TAPE 5

Recorded April 4, 1957

This is a continuation of Fort Reno where I stopped in the middle of answering E of the last section.

I was describing some affairs with army wives at Reno, and I think I was on the question of the period that I was left alone there in command while the troops went on to Fort Riley. All the women would waylay me as I went to the office, to do this and that for them. I had very little I could do either this or that with, but I had found in one of the storage stables a lot of white lead. My favorite reply was, "I can't do that for you, but I will paint your bathroom white."

However, I think at the time I stopped the other day, I was in the business of telling something about Soapsuds Row where these soldiers' wives lived, or soldiers' widows, and the houses were very poorly constructed and in perfectly miserable, outrageous repair. Apparently nothing was ever done for them. I doubt if the house itself was on the records of the post.

I came along one day, walking down Soapsuds Row in a routine inspection of the post, and this wife waylaid me and asked me if I couldn't do something for her kitchen. I do not remember what the trouble was, but there was something very bad and, of course, the entire house was in a very sad state of repair. Her yard was of beaten-down clay and there were tin cans and other trash things scattered about. An idea struck me and I made a proposition to the lady. I told her, "If you fix your yard up and make it look like something, I'll fix your house up. And I'll come back here in about two weeks. But I will have this immediate repair done that you are speaking about in your kitchen sink."

When I came back two weeks later, she had cleaned up her yard. She had made pots out of tin cans which she had painted green. She had really transformed the place, and she had done a fine job. She was very much concerned with what I was going to say. So I looked it over very carefully--and I am quite susceptible to that kind of performance of gardening as it were—and I congratulated her and went into the house to see what was to be done.

I had also found that I had Muresco—quite a few cans of it. I told her, "Now I tell you, I can Muresco your walls and improve the appearance of the inside of the house quite a lot." She was most enthusiastic. So I sent the painter over to her house with these sample colors of Muresco for her to

pick out what colors she wanted. The way those are put up, you dilute them. For instance, if you have a blue, the basic color in the can (the powder) would be an intense blue, the kind that almost stands out from the wall. You would dilute, I suppose, about ten times to the color of blue you would want.

The painter came to me in some concern and said she wanted these things done in the original intensity of the powder, the basic color, and it was going to be terrific in color. For instance, she wanted her living room red. Well, it is very hot down there in the summer, and this red was just like lighting a fire. The blue was the kind that created a haze in the room unless it was diluted.

I told him, "Now she has never had anything of this kind in her life before, and she did for me. She fixed up her garden and all. It's already having an effect on the other gardens. The other women are at work. You give her just the color she wants, however unfortunate it is."

After he had finished it, he begged me to come over and see it. Well, when you opened up the front door, the living room almost knocked you down. It was an intense red, just a terrible red. And the kitchen was this vivid blue. She was just pleased to death. And all the other women were coming there to see this to find out if they could have something like that, too. But I've always remembered the original colors that she did her house in. She certainly got a dose of it when she finally went after it. Anyway, all the other women down the line started to fix up their lawns.

It reminded me very much of a story in the *Saturday Evening Post* last week, where I think the title was (maybe it was the *Reader's Digest*) that Beauty Develops Itself, or something of that sort. Anyway, the Garden Club took one little section of town and fixed that up—window boxes and things of that sort—and all over that section others began to do the same thing. That was one of my experiences in command at Fort Reno.

2a. You went to Fort Leavenworth in June 1906 with an excellent recommendation from Major Abercrombie, your commanding officer at Fort Reno.

I do not remember the recommendation from Major Abercrombie. I do remember that we had a competition in the Post School for the Leavenworth detail, and I had come out [No.] one [for] two years, but I was never given it. It always went to some higher ranking officer, none of whom did at all well, and all of whom came back with many criticisms and attacks on the Leavenworth procedure. The third year nobody put in for it, and they sent a list around later on account of an inquiry from regimental headquarters. It developed afterwards that I was the only one that put down "yes," that I wanted to go, and therefore I got the detail. That's the way I went to Leavenworth.

I remember particularly my shock when I reached Leavenworth. We

were in the business of selecting quarters, but in the meantime we lived in whatever temporary assignment we had. I was with a fellow from the First Cavalry. Their candidate had been either first or second for three or four years, and I discovered to my horror that this man had been coached for a year. He had been sent all the material of his predecessor at Leavenworth, and he was very well prepared. I had never heard of such a thing. The first tactical problem—and the tactical problem he was working on—he asked me a question about. It developed I had never seen a tactical problem before, yet he had solved or gone over every one of the previous year. I wondered what was going to become of me without any preparation of any kind. It was rather a dismal performance by the Colonel of the regiment to send a man there without any opportunity to prepare himself in any way. I discovered, on the other hand, that most of the cavalry regiments did this, and the stand of their men was very pronounced.

As I recall afterwards, I heard that when they were debating about an increase of cavalry or the infantry, it was said in the War Department, by the cavalry members of the permanent staff there, that the stand of the infantry men at Leavenworth showed that they didn't have the gray matter and all that was desirable and the cavalry was very much ahead of them—all of which came back apparently from this fact that they [the infantry] were in no way prepared while the others were coached and carefully selected.

2b. Frye speaks of the work of General Bell in attempting to develop an intellectual center at Leavenworth.

General Bell made a tremendous effort to develop Leavenworth, first while he was commandant and later while he was chief of staff. He was opposed in a great deal of this and it was called "Bell's Folly." It was made fun of. I remember there was an attack on it, which got into Congress, that they were developing the German system, when the French system was much better. Therefore, that came in for a few comments by those who wanted to attack General Bell. Many older officers of the army were very critical of him because of his activity and his feeling that all the officers should be very highly educated, which was not the case at that time. Until Leavenworth built up, West Point was supposed to be, in a sense, the end of your technical military education, when, as a matter of fact, it was hardly high school as compared to the rest.

2c. Mention is made of Major John Morrison, Colonel Arthur Wagner, Major Eben Swift, Captain Thayer.

General Morrison came to Leavenworth as a major and was an assistant professor in the military art or tactical department. Another officer was the head of that who didn't think very much of Morrison. The

students all took to Morrison immediately. He spoke a language that was new to us and appealed very much to our common sense. He was a self-prepared officer. He had studied everything he could find, German and French, and I might say that they had the systems at that time, whereas we in our country had none

Colonel Arthur Wagner was a War Department officer who tried to develop military preparation above the West Point courses and was very much ridiculed. He wrote one or two books and that damned him as being an impractical sort of an officer, all of which was quite outrageous as a matter of truth. The opposition to any studious preparation of the older officers was very decided. They were particularly critical of Wagner and very hostile to all General Bell's proposals regarding Leavenworth.

Major Eben Swift was a cavalry officer of some standing, as was Captain Thayer. They were instructors at Leavenworth when I went there and had quite outstanding reputations.

2d. Classmates mentioned are Lt. Charles Herron, John L. De Witt, Stephen O. Fuqua.

You mentioned several classmates of mine. Herron became a lieutenant general. He commanded out at Hawaii towards the end of his career. De Witt became the quartermaster general of the army. Before that he was the G-4 or great supplier of the army that fought the great Meuse-Argonne battle. He was a very fine fellow. Later on, under me, he commanded the territory of Alaska and the West Coast from Mexico north to Seattle. That was during the war.

[Stephen] Fuqua was quite a friend of mine. I noticed in some place in some of these [questions] he was carried as chief of staff of the First Division at the start. He was not chief of staff of the First Division until almost the end of the active fighting. Campbell King was once chief of staff and I was briefly chief of staff. Hanson Ely was chief of staff. Fuqua, I think, was first under me at [First] Army Headquarters. I was chief of operations and he was in the troop movement section of that division of my staff at Army Headquarters during the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne battles. Later on, he became chief of staff of the 1st Division when I released him from Army Headquarters in order to give him a chance. Then he went on from that to become chief of infantry and an officer of considerable prominence.

2e. You were first in the School of the Line, so were sent on to the Staff College in 1907, where you finished first in June 1908.

You comment on the fact that I was in the School of the Line. I think it was called the Infantry and Cavalry School the last year I was there. It included Artillery and Engineers and Signal Corps as well as Infantry and

Cavalry. The name changed, I think, the second year I was there, when I was a member of the Staff College.

The Staff College was obtained at that time out of about one hundred and some odd that were in the School of the Line—the first twenty-four were in the Staff College. That made a tremendous competition to be in the first twenty-four. Later on, the criticisms were so severe, so continuous as to the course [being] too stiff; the requirements were too exacting, that they cut down on the marking procedure and also on the course, which I always thought was a great mistake.

The time I was at Leavenworth, it was going through a considerable change. They were in a sense finding themselves. Some of the outcomes were very interesting. I was there two years as a student, first in the School of the Line and then in the Staff College, and then I was an instructor for two years. Incidentally, I was the only lieutenant in the school at that time. It made it a little ticklish, but they all became my warm friends. The great majority, I think, of the division commanders in the First World War were there as students when I was an instructor.

