quiet you may be in your home district, when you get abroad on a wartime basis under conditions that are extremely difficult of heat and everything of that sort, you are apt to do things that you would utterly discountenance at another time. Of course, the discipline is very loose, because these troops were very hastily organized and they were serving under most difficult and trying conditions. On the other side, they were having very horrible reactions to our prisoners by our opponents in some cases.

Generally speaking, the feeling of the men—the officers—at this time, particularly in connection with the trial of officers for participating in what was called the “water cure,” I found the feelings of the officers and all were very bitter against the civil authorities who were trying to build up, under Taft, the civil government. I think maybe the civil officials went too far too fast. However, though, I think the feelings of the army were naturally very bitter, and I do not think they were justified. I think that’s the reaction you will always have, but it’s pretty hard to keep the military, who have suffered so much from these things, accepting all the overtures of peace we might call it. Although it wasn’t a general peace, and the civil commission, who hasn’t been involved in that, was rather impatient with the troops as to their reactions, both sides are wrong. Both reactions are perfectly natural. It needs a very tempered control to be exerted.

I would say one of the best things would have been to discharge the fine officers that they had, knowing they were fine, and to have made them into these civil officials who were trying to establish civil government, because they would have a much better understanding of the point of view, which is pretty hard for the man who just comes out from the States—never gone through any of it—and now he comes into these fellows who have suffered the tortures of the damned, as it were, in so many ways and have had such violence in the treatment by the enemy and all, which has provoked them to do things they shouldn’t have done. It makes altogether a regrettable situation. However, when the smoke all cleared away, the army and the native leaders were very friendly. It wasn’t until the civil control got fully into place and the political reactions began to stir up that the general bitterness developed.

9b. *Did you ever meet Aguinaldo?*

I did not meet Aguinaldo. I saw him once, but I didn’t meet him.

9c. *What did you learn from your first command?*

I learnt many things from my first command. It is hard to tell which one it was. I remember one affair. We worked out from Mangarin, sailed around, and landed some distance out, and there was a little *barrios* (tiny

village). We were going through that in order to get on firm land away from the swamps, in order to get up in the mountains. We found these people working on a pony. It developed that a crocodile had almost bitten off the hip of the pony, haunch, I guess you'd call it. They were just sewing him up without any regard to the pony's feelings, and that horrified the men.

Right close by was this stream, rather narrow, but deep and heavy brush on either side. We went into this stream, single file. I had seven men. They were behind me, and they were holding their rifles up and their ammunition belts up to keep them clear from the water. When we got about two-thirds of the way across, there was a splash up above us and one fellow yelled "crocodile." In about a second they all plunged ahead. They ran over me. I was ground right down to the bottom. Their feet went up my back and over me and up the other side. I finally came to the surface pretty well done up.

I was confronted then by a situation. These men had really panicked. The sight of the pony with its hip almost bitten off by the crocodile, and the splash and then this yell "crocodile" in this stream had just upset them completely. They had not intentionally, but had completely gone over me and I was ground right down in the bottom. I did some fast thinking, fortunately.

I got to the surface and then I went up the steep bank where the seven men were standing there and looking very guilty and very uncertain of themselves. All the time I was thinking. So when I got up to the top, I took my position in front of them, wet and covered with mud, and fell them in very formally. I then gave them "right shoulder arms," faced them to the right and marched them down into the stream and clear to the other side. As they reached the other bank, I gave them "to the rear, march." They came back up out of the crocodile stream. Then I halted them, faced them toward me, inspected their guns, and then gave them "fall out." Then we started on our excursion up into the mountains there, trying to find this insurrecto holdout.

They never referred to it. I never referred to it. I thought afterwards that I had done what I think was just about the right thing. It wasn't the time for cussing around.

9d. Do you have any comments on our early occupation and governing of the Philippines?

I have no comment to make on the early occupation of the Philippines. My Lord, I was just a second lieutenant with an extremely limited observation. I got most of mine by reading, which all occurred after that particular time. As a matter of fact, it occurred after I got back home, because I didn't get these books till then. Then I went back to the Philippines ten

years later and went over battlefields and went into the entire history of the affairs from the time of the occupation of Manila down to the final capture of Aguinaldo.

