TAPE 1

Recorded February 21, 1957

Some general comments on your early life:

Winston Churchill has a delightful book on his life before he was 22-23, in which he tells something of his parents, his troubles with Latin, the resulting influence on his English, one or two of his fights, and the like. One of the most delightful books I have read on a military figure is Lloyd Lewis's Captain Sam Grant *which treats of Grant's life before 1860.*

Mark Sullivan and Ray Stannard Baker several years ago each wrote a fine book on their early careers in which they spoke nostalgically about the games they played, the food they ate, and the charm of their friends.

These last two were able to describe the effect of seeing electric lights for the first time, just as you can give your reaction to the automobile, the airplane, and other phenomena of your age.

It would be of great help to have anything which would help explain how you became interested in the Army and what pushed you up to the eminence you attained. Some biographers still seek the answer in family traditions; others in teachers, books, parental molding, influence of brothers or friends. Sometimes there is something of environment and heredity. It is the fad nowadays for some writers to delve for hidden wellsprings. If you can state plainly the facts about yourself, it gives a quick death to a lot of tommyrot. [Dr. Pogue appended a list of eighty-two questions divided into categories: ancestry, home, parents, boyhood friends, boyhood incidents, additional topics, and days at V.M.I. Marshall directs his attention to these questions in interviews 1, 2, and 3.]

Uniontown, Fayette County, Pennsylvania: I am making a start at the notes for you on the place of my birth. I have no idea how to approach this, because there is so much that I might say—and it is much too much—and just what angle I should take is a matter still to be determined, but I thought the best way to do was for me to make a start and then you could advise me as to what is needed, and I could follow your advice and get underway in that fashion.

To begin with, my first very clear recollection is going out to our barn in which we kept a horse and a cow. It was rather large for a place in town and when originally built had been on the edge of the town.

My recollection goes back to climbing up the ladder, which was fastened to the side of the barn, in an effort to get to the haymow—the first time I had ever tried this. My brother had gone ahead of me and had disappeared in the haymow. And as I climbed up the ladder, being very cautious and a little frightened, I came to a windowless opening

which I could look out of between the rungs of the ladder. In a sense, it seemed to me—my recollection is that this was my first look at the world.

A creek ran through our place, and my line of vision went down the line of the creek. I saw some little distance below me some highly colored ducks swimming about, which of course attracted my eye immediately. There was a dog or two along the bank. There were chickens wandering about. All of it fascinated me and it seemed a whole world exposed in an instant to my eye.

The barn was part of our place. There was also a carriage house and a smaller building—for what purpose I do not recall. All of this played a very important part in my early life—which I will touch on later.

The National Pike, the famous Federal Road from Cumberland to Wheeling, to connect up the freight line, we might say, from the east by the Baltimore and Ohio Canal to Cumberland by the great Conestoga wagons, from Cumberland to Wheeling, West Virginia, and down the river from Wheeling and then possibly up the Mississippi and then again on up the Missouri and further out clear into the really far Middle West, I would say, that was the approach. This road, as I said, passed in front of our house.

The house was at the one end of a very monumental arched bridge of the type that was common along this National Highway. Directly across the street from me was a red brick house in which lived my chum of those days. His name was Andrew Thompson. His father later became a tremendously wealthy man and of great influence in southwestern Pennsylvania and in a sense a sort of rival of the Mellon financial structure.

However, to get back to me: I don't remember much of the very early days. But as I grew a little older, Andrew Thompson—or Andy as I called him—and myself became inseparable. We had a delightful country in which to roam.

This creek went through our place, and there was a little island and what we called an orchard—though it was only composed of four very large apple trees—in which we had the privilege of crawling about all we wanted to and in which we had a tree house. There was a spring house there—a brick spring house—which was fed by a spring and there's where the milk and things of that nature were kept. I can still remember seeing my mother skim the cream from the milk with a long flat spoon. Against the side of this spring house was a very crude shack, built against the wall, and that was the great place of business of Andy and of me, where we later on ran our restaurants, where we kept rabbits and two or three other things that I don't recall at the moment.

The life was very simple. The country was very beautiful, very rich in

surface farming and in the coal which underlay the region and which eventually destroyed a great deal of its beauty. But it hadn't reached the immediate vicinity of my hometown.

Beyond our house stretched some fertile fields and what we called the first and second and third hollows—one of which had a tiny waterfall which fascinated us—and we became curators of all the lizards out of the stream there. Altogether it was a very charming place for a boy, and we were allowed complete liberty in a sense to deface that portion in which we played.

To jump across considerably in the time element, I remember when Whitney, I think it was, was secretary of the navy and they constructed what we called in those days, "The Great White Fleet." Well, Andy and I had built a canal—a tiny canal—about two inches wide, maybe more, which parallelled the creek bed for quite a lengthy distance and we whittled out these ships with matches for masts and thread for guys and constructed the "Great White Fleet." And we would sail it down this canal we had made. I recall that because it was very fascinating for a boy, and most of the other boys in town came there in order to participate in this aquatic performance. (Incidentally, that region there of our place became quite a playground for most boys, because none of them had quite a similar opportunity—with a creek and an island and a little orchard, a number of other things of that nature.)

The trees on the place were very interesting because the man who had built the place some years before (I don't of course remember when that was) was quite an expert in fruit growing, and he had developed these trees so that most of them bore two kinds of fruit. I remember our cherry tree, as I recall, had three kinds of cherries and they didn't all come in at the same season. I also recall the stricture on the cherry tree was—made by my father—we could climb as much as we pleased to get the cherries, but we must not break off a limb. But that was very difficult because lots of cherries were far out and ours was always a race with the birds to see who would get the cherries first.

There was only one peach tree but there were a number of pear trees—some very large pears and others rather small, like sickle pears. There was one very fine apple tree; the others were not so good. Altogether it made a very attractive playground for a boy and, of course, that is my main recollection of the place.

I am now going to proceed without relation to the orderly development of the story on a time basis.

One of these houses on the place, as I explained, was the carriage shed, and the carriage that was in it disappeared after a time because father had the stable torn down and only the foundation stone left and the lumber all piled up to one side. He thought there was a possibility of

selling the stone from the foundation and also of selling the lumber. Neither of these things occurred, and both areas became the centers of our boy playing and developing. We first started out by building rafts out of the lumber and sailing them down the creek. But the lumber was too large and clumsy and too heavy and too old and that didn't go very well. But there was a friend of mine (an elderly man who had lost his great toy store by fire in Pittsburgh and who had opened a small store in Uniontown) had his brother make for me a fine flat bottomed boat that navigated the lower reaches of this stream. That played a tremendous part in our activities of that day.

We ran a ferry and had tickets for the ferry. And while the ferry was only the width of the stream yet to us it was a very important crossing. And the girls from school would buy tickets from us with pins and pennies and would come down after school to cross over and back on the ferry. We ran the ferry with great formality.

My chum would be the engine man and pole it. I don't remember his costume, particularly, but I know I was the conductor as a rule and I had my mother' s punch from the 500 counting business (that was the card game of that day). I wore my hat backwards, and I took up the tickets.

One of the incidents of my young life that occurred here and made a definite impression upon me was the girls had gone over to the far bank and now came the return trip. They had these elaborately prepared tickets that we had made by hand. (We used a typewriter, a rather primitive machine for children of that day). On the return trip the girls got obstreperous and refused to give me the tickets. I was terribly humiliated—with my cap on backwards and my 500 punch machine in my hands to punch the tickets—and what made it worse was my chum Andy began laughing at me. And here I was with the girls in the flatboat all jeering at me and with my engineer and boon companion laughing at me, and I was stuck. Just then my eyes fastened on a cork in the floor of the boat which we utilized in draining it. With the inspiration of the moment, I pulled the cork and under the pressure of the weight of the passengers, this stream of water shot up in the air. All the girls screamed and I sank the boat in the middle of the stream. And they all had to wade ashore and promised me what there fathers were going to do to me. I never forgot that because I had to do something and I had to think quickly, and what I did set me up again as the temporary master of the situation. Our boat sank in the middle of the stream and we had to get it ashore later on.

Another thing that occurred there that had very interesting aftermaths—in looking back on my childhood period—was one of these

buildings, the carriage house (no, it was the other house) in which we established a greenhouse. We had gone with our mothers to the real greenhouse on the outskirts of the town, and we thought that the green related to the color of the house. So when we came back we went to our friend in the carriage shop—who I had to write to when he was ninety years old out on the west coast in later years—and he gave us the remains of the green paint in the cans left from putting the Brewster Green on carriages. We got this out with a little turpentine and painted as much of this house as we could, green, and it was therefore a green house.

