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Interview no. 605

Joseph Magoffin Glasgow

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UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO

INSTITUTE OF ORAL HISTORY

INTERVIEWEE: Col. Joseph Magoffin Glasgow (1898-1985)

INTERVIEWER: Sarah E. John

PROJECT: Military History

DATE OF INTERVIEW: June-October, 1982

TERMS OF USE: Unrestricted

TAPE NO.: 605

TRANSCRIPT NO.: 605

TRANSCRIBER: Georgina Rivas and Marta McCarthy

DATE TRANSCRIBED: February-March, 1983

BIOGRAPHICAL SYNOPSIS OF INTERVIEWEE:

(Member of pioneer El Paso family; retired Army colonel) Born September 28, 1898 at the Magoffin Homestead in El Paso; parents were William Jefferson Glasgow, a U.S. Cavalry officer, and Josephine Richardson Magoffin; attended elementary school in El Paso, private school in Kansas, and West Point; graduated from West Point in November, 1918.

SUMMARY OF INTERVIEW:

- TAPE I: Biographical data; childhood recollections and early El Paso; moving around the country with his family; how he came to enter West Point; experiences as part of the Army of Occupation in Europe following World War I; brief histories of the Magoffin and Glasgow families, including his Scottish, Irish, French and Spanish ancestors; the Mexican Revolutionary era; the Chinese community in El Paso.
- TAPE II: The Escobar Revolution of 1929 and his experiences while stationed in El Paso at the time; Juarez and Prohibition; experiences during his tour of duty in Brest, France in 1919 and having a close relationship with the family of Admiral Grout, the French Commander at Brest; his trip to the British Isles; experiences as part of the Army of Occupation in Germany, 1920, and in charge of the Visitor's Bureau; experiences as aide-de-camp to Commanding General

Henry T. Allen; hunting; entering Cavalry School in 1923 and training received; trip to France as member of U.S. Olympic Committee for the 1924 Olympic Games; trip to Spain following the Olympics.

TAPE III: Meeting with Gen. Anson Mills in Virginia in 1915 with his family; experiences as Asst. Military Attache in Paris, 1924-1928; hunting; meeting Charles Lindbergh; representing the U.S. at Armistice Day Ceremony in France and the significance of this event; French nightclubs in the 1920s; trip through Eastern and Southern Europe as relief diplomatic courier; experiences as part of U.S. Olympic Committee in 1928 in Amsterdam.

TAPE IV: More experiences while in Paris; marriage to Muriel Bliss in 1928; experiences at Ft. Bliss, 1928-1931; meeting Chris P. Fox; family update, 1920s; transfer to New York City as aide-de-camp to Gen. Howard Lauback, 1931; transfer to Ft. Ethan Allen, Vermont, 1933-37; transfer to Presidio Monterey, California in 1937; trip through the Panama Canal.

TAPE V: Experiences at Monterey in command of Troop B of the 11th Cavalry; filming of "Sergeant Murphy," when he met leading man and woman Ronald Reagan and Dorothy McGuire; pre-WWII concerns in the U.S.; joint maneuver with the Navy, at which time he met General Eisenhower and Colonel Mark Clark; promotion to major in 1940; his assignment as field officer in a CC District; transfer to Presidio San Francisco until 1941; transfer to Ft. Riley, Kansas; assignment to Pacific Theatre during WWII; events leading to and including the establishment of the South Pacific headquarters in Noumea, New Caledonia; experiences in the South Pacific.

TAPE VI: Family update, 1940s; more experiences in the South Pacific; the battle of the Coral Sea, the turning point in the war in the Pacific; loss of General Harmon and Colonel William Ball in the Pacific in 1945.

TAPE VII: More experiences in the South Pacific and at Noumea; visit to Manila and meeting Americans who had been detained there during the war; importance of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki to the war effort; experiences as part of the Army of Occupation in Japan; being diagnosed as having Parkinson's Disease in 1945; marriage to Gwen Good in April, 1946.

TAPE VIII: Recollection of meeting Walter Nash, Prime Minister of New Zealand, in 1943; the formal Japanese surrender on September 2, 1945; experiences in post-war Japan, including the burning of his first home, duties, and pasttimes.

TAPE IX: More experiences in Japan; return to San Francisco; duties, interesting personalities, pasttimes, and retirement from the Army in 1950.

TAPE X: More experiences in San Francisco; trip around the world, including the Pacific, New Zealand, Australia, Sri Lanka, the Middle East, Cyprus, Southern Europe.

TAPE XI: Trip continued--Greece, Italy, France, and England.

TAPE XII: Back in the U.S.; visit to New York City and Washington; family update; bibliography connected with the Glasgow/Magoffin families; Army officers Col. Glasgow served with; authors and actors he has known; why El Paso is unique; influence of the military on El Paso and vice versa; closing comments.

Length of Interview: 22 hours, 15 minutes

Length of transcript: 215 pages

COLONEL JOSEPH MAGOFFIN GLASGOW

by Sarah E. John

June 11 and 16, 1982

Tape I

G: Well, I was born at the Homestead. And in that big bed, which was my grandmother's bed. That was brought out from New Orleans and shipped after the World's Fair there in 1890-something. So I was born and more or less raised here. This has always been my home because my father, being in the Army, was in foreign service so many times, three times--in Cuba once, then twice in the Philippines. I had my first birthday in Cuba. My mother took me down there to visit with my father, and so I spent my first birthday in Matanzas, Cuba.

J: When was your birthday? I didn't even get a chance to ask you.

G: Well, it's the 28th of September, 1898. That's when the Spanish-American War broke out, when the Spaniards sunk the battleship McKinley in Havana Harbor. My father was with General Wilson in Cuba. And as I say, my mother took me down there, and I was there for my first birthday.

J: Were you there a long time? Did you stay long?

G: Oh, no, just for a month, just for a short visit.

J: Where was your father born, and what's his full name?

G: William Jefferson Glasgow. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri in 1866. And he lived to be 101 years old. When he retired from the Army, he and mother came back here to live, and they lived here from 1928 until they both died here.

J: And your mother's name?

G: She was Josephine Richardson Magoffin, named for her aunt. Her aunt was Josephine M. Richardson.

J: How did your parents meet, considering he was from St. Louis?

G: I've never known that, except that I presume my father must have come here on leave several times when he was stationed at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. Fort Bayard, that's not very far from here. And he was stationed there, that was

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his second station after graduating from West Point in 1891. And he was there for three years--from '92 to '95. They were married in '96. And he had been stationed in Fort Bayard all those three years.

J: So he probably did come down and met her.

G: Yes, this was the largest town--El Paso and Santa Fe, New Mexico. So it'd be natural for anybody stationed near to come here a number of times.

J: I wonder if you could tell me what you know or what things you find most interesting about your family? I know lots has been written about them, but I want what you think is most important and most interesting.

G: I'm especially interested in going back to the earliest times, both families. Because the Magoffins originally came from Ireland, from County Down in Ireland, and settled in Kentucky. They and the Shelbys were great friends, and my great-grandfather's brother married a Shelby. Her name was Susan Shelby Magoffin, who wrote a wonderful diary which has been published many years ago, Down The Santa Fe Trail and Into Mexico. So her husband, who was Samuel Magoffin, and her brother-in-law, who was my great-grandfather, James Wiley Magoffin, were both traders over the Santa Fe Trail. And so was my grandfather Glasgow, at the same time.

J: How interesting. I didn't realize that.

G: Yes. We didn't find that out until Susan Shelby Magoffin's diary was published in 1926. And in the diary, when she was in Santa Fe, she always listed the names of the people she met, and especially those who called on her. And in one of her entries, she says that, "Edward James Glasgow of St. Louis called on me." And that was my grandfather Glasgow. So the families had more or less met way back then.

J: I guess your parents had no knowledge of that, though, when they first met.

- G: I don't think they knew a thing about it until this diary was published, and we read it in the diary.
- J: You said your mother had taken you down to Cuba for your first birthday.
- G: Yes. And at that time, any time that my father was out of the country, mother and we children were here at the Homestead with her father, our grandfather. So this was always our permanent home.
- J: Who were your brothers and sisters, who else was in your family?
- G: Well, my sister Octavia, who lives at the Homestead right now, has lived there since 1928. And my next sister was Harriet, Harriet Clark Glasgow, who married Harry Luckner in China. He was an American businessman in Tientsin, China; he had the Ford agency there. And she was visiting my youngest brother, William Jefferson Glasgow Jr., who was a lieutenant on duty with the 15th Infantry in Tientsin. We always had a regiment of Infantry in Tientsin, China, ever since the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, up until the time the communists took over China.
- J: I guess that would be about the late forties then?
- G: Yes. My brother was stationed there in the thirties. That's when my sister married. And the other member of the family was another brother, Ned, who was named after grandfather Glasgow. His name is Edward James Glasgow. He is the only civilian brother of the family. His career was in the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, and he was a district manager for many years in Nashville, Tennessee. He's retired and still lives there.
- J: So you kids really grew up there on Magoffin Avenue.
- G: Oh, yes, all of us. Two of us were born there, my sister Octavia and I were both born there, and the rest of them, depending on where ever you were stationed. My sister Harriet was born in Fort Mead, South Dakota. And my

brother Ned was born in Santa Monica, California. And Bill, the youngest, was born in Governor's Island, New York.

J: So where ever your father was stationed is where all the kids were born.

G: Yes. The only one that wasn't born where he was stationed was my brother Ned, born in Santa Monica. My father was in the Philippines, and I don't know why, but my mother took me and a nurse to Santa Monica, and that's where she had my brother Ned. I can remember that very well.

J: What are your first recollections of El Paso?

G: Well, a lot of people claim that their memory goes back when they were three, four or five, but mine doesn't. Mine starts at six.

J: Were you still here at that time, or had you moved already?

G: Well, I was here and in the Philippines. I had my sixth birthday in Manila, in the Philippines. That's another time when my mother took me, being the eldest in the family, to Manila to visit my father during the last three months of his tour. And he was aide-de-camp to the commanding general in the Philippines, and lived in a large house with him. And that's where my mother and I lived while we were in Manila. And then we took a long trip via sea, visiting the southern islands of the Philippines, such as Mindanao, which is the next largest island to Luzon, where Manila is. And then from there we went to Hong Kong, and then to Nagasaki, Japan, which was the coaling place for all steamships in the Orient, and then on to Tokyo.

J: Do you recall any particularly interesting event that stands out from that trip? What were some of the things that made the biggest impression on you about that trip?

G: To the Philippines? Well (chuckles), they were naturally childish things that I remember. For instance, my father's office was in the old fort, the

Spanish fort in Manila, which is right on Manila Bay. At the confluence of the river that flows through Manila and goes into the bay, at that point there was a Spanish fort. And every day he used to go to the office in a carriage drawn by one horse. The driver was a Filipino, and I often went with him. And one day when we were on our return trip from the office, I told him that I'd like to have a coconut. And so he stopped the carriage on the main street there, which was called Dewey Boulevard, that is right along the bayshore area. And he climbed up a coconut tree to get me a coconut, and the horse ran away with the carriage. He didn't go very far, so we weren't delayed too long.

And another occasion was when I went out fishing. I've forgotten whether my father was with me or whether I was with some Filipinos. And we went out in an outrigger canoe, I guess you call them--canoe or boat. And while paddling around in the shallow water I was stung by a jellyfish on my arm, upper arm. I remember that very distinctly. And the other thing I guess that I remember most there is that I learned to tie a bow knot. In other words, I learned to tie my own shoe. And my father taught me to do that on a cigar box. Because in those days a cigar box was closed by two very thin ribbons. And so he taught me how to tie a knot on the ribbons on a cigar box.

J: How did you feel about having your father in the Army? I guess as a child you wouldn't think about it.

G: I didn't know anything else.

J: Did it seem strange to you, did it seem fun to you?

G: Oh sure, it was very interesting. And my love for horses started then, of course, because my father was in the Cavalry. And he asked me when I was 12 years old if I knew what I wanted to do in life, and I said, "Certainly."

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There was never any doubt in my mind. I said I wanted to go to West Point and be in the Cavalry the same as he was.

J: Had he ever influenced you?

G: No. As far as I can remember, we never discussed it at all. He just asked me that one question, and that settled it. And he said, "Well, we will have to start getting ready for it now, because it takes a long time to get an appointment to West Point, and you have to study particularly hard for it."

J: I think you told me yesterday that you knew Spanish from a very young age, is that correct?

G: Well, naturally, born in El Paso, and Spanish was the principal language here, I would say. Naturally English was spoken by all those who settled here from other parts of the country. But for instance, when I was born, the cook and the maid and the handyman at the house were all Mexican, and so was our nursemaid. They were almost like part of the family. So that was four Mexicans that we had working there at my grandfather's house, and my grandfather was half Spanish. He was born in Chihuahua, and his mother was Spanish. Her name was María Gertrudes Valdez de Veramende. He was bilingual, spoke Spanish and English equally well. And of course my mother, being born here-- she was born here also, in 1873--and she knew Spanish fluently. And it was often spoken in the house by all members of the family.

*A: What about your father, Dad? Did he speak Spanish well?

G: Oh, no.

A: No, I was going to say, then they had to revert to English.

G: He was not so good in it, in spite of the fact that he was in Cuba and the Philippines, too. But I don't remember that he could ever speak it fluently. He never did in my presence, at any rate.

*Val Allen, Col. Glasgow's daughter.

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J: After that trip that you took to the Philippines and the Far East with your mother, did you return to the Philippines, or did you come to El Paso after that?

G: Well, the island trip, as it was called, took at least a month. That went around the islands of the Philippines and as I said to Hong Kong and Japan, and back to the Philippines, and then we returned from Manila. We sailed from San Francisco on an Army transport, and the transport took 30 days--one month--from San Francisco to go to Manila. That's a long trip. It doesn't seem long now with jet planes that we have today, but that was a lengthy trip--one month each way. And of course, that was about 7,000 miles.

Now the Atlantic is a little over 2,000 miles, and that took 10 days to two weeks in those days. I've also crossed the Atlantic many times by ship, and it was always a week to 10 days. I went to France, the first trip to Europe I went to France in 1919 and it took 13 days to cross the Atlantic. On other trips I was fortunate enough to get on larger and faster ships that only took seven days.

J: That seems amazing, though, when you think about it now.

G: Oh, yes. But they were delightful. I always enjoyed any kind of transportation really, all the way from horse to railroad trains and steamships, and finally airplanes. A trip on the ocean I always found to be very, very resting.

J: So after you were through in the Philippines did you come back to El Paso?

G: Yes, always.

J: And you started school here?

G: Oh, yes. San Jacinto School, which is still standing.

J: Yes it is.

G: I think that it's used as a school, too.

J: Are there any particular teachers that you recall from those years, and the influence they had on you?

G: No. I can remember one particularly, but I can't remember her name.

J: Did she have a good or bad influence on you? Why do you remember her so well?

G: All of my teachers had a good influence on me. Yes, that was very good.

That's the only school I went to here, because it was just over the fence from the Homestead, from my grandfather's house.

J: Were Mexican children at that school also, was it just Anglo American children, or was it a mixture?

G: I think both, but the American children were predominant. I don't especially remember any Mexican children.

J: What were some of the families that lived in your neighborhood that you recall, some of the families' names, friends that you had?

G: Well, at that time, that was one of the what you might call fashionable parts of town. There was Sunset Heights and Mesa Street, you know. And Magoffin Avenue and Myrtle Street were especially noted, I guess you might say, for the people that lived there. Ezekiel Newman, he and his family lived next door to us on Magoffin Avenue. That place is occupied by some of the housing for the elderly. And the Kems lived in that same block, Judge Kemp and his family. His sons were Maury Kemp, the well-known lawyer for many, many years here; and Herndon Kemp and Roland Kemp and Page Kemp, his sons. Roland Kemp and I were more or less the same age and we were inseparable. Whenever I was here, he and I were together every day, and also, of course, in later life. When I returned here as a lieutenant, we resumed our friendship.

J: What kinds of things did kids do to amuse themselves in those days, living in a...I guess we were a pretty small town in those days. What kinds of

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of things did you used to get into?

G: Well, in the summertime, we had a bug called a June Bug. And I haven't found anybody that remembers that bug or even by that name. It was a fairly large beetle that loved pears, and my grandfather had pear orchards. And it would feast on pears, much to everybody's annoyance. So as kids, we were encouraged to catch them and dispose of them. But one thing that we liked to amuse ourselves by doing would be get a spool of thread and tie a thread around the middle of the beetle and tie a knot in it, and let him fly away like a kite on a string. (Chuckles)

Well, let's see. Other things would be, I had my own little garden, which was about five or six feet square on one side of the house, where I grew corn and radishes and lettuce, a few odd things like that, because I liked to watch them grow. And one day I saw a scorpion in there, and I called the yardman, whose name was José, and he told me that was a scorpion and very deadly. And so he got an empty quart jar and pushed the scorpion into it with a stick. And we then went to the kitchen, and in those days we used a large cast-iron stove in the kitchen that had plates on top that you could remove, round plates that you removed, and inside was the fire, which was started always with wood and used primarily wood. Rarely did we have coal, it was nearly always wood that was used in there. And José took this jar with the scorpion in it and poured him into the fire, which was burning nice and fiercely.

J: Well, that took care of that.

G: That took care of the scorpion. That was my introduction to the scorpion.

A: Were there ever any snakes around the backyard?

G: Nope. No.

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J: Now there was pretty much vegetation around your area, though, still in those days, lots of bosque and all that down by the river?

G: Well, there was principally trees.

J: And the orchard you said that was on your property.

G: Yeah. My grandfather had an orchard that used to extend all the way from the house to where the courthouse is, the City-County Building now. But in those days the canal, which is called the Franklin Canal now, used to run right through the middle of the property, and it went right behind the house. And we used to play on the mound there that marked where the canal used to be. Because when the canal was re-routed (it's now way down south, you know), that really killed the orchard, because it couldn't be irrigated. And you can't grow any trees without getting water to them in this place, as everybody knows. So the orchard was eliminated. That's when my grandfather cut all that land from the Homestead to where the City Hall is into lots, and sold them off.

J: Was this orchard just for personal enjoyment, or did he raise the fruits to sell them?

G: No, that was of course, what do you call it? A business? That was to bring in money in addition to his various jobs, of which were Justice of the Peace and County Judge at that time. It must have been...well, let's see. I was born in '98, and his last term as Mayor ended in 1909 as I remember, so he had already finished his tenure as County Judge. And when I was a kid of say nine, 10, 12 years old, I used to go to town, and whenever I'd meet somebody that knew the family, especially my grandfather, they would always ask me, "How is the Judge?" He was always referred to that way, as the Judge. "How is the Judge?" And so I'd tell them.

He was one of the founders there, one of the two founders, of the State National Bank. There was Charles R. Moorehead, who was President, and my grandfather, who was Vice President. And they were President and Vice President of the bank until they retired--I believe it was in 1921--about 40 years. The bank was established in 1881. And those were the days when the Vice President...there was only one. Like in the United States, there is only one Vice President. And he was THE Vice President for 40 years. Today, of course, there are a dozen or more Vice Presidents. He used to go to the bank every day and normally he was driven in a carriage, which he owned, and a horse, that he also owned, by José, our handyman. Once in a while I would have the privilege of driving him to the bank. And I can remember those occasions very well, especially with the trouble that I had in turning the corner of the State National Bank on Oregon Street, because of the street car tracks. The rims of the carriage wheel would often get stuck in the street-car tracks and nearly cause an accident.

J: It had nothing to do with your speeding around or anything like that.

G: No. But you had to be sure to make as much of a right angle turn as you could so the wheels wouldn't get stuck in the car tracks.

J: So during those years, as far as transportation, it was mostly horses, carriages and the streetcar. What, maybe one or two cars in the whole town, if any? I don't know.

G: Well, I think the first cars appeared here in 1908. And then that was of course a rare sight to see an automobile. People used to stare at them. It was quite an occasion.

J: Were you here when Díaz and Taft met?

G: Very much so.

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J: Do you remember that whole affair?

G: Very much. That was in October of 1909, and I was 11 years old. And there were two page boys appointed to attend the ceremonies, and I was one of them; and Jack Happer. Jack Happer was the son of a lawyer that lived in the next block down Magoffin Avenue. And Jack and I were at the Chamber of Commerce building on San Francisco Street for that occasion. And we were waiting for Taft and Díaz to arrive there in an anteroom. And I remember very well, in the middle of the floor there was a big washtub full of ice and bottles of champagne. The champagne was kept on ice in the big washtub.

J: From what I've read and what other people have told me, they really decorated the cities for this occasion.

G: Yes. Lots of red and white and blue bunting, and flags.

J: Is there anything in particular that you recall about the men themselves that stands out in your mind?

G: No, not any more than you'd get by looking at a photograph of them.

J: Did you talk to them at all?

G: No. We were much too small fry for that. (Chuckles)

J: You were still attending San Jacinto at that time?

G: Oh, sure. We left here for what I consider the last time during our childhood days in 1911. That's when my father came back from the Philippines, just in time to be here to witness some of the Madero revolution.

J: That was my next question. What do you remember about that time? Did you get to see any fighting at all?

G: Yes. Members of the family knew the Madero family in San Antonio. And it so happened that at the time Madero was in camp, you might say, across the river out near the smelter, one of our cousins from San Antonio was visiting here. She was a beautiful young girl and she had known the Maderos. And Raúl Madero,

the younger brother of Francisco Madero, came to the Homestead one afternoon on his white horse to visit her. He knew she was staying here, and so he stayed for an hour or more in the hall while I held his horse out in the front yard. I have a picture of myself on his horse. That was 1911. And from here my father was ordered to Fort Riley, Kansas, where he belonged to the 13th Cavalry.

J: So your whole family moved out there?

G: Oh, yes, the whole family moved to Fort Riley, Kansas. And there, at least two of us, that is my sister Octavia and I, often went horseback riding. We had a favorite picnic area that we rode to that was near the river, the Kansas River, that flows by there. Three Mile Creek it was called, because it was three miles from the center of the post. And my father went on a three day practice march with his troop of cavalry, and I went with him on one of those up near Manhattan, Kansas. And then for some reason I was shipped off to boarding school. I don't remember whether there wasn't enough room in the house for all of us kids, there were five of us. But anyway I was sent to St. Mary's College, Kansas, which was an hour or more on the railroad towards Topeka, where I spent the next year in school. And my father was ordered the following year, in 1912, from Fort Riley to Washington, D.C., on duty with the general staff.

J: Did the family move with him?

G: Yes, the whole family moved with him except for me, I was still in boarding school. So when my school year was over, I traveled by myself by train to Washington.

J: How did you feel about seeing Washington when you got there? I guess you had read lots about it, and heard about it.

G: Oh, a wonderful place, very beautiful. And I can remember distinctively that the two houses that we lived in that we rented, one of them was just off Chevy Chase Circle, which is just about two blocks from where the Congressional Country Club is. (If you watch golf, you've just seen the golf tournament there last week.) And the other house we had was just two blocks from the Connecticut Avenue Bridge. And the back of our house overlooked Rock Creek Park, and we could hear the lions roar at night. There is a beautiful zoo there. We could hear the lions and other ferocious animals roar at night.

J: How long did you stay in Washington?

G: Well, according to a peculiar law that was passed at the time called the Manchu Law, my father was ineligible to stay on staff duty any longer in Washington. So the following year he was transferred across the river to Fort Myer, Virginia, where was stationed the 5th Cavalry. That was 1913. And he was there until 1918 off and on. The Pancho Villa raid was in March of 1916, and the whole regiment of the 5th Cavalry was ordered to Mexico immediately. So my father, who was then a major, was in command of a squadron in the 5th Cavalry, and they all boarded special trains and were sent to the border. And he was in Mexico for about one year, the length of the Pershing Expedition.

J: What things did he tell you about that time he spent down there? Was there anything in particular he told you about the expedition itself, or his feelings?

G: Well, I gathered that it was very boring. They would do quite a bit of marching, and then camp for a week or more, or two weeks in one spot, and then move on, and so on. I don't know the full extent of it. But it was very boring.

J: So they really didn't see any action while they were down there?

- G: No. No, as I remember, there was only one troop of cavalry that actually saw any action, and that lasted for an hour or two.
- J: You had told me earlier that when you were 12 you had decided to go into the Army, and you made that decision really on your own. What attracted you to the Army specifically, and why did you think at that point that that's what you wanted to do with your life? Do you recall your feelings at that time, have you thought about it since?
- G: Well, I guess actually I didn't know much about anything else. I'd become used to living on Army posts and seeing mounted men and learning to ride at an early age, and I liked it. And well, not everybody would understand it, maybe, but there is nothing finer than the mutual sense of companionship, trust and confidence between a rider and a good horse under him. And throughout all the wars of history, up until World War I, the Cavalry has been the elite arm. So I guess that's the basis of my feelings and decisions.
- J: You did finally go on to enter West Point, and when was that? How did that come about? You said you had to get certain scores?
- G: Yes. It's very difficult, at least it was in those days, to get an appointment to West Point. Senators and Congressmen are allowed two appointments to the service academies--West Point and Annapolis, and now Colorado Springs. And in spite of the fact that my grandfather was very prominent here, our congressman from this district, the 16th Congressional District, would only give me a second alternate appointment. They made three appointments for one spot--the principal, the first alternate and the second alternate. And I was appointed as a second alternate. So I had a very slim third chance. Well, I took the competitive examination in 1916 in Washington, and I passed it, and it so happened that the principal and the first alternate, one failed

physically and one failed in the entrance examination. And I got in, on a very slim chance. So I entered as a cadet on the 15th of June, 1916. And then World War I came along and they started graduating classes ahead of time at West Point because they needed more officers in the Army. And so I was graduated along with the rest of the class on the 1st of November, 1918.