9e. *What was army life like at this time?*

Army life at this time was diversified, to put it mildly. There were all sorts and conditions of fellows. The army had to be virtually remade. Officers had been very hurriedly made. They had been made from the ranks largely. They were disciplined and undisciplined. They were on their own, irresponsible, some of them doing magnificent work and receiving no appreciation for it. Altogether, it was quite a trying period.

9f. *What type of soldier did you have then?*

It takes a while to boil down and refine such a force. It invariably occurs. Nobody thinks it is possible at the start. What they were all looking at—old army as it were, with the type of officer and type of discipline and noncommissioned officer that existed in 1897—that had gone through the Indian campaigns and out in the West. It was a long time before this new army, with all of the new blood that had been taken into it, all of the volunteers that had been given commissions, and the exciting things that had happened, were absorbed and boiled down.

For example, here I was, straight from civil life, no school of any kind, no preparation of any kind, and I was virtually the governor of the southern end of the Island of Mindoro at that time. I didn't even have enough blank forms to make out the returns, because those that were in existence there had all been in a barrel and were ruined by a typhoon. I had to make up some blank forms that I had never seen before and they were a curiosity. But I finally whittled out. But, as I say, here I was from civil life. The only traditions I had were from the V.M.I. Of course, they were very helpful there, because I had some basis to go on. But the other takes quite a while in refining.

9g. *Any general comments on this phase of your life not covered by questions?*

I will give you a few little examples to show you how curious the set-up was. When we got up to Santa Mesa, eight miles outside the city of Manila—as I say, I was not doing any drinking and I had my ankle very badly sprained or fractured by a horse rolling on it, which confined me to my quarters in this place where there were about twelve or more officers. Sometimes it went up to twenty, I know. We had our mess there. All lived there. And some very, very hard drinking. Now they couldn't go home (this was during the demobilization of the army). They couldn't go home until their papers were cleared.

Inspector would come out. He was later my colonel at Fort Reno, Oklahoma. He would come out to try to straighten this up. Well, it was pretty hopeless. Some of these fellows had great influence in civil life, and to put it politely, they didn't give a damn. They made little effort to get their papers cleared and they couldn't have cleared them by themselves to save their necks, because they had so smeared the thing up that it was very, very hard to get the straight of the affair.

Each one was always accountable for property. I had one officer—this came later—he had gotten a commission in the Regular service. He had been a captain of volunteers and when he struck Seattle, he had just left the ship. He was responsible for the ship. He was quartermaster of the ship and went off and caught up with his regiment and went in its parades in Seattle and its entrainment for back home. Then he accepted a first lieutenantcy in the army. He got back out to the Philippines and he came to me in great distress. He had a letter from the quartermaster general. In going through the records, they found that the man that—he had left all the things on the ship, like the chairs, silverware, and cooking utensils. Everything on the ship was listed and he had gone off and left it all. Of course, they had just sopped it up. I don't mean they sold it, but they just got ahead that much so they'd never be caught short themselves. He was responsible for it all, and he couldn't get his finger on a piece of it. Of course, he was just chained to the Philippines until he cleared himself.

We had things like that all the time. We had one fellow who was the son of a very important man in the railroad world. He had just done ducks and drakes with everything. He was intoxicated a good bit of the time, and his papers were almost impossible to put together.

Well, in any event, this colonel of the Inspector General's Department would come out to see if these men could clear themselves so they could go home. Finally, he quit sending for them. He just sent for me. I was right in the building, and I was lame and on crutches. And he and I would work out what this thing was and find out whether the man could go home or not.

I became quite an expert on papers at that time. I knew more about them, I guess, than anybody else around there but the inspector. It helped me a great deal in later years with that sort of thing, but it was a most disorganizing affair. It seemed rather odd. I was the junior officer. The inspector would come out from Manila (this very dignified colonel) and he would send for me and I would come in on my crutches. He would say, "Bring me the papers of these fellows." I would bring them to the dining table and sit down there, and he and I would sit down and work on these things pretty much all day. And maybe he could clear some and maybe he couldn't.