As the school developed, getting more practical all the time, it was a very interesting procedure. The competition was intense, but I always felt it was a good thing, because the officers that under a strain got rattled did exactly the same thing when they got into battle. I spoke of the difficulty about the courses, that we were rather following the German model. We were using the German maps, particularly around Metz. The reason was that we had no maps of our own suited to these problems—the problems as drawn up based on a German map, the Metz map most of the time. Therefore, there was criticism by those who were against any education that caused you to have to study after you got your commission, and those that were critical of General Bell's efforts to advance the school, and those that just criticized on the general principle that if you did it, you were wrong and therefore it shouldn't be German; it should be French or something of that sort.

The only textbooks we had were a series of problems in German and based on the Metz map—Griepenkerl's, it was called—by a Colonel Griepenkerl. We became familiar with this map, very much more so than any map I ever knew in this country. We just knew every detail of it, because the competition was very intense and we worked at it very hard. So we became intimately familiar with every detail of these maps around Metz. Of course, the great battle of Gravelotte was fought on the ground represented on the Metz map, and the later operations around Metz itself were on ground represented on that same map. I'm speaking now of the war of 1870–71 when the French were so terrifically defeated.

Several things came up that harked back to those days very decidedly during the war. In the first place, all these fellows became very intimately

acquainted or associated with each other, and in a sense very fond of each other. It was like a college spirit only more intense, because you were involved in struggles of your real career. A lot of them would go through these same problems each year out of the Griepenkerl book until we finally prepared our own books, having had the Geological Survey make very complete maps around Metz and later around Gettysburg.

When I was over in the war [World War I], I was visiting two or three divisions to see if they were prepared to make the preliminary move out of the St. Mihiel action to the Meuse-Argonne, which was being prepared for at that time in the midst of the action of St. Mihiel. It presented very complicated conditions, because we had to take troops out of a going battle, cross them over the rear zone, tremendously active, of a going battle and move them up into the Meuse-Argonne sector, which is north of Bar-le-Duc and Souilly. The famous French headquarters during the battle of Verdun was in the center. The great road through Souilly was called the Sacra Via, because the eventual successful defense against the Germans in the famous Verdun attack was attributed to the fact that this road was so run that it handled this immense traffic of supplies and troops, etc., that went on at the time.

I was visiting two or three divisions who had received preparatory orders for this move, and I was checking up on what they had gotten and what they were preparing to do. I came to one division whose chief of staff became a very famous officer in the army later, and a division commander in that war and a major general, Preston Brown. He was famous not only for his efficiency and his vigor, but for his amusing comments which sometimes took the hide off. I had persuaded him to go to Leavenworth. He was very contemptuous of it. We had met together at one of these shoots at the great target range at Camp Perry in Ohio, and I enthused him with the idea of going there. He put in for it, and as he came out either one or two in the course, he did very well, and marked the beginning of his great progression in the army, which eventually came out to command a division in the Meuse-Argonne battle. I met him as chief of staff of this division.

He was over on the right flank of the army, not so far from Metz, which was in German hands. So he immediately took me up on the hill and had me look through the range observation scope at a certain woods, and he wanted to know what woods that was. I said I didn't know. Then he allowed me to look at the map. It was the Hopital Wald, Hospital Woods. I said, "What do you want me to look at that for?" He said, "They cut me about twenty times on that damned woods, so every time I get sore I turn the artillery on it." I said, "You have the privilege of firing two regiments of artillery on that woods now if you want to get any diversion and any revenge from your troubles at Leavenworth from the Metz map of Griepen-

kerl." So he did fire a regiment momentarily, very briefly, on the Hopital Wald. Well, all these places were familiar to us and we were coming right into them.

Finally came the great concentration for the Meuse-Argonne. It went across the rear zone of the St. Mihiel battle and then cut up towards the Meuse-Argonne front. When I went to work on this troop movement, it was one of the most difficult ones I have ever heard of in military performance prior to the great rush across Europe in the last war. I found that I was familiar with the names of practically every village and every city, more so almost than the little villages near my home, because they were all on this Griepenkerl map and had all been involved in Griepenkerl problems and were right in the track of these great moves we were making towards the Meuse-Argonne front. It seemed rather a commentary on the fact that we were being criticized, even in Congress, for using German maps, and all when it developed afterwards they were most useful to us in our being familiarized with the very ground we were going to fight over.

There was another interesting thing came up in connection with this battle. I was always interested in the fact that Philip Sheridan was sent over there as an observer. Being a famous cavalry leader, really being the creator of the new cavalry tactics, he was greeted with very great consideration by the Germans. He joined the German Army in the preliminary phase before the battle of Gravelotte. It was the phase that involved the great cavalry actions. The officer who was looking out for him was the famous (I don't know whether he was foreign minister or secretary of state or what he was—I will remember his name later) but he was the leading character in this that was not the straight military commander. So he took Sheridan with him in his carriage. He saw the preliminary movements for the transfer of the army that was going up to capture the French army at Verdun—no, not Verdun—well, it was the scene of the French army's surrender and that of the Emperor Napoleon III. [Sedan]

They first went a little east down to the river, then back up along the road which led from Metz right across that section of France that we were in, through Bar-le-Duc, and on to Paris. In the description that Sheridan gives, he is very detailed about parts of it. It was very interesting to me for that reason because I was here on the ground in a war which involved that same territory. Commercy was the principal city before they got to Bar-le-Duc. I could really pick out the house that Sheridan stayed in with his distinguished host there in Commercy.

He described the movement into Bar-le-Duc when they were going due west and then the turn there when they turned to the north and headed up to what later on became the Meuse-Argonne field. He got on a balcony and watched the Bavarians come into the town and turn north there, heading up towards what was to be the Meuse-Argonne front. Then he and

his host—they were following in the wake of King William—went up the road in that direction. When they got pretty well up, almost to the Argonne Forest, they learnt that some French troops had been surprised in their bivouacs well to the north. So Sheridan got permission to go off with this clump of staff officers who were going up that way. He gives quite a description of that. They came up to a certain forest (I think it was Dieulet or something) and they went through this woods which was littered up with this war paraphernalia which had been cast loose, and they came out of the woods and looked down into this valley where there was a little town down there. It was in that town that the Germans had surprised the French literally in their billets, though some of them were bivouacked outside. This division that was surprised was pretty well destroyed or captured. (Beaumont, I think, was the name of the town.)

I tell this because in the Meuse-Argonne battle through this same forest (the forest of Dieulet or something like that) our Second Division pushed ahead through this narrow road through the forest and came out on this same hillside looking down on the village of Beaumont, and captured German officers literally in their billets. They also went on to the river, turned north (or northeast) and paralleled the river bank and came out in high competition with the Forty-second division at the capturing of the fords which led over to the village where the Emperor Napoleon III was made a prisoner himself. The remarkable part about this to me was that in the first case it was a German army, coming from Germany, pursuing a French army retreating and heading up north towards the French army which deployed to the north, and the early surprise action occurred in the vicinity of this village of Beaumont. Now here again, generations later, you find an American army going over this same route, moving west, pursuing a German army and up through the same woods to surprise part of it in the same village of Beaumont. I thought it was a very remarkable historical repetition but in reverse of the troop setup. Here the Germans were retreating and the Americans were pursuing—it would have been the French if the French had been there, but they weren't there. The capture, the surprise, occurred in the same identical place. So it's pretty hard to tell in war what is going to happen next, and it's well to be prepared in any direction.

Leavenworth was immensely instructive, not so much because the course was perfect—because it was not—but the associations with the officers, the reading and discussion we did and the leadership, though he was put in a minor capacity of a man like Morrison, had a tremendous effect, certainly on me, and I think on most of my class in those days when I was in the Staff College in particular. I know I was a little bit discouraged at the start. I hadn't any preparation. I found these other fellows had copies of all the problems of the previous years. I, myself, had never seen a

tactical problem of that nature and I had it all to do. So I knew I would have to study harder than I had ever dreamed of studying before in my life.

I just worked day and night. My great trouble was going to sleep at night. I remember I used to get up and shine my boots in order to wake up. So I had very shiny boots at that early period. I finally got into the habit of study, which I never really had had, but I revived what little I had carried with me out of college and I became pretty automatic at the business. It worked out all right because in the end I came out number one. But as I say, I was discouraged because I found in the library early in the course, back in the first week or two before we had gotten started and anybody had seen any of the marks and some of my classmates had been cogitating about, as they were bound to do, as to who would make the Staff Class, who would be of the fortunate twenty-four who stayed another year. That was very important because you couldn't go to the War College in Washington unless you completed that second year. You couldn't complete the second year unless you made it by contest and became one of the fortunate twenty-four.

I taught myself to study very, very hard and I took nothing for granted. If it was a simple statement, I memorized the statement. I just kept at it in the hardest possible way. It was the hardest work I ever did in my life. When you solved the problem, they were marked in tenths and hundredths—percentage carried out to that decimal point. We went through five different tests in the first few weeks on very simple things, in a sense. I developed a position which put me in another light to my classmates who had left me out entirely of the estimate of who was going to be in the next year's Staff Class, by coming out one, as I recall, in the first five subjects.

