

Notes 25N, Copy 2

Lt. General Marshall S. Carter

Reminiscences

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Eugenia, this is my first try at reminiscence, and since I've just gone through a file having to do with Sun Valley; I'm going to start telling you about that:

In the spring of 1948, General and Mrs. Marshall and Sergeant George and I went up to New York by train while he addressed a United Nations Childrens' Appeal in Madison Square Garden. I've forgotten the date, but I know I sat next to a girl (movie actress) called "The Body." I think her name was Marilyn Maxwell. We had a private car on the train, and as we were coming home that night around midnight my gland, on the side sitting next to Marilyn Maxwell, in my jaw started to swell up, and the next morning, of course, the whole side of my face was just one great big blossom. Naturally, the General and Mrs. Marshall kidded me a great deal, and could hardly wait to tell Preot about it. The point of the story actually is that General and Mrs. Marshall and Sergeant George and I were going to the Metolius River to fish with Erskine Wood, an old friend of General Marshall. Unfortunately, there were tremendous floods and we had to change the plans; so after he made his speech he came back to Sun Valley, Idaho, with Mrs. Marshall and Sergeant George. I had, by this time gotten enough shots and things to cure my gland so I met them in Sun Valley missing the important part of the trip.

We went to Sun Valley because I remembered that Mr. Harriman had a cottage there. The season had not yet opened, I think it was in May, and I knew the old man needed a rest for 3 or 4 days, so I called Mr. Harriman and he made his cottage available to us. The weather was delightful, but the streams around Sun Valley were still full of ice water from melting snow and the fish were not rising, so the local management, Pat Rogers and Mrs. Rogers, a delightful couple, made arrangements for us to go south to Wendell, Idaho, to the ranch of a fellow named Hy Berkowitz. Hy was supposed to be one of the two brothers that own the Mr. Boston Distilleries. He was a bachelor and had decided that the rat race of living around Long Island and commuting to work every day was not for him so he bought this ranch which had about a thousand herds of white faced Herefords on it. The stream, which came out of the ground, nobody knew its origin, ran about five miles and then dropped 80 feet into the Snake River. This stream was a constant temperature all year round and the ducks just piled in there in their migration flights and the place was loaded with trout. He had also diverted part of the stream into making a lake of about, oh, a couple of acres, I would say, and many times he would catch fish from the stream and throw them up into the lake where they'd fatten up. He had big glaring lights hung across the lake about 20 feet apart and a foot above the water in a number of places and at night when he turned them on the grasshoppers and all the other insects would just swarm in there and the noise of the fish eating these things you could hear -- actually hear them. And of course this diet fattened them up considerably.

In any event, Hy had a hostess there, a lovely young lady I'd say about 27 or 28, very fascinating, very charming. I found out later, he being a bachelor, these hostesses stood it as long as they could then they went back to the company and a new one came out. It was a very convenient arrangement, I must say. He also had a Czechoslovakian couple with two children who were living in the ranch house and taking care of the cattle and the house. Anyway, we went on down there with a picnic lunch and caught a lot of fish in the stream and then had supper with Hy. And it was so good, that is the fishing and the fun was so good, that we went back to Sun Valley and the following day came down again for a second day of picnicking and fishing.

The General was far from being an expert with a fishing rod. He always called it a pole and brute strength was the order of the day when he was casting a fly which of course isn't quite the way it's done. Nevertheless, he hooked a fish, his first fish, and he struck so hard that the fish, about 9 inches long, came completely out of the water and over on the bank behind General Marshall. With that, our guide, a fellow named Ray Marks (a retired Union Pacific engineer) who took care of ducks and antelope and things around the valley, just turned to the General quietly and said, "General, you don't have to bother cleaning them on the way in, don't snatch them inside out."

Hy Berkowitz gave the old man a bottle of bourbon that was at least 30 years old and the old man brought it back with him.

We had a delightful three days or so at Sun Valley, went up on top of Mount Baldy on the ski lift. And I previously sent you pictures of that involving me. Also, the General saw a soft-ball game going on so he organized a nondescript team there and challenged the champions. I think that is mentioned in one of the letters that I previously sent you. It was a thoroughly relaxing period of time for him, he and Mrs. Marshall seemed to enjoy themselves greatly.

This was my first introduction to Sun Valley and I'd always wanted to get Preot and the children there. So when I was ordered to Japan in the summer of 1950, Mr. Harriman conveniently found out that I had a month's leave and offered me his cottage, which I promptly took.

Shortly after our arrival there, Preot's father died and she brought her mother out to the cottage. Then my brother had a heart attack and ended up in the hospital. Net result was that while we had planned on staying there only a month, the travel of dependents, because of the Korean War, was stopped and Mr. Harriman found out about that, through sources unknown to me, and asked Preot and the children to stay in his cottage all summer, which they did. That was the summer of 1950. I, of course, spent my month's leave there and then flew on out to the Far East.