Now we had to raise plants. Well, we had no plants, so we raised weeds and used tin cans painted green as the receptacles in place of flower pots. My father, who had quite a green thumb, happened to look at this greenhouse with much amusement and was much struck with what you could do with a weed if you fertilized it. Of course, there was ample fertilizer available because we had the inside of this stable to dig in, which had the fertilizer of years, of the animals that had been in the stable. It prompted him to suggest to us that we put some real plants in. He told us we could get seeds and grow them, and we could also get some little plants from the greenhouse. So, as I recall, he gave me 75¢ and, I think, Andy's mother gave him the same thing. We went to the greenhouse. I have always regretted that I never kept track of this man because he did something that I thought was very, very thoughtful in his dealings with children. We picked around so long that he asked us just what we had in mind. We were looking at the smallest pots he had, because we thought we could get more for the money and we only had $1.50. And when he heard that we were getting it for our greenhouse and were going to be his competitors in business, he gave us quite a large selection of these small pots in order to amplify what we otherwise could have only been able to obtain with our $1.50.

From then this greenhouse, as it were, began to grow. And we began planting outside in what had been a little chicken yard in front of it, and finally we began planting on the site of the old barn. And out of that came a very interesting occurrence. We read in the seed magazine of Peter Henderson and Company an advertisement that there was a new tomato that had been developed and whoever suggested the best name for the tomato would get fifty dollars. Well, that was the largest sum of money I think we had ever heard of at that time. So we sent for the seed and proceeded to plant this and grew the plants. And as they got a little larger, we transplanted them to the stable—not the stable yard—but the actual site of the stable in this very, very rich land. My father showed us how to prune the plant by taking the suckers out from between the

branches. And we grew these very large tomato plants and further pruned so that we had only a little fruit on each one. And we grew these tremendously large tomatoes.

In the first place we took these downtown to a grocery store and sold them. We got a very small return but we were very proud of the pennies that we got for these tomatoes. My father was rather contemptuous of us for selling them so cheaply. Then the groceryman communicated with us and he wanted some more. On inquiry, we found that one of his richest clients had gotten some of these tomatoes and immediately wanted some duplicates. Well, he didn't have them. We came back and reported with great glee that our stock was in demand especially, and particularly by this well-to-do family. My father told us, "Now, *you* set the price," and he suggested the first price. Well, the grocer blew up when we gave him the price, because he thought to get them for almost nothing, and we actually put a good price on this large tomato.

Well, remembering the advertisement of the Peter Henderson magazine, we took a Kodak of a tomato with a silver dollar leaning against it in order to furnish a scale as to its size. (These were the first dollar Kodaks issued by the Eastman Company and we got a very good picture.) And we sent that on to the Peter Henderson Company as our offering in this contest. We suggested the name—two names as a matter of fact, hitched together—and they came back with a reply and thanked us for sending in our piece and told us that the two names, they thought, were inadvisable; it ought to be one name. But they wanted to say that was the largest tomato they had ever seen, and they would like one of our parents to write and describe how that tomato had been raised. They could tell they were dealing with children because we had written all this on our toy typewriter and it was very much a childish offering. I told this to my father and he was intensely interested in this and he wrote to Peter Henderson and explained how this was done. But he observed in finishing that you couldn't tear a stable down every time you wanted to raise a tomato.

However, that was our first proud boast that our tomato had been the largest one they had ever seen. That was the Ponderosa tomato which you see advertised to this day, and the man who proposed Ponderosa was the winner of the contest.

So a great deal of our life circulated around these buildings we had at our disposal—our greenhouse, our other things we had there. Then we began raising game bantam chickens. My mother was very much opposed to our fighting game chickens, so we took her out and showed her two game bantam black breasted red chickens fight, and they were very cute and they didn't hurt each other and she thought it was all

right. Then after she left we put the steel spurs on, which the blacksmith made for us out of horseshoe nails, and now they could walk around in their steel spurs and then they were dangerous fighters for their size. I remember that our prize cock weighed exactly one pound and I can recall that his name was Dinkum.

The girls would come down after school to buy our green things, and then I received an education in what happens in connection with the middleman. We were always exploring the country. We were getting old bones to sell, old iron to sell, and very little rubber because there were no rubber tires in those days. But we'd use a pony cart and go all over the countryside, which was open country right up to our house.

Out there one spring day we found the side of the hill with a very large cloud of blue forget-me-nots. Well, this appealed to us, so we took the spade out of the pony cart, which we always took with us, and spaded up quite a large number of forget-me-nots. When we got them back to our shop, as it were, we took empty strawberry boxes, the same as we have today, and cleaned them up, painted them green—again the paint came from our friend the carriage maker—and put a black stripe around them. Then we planted a forget-me-not in them and put moss around the forget-me-not. Then during the recess period at school, we hustled home—having gotten permission from our teacher to go a little early—and took these strawberry boxes, green with the black stripe,—with a blue forget-me-not and the moss around the top. It was a very attractive looking little affair, and the girls all bought them. I don't remember what we charged them for them, but it was some infinitesimal sum.

Later on we were having a May Day picnic and these same girls, largely, and they saw this forget-me-not patch out in the country (in fact, we were fool enough to take them near it, to this hollow as we called it, where the little waterfall was, which was our favorite playing place in the country), and they saw that we had gotten these for nothing and we had spaded them up out of this plot. They immediately turned on us and thought that we had cheated them and they boycotted our whole enterprise, and that put the greenhouse out of business. But they gave us no credit for finding the patch, for digging the plants up, for finding the strawberry boxes, for painting them green and black striping them, for getting the moss to go around the plants and for transporting them to school. In other words, all the middleman activities in this thing, between the blossoming of the plant and the sale, we carried out and which was responsible for the attractiveness of it, but we were boycotted and that put us out of the greenhouse. But it also taught me a little bit about the position of the middleman.

The town at first, in my recollection, was very simple and very

attractive. Of course, a boyhood recollection of a place like that is rather difficult to compare to modern recollections. But I always thought it was a charming place to live and we had great fun out of it, and it largely centered around our yard which was fairly large. And the creek, of course, was the great jewel of the production.

Later on—well, I might explain some of our activities which will tell a little bit of boyhood life there—we ran a restaurant in this lean-to we had constructed against the spring house. And we had it very carefully fixed up with a counter. And then to one side of the counter—where you couldn't see it from the counter—we had an old stove. Andy was the cook and I was the waiter. I valued my job because it allowed me to use the terms that they called out for apple pie and other things like that in the first restaurant of that character in the town. So I would advertise our food in a very loud tone of voice.

And the boys could enter this building by crawling in a double entrance. You first went in head first and then you turned to the right and got out. That had one door against the cold. There we sold, largely, sweet potatoes, such apples as were left from the tree, and most everything was anointed with sugar. We had a little shaker, I remember, with a little tin handle on it. And the favorite thing we sold were sweet potatoes. We had a strike on the sweet potatoes and the boys refused to buy them [one day]. They said they were no good. I went back to interview the cook, who had a newspaper representation of a chef's hat, and he protested that he was making these sweet potatoes just like they were always made. He said, the only thing different was that he had run out of sugar and he had put sand in the can. I told him of this in after years and he resented that story that he could have been that dumb, but it was the actual truth. He afterwards became a millionaire, and he may have sold them more sand, I don't know.

But we had a great deal of fun around this. The rabbit affair was the usual one with too rapid production and the burrowing out, getting down under the walls and getting out.

But the railroad came through this valley, purely a freight road because it tapped the richest coal region around in the country—the famous Connellsville seven foot vein of coal and wonderful coking coal—and the trains that came along there were only hauling out coke because they converted the coal into coke before they took it away from the mines. This railroad had not been there in my youth. It narrowed the valley, it abolished the island, and it produced a situation where floods became prevalent, because there was no longer the width of the stream to carry the water that there had been, and it made the basement of our house, which had the kitchen and several nice rooms,

unusable except at intervals between floods, and it could no longer be used as a kitchen.

This again offered quite interesting things, and I remember my father, who was always putting his finger into new things when he saw them advertised or on display, coming home with the first recipe and mixtures for making root beer. My mother was always protesting against these performances of his, but we made a trial lot of root beer and it was terrible. Nobody could drink it. The family all liked beer. (I didn't; never have.) And we had a great many beer bottles. In those days they had a rubber stopper on a swing that put it in; you pushed down one side and clamped it in the bottle. So we used these bottles for this root beer which we couldn't drink and it stood there.

And then accidentally, about six months later, Andy and I found out that this was delicious to the taste. So we opened up a bar in the cellar. We sold corn-silk cigars and we sold beer. And we had the whole town in our cellar. Our father came home one day and found this affair going on at full speed. And he went into the cellar and sampled the root beer and he seized the whole issue because he found it had aged and was now really delicious. And we went out of action as bartenders. We regretted this bitterly.

Then we got into the development of game chickens—I mean the large game chickens of which the black-breasted red was our favorite as it had been in the bantam chickens. And we had these chickens "pitted" by the bartender [*blacksmith*], George Gadd, who was quite a friend of our youth, and his blacksmith shop was our "club" as it were. If one of us would pull the bellows, then the rest of us could sit there and talk and listen to the other talk.