J: So you attended two and a half years.

G: Two and a half years. And then I went to France in June of 1919. The war had been over only a few months, and I was on a tour of the battlefields. A special trainload of us American Army officers were on a tour of the battlefields, and then I was sent to Germany in the Army of Occupation. And my division was sent back to the States through Brest. That was our biggest port of embarkation in France. And when we got there I had volunteered to remain in Europe, and I was transferred from the Division to the Headquarters of the port of embarkation at Brest. I remained there until the 1st of January, 1920, when I went back to the Army of Occupation in Germany, and then I stayed in Germany until March of 1923.

J: Does anything stand out in your mind about the tour of the battlefields that you took in France?

G: Well, it was just a tremendous destruction. Places that had been thick forest were just piles of dirt and holes where trenches had been, and all of the trees that had been standing there were now fallen, stripped. And just that terrible destruction.

J: How did you feel when you saw that? I imagine that it was the first time you'd ever seen anything near that?

G: It's the devastation of the land, and the devastation of the human, too. It's terrific. Because there had never in the history of the world been so

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much ammunition expended, so much bombardment, explosives used, so that the whole, all of the earth was topsy-turvy. The French would say boul versé, all churned up, churned up by constant bombardment. The First World War was famous, you might say, for trench warfare. There had never been such trench warfare before or since, and that's why there was constant bombardment in a small area. In World War II it wasn't that way at all, it was much faster.

I don't know what more you want.

J: Oh, we've just begun. This is only 1920, and we have 60 more years we have to cover.

G: There isn't much of El Paso.

J: But I think that it's interesting--the fact that you were from here, the family you came from, and what experiences you went through--even though you left this place how you have always considered this your home and you'd always come back to it and so forth.

G: That applied to all of us, of course, that this was always home. In the Army, of course, you go from pillar to post. You stay two years, sometimes you move five times in one year, which is not unusual, and you've got to have a permanent address officially in the War Department, always. And on any other official paper or anything. "What's your home address?" Always 1120 Magoffin Avenue. And it was an unwritten law or custom in our family that we would always assemble here for Christmas, which we all did, whenever we were in this country. The only times I ever missed was when I was overseas, either in Europe or in the Pacific.

J: That's beautiful, a beautiful tradition.

A: Well, you know, as you said in the beginning, there is an awful lot written about the Magoffins and everything. I think Dad's a pretty special person

himself, and I think it is interesting that you want to carry on with his life. His family would be very, very proud of him.

J: Oh, I think so, I think so. So we've only begun.

[PAUSE]

J: I thought I'd try to get a little more information from you today about the Glasgows. They are not quite as well known I think in El Paso as the Magoffins, but you seem to know quite a bit about the background of the family. Could you give us some of the main people of the family and how they eventually came down to this area and so forth?

G: Well, as I told you before, we found out through Susan Shelby Magoffin's diary that she, Susan, met my grandfather Edward James Glasgow in Santa Fe. They were both on the Santa Fe Trail en route to Chihuahua. And some months later, although there is no indication that they met again on the trail, my grandfather Glasgow, who was head of one wagon train, was pressed into service by Doniphan between El Paso and Chihuahua. And he and one other wagon master with all of their teamsters were formed into companies. My grandfather was the captain of one company, and they participated in the battle of Sacramento as part of Doniphan's force.

J: Can you tell me about that battle? I'm not familiar with it.

G: Well, it was a short battle in a relatively small town south of Juárez en route to Chihuahua. And it was right after that battle that Doniphan continued on to Mexico City without any further resistance.

J: So this would be what, 1840s?

G: 1846. Yep, the beginning of the Mexican War.

J: Well, that is interesting that they were involved in that also.

G: And it was immediately following that that James Wiley Magoffin was taken

prisoner in Chihuahua and put under house arrest because of his actions and influence in the surrender of New Mexico Territory to the United States. And as recorded in history, he was transferred from Chihuahua to Durango when the American troops were approaching Chihuahua, and eventually he was released. And, well, I'm not so sure what happens after that, because I get intertwined the histories of his brother Samuel, Susan Shelby's husband, and James Wiley Magoffin.

J: The other day also your daughter had reminded you of the story that had to do with the matches. That was such an interesting story, I thought maybe we could get that on tape and get the relationship of the people involved with your family.

G: I should have tried to dig that up. It's buried in my closet amongst other family papers, because it is written down exactly either by my father or grandfather. But that was at the time of the formation of the Lewis and Clark Expedition in St. Louis in 1804. My French ancestor was Dr. Antoine Saugrain, who was later referred to as the first scientist of the Mississippi Valley. According to historical references he was the leading doctor in St. Louis at that time, and he was called on by Lewis and Clark to put together a medicine chest for the use of the Expedition, and as part of the supplies that he put in the chest was a considerable number of matches, which were then known as sulfurs. I think that's what they called them. And they consisted of small strips of paper dipped in sulfur which could be used as matches.

During their travels from St. Louis up the Missouri and over to the Columbia River down to the Pacific Coast they encountered many Indian tribes. And several times, Clark gave some of these matches to Indian chiefs, who were greatly impressed by them. On their return trip, one of the Indian chiefs

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to whom he had given the matches asked him for some more, and Clark asked him what he had used them for. And he said that they were used in determining whether or not the tribe would go to war. If they struck a match and it lit, they would go to war. If it didn't light, they would stay home.

J: That's a great story. How was this doctor related to you? You said he was one of your ancestors?

G: Yes. Let's see. Dr. Saugrain was my great-great-grandfather. His daughter Denise married Captain Kennerly, and they had a daughter named Harriet Kennerly who married Edward James Glasgow, my grandfather. That's how it is.

J: Well, you certainly come from a long line of distinguished people. Are there any other stories that stand out in your mind that were told to you as a child, having to do either with the Glasgow family or the Magoffins, that you particularly recall?

G: My father often told us children that his grandmother, who was Denise Saugrain, always recalled the time when the French flag was lowered from the flagpole in St. Louis and the Stars and Stripes were run up the pole. That was on the conclusion of the Louisiana Purchase. It was Spanish territory, Spain ceded it to Napoleon, and Napoleon sold it to the United States. So most of the time, previously, they had the Spanish flag flying over St. Louis, and it was only one day that they had the French flag flying before the American flag was run up on the flagpole. Those were in the days when it took weeks and months to get news to travel from Paris to New York to Washington, and then overland to the far west, which was St. Louis at that time.

J: Once you passed there, heaven knows where you were going to end up. I think in those days people really didn't know what was after that.

G: That's right, they didn't know. They didn't know anything west of there.

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And that's why President Jefferson sent them overland to the Pacific Ocean, and it took them two years for the round trip. They returned in 1806.

And General Clark's two sons married two sisters of my grandfather Glasgow.

And that's how my grandfather named my father William Jefferson Glasgow.

The Jefferson is for Jefferson Clark, who was his uncle. And Jefferson Clark was named Jefferson for President Thomas Jefferson, because he was the one who sent General Clark on the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

J: I wanted to ask you, while you were growing up here in El Paso, do you recall ever going with your family to Juárez for any particular reason, either for parties or grocery shopping?

G: No, I don't remember actually going over to Juárez. If we went, of course, it was in a carriage in those days. Later when I was almost in my teens, in other words when I was nine, 10, and 11, I used to go occasionally over there with my buddy Roland Kemp. I remember going over there, especially, both of us went over the river right after one of the battles that took place in Juárez during one of the many Mexican revolutions. We knew that they had a few of the Juárez defenders on top of the city jail and city hall. We climbed up there, and I remember picking up the brass button off of one Mexican soldier's uniform as a souvenir.

J: What was that like, as you recall it?

G: Well, whenever there was a revolution in México and there was fighting in or near Juárez, most of the El Pasoans got on high ground on this side to try to watch what was going on, especially by the use of binoculars. Of course Sunset Heights was a favorite spot because it was high ground. And the closest personal relationship that we had to it was what I told you already about Raul Madero coming to the house to visit our cousin from San Antonio.

J: Where you took care of his horse all afternoon. Did your family, then, sympathize with the Madero revolutionaries?

G: Oh, yes. Yes, yes. Madero was an idealist, and his concept of government was far different and much more moderate and modern than the dictatorship, for instance of Porfirio Díaz, whom he succeeded. And as I remember, he conducted a very fine government during his two years in office before he was assassinated. Did you see and read that [article]?

J: No, I haven't. Is this today's paper?

G: Oh gosh, that's full of it. Orozco was one of the officers in Madero's forces. Orozco and Pancho Villa were both officers in Madero's army, especially here in Juárez.

J: Did you ever see either Villa or any of the other generals personally, either riding by, or from across the river watching some of the battles?

G: Not actually that I remember. I've seen many pictures of them, of course, that have been in our papers, the El Paso Times and the Herald-Post. That has about four or five pages of it in there.

J: Another thing I wanted to ask you the other day was about some of the different ethnic groups that lived here in El Paso around the turn of the century and the early part of this century--for one, the Chinese that lived here, and if you remember the Chinese community.

G: Ah, yes. When I was in my early days here, up until I was 13 years old, which was 1911, when we left here to go to Fort Riley, Kansas, our principal connection with the Chinese community was through the laundry. Our laundry was always done by Chinese. And we children always looked forward to the Christmas season when our laundrymen, the Chinese, brought us Christmas gifts, which consisted primarily as I remember [of] litchi nuts, and preserved ginger. I remember the litchi nuts, especially. (Chuckles)

J: Well, they would have been something very unusual.

G: Yes, of course, 'cause we don't grow them.

J: Was it a sizable population, do you know?

G: Yes, we had quite a number of Chinese here, and as I look back on it now, they must have settled here when the railroads came to El Paso. Because as I understand from history, it was principally Chinese, imported Chinese labor, that built the road beds, that laid the tracks all the way from California to El Paso. So when they finished the connection of the railroads from the east and the west here, there must have been a number of Chinese who were out of a job, and so they settled here. And in addition to the Chinese laundry, I remember truck gardens in the lower valley just beyond what is now Washington Park. And they grew excellent vegetables, which was one of the principal sources of our vegetable supply.

J: I understand there were also quite a few Chinese restaurants.

G: That I don't remember, 'cause I didn't go to restaurants.

J: I think someone in one of the interviews that we have on file has described some kind of parade that they also had. Was it for the Chinese New Year, do you recall anything like that?

G: No, not for Chinese New Years. I don't remember any. The only parades that I recall were parades by soldiers from Fort Bliss, and also the parades of the circuses when they would come to town.

J: Were the circuses one of the principal forms of entertainment for children in those days? Did they come quite often?

G: Oh yes, but not more than once a year. It was always a gala occasion, naturally, when the circus came to town. And I can remember so well Ringling Brothers Circus coming to town and their trains were parked in the train

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yards near Cotton Street. That's where the tents were set up, right near the railroad tracks. And of course we knew when the trains were coming in. And the night before one of them, I spent the night with Jack Happer, who lived just two blocks down the street. And early in the morning, about four or five o'clock, we could hear the trains, so we got out the window.

[PAUSE]

As I was saying, Jack and I got out of the second story window and jumped out onto the ground, and started running to the railroad tracks. A passing patrolman stopped us, and we finally convinced him that we were not up to any mischief, that we were on the way to watch the circus unload.

J: Well, I'm sure seeing two young men running around there, he probably was a little suspicious of what was going on.

G: Well, we were kids of course, about 12 years old.

J: What other kinds of things do you recall that was a big deal for you when you were a child? The circus was one, apparently. What other kinds of things were there?

G: Oh, in addition to the circus, we also had a visit at least once by Buffalo Bill and his entourage. So, I watched Buffalo Bill riding and doing his trick shooting. Also in those days, great occasions were the performances of opera at the opera house, the Myer Opera House. I was too young to attend those; but my mother and father were great lovers of the opera, so they always attended when they were here and the opera was here at the same time. We had visits from many celebrated opera stars, including Nelly Melba and Tetrazzini.

J: What would attract them to El Paso? Why would they stop here?

G: It was en route. This was a railroad hub, transportation center, so all

trains going east and west went through El Paso on the southern run.

You see, the only other railroad was the Union Pacific through Denver.

J: That afforded a lot of people coming through here for entertainment, then, I suppose.

G: Oh, yes.

J: We were lucky in that respect.

G: Sure, for everything--industry, marketing, and entertainment.

J: What other ethnic groups lived in El Paso in the early part of the century?

G: We had a number of Germans who settled here and were a big asset to the community.

J: Did they do any specific kind of work or were they involved in any specific business?

G: Merchants, primarily. One was Dr. Diederich, who lived about three blocks down Magoffin Avenue towards the City Hall. And there was the Kohlbergs. Kohlberg had a cigar store and I think even a cigar factory.

J: From what I understand there were quite a few Jewish people who settled here around the turn of the century also. I think that was the beginning of our El Paso Jewish community at that time.

G: Yes. I don't know when they arrived. I presume Blumenthal was one. He was well known and had a clothing store at the corner of El Paso and San Francisco Streets, right near Pioneer Plaza. I don't know when the Schwartzes arrived and I don't know what their nationality or ancestral nationality was. Of course, the name is German. They have always been very prominent in El Paso.

J: Do you recall that your parents perhaps buying clothing and so forth from them?

G: Oh, yes, of course. We always knew the Popular Dry Goods Company, did most of our business there, and knew the Schwartz family. And in addition to the German and Jews, there were also Irish. One of our best-known doctors was

Dr. Phillip Gallagher, and he was our family physician for half a century or more. He arrived here because he had consumption, otherwise known as T.B., and he came here for his health. And he lived to a very ripe old age.

J: I understand that this was a very popular place for people who did have T.B.

G: Oh, yeah. We had a sanitarium here, and many people came here on account of that. And most of them lived a long, long time, like Dr. Gallagher. I knew him as a child here, and when I was stationed here as a lieutenant many years later I went to him again. And he lived quite a long time after that. That was 1930. And his son was another Dr. Gallagher, who also practiced all his life here, and has since retired.

J: Of course we had a sizable Mexican American population, having been people who were here before anyone else.

G: Oh, yes, yes. Definitely.

J: In the years that you recall, what were the relations between the Mexican American population that lived here in El Paso and the Anglo American population that came in? How did the people get along in those days?

G: Well, it was a very congenious relationship. It was all intertwined and intermarried. For instance there is Simeon Hart, whose wife was Mexican or Spanish, Jesusita Siqueros, and many others.

The old families that I remember, that my family knew very well, were the Ainsas, and the Pfaffs, the Berriens, the Rawlings (Dr. Rawlings, whose daughter married Mott, who was the biggest stockholder in General Motors), the Nations (he was an Englishman and he ran a meat market, Nations Meat Store), the Happers (Jack Happer was an attorney who moved to Washington, D.C.), the Fewels (their son went to the Navy), the Burges brothers (Richard and William Burges, both prominent attorneys), the Neffs, the Krakauers, and the Zorks.

And of course regarding utilities, I can well remember the kerosene lamps that we used until electricity came, and later the telephone. My grandfather's telephone number was number 10. Number 9 was Longwell's Transfer Company. We call them movers today. Longwell had his shop on San Francisco Street, just a block west of where the White House [] Department Store [] used to be, which is now the El Paso Electric building.

J: Do you recall any of the Mexican families who came into El Paso as refugees during the Mexican Revolution by any chance?

G: No. No, I wouldn't know. I don't remember particularly any refugees--that is, on a personal basis.

J: I have been told by other people I have interviewed that the Sunset Heights area became the settling place for many of these families that came in during that time.

G: Probably, because in those days Sunset Heights was one of the main residential areas. That, and then east of City Hall, there was Magoffin Avenue, Myrtle and San Antonio were the principal residential areas, between the City Hall and Cotton. The city practically ended at Cotton. That was more or less considered to be the outskirts, and that's where the streetcar terminal was and the car barn, where the cars spent the night. The car barn was on Cotton between San Antonio and Overland. It was later used as a terminal for the SCAT [] Sun City Area Transit [] buses, and then now they've moved.

My grandfather was a partner in the El Paso Street Railway Company that operated the mule-drawn streetcars here in town and across the river to Juárez. The mule cars were later supplanted by electric cars. And when I was stationed here at Fort Bliss as a lieutenant in 1928, '29, '30, the streetcar traveled down Fort Boulevard to Fort Bliss and made a U-turn at Fort Bliss for

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the trip back to town. That was the end of the line in that direction. The other main line of the streetcar was out to Washington Park, which was way out in the outskirts of town.

J: Was Washington Park established when you were a child?

G: Yes, I remember learning--that is, teaching myself--how to swim in the Washington Park swimming pool. That was the only municipal pool that we had. And I taught myself how to swim in that pool about 1909, 1910.

J: Was that a very popular place for people for picnics, parties and so forth?

G: Oh, yes; yes it was. A nice zoo, although it was very small, especially in those days. I used to ride my bicycle to get out there.

J: Oh, my. I bet that took you quite a while to make it from your house to the park.

G: Yes.

J: Do you by any chance remember the cost of the mule-drawn streetcars, or the electric ones?

G: It must have been either a nickel or 10 cents, but I don't remember. And when the mule car was supplanted by the electric cars, my grandfather had one of those mule cars transported to his property, and it was parked in the yard southwest of the Homestead, just inside of the Octavia Street fence.

J: That's right on the side.

G: Yeah, that's where we kids used to play in that, had a lot of fun ringing the bell and pretending we were operating the car.

In those days my grandfather had a horse which was used for the carriage, and a cow which furnished all the milk for the family. And they were kept in a small corral just back of what is now the storerooms. But the storeroom which is farthest from the living quarters, that's [what] the horse and the

cow used as a shelter when they weren't in the corral, because they had free access to it. They could go in or out of it whenever they wanted to. Occasionally when I got thirsty and the idea appealed to me, I'd take my silver cup out of the dining room and go out to the corral and milk the cow and drink the warm milk.

J: Did a lot of the families at that time have cows?

G: I don't remember anyone else that had one. (Chuckles)

J: Then you were very lucky to be able to go out and get your milk that way, and not have to wait for the milk truck.

G: And of course groceries and meat were delivered in those days. And when we had telephones, all you had to do was telephone the order in and it was delivered. And ice was delivered every day.

J: Well, I think that's all I want to ask you for today, unless there's anything you'd like to add before we shut down for this session. Next time I come, I'd like to talk to you more about your Army career, the people that you have known that you have either served under or with, some of the places that were most interesting to you, and any decorations or honors that you have received. I would like to talk a little about that and any action you saw during World War II.

G: Well, strange to say, the nearest I ever came to actual combat was right here in El Paso in 1929. There was a revolution in México as usual, and there were bullets landing in El Paso. And the mayor and commanding general at Fort Bliss warned the Mexican forces involved that they should stop firing across the river. I can't remember off-hand the name of the Mexican who was the head of the revolution, there were so many of them. But anyway, I was in Troop F of the 8th Cavalry. At that time, Fort Bliss was the headquarters of the First Cavalry Division. A division is composed of two

brigades of two regiments each. One brigade was stationed here--the 7th and 8th Cavalries. The other two regiments were farther south and east at Marfa and Brownsville. We were placed on alert and restricted to the post. The alert consisted of issuing ammunition to all the troops in preparation for crossing the river and occupying Juárez if the necessity arose.

To give you an idea how the detailed preparations are made, my regimental commander, Colonel Smedberg, was the senior colonel, so the 8th Cavalry had the honor of being the lead regiment. My squadron commander was the senior major, so our squadron would be the lead squadron. My troop commander was the senior captain, so his troop, F troop, [would] be the advance guard. Being the senior lieutenant in the troop, I would be in command of the advance party, which meant that on crossing the Rio Grande, I would be the first officer to cross. Our route of march from Fort Bliss was down Howze Street, which lead straight to the river. And if we were to march and cross the river, we were to take and rendezvous at the racetrack, and that would become regimental headquarters. General Van Horn Mosely was the post commander, and he had a meeting with the Mexican general involved in Juárez at the middle of the Santa Fe Bridge. As a result of that meeting, the opposing force across the river decided to quit firing. So our participation in any action in México came to a halt. (Chuckles)

J: That was a good thing, since you would have been the first one they could have had a nice shot at.

G: It wouldn't have amounted to very much.

- J: I took some notes from what we were chatting about the other day before I left, and one of the things I was hoping you would repeat for the tape was just the opinion that you had about Mrs. Schwartz. You had told me a little bit about what you thought about her as a person, and I thought that was very interesting and something we might want to share with people who are listening to the tape.
- G: Well, as I said, I thought she was the embodiment of generosity--understanding and compassionate. I always regarded her as one of the finest women I had ever known. Her passing has been a great loss to all of us in the community. I don't know what more I could say.
- J: I thought that was a very nice thing and something about a person who is very well known here in town. I just wanted to get that down, just about her. We don't have too much on her.
- G: I don't think that we have an expression in English that I would use for her, but in Spanish it would be muy simpática.
- J: Also, as we were chatting the other day, you had told me a little bit about the Escobar Revolution. Can you talk about that a little bit for us on the tape? Or at least what you were involved in.
- G: Well, as I mentioned, it happened to be the one time in my life that I was close to combat, which is an ironic one--it happens in my own hometown. Because at that time, that was 1929, there was an embryonic revolution in México, especially around Juárez, and the firing caused many bullets to come over on the American side. So with the danger to our citizens, the commanders in and around Juárez were told by the commanding general at Fort

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Bliss and the mayor that they had to stop shooting because the bullets were too dangerous to our own citizens. As this fighting continued--I think it was the Escobar Revolution--the troops at Fort Bliss, which consisted of a brigade of cavalry (that's two regiments of cavalry) and a battalion of field artillery, were put on alert. We were confined to the limits of the post, as it happened, for three days. Ammunition was issued to the troops and plans were made for a possible incursion on Juárez.

Due to you might say military etiquette, it so happened that my regiment, the 8th Cavalry, was to be the lead regiment, and the troop that I was in, Troop F, 8th Cavalry, was the advance guard. As the senior lieutenant in the troop, my platoon was to be the advance party, which meant that I and my platoon would be the first to cross the river into México. Our commanding general, General Van Horn Mosely, met the Mexican garrison commander at the center of the Santa Fe Bridge, and it was decided that the fighting would cease. That ended the trouble, so our alert was called off and life was resumed as usual.

J: I find that very interesting because I have never met anyone who was actually that close to having been involved in going over, if anything like that had happened. So I am glad you brought that out the other day.

G: It so happened of course that during World War II I made many visits to Guadalcanal in the South Pacific, where I was actually under fire several times. But I was not in command of any troop or troops at that time, being a staff officer.

J: I wonder if you could tell me what you recall about the Prohibition era in the United States. Were you here in El Paso at that time?

G: Part of the time. When it started, I think it was 1920, I was in Europe in the Army of Occupation in Germany, so it didn't affect me personally until I returned to the States in 1923. Let's see, that Prohibition lasted for a long,

long time, didn't it?

J: 'Till '32, something like that?

G: Longer than that. Having been used to German wines and liquor of all kinds in Europe, it was quite a shock to return to a supposedly dry America. It was something that was hard to get used to.

J: I heard from other people that we've interviewed that at that time Juárez was a very popular place for people to go. Since they couldn't get any liquor or what they considered entertainment here at that time, many people would go to nightclubs and so forth.

G: Oh, yes. In El Paso and at Fort Bliss, where I was stationed for three years from 1928 to '31, Juárez was very popular indeed. It was the rendezvous for many social affairs. Dinner in Juárez or even a sojourn in Juárez during the cocktail hour was very popular with many of the El Pasoans and people at Fort Bliss too. One of our favorite rendezvous--that is, of the officers at Fort Bliss--was Harry Mitchell's bar, which was called the Mint Cafe, in Juárez.

J: Were there several places that had dancing and so forth also at that time?

G: Oh, yes, yes, a number of them. Oh, there were any number--I'd say three, anyway--of nightclubs along the Avenue Juárez leading to the Santa Fe Bridge where they had excellent dance floors and excellent music. They were always very well patronized. I don't remember the names of them offhand, but I guess that's immaterial.

J: But the favorite place of the officers was The Mint.

G: Yes, that was our favorite rendezvous.

J: The Central Cafe was another.

G: Oh, yes, the Central Cafe was a favorite place for many people for many years, as long as it lasted, which was right up to 10, 15 years ago.

J: The other things I wanted to talk about today were your army career and sort of a chronological narrative about that, focusing in on some of the more interesting experiences you've had, some of the more colorful people you served under, and experiences you've gone through that stand out in your mind during your career and going back as far as you'd like.

G: Well, to start out, at West Point one of the occasions that stands out in my memory was a visit of Marshal Joffre. The French Marshal, who was beloved in France, came for a visit and we held a review of the Corps of Cadets in his honor. And I can remember that very distinctly, seeing the French Marshal in uniform for the first time. In those days, he wore red britches and a blue coat. He was a portly gentleman and was known affectionately throughout France as Papa Joffre. On that occasion was the first time that I had heard the French national anthem, "La Marseillaise," which in my opinion is the most stirring of all national anthems.

J: What was the occasion of his visit to West Point?

G: He came on an official visit to Washington. I think his purpose was probably to hasten the involvement of American troops in France. We had already declared war on Germany in April and this visit was several months after that.

J: How old were you at that time?

G: Oh, I was about eighteen. That is, I was nearly 19 at that time. And all classes at West Point and other service schools were graduated ahead of time during the war, naturally because of the need for additional officers. One class was graduated several months ahead of time in April 1917. And shortly after the declaration of war the following year there were three classes graduated ahead of time, one of them being my class, which was graduated on the 1st of November, 1918.