By this time my family was totally enchanted with Sun Valley and was stuffing everything in the sock to get back there. So the next year, 1951, we went back, that is the family, for the summer and I for about 2 weeks. At this time we decided that that was really the place that we wanted to settle. It was very much like an army post; it was run by the Union Pacific Railroad Company and very homey people. Lot of Mormons and lot of retired railroad people were running the place and we went more with them than we did with any of the guests. We did make some very staunch friends in the area who were local people.

There were about eight houses around the lake and no more lots available. The two lots that did not have houses on them were optioned to Bob Guggenheim. The ground rules that the Union Pacific had made as to how the land could be utilized were so tight and restrictive that it was apparent to everybody that Guggenheim was not going to build. So the management prevailed upon him to let me buy one lot and take an option on the other, which I did. Subsequently then we started building in the spring and summer of 1952 while Mrs. Carter and the children were staying at the Challenger Inn.

Ann Sothern, who is the movie and TV actress, was staying there in Sun Valley and was watching us building the house, by building it I mean we contracted it out and all the work was done with Preot there supervising it a great deal.

Meantime, we received orders to go to Alaska and did go there in November, 1952. The house was completed in November--right on the lake, a beautiful cottage just designed for us by Bromley Smith's wife, an architect in Washington, Bromley Smith being at one time the executive secretary for the National Security Council.

Bromley was in the State Department with me and General Marshall and I selected him to go to Moscow with us so that we could send back a daily report to the State Department and to the President. He was so competent that after a couple of days of my checking what he was doing and his having sat there throughout all those meetings checking two or three cables, I no longer had to check them at all, that is, unless there was something that came up in which he didn't think he had quite gotten the feel such as what General or Molotov or somebody had been trying to say.

We were in Alaska when the house was finished and we rented it to Chiquita Paske-Smith Duchin, Eddie Duchin's widow and his son. She was a very intimate friend of Averell Harriman and had recently remarried to the ranch manager at Sun Valley - A fellow named Morgan Heap and a real fine guy.

Each summer then we sent Preot and the children down to Sun Valley from Alaska and also from Fort Sheridan and then we were assigned to Colorado in 1956. Since Sun Valley was a seasonal resort the house remained unrented for quite long periods of time and it was only during the winter season that we received any rent from it. Consequently it was a financial burden and also a financial burden to get there.

When we got to Colorado Springs we found that climate here was just as delightful, the people just as delightful, and we decided to buy a house.

Previously Ann Sothern had said if you want to sell your Sun Valley house call me at this number and gave me her private telephone number.

One Sunday in the fall of 1956, Preot and I had come in from dove shooting and we were picking dove and at that point we decided that we would sell Sun Valley house and buy a lovely home here in Colorado Springs which we had our eye on since we were renting a rather nondescript home at a fairly large rental. So I went to the telephone and called up Ann Sothern. She answered immediately, and I said, "Ann, this is Pat, we're thinking of selling the Sun Valley house," and she said, "Well, are you thinking of selling or are you selling?" So I said, "Well, I'm selling." And she said "You've just sold it. Tell me what the price is in a letter and work out the details with my manager." We had somewhere in the neighborhood of \$38,000 or \$40,000 in the house and we asked \$44,500, something like that, and the manager insisted on splitting the difference so we went along with it and finally sold the house for \$42,500. That was in 1956.

Two years ago the government, on a tax basis of some sort, took the house away from Ann Sothern we are told; we were just told a few days ago. And our next door neighbor up there bought it for \$122,000. An outrageous price but that was the one set by the government for taxes and he bought it in order to protect himself. He is a Walter Innis from Wichita, Kansas, and apparently a very wealthy general merchandiser, now retired.

I'm jumping around considerably here but that's the story about how we got involved in Sun Valley in the first place. It was all as a result of my trip there with General Marshall. As a sequel however, General Marshall took that bottle of 30-year old bourbon back to the office in the State Department and as you recall he was politically unsexed and did everything he possibly could to remain that way and always touched base with Senator Vandenberg and Senator Connally before ever doing anything that would involve Congress. In other words, he was playing both sides of the Republican and Democratic parties just to insure a bipartisan policy on the part of State. In one subject whom for some reason or other he forgot Senator Connally and while he had touched base with Senator Vandenberg he had not touched base with Connally, Vandenberg being of course the Minority Leader and Connally is the Democratic Leader. The Senator got miffed about this and called up the General and asked if he could come down to the State Department and see him, and the General suddenly realized what it was about. He said, "No, Mr. Senator, I'll be right up in my car," and Senator Connally said, "No, I want to see you in your office," and General Marshall said, "Well, I'm available, I can come right up." Connally said, "No, I'm coming down," and General Marshall said, "Well, I'll send Rudolph for you." Rudolph was the chauffeur. So Rudolph went up and got the Senator and brought him in, up the private elevator,

