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Interviewed 3-5 p.m., March 30, 1961, by Edward M. Coffman.

I first met General Marshall right after he became a brigadier general--in late 1935 or '36. I was in the IG section at corps headquarters at San Francisco.

I had been a captain commanding Company A, 34th Infantry at Fort George G. Meade. You know how the commander of Company A always gets the odd jobs. Well, the regimental commander sent me in to a meeting in the old House Building about the CCC. Fechner was there with his charts, explaining his plans.

When I went back, I was asked by my regimental commander about what it was all about. I told him that it was a plan to get the boys off the streets and put them in some sort of conservation work. I said that they were going to use Army officers and that I would go first, then train reserve officers to take over and return to my company. I think it was the 13th of April, 1933, that the first white company went out to Luray, Virginia. I took the first colored company on April 15th to Pennsylvania.

Sometime later, General Paul B. Malone said he wanted to see me. I came down here and found that he was in Walter Reed with an impacted wisdom tooth. I checked to see if I could see him, and they said to go on out. He told me that he was going to San Francisco and that he wanted me to go along to handle CCC--that the western set-up was somewhat different from what we had in the East, and that he wanted to mold it more on eastern lines. General Marshall had just taken over as brigade commander with headquarters at Vancouver Barracks when I came up to inspect CCC camps in that area. CCC was new to him then. He didn't know much about it.

I reported to him and told him what I was there for. He said: "I'll go with you. When do you plan to start?" I said: "Well, I'll go at your convenience, sir," He said: "No, you are the inspector." I said: "I was planning to go to three camps tomorrow, so I thought I would leave at 8:00," He said: "That would be fine. I'll pick you up."

The next morning he drove up to the officers' club where I was staying. I was standing with my traveling bag and brief case. He got out and took my bag and case and carried them to the car for me. Then I rode on his right on the back seat. That's the sort of man he was.

We went to one camp--drove up to the little headquarters. I asked where the captain was and an enrollee said that he couldn't be disturbed since he was in a hearing. I asked the general if he wanted me to interrupt the hearing. He said no that we would wait, so we sat there in the car until the captain came out of the hearing. He almost fainted when he saw that the general and the corps area inspector had been waiting. The general asked him about the hearing. The captain said that it was about whether or not to kick a boy out of camp. The General said: "Did you kick him out?" and he said: "Yes, sir."

Then we inspected the camp. The General would hold the door for me at each place. I was only a captain; but he saw the two stars of the corps commander on my shoulder.

After we left, I told him that I thought the captain ought to have a commendation. The morale was good and camp was in good shape. These were Tennessee boys and they would play their guitars and banjos and sing. They did logging work. It could get dreary in that part of the country since it rained so much; but the captain had done a good job. The General said to go ahead with the commendation that he would concur. Later, he said: "That's what a captain gets for keeping the brigade commander and the corps area inspector waiting," That was his humorous side coming out. Most people never knew about that side of his nature.

While we were making inspection trips, he found out that I was interested in hunting, so we started going on hunting trips together. I would drive up from San Francisco and meet him.

We used to hunt duck and geese at Tule Lake, partridges around Colfax and Hungarian pheasants. We sometimes went to Idaho. You get to know a man pretty well when you hunt with him. He was a man of quiet integrity. He had a confidence that some took for conceit; but it wasn't so. I never knew anybody like that -- there was a sort of holiness about him. And he was sincerity tip to toe.

He was a good shot. When he leveled on something, it came down. He didn't like to shoot at birds coming right toward him. He would bide his time and wait until he could get a shot-then raise that old long barreled shotgun and get his bird. He never missed. I have seen him say he had missed when someone else fired at the same time. "I stepped on a rock." or "I stubbed my toe, so I couldn't have hit it -- it must have been your shot."-- but I knew he had gotten it.

Lee Gerow used to take him to Colfax where we would get together. Sometimes, we would stay at CCC camps. I saw to it that all the game refuges had a CCC camp to hold out. I used to write for Sports Afield and I had some good bird dogs. One CCC company saw that the antelopes were fed in Nevada, for example. There was another company at Tule Lake.

Ridgway went up from San Francisco with me a couple of times; but I don't remember hunting with him. I would pair off with the General and he would go with someone else.

I remember one time I went to Tule Lake with the General. It must have been zero weather -- the window shield would ice up. I had told Mr. Fairchild, the gamekeeper, that I was bringing a man who would be really important to the country someday -- the brigade commander. He said that he had wanted to meet General Marshall. I asked him to pick out a good stand for us.

We got there and he pulled us out in his motorboat to this part of the Lake that he thought was the best spot, then he left us in the dinghy. He hadn't gotten more than 25 or 30 yards away when a couple of ducks flew over and the General leveled and brought one down. (It was right after the restrictions had been put on shooting canvasbacks and redheads.) The bird came down and Mr. Fairchild said that he would get it since it fell close to him. As he drew closer to the duck, we could hear him saying - "It looks pretty bad. It looks like a canvasback." I told him that I was sorry that I had shot it. He came over and lectured us -- that we ought to set a good example and so on. I apologized and took the blame. General Marshall just sat there. After I had finished and Mr. Fairchild started to pull away, General Marshall said "That was a pretty speech and this man is a loyal subordinate, Mr. Fairchild, but he is also the damndest liar in Arkansas. I shot

the bird. I can't tell one duck from another in the air." Mr. Fairchild: "I knew that General, the captain here knows every duck here by his first name."