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After going to what is now Fort Benning to the Infantry School, I went to France for an official visit of the battlefields in June of 1919. After that I was stationed for four or five months at our biggest port of embarkation at Brest, France. Brest is up in the northwest corner in Brittany and has the largest harbor, where our largest ships, like the George Washington, would come and take about 200,000 troops a month. It was my good fortune to be introduced to the French commander at Brest, who was Admiral Grout. The commanding officer, the American commander at Brest, introduced me to Admiral Grout and his family, and I had a standing invitation from them to call any Sunday evening from eight o'clock on. This was my introduction to what you might call a French salon. I took advantage of their hospitality on every Sunday that I was in town. I would appear around eight or eight-thirty in uniform, of course, and there would be present Admiral and Mrs. Grout, their daughter Germaine, who was called Gerry, and her friends, a Navy commander and his wife. Then other people would drop in off and on. Gerry was the only one of the family who spoke English. And naturally, being a young girl in her late teens she was very interested in dancing. So the dining room table was always pushed aside for dancing.

J: What kind of music would you dance to? Were they American tunes, French tunes, or a mixture?

G: Primarily American tunes. We would dance to music from a phonograph. Those were in the days of phonographs. The principal one manufactured and used in this country was called the Victrola, made by RCA. So in addition to general conversation in the Grout's apartment, there was always dancing in the dining room and usually a bridge game going on in the living room. Whenever they needed a fourth I was usually asked to fill in at the bridge game, so that I very shortly became able to play bridge in French.

J: Had you known how to speak French before you went to France?

G: I had one year of French in high school, another year of French at West Point. And when I arrived at Brest, France, I was able to communicate quite well, but I had difficulty in understanding some of it because they spoke so rapidly. That I think is probably the reaction that we all get when we listen to foreign languages. They always sound like they are speaking too rapidly.

J: I'm sure you welcomed the friendship that was extended to you by the family, by the Admiral, you being a young man away from home.

G: Oh, yes, yes. And it was a wonderful insight into French family life even though it was only on an occasional, social basis. In addition to the Grout family, I met a young girl downtown, and I used to have dinner with her once a week and usually go to the movies after dinner. And I prevailed upon her to act as my tutor in that she would correct my French. That was the best post-graduate course that I can think of to have in the French language.

J: One of the most pleasant ways of learning a language.

G: It was a very great help to me.

J: Were there any other young American soldiers who were able to share this kind of experience also, that were taken in, so to speak, by a French family, or did you find this something unique?

G: I don't know. In the group of young officers that I was with, I was the only one who had the entree to the Grout household. The camp where we were on duty was several miles out of town and it was at the end of the streetcar line. That was our mode of transportation to and from town. And always when I was leaving the Grout apartment late on a Sunday night around midnight, Madame Grout always saw me to the door and invariably asked me if I had a pistol, because if not, she would lend me one. That was for protection in case you

were accosted by any of the communist element which was known to exist on the outskirts of Brest. I always assured her that I was armed, because as a matter of fact, I always did carry a very small caliber automatic pistol in my hip pocket.

J: Was this communist group quite large at that time, well established?

G: I don't know how large it was, but there had been some trouble with them. And I don't remember any incidents that any of our men were involved in, and I certainly never had any trouble.

J: And you said that you were there in Brest for about six months, is that correct?

G: Well, about four or five months. It must have been from August to the end of December, 1919. In the Fall is the rainy season around that part of the country, and it was often very muddy and cold. In the evenings we used to...when I say "we" I mean several bachelor officers who were quartered near the headquarters building...we would play cards next to a pot-bellied stove.

J: I guess that's the only way you could keep warm on those evenings.

G: Yes, it was. I managed to win a couple of hundred dollars playing poker, and realizing that I might never have another chance, I took a short leave--I took a 10-day leave--to travel about Europe. I made a whirlwind visit to England. I spent three days in London, went to Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare country, and then back across the Channel to Paris, then down to Cannes on the Riviera. Oh, also I forgot to mention that after London, I took a train to Glasgow, Scotland, because I was determined to find out where one of my ancestors must have come from. It was at night. I took the night express from London which arrived early the next morning. In the dining car that night, I sat at a table for two and the man across the table from me was a Scot. And he of course was much interested when I told him my name was Glasgow, and he asked me if I knew the origin of the name. And I said no, I had no idea. So he said that in the olden times, when men came over the hill and looked down into

the valley where Glasgow is now situated, one of them exclaimed, "Glasgae!"-- which meant "beautiful valley."

J: And did the city live up to that description when you saw it?

G: Not exactly. I was a bit disappointed. I didn't have an opportunity to see the residential part, but I took a streetcar ride from the center of town down to the end of the line and back. That was along the waterfront. I think I could say that Glasgow is known for its Scotch whiskey and shipbuilding. The waterfront was more or less lined with docks for shipping and also shipyards, so I got the impression that Glasgow was primarily a commercial and industrialized city. It was a great contrast to go to Edinburgh from Glasgow. Edinburgh is such a quaint and beautiful old town with narrow cobbled streets and the Hollyrood Palace on top of the hill. I visited most of the sights in and around Edinburgh, which is a fascinating place. I even went to see Grey Friar Bobby's grave. Unfortunately, I missed seeing most of the Trossachs because I was again on a night train. And I've always heard that that's one of the most beautiful trips in Scotland, between Glasgow and Edinburgh.

J: Did you ever return to that area?

G: No. I went back to London a couple of times later, to London and to Oxford. From Brest, France I was ordered to the Army of Occupation in Germany, where I arrived on the 2nd or 3rd of January of 1920, and I was there until the end of the American part of the Army of Occupation. Early in 1920 I was assigned to an infantry company of the 8th Infantry Regiment, and we were on outpost duty for three months. At that time I lived in a small village up in the mountains, the town of Dierdorf, where I was billeted with a German family.

J: How did they react to you, being a member of the occupation? Personally how did they react?

G: Well, I would say with reluctance. (Chuckles)

J: Was that the mood, would you say, in all the years you spent in Germany after the war? If you had time to travel or meet any of the people there, could you get anything from them--what they felt or how they looked at the outcome and so forth?

G: Well, I guess you could say reluctant resignation, 'cause there was nothing they could do about it. They were disarmed, the war was over, and they had to take what was coming to them. As I say, I was billeted with a German family. I had a bedroom which also served as my dining room and living room. The daughter in the family would bring me my meals, and that was just about the extent of our relationship.

J: Did you visit any other places in Germany while you were there?

G: Oh, yes. From the outpost duty, my battalion was then quartered at Fort Asterstein, which is a sister to the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, both of which were directly across the Rhine from Coblenz. Of the two, Ehrenbreitstein is a little bit larger, and it contained our machine gun battalion. And it was on top of that fortress that a tall flagpole was raised which carried a large American flag, visible for many miles in all directions. And on the Fourth of July, that was where the fireworks were set off, which was a grand spectacle. The only fireworks display that I ever saw that surpassed that was the Fourteenth of July Celebration in Versailles outside of Paris.

In Germany I was appointed in charge of the visitors' bureau in 1921, I believe it was. The visitors' bureau consisted of myself, a Cadillac limousine, and a chauffeur. And it was my duty to take all visiting VIPs on a tour of the American occupied area, and the most important ones on a tour of the battlefields through Belgium, Northern France, and down to Paris.

J: Who were some of the more famous VIPs who visited you at that time?

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- G: During this time, I guess the most important ones were Governor Lowden of Illinois, Senator McKinley of Michigan, and Congressman John Q. Tilson of Connecticut.
- J: They were there to make a report for the government?
- G: I don't know. They were just visitors as far as I was concerned.
- J: So for the last two years of the time you were there, you were in charge of this visitors' bureau.
- G: I was at the visitors' bureau for a year or so. Mr. Tilson, the Congressman from Connecticut, had with him his wife and two children, a boy and girl, aged about 12 and 13, or fourteen. We became great friends during our tour of the battlefields, and when he returned to Washington, he and my mother and father became great friends. My father was then stationed in Washington.

My last year in Germany was spent as aide-de-camp to the commanding general of the Army of Occupation, General Henry T. Allen. In the capacity as aide-de-camp I lived in the house with General and Mrs. Allen and another aide.

- J: Are there any interesting experiences that stand out in your mind during that period?
- G: My contemporaries, I understood, referred to me as the French aide, because all of the French visitors and French correspondents and so forth were always referred to me since I was fluent in French. My duties, in addition to being in the office next to the General's, was in charge of the General's mess, including invitations to dinner parties and seating arrangements for dinner parties. One of the principal evening entertainments for the General was playing bridge.
- J: Which you knew in two languages!
- G: And I arranged bridge parties at least once a week.
- J: Could you describe the General for us--physically and also his personality?

- G: General Allen was one of the finest and most accomplished generals I ever met. He was a cavalryman as well as my father had been all of his life. In his early days as a lieutenant he explored and drew maps of a couple of rivers in Alaska, the Copper River being one of them. He had also been military attaché in Russia and then in Germany. General Allen was born in Kentucky and was a fine example of a tall, large-boned man of strength and character. Being a cavalryman, he was naturally active, and played polo right up to the last year of his active duty.
- J: You were working with him for another year?
- G: The last year I was there. When he was ordered home in March of 1923, I of course went with him. And we boarded the ship at Antwerp and it took us 10 days to get to New York. On board ship was a Mr. Warberg, a New York banker who was an old friend, and we played bridge all the way home. We had bridge sessions every morning, afternoon and evening. And there is an interesting thing in connection with that bridge thing. I had a small notebook in which I kept track of all my bridge games, winnings and losses, because we settled after every session. In other words, we paid our losses at the end of the morning session, again at the end of the afternoon session, and again at night. So I had three entries in my notebook for each day. At the end of the 10-day period I counted up the total winnings and losses, and I was one dollar ahead. That shows you how evenly it works out.
- J: What were your experiences after you arrived in the United States again? You stayed working with General Allen for a while.
- G: Yes. General Allen gave us, we aides, the job of more or less editing or proofreading his diary that he had kept all during his tour as commanding general along the Rhine. We thought we did a good job on this, but were slightly taken aback after the diary was published, because in it the General

had made one statement which was approximately to the effect that "how long are the French going to keep their sword pointed at the heart of the Ruhr?" The Ruhr is the steel manufacturing center of Germany. The French disliked this statement very much, and because of their reaction, it was thought wise that General Allen not be placed in charge of the American Olympic Team when it went to France for the Olympic Games in 1924. General Allen's diary was published shortly after we returned to the States in 1923. The name of it is My Rhineland Journal.

- J: I'm sure he included some very, very interesting descriptions of his stay during that time.
- G: Oh, yes. Well, it was a day-to-day diary, of course, listing naturally all of the official visitors. That was everybody--all the French generals, Marshal Foch and many of the others, the highest ranking generals. And same way with the American side, and the British. See, there were the French, the American and the British zones on the Rhine. We were in the middle; the British on the left, their headquarters in Cologne; and the French forces down south at Mainz and Weisbaden and Frankfurt.

[PAUSE]

- J: Did you have some other things to say about your first tour of duty in Europe?
- G: Yes. From a personal standpoint, the things that I enjoyed doing most while I was on the Rhine (as we always said) came in sort of bunches, you might say. First when I was more or less alone, I thoroughly enjoyed going to the opera. And when I was in the immediate Coblenz area, which was most of the time, I went to the opera about four times a week. And it so happened that another opera lover was the Catholic chaplain, Chaplain McNally, and we soon joined forces. Our routine was to meet at the Officer's Club about 6:00 o'clock in

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the evening, have dinner there at a table right next to the three-piece orchestra that played every night at the club. The orchestra always used to strike up a particular bar of music as we entered the room, since we were habitués. From there we'd go to the opera. I saw all my favorite operas a number of times until I was able to assimilate enough German to be able to get along fairly well there. I learnt more German going repeatedly to the operas than I did in the German class that I had to attend the first year I was there.

In addition to a very good operatic company that we had in Coblenz, there were occasions when opera stars from other cities were brought in. I guess the most delightful remembrance I had of that was when Maria Friedfelt came from Weisbaden. She was a soprano, and she came to give one performance at the opera house. Chaplain McNally invited her to a late supper at his apartment, and about five or six of us went to his apartment right after the opera, where she sang many songs to Chaplain McNally's accompaniment on the piano. He was a very good pianist in addition to being our referee for all boxing matches.

J: He certainly had a diverse set of talents! Were there any other forms of recreation that you particularly enjoyed while you were there at that time? You mentioned boxing. Were you ever involved in the matches yourself?

G: After I became the visitors' bureau and later aide to the commanding general, I didn't have any spare time for opera, and my activities then switched. There was organized a Coblenz Hunt Club, where the members of the club hunted to hounds every Sunday morning during the fall and winter months. This was great sport, and we members of the hunt club turned out in formal regalia with black hats, red coats, white breeches, and black and tan boots as has always been customary in England and America. These hunts were always held

in a mostly wooded section in the foothills on the East bank of the Rhine about 10 miles or so from Coblenz.

J: How many officers were in the hunt club?

G: Oh, I guess around forty. And the women, also many of the wives and daughters were also members, and they hunted with us.

After I'd been in Coblenz for approximately a year, my younger sister Harriet came over to stay with me, and we were billeted with a German family [in] a house right on the East Bank of the Rhine, directly across from Coblenz. She had a room on the first floor and my bedroom was on the third floor. The official chaperone during her stay in Germany was the wife of Colonel Sturges, who was the Finance Officer. We had known them very well when my father was stationed at Fort Myer, Virginia. We lived in duplex quarters and the Sturgeses were in the other half of the house that we were in.

J: So you were very, very close.

G: Very. The Sturgeses had no children, and Mrs. Sturges became an intimate friend of the family, and we always referred to her as Cousin Edna. So Cousin Edna took my sister Harriet in tow. And when I was appointed aide-de-camp to the general and went to live in his house, my sister went to the Hotel Coblenzerhoff and had her room next to the Sturges' room.

J: Are there any other particular events that stand out in your mind about that three-year stay in Germany?

G: Well, I was trying to think of the year. Practically the whole family came over to Coblenz to visit me. My mother and I put the other four children in school in Brussels in Belgium after much negotiation, writing back and forth. And by personal recommendations we put the two girls, my sisters Octavia and Harriet, in a convent in Brussels; and the two boys, Ned and Bill, went to a boys' school in Brussels, St. Michel. Unfortunately they didn't take but the first semester. At the end of the first semester at Christmastime,

they begged mother to let them get out of school, which she did, and took them all to Paris.

In Paris she rented what you might call a garden apartment, because the apartment faced on a sort of patio-garden, and they finished the year going to French schools, principally the Sorbonne. At the end of that school year, mother took Octavia and Ned and Billy back to the States, back to Washington, D.C., and left Harriet with me in Coblenz.

Let's see, I think that hits the high spots of Germany.

J: Would you like to talk a little about what you did after you returned in 1923?

G: Well, while I was in Coblenz, the Chief of Staff of the Army at that time, General James G. Harbord, came on an official visit to the Army of Occupation. I met him at an afternoon reception, and when I was introduced, he took one look at my insignia and remarked, "What is a Glasgow doing in the Infantry?" I remarked, "General, I couldn't help it. I didn't graduate high enough in my class to get in the Cavalry where I belong." He said, "Well, would you like to transfer to the Cavalry?" I said, "I certainly would, since my father has spent all of his life in it." He said, "Well, that'll be very simple. Drop me a note a week from now when I'm back in Washington, and I'll see to it." He was a man of his word, because 10 days later I was transferred to the Cavalry. Then after General Allen retired in 1923, I went to the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas. That, of course, was a very eventful time in my early days in the Cavalry.

J: What changes took place once you did change into the Cavalry from the Infantry? What kinds of things were different for you? I guess you enjoyed it a lot more, being that that was your first love.

G: At the Cavalry School we generally went to class all morning and went to the riding hall all afternoon. So all morning we studied Cavalry tactics and other matters connected with that branch of the service, and all afternoon

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instruction in horsemanship. Part of that training consisted of taking a remount and training it. A remount is a young horse that has been fairly well broken, but not at all trained in any way. So each student is issued a remount, and it's his to train for the rest of the school year. That includes many hours of rider to horse association by themselves in the riding hall. My principal remembrance of that was the many times that I was thrown from his back onto a frozen dirt floor in the riding hall when it would snow outside.

Upon graduation from the Cavalry School in June 1924, I took a month's leave of absence and went to New York and boarded ship for France as a member of the American Olympic Committee. This was really an assignment that had been arranged by General Allen, who was supposed to be the head of the Olympic Team. But as I said beforehand, he was relieved of that job due to the publication of his diary in which he was more or less critical of the French attitude regarding the German Ruhr. In Paris I was in daily attendance of the American games and did various odd jobs connected with administration, housing, etcetera. I don't even remember specifically anything that I did, because all of my other remembrances overshadow that.

J: How had you been chosen to be a part of this committee?

G: Because General Allen chose his son and me to go there with him. But he didn't go, but we went anyway. And his son, Captain Harry Allen, also a cavalryman, and I went as members of the American Committee. The principal things that I remember of the games were primarily concerned with the athletic events--for instance, seeing Johnny Weissmuller swim; and seeing the various tennis games, where I saw Barotra and Lacoste, the two French aces; and Suzanne Lenglen.

For lunch one day, out in the woods, I think it must have been in the

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Bois de Bologne, there was a string of what looked like card tables set with white cloths and what not, and a buffet lunch for members of the Olympic Committee and their guests. It so happened that I sat at the table opposite Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, Mary Pickford. They had just returned from a visit to Spain, and Mary Pickford was all full of her public in Spain. I, of course, was very interested in my encounter with the Fairbankses. She was quite pretty and bubbly with her public, and Douglas Fairbanks surprised me by being so short. I had always thought he was a fairly tall man, but he was quite a bit shorter than I, and I am 5'11".

J: How did they come to the same buffet luncheon?

G: Well, naturally being movie stars and what not. They were of course attending the games as soon as they got there, they were like anybody that could get to Paris. So they were somebody's guests there, I don't know who, because it happened at that particular time there was nobody sitting on either side of us. I had them all to myself.

J: Do you recall anything in particular about their conversation?

G: No. That's all, that she was all wrapped up in her public in Spain.

J: Were there any events besides the ones you mentioned--you said you had seen the swimming events and tennis--anything that was your particular favorite, or anything besides those other two that stand out in your mind?

G: Well, naturally for a cavalryman I was interested in all of the equestrian events. The jumping, primarily--that was most interesting; and the three-day event in which the American team was always composed of Cavalry officers, all of whom I knew.

But at the conclusion of the games I still had a couple of weeks leave left, and it had always been my desire to visit Spain. One reason, of course, being that my great-grandmother was Spanish, María Gertrudes Valdez de

Veramende; and the Tales of the Alhambra, by Washington Irving, had always fascinated me. I had to see the Alhambra. So as soon as the games were over, I went to Spain. I spent three or four days in Madrid doing the usual sights, going to the Prado Museum and the Cathedral and so on, and to the Escorial, and over to Toledo and then on to Sevilla. In Sevilla I saw the only bullfight that I ever saw that didn't use horses. The ones in Juárez always used horses, and that is the usual way to stage a bullfight. But in Sevilla the Sunday afternoon that I happened to be there, there were no horses. There were only the picadors and the capeman and the matador.

And from Sevilla I went over to Granada, which I fell in love with. The Alhambra is, of course, beyond my description. It's well-covered by Washington Irving and many others--a beautiful palace with a large courtyard, with grass and flowers and a swimming pool in the center, a rectangular shaped swimming pool. The lacework, the carvings, on all of the window frames and entrances are fantastic. And then nearby, on a small hilltop is the Generalife, which was really my favorite. The Generalife is...I suppose you could call it a small palace, but not in the Moorish style, that over-looks the Alhambra. And the principal characteristic of the Generalife that intrigued me so much was the fact that in each room there was a fountain in the center of the room. And when the water went down to the bowl at the bottom, it then went along canals leading out from the center of the room to the next room, and then all out the front and then down the oval banisters of the stairway. So there was running water everywhere, and the musical tinkle of the fountains. I made a resolution right then and there that if I ever built a house, I would build it along those lines. That is, I had to have a fountain in the center of the room and the water running out in little canals. But I never got to build a house, so I didn't. (Laughs)

J: I suspected as much now that I see there are no fountains in this house.
I know now you didn't build this one.

G: And the scarcity of water.

J: Right. We're also in the wrong place.

G: There are some houses that I've been in that have fountains right near the front door. There are several houses like that. But of course for those there is a system whereby you could re-use the water, it's pumped back up to a tank.

Granada, of course, is famous for a number of things besides the architecture. There are the famous Flamenco dancers that dance primarily in the caves. Along the cliffside, there are caves that have been turned into restaurants, and the Flamenco dancers that you see are principally there. Yeah, it is fascinating. There is a big cliff there--you know, sort of mountain, and it goes for, oh, half a mile I guess. And there must be oh, 10 or more large caves. And you go in there, and they're all lit up and decorated. And music and your dinner there, and the Flamenco dancers come in. That's the floor show.

J: We had just talked about the Olympic Games, and I think we were going to take it from there.

G: Did you see this article?

J: No, I sure didn't. I don't get the Herald-Post.

G: Now those are some old, old pictures of the Homestead. As it says here, this is the parlor. That's just to the left as you go in the front door. That's the big room to the left. And it doesn't look like that now, of course, because this is an old, old photograph, must have been taken around 1900.

J: So that's how you remember the parlor, I suppose, or something similar to that.

G: I do vaguely remember, and also I remember this picture years ago. I haven't seen it for many years. And it doesn't look anything like that now--with these old, old chairs, and the furniture and the decor, which is typically Victorian. That's a large picture, which is still there, of my grandmother. That's Joseph Magoffin's wife, Octavia Magoffin, for whom my sister is named. And I'm named, of course, for my grandfather.

J: That's a lovely picture.

G: And it says in here somewhere that the chandelier had gaslights. Well, El Paso never has had gas for illumination. These are old kerosene lamps in the chandelier. Because I remember the kerosene lamps that we had before electricity came.

J: Now does Octavia have this picture?

G: I presume so. It must be in the family. It doesn't say here where it comes from. This is in the patio, and this is the front, of course. And it says here that my grandmother is surveying the estate. I finally decided after puzzling over this for about 10 minutes trying to find out where she was that that must be she way in the background. You can hardly tell that it's a person.

J: That's right, it looks like its just a shadow there.

G: Yeah, under the big elm tree. That small picture of my grandfather I remember very well. That's just what he looked like back in the early 1900s, always with a flowing beard. As far as I know, he was never clean shaven, he always had a beard.

J: Well, even the picture you've got here of him is with his long beard.

G: Oh, yes. And even the pictures, including the big one that hangs in the parlor now of him in a Confederate uniform during the Civil War, he had a black or dark brown beard.

J: That's a beautiful picture, though, of the parlor. I'm going to have to look up this article and see if I can get a copy of that, June 29, 1982.

G: Now I think I should go back, especially before I forget it. And that's an incident that happened when we were stationed at Fort Myer. This was in 1915 that my mother and father took me to call on General Anson Mills. The Mills Brothers were well known in El Paso where they lived quite a bit of their time, back in the post-Civil War era, between the 1860s and 1900 especially. William Mills was a lawyer, and his brother Anson Mills was most of the time in the Army. He was in the West Point class of 1860, and he didn't graduate. In the register of graduates, it merely says that he was a non-graduate. But he was commissioned in the Army in 1861, which of course is the outbreak of the Civil War. And he was retired in the early 1900s as a Brigadier General. And my mother especially having known the Mills Brothers in El Paso is why we went to call on him. He is so well known in El Paso history because he built the Mills Building, which has been owned and occupied by the White House for so many years, and now has been bought by the El Paso Electric Company. That building has always been famous because it was the first concrete building built in this country. I have always remembered General Anson Mills as having

been the inventor of the web cartridge belt, which is still used in the Army.

As I say, in 1915 we went to call on him one evening at his house, which was a narrow three story vine-covered house on DuPont Circle in Washington. During the course of the conversation, General Mills told us of having visited Monticello, Jefferson's home in Virginia, and that in the backyard was a summer house, which is often referred to these days especially as a gazebo. In the summer house he read a piece of poetry which was carved into the woodwork. And this was so remarkable and such a fine piece of poetry that I have never forgotten it, even though I had never written it. The verse read as follows:

Time is a river,
life is a boat,
over its surface
destined to float.

Joy is a cargo
so easily stored;
he's but a fool
who puts sorrow aboard.

Isn't that fantastic? A beautiful thought. It isn't often that I remember that, but even so, I have never forgotten. It was etched into my memory. And unfortunately, as he said, there was no name of the author engraved with the poetry, so it's anonymous.

J: On that particular day that you went to see him, did your parents and he reminisce about times in El Paso?

G: Oh, yes, of course; yes. He died nine years after that in 1924. That would make him somewhere in the 80s or early nineties. He lived to be quite old.

J: Yes.

G: Well, now, to get back to Paris again. Did I say anything about my trip to Spain?

J: Yes. The one thing I remember is that you said you wanted to build your house with a fountain in it, like the one you had seen in Spain.

G: In Granada.

J: Right, and that you never have been able to. That's the one thing that sticks in my mind, that's why I know we talked about Spain.

G: Well, from Granada I went to Barcelona, and from Barcelona back to Paris. And when I got to my hotel in Paris I found a note waiting for me, telling me to report to the military attaché at the embassy. So the next day I reported to him--it was Colonel T. Bentley Mott--and to my great surprise I found that a cable had come from the war department in answer to his request for a new assistant; that if I were acceptable to him, I was to be assigned as the new assistant. So Colonel Mott interviewed me for a short while and asked me if I would like to be assigned as his assistant. Naturally I was overjoyed and said yes. So I started work then as Assistant Military Attaché in Paris, where I stayed for four years.