(REEL 1, SIDE 2)

Apparently I ran out of tape on the other end. In any event, it was decided that General Marshall would send Rudolph up to pick up Senator Connally and bring him down to General Marshall's office in the State Department, which was at that time in what we called the new War Department building on 21st and Virginia Avenue long before the expansion of the State Department. So Senator Connally came up with Rudolph and came up through the private elevator and went into General Marshall's office. About 5 minutes later the General buzzed for me. I was sitting, of course, in my office just outside. This was 10:30 in the morning and he said, "Have you still got that bottle of liquor that Hy Berkowitz gave us in Wendell, Idaho, that 30-year old bourbon," and I said, "Yes, sir, we have it right here," and he said, "Bring it in with some ice and some glasses and a little water because the Senator and I think we oughta probably ought to have a drink." So I brought it in and around 12:00, an hour and a half later, the General buzzed for me and told me to make sure the Senator was properly disposed of, taken to his office or wherever he wanted to go and that they had had a very successful meeting. As he left the General's office the Senator turned to General Marshall and said, "This is the most successful conference I've ever had with a Secretary of State in my somewhat long and perhaps illustrious career and thank you very much, General." The Senator was really crooked, really off when I got him downstairs into our car, into the General's car and at that time Connally said, "I think I'll go to my office, on second thought I think I'll go home." So we sent him on packing to his home. I don't blame this on Hy Berkowitz' liquor or on anything else but it was an indication that the General knew exactly how to handle the senatorial seniors and in Senator Connally's case of course he had really hit it on the nose. I should point out here that when I went back after Senator

Connally left, the General had, that is General Marshall had, a half-finished drink on his desk and yet there was almost half a bottle of the 30-year old liquor left or perhaps less than half a bottle. So Senator Connally had partaken himself quite well I would say and the General had been quite circumspect in his operations.

I also recall that later on in 1947, General Marshall went down to Brazil for the Quitandinha Conference on Inter-American Cooperation at which he made a speech and was the ring leader, and we stayed at the residence of the Ambassador and Mrs. Pawley. We took with us, as I recall, I could well be mistaken here, Senator and Mrs. Vandenberg and Senator and Mrs. Connally. (May have been Ambassador and Mrs. Austin from U.N.) Sol Blum, who is a big shot in the congressional side, the side of the house that is not senatorial, came down with his daughter. I know, I recall vividly, he was not about to take the road up to Quitandinha which was really a very harrowing road, which General and Mrs. Marshall and Sergeant George and I made but we lived up there for approximately 3 weeks in private residences while the conferences were going on.

I do remember very vividly, as I have previously indicated but which was apparently not recorded, that while General Marshall had told me to get the Sacred Cow, the C54 that President Roosevelt had used and which at that time had had an elevator, which was not necessary for General Marshall; meanwhile, President Truman had suggested to me through his assistant (Matt Connelly) that I use the new Independence, his aircraft, which was a pressurized job. Still four engines (I presume it was about a DC6 or 7), so I accepted that and when we got on the aircraft General and Mrs. Marshall were back in the back compartment, the Presidential Suite actually, and he had turned on the water to wash his face and hands before going to bed and in releasing the water found that the outlet was not connected to any drainage and all of the water from his soaped basin had flowed and spread all over his pajama trousers so he sent for me and said, "This is just a bunch of scenery and I'm not sure you have the proper aircraft." Well, I was pretty contrite because I had not connected up with General Marshall prior to accepting the President's invitation to use his new plane.

Subsequently, General and Mrs. Marshall and Senator and Mrs. Vandenberg were playing bridge back in General Marshall's compartment which was the Presidential Suite and Mrs. Vandenberg excused herself to go to the little girl's room, which is right in the end of the aircraft and she was the dummy at the time in the bridge game so there was no problem there. Pretty soon the steward, the Air Force steward, came and said to General Marshall, "Did you ring?" And General Marshall said, "No, I did not ring and we're playing bridge and we're not to be disturbed." So about 3 or 4 minutes later the steward came back and said, "Well, General Marshall, I'm sorry but somebody here in the Presidential Compartment has rung'. And we'd be very happy to offer any assistance that we possibly can." General Marshall again said, "No, we have no problems back here at all and if I need you in any way, shape or form, I'll make sure to come forward and see you." About 5 minutes later the steward came back and said, "I'm sorry General Marshall but the buzzer keeps ringing that there's someone back here in the compartment who wants assistance." At about that time Mrs. Marshall said, "Well, where is Mrs. Vandenberg?" I've forgotten her name but I think it was Hazel, I can't be sure of this. And suddenly they realized that she was back in the toilet compartment of the Presidential Suite and actually was locked in. She was unable to get out. So they finally released her from the toilet compartment in the back of

the room where she had been sitting for about 20 minutes trying to get attention to get out. It finally became more knowledgeable when it was determined that the pilot of the aircraft on the initial flight (after landing) had gotten himself locked into that toilet at the end of the airplane and had spent the whole night there because his crew had already left on the check-out forward and he was back there checking things out. In any event, it was sort of a cause célèbre but everybody understood that it was a highly humorous operation.