2f. In 1908 you began a three-year assignment as instructor in the Engineering Department at Leavenworth. Captain Cole, Captain Sherrill, and Captain Eames were some of the other instructors. Lt. Walter Krueger taught German then, as did a Sergeant Bell.

The names you mention are all familiar to me. Captain Coles was the engineering instructor. Sherrill was an assistant engineering instructor, and Captain Eames was. Later, I became one of the engineering instructors. Also, I had a little of the military art part.

Krueger was in the Staff College when I went in the School of the Line. I did not recall that he was teaching German then. I knew he was translating. In the class succeeding me (were) Moseley and Billy Mitchell and John Palmer and a number of other men who reached great prominence in the First World War. The chief of staff of the A.E.F. succeeding Harbord was of this number, either in that class or the class following. In other words, he was a student officer and stood one.

I think of the twenty-nine combat division commanders that got into

action in France, some twenty-six or twenty-seven were graduates of Leavenworth during this period. (That can be checked up on. Maybe it's too many, I don't know.) What happened was these older officers saw the light and applied to go when other officers were super critical of Leavenworth and didn't go. The result was these older officers that went received preferment in the assignments, and a large number of them commanded the divisions. The chief of staff of the A.E.F. came out of this class and at one time four out of five assistant chiefs of staff were all Leavenworth men of my day.

You use the expression "most of my students were senior to me." I think they were all senior to me. I think I was the only lieutenant in the school.

2g. You were associate editor of the Infantry Journal.

There came a period there when I was chosen as associate editor of the *Infantry Journal.* I took a great interest in this work. I learnt a great deal about the thing trying to do it. I also came into association with a very splendid officer, George Shelton, who died rather early in his army career.

2i. Frye says you had little social life in this period, but hunted some and went riding.

Frye's comment on social life is fairly correct. As an instructor I went out to some of the dances and saw people around. I was not working at night like I was before. Most of the profit to me came out of my associations with these and also out of experience in dealing with these older officers with whom, I am happy to say, I got along very well. I did some hunting, as much as I could find a place to hunt. I had a hunting dog with me to which we were very much devoted. I rode practically every day. I remember I bought a young horse and trained it. I wanted to learn how to do that. That occupied a great deal of my time, particularly in the riding hall, which I didn't like very much, but I undertook to try to train the horse. He was one of the kind that has the light colored mane and tail. I have forgotten the name of them, but you will know what they are.

2j. Comments on National Guards in Massachusetts and New York.

We were sent off to National Guard camps during the summer. We were encouraged in trying to develop them into the business of having maneuvers, although they had to be very brief, of course. Out of that grew up an association with me from Leavenworth in the Pennsylvania National Guard. That was my state, but the association came entirely from my being suggested by the chief of staff, General Bell, and sent to them in the summer. Later on they consulted me on these things and had me try to pick out the officers to go and to decide on the program to be followed,

which took us to Gettysburg and back to Mt. Gretna and places like that. It built up a very agreeable association for me, and also a very valuable one because I could try all these things experimentally on these Pennsylvania fellows and they didn't always know I was trying.

The same thing happened up in Massachusetts. I went to the First Corps of Cadets up there first and then to the Second Infantry at Framingham. They treated me splendidly and I got a great deal of interest and a great deal of experience out of it and improvement in such matters, because here I had a chance to plan and to do things I would have no opportunity to do at all in the ordinary regular garrison with my lack of rank. I went to Massachusetts as a special instructor, I think, two or three times, and finally was taken over to New York and developed the plans for the Connecticut maneuver campaign which involved quite a large body of troops, I think in the neighborhood of twenty-five or thirty thousand. I had to develop the maneuver and everything connected with it and still was tied down to the necessity of having very short marches in the early days by the National Guard—four miles a day, I think, was the first march. Even that took the blisters on all the feet. It made it very hard to get a tactical problem that was logical with these restrictions in distances. But that was the way it had to be done and ought to be done, because you can't take a man from behind the counter in a store, put him in heavy marching shoes the next day, and expect him to be able to trudge about the country without just taking all the hide off his feet.

a. A description of Fort Leavenworth in your days there: what it looked like and how the school was run.

As to A, B, and C and the general question: Leavenworth, I don't think has changed a great deal in its general appearance. On the outskirts are new buildings, coming from town and over towards the river, but as far as I know, the old post is virtually unchanged. It was always very picturesque to me, particularly the ruin of the first frontier fort there on the edge of the Old Parade. We lived in an old set of quarters off the Old Parade at first and I became quite familiar with it. Later on we lived in bachelor quarters which wasn't so very satisfactory an arrangement for a married couple, but that was the best we could rank for. Finally, we lived on Pope Avenue. I think we lived there two years.

It was a very attractive place to walk. You could walk up on the mountain there. You could walk on the road towards town. A great deal of our work involved us in riding all around the countryside.

b. Any comments on General Bell?

Now as to General Bell, he was there only on rare occasions. He was intensely interested in the school, but I didn't come to know him at all well

until after that date, though he had to personally approve of my being held as an instructor because of the fact I was only a lieutenant.

[Begin cassette side 2]

c. Any comments on Major Morrison?

Morrison was outstanding. He brought us logic as to tactics, army organization, and things of that sort which was of immense value to us.

d. What was the work like? Was it extremely difficult?

The work in one sense was not difficult; in another sense it was extremely difficult. The competition was so intense that you might say 95 percent wasn't sufficient at all. It had to be 99 or at least a fraction, if not perfect, because there were so many others who were going to be about the same. If you were going to compete, you had to be near perfection in the particular subjects, and that's what made it so hard. However, it was invaluable to me as a matter of training because I learnt a thoroughness which stood me in good stead through all the clamor and push and excitement, lack of time, and also during the war, particularly in the preparation for the Meuse-Argonne battle, where it was thrown in my lap (the concentration for it) all in the moment, without any previous warning of any kind, where I heretofore was working on the St. Mihiel action. But my Leavenworth training stood me in good stead as to habits of work. And I was able to turn out the things within the time I was limited to. The first was the concentration for the Meuse-Argonne battle. Then later on, from about the 12th of October on, I was moved into the tactical control phases.

e. What did you learn at Leavenworth as a student and instructor?

That's a little bit too much of a question. My reading, of course, was very helpful. My study of past operations was very helpful, and I had learnt how to digest them. The coverage of various operations, of course, was immensely valuable. My habits of thought were being trained. While you might say in one sense you could almost say little I learnt I could use, I learnt how to learn. Right away [I] began to develop along more stable lines. This isn't said in criticism of Leavenworth. It was an outcome of the procedure. Leavenworth itself was learning all the time, and its problems were becoming more practical. At first there was too much of a single problem: here is the situation, what is your decision? That ended it. Later on it became a series of situations which they called "troop leading," which are very hard to organize on a map and very hard to manage, but are invaluable in training officers.

The National Guard camps were immensely valuable to me. They were an experimental value, too, because I was able to do things there with

a regiment where I wouldn't be able to get command of a company on a post. As a matter of fact, after leaving Leavenworth and being an instructor there, I was a lieutenant in the Philippines on a post where I never commanded a company one day for the first six months. Yet the captain of the company was a dear friend of mine and had been a student under me at Leavenworth.

f. What did Leavenworth do for the Army?

It would be difficult to characterize, estimate just what Leavenworth did for the army except it started it in its modern education. We pressed hard, stumbled frequently, pressed ahead, and finally out of this all came very fine technique. I was very much worried at the start of the Second World War for fear our—well, out of the First World War—for fear our officers were too theoretical. We didn't have an actual fleet in the water like the navy did. We had no real army, (had a name, but not an army like the First Army or the Second Army.) The officers had to get their training theoretically, and I was very much afraid that it was going to be too much theory. But afterwards I discovered that our men were so well prepared in the theoretical part, the large factors in the thing, that they were far yonder, I thought, ahead of the preparations of that nature with the British.

The British had an immense advantage in tactical information because of their battle experiences, particularly in the early part of the Second World War. But when it came to the other aspects of it, it was quite the other way around. The Americans had basic training, their staff officers, which enabled them to go into this work in a very well prepared manner, much to my surprise, because I thought they would have too much of that and too little of the other thing. I knew that they had too little of the other, but there was no way of doing it better, because I think they said at that time you could get all of the noncommissioned officers of the Regular Army in the Brooklyn stadium.

g. Any comments on the National Guard camps?

The National Guard camps were a great asset to me in the experience I got, because I could do things there. I could take temporary command of a regiment and go through some exercise, whereas the most I could hope to have reached back at home was a captain's duties. I'll give one example.