This shop—blacksmith shop—faced on a great cobblestone square, which was the inner square of an inn, which had persisted from the days of the earliest development in Uniontown. I will interrupt this story to explain that being on the National Pike, this inn was used by all the great of those days who went to the West, and almost every prominent man of the West and part of the South would come through Uniontown because it was across the mountain and you had to take a rest—either coming or going—at Uniontown. So this inn was built in this old-fashioned way and had this great cobblestone square of which the blacksmith shop was a part—of which the butchery, where they killed the hogs in the fall, where we flocked around to get the bladders for footballs as it were, and the granaries and other things—fronted on it.

I remember when I was given a welcome in Uniontown after I was made chief of staff and I hadn't been there for years, I found the hotel was built on the site of the square and where I was sitting at the table

was identified as one side which had no buildings on it. And across the room from me, my host identified the location of George Gadd's blacksmith shop, of the butchery place and of other prominent points in this square of the days of the coaching on the National Pike. It also—I was sitting [with my] back to the alley where my sister in our young days found me playing hooky from school and went home and told on me. She denies that now, but that was the fact of the day, and it was a very painful interlude.

I will go a little further. I had to make a speech. I had just been made chief of staff a few weeks. They were all concerned about the war which had just developed in Europe on the first of September. And the press, of course, would immediately surround me. I wished to make no statement, and yet I knew I would have to say something. Some of the press men came on from Pittsburgh and I believe one from Philadelphia. It was my first introduction to that sort of thing. I identified where I was sitting with the old square before I got up. Searching around for something that might be of possible interest and to save me from talking about the European situation—of which I knew little in detail at that time, but with which I was going to be so intimately connected as the days developed—I decided to identify the relationship of where we were to the days of our youth.

I recall the first explanation I gave was singling out a lady in a red dress, evening dress, and I called all their attention to that—and there were about four hundred people in the room—and I explained that was the site of George Gadd's blacksmith shop. And then there was a lady in another colored dress a little further up the line, and she was sitting where they butchered the hogs in the fall and where we assembled to get the bladders. I remember that my stepdaughter and Mrs. Marshall were with me at this time, and she was very much embarrassed by my talking about bladders and sort of shrank into insignificance when I got to that part of the tale. But I could identify things all around the square with my youth. And now it was this lovely dining room of the new hotel built on the site of this old tavern which had sheltered Andrew Jackson and any number of the prominent characters of that day who had traveled over the National Pike to get to the Ohio River and down to the Mississippi.

The schools in the town, for the children of my associates, began first. The earliest form was a school by Miss Thompson, who was an old maid that ran this school. And it was a very bitter period to me, because I never could do anything at all well. I only had one great struggle. I was very much taken with a young lady who now lives somewhat near here, as a matter of fact in Richmond. She was quite brilliant in comparison with me, and she stood at the head of the line in the spelling bee that

occurred every day. So I made my first superhuman effort and worked up the line of the spellers in order to be close to her and win her respect. I got up to next to the top and fell down the same day and went to the bottom, and I never tried again, and I still spell in a very fantastic manner. My only consolation is both my wife and my stepdaughter spell as badly if not worse than I do. So I am rather a one-eyed man in the Kingdom of the Blind when it comes to that.

In this life of Uniontown, I saw what you might call the end of an era, because it was a very simple life and a very charming life and had a long history behind it. The families there went back to the days of George Washington and his farm which was nearby. And the coal and coke oven plant that my father ran was right across from the Washington farm. And that plant that my father operated was, I think, originally purchased by Gist who was the guide for Washington when he made his first famous trip to see the French up near Lake Erie north of Fort Duquesne (which is now Pittsburgh).

The Braddock Trail ran through near this farm and my father pointed out these historical facts to me. And as a matter of fact, in our hunting [trips] which he frequently took me on, particularly for pheasant which were really grouse, we would follow the Braddock Trail, which remained to a large extent a clearing with attractive green covering of grass on it, because the pheasant would often land in their flights in this clearing and we could work with the dog pretty well there. So I became familiar with long strips of the Braddock Trail.

On this trail, about seven or eight miles from home, was the site of Braddock's grave. When they were building the National Road through, they dug up his grave and identified it by the brass buttons and skeleton and other things there, and they reinterred him close by in a very picturesque little plot. I don't think it was over fifty yards square. It had these little pine trees in it, and had his grave with a very small headstone. In fact, I don't remember what the grave looked like. But we would go out in that vicinity to picnic. And this little white fence had a flat board top, and we could sit on the fence, and lots of my early courtship efforts were made sitting on that fence on a moonlight night after one of these picnic suppers in the mountain.

Now just a few miles beyond Braddock's grave was Fort Necessity where Washington had to surrender his force—though he did it with the honors of war, and retained his weapons and marched off—when he was outnumbered by the French and Indians. That has now been built up into quite an impressive fort. But in my day there was just a slight ridge in the field which showed where the entrenchment had been, which my father showed to me when I was about seven years old. I went to the dedication of the new markers—the rebuilt fort—not so long ago.

And they had identified exactly where the fort was by finding, well beneath the surface, the lower end of the logs which formed the palisade, because they had been preserved by the dampness of the soil which was next to a stream which flooded frequently. And now you can see this same replica of the fort at Fort Necessity which is just a trifle beyond Braddock's grave.

So these were all old places to me in my youth. My father was very much interested in history, and he was interested in telling and showing me these factors. I always thought it was tragic the fact that none of this was included in our schooling. I went through the public school—not *through* the public school—wasn't good enough, but I went through part of it, and nowhere was I taught anything of what had happened in what was a remarkably historic region.

There was a creek ran through the town that was discolored by the sulphur from the mines—Redstone Creek. I guess it had always been somewhat discolored, and it ran a short distance of say ten or twelve miles into the Monongahela River which was largely navigable as far as Pittsburgh, about thirty-five miles from there, and this again was the scene of very historic affairs.

At Williamsburg at this time [i.e., 1778] there was a meeting of very famous characters. I have forgotten who was governor of Virginia at the time, but I know George Mason was one of them, and I think Alexander Hamilton. Anyway, there were three or four very famous characters, and they had a meeting to decide what to do about the fact that the English were established on the Mississippi River next to what is now Illinois at Kaskaskia. That was pretty far south of Detroit which was the English headquarters of that day. The French had held it and the English had taken it over. And this group of men—the governor of Virginia and other state officials—felt that something had to be done.

Their decision is rather interesting because it was so brief and shows the extreme simplicity of organizing an army in that period. All you had to do was take the rifle down from the nails or deer horns across the fireplace ... [Interruption]. I was speaking of the ease with which an expedition could be organized if it was local in a sense—if they didn't have to cross the water. You took your rifle down from over the mantlepiece and went to war. The concentration—the organization rather—of the force was directed and a very famous leader was selected whose name I forget at the moment but which I'll think of later. He organized these men there and they were to go out to Kaskaskia. They went to the vicinity of Fort Duquesne, got a little better organized there, and went down the Ohio River and finally left the river and went overland in order to effect surprise—to Illinois or what was then Virginia—and made a very difficult march to Kaskaskia. There they surprised the

British garrison. They were having a party—there were many illustrations of this frequently on calendars where the Indians are lying around the outer rim of the room and they are dancing in the middle and this famous leader was coming in and in a very dramatic battle cry demanded the surrender. They found the actual British commander in bed with his wife and Kaskaskia was surrendered to the expedition. (George Rogers Clark is the man I am trying to think of.) Then Clark turned around and went back to take over from the French at Vincennes which is now in Indiana and had a terrific march through the swamps in order to get there. But that is the way this phase of the struggle went up, which was started on Redstone Creek at my home.

Later there was another expedition, equally historic and much more determining in its results. We were in distress by the British backing up the Indians or utilizing the Indians, and the country, which was the Northwest Territory at that time, largely Ohio and Indiana, had strong Indian garrisons. Washington sent his first expedition out which was General—oh, I have forgotten that name, but you can look it up [St. Clair]—and he gave him particular advice, Washington did, this commander, about avoiding surprise by Indians. That is quite clearly accounted for in history, though it may be that the Washington enthusiasts thought up a good bit of it after the event occurred. However, I have no reason for saying that. Anyway, this expedition went out and was ambushed in a terrible massacre in what is now Ohio, which greatly shocked Washington, and he is attributed with a display of anger when he received the commander.

He (Washington) immediately turned to find a commander who could manage this thing, and he selected Anthony Wayne. This expedition is very interesting for the reason that "Mad Anthony" didn't seem to be exactly the proper nickname for him because he was a most careful man and one of the best organizers that I have come across in early history. He again organized his force, its beginnings, near Redstone Creek, on the Monongahela River, and paused below Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, for quite a long time to discipline these fellows, which is a very difficult thing to do with the old frontiersmen who are the epitome of independence and individuality.