Now as to Congressman Blum -- he was totally allergic to the aircraft - he would not fly; he would not drive an automobile up the highway and, believe me, this was an extremely hazardous highway so he would get up to Quitandinha only by helicopter.

General and Mrs. Marshall and Sergeant George and I lived in a private residence and it was well staffed. Everything worked beautifully and we had no problems whatsoever. Interestingly enough, we had taken with us Major Walters, whom we had borrowed from the Brazilian Ambassador (that was Bill Pawley actually); Walters was an interpreter and he did a superb job for General Marshall in his operations at the conference.

It's a matter of some interest, I think, that General Marshall was speaking of General Buckner in his talk and General Buckner, of course, had the full name related to -- General Buckner's name was Simon Bolivar Buckner (English), or if you will in the Brazilian accent, Simon Bolivar Buckner (Portuguese).

Major Walters had gone to great length to instruct General Marshall to make sure that when he was talking about Simon Bolivar Buckner (English), as we know him, that General Marshall should say Simon Bolivar Buckner (Portuguese) as a tribute to the Brazilian people because Simon Bolivar was, of course, one of the great Brazilian heroes. General Marshall did beautifully and pronounced it Simon Bolivar Buckner (Portuguese) but when Major Walters was translating it from General Marshall's English to the Brazilian-Portuguese accent why he, Major Walters, said Simon Bolivar Buckner (English). This created a tremendous laugh amongst the entire enclave there at the conference because while General Marshall had properly pronounced Simon Bolivar Buckner (Portuguese), Major Walters in translating into Portuguese and into Spanish had said Simon Boliver Buckner (English).

I just replayed this tape, Eugenia, this morning, I was working on it last night, and as you can tell I probably had one or two highballs too many because of repetition.

I wonder if these little incidents are of any particular interest to you and Forrest. I just heard the tape and I have several comments to make.

Hy Berkowitz is about the only fellow I ever envied for the arrangements he had. We knew Chiquita Paske-Smith in the Hawaiian Islands when she was a young girl of about 20. In fact I dated her a few times. We were all good friends.

We got Sol Blum up to Quitandinha, as I remember, by helicopter. It's the only way he would go. Either that or he stayed down at the Embassy the entire time. He incidentally was the instigator

of the Yorktown Sesquicentennial Celebration back in 1931. The organization fell apart and they had to call on the Army to do all of the work.

The assistant of President Truman who gave me the Independence for the trip to Brazil was Matt Connelly, who subsequently got into trouble, and I think served a jail sentence.

I recall now also that Mrs. Vandenberg, Mrs. Arthur Vandenberg, whose first name was Hazel They were a delightful couple incidentally.

Major Walters went on to make Brigadier General which is unusual for military attaché type and an interpreter, he really wasn't an interpreter. He spoke 7 or 8 languages beautifully but was also knowledgeable of all the political nuances in the various countries and knew how to handle his phraseology to meet those nuances. General Marshall took him every time that we needed that kind of assistance and he was a big help. He was a tremendous help also during the United Nations meeting in Paris in 1947. As you were, I think that was in the fall of 1948.

I may have already put much of this on tape when I was talking to Forrest back in the mid 50s, I think around 58 or 59 when he came out here to Colorado Springs. But it would be helpful if he has any questions in which he thinks I might shed some light or if you do, send me the questions and it would be a lot easier for me to see what you think is important and what you think is unimportant.

I remember one little incident when we were talking around the Champs Elysees, I guess, maybe it was around the Eiffel Tower, General and Mrs. Marshall walking together, Sergeant George in front about 15 or 20 feet and I was in back about 15 or 20 feet. We were both armed; it was primarily just to avoid disturbing the Marshalls since we didn't feel there was any danger at that particular time and Mrs. Marshall felt a little chilly and said, "Think I'll ask Pat to get my wrap, George," and George turned – (That is number two side of side of the first tape I've sent.) When Mrs. Marshall said, "I'll ask Pat to go get my wrap," General Marshall said, "Who is Pat?" Of course, Mrs. Marshall said, "Pat Carter, you know, General Carter." Well, as was his wont, General Marshall always called me Carter right up until a very few rare occasions after he was out of business and down at Leesburg that he would call me Pat.