We were given a form from the new Militia Bureau (or National Guard Bureau, whatever it was called) to fill out on each camp: a lot of statistical information on the camp, then the schedules they went through, then finally "Remarks." For remarks, as I recall, there were only about four or five lines. I went through six camps, I think, one summer (may have been seven, but I think maybe six). So when I came down to this remarks space, I decided if I was going to these other camps, I would do much better by

giving the benefit of the remarks after having gone through some of these camps. So I wrote in for remarks, "see the report on such a camp" (which was one ahead that I hadn't gone through yet). That went on and I sent in my report still with the reference to the camp ahead. Finally, I was getting up close to the "camp ahead." So I started and wrote the comments that I thought would have general application to all of them and which could be the reference for all of them. As I dimly recall now, it was about six or seven typewritten pages, probably single-spaced. One camp after I did that, probably about the third of this string, I cut it down to about four or five pages. By the next camp I cut it down again to about two pages. And I finally got it down to a half a page.

I commented on several things that I thought were ill-suited to the problem of our army. One, I remember, referred to the Guard manual. Another one referred to the drill regulations. In all of these things I thought we needed to have a much simplified set-up in regard to our instructions and our regulations.

In the first place, these men in the National Guard didn't have the time from their business for studying so much, and our regulations were getting so voluminous that it would be very hard for a fellow to cover them all except in a most superficial manner instead of boning them up very carefully. I don't remember whether this got into this phase of it or not, but I was of the opinion that all regulations—tactical and all—should be written in two forms, one for the temporary forces and one for the Regular forces. The temporary force one would have everything they should know perfectly on the day of mobilization, which would be a considerable digest to a lot of the others. The other would be what the Regular officer should perfect himself in as he went along. It was impossible for a temporary officer to get through all these things and it was very important that somebody dissect it, digest it, and get the part that he should know beyond a shadow of doubt at the time when he reported on Mobilization Day (M Day).

I don't remember what I had in this thing. Maybe that was one of the things, one of the thoughts. I know it was always uppermost in my mind. So I sent this in.

Then I went abroad—stayed six months, which is quite a feat on a lieutenant's pay. And this was done on a lieutenant's pay. Part of it, two months of it, was done on half-pay. When I came back, I arrived at a post, in a blizzard, near Watertown, New York (Sackett's Harbor). Cold as—terrific—and how you could train men in that set-up, except in a very indoorsy way, I never could find possible. But at any event, I had only been there for a short time until I was ordered to Washington.

They had started the concentration on the Mexican border. Then I was sent on as assistant to the chief signal officer of the division that was

concentrating down there, the First Maneuver Division, I think they called it. I found when I got down there that they had taken me into the Signal Corps affairs just to get me present. I had a very interesting time there because here was the first division we had concentrated since the Spanish-American war and, of course, that had been a very hodge-podge concentration. Everybody was looking at the division, and I was attached to the headquarters of the division. I remember I worked out a brief plan of having maneuvers with all the staff, headquarters, communications details, and things of that sort instead of the troops at first that took the chief signal officer very strongly. He advertised it very thoroughly and put it on and had me to draw up the problem for the procedure. It involved the whole division and a cavalry brigade.

I remember I had to organize a corps of umpires to keep this thing straight. They had their situations which they opened at certain places. I have always been amused, because the first message that I ever knew of that came in by wireless was sent at that time. I sent this one set that we had, where two men had to turn the cranks to generate the electrical power, with the cavalry division. The umpire with the cavalry division was the lieutenant who afterwards became the head of the air corps and tested the first flight of the air at Fort Myer [Benjamin D. Foulois]. The first message that came in from this wireless set was from him, of course, reporting where the cavalry brigade had gone to. He located himself. He said, "I am just west of the manure pile." I have never seen the manure pile to this day, so I don't know what he was west of. But it struck me as so funny to get this first message, saying, "I am just west of the manure pile," which gave us supposedly a bench mark. Actually, as I say, I have never seen the manure pile yet, so I would have to guess where the cavalry brigade was halted at that particular time.

All these things like I have been describing were a constant development of knowledge of what you could do and what you couldn't do, which came to me as of great value. These summer camps were particularly valuable to me, because I could do it pretty much any way I wanted, and I wasn't being criticized. I was being accepted with enthusiasm and that was a great stimulant.

1901—Your father died in Uniontown and was buried in Pittsburgh. Your mother went to live with the Ewings in Pittsburgh.

Relative to the years 1909 and 1910. My father died in Uniontown and was buried in my mother's family's lot in Allegheny across the river from Pittsburgh. It is incorrect that my mother went to live with the Ewings. She remained in Uniontown for quite a long period, retaining the apartment, pursuing her own quiet life with the friends she had there. Later she began the business of going to Atlantic City (Haddon Hall, usually) in October

and staying there until Easter. This was very satisfactory for her because she didn't have any involvements in traffic or things of that sort. Hotel was very delightful in winter for older people, and there were teas and music in the afternoon. And she could get in her chair in the hotel lobby and go right on the boardwalk. So this was her habit for quite a long time. My sister would go up and stay with her a little bit. I would go up from Washington and see her, and her daughter-in-law, Stuart's wife, would go up and visit with her. Sometimes when she was ill, they would stay for quite a lengthy period.

[Begin reel side 2]

To continue on about my mother and Atlantic City: She continued this habit of spending the winter there for a long time. She would spend some time in the early fall and sometimes in the late spring; when she came back from Atlantic City, at a hotel in Washington where, of course, I would see her every day. I know of one period there, when she was not feeling well, I would go over from Fort Myer to the office and stop and see mother when she was having her breakfast. Then I would go and see her while she was having her lunch. (Incidentally, I didn't eat lunch in those days). And I would go to see her again on my way home to Fort Myer at night. Of course, we had abundant time to talk over many things. I had quite a time getting her to use [Aside: what do you call those things, radio or what—those little early devices you listened into—what was the first thing you got to put up to your ear to hear? (A. Oh, earphones. Q. Earphone, yes, but hell, what was the thing? A. The thing I was referring to was the crystal radio.) That's radio you call it.] I had a great deal of difficulty getting her to use the radio. She insisted she couldn't talk on the telephone all the time she was talking over the telephone. So when I tried to ask her something, she said, "You know I can't talk over the telephone."

Finally, I had the radio affair put on the roof of the hotel and the wire let down to her window with the extra wire there. Then one day when she and I were having lunch together—she was in bed sick—the sergeant chauffeur came in and just put this up on the wall without saying anything (I instructed him not to make any comment of any kind) right above her bed and the earphones hung down. When she saw this she wanted to know right away what that was. She said, "You know I can't talk over the telephone." I said, "You told me that about ten years ago and you are still telling me." This isn't the telephone at all.

I chose a time when there was a service going on at the National Cathedral because mother missed church service very much. When she put this up, the bishop—I have forgotten his name—the first bishop there was on at that time. Of course, she was fascinated, and from that time she went to church about five times a day. Incidentally, the crystal phone, as

you remember, had very little trouble with static. So she had a fine time with this and didn't have anything more to say about not being able to talk over the telephone. Then several of the elder ladies in the hotel found out about this. Mother became very much piqued, because they all came up and tried to listen at the same time. [Chuckles] They only had one earphone. Finally, she took it all out because she couldn't handle the crowd, which I thought was most unfortunate.

General Pershing would come over and have lunch with us once or twice. That, of course, interested her as well as the rest of the hotel.

1. What ships did you go to and from Europe on in 1910? Did you meet anyone of interest on the voyages or in the countries you visited? Did you see any signs of approaching war? What were your impressions of the countries you visited? Were there any interesting incidents you wish to record?

With reference in 1910 to Mrs. Marshall and I going abroad, I think I said something about this once before. We had to do it on a shoestring, but we managed to cover six countries and two of them while I was on half pay. We had a very interesting time, particularly because we didn't try to hurry. We would stay at a place for weeks. That took place, of course, in Paris, in the chateau country, not so long in Florence, but a month or so in Rome, and a considerable length of time in England where we went out to the Surrey country where the famous Hind Head is, which is the beginning of the famous Conan Doyle Sir Nigel stories. Incidentally, I had a discussion about this—the Conan Doyle Sir Nigel stories—with Queen Elizabeth just shortly after she was married as a princess. I was having lunch with the family.

The trip was very interesting. When I was in Surrey, the British maneuvers took place at Aldershot. I, as I recall, applied to the Embassy for authority to attend and that sort of thing. Of course, they could do nothing for me. So I just rented a bicycle up near Aldershot and went there, and went through all the maneuvers and saw about three times as much as our attaché saw because I wasn't restricted. I just rode all over the place as I wanted to and had an interesting time of it.

2. Is Frye correct in saying that you followed the Ainsworth affair "with avid interest?" Any comments on this development?

1911, I was intensely interested in the Ainsworth affair because my friends from Leavenworth in the class were involved very heavily in the arguments at the start. One was secretary of the General Staff. One was working on new forms that did away with the— There were two things that you had to make out every month. One was for pay and the other was for the other records of the soldier's service. These fellows combined these in all in one and made it very much simpler. And they were very heavily

attacked by General Ainsworth and his people for daring to change any of the things that had been the affair of the Adjutant General's Department entirely. So they became very much involved in the first performances. For that reason alone I was interested. I was interested in General Bell, though I didn't know him at all well at this time. All of the thing became a matter of history to me. It is always very interesting in the light of my experiences later how difficult it is to change anything in the routine of government affairs if there is anybody at all in opposition.