Finally, they left there after some months—I think they wintered there—and they then went down the Ohio, and they paused at the falls of the Ohio, which I believe is Cincinnati, where a volunteer regiment of fine shots, volunteers, from Kentucky was to join them. They waited there quite awhile and went on down and cut in from the river to, I think it's Greenville—it's Green-something—where he went ahead with his further organization, getting these men into shape. This is most unusual, because most of those volunteer organizations organized today

and went to battle tomorrow. He then built an advanced post at what is called Fort Defiance and I think still is Fort Defiance which is on the Pennsylvania Railroad between Pittsburgh and Chicago.

He sent a fairly good-sized force there and they were attacked by the Indians in considerable force, and the British may have been there with them—I don't recall that—and they drove off his force successfully. In other words, they "blooded" the command, which he thought was quite necessary. He then organized a lot more of them up to Fort Necessity [Defiance] and finally moved out.

But I must say before this, although this is not about Uniontown—though this had its beginnings near there—a very remarkable thing had taken place. The chief, whose name I've forgotten—I will call him Little Chief or Green Kettle or something of that sort—had adopted a son, and this son was a white boy captured when he was six years old. And he had become the adopted son of the chief and he had become the subchief of the tribe. Of course, that made him a very valuable person if he could get into the Americans' hands—the American being the white man. But he was so shocked with the scene of all these bodies of white men at the time of this massacre—I think it was St. Clair who was massacred there at the time of this massacre—that he left Little Chief and went over to the white man's affairs. So when Anthony Wayne was organizing his force, this man came in and offered his services as a scout. And he, of course, became the chief scout. Of course he was a scout without parallel because he was brought up in Indian training which is so wonderful for a woodsman. He knew all about them, because he had been subchief of the tribe, and now he was the chief scout for Anthony Wayne's force.

[Begin cassette side 2]

Afterwards this chief scout, this Indian trained boy, played a dramatic part in the final massacre of the Americans, whose commander had given up and destroyed all his munitions of war, and this fellow, this chief scout who had for some time been out in Indiana in the wilderness in some sort of civil job in relation to the Indians, I think, and he took command of the advanced guard in this desperate situation which he wholly disapproved of, and near the site of what was the social center of Chicago of those days, they met the Indians, who had promised them a safe exit, and he died, fighting in the advance guard. And he rode with his face painted black, which is the custom of the Indians when you are on a desperate mission from which you have no hope really of surviving. This street in Chicago—it is parallel to LaSalle Street, Wells Street—is named for that man.

Anthony Wayne's people moved out from Fort Defiance and encoun-

tered the British and largely Indians in what is known as the battle of Fallen Timbers (where these huge trees were blown down by a hurricane of that early day) and defeated them completely and moved on toward Detroit. There they did not attempt to assault the fort, because that would have been rather difficult to do, and also it had to do with the diplomacy of that day. But they put out all the British trappers who lived outside the fort. Then they retired into Indiana and destroyed some thousands of acres of corn, because that was a great corn crop there that the Indians raised for the winter. Then they retired to Greenville (or wherever this was) and dominated the whole region.

The Indian chief came there with some of his subchiefs and they had a meeting with Anthony Wayne, and they had to parley with him in his favor because he dominated the whole region. Among the things that he determined upon, which they had to concede, was a tract of land where what is now called Chicago River empties into Lake Michigan, because that was a means of connection between the Illinois River and the Mississippi and New Orleans, and was going to have a great value because of that factor. And that is the origin of the site of Chicago and its build-up by the white men of that period.

Now to go back to Uniontown which I mention because of its proximity to these things.

Another place of my youth which I enjoyed was the fishing—trout fishing—in the streams in the mountains, and the one stream in particular which arose out of a deep ravine in the mountains—arose at the site of Washington's encounter at the opening of the French and Indian War where the first shot was fired there which was literally heard round the world in those days—upset the thrones in Europe and pretty much changed the face of political Europe. I am sorry I can't remember the name of this Frenchman who was ambushed here by Washington, who was as familiar to me as the name of the street in front of our house, but I will remember it later and insert it for your use, or you can find it in any history. Anyway, Washington surprised the French patrol commander and he was killed, as well as his men, and that was used against Washington very much by the French at this period. That was where we started our trout fishing. Jumonville—Jumonville's grave is marked with a pile of stones which the occasional visitor puts in place, and in those days no tourist got anywhere near the place, and only those rather familiar with the mountains there would go into it, largely fishermen like my chum and myself.

But the story of Jumonville was recited to me by my father and nearby was the scene of Washington's council of war with an Indian chief who was friendly to the Americans or English of that day. So there was a great deal of history, and very, very important history was written

in that vicinity. And there was this great life of the nation which flowed through the National Pike and stopped overnight at the inn, just two blocks beyond the house that I lived in as a boy.

In looking over the account of that inn, I think almost everybody in the federal government from the west, the near west, and the south spent a night in that inn. Historically, you might say the life of the nation, short of New York, Boston, Baltimore—places like that in the east--flowed through that particular town.

I remember, rather amusingly, that my first wife's mother, who was a very ardent Virginian of an old, old Virginia family--one of her progenitors was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and was one of the leaders in Williamsburg who is buried at the head of the aisle in the chapel there (which is always visited with historical interest)—she was a very ardent Virginian. She thought that the name Uniontown sounded rather common, and she was rather ashamed of where I came from. It wasn't until Beveridge's *Life of John Marshall* came out (which having no relation to me) which disclosed the fact that Uniontown was a far older settlement than her own Lexington, Virginia. And it had been in Washington's day and before that. And the name Union came from two so-called townships of that day were united. There were many old families there who had persisted through these years and formed a very exclusive community, which my father came up to after the Civil War in a position with the iron furnaces nearby.

I repeat again that I hardly know just what trail to follow.

I have said once that I thought this was rather the end of an era in the town life that was presented. It was very attractive and very simple and I thought the people were very, very kindly. They had old families, very old, that went back almost to Washington's day. In fact, it did go back to his day. It had its record of good fighting men in the Civil War, and it had its men who had gone to fight in the Mexican War, and what was more exciting to me, it had a few bandits in the mountains. That was right after Jesse James and that period and, of course, that excited me tremendously. I remember when they had one surrounded up in the mountains. I wanted very much to go and my father wanted to go, and my mother put a stopper to that. But they finally got the fellow, or fellows, because it was a whole gang.

This is certainly out of place as to the timing element, but that reminds me of an amusing experience I had. The geological survey came through that region, completing its mapping, and the basis for the mapping first had to be the triangulation stations and then came the levels—precise level run through to carry the exact elevations from the sea level and then the local level lines which were not so exact, but were comparatively exact as we would understand it, but they wouldn't

carry their error on through long distances such as the great base lines based on the triangulation.

Well, I got a job as an assistant to the man who ran the levels—local levels—and it was largely done with a stadia rod which I carried and he ran the transit. That was my first real close-up of engineering, though it was a very simple form. I enjoyed this very much in the summer. One night we reached the peak of that range of the Chestnut Ridge of the mountains and stayed overnight with this mountain family. There was no other place anywhere near them. This mountaineer was an old, dominant character, and as I recall, he had two married daughters and one married son and his wife and himself, and of course they had some babies. And we all slept in the same room. We slept on the floor, my level man and myself. I don't know what their arrangement of beds was, but they couldn't have had more than two or three, but that put the whole family away there. They were very generous to us and we accepted their hospitality very gratefully and were very happy to have this opportunity to rest. But they had a greatly valued old clock, a standing clock. It seemed to me that it struck the hour about every five or ten minutes, and I had a little trouble getting to sleep because I wasn't used to sleeping on the floor and I couldn't dig a place for my hips. And while I was young and not too heavy, nevertheless it was pretty uncomfortable. But the thing that amused me most was the life of the family under these circumstances. They didn't have much argument because they went to sleep very promptly, but they would all stir around and, of course, that would wake me up. And then they woke me up very early so I would have the private privilege of a bath in the horse trough and that was outside. Altogether it was a very funny night, particularly with this clock which seemed to me struck very, very frequent intervals.

Something happened—it's a very tiny thing to tell here, but I have never quite understood it. Like all young fellows of that age, I was apt to lose the intensity of purpose in the job which the level man would not. He was an older man, must have been about thirty-five. Several times he had to correct me for being absent-minded and not holding the stadia rod correctly for him to read. On one of these occasions I sought an excuse, as a boy always does, and I told him I was looking at that bird on the fence which, as I recall, was a swallow. Well, he stopped and in a rather scathing tone said, "Yes, what about that bird on the fence?" And without any real idea of what was happening or why I was doing it, and certainly with no premonition of the result, I walked over to the fence and picked up this swallow. It wasn't wounded; he didn't fly and I picked him up. That paralyzed my surveyor friend. And then I turned him loose and he flew off. And he thought I had some mysterious quality which enabled me to handle birds. But I never had a similar occurrence

in my life. But it dug me out of that embarrassment of being rather asleep on the job.