I think there were only two or three people that he ever called by their first name. There was a retired General Frank McCoy, I recall he called him Frank. I think Robert Woods Bliss was called Bob, I'm not sure about that one and then his roommate, who was publisher of the Times Picayune, whose name escapes me at the moment, I think he called him by his first name but it was a very, very limited acquaintanceship. I have heard him many times call General Eisenhower, Eisenhower, and the same way with General Bradley. It was always Bradley whenever at least I was around.

This particular kind of tape costs 48¢ at the Post Exchange, and I have gotten several of them. We use this tape recorder to talk back and forth to my son in Vietnam. They are sometimes difficult to come by because they run out of stock so rapidly at Fort Carson where they have such a large troop concentration and many of them heading out for Vietnam as replacements.

I don't know whether you want to listen to these tapes and then extract items of interest and then send them back for me to re-work or whether you want to keep the tapes themselves. It seems to me that a lot of the stuff is of very little interest and certainly I'm no silver-voiced tenor on a tape recorder. But if you let me know how you want to play it, then I can follow your instructions.

There are a couple of very amusing incidents that occurred to me while I was with General Marshall which might at least give you a laugh or two. One was when we were staying in an ambassadorial residence, I'll not name the ambassador unless you insist upon it, and I had recently joined the State Department, and we, that is with General Marshall, I had been there a year, of course, while he was in China and the Ambassador was showing me around the residence with pride. We went up a winding staircase and entered a very large ballroom. It must have been 120 feet by 60 or 80 feet anyway and at the far end of the ballroom there were two portraits of men with ruffled collars and goatees and obviously around mid-nineteenth century, I'd say, something like that.

The Ambassador turned to me and said, "How long, General, have you been in the State Department (Diplomatic Service)?" and I noticed these two pictures and said, "Who are those two jokers?" "Oh," he said "Those are my grandparents, my grandfathers, and I withdraw my previous question." Needless to say, I was a little bit embarrassed by the stupidity but it's been a good story to tell because it does show that I never really was acclimated to Foreign Service activities.

The other incident occurred in Paris at the home of the Norwegian Ambassador. We were there for the United Nations meeting and General Marshall, Mr. Bevin, Mr. Bidault and a few hangers on, of which I was one, had been invited to a quite formal dinner at the Norwegian Ambassador's home. The hostess was a lovely, lovely blonde, great big blue eyes and just one of those striking Scandinavian beauties. After dinner Bevin, Bidault, and General Marshall left for some sort of a plenary session at which we were not invited. I think it was a get together over at Bevin's place, probably, or Bidault's, just to talk out some allied strategies in handling the Soviet Bloc. So we sat around -- the Indians, the hangers on, the horseholders -- sat around, there were probably eight of us anyway, with the five or six ladies drinking coffee and having brandy and smoking cigarettes. After an hour of that it seemed about time for somebody to make the move so I looked around. I was certainly the baldest, maybe not the senior anyway, but probably the most senile and decided I was the one who had to make the break. So I got up and went over to the hostess in my best State Department language and said, "Thank you so much Your Excellency, I've had a delightful evening," and she looked up at me with those big blue eyes and said, "Oh, must you leave now?" Well, I didn't know what the next gambit was, not having studied the book all the way, so I reverted to the military and I said, "Well, Your Excellency, I can't very well stay all night," and with this slight cleavage in her mouth, which I took to be a smile and certainly a twinkle in her eye, and said, "Oh, General, sir, I had not hoped for such a favor at this our first meeting." Believe me I certainly retired there with a rapid retreat.

I've also told that story a number of times in front of audiences to sort of break the ice when I was peddling NSA or CIA at the war colleges. I also used those stories when I was peddling the North American Air Defense Command around the country and it always gave me a rapport with the audience, I presume because of my stupidity maybe they equated it to me somehow. I might

point out that in the first story about the Ambassador asking me how long I'd been in the State Department, actually what he said was how long, General, have you been in the Diplomatic Service which makes the story a little better than just using State Department. I've always called it Diplomatic Service -- that was just a slip of the tongue when I was making this tape.

I'm sitting right here in my study looking out the window. It's about 9:00 in the morning and there've been two coveys of quail feeding right there in the corner of our yard in the weeds just over a small wall. This is a beautiful sight and I've learned more about quail watching them recently than I have in all the times I've been hunting them. Course we don't bother them at all and we do keep away the magpies. But these quail -- one covey has about 13 and their babies aren't over 3 or 4 inches long. The other covey, almost full-grown, there are 9 in that. That certainly is an item of very little interest except it shows that although I have retired for a year I still have an interest. Mrs. Carter and I, Preot and I were down at Rocky Ford, which is the melon center of Colorado, over the weekend shooting dove and we limited out, that is 10 apiece, each day for a total possession limit of forty. They are delicious and we have already had one meal of them.