General Marshall would tell stories about his past experiences while we sat in blinds. He was well read. I used to know a lot of quotations from the old poets -- Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley. I would use one every now and then that was appropriate to the occasion. He could always finish the quotation. I never talked philosophy with him.

Another time we were out picking up decoys. I was rowing, but since I had been having some trouble with bursitis in my left arm the boat was sort of zigzagging. General Marshall said: "You aren't doing a very good job rowing, let me row and you pick up the decoys." After we finished, we were about 1 ¼ mile from the dock. He said: "You line my neck up with the dock and keep me straight." And he rowed straight to the dock--straight as a surveyor's line. When we docked, I told him that I didn't know he could row so well and asked him where he learn. He said that a man picks up a lot of things he doesn't talk about.

The only time I ever saw him take a drink was a couple of times when Mrs. Marshall gave us some port wine after we had come in from hunting. He smoked cigarettes.

When he became Chief of Staff, I was in the IG Department in the Winder building opposite the State, War and Navy building. The Chief of Staff's office was in the Munitions building. I had just been hunting near Stuttgart, Arkansas, and I had some nice plump black ducks. I went over to Quarters One at Fort Myer and took the frozen ducks to the backdoor and gave them to George, the old colored man he had.

The next day, his aide, a lieutenant colonel, called, and said that the General wanted to see me at my convenience. I was only a major so I said I would see him at his convenience. The colonel said come in tomorrow morning.

I went over and the place was jammed with reporters and photographers. I saw the aide and he took me in a back way. The General told me how good the ducks were and thanked me for them. He commented on the fact that Southerners called black mallards--blacks. We had been planning to hunt big game in Idaho that fall (1939). He said: "It looks as if that fellow is stirring up trouble over in Europe and we are going to have to handle him. I won't be going to Idaho this fall and neither will you." I said: "You mean Mr. Hitler." And he said: "Yes." After we talked for about ten minutes, I got up to go--saying that I knew there were a lot of reporters waiting to see him. He said: "Sit down, don't go until I tell you." We sat for about forty minutes talking. He asked me where I was going next. I told him I was going to Omaha. He said to get in touch with him when I returned to Washington.

I went from Omaha to Puerto Rico where I was IG of the Antilles Command. While I was down there, I asked some people to smuggle some of that cafe rio to the General. (This was during the coffee shortage.) That is the best coffee I've ever had. I got nice notes from both General and Mrs. Marshall.

Later, I came back (1942) and was put on the War Department Survey--this was a team of three officers who would check estimates for all sorts of operations - strategic bombing - North African invasion.

I would go over to the Pentagon and see him every now and then. He was in 3 E something -- two doors down from where the Chief of Staff is now. His aide had orders to let me "Flap" Adams who was very close to him and who had been at Vancouver with him.

He would talk about hunting and other things. He was very conscientious. I know that he felt strongly the responsibility for the men and that he would think of the cost in lives of every operation. He would sit - looking out the window. I knew that he must have been thinking of that.

I was cleared for Discreet -- that was a rare clearance. Discreet investigations were ordered for such things as the time that town was blown up in building the Alcan Highway and when Boeing gave Mrs. Arnold a car and some diamonds.

One time the General asked me about the Inspector General. Pa Watson had forced Peterson on the Army. He had been Pa's roommate at West Point and had pulled him through. He was worthless. The General called me in and said: "It makes me sick at my stomach I've got so many things going wrong. What do you think of the Inspector General? How do you think it would affect the office if he left?" I asked him if he wanted me to answer frankly. He answered -- yes. I told him that I thought it would help matters.

I never told anyone about this except the Deputy IG - Phil Brown (We had been junior officers together in Panama.) He came in a few days later and closed the door -- I've got some big news." I told him I knew about it. He said: "General Marshall told me to tell him." General Peterson was in Chicago at the time and he had orders to be out of the office by noon the next day. Finally, he did get a day extra. That's the way the General did things. He could cut people's heads off cleaner than anybody. He made enemies by doing the right thing, but you could talk to him.

I saw him once after he left the office of Chief of Staff. I never went down to Leesburg although he had invited me. He was working of the Marshall Plan at the time. He had a paper with a lot of figures on it. He had been on a plane trip and had worked this out.

My brother-in-law Aristides Moreno was a good friend of his, but all of his papers were destroyed; however, the Army and Navy Club might have some.

A very affable man -- naturally, interested in athletics. He looks a little like Hap Arnold. He said that General Marshall sent him a couple of articles which he had written about CCC to revise (while he was at Leesburg) that he made some corrections and sent them back. He is eager to help the Foundation in anyway. He doesn't know what happened to letters he got from General Marshall. He gave them to his sister in Arkansas and believes them now lost or destroyed. He does not have any pictures.