Now in this mountain country, as I say, Andy and I fished, explored, hunted grouse (which we called pheasant), and generally disported ourselves in a most entertaining and educational way. And I remember afterwards, years and years afterwards, when I was with General Pershing in Washington at a dance at the Chevy Chase Club, which occurred every Saturday night, a very lovely woman was sitting on the sidelines and she spoke to me. Well, I didn't know her at all, but I responded by walking over and introducing myself. And she introduced herself. And it was Lillian Russell.

She had married a Pittsburgher at that time. Of course, she was a woman well up in years now, and she was good enough to say she admired my dancing and that she was sorry she had passed the dancing age and that she would like to meet me. I said, of course, I was greatly honored to meet her. I said, as a matter of fact, "I met you years ago." I said, "Of course, you have met thousands of people and it just barely registered on your mind and you made an indelible impression on them." She said, "Where did you meet me?" And I said, "I came in from fishing one day up in the mountains where a man from Pittsburgh had a rather large estate, and the lower end of his estate, which was almost a virgin forest, had one of our good trout streams in it. And we got in there, without his permission incidentally, and fished there. And we came out on the National Pike right at the foot of one of the ridges of the mountain. And there, sitting on horses on the other side of the fence, were these two very lovely women—one in particular and that was you, Lillian Russell—and you asked us what the country was like around there and where you might ride and I told you, and I have never forgotten that. At that time you were appearing in one of your earliest light operas. I believe it was called 'The Mountaineer.' And you were the most famous and beautiful woman in America." And she was very much interested in my recollection and finally identified where the place was and in a faint way identified the place. She had been left alone with her companion because the host had had to rush off to Pittsburgh in connection with his coal interests, because he in that day was what was called a coal baron. But I have never forgotten meeting her out on the road when we were in one of our fishing things.

Now in connection with our fighting chickens, as I say, the man in the blacksmith shop "pitted" our birds for us and was our boon companion and was the president of our club, which was the blacksmith shop. We took our chickens up to a "main," as they called them, up in the mountains, where a lot of Pittsburgh sports, seventy-five miles away, were to be present. And that attracted us because we had good chickens.

We had gotten eggs from Georgia—Georgia Reds and things of that sort—and really had very good chickens, but we couldn't pit them ourselves and they would not have permitted us to enter the ring in an affair of this kind, so George Gadd had to be our performer.

And we took the horse and got up in the mountain where this "main" was to be. It was very much in defiance of law of that day, so we hitched the horse far remote from the pit, as we called it, where the chickens were to be fought. And there were quite a number of "spats." I can't remember, of course, I think it was a larger number than there actually were, but there were forty or fifty men and very heavy betting. We wanted to get the horse as far away from the activities as possible and from the other horses as possible. And then we went to attend the "main."

[Begin reel side 2]

The chicken fighting began. I don't recall now whether Gadd got our chickens entered at this moment or not, but in any event, the affair had just gotten underway when we were raided and most of these men were herded in. Well, of course, Andy and myself were experts in rapid motion under such circumstances and we were terrified and we just squirted out into the forest there and got separated and hid out. I hid most of the afternoon, I think it was. Finally, it all seemed quiet, and I began in Indian fashion trying to get back to see how to get out of there. I supposed our horse was gone and our little two-wheeled cart was gone. Finally, I encountered this shadow of another party and then, really in Indian fashion, I scouted him and it developed he scouted me. After about an hour of this, we found that it was my chum and myself and we were the only people left up there. Then we met and we were very much disturbed, rather terrified as a matter of fact, that we had lost the horse and the cart. So we decided we'd go over where the horse and cart were and we found the horse was right there grazing. We had removed the bridle from his mouth and put him out on a long longe and so we got into the cart and came down the mountain.

I didn't get home until about one in the morning. I got into the house without waking my father up and slipped up to my room and my mother immediately appeared. I might explain that she had a very powerful influence on my youth. And I think in the first place she was not only a woman of character and great determination, but she was a woman of great understanding. I told her everything I did, and she never corrected me. Because if I told her, I realized it was wrong and there was no use in telling me again it was wrong. And I told her what it was and she understood that. She had quite a sense of humor and she

didn't give any indication of it verbally herself very much, but she was a very appreciative listener.

I remember in this case, I was describing to her why I didn't get home until one in the morning when I had left the previous morning. I told her of the escape from the chicken fight, hiding out through most of the day up there, and finally finding Andy and being terrified about the horse and cart, and finding that and coming home and arriving at one in the morning. Parts of it she thought were very funny and I remember she laughed till she cried. Nothing was said about reprimanding me—didn't need to reprimand me—I was not going back to any other chicken fight and go through that experience again. She didn't tell my father because he would have been severe and would have corrected me. For that reason, I wouldn't tell. But on the contrary reason, I told her literally everything. She was always rather glad to hear. Sometimes she may have been worried; sometimes she may have been ashamed; sometimes she may have been shocked; but she heard what the matter was, what the affair was, and whenever there was any humor in it, it amused her very much.

I remember on one occasion, as an example, we were copying the ways of this gang in the mountains. We had air rifles and we went out in the country and we would go through the motions of a holdup by letting the buggy (generally of a farmer) pass and then getting out in the road and shooting at the rear of the buggy. Well, in one of these buggies the little isinglass window was absent, and our BB bullet went through the window and hit the farmer in the back of the neck. We had one of the most thrilling escapes that we ever went through. The only thing was that we could run faster and roll under the fence faster than he could and we got away. But we were afraid to go home. So finally we turned our coats inside out and turned our hats on backward and made ourselves as conspicuous as possible in the feeling that we were now disguising ourselves, and returned home. My mother thought that was one of the funniest things she ever saw when we showed up in this "disguise" as we called it. But we were afraid to go downtown for about two or three days and she protected us against any questions that might be embarrassing to us. But that was my sole holdup and it ended up very tragically.

Now I'm trying to think of things in connection with Uniontown that would be of interest to you. The development of the town during my younger days went along very rapidly. The streetcars came in, I guess, when I was about fourteen, and I was fascinated with that as the other boys in town were. There was a train already going through—the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—they were branch lines both of them, because it was a very valuable coal region.

For that reason the railroad connections built up much more rapidly than they otherwise would have. But, as I say, in my earliest day we were spared the curse of coal smoke from the coke ovens, because they hadn't begun to develop close in to the town.

After I got through this little early school to which most of my companions went, I went to the public school. We were very hard up at that time, so my father took me to the public school. I remember the agony he went through when the superintendent examined me to see what room I should go into, and I failed to answer the obvious questions. I could see then I would make a very poor showing on these present programs where you win $100,000 or $10,000 or any sum like that for your answers and these children of seven, eight, and ten star in their performance. I was very poor in school. My sister insists that this is not true. Mrs. Marshall insists, though she only has hearsay to go on, that it was not true. And the legend at home is that it is not true. Now the actual facts of the case are it was true. I didn't get along at all well in school. I never learnt how to study until I left school [in Uniontown] and went away to school.

I had a very painful time in the public school, because I was ashamed to admit my ignorance and so many in the room knew these—particularly these arithmetical problems—so quickly and so much better than I did. If it was history that was all right; I could star in history. But the other things I was very, very poor in. Grammar I knew nothing about. Arithmetic I knew nothing about and still know very little about. It wasn't until I went away to school that I learnt how to study and began to put up a performance.

My first year away at school was very poorly done. I think I was 35th in a class of about 150 or thereabouts. My last year, I was fifth. I was developing yet and learning to study and finally, when I went off to the staff college and gave a year in a very intense competition, which has been compared to the Prix de Rome at the Sorbonne in Paris and in those days was marked down to the hundredths and thousandths of a percent, I finally came out "one." But it was a terrible year to me, but it fixed the habit of close study that I had never really gotten up to that time.

So we have had many arguments about this in which they think I am putting on a front and saying I didn't do well, but I had a very humiliating career in school except in something like history. I was very much ashamed of it, but I did nothing about it. My father was very impatient about it; my brother was very impatient about it because he was an excellent student. What really changed me a good bit was I wanted to go to the V.M.I. He [Stuart] had gone and he had finished, and he had done very well scholastically and unusually well in the course he had

elected, chemical, and started the pursuit of chemistry in his earliest days connected with the iron furnaces. But when I was begging to go to the V.M.I., I overheard him talking to my mother. He was trying to persuade her not to let me go, because he thought I would disgrace the family name. Well, that made more impression on me than all the instructors, parental pressures or anything else, and I decided right then that I was going to "wipe his face" as we say or "wipe his eye" and I ended up at the V.M.I.