I remember several other incidents in Paris: one was when Mrs. Marshall had accepted an invitation to dinner in honor of the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, if you will, and had failed to tell General Marshall. General Marshall came home around 6 o'clock and was confronted with the news that he was to get into a black tie and escort Mrs. Marshall to this dinner. I'm not sure what the reason was, whether General Marshall was tired or didn't feel well, but I have a sneaking suspicion that he felt that the Duke of Windsor had been derelict in his duty by resigning the throne and that of course was something that would be anathema to General Marshall. In any event he came into my room and said, "Have you got a dinner coat with you?" and I said, "Yes, sir," and he said "Well, get it on, you're escorting Mrs. Marshall to a dinner at the home of some very wealthy American." I guess you call them repatriates. In any event, I went and, of course, I sat next to the Duchess representing General Marshall. Mrs. Marshall indicated that General Marshall didn't feel well and she thought it would be better to even out the table by bring me along. It was one of those meals where all the servants were in livery; there must have been about 20 people and the main course was pheasant. It was the first time I'd ever seen pheasant come in on big silver trays. There must have been 10 liveried servants carrying the pheasant, one on a single tray, and they had the feathers still on them. In other words, the whole pheasant had been skinned off and after it had been cooked the skin had been put back on. I guess they used these skins over and over again like you do clam shells and oyster shells. It was the first time I'd ever seen them going around - all these pheasant, they were all cocks-and it was a beautiful sight but most unusual.

While in Paris for the United Nations we stayed in the residence of Ambassador and Mrs. Caffrey that is Sergeant George and I and General and Mrs. Marshall. We had beautiful rooms, the General had a lovely suite and it was most comfortable. We ate our meals right there in the Embassy dining room except, because of the paper work and everything else, Sergeant George and I normally ate in the kitchen with the mademoiselle who operated the establishment. She was a lovely French lady, a widow, and we had a lot of fun because she could talk English. There was a little pantry back there where George, mademoiselle, and I would take our meals. Whenever they were having guests then I would be expected to be in the dining room. The Caffreys had

liveried servants also, and one tall fellow who would come in and announce dinner. They always had a cocktail in the living room, at first, and at the appropriate time this man would come in and, in his best French, announce that dinner was served. He had on the stockings and the tight pants, and long-tailed coat and the whole works. One day Bob Murphy called me up on the phone and said he had to see the General right away. This was now like 6:30 and I said, "Well, fine, come on over for supper." About three minutes later it was either Lou Douglas or McCloy or General Clay, in any event another big wheel called up, may have been Mark Clark, and said they had to see the General right away, so I said, "Well, fine, come on over for supper." So I went down to Mrs. Caffrey and asked if it would be possible to set a couple extra places on for supper and she said, "Oh yes, no problem at all." Just about that time this head waiter type who always announced dinner fell down the back stairs and we had to get him to the hospital. The Marine guard got him to the hospital and then there was somewhat of a dilemma because there wasn't anybody really in charge in the kitchen, at least in the pantry end of it -- the kitchen was down in the basement, food came up on a dumb waiter. So Sergeant George and I took over back there and did everything we possibly could to help and we set the two extra places on the table, always was banquet style you know, four or five courses. We told the cook there would be two extra for supper and as I said, Mrs. Caffrey had been told and it was entirely agreeable to her, she was pretty flexible, but the ambassador was one of those real staid typical old school foreign service types, and he didn't know anything that was going on back in the kitchen or the difficulties of the head waiter. He also of course was not aware that there had been two extra guests invited for dinner. They showed up and he offered them a drink and they were all talking to the General and Ambassador, and Mrs. Caffrey and I were out in the kitchen. So when the time came you could see the ambassador getting a little goosey because he didn't know that these two extra gentlemen were staying for dinner and yet he knew it was about time to announce dinner. With that, when dinner was ready Sergeant George came in and said, "Sir, dinner is served." That completely nonplussed the ambassador, but Mrs. Caffrey carried it off very well and said, "Well, Ambassador Murphy and so and so, why don't you have dinner with us?" They said they would be delighted and so they went in. The table was all set and everything went fine. But afterward when we went upstairs General Marshall called me and George in and he said, "You two fellows are doing a beautiful job, but I think in the interest of best relations you not take over this embassy. I don't mind you running the State Department, but let's don't run Ambassador Caffrey's embassy." Then we told him what the circumstances were and we were home free again.

I have a couple more things to say but this tape seems to be running out so I'll turn it over.