J: What were your duties as his assistant? Let's see, this was in 1924 still?

G: Yes, '24.

J: What were your duties as the Assistant Military Attaché?

G: Well, in general terms, military attaché is assistant to the ambassador in various duties, social and ceremonial, but primarily his duties are to report on the military affairs of the country to which he is assigned, particularly any new equipment or ideas of tactics, weapons, etcetera. During those four years, one of my special assignments I remember was to cover an exposition in the south of France of medical equipment for the French army. I attended this conference and took a picture of several items. One that I remember is a system of attaching litter patients to a horse. This was primarily suspending two litter patients, one on either side of the horse, so that the load would be balanced. At that time or shortly thereafter, the French army was very busily

engaged in fighting the rebels in Morocco, which we called the Riffs. I think the name of the mountain was Riff. I'm trying to connect the name. But anyway, they were referred to as Riffs, the Riffians.

As for routine duties in the office, my duties encompassed the administration of the office, for which I was responsible. In other words you could say that I was the principal administrative officer, aside from the chief clerk. I was in charge of the codes, both the secret code and the administrative code, used in all dispatches to the War Department. And I was also the supply officer for the office, and it was my duty to requisition normal supplies from Washington as well as incidental ones that were procured locally in Paris. I also procured any important new publications and maps.

J: What was your rank at this time?

G: I was a first lieutenant. I had the dubious distinction of having served as a lieutenant for 17 years.

One of my routine duties was to report on the French budget. The published budget consisted of a pile of books about two feet high, and it was my job to go through those and, what do you call it, not analyze them particularly, but report on them in an abbreviated fashion, the various departments, with emphasis naturally on the military budget, where I reported in more detail regarding the appropriations for each branch of the army, fortifications, etcetera. I remember especially calling attention one or two years to the tremendous increase in appropriation for fortification. This was during the period that the Maginot Line was being constructed on the Eastern frontier. And it, like its predecessor, the Verdon Line, was supposed to be impregnable. But as we know now it didn't turn out to be that way, as the German army outflanked it to the North.

J: Are there any particularly interesting people that you met during your four years working as attaché?

G: Oh, yes. Yes. During that time I met very many famous people, including Marshal Foch, the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces during World War I. General Gouraud, who was the Commander of the Military District of Paris. He was the famous hero of the Battle of Verdun, and was referred to as the Hero of Verdun, where his right arm had been shot off by an artillery shell. In spite of the fact that his right arm was missing, he rode a horse beautifully during the Fourteenth of July parades down the Champs Elysées. He was particularly kind to me in that he invited me to lunch in his apartment at the Invalides. And during the course of the luncheon, which was attended by his aide-de-camp Capt. L'Hopital, he said, "Glasgow, I know that you're a Cavalryman. Would you like to hunt to hounds with the 15th Regiment of Dragoons in the Forest of St. Germaine?" I replied, "Certainly, General. That would give me the greatest pleasure." And he said that he would arrange it, and that I was to take the 7:00 o'clock train from the Gare St. Lazar on Saturday mornings and get off at the St. Germaine station, where I would be met by an orderly with my horse. So this was arranged, and on Saturday mornings I would mount there and proceed to join the hunt, which was a drag hunt in the beautiful St. Germaine forest. The hunts were always succeeded, as tradition dictates, by a hunt breakfast, attended by all the hunters, including their wives.

J: Besides the Moroccan rebels that you mentioned, the fighting that was going on there, were there other interesting events that took place at this time also that you were working as the assistant? Or perhaps you could tell us just a little more about those particular skirmishes.

G: Well, there weren't any other special military events. But during my four years the most exciting and you might say world-renowned event was the arrival of Charles A. Lindbergh on his historical flight from New York to Paris in 1927.

J: Oh, tell us about that. I would like to know what you saw and the reaction of the people and so forth.

G: Well, the whole French public knew about the flight as the rest of the world did, and there were thousands of cars that were headed for the airfield outside of Paris in anticipation of his arrival. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, as I remember, that he arrived. And our ambassador, Ambassador Myron T. Herrick of Ohio, was there to meet him. And it was very fortunate for Lindbergh that he was there. With his prestige and authority and influence with the French police, because of this tremendous crowd that surrounded the plane, he got Lindbergh into his car and got him back to Paris where Lindbergh stayed with the Ambassador for the week or so that he was there recovering from his flight and having to attend dozens of ceremonies, luncheons, dinners, etcetera. He was of course besieged by the press and photographers, and if he hadn't been under the Ambassador's wing and a guest in his house, he would have had a mad time indeed. It was my privilege, of course, to meet him several times during his stay.

J: What was he like, how do you recall him?

G: He was a very modest, almost shy young man, who had suddenly been thrust into the limelight of history. And it was remarkable how he managed to conduct himself in such an excellent way, and he was surprisingly excellent in his choice of words in answering to a toast and other occasions when he was called upon to speak.

J: It sounds like he just had this natural knack, I suppose, not having been around this kind of thing before.

G: No, of course he had never been to Europe. He conducted himself in a wonderful way. And he was a hero to all the French just as much as he was a hero to the Americans.

J: That's interesting. That statement sort of leads me to another question. You had said that the French really looked upon him as a hero and so forth. You lived in France for several years, and I'm just wondering what was the attitude

of the French people toward Americans in general. I guess during the war they were heroes, but I mean after that, because all we hear nowadays is that everybody doesn't like Americans.

G: Well, that fluctuates. That's true of any country, not only in Europe, but in the rest of the world, such as Latin America and South America. The attitude of the people fluctuates, affected so much by events that are going on at the time. The advent of Lindbergh was a tremendous boost in Franco-American affairs. That brought America and France very close together, as World War I had. We can see today even how the attitudes of nations change so radically based on events at the time, such as right now we have the Falklands. And our relations with Argentina and all of Latin and South American are very much strained today because of the fact that we have sided with Great Britain due to not only our friendship, but our treaty obligations.

Referring again to the Frenchmen I knew, there were naturally other military officers such as Marshal Petain and General Deboney who was then Chief of Staff of the Army. I remember him especially because of his unusual height. He was over six feet tall, which is most unusual for a Frenchman, who are generally shorter than Americans. I was detailed often to attend ceremonies where an American had to be present, representing either the Ambassador or often the President of the United States. On one occasion, I believe it was the rededication of an American cemetery east of Paris, I took the railroad train going to that location, and was surprised to find myself not only on the same train, but in the same compartment, with Mr. Louis Marin. He was the Minister of Pensions in the French government, and we had rather interesting conversation going to and returning from the cemetery, principally about current events. On all of these occasions when I was with French officials, I rarely found one who spoke English. In fact, I can't even remember any time when the conversation was in English. It was always in French.

On two occasions, I was detailed to lay the wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe as a representative of the Ambassador and the President of the United States. This was at a short, colorful ceremony that took place at the Arc de Triomphe early in the evening of November 11th. On one or two other occasions, I was detailed to attend a ceremonial mass in the chapel next to the tomb of Napoleon. On these occasions, there were two comfortable upholstered armchairs between the altar rail and the chairs that were lined up for the other attendants at the mass, people who attended. Much to my surprise, I was assigned one of the chairs, the other one of which was occupied by Marshal Foch.

J: You certainly were in good company for that mass.

G: We both attended in the uniform of the day, which was olive drab, complete with sabers. Yes, I was astonished. When I got there and went into the chapel I was ushered up to one of these chairs, and Marshal Foch was in the other one. I never asked nor obtained any explanation of it, but I naturally concluded that this arrangement was clear and unmistakable evidence of the high esteem held by the French for the United States, and their gratitude for our role in the defeat of Germany in World War I. That's a small but important example of the regard in which we were held at that time.

J: Yes, I think that does show that. What is November 11th? What is that day?

G: That's Armistice Day. That's the day on which the World War I stopped.

J: So they used that day to honor the unknown soldier. To this day they use the same day?

G: Oh, yes, yes. So do we.

J: I knew it wasn't Independence day for them.

G: No, no. The independence day for them is 14th of July, Bastille Day. On Bastille Day, that's when they always have a parade down the Champs Elysées

and then fireworks out at the palace in Versailles. It was November 11, 1918 that the Armistice was signed by Marshal Foch and the German representative (I don't remember who that was) in a special railroad car in the Forest of Compeigne north of Paris. That railroad car still stands on the siding where the Armistice was signed. It's a permanent shrine or monument.

In addition to hunting with the 15th Regiment of Dragoons at St. Germaine, I also attended a stag hunt in the forest of Compiegne. It so happened that we had five horses belonging to the military attaché in Paris, and they were stabled near the Bois de Bologne. I was one of the few officers that ever availed himself of the privilege of riding these horses in the Bois, which I usually did a couple of times a week during the better seasons of the year. For the stag hunt in the Bois de Compeigne, I shipped one horse with a groom to Compiegne by rail. I went to Compiegne the afternoon before the hunt and stayed either at the clubhouse or in the hotel. I should remark here that being a member of an allied army, I was a member of the Inter-Allied Union and Club in Paris, where we always used to have a monthly luncheon of all the military attachés in Paris. Membership in this club also gave its membership in the hunt club in Compiegne. It was through this affiliation that I was able to attend one of their hunts. This particular stag hunt was the grand finale for their hunts for the year.

The following morning, dressed in correct hunting attire, along with the other members of the hunt--that is, in black hats, red coat, white breeches, etcetera--I attended mass in the local church. During the mass, the huntsmen brought in all of the hounds and they were paraded in front of the communion rail and were blessed by the priest. This was an old custom. Immediately after mass, we mounted and were on our way. Instead of a drag hunt to which I was accustomed, this was a real live hunt after a stag. The forest was

beautiful and over undulating terrain; and because of the trees and what not, the huntsmen often were spread out over a rather great distance and also separated from the hounds by quite a way. In some way that I can't figure out, I was separated from the rest of the hunt for about half an hour. During that time when I was trying to figure out where the other riders and hounds were, I was riding at a trot on a wood road, up a small hill. At the top of this small hill was a clearing, probably 50 yards wide, and as I approached I was astonished to see a beautiful stag standing, looking in my direction with his head tilted up, with an enormous set of antlers. We both stared at each other for a number of seconds before he quietly turned and trotted away. It turned out that I was the only one in the hunt who saw that stag that day.

J: Had you not been separated from the rest, I guess you wouldn't have seen anything.

G: Shortly after that I could hear the hounds bray, and in that way I headed towards them and rejoined the hunt. Yeah, they were very much surprised when I rejoined them and told them that I had just seen the stag. But he eluded us, we never saw him again. Oh, that was a magnificent sight. I can see it now. Standing there like this, you know, lord of everything he surveyed.

J: That was his territory.

G: Yeah.

J: During the years that you were in Paris as the Assistant to the Military Attaché, were you given the chance to experience the Paris night life in those days at all?

G: (Chuckles) Being a young bachelor, I certainly did, as far as my limited finances permitted.

J: That would tend to put a damper on things.

G: Living in Paris on a lieutenant's pay was not great fun. Finding a place to

live within my means was always the most of my worries. My sister Harriet came over to join me several months after I had been assigned there, and from then on the problem always was to find a place to live. Our first abode was an apartment on the Boulevard Mt. Parnasse in the Latin Quarter, the Left Bank. This apartment was on the second floor above a butcher shop. We had the privilege of renting this apartment for three months during the summer because the owners were on vacation in the south of France on the Riviera. From there we moved to a small, inexpensive hotel, also on the Boulevard, where we lived for a number of months. From there to another apartment, this time a rez de chaussée as they are called in Paris, which means that it's on the street level. This was only a block from the Café du Dome, which was one of the rendezvous for the students in the Latin Quarter not far from the Sorbonne and other schools and museums.

We had occasion every now and then to visit one of the nightclubs in Paris. I'm sure that I got a smattering of those all the way from the Rue Pigalle in Montmartre to some of the other more conservative nightclubs. My favorites were the Russian nightclubs.

J: Why was that?

G: Well, several reasons: on account of their music, and they always had cossack dancers. The cossack dancers of course are men with their famous dances. We got to know one of them. His name was Bogaslavski and he used to call on us once in a while in our apartment on the Boulevard Mt. Parnasse on a Sunday afternoon. The common interest that we had was that we were both cavalry officers, as he had been.

J: I heard that many of the nightclubs during those years in Paris played a lot of American jazz, and a lot of American artists I believe got their start there.

G: Before I left, one nightclub in which she also danced was owned by Josephine Baker, the famous negress.

One of the interesting couples that we met in Paris was Prince and Princess Narishine. They were so-called White Russians who had escaped from Russia during the Revolution and had settled in Paris, where they operated a fur store. They were a marvelous couple in that they were both so very good looking and in build were medium height and slender. I picture them in my mind as they looked, charming, and they spoke English very well.

[PAUSE]

J: Okay, let's go ahead.

G: Well, the Prince and Princess Narishine, a most attractive couple, were the proprietors of a fur shop.

Cousin Edna's brother, Tony Montgomery, lived in Paris where he had lived for many years, and he knew all the prominent or wealthy Americans who came to Europe. I think you would say that he was primarily an interior decorator or designer, because he was the agent for, or instrumental in attaining, many antiques and lovely works of art, ranging all the way from furniture and pictures to even Sicilian carts. Anything, in other words, that anybody wanted. I often had lunch with him in his apartment just off the Place Vendome opposite the Hotel Continental and around the corner from the Hotel Ritz.

The Hotel Ritz was one of the places that my mother and father, on their visit to me in Paris, went to late in afternoon to have a martini before dinner. It was at a so-called dinner dance at the Hotel Ritz that someone pointed out to me a woman who had had a face lift. This was the first time that I had ever heard of such a thing. That was in the very early days of that experiment. I'm not sure of the name, but I think it was Gabi Delis that was the woman. It appeared to be successful all right, except that she seemed to have a frozen expression.

J: I'm sure in those early days of cosmetic surgery that might have been the case, more than likely.

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G: Yes. I've even seen that on the T.V. every now and then, but I suspected that.

J: Yes, even today. Well, you seem to have spent a very, very interesting four years.

G: Oh, yes, very.

J: There were several United States officers stationed in Paris, but you seem to have been able to meet more people and fit in more, it seemed, with the Parisians for some reason. Why do you think that was true? You seem to have had more chances to mix with the people maybe than others.

G: I didn't have more chance, but possibly my age had something to do with it, because I was a young bachelor. I was 26 to 30 years old during those four years. And for instance I remember that we attended a reception and dance, coming out party, given by the Duchess de Noilles in honor of one of her daughters. She was one of the, what would you call it, one of the top society of the nobility. Harriet and I were the only Americans in the big group of people who attended, perhaps thirty.

J: I do find that quite interesting, that in many of the cases that you told me about--for instance the hunting trips and so forth--you were the only American. So I just find that very interesting and I'm curious as to why you were chosen over others.

G: I don't know. And I have often wondered why General Gouraud was so kind to me. I never heard of anyone else having the honor you might say of knowing him and being entertained at lunch, and then having him to go out of his way to arrange for me to hunt with the French Regiment. One of the things that I told him during lunch, of course, was about my French ancestry. I told him about my great-great grandfather, Dr. Antoine Saugrain of St. Louis, who emigrated from Paris to the United States and was known as the first scientist

of the Mississippi Valley. He had a fascinating life in St. Louis. And then there was the other ancestor, Dr. Guillotin, who invented the guillotine, which was named after him. That of course was meant to be a humanitarian invention because it was instantaneous, whereas previous to that, execution was done by an ax.

J: Perhaps the fact that these people did know you had some French blood endeared you to them, I don't know.

G: Well, that and the fact that I could speak French. I never knew how much French some of the others spoke. There were five of us in the military attaché's office besides Colonel Mott, who was fluent in French and had a French wife, and had been on duty in France all during the war and many years afterwards. In addition to him there [were] three other officers--Colonel Westervelt, Major Alley, and Major Barton K. Yount, who was the air attaché. Of the group, it was Major and Mrs. Yount who were our closest friends. They often came to our apartment or we went to theirs. She was an accomplished pianist. During World War II, Major Yount, then a General, was in command of training in the Air Force and stationed in Waco, and he wound up with the rank of Lieutenant General. And on retirement he went to Arizona and founded a type of foreign service school or institute, whose name I can't remember, but it was preparing men for foreign trade.

[Interruption]

J: So in this school he would train people.

G: He was in command of what you call a training command. In other words, all the fields where they train pilots and navigators.

J: Are there any things you'd like to add about those years you spent in Paris? I'm sure there are many things.

G: Well, I'm trying to think.

[Interruption]

J: One thing that you might comment on is the different viewpoints--perhaps in Paris or from the research that you did concerning military and other matters while you were there--the different viewpoints that Europeans took on world events in comparison with the way Americans perhaps would view the same events, if there is a difference in the way they viewed them.

G: Well, of course, there's bound to be a difference. The difference is bound to be based on geography; and then next to that would come type of government; and of course language, the language barrier we've always had. That is one reason that we always feel so close to Great Britain, because of the similarity in language, which as a great deal to do also with outlook on life and on world affairs. Also we have a democratic form of government, even though the British have a royal family. I've always thought that it's a pity that Americans don't make it a rule to know foreign languages, which are tremendous assets not only culturally but in the world of trade and finance. It is interesting to know, and I was greatly surprised when I read recently, that 25 percent of Americans speak Spanish. I had no idea that the number was that great.

J: I didn't either.

G: But that's a big advantage. And yet we don't know and understand the Mexicans and other Spanish-speaking people to the south of us as we should. Take even Ed Foster in the Times, if you read it. The press, or the media as it's called these days, has so much to do with the attitudes of various people. And any criticism of a country or even a prominent member of that country expressed in newspapers and magazines is immediately pounced on by foreign press and the difference of criticism is magnified, causing unpleasant feelings between the countries. Like today even, President Reagan cannot say a word in a press conference regarding the armament conference taking place in Geneva, because any inept word would be seized upon by the Russians and the difference magnified. Same thing with the situation we've had in the Falklands.

That has affected the attitude of the Spanish-speaking people in this hemisphere.

J: Well, I was curious to how you perceived that, what made the differences and how the different cultures would look on the same event, with you being there at that time and being able to know the people as you did.

G: Well, I got to like the French people and especially their language. And the language of course, in my opinion, is a beautiful language, along with Spanish. And there are so many literary works that we are very familiar with such as Victor Hugo; Moliere; De Maupassant; Balzac; Villon, the poet; and many, many others. The French are difficult to know because the family life is very close-knit and the acceptance of foreigners is somewhat rare or difficult. For instance, French girls, as are also Spanish and Italian, for that matter, are very well chaperoned and there isn't the same freedom that American girls have. If you are introduced to a French family that is an entrez. If you are accepted you get to know them, otherwise it's very difficult. One of the great exceptions I had was in knowing the Grout family in Brest. I never had that close association with any other French family that I can remember.

Amongst the many people that I met was one through the auspices of Cousin Edna. On one of her visits to Paris, she took me to call on and have tea with the Duchess of Talleyrand. She was formerly the American Anna Gould. And they lived in a beautiful chateau-type house on L'Avenue du Bois de Bologne.

It so happened that a cousin of mine through marriage was the Italian ambassador in Paris, Baron Romano Arrezano. His wife was Mamie Taylor of St. Louis and Chicago. She was one of my father's cousins. And during one of the times that they were stationed in Washington when he was Secretary at the Italian Embassy, we came to know them fairly well. That was when Father

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was stationed at Fort Myer and I was in high school. I then first knew their only daughter, Yolanda, and I can remember at least one date that I had with her for a dinner dance of the debutante crowd in Washington. The next time we met was in Paris, where her father was ambassador. Her mother was quite ill at the time and remained in her bedroom upstairs, but I had occasion to have dinner with them several times.

The embassy in Paris had two diplomatic couriers. One of the diplomatic routes was in the North through Belgium, Germany, Denmark, Estonia, and Latvia. I relieved that courier from one of his runs so that he could take a short vacation. And on that run I ended up at Rega in what was then Latvia, near the Russian border. Estonia and Lithuania and Latvia have since been taken over by the Russians. The other diplomatic route went through Switzerland, Italy, and the Balkans to Constantinople, which is now called Istanbul. On that run, where I also substituted for the courier on one trip, I spent one night in Budapest, and was interested in finding out that Budapest is really two cities divided by the Danube--Buda on one side of the river, and Pest on the other. The names are combined into Budapest as one city, whereas physically they are two, just as St. Paul and Minneapolis in Minnesota are divided.

I had always been tremendously interested in visiting Constantinople, as it was then called, primarily because of the histories and romances of Marco Polo and Hero and Leander. I wanted to swim the Helispont. So shortly after I got into the hotel in Constantinople, which was down near the riverfront, I walked down there and out the end of the pier and looked down into the water of the Bosphorus, and I was shocked to see the greatest array of unfriendly and poisonous creatures in the ocean--all kinds of jellyfish, stingray; I've forgotten the names of the other ones. It was astonishing. I could see at a glance that if I dove in the water, I would immediately come into

contact with at least five of these unfriendly characters, and all idea of swimming the Helispont vanished. (Chuckles)

J: Well, I'm glad. I'm sure you are too.

G: After that, my principal diversion was sitting at a cafe table in front of the hotel having a drink and getting the waiter to educate me in Arabic numbers. The streetcars as they passed all had numbers in Arabic, and I would ask him what each one was. The only one that I can remember is the number five, which is a crescent. It's in the shape of a quarter moon. The only other definite remembrance that I have of Constantinople is the famous mosque which was later a Christian church, or cathedral of Saint Sophia. It was another example of fine Moorish art which reminded me of the Alhambra, in the fine, delicate arabesque.

On the return trip from Constantinople, I took a steamer which called at Piraeus, the port for Athens, where I unloaded a mail bag, and then from there we went through the Corinth Canal.

[Interruption]

To anyone who has been through the Panama Canal, the comparison with the Corinthian Canal is astonishing, because the Corinthian Canal is just wide enough for a ship. And standing on the deck of a ship, you have the feeling that you can reach your arm out and touch the cliffs. Just a ribbon of water with sheer cliffs on each side, and you're just completely enclosed. The cliffs are much higher than the smokestacks of the ships. The ship lands at Brindisi, on the heel of Italy. From there you take an express train to Rome. And after exchanging mail bags in Rome, I continued on the express to Paris.

During the run from Brindisi to Rome, I saw a beautiful Italian girl. And one thing that was remarkable about her was that she was blonde, which is most rare in Italy, where mostly all women have black hair. She, however,

was very well chaperoned by a woman who must have been her governess. They sat at a table in the dining car, not far from where I sat, so I had occasion to see them for quite a while and I became intensely interested in this beautiful young girl, who was in her late teens, I would judge. Shortly after this, when I was having dinner at the Italian Embassy, I asked my cousin Yolanda who she might be. I described her, and especially the fact that she had golden blonde hair. And she thought for several minutes and then said, "I can't figure it out exactly, but I think it must have been Marconi's daughter, because she would be blonde, coming from Tuscany in northern Italy." Marconi as you know was the inventor of the wireless. That's as far as I got to explaining that riddle.

J: What year was it that you took over for the courier?

G: I think it was '27.

J: So you still stayed there a while longer.

G: '26 or '27. And my cousin Yolanda was married later on that same year, 1927, to a secretary in the Belgian Embassy. And his name was Viscount Alain de Thieueses. I of course attended their wedding. Being in the foreign service, they were stationed in many places after that, including the Balkans, where they were in Bulgaria at the outbreak of World War II. And her account of her escape in front of the advancing Nazis is an epic in itself. She headed immediately for Constantinople and then over into mainland Turkey, Israel and Egypt, where she eventually was joined by her husband and they sailed from Cairo. I say from Cairo; actually you board the ship at Port Said for South America. They consisted of their sons and the nurse, an English nurse.

[Interruption]

Early in 1928, I was asked by the Chief of Cavalry to go to Amsterdam, Holland, to report on the accommodations for the equestrian team in the

next Olympics, which were to be held that year, in 1928, in Amsterdam. This I did by going to the small suburb of Hilversum where most of the equestrian events were to be held, especially the three-day event. I met Van Loekeren Campagna, who was the Dutchman in charge of these arrangements, and he took me to visit the stables and the grounds. On my return I made a detailed report, including pictures of the stables and even a bagful of hay as a sample of the feed for the horses. My tour at the American Embassy ended the end of May, and I took a two-months' leave of absence and again went as a member of the American Olympic Committee to the Olympics in Amsterdam. I got to Amsterdam a couple of weeks ahead of the team, which came over by ship. There again, I had the fine opportunity of seeing a good number of the Olympic events, especially all of the equestrian events, and the swimming events in which I was also interested.

J: Are there any athletes that stand out in your mind from the '28 Olympics that you particularly enjoyed watching at that time?

G: Oh, shucks, I hadn't thought about it for some time.

J: I was just curious, because I remember in the '24 Olympics you did mention a couple of people that you thought stood out. Weismuller was one.

G: Yes. I've forgotten which Olympics, or maybe both, but one of our great swimmers was Duke Kanamaku from Hawaii. He and Weismuller were our two great ones I think in both Olympics. I was trying to think of who was Queen then. I think Julianna was in her 20s and we saw of course the Queen and her daughter many times, because they had a box seat for all events. Anyway, I'm pretty sure it was Princess (then) Julianna, who was in her 20s and succeeded to the throne; and now just a few months ago she abdicated in favor of her daughter, Beatrix.