As I say, I was fifth at the end, by general standards only about fourteen, but that took in this year when I was thirty-fifth. I was the senior cadet officer—I was the first captain of the Corps of Cadets—so I did finally get ahead of what my brother had done. That was the first time I had ever done that, and there's where I had really learned my lesson. But the urging came from overhearing this conversation, and it had quite a psychological effect on my career.

Now some more things about the pleasant little life we lived there in Uniontown. I remember there were only two pool tables in town. One was in the beautiful home of a great friend of mine who is near here now and one of the few remaining companions of my youth, if not the only one, in her house. Hers was a fairly modern house for that day. The other was in a house of one of the oldest families, and the nephew of this judge who owned the house would invite us there to play pool. The room was a little bit constricted, which interfered with some of the shots. I played very poorly because I found I had very poor hand coordination, which has persisted to this day.

But what interested me in the poolroom there was a painting of Christ with a crown of thorns on his head. I unfortunately made the observation to the nephew of the judge that I thought a painting of Christ with thorns on his head and the poolroom was a rare combination. Well, this was repeated to the old judge, who was a very severe character, and he forbade me the house from then on; so my pool education ceased right there while all my friends could go and play. I learned early in the game the lesson of keeping your mouth shut unless you've thought very particularly of what you were going to talk about and who you were going to talk to.

I might tell a very tragic and interesting thing about this old gentleman—this old judge. There was a branch of the railroad that took off near the station (I think of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, maybe it was the Pennsylvania Railroad) and crossed one of the nice streets of the town pretty far out. They had tried to get the railroad to put a watchman there or to put a gate (they didn't have those gates in that day though, I must say) but to put a watchman there, because you couldn't see the train because of a cut. It rolled right out of one of the

principal thoroughfares where there was a great deal of traffic. But they were stopped every time, largely by this old judge, because he was a heavy stockholder in this road and he was for keeping down expenses. (Now I am telling this thing from the recollections of my youth and what was hearsay to me at that time when I was a very small boy, and it may be quite wrong, but nevertheless this was my understanding of the thing.) He opposed the installing of a watchman at this crossing. Several people were killed there and finally, tragically enough, the old judge was killed himself with a silk hat, I recall, in connection with attending some church function, which I thought was a very tragic result of this unwillingness to put a watchman at this corner.

I recall this other railroad, the lesson I learned from that, which crossed not far from our home and took off part of our grounds and an island in the creek which I valued very highly. But they had to cross the main highway which, as I have said, was the National Pike. The town was opposed to their crossing the highway or was unwilling to let them do it unless they paid more money—I don't know which—I expect the latter was probably the case. At any rate, the railroad had all these hired laborers in all sorts of clothes, good and bad, water with oatmeal in it for them to drink, which I got twenty-five cents a day for carrying at times, and they couldn't get across this National Pike. I remember that there was a complete stalemate there and the first thing I knew the railroad crossed the Pike in the night and when morning came they were in possession of the route through the town which has lasted ever since.

Well, I went back there and went over all this to remind me of my youth; I found it was largely under a twenty foot fill. I couldn't recognize anything very well around it. They had buried my youthful associations there, as I say, under a twenty foot fill.

There was another thing that made quite an impression on me which really, only in an abstract way, relates to the town. But one of the friends of my youth was a black terrier, a short-haired terrier, named Trip. He was owned by a boy friend of mine who played with me practically every day. Trip always went with us. He was devoted to us and we to Trip. A couple of other dogs formed part of the gang—one celebrated dog named Towser, who afterwards we discovered had three names and boarded at three hotels. I could give a description of him in detail, but I don't think that's appropriate to what we are talking about.

Anyway, this Trip business is, a little bit. I came back for a very brief visit to see my mother, who was still at home, while I was a second lieutenant, I think after I had been in the army three years or four years. I went up to Trip's home—his owner I think was dead then—and the owner's old mother was still living there and I went in to visit her and

then came out, and Trip was still lying on the stones by the old pump in the sun and his black coat had burnt almost brown. He paid no attention to me. He didn't bark at me. He was so old he was just indifferent to me. Well, that was quite a blow because Trip was one of my close companions of my youth. So I sat down on this long flagstone that was around the pump and succeeded in petting him, although he rather resented it in a way and was rather unwilling. I talked to him quite a long time trying to renew my youth and very much distressed that he couldn't remember me at all. After, I suppose, five or ten minutes, he took a little careful sniff at me and then he sniffed at me two or three times, and then he just went crazy over me. He had finally gotten a scent in his old nostrils and he remembered me. That was the most flattering thing that occurred to me on that short visit home after many years of not being there.

I am always surprised now when I think of the various places I showed up at in Uniontown when I was a boy. As far as I can figure out I seem to have stuck my nose in everything. I remember getting in to see the hanging of the only man I ever heard of then being hanged and getting into the funeral in some way through the courthouse.

I remember so many particular exhibitions. I remember the first exhibition of the long distance telephone when they had about twenty phones on one board. You could come in and talk to Chicago or wherever you elected. I, of course, talked to Chicago, which was quite an event in my mind. But it was the introduction of the long distance telephone which was just entering to my life at that time. I must have been about thirteen or fourteen years old at the time. By a little subtraction you can figure out when that was.

The circuses of that day—of course I was deep in them. I arrived at the circus train, watched it unload, and got out to the circus. My main occupation was getting in without paying for it.

Then the thing that very much absorbed the attention for one week a year, of my chum and myself, was the State Fair. They called it the State Fair. Whether it was the real State Fair or not, I don't know. But it had a half mile race track for trotting and pacing animals and a few running, but not many. It had the midway pleasance of that day where you put your money down and watched the wheel turn around and stop at the Alaska diamonds, or the revolver, or the alarm clock, which appeared very large in our eyes, or you bought the ten cent paddle on the wheel where you won a dollar if the wheel stopped at your number. All of that sort of thing.

There were a good many different gyrations to the plot. Well, we arrived at the opening of the fair before the things were put up. We saw

everything put up. We saw every snare involved in it. We saw how the man could control the thing and dupe the credulous guests. Having all this knowledge, we indulged in what you might call refined blackmail. They would have to allow us to win the big prize, but we would take it back until we got to the last day of the fair and then everything we won we kept and we would hide it. We had a great time there.

But what has stuck in my recollection was a brand new wooden tub, with a sort of light wood on the inside and with nails all around on which were hung tin cups, and that was lemonade and all you could drink for a nickel. Well, that was the best lemonade I've ever tasted. I've never tasted any since that just touched it—and all you could drink for a nickel. But the trouble was we tried every way we could to drink a lot, but they wouldn't allow us to pause. After we got to a certain point, you developed this pain in your temple and you couldn't drink any more. Then they would take away our tin cup, and we would have to produce another nickel in order to go any further.

But we had a lot of interesting things, and we learned a lot about such things during that period of our experience at the fair. Another way of raising money was to get into the grandstands and then to crawl out the back and sell the pass ticket we got at a reduced rate (which was a nickel instead of a dime), and then crawl out the back again. My father caught me at this and I was very severely reprimanded and not allowed to do it any more. We knew the stables intimately—the various horses, some of the owners—and could have advised betting pretty well, but we never became involved in that phase of the matter. Altogether it was a very enjoyable sort of recess in our life in this small town.

Unfortunately, we didn't have a river or a very large stream in which we could do swimming, so we had to swim in ponds out of which I finally got typhoid fever. It wasn't until I went down on the Ohio River in Kentucky at my father's and mother's home in Augusta, Kentucky, that I learnt how to swim. I remember I had a very amusing uncle, rather a man with a very keen sense of humor and a devilish performer of practical jokes, who used to go down with a chair—down the grade as they called the beach—and watch me learning to swim and splashing desperately in trying to keep up for a few feet.

My last years at home were in a private school which only had a short life. It was built up by a very brilliant man, but one who was not very good on a business affair and was very apt to become diverted by other things. He was very handsome, very popular, beautifully educated, but he was an uncertain quantity in the world. Afterwards some people from home, some of the men, met him in Paris with two very lovely women and he cut them dead. He ran the school and had a

number of teachers, and I remember when it broke up there was no money to pay the teachers. That I think was my last school experience there.

I thought the years of public school were not very long, but they were very valuable to me. I think every boy in a democracy should attend, for at least a period, a public school, although I must say the teaching is often far below par and creates considerable difficulty if the boy tries to go to a very high grade school where he has been intensively instructed. But the democracy of it is very important, I think, in the life of every young American. I think working, ordinary work, is very important. It is pretty difficult for a wealthy boy to do. But if the parents can get him away where he has to go on his own for awhile to make his own money, to find his own job, I don't know anything better for you as a preparation for the roughness of life and the necessity of understanding life as it is lived in a democracy and among the many particular kinds of people with which you are associated.

The development of the town was very rapid after it once got started, it seemed to me. The first great move was putting in the streetcar line. The next one was paving a good bit of the street. I didn't like that at all because my father made me wash the street with the hose. I had to wash both sides of the street—both my chum's side and my side and the streetcar track—and I had to do this in the morning right after breakfast and before school. All the other fellows going to school and the girls all made fun of me. That's very painful to any young person, but I had to do it every day.