(REEL 2, SIDE 2)

I guess one of the funniest things that happened to me, or at least I thought it was excruciatingly funny, was when General Marshall was in China. There was a Chinese general on the Nationalist side that he was very fond of. The general's name was Wei-li Wang. Wei-li Wang was suffering from severe headaches and the Chinese doctors felt that he had a malignant brain tumor, so General Marshall arranged to fly Wei-li Wang back to the West Coast in his own C-54 airplane, that is General Marshall's own plane, and in the meantime sent me a telegram. General Marshall sent me a telegram telling me to roll out the carpet for Wei-li Wang, so I arranged a Chinese speaking escort officer and a special airplane to pick up Wei-li Wang on the West Coast. I also

made arrangements with Harkness Pavilion in New York to take care of Wei-li Wang. I had the Chinese Consul General in San Francisco meet him and they feted him in great style. Then when I had him arrive in Washington, we had the Chinese Ambassador also fete him. We then sent him up to Harkness Pavilion in New York and turned him over to the doctors. In the meantime all hell had broken loose in China. The fighting had erupted again and General Marshall was as busy as a Jay Bird and I was as busy as a Jay Bird, and we, both of us, forgot about Wei-li Wang. Of course, we knew he was in good hands in the hospital. So, I guess a month or six weeks later, when the war was quiet again, General Marshall sent me a rather plaintive telegram, and all it said was, "Dear Carter, whatever happened to Wei-li Wang?" Well, that jolted me, so I got in touch with the hospital and checked out -- called the doctors and talked to them. And then I sent a long message to General Marshall (by this time things were quiet again in China) telling him step by step (in about a six-page cable) every-thing that we had done for Wei-li-Wang. It was a real red carpet treatment. The last sentence of my cable said,(and this is almost a direct quote) "The tumor turned out to be benign; Wei-li Wang was also operated on for hemorrhoids; the only apparent connection between the two was Wei-li Wang." Well, I thought that was just funnier than hell and I never ever got a reaction from General Marshall or Mrs. Marshall about this cable. However, Bud Underwood and Hart Caughey enjoyed the cable very much over in Nanking and they took it in and laid it on the old man's desk along with the other cables. Then they watched through the peep hole that we usually had for the General to see how things were going, at least one of them did. They said General Marshall with his usual rapidity thumbed through the cables and then suddenly went back about three, picked up what turned out to be my cable, and came out and completely deadpan he said, "I'm going upstairs and have a cup of coffee with Mrs. Marshall." This was about 9:30 in the morning. Then they reported there was this raucous laughter coming from the bedroom, which was apparently over the office in the Nanking Embassy. So apparently the old man enjoyed it too, although he never ever gave me any reaction to it.

Early on when General Marshall was first Secretary of State, oh I'd say, probably the first month, he and Mrs. Marshall made a weekend visit to Dr and Mrs. Dodd, who was president then of Princeton University. It was just going to be a quiet weekend and the two couples would just tour around Princeton and places like that. So, General and Mrs. Marshall went up on the train and they noticed for some reason or another this little fellow with a very intent look always around them but paid no particular attention to it. And the General had certainly not asked for security people or anything like that. So when they arrived at the Princeton junction station, Dr. and Mrs. Dodd were there to meet General and Mrs. Marshall and they got out, and General Marshall and Dr. Dodd got in the front seat; Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Dodd got in the back seat. It wasn't a pretentious car at all, and this little fellow that had been following them, they thought who was interested in them on the train squeezed himself into the front seat. So they drove on out to the Dodd residence and this little fellow went on in with them, and finally Dr. Dodd came to General Marshall and he said, "I'm terribly sorry General but we don't have any place to put your security guard and we really don't have facilities for feeding him." General Marshall said, "My security guard? I don't have any security guard; I thought he was yours." So they finally got the fellow in and found out that yes he had been assigned by the State Department Office of Security to look after General Marshall and that all they had told him to do was to look out for him and they had not made any arrangements of any kind for him. Well, General Marshall sent him on home, said he didn't want him, he would rather be quietly assassinated than be followed around by a bunch

of security people. And then Monday when I reported into the office he buzzed for me and gave me that steely, gray, hard look and he said, "Carter, did you arrange security police for me for my weekend with the Dodds?" And I said, "No sir, that must have been done purely on their own initiative as has been done with prior secretaries of state, but I'll look into it right away." He said, "You don't have to look into it right away; you stop it right now; I'm not going to be followed by any security people." So I agreed and whenever we did get into a circumstance when security really was something necessary then I would always check it with the General in advance, but this came as a complete surprise to me and I was just as mad as he was because he was terribly embarrassed with the Dodds. At least he told me he was terribly embarrassed, but I never saw the General really embarrassed about anything because he seemed to be so well liked and never made a misstep the whole time I was with him.