I think I have described before that I was sent down to the Maneuver Division right at the start when it first concentrated out from San Antonio, and was assistant to the chief signal officer. As a matter of fact, he got me sent down there on that basis in order to get me down there. Then I became assistant to the battalion commander of the Signal Corps down there, but that was just a sort of privately arranged affair. I have told something about that before, so I won't repeat it.

3. Are there any incidents you wish to discuss in connection with the duty at San Antonio and at Fort Logan Roots?

Beginning September, 1912, when I joined the Fourth Infantry at Fort Logan H. Roots, I had a very interesting time, though a very deadly, quiet little garrison. But I was allowed certain freedom of action. I organized the school in my own way and got a very satisfactory reaction there and a very favorable report on it. I also got in trouble because somebody senior, the battalion commander, was a little bit irritated by my having been selected, and I went through the usual experience of having that sort of feeling develop. But I had learned to be very quiet about these things and not ask for anything for myself, and to do what I was supposed to do, and do it as quietly as possible. The result was I generally had the backing of all the younger officers and a good many of the old-young officers, if you can put it that way. But there was generally some higher fellow who was very much opposed to any young man having much to say about how you trained.

When I finally got down to San Antonio and joined the Maneuver Division—well, I joined it at its organization. It had a brigade of cavalry attached to it. I had a very interesting time and a very instructive time. It was quite an interesting thing in development. I know I was given, as a temporary occupation when they were going out on maneuvers, the radio-wireless. None of these people had seen that in action. I have already explained about the manure pile. When I was sent out to go along with the artillery and report its various maneuvers—do it by radio, wireless—there was an intense interest in all this. Incidentally, I couldn't send anything myself, but I knew what it was for, who could work it, and what it should be used about. So from that point of view it was very instructive.

I've forgotten what ship I went to Europe on, Mrs. Marshall and myself. It was a British line and it specialized in carrying cattle. It was a very favorable boat and very steady. That's the reason we took it. We met a number of very attractive people aboard. We came back on the Austrian Lloyd boat which sailed from Trieste. That was six months later, and it stopped in Greece and it stopped in Algiers.

But these times in travelling about, the signs I got of approaching war were the bitterness of the opinions of various individuals. I remember particularly in Japan a young cultivated German who had been sent over to New York and given the temporary experience of a year in a bank. His people evidently were very wealthy. His extreme bitterness against the British at this time was news to me and was quite evident of what was going on generally in that particular world.

We met a great many people that were interesting on these trips. We had very good luck in that. We met some quite distinguished people, some very brilliant people; not the usual type of brilliance that you run into: two archaeologists, one Viennese (Austrian, rather) and one Princetonian. And a paralleling activity where all the information was obtained from old documents—an Oxford don who was intensely interesting. And those three would be together. I sat with them many hours in our pension, which was quite an elaborate one, almost like a hotel, in Rome. I learnt a great deal by listening to them.

At the same time on the train, Mrs. Marshall and I had met this most attractive Italian lady whose history of art in Florence was the standard work for tourists, and who had been working fourteen years for the municipal government of Rome trying to see if they could not arrange some historical affair properly organized for tourists. The great difficulty, of course, was the period of history covered so many hundreds of years, it was so extraordinarily difficult trying to compress this into a book without having a long book that no tourist would look at.

She was very interesting, very attractive. Her husband was a colonel in the Italian Army. She was with us on the train from Florence to Rome. Our acquaintance started with Mrs. Marshall wishing to have the window up. She had a very bad heart and she couldn't stand a stuffy atmosphere. But she had rather got in the habit of starting this thing right away before it got stuffy. I was contending on this occasion that it had not gotten stuffy yet when the lady spoke up and said, "I would like to have the window open." And there led to quite an acquaintance where we used to see her almost every day in Rome.

I was very fortunate because she would take me to the Forum and other places, particularly the Forum. I would carry two cushions, one for her and one for me, and we would sit down there and she would lecture to me on the Forum. Well, it was fascinating, and I noticed all the guides

would come and stand around (it was in the winter time—there weren't many tourists) they would come and stand around and listen to what she was saying. So day after day after day, I would be in the Forum there, sitting on some of the ruins on my cushion, and Madame Griffi (I think was her name) would lecture to me on the historical significance of what we were looking at. That also applied to some of the churches.

Then later on, I would go back to the hotel and find these two archaeologists and this Oxford don in the evening there having their chicory coffee, and they would begin to inquire of me what Madame Griffi had told me that day, and that would lead to an argument that would last about all evening.

We had a very interesting thing happen there with an odd aftermath. We had never gone to the Quirinal Palace, the home of the King and Queen (Emmanuel, I think was his name.) Anyway, he was the one that was deposed later on in World War II. We went to the movie which was down at the bottom of the hill, which the streetcar line tunneled underneath below the Quirinal Palace, and we found the movie was closed. So I suggested that we go up and do the Quirinal Palace. Well, I got up and found it wasn't the day you could do it, but I went in and wept over the officer of the guard that we were leaving next day (which, of course, we weren't) and Mrs. Marshall was so devoted to her interest in this thing that he let us go in. So, meanwhile, she was waiting out in the edge of the courtyard next to the sally port. Meanwhile, the King and a princess (I have forgotten, I think, one of the Napoleonic strain) and the children came by in a a low neck carriage to drive in the Pinchii Gardens, which they did every day. We found out afterwards that Mrs. Marshall and the Queen (Eleanor, I think her name was) looked very much alike. So the King stopped the carriage and stood up, looked at Mrs. Marshall and then took off his hat to her. She didn't know what it was all about, but of course was intensely interested.

So when I came out, this officer had us taken over and we went upstairs and came in where the family had just been having lunch. I know in one room there was the tobacco scent from the cigars, though the King himself didn't smoke and was very particular about it. I mention this because later on in years, when General Pershing came to Rome and the King came in from the country to receive him, we were entertained at luncheon at the Quirinal Palace. We went up the same steps, but this time there were guards in silver cuirasses with drawn sabers and helmets with plumes on them and all very picturesque. But the point was, I had been over it before in the same place. Then we came into the same place they had shown us, where they had the luncheon, and we had our luncheon there. I remember that I sat next to the Admiral of the Fleet. He probably would have looked at me a little bit closer if he had realized my intimate association with

some of his fleet business later on in Africa and Italy and Sicily, the Sicilian campaign.

Altogether the trip was quite instructive. And we saw Europe—the last opportunity—in its old guise, you might say. That was 1910. In 1914 it blew up, of course. The lights went out, and it never was the same again.

I remember one ridiculous thing. We had a very fine lady who ran the pension we stayed in in Paris, which was not so far from the Arc de Triomphe. She always planned our trips. She was very much interested in Mrs. Marshall. She'd fix lunches up for us. We went out to Versailles. We went out on Monday because she said nobody would be there practically, and it was true. Apparently, we were the only guests there in the grounds. After we had gone around and seen a great many of the things, we got out in a pretty place and started to eat our picnic lunch. Well, the gendarme came up and said we couldn't picnic there. I suppose that was because of the trash the tourists would drag in. So we packed up our little lunch and went off. As soon as he got out of sight, we picked another place and started eating lunch, and he hove to again and explained to us very politely that we couldn't eat there. So we effected not to understand him the first place, and apologized in the second place, and packed up our things and started off again, and settled right down the minute we saw a good place and started to eat lunch again, and he came up a third time. That time I had a brilliant thought. I invited him to lunch. So he stayed to lunch and we stayed at the Versailles Gardens and ate our lunch. I was so interested when I flew over to France shortly after the capture of Paris, and I went right over Versailles and I could see almost the spot where we had our lunch on this interesting day.

We had a very stormy trip home. We didn't see anything of interest in Africa except to argue with the carriage men and others about the prices they were charging, Mrs. Marshall being very much embarrassed by my refusal to pay the price they put up. We had a young Englishman with us, and she was very much embarrassed that I wouldn't swallow this, hook, line, and sinker. It struck me funny afterwards when I came into Algiers and looked over the same harbor arrangement where I had come in so humbly not so many years before.

I think I told about the gala performance for General Pershing at the Opera. I won't repeat that. If I didn't, I can tell it some other time.

3. I don't think of anything more about San Antonio than I have already told. One little incident (chuckle). The way I came in there as chief signal officer, I, of course, didn't have any equipment with me. I just came by myself. Now they kept sending men to me which formed a sort of echelon of men in connection with the communication detail. So I had command of this outfit, but I didn't have any equipment. All the other troops had come down there with their own tentage and everything of that

sort, their own cots and things and field ranges. I had nothing for these fellows. So I had to draw it and I had great difficulty getting it. They would only invoice it to me like I was a depot quartermaster. I was getting this stuff with a lot of paper work connected with it, and a very complicated situation was developing. The only interesting part though was that the first of the pyramidal tents came up and I got the first of these for these men. They were such a tremendous improvement on the Sibley tent. They were just what the name implies—they were pyramidal. So I drew them and I drew pyramidal tents that I could use with our own headquarters. It was very much simpler for us to use one pyramidal tent for all the four officers at headquarters than to have a lot of small tents.