We had a number of dogs—two or three hunting dogs and "Towser" our famous pet. When we went to taking our meals, during the days when we were having difficulty with the servant question, which was very difficult there, I had to carry home scraps from the kitchen of the hotel. This was a very painful and humiliating performance for me. However, it contributed to my education, though I didn't enjoy it at all, and it was always sort of a black spot on my boyhood.

The dogs were very interesting. My mother was very fond of them. We all were. Several of them were very fine hunting dogs. Towser, the old fellow who had every kind of blood in the world in him, was a very curious citizen and a very fine one. He would take my father to his train when he would go down to the coal and coke works and he would learn in time when the other train came back and he would meet him at that train. He took my chum's father, who was president of a bank, to the bank when he would go at 7:30 in the morning. He would meet him for lunch, and he'd take him back after lunch and he'd meet him when he went late at night. He would often stay at the bank until eleven or twelve o'clock, but Towser was always there to meet him.

Towser had very famous fights with a bulldog. The bulldog got the best of it when he would clinch on Towser's neck and ear and afterwards this ear became quite a problem with his state of health. But he stayed with the bulldog and finally they dragged the bulldog off—killed. The bulldog belonged, incidentally, down at this place on the banks of the creek where I saw the ducks in my first view of the world from the ladder in our stable.

We played a great deal in the country. Andy's grandfather had this very valuable farm, which they farmed in the splendid way of those days and was very profitable. It was underlaid with coal, but they didn't mine it. The next time I saw it was two or three years back, and it had been ruined by the coal veins being taken out from under it. But then it was a very rich farm. When we could go out there, we would be allowed to sit at the table with the harvest hands and listen to the conversation of the harvest hands. Andrew's old grandmother would help wait on the table and help with the cooking, and they were very wealthy people. Later Andrew's father became one of the richest men in western Pennsylvania.

His grandmother was very well-to-do but she worked. She helped the maids in the kitchen and she waited on the harvest table. The masses of food these men ate—while it didn't impress me much as a boy—I look at it now and think where they got their appetites and where they got the food and how they could eat so much. You all washed out in the yard near the horse trough. You had a tin basin, and there was one little broken mirror and an old comb. You would slick your hair down and make it sort of curl around on your forehead. That was the way you got ready for lunch.

The conversation at the table seems to me smacked very much of that I get in the Westerns I read of the cowboys in the West, where they are always making fun of each other and dressing down one of their members if he in any way seemed to brag about any particular achievement of his. They were always tearing down a fellow and making little of him to the immense amusement of all the others. But I never heard of fighting or anything of that sort.

I learned a little about farming because I helped with a great deal of it. I helped as far as I could in the barn—and they had a beautiful barn. I helped out in the field, hauling the hay shocks. I helped in distributing the manure on the parts of the land which showed from lack of crops in that vicinity or the grass that it needed refreshment. I learned a great deal about it, without really being conscious of the fact that I was learning. When we got bicycles, which was an introduction during my day, we could go there much more frequently. We were always rewarded with whole pies, and that was a wonderful thing.

Going back to the bicycle, I first rode and very briefly the tall

bicycle with the little wheel behind it and most of the time I was on my nose. Then came in the "safety," as they called it, which had spade-like handles and a hard rubber tire and was a very heavy machine. Then very quickly after that came the inflated tire and the light machine. I learnt to be very expert in changing the tire, because we had a great many punctures. Dunlop was the first pneumatic tire of my youth, and I think that the Dunlop patent made a great fortune in this country as well as in England. That came in during that period, and that changed the life of the countryside very much because we could now ride out on our bicycles quite a long distance. I picked up things that seemed very distant and very remote and was unheard of until I got into the bicycle.

I remember so well getting on the boat on the Monongahela River at one point. We had ridden to that point and were about exhausted when we got there. The river bank, or beach, was covered with pottery which was there to be loaded on the boat—uncrated—just the pieces of pottery of various designs and types.

[Begin cassette side 3]

On inquiry—it took quite a bit of inquiry to get this straight—I found out that all resulted from a Swiss who had settled in that part of the country and became a very well known statesman. He had brought with him the Swiss industry of making this pottery and had established there at a town called Geneva. I didn't know Geneva was named from Switzerland, and I didn't realize that this pottery all came from the knowledge of these people who came from Switzerland—settled in what was called Geneva, and where this beautiful place was built up by Glass—Glass something or other [*Albert Gallatin?*]—who was secretary of the Treasury, I believe. Anyway he was involved in the purchase of Alaska and he was a very able statesman. The beautiful place he built still stands and still is occupied and was purchased by my chum Andy in later years when he became a well-to-do man before his father's fortune and his fortune crumpled.

All of these things developed certain steps and the population of the town was changing. It was about five thousand as I first knew it and as I recall. I don't know what it could have been at the time of stages coming through on the National Pike on their way from Baltimore to Wheeling. The next stop was Brownsville, by the way, which was the birthplace of two very important men, James G. Blaine and Knox, who afterwards became secretary of state and attorney general. Brownsville was remote from me. It was only twelve miles but you practically never saw it until we got bicycles. Then I saw Brownsville a little, though it had been as remote as the dodo from the earlier activities of my youth.

In this respect I remember being visited by nine boys, while I was

secretary of state, who wanted to see me regarding a plan they had for feeding the poor boys in France or otherwise in Europe. I saw them because I thought that was unusual. I thought of my own youth when all these places that are so familiar later on were just maybe matters of history, but certainly not places that I had ever visited. When these boys came, they had all been dandied up in their Cub Scout uniforms. They'd all had their hair cut and everything was freshly starched. I invited the press up to hear this interview, but I didn't tell them what it was. They were very much incensed that I had dragged them upstairs for nine boys of about nine years average age apiece.

I seated them at the table. I didn't know yet what they wanted. The boy on my right told me that they wanted to give this money they were going to make—and they had yet largely to make—to a fund for the poor boys in Europe. They had gotten the use of a movie and they thought they had the borrowing of a theater. They were going to put on this special matinee and invite all the school children and mothers—fathers if they could get them—and others and they wanted my endorsement. That was all he said and I remember complimenting him on the completeness yet brevity of his statement. They didn't appreciate just what that meant.

Then I got to thinking at that moment—just at that moment—of what a contrast that was to my youth. My radius of activity at nine years old didn't go as far as this Brownsville which was twelve miles away on the Monongahela River. It went up into the mountains because we summered there. But it didn't go over five miles from home—I don't think much. I had only heard of Salt Lake as a tale of history, and not very serious history at that age. I had heard of San Francisco—the Golden Gate—but that very briefly. I had never heard of Manila—I am quite certain I never had. Pittsburgh was the furthest point, and that was because I was taken there with my mother shopping when she went to The City, as they expressed it. I'd gotten down to Kentucky to my father's home, but I don't believe I really got there until I was about twelve. It was a very restricted, circumscribed area in which I lived. Now here were these boys talking about Europe, nine years old and raising money to feed these European boys who were really on the verge of starvation.

I described this all to these boys, what my youth was like in contrast to theirs. If I do say it myself, at the moment, I talked pretty well, because I was rather moved with the whole contrast. Then I went into the present day. I first described the short history in an international way of our country as we knew it; the fact that we never had an ambassador in this country nor an ambassador that we gave to another country until very late in the development. At the time of Dewey's battle of

Manila Bay there wasn't an ambassador accredited to the United States, nor did we accredit an ambassador to any other state. We were hardly noticed except as having a Wild West. I think most of the information about us related to the Wild West—the buffalo, the magnificent hunting, and things of that sort, and the sort of wild life they thought that we led. New York, of course, was in touch with a few Europeans and Boston and maybe Baltimore to a certain extent, but not much, and Charleston and Savannah, and San Francisco, in a very brief way, with the western Pacific.

But it's hard to realize now how limited was the United States at the time of Dewey's battle of Manila Bay. There began our international involvements, however you may term them, whether we want them or not. That is the international beginning, in a way, of the international history of the United States as I see it. It developed very quickly. There were very serious political campaign battles in regard to it, notably the Democratic campaign in regard to the development of the Philippines and the Republican campaign in connection with the development of the Philippines, for as they said, its eventual return to the Filipino when he was in a position to govern himself, which he certainly was not at that particular time. All of this happened in that period of my youth. I can recall so well my father walking up and down and discussing the dispatch that had just come in about the battle of Santiago in Cuba.