Amsterdam is a fascinating town, where the principal streets are canals, so it reminds you a great deal of Venice. One of my favorite cities has always

been Venice, where I've been three or four times. In Venice I naturally was interested in where Robert Browning lived, and Marco Polo, and various other celebrities. And your hotel there is always on the canal. Likewise in Amsterdam. I stayed at the Hotel Amstel, which as I remember is practically surrounded by one of the main canals. And on the outskirts of both Venice and Amsterdam, you have a number of very interesting islands to be visited by boat. Around Venice I especially remember one island devoted to glass-blowing and the various art objects that they make out of blown glass, including the small figurines; another island where the specialty is lace. Similarly, the islands offshore from Amsterdam have their specialty, like the islands of Markham and Volendam, famous for cheese and other products. The Dutch in the suburbs and in the farmlands wear wooden shoes as they have for hundreds of years, and they reminded me of the peasants in Brittany on the Northwest coast of France, who also wear wooden shoes. And the women wear fancy lace headpieces, scarves and whatnot.

J: You wanted to talk a little bit more about Paris before we went on to other things.

G: Yes, I have to go back to Paris to note several things that I forgot. After living more or less from pillar to post on the Left Bank for two years, I finally fell heir to an apartment on the Right Bank, because one of the other assistant attachés went home after his tour was up and he kindly turned the apartment over to me.

J: That was very lucky.

G: Yeah, that was a great help, because I then lived in that apartment with my sister Harriet who was there most of the time for the remaining two years.

J: What year are we talking about now, Colonel?

G: Now that would be 1926 that I moved into that apartment on the Rue Hamlin. I don't know how it got its name, but it's the same as the Pied Piper of Hamlin.

J: That's right. Maybe that's one of the places he passed through!

G: It no doubt is. (Chuckles) And that was the ground floor apartment in a fairly large apartment house, as far as Paris apartment houses go. And I also inherited the maid who had been there for several years. That was also a great help. She was a remarkable maid. Translating the French, she was a maid of all work; in other words, she was a cook, housekeeper, maid, what have you. And she lived in a small attic apartment up on the fourth floor.

We knew a number of the young artists in the Latin Quarter, and one that we got to know quite well was a boy from Missouri who was in his late 20s, I would say. His name was Jay Jacobs, and he persuaded my sister to sit for him for a portrait, which she did, and the portrait was finished in about a month. She wore a yellow dress of that period, and also with the period straw hat, a very large hat. That portrait has hung ever since in the big hall of the

Magoffin Homestead here.

J: Did you know what became of this artist after you all left?

G: No. The last I ever heard, he was still in Paris.

J: That would be interesting to know.

G: Yes. Unfortunately, I never heard since, which goes for everybody else that I can think of. But outside of my cousin Yolanda, one of the older couples that we knew in Paris who took a special liking to us and invited us to their apartment about once a month for cocktails or on Sunday afternoons was Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Benét--a French name, but he was very much an American businessman. And he was representative of a British automobile firm. He always served a secret martini, a secret in the fact that he didn't tell anybody what proportions he used. Except that finally one day he did allow me to watch him mix the martinis, and I discovered that he used gin and two drops of absinthe, which is a powerful French liqueur that is prohibited in France because of its powerful effect.

On one of these Sunday afternoon meetings, he had with him his nephew who had recently come from the States to live in Paris for a year. The nephew's name was Stephen Vincent Benét. He and his young bride had come to Paris to spend a year while he was writing poetry. That didn't mean much to me at the time, because I guess I had never met a poet before. And it was several years after that that his famous poem, "John Brown's Body," was published, at which time I was greatly surprised to find out that that was the one that I knew in Paris.

My mother and father visited me in Paris at one time--I believe it was late in '27--shortly after my father had retired from the Army as a Brigadier General after 40 years service. I took him with me on one occasion when I attended the regular weekly luncheon meeting of the American Club. This was

a club of American businessmen and others living in Paris that met as a matter of camaraderie and to hear guest speakers who often were French dignitaries or businessmen, and also American visiting businessmen.

J: It must have been a quite interesting monthly meeting. You got to meet a lot of people and learn a lot about what was going on in Paris.

G: Yes. My father was tremendously interested in one whom I introduced him to, and that was Philippe Bunau-Varilla. Bunau-Varilla was with the Chief Engineer for de Lesseps when he built the Suez Canal and then started to build the Panama Canal. And we can all remember how the name Bunau-Varilla appeared prominently in many of the historical events that led up to the famous or infamous giveaway of the Panama Canal by President Carter. That was in the paper here several times, recounting the prominent actions taken by Bunau-Varilla to assist the American government in taking over the project when they were building the Panama Canal. And as recorded in history, of course, the number one engineer in charge of that project was the Army General Goethals, who was so vitally assisted by the generals who eradicated yellow fever, Gorgas and Walter Reed. That was the worst hardship or handicap that confronted anybody building a canal in that area. The disease killed off so many workers.

In 1926, one of Father's Army friends was in Paris, Colonel Saltzman, with whom we had lunch. He had just come from Oxford, England, where he had visited his son who had recently graduated from West Point and was a Rhodes Scholar. That piqued my curiosity, so several weeks later I hopped a plane and went to London and then up to Oxford and visited Charlie Saltzman and one of his classmates, who was the other Rhodes Scholar from West Point. I had an interesting time seeing their apartment and then visiting the buildings of the college in which they were enrolled. I'm not positive on the name of it, but I think it was Christ College. It was during this visit that I

discovered much to my surprise that being a graduate at Oxford is more or less of a loose term, because there is no such thing as an Oxford University or College. That's the name of the town where are located 10 or 12 more different colleges and universities, each with their own separate names. I never knew that before, and I never heard of it since, either.

J: That's quite an interesting observation. I didn't know, and I'm sure most of the people that are going to read over this wouldn't know, either.

G: Yeah, "He's an Oxford graduate," but you don't know what school he's graduating from or attended.

Around this same time, in 1926 or '27, I knew from reading the papers that the Foreign Secretary or the Prime Minister, Aristide Briand, was going to make an important speech in the Chamber of Deputies, which corresponds to our House of Representatives. So on that occasion I was in the visitor's gallery to hear his speech, which made a tremendous impression on me, because he is one of the most eloquent speakers that I have ever heard. The dais in the Chamber of Deputies is quite similar to ours in the House of Representatives, except that it is longer. And during his eloquent speech, he paced up and down the dais, occasionally turning and facing the assembly to emphasize a particular point.

It was early in 1928 that I met one special American girl named Muriel Bliss from Boston. We fell in love, and she returned to Boston--by ship of course, in those days, a week to ten days each way--to persuade her father and brother to consent to her marriage. The upshot was that we were married at the end of May, May 28th to be exact, and her father arrived two days before the ceremony and left two days afterwards.

J: Where were you married?

G: We were married in the parish church of the precinct in which I lived.

....

J: In Paris.

G: In Paris, yes. The name of the church was Saint Pierre de Chaillot. It's the rule in France that when you're married in the church or otherwise, you're married in the precinct in which you live--that is, in the precinct of either party. A marriage is not legal in France except the civil marriage, which takes place generally in the precinct headquarters. In Paris that is called the arrondissement. I lived in the 16th Arrondissement, and the Church Saint Pierre de Chaillot was the Catholic church in that parish. We were married in the precinct headquarters on one day, and two days later in the church. The only assisters at the ceremony were Muriel's father, who gave her away, and the best man, who was Tony Montgomery, Cousin Edna's brother.

After we saw Muriel's father off to catch his ship for the return voyage to the States, we spent several days in Tony Montgomery's country house, which was in a small suburb of Paris called Gevrolles. He had purchased an ancient house which he had completely restored and redecorated. It was in the form of a square so that it had a courtyard or a patio in the middle, and in the center of that was a statue, an ancient statue, of an angel. This statue was sufficiently well known to be known to the antique dealers and reproducers in Paris. And we--that is, our family--had commissioned a reproduction of the statue in plaster of Paris, or something harder than that. I'm not sure what the composition was. But we had it shipped home and it's the one that remains right now in the patio of the Magoffin Homestead downtown. It used to have wings, but the wings are rather heavy for the attachment, you might say, to the body, and so with the winds and weather of El Paso, they long since have been stored in the storeroom.

After a short trip to the Riviera, especially Monte Carlo, we returned to Paris to pack up and then move on to Amsterdam for the Olympic games. The

other day I mentioned that we often saw the Queen of the Netherlands at the Olympic Games. I couldn't remember her name at the moment, but that was Queen Wilhelmina, who some short years after that abdicated the throne in favor of her daughter, Beatrix.

J: Before we go on to something else, I'd like to know how you met your wife, what the circumstances were and so forth.

G: Well, that's curious, I guess. Vassar, you know, one of the better known women's colleges, is about 40 miles north of West Point. So during our cadet days there are a number of Vassar girls who come down for the Saturday night dances during the winter months. During my time as a cadet, we had a St. Louis cousin, Martha McChesney, who was at Vassar, and she is the only girl outside of the immediate family--that is, my two sisters--whom I ever had as a guest for any of the dances at West Point. My youngest brother Bill was in the class of 1927, and during one of the dances that he attended, he met Muriel Bliss, who then was a student at Vassar. She happened to tell him that she was completing her third year at Vassar and instead of staying on there when graduating, she was spending her fourth year in Paris at the Sorbonne. It was then that he suggested that when she got to Paris, that she look up his brother Joe at the American Embassy, which she eventually did after several months. So that is the way we met.

J: After the Olympics did you return to Paris or did you come back to the United States at that point?

G: Yes. (Chuckles) We always returned to Paris. You can't go anywhere without going through Paris. Yes, we returned to Paris for a couple of days to pick up a small amount of luggage, and then to the channel port to board our steamship for the return trip.

J: Now had your orders been changed by this time?

G: Oh, yes. Several months before my tour of duty would expire at the end of May, I had asked for a transfer to the 1st Cavalry Division at Fort Bliss, Texas. Since this was the largest cavalry post, that was a request that was easily fulfilled. So I had my orders for Fort Bliss. When we returned to New York we proceeded to Edgartown, Massachusetts on the large island of Martha's Vineyard where her father, Mr. Bliss, had the family's ancestral home. And we spent about a month there before going on to the new station at Fort Bliss.

J: What was your wife's reaction to El Paso? She'd been from the East Coast-- Boston or close to Boston--a large place, lots of green, lots of water, studied in Paris. You know what I'm getting at...she comes here, sort of in the middle of nowhere, I guess.

G: Plenty of water, yes. We went sailing always at Edgartown.

J: Do you recall her reaction as she first saw this area?

G: I don't remember exactly, but it's the same reaction anybody would have--the astonishment, I think you would call it, of seeing the desert after being used to the forest. So in that respect, her reaction wasn't, as far as I can remember, any different from anyone else.

J: How had El Paso changed, or how did you find El Paso to be different, if it was, from the last time you had been here?

G: Well, principally in the size. El Paso has grown so rapidly. When I was born in 1898 there were 15,000 people, now there are over 400,000.

J: When you came in '28 what was the population about that time?

G: I don't remember, except that it must have been about 200,000--about half of what it is now, but still very large. And, of course, in those days we still had streetcars. One streetcar for instance ran out over Fort Boulevard up to Fort Bliss, where that was the end of the line in that direction.

J: There was one going out to Ysleta, I believe.

G: Yes. I'm pretty sure there was.

J: I think you told that about the time you had left El Paso, the edge of town was more or less Cotton Street.

G: Yeah, and Evergreen Cemetery and Washington Park were way out, out in the country. And I think there was a streetcar that ran out there. Or maybe if not then, but there was one when I was here in '28.

J: Had the city caught up to those areas by '28?

G: Yes, it had caught up to Washington Park. But for instance, it was somewhere around this time that Loretto Academy was built. Now that was built way out in the country, and people used to be astonished at that. "Why build a girl's school way out there, out in the desert?"

J: Isn't that amazing? It's in the middle of town now.

G: I used to ride around that area on horseback frequently. And at one time, I thought it would be a good idea for me to buy a lot or two where now is the corner of Montana and Chelsea, where Pappy Heinz Restaurant is. That was out in the country. There was nothing around there.

J: Now when you returned, did you live on the post?

G: Yes. I was still a Lieutenant, although I had had 10 years service, and we were assigned one of the small sets of quarters, actually the third one from the Pershing Gate.

J: What were your duties when you returned to Fort Bliss?

G: Well, at that time there was a brigade of cavalry here (that means two regiments), and of course a division headquarters, the brigade headquarters, and the battalion of field artillery, and one or more companies of engineers. I was assigned to the 8th Cavalry and eventually to Troop F. We had the usual garrison duties, which consisted, of course, of mounted drill with usually a yearly maneuver period, interspersed with a month on the target range

and other periods spent on training to use the pistol and saber, mounted as well as dismounted.

In those days the target range was called the Doña Ana Range, which was off of what is now the Trans Mountain Road, up in the Fillmore Pass. Because of the distance from Fort Bliss and the time wasted going back and forth, we were camped at the target range for an entire month, because it took a month for the regular target season. For that month I lived in a small officer's tent, and I well remember that every morning, before putting on my boots, I'd turn them upside down and shake them well to be sure that there were no scorpions or centipedes in them. Once in a while we were visited by one of El Paso's typical sandstorms, and marching back to our tents from the target area, we would have to march with our heads down looking at only the ground because the sand was so thick.

J: Was there a lot of interaction between the El Paso community and the military in those years, the late '20s?

G: Oh, sure.

J: What kinds of things were done together, social functions or otherwise?

G: Well, social functions, all the people at Fort Bliss knew lots of people in El Paso. And vice-versa, of course.

J: So at a private level there was socializing also.

G: Oh, yes, there always had been ever since Magoffinsville, from the earliest days on. And, of course, there were hundreds and hundreds of Army men who married El Paso girls--one reason that there is such a large retired community here. The number of retired Army people in El Paso almost equals the number of active duty personnel at Fort Bliss--in other words, over 20,000.

J: That's quite a large segment of our population.

G: Yeah.

J: And this stems from having married girls that were from El Paso.

G: Largely. Of course there are lots of others, too, who have come back here to retire after having served here, even though they weren't married.

J: Did the military ever put on any kind of parades that were viewed by the general public here?

G: Oh, yes, especially in the older days. For instance, when I was here from '28 to '31, we had at least one parade a year downtown. We used to ride down Pershing Drive right down to the Plaza, and then back up along Montana Avenue. And the reviewing stand, which was occupied by the Mayor and the other city officials and VIPs, was always at Houston Park.

J: Would that be for the Fourth of July, or what was the occasion?

G: Yes, it was principally the Fourth of July and Armistice Day, November 11. I rode in many of those parades--in fact, every one that was held during those three years. And I can remember that we were always leery when we came to the streetcar tracks downtown, because they were slippery for horses with their iron shoes to walk on. And once in a while, one of our horses would slip on them and go down.

J: Were large numbers Black cavalry still here in El Paso in that time?

G: No, none.

J: Had they moved to Arizona by then? I guess it was Arizona.

G: Yeah, let's see. I think the 10th Cavalry was at Fort Huachuca, and the 9th, I believe, was principally at Fort Riley, Kansas. But the Cavalry division consisted of two regiments here, the 7th and 8th Cavalry; and the 5th Cavalry at Marfa, at Fort Clark; and the 12th Cavalry at Fort Brown, down in Brownsville. And one year I remember our maneuver took place principally around Sierra Blanca. And it was on a Sunday morning, with the sun shining brightly as usual, that we were getting dressed leisurely. And one of our fellow lieutenants undid his bedding roll and got out a fresh pair of

breeches. He sat on a bale of hay and put on this new pair of breeches. Whe he sat down in them, he arose with great haste, letting out a big yell. He took the breeches off in a hurry, and there was a perfect imprint of a nice, long centipede on his rear end!

J: Poor guy! How horrible for him. (Laughter) It's funny for us now, but I know he didn't enjoy it then.

Now while you were staioned here between '28 and '31, that was just at the time of the Depression. How were those days in El Paso? How do you remember the Depression here, at least until '31?

G: I don't remember that there was any particular effect, possibly because it hadn't hit El Paso yet. Because you know, El Paso always has a delayed action on those things. Like the present recession--it hadn't hit El Paso until it had been in existence for at least a year. We seem to be on the tail end of it. Of course, it applies to the whole Southwest here.

J: I guess you saw no changes, at least right away.

G: No, I don't remember any. No, the principal hardship that I can remember is Prohibition. Having just returned from Europe, where such a thing is unheard of, I was rather shocked to land right in the middle of it.

J: And you were at an advantage here because you were able to go across to Juárez.

G: Yes, that's why Juárez was very, very popular. And in those days, we'd go frequently to Juárez for dinner parties and dancing. That was the place to go for dinners and dancing. There must have been four, five or six dancing places, including nightclubs. I can remember nightclubs even up until several years ago. I'm trying to think of one of our favorites.

J: Was it perhaps the Central Cafe?

G: No, that was one, but that wasn't a nightclub. That was just a restaurant. That was one of the favorite restaurants--famous for their good food.

Oh, it was La Fiesta. That was one of the, that was probably the leading

nightclub when we returned here in '51 after I retired. We saw so many excellent artists there. And back in '28, '29, '30, around there, we had famous artists who came to Juárez every now and then. One that I remember right off the bat is the singer José Mojica. I even had phonograph records of his songs.

J: With the availability of liquor at Juárez and, of course, I know that at that time there were several gambling casinos and so forth, did this pose any particular problem as far as the Army was concerned with the enlisted men? I mean, were there cases where they wouldn't make it back across for duty? I just wanted to know if it had posed any particular problem, especially with the men under your command.

[PAUSE]

G: Well, the case that I recall the most is when I went downtown to get one of the enlisted men in our troop who was in jail. It was on that occasion that I first met Chris Fox, who at that time was sheriff, and I was much impressed with his cooperation and personality. He made a great impression on me and when I returned here after retirement, I was delighted to find him with the State National Bank, of which my grandfather was one of the founders. We've known him and Gladys closely ever since. In my opinion, he is one of the finest products of El Paso. For many years no public ceremony, such as a dedication of a new plaque or historical building, was ever complete without his principal address.

J: That's very true.

G: I miss him terribly.

J: What other things stand out in your mind about those three years you were here, if any in particular made an impression on you?

G: I believe it was the year 1930 that just before setting out for our annual maneuver, a reporter from the New York Herald Tribune, who also was a cavalry

reserve officer, arrived at Fort Bliss and was assigned to the 8th Cavalry. His name was Henry Cabot Lodge, so named for his illustrious uncle of the same name. He drew his saddle equipment and was assigned a horse. He astonished us all the following day, the day of our first day's march. We marched 43 miles that day, which was a forced march in anybody's language, paralleling the railroad tracks towards Alamogordo. At the end of that march, when he got off his horse, he got his portable typewriter and he sat on the railroad bank and typed a complete report of his day's activities, which were published in New York the following day. He certainly gained our admiration.

J: How long did he stay here in El Paso?

G: I think it was 10 days. That was, I think, the length of our maneuver. And he sent a dispatch to New York every day.

J: Was it he who eventually went into politics, or was that his uncle?

G: No, that was his uncle that was a famous senator, Henry Cabot Lodge. I wish you'd check that. You probably have access to old piles of newspapers. I want to be sure that his first two names are correct. I think he was named for his uncle, Henry Cabot Lodge. That's the only name that comes to my mind. I sort of get mixed up because we had a classmate named Lodge also, but his name was Henry Gray Lodge. He also was a relative. Being from Boston, Henry Cabot Lodge and his wife had a number of mutual friends with my wife Muriel. [His wife] came with him.

I think I gave you a whole lot of notes already, didn't I, on that 1929 revolution?

J: We talked about that. If there's nothing else now you can think of, we can move on and come back later if you'd like, if you think of something else. Who of your family was here in El Paso at that time? Maybe you'd like to

mention a little bit about what your family was doing at that time, who was here, what their status was, what everybody was doing about that time.

G: My mother and father were in New York and Washington, D.C. when my grandfather died in 1923 while visiting them. My mother returned to El Paso with his body, and he was buried in Evergreen Cemetery in the Magoffin family plot. In 1927 my father was in command of the 3rd Cavalry at Fort Myer, Virginia, across the river from Washington, when he was promoted to Brigadier General and retired for physical disability several months later. They then went to Paris where they visited me for several months before returning to El Paso permanently, which was in 1928.

It was then that my mother redecorated the interior of the Magoffin home, which she had inherited. It was then that the three rooms across the patio, which had been servants' quarters and the carriage room, [were made] into livable quarters, and [she] also converted one-half of the pantry into what is now a bathroom adjoining the bedroom on the extreme western end of the house. Also she had the whole house re-wired and a hot water tank installed in one of the rooms across the patio, where a small bathroom was also constructed. This was the first time that running hot water was available for the original sole bathroom in the house, on the east side of the house. And when we were kids, there was a wood-burning stove in that bathroom, and on top of that is where there were kettles and buckets of water that were heated for the bathtub. Yeah, there was only running cold water.

J: Now, let's see. Who was still living in your home? Octavia was still there at that time?

G: Yes, at that time there was just my mother and father and my sister Octavia. That was when my sister Octavia was teaching school.

J: Was that Bowie High School then?

G: Yeah, I've forgotten which year she changed. She was at Bowie High School for years, and then art teacher at Radford School for Girls. And it was in the early thirties [that] my sister Harriet, after returning from Paris where she had kept house for me for a number of years, came back from Paris and then went to China to do likewise for my youngest brother Bill, who then was a lieutenant stationed with the 15th Infantry in Tientsin. It was while visiting him that she met Harry Lucker, a leading American businessman in Tientsin who had the Ford Agency. They were married and had three children, William, Josita and Harry. She was stricken with T.B. which became so serious that Harry sent her home, on a ship of course, with the three children and a nurse. The nurse stayed with the children here in El Paso for several months and then went on East where she had other commitments. Harriet stayed in several hospitals here, especially Southwestern, and had several operations. As a last resort, my mother took her to Cleveland for a final operation. It was during that operation that she died on the operating table. She was buried in Evergreen Cemetery.

It was imperative at that time that Harriet's three children have constant care and supervision. As Mother and Father were then too old to handle another young brood, my sister Octavia was prevailed upon to give up her teaching and library careers and stay home to look after the children. She has been there in the house ever since, and watched all the children grow and graduate from their respective schools.

J: So Lucker children actually lived at the Homestead with Octavia.

G: Oh, yes. They were all tiny children when they arrived. Hal was a baby. He is the youngest. He was a baby still crawling on the floor. And he is now a retired Army officer. He is a retired Lt. Colonel, lives in Columbus, Georgia. And Josita, the only girl, graduated from Loretto and then St. Mary's

in South Bend, Indiana, and became a Maryknoll nun and has spent most of her life as a missionary in Africa. She spent many, many years in Africa. She is back in the States now and stationed near San Francisco at the present time. The eldest, William, graduated and is a psychologist. He has been at the University and La Tuna for a number of years now, and has a family of five children of his own. His mother's namesake, Josita Jr., works out here at Skaggs.

Both my children were born here at Fort Bliss at Beaumont Hospital, Joe Jr. and Muriel, named for her mother. She is married and has two children, Robert and Cathy Neuss, and they live in Marblehead, Massachusetts, more or less a suburb north of Boston on the coast. They were married in Washington and they lived for several years in Trinidad on the north coast of South America, not far from Venezuela, where his mother was living. He was editor of the business magazine there. They returned to the States after several years in Trinidad and have lived in Marblehead ever since. They are both distributors for Amway.

J: What were your orders in '31, where were you sent, what were your duties where you went?

G: While here at Fort Bliss one of my best friends was Terry Allen, who then was a Major in the 7th Cavalry. I had known him well in Coblenz, Germany, and then in New York City where I was stationed with the Cavalry's Reserve Division for several months in 1923 before going to the Cavalry School, where Terry Allen also was a student Officer in the Field Officer's Class. So this was the fourth time that Terry Allen and I had been stationed at the same place.

J: Was he from El Paso?

G: No, married an El Paso girl. During that time, he married Mary Frances Robinson of El Paso. He asked me to accompany him on a horse-buying trip.

I believe it was 1930. We went to San Angelo and Fredericksburg, amongst other places. He bought two polo ponies and I bought one officer's charger, which is a name given to an all-purpose horse particularly suited for the Cavalry. I purchased her in Fredericksburg. Terry Allen was one of our best Army polo players.

I was asked to be an aide-de-camp to General Howard Laubach, who was stationed in New York City in command of the First Brigade of the First Infantry Division. I accepted the assignment and so Muriel and the two children and the nursemaid proceeded to New York, where we lived in quarters at Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island. This is one of the old coast defense posts guarding the Narrows of New York Harbor. Fort Hamilton is on the other side of the Narrows in Brooklyn. Fort Wadsworth is on Staten Island, and in order to get to Manhattan you have to cross on the ferry, which goes past Governor's Island on the way to the Battery. Battery is the name of the area where the ferry boats land at the bottom end of Manhattan. My mare, Lady Silver, and my orderly were shipped to New York by rail, and unfortunately several months later she developed spinal meningitis after being kicked in the hock by an outlaw mule that was at the post. Upon the advice of two of the leading veterinarians in New York, she was destroyed to end her misery.

While in New York for two years we had plenty of opportunity to participate in the nightlife of New York City, which in those days consisted primarily of going to the theater and the opera and many speakeasies, since it was in the height of the Prohibition Era.

J: How did you feel about that? Did you ever feel that you were going to be raided, or was there ever a raid when you were in any of those places?

G: Prohibition was somewhat of my downfall, because one day the police officer reported to my General that he had discovered in Lieutenant Glasgow's ash can an empty alcohol can. The next day the General called me to his office

and told me about the report, and said I had two options: either being court-martialed or transferred. I chose the latter of course, and was immediately transferred to the 3rd Cavalry at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont. So we had farewell to New York's nightlife, including charity balls at the Waldorf-Astoria, etcetera.