Of course, they were much better weatherproofed in the way they were set up. We went out to our artillery affair on Lyon Springs beyond San Antonio and struck a terrific rainy spell. Everything was flooded out—ground seemed to be almost under water. It was very hard on all these fellows who only had pup tents or little A tents. The result was that the umpires in particular all came to this one pyramidal tent I had. We finally had eleven men in the tent at night. They would all come there to get in, because you were assured of shelter. It was very easy to walk around in the way the tent was arranged inside. You didn't bump into the tent wall the way you would with another tent. All of them were very much impressed with the pyramidal tents. We ran practically a club there of these various fellows from various corners, ordered to various places, all coming in to stay with us at night at the time of this going on with the artillery in this maneuver. I was meanwhile struggling with how I was going to get rid of this stuff off my papers.

4. Did you have much knowledge of the disturbances in Mexico at this time?

We were aware of the trouble in Mexico. We knew that this was the reason we had been sent down there. But beyond that we didn't know anything other than what we saw in the papers, and that wasn't a great deal.

5. Any comment concerning the work with the organized militia in Massachusetts?

The work with the Massachusetts Organized Militia was very interesting, very instructive, and a very hard job. I rarely ever was home in the evenings. I had to travel a great deal. All the men responded, though they thought they were getting too much work. I developed a number of what I thought were interesting courses of instruction, basing them on the drill regulations which had the tactical part in it, all of which at the end they thought was very valuable, and they were very responsive. So this was quite an educational treat to me. The teacher was being educated at the same

time he was instructing. But they accepted everything that I put up, and I was able to experiment and enlarge and subtract and so on.

[1] 1913—After failing to get overseas duty in Panama, Hawaii, Alaska or China, which he felt would be better for his wife, who was not in good health in the spring of 1913, Marshall applied for duty in the Philippines. By the time he left, Mrs. Marshall's health was better so she went either at the time her husband did or later. Frye says it is not clear from your orders.

Back to the Philippines, 1913. Mrs. Marshall went with me to the Philippines in 1913 and stayed with me until I came home in 1916. She went to Japan for the hot season, stayed there about three months. I went with her once on a four-month leave which was a two months of sick leave and a two months of regular leave, which I snaffed out of the maneuvers where I was in charge of the larger of the two forces.

[2] In the Philippines, Marshall collected maps and histories and visited every major battlefield of the insurrection.

I got very much interested in visiting the battlefields of the Philippine Insurrection. I had all of the reports that had been made to the War Department. These surplus volumes they sent on request, and I took them up—three mail sacks full. I didn't use them for a long time until I got out there, and I found them of immense interest, and I think I have referred to the use I put them to afterwards.

[3] Friends included Laurence Halstead and Frederick Walker. Marshall joined them in practicing sending wireless code.

Some of my friends out there were Jens Bugge, who was much senior to me and was made the adjutant, or chief of staff, of this Maneuver Division, as we called it out there, which consisted of the larger number of troops of the Philippine Islands. His health went back on him, so I became chief of staff, and when the division was suddenly mobilized for maneuvers, I went down in that capacity.

[5] 1914—General Bell ordered a maneuver on Luzon. Amphibious operation on Batangas and march toward Manila. Capt. Jens Bugge, chief of staff of the attacking force, got fever so Marshall was put in his place. Any details of the amphibious exercise of 1914?
[6] General Arnold in his memoirs tells that he found you one day lying on your back and dictating a field order without notes. He says you covered everything and left out nothing and that he went home and told his wife you would one day be chief of staff. You received high praise from Col. Dentler and Major Booth, aide of Gen. Bell.

I was interested in after years at some of the arrangements they went through for an amphibious operation. The only arrangement we went through for an amphibious operation out there was to get on the boat. We

got down off Batangas and only found one launch, and we had eighteen hundred animals, as I recall. You see, all the escort wagons had four-mule teams to them and we had some cavalry. We landed all of these animals from about one-half mile out and only lost one. We had one little launch there. We made a very successful landing so far as the speed went and so far as the casualties went. I thought afterwards, when I saw them working on some of these things like that, they were getting entirely too refined. They weren't roughing it in, as I thought, quite enough. Of course, when they made those landings on the coast of Italy or in France on account of the terrific artillery concentrations, the airplanes and other matters of that kind, we had to have things very highly perfected, which wasn't the case in maneuvers of the type I have just been describing. However, it gave me some familiarity with what you had to do.

[Begin cassette side 3]

What happened in these maneuvers that are referred to here by some of your questions was, particularly General Arnold's comment that there was this big maneuver campaign, and the side I was on was the largest of all the troops in the Philippines. The other side had some infantry, but it had, I think, mostly two regiments of cavalry. The first big contact was just north of Batangas and then the largest contact was in the city of Lipa, and then on up the road later on.

I don't want to get into names here, but the commanding officer was found ineffective by the Inspector General, who was cruising around. He was about to retire very shortly, I think, anyway. General Bell wrote him a letter and notified him that he either be retired immediately, or he could continue through the maneuver, but he would have to leave all the commanding to be done by me. The reason they did it just that way was because the next man in rank was about as bad as he was.

They told me they were going to relieve this first fellow, who was a very courtly gentleman, very nice fellow. He carried a zinc-lined suitcase with him, which he worked on most of the time. He would ride in the spring wagon and I would ride the horse. But every time we would stop, the suitcase would be opened and he would refresh himself against the Philippine heat. But when they told me they were going to relieve him, retire him, I objected, because I knew I was going to have a much more difficult time with the other man. So the arrangement was made whereby he continued through the maneuvers, but he must agree not to give me any instructions of any kind, but leave me free to act.

So I had the advantage of being a first lieutenant with the largest force of troops in the Philippines which I could command in a very extensive maneuver campaign. This force had been organized before and I was the adjutant of it. It was arranged so it could be mobilized quickly without any

detailed orders to the various ones. All the detailed orders would have to be issued by me as the adjutant which, as I say, when I was just starting to do that and concentrating these people, I became also the chief of staff.

To show you how difficult it was, they gave the situation to us in Manila. They sent for us. I was in the middle of a skirmish run, and in my soaking wet flannel shirt I went in to talk with this colonel who had been brought up from the provinces where he was in command of a portion of the force. He was the senior colonel and we were given the situation for the maneuvers. We had about the only car in the Philippines. I think there was one out where we were, and they had one down in Manila for the commanding general. They went out to my house with the car and there had lunch. All the time while the colonel was eating lunch—he was a very agreeable man and, as I say, very courtly—I was on the telephone mobilizing this outfit and arranging for it to move to Batangas. It came from all sorts of places in northern Luzon and had to move by various ships and all, and I had to get the whole thing together.

I was having a great deal of trouble. I didn't realize the full reason for the trouble because I was mobilizing the larger detachment of the two and I was just a lieutenant. On the other side two full colonels were at the top, and they were mobilizing their detachments [chuckle] and they were getting all the preference on account of their rank. So I was having a very hard time. I finally had to go in and see the Quartermaster and tell him I had to get this, and finally he said I didn't have even approval to see him. I said I came in because it was the only way I could get in. I had to get this outfit underway and I had to have stalls made on the boats for some eighteen hundred horses before we could get that part of the command out. He said he couldn't talk to me then. I said, I'm sorry, but we've got to have an understanding. If you are not going to deal with me except as a lieutenant, I will communicate with General Bell, who is in the southern provinces, and find out what he wants me to do. Well, of course, then he wilted and right away gave me a reasonable break as to what I should get. But always I was up against the fact that I was dealing with a colonel and my opponents were colonels and I was just a lieutenant. It was a very, very instructive experience all around and lasted for quite some days, which would be a story in itself that I don't care to go into.

[4] Frye quotes Major Johnson Hagood as telling a story of how you won a bet that during an inspection an inspecting officer would notice a soldier who hadn't shaved, two buttons unbuttoned, and a bayonet missing, but would miss three errors in field exercises.

Frye's quoting a story by Johnson Hagood which I was very unwise to tell, because it could have gotten me into serious trouble. And the greater the truth here, the greater the libel.

Walker, Halstead, and those fellows were all friends of mine who lived with me on the post. Bugge and Halstead and myself lived quite close together.