I recall equally with that going down to the 8:15 train in the morning and getting the newspaper—which I wanted to read more than my father and mother, but they both wanted to read it—which gave the description of the fight between John L. Sullivan and Corbett. Later on when the telegraph would give the news of fights, I remember waiting outside the window of the telegraph office where they read the messages aloud to us—the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. I remember the discussion there to this day between two men who were arguing about Fitzsimmons who won the fight in the thirteenth round, as I remember. They announced the winning of the fight when we were getting the eleventh round and then we had to wait to get the remaining three rounds. These men were now arguing about Fitzsimmons, who was the national hero of the moment and just of that moment. This man was insisting that he was a great American and this other fellow says, "No such thing, he was born in Australia." The reply was, "Just because you were born in a stable, you are not a horse." I have never forgotten that to this day. But the Sullivan and Corbett fight, when that came in the newspaper on the train, the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight, and I don't remember about the others. I guess I had left home at that time.

All these things came as a common denominator of my day—the early day when I was a little boy, running a green house and things of

that sort, and the latter day—the bicycle day I would call it, when I got into that extension of my activities.

The return of the regiment from the Philippines was a very great day. They painted the street red, white, and blue for the local company. They turned the town upside down. They had arches made of coke; they had arches of bunting; they had other arches. They gave these men everything they could in the way of hospitality, including drink. But very shortly after that, they failed to support the National Guard company, so the remaining history there was no National Guard company from that town, which I thought was a very unfortunate thing. They began making money so fast that they didn't look into any of these things until the crash came and everybody was next door, seemingly, to the poor house. I was gone and forgotten at that time. I saw great prosperity without realizing just what it meant. I wasn't there in the days of extreme financial stress.

I am trying to think of other periods there of my youth which would be interesting in recording the development of affairs. I always marched in the torchlight procession when they allowed me to, but I was pretty small for the purpose. I liked the William Jennings Bryan campaign, because they gave me a gray hat and a cane. I think I was about fourteen then, and I walked in every Bryan celebration. I was very proud of myself with my cane and my gray fedora hat and the intense amusement of my mother.

These things all seem very small. I had a very attractive coterie of friends—one or two of them who won great national prominence as athletes—particularly one who was the fullback on the Yale team, the pitcher on the Yale ball team, and the broad jumper on the Yale field team—all in his first year became very well known all over the country. He was just about my age, about a year older than I was, but a companion of my youth [M. Herbert Bowman].

There were several others that won great fame. We had a very interesting ball team. There was a lawyer there who was very fond of baseball and who had played on the Lafayette team. He was a lawyer and busy, but he couldn't get away from his fondness for baseball so he organized a team on which he played first base. He got most of these boys, country boys. Well, it just happened he landed on two wonderful pitchers who afterwards made great records—one at Princeton, in particular, and he refused to go on in national baseball because he got his education and became a doctor. The other fellow I met years and years afterwards when I went back for the first planned visit for me. He was at the plane to meet me in his shirtsleeves. I won't say any more on that.

This team that this lawyer organized had great success. Finally it developed that he was getting a little old for the team. They put in a

young man playing first base which rather broke his heart. The management of the team was taken over and while they were all volunteers, in a sense it became semiprofessional, although there was no professional league at all. Then the trouble was finding anyone to play. They licked everybody and defeated everybody around them. If my recollection is correct—though I may have an exaggerated recollection of the circumstances—I know that this lawyer succeeded in getting Johnny Ward, the first baseman of New York, to bring that team over when it was first or second in the National League, and the Pittsburgh team, which was first or second the same year, came over. I don't know who its manager was, but I know its great pitcher was Red Erick who fascinated me because he kicked as high as his head when he made his delivery in pitching.

They came over and with the New York team was Rusie, I think was his name, who was supposed to pitch the fastest baseball of that day and maybe later, I don't know. But whatever it was, we had one colored man at the time, Hucker McClure, who played right field. Hucker came to bat his first time up against New York and knocked a home run off the famous Rusie. I think Rusie sort of slacked up on him and the home run leaked out. Now, I am not quite certain of the result, but my dim recollection is that they defeated New York. I won't say that they defeated Pittsburgh too, but they gave them a rapid run for their money.

However, these were destructive of the team, because they were signed up all over the country and there was no team left. Most of the men went to colleges, some went to professional football [*baseball*]. They were largely country boys, but that was the great interest at home—that ball team—and it was so completely destroyed that there was never any fine ball team organized in the days of my youth after that.

I think I have given you everything but the murder trials which I used to try to attend and got put out of the courthouse. Those were the activities of youth.

One thing I delighted in was when the snow was on the ground and we could sled ride—when it really got frozen up and the main roads, which were all macadam roads and sometimes not even that, could be used. One road cut right across the town over to Main Street. When that got into excellent condition, they would put somebody on watch at Main Street in order to stop any traffic when a sled was coming down. They had these big sleds they called "Panics," where the front part was connected in a loose way with the long slant of the sled and where the head man sat with a skate on one foot and his legs crossed over and guided the sled and held on with two hands.

Later on a sled came out which was purchased, and they still have it

I think—the Flexible Flyer. They got me the largest size. There were only two sizes, I recall. That was fine—there was nothing like that in town. We got a plank for it so that we could put on two extra people, when the sled riding got really fine and we could use this main road right across the town and on down stop the traffic in the evening. On a moonlight night, my father would go and take a friend of his. We liked that because the weight made the velocity of the sled much greater. We had this board along the length which extended over the rear and allowed them to get a little bit out over that. I sat in front with the skate on my foot, or my chum, and my father would sit behind and was supposed to swing the sled. We would come down this road. It had walks across the road which were built up, which really made "jumpers" as we called them, and the sled would leap out from them and you had to be very expert to sit and prevent it from turning turtle when it landed on the other side of the crossing. The whole town would turn out and it was quite a fine sport to have all the men, old and young, and the boys all playing together. And playing together was what it was.

I saw in the *Saturday Evening Post* the other day an illustration in colors of the local barbershop, apparently of this day, and apparently out in the west—a very amusing illustration, very expertly done. I was reminded of my youth. There was one barbershop, as I recall, in the town, run by a Negro man, who was quite a friend of mine. He had about four Negro assistants, so he must have had about five chairs. That was a sort of club. The Elks Club had just gotten formed, but that wasn't much except on the Elk night. So there would be a great deal of sitting in the barbershop where you could get all the news. They didn't like the boys to come in there then, because they liked all the chairs available for the men. Most of the men, as I recall, came there to get their shave in the daytime. Whether they got shaved every day, I don't remember. But I know they got their shaves there—didn't shave at home—and there was no safety razor. Each one had his own cup for the soap, and his name was on the cup in very fanciful letters. So you could see the names of all the patrons in these cups in the rack, which interested me as a boy. All these men came in, many of them around noontime to get their shave, many in the evening after dinner, and then immediately after work in the afternoon.

It was a very solid town in its ways. I remember that one young man there, a very attractive young man, a fairly good fellow as I recall, was almost blackballed because he didn't work. He had enough money to have some good horses. He rode horseback and drove good rigs—and it was a beautiful country to do that in—and he had organized a riding club which went up in the mountains. He was rather taboo because he didn't work. Later on he took a job at a plant which was about a mile out

of town. He would have to walk down the railroad track a mile to that plant every day and walk back for lunch, or eat out of a lunch pail, and walk back again in the evening. I think he really did it to take the curse off this taboo on him because he didn't work. Later on there were many who didn't work, but they didn't improve the life of the town at all.

(If I think of anything else that will go with this, or if this gives you an idea of what I should really furnish you in way of information of these days, I will do it.)

I remember I got one lesson when I participated in a political parade for a governor of Pennsylvania. I don't remember who he was, but he was the Democratic candidate. They had a tremendous to-do. They had these torchlights and people cheering out the windows. To me [he] was just the governor-elect of Pennsylvania. He was snowed under by a terrific vote which came largely from Philadelphia and which was very much a controlled vote. I got my first lesson of politics there, because my mother finally explained to me why, though this man was successful where we were and successful other places around, he was completely defeated by the political organization of the city of Philadelphia.

I knew about everybody in town. I walked to everything I went to. I walked to school. I walked to these other things and seldom rode on the streetcar, because they were always too short a ride to pay a nickel to get. I always remember my mother going shopping and coming back to the house and getting off the streetcar, which was rather high up. The street hadn't been bricked yet and it made it a little bit high above the macadam road. She stepped off in the middle of a dog fight. We had two or three dogs there, my chum had a dog, and a strange dog had gotten involved. Our dogs had a bad habit of barking at the horses. In this general melee—they were all fighting—mother just stepped down in the middle of the fight. I remember she landed sitting and lost her hat and lost her basket, but even that didn't make her so mad because she was very fond of the dogs and she recognized a dog did that. Ours weren't so well trained, but they were beautifully trained for shooting, which was their principal activity, which allowed them a considerable liberty in their ordinary dogdom.

I think I will call it a day. I am going to send this reel for your reaction. I know you don't want to print all of this nonsense, but maybe you can find something from it which will give you a little eyesight into the life of the town in which I grew up. But I think you can tell me better what will be suitable.