[Interruption]

J: Now could you see signs of the Depression in New York when you were there? Anything in particular there?

G: Not that I remember, not that I remember. But after we spent four years in Vermont, from 1933 to '37, and during that time one of the principal effects of the Depression was the formation of the CCC, the Civilian Conservation Corps. I was one of the first officers assigned to that. And I was sent to Fort Devens, Massachusetts, where I was assigned a company which was commanded by a Navy lieutenant, the second in command was a Marine Corps captain, and I was the only Army officer. So naturally, practically all of the administrative jobs fell to me, since I was the only one familiar with Army regulations. So I was in charge of the morning report, the post exchange, and the mess--just about everything.

J: I'll say. What else is there! Now, what kinds of things did the corps do in Vermont?

G: Our company was sent to the White Mountains. We were encamped right next to a small village near the base of White Mountain. And one day I went with a park ranger at the White Mountain. We went as far as the truck would take us, and then went on foot to the peak. That was the worst mountain climbing I ever did in my life. The park ranger, naturally, was used to it, and his ascent of the mountain was so fast that I was exhausted many times. And as an excuse to stop to regain my breath occasionally, I would ask him questions about trees or the landscape or anything I could think of that would make

him stop long enough to answer the question. (Laughs)

J: That's fantastic. That's a fantastic way to do it.

G: That was exhausting.

As I remember, my tour of duty with that company was about six months when I returned to Fort Ethan Allen. My wife visited me a couple of times for the weekend during that period and once she brought her father with her.

J: She was staying then at her father's home?

G: No, no, Fort Ethan Allen. This was temporary duty. It was definitely a nuisance being separated from your family.

At Fort Ethan Allen we used to say that we had two seasons: the Fourth of July and Winter, because Winter actually lasted about nine months out of the year and the temperature was often 30° below zero.

J: Is it close to any town that we would recognize?

G: Burlington. Just outside of Burlington, like Fort Bliss is to El Paso--about two miles out of town up on the plateau. Beautiful woods up in that part of the country. The most beautiful time of the year to me was September and October when the leaves on the trees all turn colors, the gorgeous yellows and reds and brown. The golden yellows were especially outstanding, on the maple trees.

In the Springtime one of the great times of the year was what they called the sugaring season, when the maple sugar and maple syrup was made. You would drive along most any road that was lined with maple trees on either side and see spigots sticking out of tree trunks with a little bucket hanging on it, catching the sap running down from the trees.

Also during the Winter was a time for skiing, which we participated in somewhat. Also the time for fishing through the ice for the most devoted fishermen.

J: I would say so. I think it would be a lot of trouble myself. (Laughs)

G: For this, the fishermen had little portable cabins which they pushed out or dragged onto the ice. [The fisherman] picked out a spot and cut a

hole through the ice, and then would sit in there, like you would in an outhouse, with a little portable stove. That was something I never got interested in. (Chuckles)

J: I don't blame you!

G: Burlington, Vermont, is on the shores of Lake Champlain, and across the lake on the New York side is an Army post, whose name I'll have to check. But anyway, my younger brother Bill was stationed there. So although it was possible to drive across the lake on the ice, we didn't chance that and drove around the south end of the island to visit him one weekend. The first two years of my station there I was Squadron Adjutant and Supply Officer. And then in 1935, when I was finally promoted to Captain after 17 years being a Lieutenant, I was in command of B Troop for the final two years of my stay there. One of my assignments was to deliver a lecture on the French and Indian Wars.

J: At the university there?

G: No, on the post, to the officers and their wives and anybody else in the theater. I had a couple of months to prepare for the lecture so I took four or five books out of the library and made many notes. It was an intensely interesting history, especially since we were right where a lot of the action took place. My lecture was supposed to be one hour, but I was so wrapped up in the subject that I talked for an hour and a half to a theater full of people.

We took several trips to Montreal, which is only a couple of hundred miles away. We went there both by rail and by motor, by automobile. One time, we took several days leave and motored first to Montreal and then east to Quebec, which is a fascinating old town--part of it walled like the old walled towns of France.

J: I'm sure you felt right at home there, having spent so much time in France.

G: Oh, it was fascinating. We stayed at a famous hotel called the Chateau Frontenac.

At the end of the four years, I was ordered to Presidio Monterey, California, via the Panama Canal. During the Depression we were forced to dispense with the services of our nursemaid, so in 1937 Muriel and the two children and I proceeded to New York where we boarded an Army transport in Brooklyn, New York, and sailed for the West Coast. Going through the Canal was an extraordinary experience, and we were able to go ashore in the towns of either end--Cristóbal and Panama City. When we were tied up at the wharf in Panama City, I looked at my portable thermometer I took with me always, and it registered 110°.

J: How long was the trip around from New York to San Francisco?

G: About a month; between three and four weeks. You go all the way down the Atlantic Coast of course, around the tip of Florida, and then by so many islands in the Caribbean, to the Canal, and it takes approximately one day to go through the Canal. Fifty miles long, all total, including the locks in one end, and then the Gatun Lake, and then the locks at the other end. All very interesting mechanics that you go through to be raised at one end and lowered at the other.

J: So you reached Presidio when?

G: That was in the summer of 1937, and there I was in command of a troop of Cavalry.

- J: I just wanted to ask you the name of the barracks or the post that we had been talking about the other day. We couldn't think of it.
- G: That's Plattsburgh Barracks, New York, right on Lake Champlain on the West side.
- J: And we had been talking about that because you said that you had visited your brother when you were stationed in Vermont, and he was there.
- G: That's right, right across the lake.
- J: Now we got that straight. I think we had just finished talking about the time you spent in Vermont.
- G: I think we've been through the Panama Canal, too.
- J: Right. I guess that was after Vermont. We were talking about that 'cause you were on your way up to the Presidio.
- G: On the way to the Presidio of Monterey.
- J: But we did get through the locks in Panama. When you arrived there at the Presidio, what was your new position you were going to?
- G: Well, I was assigned in command of B Troop of the 11th Cavalry. At Monterey we had a whole regiment of cavalry, the 11th, plus a battalion of field artillery. And our quarters were really at the top of the hill with a beautiful view of Monterey Bay and sloping land on the other side, which later was known as Fort Ord. It was the Ord Reservation at that time, and that was where all of our military maneuvers took place.
- J: Did the term "reservation" have a certain meaning?
- G: Well, yes. A military reservation is always a name given for the geographical confines of the military post.
- J: I see. What kinds of special duties did you have when you took over this command?

G: Well, the normal garrison duties of any military organization, which is primarily training. In the Cavalry, of course, it's training both the men and the horses. So annually you have target practice, which in our case was target practice with rifles and with pistols, and mounted saber and mounted pistol, and in some years an annual practice march. That first year, 1937, we had a practice march from Monterey down the coast to San Luis Obispo along Highway 101. So we were not far from the coast at all times, and wound up at San Luis Obispo where we camped in the National Guard campsite, which is very close to the surf. A beautiful view of that inlet. It must have been quite a sight for passing motorists to see me and an entire regiment of Cavalry in column of twos along the shoulder of the highway.

J: How long did that march take?

G: About two weeks.

J: And every evening you would set up camp as you went along?

G: Oh, yes, every evening we'd establish camp. For instance, one campsite was at Paso Robles. Paso Robles is an interesting old town with an old hotel, and it is somewhat famous because Paderewski had his home there, or at least one of his homes.

It was the following year, I'm fairly certain it must have been 1938, that a moving picture company had it's location at the Presidio in Monterey to film a picture that was called "Sergeant Murphy." They were there for about two or three weeks doing the film, filming in and around the post. And we all got to know a number of the people involved, especially the leading man and woman, who were Ronald Reagan and Dorothy McGuire. My wife and I took both of them out to dinner at the Hotel del Monte one night.

J: How do you remember Ronald Reagan in those days? Do you remember anything in particular about his personality?

G: Well, he was a very personable young man in his late twenties, I would say, and he happened to be a Cavalry Reserve Officer.

J: You had a lot in common then from that point.

G: Yes. That went with his part in the movie, of course.

J: You had told me that they actually filmed you for part of that movie?

G: Yes, a very small part. At one point in the picture he was supposed to be in my troop. And as he was approaching the barracks I was standing on the porch, and he saluted me and then came up the steps after I had returned his salute. When we saw the picture later, that small incident was deleted.

J: Well, you lost out in your big chance in the movies there! (Chuckles) Do any other things stand out in your mind about the time that Ronald Reagan spent there, or any interesting incidents concerning the making of the movie at that time?

G: No, I can't remember any other incident.

J: Let's see, this was 1938. Now at the time, of course, Hitler was making lots of news during these years in Europe and so forth. I guess it would be hard to say if we in fact felt that eventually we were going to be at war with Germany. But did the Army keep fairly close tabs on the events that were going on in that time?

G: Oh, certainly.

J: And what kinds of things were being discussed?

G: Certainly. It looked ominous for us not only because of the actions in Europe, but also there was a tremendous shipment of iron scrap from the West Coast to Japan, which I was to view a bit later, in 1941 especially, when I was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco and could see the Japanese ships sailing out of the Golden Gate heavily laden with iron scrap.

J: What was your reaction to that?

G: Well, it looked like we were heading for trouble in the Far East. Just how,

nobody knew. We had some big combined maneuvers with the Navy in either '39 or '40. The Navy were off the coast of Monterey, and we, the Army forces, were on the Camp Ord grounds across the bay from the Presidio. I remember them especially because the umpires were Colonel Eisenhower and Colonel Mark Clark. During those maneuvers, I, with my troop, represented the enemy, and at the end of each day's maneuver I attended the critiques which took place in a large tent. And the critiques, of course, were given by Eisenhower and Mark Clark. I remembered especially remarking after one of these that, "There was a very brilliant officer," meaning Eisenhower, followed not far behind by Mark Clark.

J: What impressed you about him at that point? Anything special?

G: Well, he was brilliant in his critique, in his overall grasp of the military situation, including the Navy that was involved.

During this maneuver, we got a new commanding officer, both for the 11th Cavalry and the post of Monterey. That was Colonel Homer C. Groninger. You might say I had known him briefly when he was a Lieutenant at Fort Myer, Virginia, in the same regiment with my father. He appointed me his adjutant-- that is, adjutant of the 11th Cavalry and the post of the Presidio of Monterey, which assignment I had until I was transferred from there in 1940. In 1940 I was promoted to Major. And at the same time a request came to assign a field officer to the C.C. District which had its headquarters in Fresno, a few miles away. A field officer is an officer of the grade of Major or above. Nobody wanted the job, and since I was the junior Major, I was shanghaied into it. So I went to Fresno as the Executive Officer of the C.C. District.

My principal duty was to inspect all of the C.C. camps at least once each month. In order to accomplish this job, I had a Chevrolet sedan and an enlisted chauffeur. There were about 15 camps in the district, all the

way from Yosemite south to an area east of Los Angeles.

J: That's quite a big section you had.

G: Yes. Did I say how many camps there were? There were about 15 in the district. During the ordinary weekdays, this entailed visiting at least two camps each day. So I was nearly always on the road and writing reports.

J: And you had to cover quite a bit of ground those days to visit two camps each day.

G: Yeah. My favorites in the district were Yosemite and Sequoia National Parks, because they were so tremendously scenic. Beautiful places, especially Yosemite, with the big high cliffs and the waterfalls.

J: When you went to inspect these camps, what kinds of things would you look for? What kinds of things were you supposed to look at and collect information on?

G: You mean in these camps?

J: Yes. What specific things were you inspecting?

G: Oh, every detail. How the beds were made, how the floors were swept and kept clean, very housekeeping detail.

J: My goodness. That was quite a job!

G: Because there was a great deal of rivalry among the camps to see which one was rated number one for the month and so on.

J: Now in these camps, was it all men?

G: Oh, yeah, all men.

J: And they performed specific jobs for the government.

G: Yes. Each camp had its own work objective, which in these cases, all in the National Parks, where improvement of facilities, clearing of underbrush, and various road and bridge work.

At this time there were two regular Army officers assigned in each district--the District Commander and the Executive Officer. All the other officers, especially those who were in command and on duty with the various

C.C.C. companies, were Reserve Officers on active duty. After I had been on this job for about six months, an order came from Washington reducing the number of regular Army officers on duty in each district to one, which meant that the District Commander only would be a regular officer. This of course eliminated my service there, and I was transferred to the Presidio of San Francisco where I was appointed the Post Executive Officer. There again, the only regular officers assigned to the post compliment, which means the officers concerned with post administration, were the Commanding Officer and the Post Executive.

J: Now this was 1940?

G: 1940. I should go back a moment to the Presidio of Monterey, where I failed to mention the fact of the tremendous scenery and facilities that we had there. The principal occupation or industry in Monterey was fishing and the fish canneries, of which there were several along the waterfront. It was quite a sight to watch the fishing fleet go out each evening and return early in the morning. The principal product of their fishing is albacore. Albacore is the king of the tuna family, a beautiful large fish weighing usually around 30 pounds.

The Peninsula is wooded and it contains the famous Seventeen Mile Drive, which winds its way along the coast and through the woods. There are at least two country clubs there, the Monterey Peninsula Country Club (of which I was a member) and the Cyprus Point Club. In addition there is the Pebble Beach Golf Club, which is now world famous for the professional golfers' tournaments that occur there. Tucked away in this large forest was a private school named the Douglas School after the woman who owned and operated it. She was an excellent school administrator, and she was ably assisted by a young man whose name I don't recall at the moment, but he was primarily in

charge of horsemanship and shooting, because all students in the school were taught to ride horses and to fire a rifle. We sent both of our children to this school all the time that we were there.

J: Was it a boarding school?

G: Oh, no, it was a day school. Yes, they learned a lot there, not only in academics but how to get along outdoors.

Is there anything else I should add there?

J: One thing I did want to ask you about concerning Monterey before we go back to San Francisco--sounds like we're on a tour--when you had that maneuver with the Army and the Navy both. Was that a normal type of maneuver, or was it put together specifically because there was concern about coastal protection?

G: It was unusual in the fact that we were right on the coast, and therefore the Navy was also involved. So it is unusual to have a maneuver of that type that combined Army and Navy.

J: Well, I was curious about that. I know that the Army had its own maneuvers and the Navy too, but to have something together like that, it did show that there was some kind of concern, at least at that point, about the events that were happening in other parts of the world.

G: Oh, yes. It was in that connection we were becoming more interested in the rapid deployment of Cavalry, and I was assigned the job of conducting a small maneuver in that my horses were to be transported by truck to obtain a more rapid deployment than it was possible by normal travel overland. So for several days we practiced loading horses into cattle vans that normally transport beef cattle and other animals.

After that was completed, we had a military situation where we had to proceed in a hurry down to the vicinity of San Luis Obispo with a squadron of cavalry to theoretically stop or slow down the invasion of an enemy force in that vicinity. We loaded all of our horses onto a number of cattle cars,

automobile cattle cars, and all of the men in Greyhound buses with their weapons and limited personal effects. We traveled down Highway 101 in this fashion to a vicinity north of San Luis Obispo where we had a commanding position overlooking that area. I positioned the two troops along the top of the ridge with the horses held in the rear at the bottom of the ravines. I set up my command post where I had a telephone connection in a barn, and my desk was a bale of hay. And I learned first hand that proof of the fact that in cold weather the warmest place to be is at or near the top of a hill and not on low ground, because I was very uncomfortable with the cold that night. But when I inspected the troops at the top of the hill, it was at least 10 degrees warmer. The old adage that we all know that heat rises.

J: It must have worked there.

G: Oh, it certainly did. As far as I know, this was the first and only time that cavalry troops had been transported by motor vehicle. So on completion of this exercise, I wrote an article for the Cavalry Journal, which was duly published. This is the first and only time I broke into print.

J: You already had given a speech on the French and Indian War, and now you were able to write an article.

G: (Chuckles) Like my father would say, "A professional article, profusely illustrated," because I took a number of pictures of this whole operation, and a number of the pictures were published with the article.

Now to get back to San Francisco. That proved to be my favorite station, because of all the largest cities in the United States, San Francisco is my number one choice in which to live.

J: Why is that?

G: Well, because of its beauty and the fact that it is very much a cosmopolitan city. You have big colonies of nearly all nationalities, both European and Far Eastern--Chinese and Japanese. Rome has seven hills, and San Francisco

must have nearly that many, including Pacific Heights [and] Nob Hill. And Golden Gate Park certainly rivals Central Park in New York. And in the early history of this country, certainly the west coast vies with the east coast, and the Los Angeles, Monterey and San Francisco areas are especially old, being established by the Spaniards several centuries ago, just as we have been here in the Southwest.

I hadn't been in San Francisco many months when Colonel E. S. Adams of the Adjutant General's Office in Washington came to the post. He interviewed me, I presume amongst other officers on the post, and he asked me if I would be interested in transferring to the Adjutant General's Department. I asked him for 24 hours to think it over. It was well known at this time that in case of war, the two regular officers on duty at each post would be frozen in their positions for the duration of hostilities. In spite of the fact that San Francisco had become my favorite station, in case of hostilities I wanted to be able to participate in them in some way. So the following day I told Colonel Adams that I would like to be transferred. Within a week I had my orders transferring me to the Adjutant General's Department and assigning me to the 2nd Cavalry Division at Fort Riley, Kansas. So we moved to Fort Riley, where of course I was assigned as Adjutant General of the Cavalry Division.

J: How long were you in San Francisco?

G: About a year.

J: So this would be about 1941.

G: '41, [yes].

J: I'd like to know how you or other people in command, when you were in San Francisco and then later in Kansas, how you viewed what was going on in the Far East and Europe right at that time. I guess this is right before we went to war. How did the Army perceive what was going on, what did they think was going to happen?

- G: Well, as I said, before I was especially critical of the way that our iron and steel was being siphoned off out of our country going straight to Japan.
- J: Were there other people who shared this viewpoint?
- G: Oh, yes; everybody in San Francisco knew that. We could all see the ships going out the gate fully loaded with our scrap iron.
- J: Now were these private companies who were selling this scrap iron?
- G: Oh, yes. Well, it was the normal international trade. On the afternoon of December 7, 1941, I was stretched out on the sofa in our quarters in Fort Riley listening to the radio when the announcement came that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor.
- J: Can you describe that minute there at the fort, what happened?
- G: Well, it was just astonishment that that's the way we became involved with the war with Japan. Several months after that we received orders that the 2nd Cavalry Division would be dismounted--that is, that their horses were to be turned over to the remount service and that they would receive tanks and other armored vehicles, to be converted to an armored division. I knew that this would probably take at least a year to accomplish.
- J: This would involve the retraining of all the people in the 2nd Cavalry.
- G: Oh, yes, yes, everybody. And I was getting a little impatient to be involved overseas. So I wrote to a friend in Washington and volunteered to be assigned somewhere overseas. I immediately got my orders to proceed to Washington on temporary duty and then be assigned to the European Theater. So I went to Washington, and as I walked in the office of the assistant to the Adjutant General, he said, "Hello, Glasgow. I hope you brought your summer uniforms as well as your winter ones." And I said "Yes, sir, I have both." And he said, "Well, we're organizing a brand new theater of operations in the South Pacific, and General Harmon of the Air Force upstairs will be in command of

it. If you want the job and he will accept you, you can have it." So I went upstairs and saw Colonel Twining, who was to be the Chief of Staff of that theater, and he in turn went in to see General Harmon. I was accepted, so I went downstairs again and said that I'd been accepted for the job. So General Rose said, "All right, you go to work with them tomorrow morning in organizing the new headquarters," which I did. That shows you how fate has a lot to do with it.

J: And you were expecting to report to the European branch.

G: I was expecting to go to Europe. But when I had the opportunity to go to the South Pacific as the Adjutant General instead of being the Deputy in Europe, I naturally preferred that. So gradually other officers were assigned to the headquarters, especially the G-1 in charge of personnel, and we proceeded to draw up a table of organization for the headquarters and started to have personnel assigned to it.

J: How long did it take to get the headquarters organized and so forth?

G: Well, see, that was in March. So April, May, June. Then the organization was sufficiently finalized, I guess you'd say, that the advance party could move out. So on July 15th, 1942, the advance party left Washington by bomber. I think it was a B-24 Bomber. The advance party consisted of General Harmon; Colonel Nate Twining, Chief of Staff; myself as Adjutant General; Colonel Ankenbrandt as Signal Officer; Colonel Maxwell, who was our surgeon; and one Warrant Officer from my office. We stopped in El Paso to refuel on our way west. I had phoned my mother and father the night before, so they were at the airport to see us during the 15 or 20 minutes that we were on the ground here. We went on to Hamilton Field, which is on the coast outside of San Francisco. We spent the night at the Saint Francis Hotel, and the next day we took off from Hamilton Field for Honolulu. In Honolulu we spent three days at Hickman

Field where General Harmon and Colonel Twining were conferring with the Naval Commander who was the overall commander of all forces in the Far East.

[PAUSE]

J: You said you were three days in Honolulu?

G: Yes.

J: What things did you find out before you went on?

G: Well, I don't know. I wasn't at any of these conferences.

J: Oh, I see.

G: But naturally the general was briefed on all of the plans at that time in the Pacific. It was a time when MacArthur had recently arrived in Australia and was starting his operations.

In Honolulu we were immediately struck with the darkness of the city at night, because no lights were allowed anywhere. And in going by car from place to place you had to proceed without headlights. It wasn't very good except on moonlight nights.

J: Had they pretty much rebuilt what had been damaged at Pearl Harbor by that time?

G: I think so, but there wasn't a great deal that we could have an opportunity to see, except for the remaining hulks of several ships in the harbor. From Honolulu we did some island hopping. We went to Christmas Island, where we spent a night; then on to Canton Island, where we spent another night. Canton Island is especially notable for the large number of gooney birds who were an awful nuisance in and around the airfields, because they are such large birds. They are not afraid of humans like most birds are, and we were able to walk amidst them and they would only growl or mutter as you walked by.

Also at the shoreline was the wreck of an old whaler. And I understood that the whaler's name was Canton, and that that's how the island got its name.

J: Now, were both these islands U.S. territories at that time, or protectorates?

G: Yes, yes. They've always been I believe protectorates of some kind or another. Christmas Island as I remember was under British rule. And both of these islands are very small, just long enough to provide a runway for planes.

From there we went to Fiji, where we spent three days, mostly at Suva, which is the capitol, and we were in the Grand Hotel facing the parade ground or park in front of Governor's Palace. During one day, I visited the North Coast. And being in a jeep, we stopped at the edge of a village near the shore, and then several of us walked into the village. We were met at the first house or two by the chief of that village, who was a very tall, slender man of erect build who spoke Oxford English. He escorted us through the village and into one or more of the huts, which were immaculate and decorated primarily by tapa cloth. I am not sure of whether the chief had ever been to England, but he of course was educated in the local schools operated by the British. Yes, it was remarkable to meet this fellow with big, bushy black hair.

J: How long were you there?

G: About three days. We had there an American Infantry Division, and General Harmon was conferring with the CC during the time that we were there.

J: Before we go on, I'm curious as to the facilities since Canton and Christmas Islands are so small and you did have to spend the night there. What kind of facilities were available there?

G: Well, it was just primarily the airfield, operations office, and just enough men to maintain the airfield and to refuel planes that came in and out. They were our stepping stones.

J: And so you stayed in their barracks that they had there?

G: Well, yes, shacks or tents. I can't remember exactly what kind of structures they did have. It varies from place to place.

J: I was just curious because the place was so small, I'm sure they didn't have as much as they had at Fiji, for example, because of the size.

G: Yes, the islands there are mostly atolls out there, and only two or three feet above sea level. Fiji, of course, is much larger. It has what they call mountains. They'd be small hills over here. But they are rather distinct. Nande, the airfield at Suva, is fairly high with a hill right there; and lots of banana trees that have a particular kind of banana called a finger banana, because it's much smaller than the ones from Central America. They are just about from your thumb to your forefinger in length and they're green even when they're ripe, and very tasty.

J: Did the people in Fiji show any kind of fear that they would be invaded by the Japanese?

G: No. The idea was of course on everybody's mind all over the Pacific as to where the Japs would be next. From Fiji we went on to Nouméa, New Caledonia, which was our principal destination on this trip. We established the advance headquarters of the U.S. Army forces in the South Pacific area, known in abbreviated form as USAFISPA. That went on all out letterheads, abbreviated for such a lengthy name. (Chuckles)

J: You had to do it, I'm sure. The letterhead would be longer than the letter.

G: Headquarters USAFISPA. New Caledonia is a French colony. And we had another American integration stationed at that time in New Caledonia. This was the American Division, the only Division that had a name instead of a numerical designation. After a short time in the Grand Hotel, which was run by the Navy, we took over the Central Hotel which faces the main plaza or park of Nouméa. This is where I along with all of the other senior staff officers lived for the next three years. This is an old hotel for that part of the world--two stories with the public rooms on the ground floor and the bedrooms on the second floor. The bedrooms were rather large, each with a four poster brass bed with a canopy of mosquito netting over. There was also a wash stand

with a pitcher and a wash basin, and a bucket for used water. Also I had a wardrobe in the room and one electric light that hung from the center of the ceiling. The second floor had a porch running all around the building, and the rooms all had their doors facing the porch. There was one toilet at the end of the porch on the rear side, and the shower baths were downstairs next to the kitchen. The only running water was cold water.

New Caledonia has a fairly well-defined winter and summer climate in that the temperature is generally about 15 to 20 degrees cooler in the wintertime, which in the Southern Hemisphere is June through August or September. We hadn't been there many months before I asked our engineer if it wouldn't be possible to heat water in the hotel by putting a gasoline stove that troops used as a kitchen range under one of the water tanks that had the water going to the shower room. He said he didn't know of any reason why it shouldn't work and we tried it out. And lo and behold it did work. So from then on we had running hot water as well. That was my invention.