I might tell quite a different story here. Everybody takes a nap in the afternoon in the Philippines. The siesta period is one of supposed quiet. The enlisted men had their ball diamond not so far in front of our house and, of course, we got all the yelling from that, but we could sleep through that. But then the next-door neighbor, his boys organized a kids' baseball team, very young, very little. They played between his house and our house, and all the kids in the neighborhood came in and they made so darned much noise nobody could sleep. So finally, as a defense against this, I made myself the pitcher and umpire. I pitched for both teams and umpired the thing. The real mark of distinction there was the catcher, and he used a coffee strainer as a mask. I was very much afraid he would get hit on the coffee strainer and it would take the skin off all around his head where this thing rested. The little children were out in the field. There were about two players for each place, one deep infield and one way outfield. When they got the ball, they'd get so excited they couldn't throw it. All they could do was yell. It used to be very, very exciting when the home base man would be pleading with them to throw the ball in. When they'd finally throw it, they'd throw it about twenty feet from him, and he and his coffee strainer could never get the ball. I got a great deal of amusement, and in after years I came to meet quite a number of them and they would always recall our ball games in the afternoon.

[7] You bought a Model T from Sherrill in 1914.

I bought a Model T Ford, a new one that was just shipped out to the Philippines on a transport, from Colonel Sherrill (who was major then)—"Shaggy" Sherrill of the Engineer Corps—who later became in charge of public buildings and grounds in Washington and aide to the president and was chief of staff of the Seventy-seventh Division. That was my first introduction to an automobile. My captain, "Zeke" Williams, as we called him, who had bought an old car and practically rebuilt it because he had a genius for that sort of thing, was having dinner one night (his wife was, rather) and Zeke was in a white mess jacket, white shirt and white trousers. We didn't have dark trousers then, and I took delivery of this car from Major Sherrill as he was then, and we couldn't get the car started. We got over as far as Zeke's house and bogged down there entirely. So we went in and drew Zeke from the dinner party in his white clothes. Incidentally, they had a Filipino boy under the table to fan off the mosquitoes, and he stayed under the table during the meal.

So Zeke came out in his white clothes and took a good bit of the car apart. He couldn't find out where the trouble was at first. I commented on

the fact, without realizing I was introducing a real factor, that Sherrill had poured gasoline into it without straining the thing through a chamois, which you used to have to do in those days, and he had a lot of filings, it looked like, that had gone into the carburetor set-up. Williams was completely outraged at this. He had been jumped by Sherrill. Sherrill was really very much junior to him, but now with this increase in the Engineers Corps, Sherrill had become a major and Zeke was still a captain and was going to be a captain for quite some time to come. He crawled out from under the car with his white clothes very much soiled, and he just damned Sherrill up and down, to have a man like that outrank him when he didn't know enough to strain gasoline through a chamois skin. That was the first time I ever learnt that with a car.

Heffner: Is that the same motor you tore down?

Same one. Later on, I took the whole motor down in order to learn what made it work. I am not at all mechanical, but I just had to do it.

[8] There was a scare on New Year's when a strike of native workers started an alarm.

Every now and then we would have these war scares, because they found several evidences of a conspiracy of the Filipinos to try to seize the arsenal to get the weapons. Fortunately, they always sealed the compact, generally writing in blood, and then someone would lose the compact. The secret service people would get hold of all the records, and we would be able to foresee what was going to happen, and it never happened.

[9] 1915—Marshall at Ft. McKinley.

McKinley was a big garrison for those days. It was a battalion of artillery, a regiment of cavalry, first the Seventh, later the Eighth Cavalry, two regiments of infantry, which was considered very large for those days. I saw a very excellent exhibition of American efficiency in its practical application.

We had a great pest of grasshoppers eating up everything, all the Filipinos' crops, and the towns were required to turn out to arrange these things in order to kill the grasshoppers. Of course, the grasshoppers would lay these eggs which would hatch out in I forget how many days, and the big thing was to get them before they sprouted their wings. At first they could just crawl, and there'd be first a dense mass of them. What they would have you do, we were turned out one hot afternoon when everybody wanted to take a siesta, and this Filipino, who talked rather slowly and a little brokenly, explained to us at great length how we dig this pit three feet deep and three feet wide, three feet square in this adobe rock. We roasted out there. Then they took sheet-iron strips and made a V leading up to the

hole and then you got back and drove this herd of grasshoppers without wings into this hole. First, you poured oil on them and burned them up and put dirt on them and buried them. Well, it was quite a lengthy operation.

Our people were not very enthusiastic about digging this three-foot-deep hole and six-foot square in adobe. So the first thing they did was get rid of the galvanized iron strips by taking shelter tents and putting a pole at either end and hold it erect. Two men could hold that up instead of carting around this galvanized iron strip which was always very hot in the sun and heavy, too. Then some other genius came along and took a double mosquito bar and put a cane at each corner. And instead of digging a hole, you'd bring that up and herd the grasshoppers into that and turn it up. Then you would lift the native into it. He wanted the grasshoppers because he could sell them. He would fill his sacks with grasshoppers, then we'd lift him out. They'd empty the sack. We didn't have to dig any hole at all.

So they finally got to the thing that all the soldiers did was hold up these little tents which made the wall to drive them into. There at the end was the mosquito bars turned on the side so that the light went right through them and attracted the grasshoppers. Then, when we got that, we turned it up, lifted the native in, and he cleaned it out, and nobody did any work at all. That all developed in one afternoon. They'd been digging these derned pits for I don't know how many years, but the soldiers just cleaned this up in a hurry. It always struck me as very amusing to see how quickly they found out a more practical way of doing this thing.

I had a little interlude about this because the fried grasshoppers, the large grasshopper, if he still has his legs on him and all, is quite a delicacy to eat. But because we had never eaten it, they were all opposed to it. Matter of fact, it is the cleanest thing you can eat. A hog was filthy by comparison. A grasshopper only ate green things, but everybody was violently opposed to eating grasshopper. Then when they mashed them up, as they did another way they served the things, all mashed up in a paste, that was still worse, of course.

Mrs. Marshall was having a card party, and I had to mash up these grasshoppers and spread them on crackers. We toasted the crackers a little bit and spread the mashed grasshopper on it and served it. When I came home, she told me that Lin, the cook, had done a very clever thing. He'd developed this new paste, and all the women were crazy about it and wanted to know what it was. Lin wouldn't tell them. When she found out they'd been eating mashed grasshoppers, I was excommunicated around that neighborhood then for about three or four months.

Sgt. Heffner: I saw that in the geographical magazine and repeated it to some friends, and they wouldn't believe me that they ate those things.

They are better than hogs and chickens—the cleanest thing you could get. I gave the ladies a great treat.

[10] 1915—Marshall becomes aide to Gen. Hunter Liggett. Any comments concerning your duties as aide to General Hunter Liggett?

General Liggett made me his aide in order to prevent my being transferred from Fort McKinley down to the southern end of Batangas Province at Fort Batangas. He wanted me at McKinley, and the only way he could keep me there was to make me his aide. So I became his aide. We'd been in very friendly relations for years. As a matter of fact, he had rather taken the Leavenworth course when I was an instructor, because I would give him the problem after the class got it. Then I would go over his work, correct his work, after I had the approved solution. He went through the whole course like that and then went to the War College.

After General Liggett became the department commander and moved into the city, and I think we moved in—I am not certain—anyway, I left very soon after that and came back to the United States. Mrs. Marshall went over with me and came back with me.

2. Any comments concerning Halstead and Walker?

Halstead and Walker were very nice officers. Walker afterwards became a division commander in Italy and later became adjutant general of the state of Texas. Some of the men in the Texas National Guard took great exception to General Clark's handling of the operation and made quite an attack on him in Congress in which Walker became one of the principal testifiers, I guess you would call it, on the National Guard side.

3. How did you get to know Major Hagood? I gather he was one of your great admirers.

I came to know General Hagood, I think at this time. I'm not certain. He was very nice to me and seemed to admire the way I was . . . oh, yes, he commanded a training camp at Fort Douglas. I had picked him out to command the camp, and I was adjutant of the camp and one of the principal instructors.

8. Did you have any presentiment in 1914 and 1915 that we might enter war?

I don't believe we had any presentiment in 1914 and early 1915 that we would get into the war. It was a very gradual development.

9. What differences did you find between the Philippines of 1902 and 1913? Differences in living conditions?

There was quite a difference, of course, between the Philippines in 1902 and the Philippines in 1913 to 1916. The greatest difference of all was the fact that under a very fine road policy, where they built these macadam roads and had men to tend them and sweep the macadam—it wasn't rocks, but powder dust—back into all the places where the water would accumulate, so that the Philippines really had a better road system at that time so far as its extensiveness and being connected up, than there was in most of the places I knew in the United States.

The living conditions, of course, were very much better because you had good houses and you had very good servants. And you had a very good general commissary to bring things out, so that you got good things to eat and sufficient fresh things. So it was a tremendous improvement over the Philippines of the old days when maybe you got it and maybe you didn't.

My duties with General Liggett as an aide were very brief because not so long after I was appointed, I was sent back to the United States.

In July 1916 you became aide to Gen. Bell at the Presidio of San Francisco. The National Defense Act was passed during this year. Training camps for officers opened in Plattsburgh, N.Y. in 1915. In 1916 the General Staff in Washington was reduced to twenty men. In 1916 Gen. Bell opened two camps for officers on the West Coast. He was dissatisfied with the one at Monterey (Del Monte), so he opened a second one at Ft. Douglas, Utah. Hagood, who was commander there, said that he was commander in name, but that Marshall actually ran it.