9e. I have been explaining a good bit of what army life was like at this

time. I don't think there is anything more to add.

9f. I have said a good bit about the soldiers of this time. There were some of the old soldiers there, but most of them were fellows that had been enlisted very hurriedly and not at all like a citizen army. As I said, my company was largely enlisted across the tracks there in Columbus, Ohio—across the tracks meaning in the toughest place of the town.

9g. I don't know anything I could add there. I went about and did my business. I had some very good friends. I had a sense of humor which helped me very frequently.

1a. Frye mentions your assignment to Fort Reno in November 1903. He notes your lecture to troops on proper relations with Negro troops stationed nearby.

Fort Reno. We arrived there a few days after Christmas in 1903. We had our Christmas Eve party in the Harvey Restaurant at Omaha, Nebraska. The waitresses stayed away from a party of theirs to wait on us and all danced with us later. Christmas Day party—I think it was Christmas Day—was in . . . I can't remember. I know we all were guests of the manager of one of the Harvey eating houses. We got him to include all the waitresses at the table, and they sat at the table with us. We had a very gay party and a very good meal.

Fort Reno was quite another thing. It was an old frontier post. I used to like to look in the little cemetery and find that this grave was a man that had been killed at the battle of Turkey Creek, and so on. There were all the wives. Here lays the wife of so and so (who was a very famous scout, very stunning looking man). He had four wives there.

The surroundings were attractive. The reservation was about sixteen miles square and was next to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Reservations right across the river from us. The hunting was superb. We went shooting almost every day of the year for something or other. We started up our first garrison schools down there. You might say my formal military education began at that time. The schools didn't amount to very much.

1c. In the summer of 1905 you headed a four-months' mapping project at Fort Clark, Texas.

I was sent down to Texas to the headquarters of the 1st Cavalry, Fort Clark, Texas, to map about two thousand square miles—I think that was it—along the Rio Grande and Devil's River out from Del Rio towards Sanderson, Texas. This was the hardest service I ever had in the army. The thermometer would go up to 130. I had to walk the track and count the rails. That gave me an exact measurement which I needed as a sort of base

line. I got my distances otherwise from the odometer on the wheel of the wagon and from the time scale on the walking of my horse.

It was a very trying life. I remember I would have the effect of too much acidity from the bacon and no fresh vegetables of any kind, and heartburn so badly that I could barely drink without gasping. As I recall, I went in there weighing about 165 or 170, and I came out weighing 132 pounds.

A great many things happened there, but I don't think they add to this tale. This required, in a sense, more leadership on my part than almost anything else, because it was all hard going and at times rather dangerous going. I remember one stretch there, the old packer and myself were without water for eighteen hours and had to travel pretty nearly fifty miles. This was an endurance contest of the first class.

Here I saw for the first time the officer who I succeeded as chief of staff, Malin Craig. He was captain of a company. I was using two of his horses on this trip. I had a heterogeneous costume on of an old panama hat which a mule had bitten the top out of and I tried to sew it together. I was burnt almost black, and when the sergeant took in the horses, Captain Craig met him and the sergeant wanted him to talk to me, and Craig wouldn't look at me. He didn't think I could be an officer, and he talked entirely to my old sergeant, who was a very fine character with a long cavalry mustache drooping at the sides. I think he was in his twenty-seventh year of service. This, as I have said, was a very difficult period and tried me out more in the handling of men as to my judgment than almost anything else.

9d. At end of January, 1906, you commanded Company G, 30th Infantry, for a while, then became post quartermaster and commissary officer.

I did have Company G at Fort Reno, and I was at the same time post quartermaster and commissary officer. This was a very trying period, because the commanding officer was exceedingly difficult. He made me his adjutant, and altogether that was rather hard going. It turned out all right, but it required very careful handling on my part, which was part of the army experience.