J: Well, I'm sure it was something that everyone was able to enjoy.

G: Colonel Ankenbrandt was one officer in addition to myself who was fairly fluent in French, and we two managed to meet a number of leading French citizens there. The ones who immediately come to mind are Henri Lafleur and Henry Ballande. They were most hospitable and we spent many a pleasant evening at Lafleur's house and Ballande's apartment, where always part of the evening's activities was dancing to phonograph records. Henri Lafleur was the principal businessman on the island, and he must have had some rather extensive landholdings also.

There was one rickety old supply ship that made its monthly runs to Australia and New Zealand, and it carried on most of the local offshore trade. New Caledonia has considerable iron deposits and extensive coffee plantations

for a place of its size. On at least one among many short trips on the island, I had occasion to drive through a coffee plantation that took me more than an hour. By the time I had reached the end of it, I had a severe headache from the very, very strong perfume from the coffee flowers. The coffee flowers have a strong perfume, and when you drive through a whole field of it the combined aroma is almost overpowering. It was terrific. Within a block of the Hotel Central was a coffee mill. I presume that would be the name of it, where the roasted coffee [is] packed. And in passing by this to and from the hotel you always had this very pleasing aroma.

The plaza in front of the hotel was about the size of two city blocks and had several dozen flame trees. During the season when the flame trees were in bloom it was a glorious sight, with these vivid red blossoms. It was well named because it had large blossoms, and it was just a mass of red blossoms when it bloomed. In addition to the flame trees there were of course a number of coconut palms, which we encounter in all of the islands in the Pacific.

At Nouméa we had the harbor with the waterfront where ships of 35 or 40 foot draft could tie up for unloading, and the stevedores who came to and from in trucks were all the Micronesian natives of the island with their bushy black and blondish looking hair. It was a strange combination, mixture of blond, brown and black. I don't know how it got that color in that particular colony. Mosquitoes were sufficiently a problem in New Caledonia to sleep under mosquito nets every night. And in my room on one wall was a giant spider whom I left alone peacefully all the time I lived there, because his principal food, I gathered, would be mosquitoes. He had a foot spread, I guess you would call it, at least a foot. His legs would go out at least six inches on either side.

J: The body was very small?

G: About that big.

J: The size of a quarter, and six-inch long legs.

G: So he had his spot on the wall, and I don't ever remember his moving any.
(Chuckles)

J: If there were that many mosquitoes he may not have had to go too far to find a good meal.

G: No. (Chuckles) The problem there, of course, was nothing compared to the islands farther north, closer to the Equator, like Espiritu Santo, the New Hebrides, and Guadalcanal. When we arrived in New Caledonia, the only American troops in our area that were in combat were the Marines. The Marines had two divisions in combat in Guadalcanal against a very, very strong force of Japanese. And of course the Japanese were systematically supplied by Japanese ships, both warships and transports, from time to time.

(Interruption)

We had two airfields at New Caledonia. The closest one to us, about 15 miles up the island, was Tontouta, which became the one most used. The other one, much farther up the island, was P.D.G., the abbreviation of the French name Plaine des Gaiacs. That of course is the French for Plain of Gaiacs, the name of the trees which grew in profusion all around the field. They looked somewhat like scrub beech trees with their white bark. The runway of this field was almost solid iron because of the iron dust which composed the surface. And it also was a bit dangerous to use for planes because the iron dust was churned up by the propellers and it was bad for the airplane engines.

I flew up there one day in the smallest plane we had, which was a Gypsy Moth--room for the pilot and one passenger. On our return to Nouméa, we landed at an improvised field in the center of the racetrack. On either side of the runway were tree stumps sticking up about two feet where the trees had been

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cut down. We ground looped because of a strong cross wind. Ground loop means that we were pushed off the runway by the wind. As the pilot's only emergency course was to take off again, he opened the throttle, and just as we gained airspeed for a takeoff the undercarriage hit one of the tree stumps and we landed upside down. One of my shoulder straps had slipped off, so as we landed, the right side of my face broke the compass on the dashboard. We managed to get out of the plane and we were carted away to the hospital for X-rays. They insisted on us staying overnight; and although they X-rayed my face and hands and knees, which were the most severely injured, no bones were broken, so I was released along with the pilot the next day. The only permanent effect I had from that was water on both knees--they hit the dashboard--and lost two teeth. (Chuckles)

J: You were very lucky that you didn't lose more on that dashboard, I'll tell you.

G: Shortly after this, General George Kenney arrived on his way to Australia to join MacArthur's headquarters. He stayed for a couple of days conferring with General Harmon, our commanding general. General Harmon called me in and told me to take a letter to General MacArthur, which he handed me, and said that General Kenney would give me a lift the next day to Australia, from which I was to go to Auckland, New Zealand and take over an office building for our future headquarters. So the next day we took off in General Kenney's bomber and landed at the airfield at Brisbane, Australia. We went to the hotel where MacArthur had his headquarters and his family. They were on the top floor of the hotel, Lennon's Hotel.

I went to General Sutherland's office, which was on one side of a small corridor. On the other side of this corridor was General MacArthur's office. At the end of the corridor was a small table with a lamp on it, and underneath the lamp was General MacArthur's famous cap, which indicated that he was in his

office at the time. I saw General Sutherland, his Chief of Staff, and handed him the letter for MacArthur; and then spent the rest of the night in the hotel. The next day I departed by plane to Sydney.

J: So you never actually met MacArthur.

G: No, never saw him. And MacArthur and his family--that is, his wife and son--occupied the top floor of the hotel, and a couple of the rooms were used as offices. After one night at the Hotel Australia in Sydney I took another one of our planes, a C-27, to Auckland, New Zealand.

- G: When we were in California, we went to San Francisco for two days to attend the World's Fair at Treasure Island. That was a wonderful sight, of course, I can't go into any details because it's too long ago to remember, except for the fact that an artist persuaded me to sit for a portrait, and he made a charcoal and crayon portrait of me in 15 minutes, which is hanging on the wall.
- J: I find it amazing that anybody could do such a thing in 15 minutes.
- G: Yes, I was too. (Chuckles) It usually takes longer to get a photograph made.
- J: Exactly. This was in 1939 you said, right?
- G: '39, yes. Treasure Island was mostly man-made. It's an offshoot from an island that has always been there called Yerba Buena. And that's part of the anchorage for the Oakland Bay Bridge that goes from San Francisco to Oakland; [it] passes over this small island. And that's where you take the off ramp off of the bridge to get to that island and Treasure Island, which adjoins it.
- J: Had the bridge been built at that time?
- G: Oh, yes, yes, it had already been built. That was the way we got there. All the people commuted from either San Francisco or the Oakland side of the bay to get to the island. And after the World's Fair, the island was taken over by the Navy, whom I'm sure are still in control of it, and have some naval installations there, such as the headquarters for the Bay Area. The Navy as well as the Army have a number of installations in and around [the] San Francisco Bay Area, such as Hunter Point, which is south of San Francisco, but very close to it; and there is the Mare Island Navy Yard to the north, where the Sacramento River flows into San Francisco Bay.

Another thing that happened was that in 1940 we came to the wedding of my youngest brother Bill to Carlina Sheridan. This was more or less the culmination of a long family acquaintances, because Philip Sheridan, the son of the

famous Civil War Cavalry leader General Philip Sheridan, was stationed at Fort Myer, Virginia at the same time that my father was, and they were both members of the 5th Cavalry. So when the [Pershing] Punitive Expedition occurred into México, my father [had] as his squadron adjutant and supply officer Philip Sheridan, who was then a Captain. He was a diabetic and his wife had to send him food and other supplies by parcel post to México while he was away. Mrs. Sheridan was born Isabel McGonigle. He was an Army colonel, and his wife was the daughter of Simeon Hart of El Paso, Texas. So the two families had that in common, as both ancestors came from El Paso, Texas. We in the Glasgow family were present at Fort Myer Virginia, of course, when the Sheridan's only child was born, and she was named Carlina. The Sheridan house happened to be next door to the tennis courts, so my earliest remembrance of Carlina Sheridan is when she was wheeled in a baby carriage right by the tennis courts by her mother.

J: I guess little you thought of then that at some point she was going to be your sister-in-law.

G: Many years later when my brother Bill, who had since graduated from West Point in 1927, was pursuing a course at Columbia University, he and Carlina Sheridan met again. As I say, they were married in California at a small place called Santa Inez in Southern California. Philip Sheridan had died in 1918 during the early stages of World War I.

J: This is the Civil War Sheridan?

G: No, this is Carlina Sheridan's father, who was General Sheridan's son, and he died in Washington, D.C. early in 1918 as a Major. Age, about 37--very young. That's what diabetes did for him.

Let's see, I said before that the wedding was small because it was at this small place, Santa Inez, next door to where Mr. Perkins had a ranch, and that was their home base. Mr. Perkins was Mrs. Sheridan's second husband, since

she had been a widow for several years. They were married in a small mission chapel near the ranch. I was my brother's best man. We were both dressed in blue uniforms, complete with sabers. Of the Sheridan family who were there, I only remember Mary Sheridan, who was the eldest of the three daughters. General Sheridan had three daughters and one son. The oldest daughter was Mary, and then there were the twins, Louise and one other one whose name I can't remember. I don't remember that the twins were there, but I remember distinctly that Mary Sheridan was there.

We had a small cottage on the Seventeen Mile Drive in Monterey which we placed at the disposal of the newlyweds for the initial part of their honeymoon. They went on to West Point where my brother Bill was an instructor in English. It was there that their only child Isabel was born in December of 1941.

J: If I'm not mistaken, wasn't she born right before or right after Pearl Harbor?

G: Right after Pearl Harbor Day. I get the dates mixed up. I know that Pearl Harbor Day is the 7th of December, 1941, and she was born just a few days before or after.

Bill left West Point early in '42 for an assignment with the General Staff in Washington, shortly after which he joined a joint staff with the British under General Sir Harold Alexander in North Africa and Sicily and Italy, for those campaigns. Before, he joined MacArthur's headquarters in Manila in '45, where we again met. I think that takes care of the things that went on before we stopped the last time.

J: We had talked about that trip that you made to the South Pacific.

G: Our original orders were to establish the headquarters of the South Pacific Area in New Zealand. So after establishing the advanced headquarters in Nouméa, New Caledonia, we were yet to set up our more or less permanent headquarters in New Zealand according to the original plans. A transport was already en route to the South Pacific from San Francisco with the rest of the

headquarters, which of course is the bulk of it, and preparations had to be made for its reception at Auckland. Auckland is the largest town in New Zealand, although not the capital. The capital is in Wellington, which is probably the next largest city, and it is situated at the extreme south end of the North Island, whereas Auckland is about three-fourths of the island north of Wellington and has a large harbor and of course an airfield several miles out of town.

Several officers had arrived at our headquarters by air from the States and had in turn been sent on to New Zealand. So when I arrived there, the office building that we were to occupy as our headquarters was in the throes of being evacuated. All of the lawyers, dentists and other professional people were moving out as quickly as they could find other quarters in town.

When I arrived there, I went to the Waverly Hotel, which had already been taken over for use for quarters for the senior staff officers. I along with two or three other senior officers had our rooms on the top floor, where we also had a bathroom and a sitting room. I arrived in time for lunch and had lunch along with three or four other officers of our headquarters. After lunch a young woman who had been at the table next to ours came over and proceeded to interview me. We wound up for further discussions to our private living room on the top floor. Since she was the only woman in the party, I asked her if she didn't know of some other attractive woman that we might invite to join us for cocktails. She thought for a couple of minutes, and finally said yes, that she knew of one that she would telephone. She telephoned Gwen, who got on the phone and said that she was not able to join us. The newspaper correspondant handed the phone to me to talk to her. Gwen explained that she couldn't join us but that she would like to meet me and could come down the next afternoon. So I arranged for us to meet in the hotel lounge at five

o'clock the following afternoon.

So the next afternoon, we met at the lounge and then several of us repaired to her apartment in the Auckland Domain, which is the name for their principal park, and where the museum also is situated. Then it turned out that Gwen was an excellent tennis player, so my great friend in our headquarters, Colonel Ankenbrandt (the Signal Officer) and I decided to get some tennis equipment. So Gwen took us to the principal department store in town where we obtained tennis rackets and tennis clothing. From then on, most afternoons would find the three of us and often a fourth, another woman, on the tennis courts at the Domain as soon as we got away from our offices, around five o'clock in the afternoon.

Gwen also became my guide in seeing many of the interesting sites of New Zealand, such as the River Nelson, The Waitomo Caves, and the thermal springs at Rotorua, where hot water gushes in spouts out of the ground very much like it does in Yellowstone National Park.

J: The cave that you mentioned, were they prehistoric?

G: Oh, no. Actually they were sort of glowworm caves, because you went in a boat, and you looked up at the ceiling of the cave and it was all flickery light from the...I was going to say glowworms, but they actually are fireflies--millions of them--on the roof. Like we have millions of bats in caves in Carlsbad, they have fireflies in the caves there.

On one weekend, we motored up to Whangarei, which is a small port on the Northeast Coast. That is where Gwen spent most of her childhood, and I met her mother and father. Her mother and father had come from England on their honeymoon and had remained in New Zealand ever since. Dr. Good, her father, was one of the first physicians in New Zealand and certainly in the North end of the country where Whangarei is. Dr. Good was well known for his all-around ability as a doctor and surgeon and diagnostician. Once when I was out of the

room for two minutes, he turned to Gwen and asked her how long I had had Parkinson's, which is the first time anyone ever attempted to diagnose the tremors that I'd had for about 20 years.

Our new headquarters was to be in the Dilworth Building, which is almost immediately across the street from the Waverly Hotel. I had assigned office space in the building to all of the various sections that would occupy the building, and telephones had been installed. Our ship was due in the latter part of September, and everything was in readiness by the time it arrived. General Harmon and Colonel Nate Twining, the Chief of Staff, and several others arrived about two days before the ship arrived. They were quartered in a house about a mile or two away.

We had received instructions to hire some secretaries, which became part of my job. By that time I had a Warrant Officer and a couple of other clerks. So we advertised in the newspaper, and then the Warrant Officer interviewed them and arranged the tests for the more likely candidates. We wound up hiring 15 or 20 of the best secretaries available in New Zealand, who were apportioned to the various sections of the headquarters. My secretary was Miss Constance Johnson, who remained my secretary for about three years, or all the time that I was in the South Pacific. This applied to nearly all the secretaries that we originally employed. Practically all of them stayed with us as long as our headquarters was in the South Pacific; in other words, until May of 1945. That's about three years.

During all this time, the nearest fighting was taking place in Guadalcanal, about 2,000 miles north. There were two Marine Divisions in combat there with the Japanese, and they were having a tough time--not only with the fierce, implacable enemy, but with the adversities of the tropical jungle to contend with. The principal nuisance there was the mosquitoes, which were fierce.

As time went on, it became apparent to all of us that the Japanese had been contained at least for the time being, and it looked as though our troops were going to be able to prevent any further movement to the South. So General Harmon decided to move our headquarters from New Zealand to Nouméa, New Caledonia, where our advance headquarters had already been established several months before. Nouméa is about 1,200 miles north of Auckland, New Zealand, and about the same distance from Guadalcanal to the north. And in between New Caledonia and Guadalcanal there is the large island of Espiritu Santo and the Anglo-French condominium, it was called, of the New Hebrides, where Efate was the capital. We had small island commands at both of these places, and in addition the Navy had quite a large base at Espiritu Santo, where Navy vessels were repaired unless they required the much more sophisticated attention of a large Navy base such as Mare Island in California or Pearl Harbor.

Thus it was that our headquarters was moved--that is, the bulk of it--from New Zealand up to Nouméa, New Caledonia, where prefabricated buildings were erected. Our headquarters area was a couple of miles east of Nouméa, just off the seacoast. These prefab buildings were rather rustic in appearance, made of wood and had wooden floors. There were about a dozen of these buildings in our cantonment. The Commanding General, Chief of Staff and Deputies had one small building on the knoll in our area, and other buildings were more or less scattered around. My section, the Adjutant General's section, had two buildings not far away; and the S.O.S., our service of supply, had a couple of buildings. I forgot to mention that when we took off from Washington to come to the South Pacific, Colonel Breen was with our headquarters, and he was in charge of supply, which encompassed supply for not only troops but also airplanes.

Our headquarters designed uniforms for the secretaries, which consisted of blouses and skirts more or less halfway in color between khaki and olive

drab. Two of our prefabricated buildings were assigned for use by the secretaries as their living quarters.

J: Now did you take the ones that had been working with you in New Zealand?

G: In New Zealand, yes. Yeah, the secretaries were flown up from time to time until all of them were in New Caledonia. They were a great help.

[PAUSE]

J: Now, as a headquarters there, were you in charge of gathering intelligence, keeping track of personnel, or what kinds of things?

G: Sure, the headquarters is in charge of all of those things. My particular section, the Adjutant General section, was in charge of all administration of the headquarters, handling all the incoming and outgoing correspondence, and the incoming correspondence routed to the section to which it pertains. And of course we are the records section for the headquarters. All the filing is done in our section. We had about a hundred filing cabinets, I guess. And I was in charge of all the mail service in the whole area. We had excellent mail service; came in daily from the States. And to New Zealand and Australia, we had a daily plane to both of those places, to Auckland and to Brisbane and Sydney. And there were flights nearly every day and sometimes often in a day up north to Guadalcanal and the other islands up there. Of course, we still had an Army Infantry Division in Fiji, and we had small island commands consisting of usually one officer and 12 enlisted men in various small islands. They were supplied principally by plane once a week.

I had occasion to make inspection trips periodically and I visited nearly all of our island commands. To mention one that comes to my mind immediately is Funa Futi, a beautiful little atoll, where there was one officer and a dozen men. All of these island commands were primarily lookouts to report any sightings of Japanese vessels or any other enemy activity that came to their knowledge. My visits to these various places were primarily concerned with

seeing if they had any administrative or other needs. The small island commands such as Funa Futi were usually commanded by a captain or a lieutenant; whereas the other larger island commands, such as Efate and Espiritu Santo, had larger headquarters because of the size of the place and its importance to the war effort.

As I remember, the bulk of our headquarters moved from New Zealand to New Caledonia in November of '42. A headquarters and staff had to be left in Auckland more or less permanently, as that was an important rear area where we had established several large hospitals, both Army and Navy hospitals, which took care of the wounded coming at that time principally from Guadalcanal. We also had Army and Navy hospitals established in several places in New Caledonia. In addition to the wounded, the hospitals to the north, such as New Caledonia, took care of many fever cases such as malaria and dengy fever, which was rather common and in many cases required hospitalization of 10 days or two weeks.

J: This must have posed quite a problem, especially if you had that many people suffering from these types of diseases. It would cut down the number of people that you have.

G: Yeah, it was a great problem. Kept the hospitals busy. Of course there were nurses with all of these hospitals.

The great bulk of communication and supply was carried on between the various islands by air. When the Marines went into action at Guadalcanal, one of the first objectives, of course, was the airfield, which was soon taken over. From then on this was called Henderson Field, and it was a tremendously busy place with both combat and supply planes. During the next three years, I must have made at least six trips to Guadalcanal, and I was usually put up in a small wall tent not far from Henderson Field, where the luxury of a shower was provided by having a former oil drum that was placed up on a wooden platform and filled with water, with a valve connected to a rope that hung down

from the tank above.

I remember especially one night that I spent there I went into a mess tent to write my report; and as I was sitting at a table with a lantern for light, I was attacked by so many mosquitoes that every time I slapped my face I killed at least 10 or twelve. They were literally there in clouds. I often wondered how I had escaped malaria or dengy fever, but fortunately I did. My pal Ankenbrandt wasn't quite so fortunate. He wound up with either malaria or dengy fever in one of our hospitals in New Caledonia, where I visited him a couple of times. However, everybody eventually got over these fevers.

J: Colonel Glasgow, what were the conditions as you perceived them there in the Pacific? When you first got there did you feel that it was going to be a total loss? Did anyone ever think that the Allies couldn't win the war?

G: No, we just knew it was a tremendous task with the Japs having taken over China and Singapore, and even Hong Kong and New Guinea. And, oh, they were in so many, you might say, hundreds of islands, with a big island fortress at Truk. That was one of their big bastions. MacArthur had his hands full in the Southwest Pacific. The dividing line between our two areas was the north and south line more or less separating on the south New Zealand and Australia, and to the north New Caledonia and New Guinea, and then Guadalcanal and the islands above New Guinea, and so on up to the Philippines which are in the Southwest Pacific area.

J: Given the number of casualties that you saw and so forth, how was the morale there?

G: Oh, morale was good. It was just a tough proposition. And we, of course, in all of our headquarters down there were crying out for men, more troops, and in the meantime there was the height of the war in Europe, and we were generally told, "Sorry, but we haven't got anyone." But gradually the forces were built up, and our side was able not only to stand the tide of the Japanese,

but started to push them back. Like the fighting at Guadalcanal took about two years. The two Marine Divisions that were there had to be relieved and they were sent to New Zealand to recuperate and reorganize while Army troops went in to their relief. The American Division from New Caledonia went in, the 25th Division from Hawaii. They formed an Army Corps.

When the 25th Division moved in from Hawaii, the Commanding General came down to New Caledonia to confer with General Harmon, and I had occasion to meet him very briefly. That was Major General J. Lawton Collins, whom I had known very briefly as a cadet and then again in the Army of Occupation in Germany where he was married, and I believe I attended his wedding. When I was introduced to him by General Harmon, he took one look at me and said, "Glasgow, what in the world are you doing here? You should be up there commanding an Infantry regiment." I didn't have time to explain to him how I would up there. General Collins did a fine job there, and not long afterwards he found his way to Europe where he commanded at least a corps before the war ended. He went on to become the Army Chief of Staff, so that the last I heard from him was a beautiful letter that he wrote to me on the occasion of my retirement in 1950 while he was Chief of Staff of the Army.

- J: Colonel Glasgow, in your opinion, what was the turning point of the war? You said just a couple of minutes ago that at first it was uphill, it was containing the Japanese, and finally you were able to start pushing them back. What was the turning point? When were you able to finally push them back?
- G: All historians agree that the turning point in the war was the Naval battle of the Coral Sea, which occurred in 1943. (The turning point on land was the New Guinea campaign in the Southwest Pacific area and Guadalcanal in the South Pacific area.) The Japs never succeeded in any further penetration; on the contrary, they were steadily being driven back from then on. In our area,

the fighting gradually spread north from Guadalcanal to New Georgia. In the meantime, there had been several very important Naval skirmishes near Guadalcanal, especially one time when a Japanese troop ship was sunk by our Navy, with a loss of Lord knows how many hundreds of Japanese troops that were coming as reinforcements to their force on Guadalcanal. Guadalcanal is more or less typical of a large jungle island with enormous trees that rise a couple of hundred feet tall--the tallest trees I'd ever seen in my life--and were thick, except right near the coast, where the British had established coconut groves. Henderson Field, for instance, the big airfield at Guadalcanal, was carved out of a coconut grove.

There was at least one division engaged in New Georgia, cleaning out the Japs from that location. From there, the fighting spread up to Bougainville. I got to Bougainville from Guadalcanal on board a Navy transport. I had a very comfortable night's ride in a cabin next to or near the captain of the ship. We arrived in Bougainville in the morning, and I went ashore in a launch. The ship was to be there until about 5:00 p.m., when it was returning to Guadalcanal. I planned on being on the ship, but somehow got hung up on shore or the ship sailed a little ahead of time. In any case I missed it, and one of the officers at Division Headquarters--this was the 37th Division at this time--at Bougainville, that had been stationed at the Fiji Islands, one of their officers kindly loaned me a jungle hammock which was suspended between two trees in the jungle. That's where I spent a very comfortable evening, occasionally interrupted by the Japanese shelling of our small pier on the water's edge. They finally managed to hit one of the oil drums there which went up in flames.

J: Is that the closest you came to any of the action in the war itself?

G: Oh, more or less. At one time on Guadalcanal one of the officers took me up

in a jeep to what you might call the front line. There was no such thing as a line because troops were scattered around through the jungle. This was when the Marines were there, and I ran up and got into a foxhole with one of the Marines for a while, and several shots were fired just over our heads. And he told me that they were coming from a sniper who was perched up in one of the coconut trees about 150 yards away, which he and several of his buddies were trying to locate and dislodge. On Guadalcanal I was taken to a small prisoner of war enclosure which they had. As everybody knows, the capture of a Japanese prisoner is very rare because they just fight to the death. And at the time that I visited this place there was only one Japanese prisoner. He was dressed only in a loincloth and looked very emaciated and undernourished.

In New Caledonia, in addition to my responsibility for all the mail service in the area, I initiated what was called the GFM service, which was the transmission of coded messages by radio to relatives back in the States. Ankenbrandt, the Signal Officer, and I went to the French telegraph and radio office and arranged for this service. I believe telegraph companies at home have something similar, but at any rate, during the war, we had any number of the coded phrases that you could pick out, depending on what kind of a message you wanted to send home. And then by indicating what numbers corresponded with the various phrases, you could cut down considerably on the number of words and numbers transmitted, making the messages quite reasonable in expense.

J: Where was the family during the time you were in the Pacific?

G: Oh, the family? Well, let's see.

J: Were they here in El Paso?

G: No, they moved around.

J: By that time your kids would have been grown.