My situation when I got back home was a little bit like that when I came up to Manila. I was made an aide in order to keep me. They couldn't hold me there. I had to go on to a regiment in Mexico at Colonia, as a matter of fact, where General Pershing was in command. General Bell had lost almost all of his officers to this duty on the Mexican border, and he only had retired officers helping him out, and he was organizing three training camps. So he held me by the means of getting me detailed as an aide.

I went first to the training camp at Del Monte. I had to report to him what I thought was wrong, which was a very difficult thing to do because I was still a lieutenant. I wasn't promoted to captain until about that month. A general was in command, General Sibert, and he was having a very hard time because all the officers were retired officers. A good many had been retired before the drill regulations had changed, and this crowd they had down there were a very active lot. They were all the hot blood of San Francisco. I saw more Rolls Royces and other fine cars around there than I had ever seen collected around before, and they all went to the Del Monte at night. They were camped in the grounds of the Del Monte Hotel. It was very gay. It had gotten out of hand—I don't mean wildly—but in a way. As

a matter of fact, I think, a little bit because General Bell had been so careful to caution these men not to be too severe on these fellows. As a matter of fact, [chuckle] they liked severity and they had to have severity.

So I was sent down to see what I could find was wrong. I thought a large number of things were wrong, but I say a good bit of that grew out of first, the fact they were all retired officers; next that the drill regulations had changed before a good many of them came in; and next that the instructors had been cautioned to be very easy on them and they were dealing with a very lively, sporty lot. I don't mean sporty in the way of dissipated, but I mean sporty in the way of polo and football and this and that, and Rolls Royce cars and all that. All their wives or their sweeties and all had come down there with them, so that it was quite a set-up.

I came in and my first experience was I got a tent there in the grounds that was on the path that led to the hotel's side entrance where the men from the camp would come by at night to go to the hotel after their own supper at the camp. They were all fascinated by seeing me open my bedding roll. All the officers were already in camp when they got down there, so they hadn't seen that. Well, here was an officer undoing his bedding roll, which was pretty fat and big around. I suppose there were fifteen or twenty lined up watching me, making a few clever remarks, incidentally, to which I paid no attention.

When I got the roll opened, the first thing on top, of course, was my saddle. But the next thing, under the saddle, were two of Mrs. Marshall's nightgowns that had been packed at the last minute, and then a whole string of stuff of hers which didn't look anything like a bedding roll arrangement for the field. That amused them very greatly. I finally got my stuff out. It was a heterogeneous thing where we put everything that was left in the house in the bedding roll at the last minute before we went to the boat. That made me famous almost in a minute. So they came back from the hotel to escort me over to have dinner, and with speeches and all as to my field equipment, I came to know them all very quickly that same night. They were awfully nice fellows. I came to know a good many of them later very intimately.

Then I started around the next morning. I found that there were just any number of things that should have been changed right away, because they'd lead to slackness and complications and things of that sort. So I listed all these things. Then I got to thinking about it, the fact that I was a lieutenant doing this for a general, his command, and setting up for General Bell to criticize him, criticize this general. I decided the only thing to do was to take it to the commanding officer and read it to him. So I went over to his tent, sat under the fly, and told him what I had been ordered to do.

He said, "Yes, I was sent a copy of the orders." I said, "I've prepared this

as far as I have gotten today, and I think I should show it to you before I send it to him, because I am in a very embarrassing position." "Yes," he said, "I should think you should be." So he had his chief of staff there, or his adjutant or whatever they called the fellow next to him around the camp, who was a much older officer—he was a Coast Artillery officer—he wasn't retired. He generally kind of ran the camp for the general. The general was the man that built the Gatun Dam, incidentally, in Panama.

When I read all these fault findings, you might call them, this fellow was perfectly furious. The general took it very quietly. He had me go back over it again and issued the orders then for correcting this and correcting that and correcting the other thing until he corrected most of them, or at least better than half of them. Then I wrote a new telegram of the remaining half or whatever it was, and didn't make any comment about these ones that he had issued orders about. And his adjutant was perfectly furious with me. He was a permanent colonel and I, as I say, was still a lieutenant.

So I started out the next day. Naturally, I didn't find as many things by any manner of means—as a matter of fact very few, really—but that was my order and I carried it out. Then I went to him again with a new telegram of fault findings. He called his adjutant in, who was just red-headed then, and dictated certain changes. When he got through, he left over about half and maybe not as many as that. I said, "Well, General, I don't think I should send these in. You have gone so far, I think it would be just an unnecessary performance for me to send in these criticisms after all you've done." So he didn't thank me for it but they accepted that.

The adjutant didn't take to it at all. And then he sent it in. What he didn't tell me was that the same evening he sent another telegram and requested that I be detailed to the camp. So when the next morning came, I found I was in command of a company. But what made it worse was I was put in command of a different company every day. Well, that was a very strenuous thing, because I couldn't really get control of them before I was taken on to the next company.

I remember the first day they had a maneuver first, and that was very easy. The company was in the maneuver. I just commanded them through the things they were supposed to do. Then in the afternoon, which was the time they'd normally be worked out and sleepy, they had close order drill. There were two hundred of them, and it was on a side of a hill and the ground was pretty rough and, of course, there wasn't any hope of doing this thing very well. We had a big lunch and all of these Rolls Royces came out with all things to eat. I think even some of them brought champagne and the women were there to visit with them—lovely place under these live oak trees and all there on the side of this hill—and then we went to this drill.

It was a very big company—two hundred—and the drill was on rough ground, and everybody was sleepy and tired, and I couldn't get them to do anything together in unison with any snap. Finally, I halted the company and I said, "Now listen, you fellows came down here because you were so enthusiastic to do something in this time of emergency, and realizing we didn't have any trained men. You came down here on your own, you're paying your own expenses, and now you're organized and you're here in a company. Now this morning you were in a maneuver and you hardly marched at all. You were reserve, so almost all morning you were sitting around resting. Then you had a big lunch here and your wives or girls all brought out good things and you've had champagne, and it's been quite delightful here under the trees, and now you are so exhausted from this war service, you can't do a damn thing." I said, "I'm going to go out here and drill you again, and if you can't drill, I am going to march you right in and report you are wholly ineffective."

So we had a very strenuous drill and they were very much humiliated by this talk I gave to them. Then they turned around and gave me a big dinner that night at the hotel. I remember at the time I was called "Dynamite" Marshall, but it was really quite a funny thing, and all of them became my friends and I continued these friendships through a good many years after that. The owners of some of those big department stores and all were among these men.

3. *What were your reactions then and later to the Plattsburgh experiment?*
4. *Any comments on the army of the 1916 period and its preparation for warfare?*
5. *Any comment on the tour at Governors Island?*

I went to Governors Island as General Bell's aide. He was threatened with the flu, and first he went to his hometown in Kentucky. So I got up there ahead of him [May 1, 1917]. He came in and this was just the beginning of the concentration and the organization of twenty training camps for young men—twenty-five hundred to each camp, two different camps up at Plattsburgh Barracks. They were all over the country, these twenty training camps of twenty-five hundred men each, where they would have either a three months or a six months course—I've forgotten which—as their sole training to be an officer. Of course, all sorts of political pressures were being brought to bear. Tremendous pressures were brought to bear to get into the training camps. Everybody was taking a shot at Governors Island, and I was there alone. General Bell hadn't come yet. Finally, he came up from Cynthiana, I believe it was, in Kentucky, and he was going to the, I think it's the Rockefeller Hospital, a sort of experimental hospital they had. They'd given him a delightful suite there and he was going to be treated for his flu.

So he called his staff together and told them he had to go off on a trip—he didn't say he was sick—and during his absence Lieutenant [*Captain* after October 13, 1916] Marshall would represent him, and anything Lieutenant Marshall said was his order; that he would communicate with Lieutenant Marshall and I would transmit his orders, so that whatever instructions I gave were General Bell's instructions and they were all to follow it. So he went off and left me with a staff of about fifteen old colonels at the head of all the various departments, and I was the lieutenant [*captain*] and all the pressure of the war was coming on.

The Governors Island ferryboat would be jammed with fellows coming over there and trying to get—from J. P. Morgan's office, I remember, I had his stenographer and he was shocked that he couldn't be immediately tended to because he was from the J. P. Morgan office. Taft was a professor, vice president or professor at Yale. I've forgotten which. Anyway, I think one of his sons—it must have been the one that was later Robert Taft—later a senator, came in. I treated them all absolutely alike. Of course, they couldn't accept that, but it went that way. They tried every way under Heaven to find out where General Bell was, and they finally communicated with Washington. I told them in Washington that I was doing as General Bell instructed and there we stood.

It was really quite an interesting performance. I know I kept three telephones going all the time. It was just about as hectic as anything I ever saw. We finally had an interesting difficulty with the staff, these old colonels, expectant quartermaster generals—

Sgt. Heffner: About to run out, General.

Well, that's enough.