Of course, we went shooting all the time. There was shooting every day of the year there of one kind or another. At that time I was a pretty good shot. We would go out and camp ten days on Indian reservation right next to the river. We would get channel cat, which are very good eating, in the river. I shot ducks that would fall on the tents. I remember on one occasion Mrs. Marshall and I were early for breakfast, and we heard the quail calling in a little sumac grove near us, and I went out there. In about thirty minutes I came back for breakfast and I had twelve quail. Actually, I think I had fifteen, but I don't want to claim that.

1 (a) *What were some of the things of this period which impressed you most?*

I couldn't say what things impressed me most. The main thing was I had a very difficult job, and there wasn't very much understanding of it by the junior officer, not in age but in rank, at headquarters, who handled that sort of thing. It made it very difficult for the young officer out in the field. But it was part of the game and it was a great lesson to me, and a very valuable one.

1 (b) *What were living conditions like on an Army post then?*

Living conditions on the post at that time were very pleasant, if you could get a servant. I finally got hold of a fine girl from Canada. She was the daughter of a deceased enlisted man and her mother dwelt on what we called Soapsuds Row at that time in the post. We paid her way back from Canada and she stayed with us for years, and was with us quite a while at Fort Leavenworth. We were very fond of her. Later on, I saw her after the First World War, and she was the wife of a major who had started off as a noncommissioned officer. I think he was a temporary major.

1 (c) *What were some of the things you learned during this period that affected your later ideas?*

You asked me what were some of the things that I learned at that time. There were so many things in all these things. There was a continual picking up of things, and I was rather given to analysis of why and wherefore and so on, which unconsciously in the end was rather helpful.

1 (d) *Did you meet any of the people during this period who were to work with you during the war?*

Yes, I met some people during this period that I was to work with afterwards in the First War, but at Fort Reno almost none.

1 (e) *Problems which army wives faced in those days?*

An army wife in those days had to face a great deal. If she could get a hold of a servant, she was in luck. But the pay was very slender. I had an account book that I kept at that time. It was the only time I ever kept an account like that, but my pay was so limited, I had to watch every cent. Some of the things I think would be rather interesting. I can remember very well two or three that always amused my wife in later years. A spring hat was \$3.50, and the spring suit was \$14.00. I can remember that quite well. I had to keep track of it down to the last dime. My struggle was to come out ahead. I really wasn't so much interested in whether it was \$1.50 or \$10.50 ahead for the month, but it was to be ahead and not getting behind.

I always struggled in those days to have a month's pay ahead. I lived on that month rather than on the pay I was getting for the immediate month I was living in. I also would try to have a sum on hand that would be equivalent of the cost of moving. In those days, you see, the government didn't move our wives or families. We got a very limited allowance for packing our things up. We had to pack them ourselves and get things ourselves and get hold of the lumber ourselves, or you were stuck. What the army gets now would have seemed very wonderful in those days, but we got literally nothing.

You see, we had no representation by vote. A citizen army can vote, and it can get the attention of the press and the attention of Congress in a moment. An army such as I served in then—the president wasn't interested in it then, the Congress wasn't interested in it then, except to keep down the appropriation as closely as they could. It was not what we would call a citizen army. That was great political power. We have seen the manifestations of it in one way or another.

My finish at Fort Reno occurred at the time the command moved to Fort Leavenworth for maneuvers. I was left in charge of the post. I was the only officer. We had no doctor. We had a contract surgeon, a man who came from town to serve the garrison on a contract basis. Some things were amusing and others very difficult.

The women would all flock to me for this, that, and the other thing. I remember I would go down the front line and a woman would come up and want me to do something for her house. I had found a lot of white lead, so I would always offer to paint her bathroom white, but that was the best I could do. She would generally accept that. I would make her promise not to tell the other women and then I would paint the next lady's bathroom white.

But the most enjoyable part of the thing was I went along what's called Soapsuds Row in the old days. The houses were just little shacks and they were in dreadful condition. The yards were just bare sand or clay, most unattractive, most unappealing. I went by one woman's house and she came out to me. She was a sergeant's wife and he was away at Fort Leavenworth—Fort Riley, I should have said—all the time. That's where the maneuvers were. And she wanted me to do something for her.