It was after the Bogota Revolution or uprising, or rebellion, or whatever you want to call it, that I decided to be on the safe side and that I had better take some instructions. So I went down to Quantico to the F.B.I. Academy and took a course of instruction there predominantly in carrying concealed weapons, how you handle them and also their particular type of weapon that they used and also instruction in how to spot a fellow who is more likely to be troublesome than the average citizen. It was an extremely interesting course, and I qualified very well.-So from that point on, from that time on, I carried a 38 revolver on my hip concealed by my dress coat and a fast draw holster. I drew the revolver from the military police at Fort Myer and then the F.B.I. fixed it up according to their standards. They grind down the front sight so that it will come out of the holster a lot quicker; they put on a Mereshon handle which gives you a better grip for a fast draw, and they sand it down or bur it down the trigger sear so that you didn't have to hardly just touch it but it would go off. It was a double action Smith and Weston and, as a matter of fact, I still have it. I keep it as a souvenir sort of, but I shoot it periodically. I qualified in it last year at NSA, just shortly before I retired. One embarrassing moment and I think the only time I was ever found carrying a concealed weapon was when I went to Atlantic City with General Marshall. He was addressing a large audience in a big auditorium -- a big hall with all the seats at the same level -- and I was about four or five rows back from the podium. For some reason or another I crossed my knees and as I crossed my knees the revolver fell out of my holster on the floor and made a hell of a lot of noise. I quickly picked it up and stuck it back in the holster and uncrossed my legs and there were some funny looks at me, but I guess I looked enough like a Dick or a Cop or an Agent that nobody came up and did anything about it. But it was embarrassing to me 'because it was rather noisy on the wood floor. I don't think the General saw it. I don't think he even knew about it.

When General Pershing died and was on display at the rotunda of the capitol, President Truman called up General Marshall and said he would like to go up to pay his respects at the same time General Marshall did. Well, there were thousands and thousands of people around so, with General Marshall's permission, I arranged a police escort of just one policeman in front and one in back to get us up there. We had no problem at all getting up, and President Truman was there. And they passed the remains at the same time paying their respects. Then the President left and General Marshall and I got in the car with Rudolf and our police escorts and started back down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the State Department. There was a car in front of us that was sort of poking along around 25 or 30 miles an hour and our policeman wanted to go about 45 so the policeman in front pulled over in front of this car and waved it to the curb,

and the car went to the curb and stopped. And as we passed General Marshall said, "Good God, that's the President. Stop the car, Rudolf." And Rudolf put on the brakes and both of us almost went through the front seat. In those days we didn't wear safety belts, and the General was out of the car almost before the car had stopped and was back at the parked car trying to express his apologies. President Truman was laughing to beat the devil because there was Harry Vaughan and the President, the driver of the car, and three secret servicemen all in this very nondescript looking car. President Truman sitting in the middle -- this was part of the cover plan. They had a big cavalcade go up without the President in it and he sneaked up and then sneaked back. I don't know why all the security except there were vast crowds milling around the rotunda at the time. General Marshall was quite amused about this. I think the President was even more amused, and of course, his efforts (General Marshall's efforts) to apologize fell on deaf ears because the President was laughing so hard.

I think Dr. Pogue has already gotten pretty well taped on Bogota and some of the other major things. I'll just have to wait and find out what you all want me to talk about in the way of questions and things like that. My memory is pretty good sort of stuff, but I didn't program all of the high level diplomatic actions that took place while I was with General Marshall. I simply didn't have the time to either make notes or to do anything except what had to be done that day to keep him serviced.

It's funny that both Sergeant George and I had a knack of expressing for General Marshall what he wanted to say. So in the speeches that were prepared for him (the drafts) both George and I would normally go over them and come up with something that was fairly close to the manner in which General Marshall would say something. This included the Harvard speech and particularly the speech that he made when he returned from Moscow. This was the cruncher that told the world that the Soviets really weren't about to negotiate with the allies except on their terms. It involved about a 35-minute speech which was for TV, and the General gave it to me to cut down to about 12 or 15 minutes, which I did since there was a lot of repetition in it. George wasn't with us at that time. George was driving and we still had, as I recall, the Chinese named Wing.

A great many of the personal letters that General Marshall signed were prepared initially by me and subsequently by George, both in the State Department and in the Department of Defense. On some other tape, I'll give you a better idea of what George's relationships were with the General. They were very similar to mine except at a different level. He did everything from rub his kidneys, bring him his breakfast, to get him papers, and at my level, of course, I was able to speak for him on a number of things both in state and in defense. More installments of this fabulous tale of "Perils of Pauline" or "Perils of Marshall Carter" in the diplomatic field are still programmed in my memory cells and if they seem to have any interest I can come back on them and tell you about them. There were some excruciatingly funny things that happened, at least they weren't funny at the time but turned out to be funny later. Happened in Bogota and Moscow.