G: My wife Muriel saw me off in Washington when I left there, and she spent most

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of the war time in a rented house near the Connecticut shore. It was north of Greenwich. I think the name was Fairfield or something like that. And Joe Jr. was in school in Southern California at Ojai. Ojai was an excellent boarding school out in the country where each student had his own horse which he was responsible for and which he rode practically every day. Muriel Jr. was in school in or near Boston, and she graduated from Tufts. When Joe Jr. graduated from Ojai, I was still in the South Pacific and my father went to his graduation. From Ojai he went to the MIT, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, where he spent two years, after which he became an air cadet and was commissioned in the Air Force as a Navigator.

J: Now all the time you were stationed in the South Pacific, did you ever get a chance to come home?

G: Yes, I did once. I came home for Christmas of 1944. I had been away two and a half years then and we had a family reunion here down at the Homestead on Magoffin Avenue--my mother and father and sister, Octavia, of course; and my wife and our two children, Joe Jr. and Muriel; and Harriet's children, Billy, Josita and Hal, as we called him for his initials because he was named Harry A. Lucker. Their mother had died after years of hospitalizations and operations from tuberculosis in 1938, having been married seven years. It seems odd in retrospect to know that my brother Bill also was married for seven years. He was married in 1940, and he died in Japan in 1947 of what is called a heart attack. He had heart trouble that none of us knew anything about.

As the war progressed north from Guadalcanal, so did my visits progress northward. I visited especially Russell Island, a relatively small island near New Georgia, where I had an interesting introduction to the chief of the tribe and his wife. As we were walking along a path in the jungle towards the chief's house, or shack, we ran into his wife and a girlfriend. They

had been out gathering breadfruit and taro roots, which resemble sweet potatoes, and the chief's wife had dropped her machete on the ground. The machete consists of a rather wide, three to four inches wide, steel blade about eight inches long, with a wooden handle. You might compare it somewhat to a butcher's knife. Anyway, to me it would be a rather heavy instrument. And instead of bending down to pick it up, she used the toes of her foot, and she picked up the machete between her big toe and the next toe, and brought it up to where it was easy to reach to her hands. I was amazed at this dexterity.

At New Georgia, where I also spent a night in a tent, we were disturbed a number of times during the night by the strange sound made by hermit crabs crawling along the ground underneath our cots. The ground was hard at the time because it hadn't rained for some time, and they made a rasping sound as they clawed their way along the ground. There were thousands of them there, and when you went on the dirt roads in a jeep there were dozens of them dead all along the road where they'd been run over.

The farthest north that I got was when I visited Green Island, which is north of Bougainville. There was a contingent of New Zealand troops there, and I ran into one officer named Gillespie whom Gwen knew back in New Zealand. He escorted me around and also presented me with one of his water-colors that he had made of the lagoon and the shore line there.

Can you think of any questions about the South Pacific before we leave it?

J: Oh, I guess just how the Army and the Navy continued. I like to get as close to a first hand account as I can.

G: Yeah. In New Caledonia General Harmon, and his Chief of Staff, and the Deputy Chief of Staff, who was Bill Ball, occupied a house which I believe also had a spare bedroom, because he would always put up any VIPs that came through, like General George Kenney. General Harmon was relieved from our headquarters and placed in command, as I remember it, [of] the 20th Air Force stationed

in Guam. This was a big Air Force Command, which was engaged in bombardment of the Japanese Islands.

In the meantime, Colonel Nate Twining had been transferred back to the States and then to Europe. There he was in command of the Air Force that was famous for carrying out the raid and bombardment of the Ploesti oil fields in Rumania. This was one of the biggest and most hazardous raids and bombardment of the war, because it was such a great distance and knocked out hundreds of oil wells. He then went on to become Chief of the Air Force and then Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. So as a replacement for him in New Caledonia, we received General A. J. Barnett.

When General Harmon moved to Guam he took with him as his Chief of Staff Colonel William Ball. In February of 1945, we received word by radio that General Harmon and Colonel Ball had disappeared on a flight from Guam to Honolulu. Nothing was ever heard from them afterwards, and there were many conjectures as to how they met their fate. After days and nights of speculation on the part of all of us in Nouméa, the principal solutions that we had to the riddle were two: Number one, that for some reason or other the plane blew up; number two, they sighted a submarine cruising on the surface and flew down low to try and determine if it was Japanese or American, and that they had been fired upon and struck by the submarine. Those were the only two solutions that we could come up with. Because there was a tremendous hunt by air and sea for days and weeks after that, and no trace was ever found.

J: How far is the distance between Guam and Honolulu?

G: Oh, it's several hundred miles.

- J: Before we go on to talk about the war, we would like to add something the Colonel found in one of his West Point books.
- G: Yes. In leafing through the Cullum's Register of Graduates of the Military Academy, a name suddenly jumped out at me, and it was that Stephen Vincent Benét was a graduate of West Point in the class of 1849. Since that is the exact same name of the young poet that I met in Paris, it must be that he was a grandson of this one who graduated in 1849. And on looking back at that occasion in Paris I can see that Larry Benét, his uncle, must have invited me there to meet him because of that. If he mentioned that fact, I don't remember it.
- J: But that must be the connection there between him and the military.
- G: It should be, since the name is so unusual.
- J: Exactly. Last time I remember you had asked if there were any other things that I wanted to ask you concerning World War II. Now you've thought of things yourself that you wanted to add.
- G: We had at our headquarters a Colonel Glen Jamison, who was Assistant Chief of Staff for Air, because he was in the air corps. Early in 1943, or possibly late in '42, but I believe it was in '43 that General Twining, our chief of staff, and Colonel Jamison and I went to Guadalcanal. We went in a bomber, and since we didn't have a gunner on board we each took turns firing the 50 caliber machine gun at the waist. It's called a waist gun because of the location in the center of the plane. We each fired a few rounds of it into the ocean to make sure that we remembered how to operate it in case of necessity.

We got to Guadalcanal and went our respective ways, and were to meet back there at Henderson Field at two o'clock the following afternoon. That was to be our return trip to New Caledonia except that they were to drop me off in the New Hebrides en route. The next afternoon as per schedule I arrived

at Henderson Field 15 or 20 minutes ahead of time and was talking to the operations officer of the field. I happened to mention to him that I was to be dropped off at Efate, and he said, "Oh, we have a plane going right now to Efate, so why don't you take it?" And I said, "Certainly. Just tell Twining and Jamison that I've left on this plane."

So I boarded that plane and arrived at Efate, which is the capital of the New Hebrides, an hour or so later. Later we were having dinner at the officers' mess when the G2 (the intelligence officer) was called to the phone. In a couple of minutes he returned and told us that the message was from Espiritu Santo to the effect that the plane with General Twining and Colonel Jamison had ditched on account of engine trouble, and that a sea rescue action had been put into effect. That was quite a shock to all of us there, and nothing had been heard about it by the time I departed the next day.

J: Now, how did you feel personally about that? You should have been on that plane with them.

G: Yes, that was a dramatic moment for me because I was supposed to be on that plane with them. So I missed a very unpleasant three days at sea.

On my return to our headquarters in Nouméa, of course, all the conversation was about Twining and Jamison being down in the ocean. We had reports several times a day from Espiritu Santo, from where an intensive air-sea rescue operation was in effect. All the planes and ships in that area were scouring the ocean for any traces of the lost plane. Finally on the third day we received word that they had been spotted in the usual rubber life raft and were being picked up. They arrived back in our headquarters either late that day or the next day, quite a bit worse for wear, but otherwise all right. They had had quite a grueling experience in the life raft, naturally. The principal physical effects on both of them was, of course, dehydration and lack of food; but principally skin blisters from the effects of the sun

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because, of course, they had nothing but their uniforms and small overseas caps. So it took about a week for the effects of the sun to wear off.

In 1943 General Twining was relieved as our Chief of Staff and placed in command of the 13th Air Force, which comprised all of the air squadrons operating in our area except for the Navy and Marine Corps planes. It was about six months later that General Twining was on his way back to the States and then to Europe where he took command of the 15th Air Force, which is the one that conducted the big raid on the Ploesti oil fields in Rumania, which I mentioned earlier. In place of General Twining we received Brigadier General A. J. Barnett, who then became our Chief of Staff for nearly the next two years.

When General Harmon left us in 1944 for his new command on Guam, we received as replacement Major General Frederick Gilbreath, who had been in command at the San Francisco Port of Embarkation for the past two years. He brought with him his own Chief of Staff, Colonel Eugene Johnston, and a number of other officers to replace other staff officers who had been rotated back to the States. General Gilbreath changed the mode of life for us in Nouméa. He had his own very definite ideas as to what our headquarters should be like, and one of the principle differences was the physical layout. He did not like the prefabricated buildings that we had scattered around the camp area, so he requisitioned enough supplies from the States to build the new headquarters, which we of the old guard promptly dubbed The Little Pentagon.

Personally I was appalled at even the idea of constructing a new headquarters at this stage in the progress in the war. It was evident that the Japanese were being pushed back, and it was just a matter of time before we would be in Japan. But he pushed his plans vigorously until the new headquarters building was complete. It took the general shape of a small cross

with a second story over the center. In this second story was the office of the Commanding General and Chief of Staff. My office was almost directly beneath, being the center of the structure, which was logical since our administrative fingers pointed in all directions. As I indicated a minute ago, I felt that this new building was a terrible waste of money and supplies.

J: How was he able to push his plans? I would think that other officers that were above him who had to okay this plan would have felt the same way you did.

G: Well, that was the War Department, and apparently they approved of it or it couldn't have been done. Naturally it was an improvement in every way, except that it entailed a greater cost.

To go back to New Zealand, the Grand Hotel in Auckland was the rendezvous for the naval officers when they were ashore. Admiral Halsey, who was the great American naval commander in the Pacific, was there a number of times. Gwen had gotten to know him from several encounters. He along with the others very much enjoyed hearing Gwen play the piano and sing, especially old Navy songs. On one occasion when he was ordering drinks, he told the bartender, "Get the lady a comic drink."

J: A what?

G: Comic drink. This was because at that time she mixed her whiskey with a soft drink, such as ginger ale. On one occasion when Gwen and I were at the Grand Hotel, Admiral Halsey asked Gwen to come up to his room for a drink. I didn't hear the invitation, but she grabbed hold of my hand or arm, and dragged me along with it. (Chuckles)

J: For safekeeping.(Laughs)

G: For a chaperone. (Laughs) Admiral Halsey also had a small office ashore in Nouméa, and on one occasion when I was driving the little car that was assigned to me home to the Central Hotel, I took a roundabout way along the shoreline, and I came upon Admiral Halsey and his flag lieutenant walking.

I slowed down and asked the Admiral if I couldn't give him a lift, and he cheerily responded, "No, thank you, we're out for exercise." I also had occasion to visit his headquarters ashore on several occasions and dealt principally with his flag secretary, who was none other than the former governor of Minnesota; not only the former governor of Minnesota, but he became, of course, the perennial candidate for the presidency. That gives you a clue. The name of the former governor of Minnesota was Harold Stassen. I guess he was before your time (chuckles), but he was well known in every presidential election we had. I think he's still alive. He was always a candidate, like Anderson in this last election. He was an "also ran." He got quite a few votes, but not enough for nomination.

[Interruption]

G: In New Zealand, everywhere I went with Gwen it seemed that she knew everybody, or at least somebody everywhere.

J: I can believe that.

G: Her popularity was no doubt based on her repartee and quick wit, and the fact that she played the piano excellently and had a pretty good voice. One time that she encountered Admiral Halsey (I was not there), he said, "What do you see in dog faces (meaning American army officers)?" She quickly replied, "I prefer 'em to fish heads."

My visit home for Christmas in 1944 after two and a half years in the South Pacific became a confrontation, you might say. My wife met me at the train in Connecticut and drove me to the house that she had been living in, where was present her sister-in-law. As soon as she had poured us a drink, one of the first questions she asked me was, "Do you love Gwen?" Being truthful, I replied, "Yes." That was the beginning of three days of argument during which I did a lot of crying to boot, because she insisted on a

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divorce, saying that I couldn't love two women at the same time. I argued that point, but to no avail. So after the family reunion for Christmas here in El Paso with my mother and father and Muriel and the two children, she went on to Reno, Nevada, and instituted divorce proceedings, which were granted early in 1945.

J: This must have been a very trying time for you to try to sort out all of these things.

G: (Chuckles) Oh, yeah.

In April of 1945, we saw while in Nouméa one of the movie news reels which showed President Roosevelt. I wrote at that time, right after seeing that picture, that Roosevelt looked very weak and I didn't expect him to live much longer. As a matter of fact, he died within the month.

The Japanese had long since been pushed out of or killed in Guadalcanal so that we had complete possession of it, where we had been using the airfield, which we called Henderson Field, for quite a long time. By then also the Japanese had been eliminated from New Georgia, and mopping up operations were continuing at Bougainville, so that war operations in the South Pacific area were nearly complete. It was then that we received orders to move our entire headquarters to Manila. On May 15th the forward echelon departed by air. The forward echelon consisted of course of General Gilbreath, the Chief of Staff, and the principal staff officers, including myself. We did a little bit of island hopping in order to refuel, stopping first at Hollandia, and arrived in Manila on the 18th. We arrived at Clark Field, refueled, and then went to Nichols Field just outside of Manila, where we deplaned and were assigned billets in the northern suburbs of Manila. We were there for about a week or so when we were shifted to our principal location at Del Carmen, which is about 40 miles northwest of Manila. It had been the compound for a sugar refinery and had been used by the Japs, of course, before we got there.

Manila had been somewhat cleaned up, but it was still in awful shambles from what it used to be after all of the bombing and fighting that took place when the Americans overpowered the Japanese there, after coming down from the north at Lingayan Gulf, just as the Japanese had done when they invaded the Philippines. The parliament buildings were just a pile of rubble, as were many sections of Manila. The palm trees along Dewey Blvd. on the waterfront were decimated, and the harbor seemed to be full of sunken ships with now and then a smokestack sticking up out of the water. MacArthur's headquarters had been established more or less in the center of Manila.

It wasn't long before I located my brother Bill, who had come back from the European theater where he had been in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy. He was in the G4, or supplies section of the headquarters. He was billeted in an apartment house just off of Dewey Blvd. and about two miles from the headquarters building. I think the apartment building was called The Commodore. I managed to come back to Manila about once a week to GHQ and usually had lunch with my brother at his apartment building, where there was a mess on the ground floor.

I met a WAC officer, Major Sudduth, the sister-in-law of General Miley, who was in command of the 11th Airborne Division, one of the units instrumental in the recapture of Manila. She was about six feet high, but she was called Little Sister. While we were in Manila she took me to the Santo Tomás Hospital, which had been the prison for the American internees all during the war. There I met George and Jean Evans and their young son, who were three of the Americans that had been incarcerated there all during the war.

J: What was your reaction upon meeting them?

G: Their housing facilities consisted of a little shack that might be compared to about half the size of a van that we see on the highway, with a roof

barely high enough to walk in. I took a special interest in them, they were such a charming and interesting couple. And I made it a point to visit them each time I came back to Manila--not only there, but in their better quarters which they managed to get on the ground floor of a concrete building, which we wouldn't consider much as a habitation, but it was far superior to what they had had in the past three years. He had been the representative of one of our large machinery companies, such as Allis Chalmers. Years later, she came back to the States on a visit, and we had the pleasure of meeting and visiting with her very briefly at the airport during a stop-over here in El Paso.

At Del Carmen, the former sugar refinery compound, we had quite nice accommodations for those troubled times. A prefabricated building was set up on what used to be the open area or plaza for use as our headquarters. Around this building were the houses that had been used by the officials of the sugar refinery. The officers' mess was established in one of these houses, and next to it was a swimming pool; and the first house on the other side was a house in which I lived with three or four other officers. That was quite a nice arrangement for us, because at five o'clock, as soon as we finished in the office, we came home and changed into swimming trunks and had a swim before supper.

[PAUSE]

We were visited several times a week by several Filipinas that lived in the vicinity and were greatly interested in the tales that they told us of the Japanese occupation, and arrangements were quickly made for some of the Filipina women to do our laundry for us. There was a deep ravine or gorge between us and a level field beyond, which was to be used for tents for the bulk of our headquarters, which was en route by ship from New Caledonia. Eventually they arrived intact and moved into that large field across the way.

Our time as well as the time of all the other units assembling in the Philippines was spent in planning for and getting ready for the big invasion of Japan. We had detailed maps especially of the areas where we were to be stationed. The Japanese Islands as shown on our air photographs were most strongly fortified, and it was very easy to see what a terrible job lay ahead. It was conservatively estimated that we would lose at least 250,000 casualties on the invasion of Japan. And when I say casualties in this case, I meant killed in action, not encompassing all of the wounded, too, which is generally included when considering casualties. So anyone who objects to the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki should pause and take that into consideration. If those bombs had not been dropped, we would have lost killed in action at least 250,000 men, not to mention the many more Japanese who would have also been killed during the invasion, including many hundreds of thousands of civilians. So the relatively insignificant number of casualties caused by the atomic bombs you can try to balance against the huge casualties that would have ensued had we been forced to invade the Japanese islands.

J: So actually the dropping of the bombs took the place of this massive invasion.

G: Oh, yes. That precluded the invasion. Yes. When the Japanese were made to surrender because of the atomic bombs, that saved probably a million people being killed. Lately in reading in the press about the protests organized in several cities, not only here but in Europe, the thought occurs to me that if those bombs had not been dropped some of these protestors would not even have been born because their fathers would have been killed in the invasion--anyone 35 or younger. So that just doesn't make sense to me; never has.

The Japanese surrendered on August 25th, and we were almost immediately loaded on ships and sent to Japan. Our old transport ship took about five or six days to get to Japan, and the heat was terrible. And the showers that

we had had only hot water. For some reason the cold water, if there was any, wasn't existent, so that you almost boiled every time you took a shower. You had to jump in and out of the spray.

J: That's usually the opposite of what other people have to deal with--they have to deal with cold water.

G: (Chuckles) Yeah. This was September, so it was still summertime.

Our ship docked at Yakama, which is a small port near Nagoya. Our ultimate assignment was Kobe, another large port, where we were to operate a base port in Japan. Upon the ship tying up at the pier or at the ground, the cargo nets were put over the side, down which we scrambled ashore. General Gilbreath immediately turned to me and said, "You are to go ahead and take over the hotel at Nara and assign the rooms to all the members of the staff." He or somebody else handed me a rough sketch of the road that I was to follow to get to Nara, which was about 50 miles away. So the first jeep that was put ashore I took, and started on my way--the first time I had set foot on Japan since I was a child six years old. I was alone and had only my side arm, which consisted of a 45 caliber colt pistol, and had no idea of what lay ahead.

I was astonished at the reception, if you can call it that, that the Japanese accorded us. I doubt if any Japanese had seen an American or an American vehicle when I traveled this route from our landing place to Nara, but along the way all these Japanese that saw my jeep immediately stopped on the sidewalk, turned towards the middle of the road, and bowed. So it seemed almost like a royal welcome.

Nara is the ancient capital of Japan, the capital before it was moved to Kyoto, which is not far away. Nara is a very small and historical place and beautiful in its wooded surroundings. Around the hotel is a sparsely wooded area that looks like a park and full of spotted deer. The deer, of course, had been there for centuries and were very tame. It was a beautiful

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site to see them always grazing around the hotel. Beyond the hotel was one of their ancient Shinto shrines, which was elaborate in its red and black lacquer.

Upon arriving at the hotel, I obtained a chart of the rooms and assigned them to the various members of our staff, who arrived several hours later. That was to be our lodging place until we were moved to a large hotel between Nara and Kobe, as for some reason there was no suitable place available in Kobe. In Kobe we took over a large building where our headquarters was established, and we staff officers then commuted by electric train from the small village near our hotel to Kobe each day. The train system in Japan is very efficient; the trains always seem to arrive and depart on schedule and are fast and clean. Since we were always in uniform, there was never any complication about paying fares on the railroad; our uniform was our ticket anywhere.

Now I must backtrack to the Philippines for a minute. We received word while at Del Carmen that a new officer was coming as our G4, and his name was Colonel Ralph Glasgow.

[Interruption]

I immediately said that I wanted him to live in the house where I was. That would save a lot of complications, because all mail and laundry delivered for either of us would come to the same place.

J: Now, was he related to you in any way?

G: No. He wasn't related, but we adopted each other as cousins. (Chuckles) Yeah, we not only got along very well, but we became very fond of each other. At least I can assume that because it certainly was so in my case; I have always been devoted to him ever since. We, along with three other officers, lived in that same house all the time we were in Del Carmen; and when we moved to Kobe, we shared an apartment which consisted of a small living room and two

bedrooms and bath. So the two Glasgows were in the same apartment. And with two other officers we used to play bridge at night.

One of the things that General Gilbreath arranged for was what he called a free physical examination. It had always been the policy and the practice in the Army for officers to have an annual physical examination, which was quite thorough. In this case General Gilbreath said that we could take this examination or not, as we saw fit; and that if we took it, we could use the results of the examination or not, as we pleased. For me this was a grand opportunity and I took the examination. I had been plagued for many years, ever since around the early '20s, with tremors in my hands, which were most embarrassing if not incapacitating. And I never dared go near a medical officer except on official business for fear that it would be spotted and that I would probably be retired from active duty. We had on our staff at the time three or four well-known specialists in their fields, and they would soon be returning to the States. One of them, whose name I cannot recall, but who was from Denver, Colorado, said that he had seen many similar cases to mine, and he diagnosed my ailment as encephalitis, which is the technical name for Parkinson's Disease.

J: I believe it was a couple of interviews ago you said, though, that Gwen's father had been the first to suggest this several years before.

G: Yeah, that's right, in '42, three years before. But this made it official. And he never told me that, it was Gwen who told me later that he told her or asked her. I had told her as I always told anybody that I knew very well what was the matter with me--I mean, you know, what the physical aspects were, but I had no name for it.

J: When the doctor diagnosed this, did he say that there was anything he could do to help you?

G: That I don't remember, except that I knew then definitely that there was no

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question but that I would be retired any time it was brought officially to the attention of the medical corps. Having no desire to retire at the time, I put the physical examination papers in the bottom of my footlocker for possible future use.

It was shortly after that General Gilbreath went home and he was retired for physical disability. He was replaced by General Weible, who was a delightful replacement. I'm not going into any difficulties that I had with General Gilbreath. I'd be glad to tell you about it off the record. (Laughter)

J: O.K., we'll do it some other time.

G: We had two American armies in Japan when all troops had been landed. The 6th Army occupied all of Western Japan up to and including Kyoto, and possibly a short distance beyond. General Drieger was in command of that army, with headquarters in Kyoto. The 8th Army occupied the rest of Japan to the east and north, with headquarters in Yokohama; while MacArthur, with the general headquarters, was established in Tokyo, just 20 miles north of Yokohama.

In March of '46, just six months after we had arrived in Japan, I was transferred to 8th Army headquarters in Yokohama to replace the adjutant general of the 8th Army at that time, who was Colonel Conquest, and he returned to the States for reassignment. The reason I got that job was because I was the senior adjutant general in Japan, and the 8th Army was destined to be the remaining army in Japan. The 6th Army headquarters was returned to the States, and it was I Corps that remained then as a part of the 8th Army. My roommate Ralph was transferred to I Corps in Kyoto as G4 of that headquarters, and later became chief of staff of I corps.

J: I asked this same question about Germany. How did you perceive the reaction of the Japanese, being there with the army of occupation? Was their treatment towards you disrespectful?

G: On the whole the Japanese were most cooperative and you might say subservient. They knew who was boss because they had been ordered by the Emperor to cooperate with us, and they did. I never saw any instance of any conduct to the contrary. There may have been; if so, they were isolated and I never heard of one.

While in Kobe, General Krieger came to our headquarters for a brief visit and we on the staff were presented to him the evening that he was there. And I remember so well that when I was introduced to him, that he said, "Glasgow? Are you the son of Billy Glasgow?" And I said, "Yes, sir." And he said, "Well, I've known your father forever, and admire him greatly."

During our stay in Kobe I got to know the Frenchman who had been interned there all during the war, M. Bicard. He was a hunter as well as I was, and so it wasn't long before we set out on duck hunting expeditions over the weekend. We had great sport doing that.

J: How had he come to be detained there during the war?

G: Well, he was there when war broke out.

J: And that was it?

G: That was it. Just like the Americans in the Philippines. When the Japanese took over they were all interned. They weren't prisoners of war because they weren't combatants, they weren't in the Army nor Navy, they were civilians; so they were interned. And in some cases, they were put under house arrest. In other cases, like in Manila, they were nearly all of them crammed into Santo Tomás, which had been a hospital and was then used you might say as an internment camp, because they were then in all the rooms of the hotel and in these shanties all around in the grounds about the hospital.

So my hunting companions became the Frenchman, M. Bicard in Kobe, and in Yokohama it was a Czechoslovakian. [Pause] The Czechoslovakian's name was Cosar. He had been interned also in a little village near Yokohama. He had

lived there for many years and was present, of course, during the big earthquake that hit Tokyo and Yokohama I believe it was in the '20s--1924, I think. But anyway he told us all about it, how the earth split open and with large enough holes for automobiles and people to drop into. It did tremendous damage, especially in those two cities, Tokyo and Yokohama. I also knew an American friend who had been in the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo when the earthquake occurred. And she told me how they went out into the street during the earthquake; but that hotel, as we all know, was one of the few buildings spared because it had been successfully earthquake proof, constructed by the famous architect Frank Lloyd Wright. And as far as I know that hotel is still standing, because Gwen and I went there a number of times for parties when we lived in Yokohama.

When I moved to Yokohama I was assigned a very nice house in what was called the bluff area, up on the high ground, more or less overlooking Tokyo Bay. This house was built by a Swede and it combined both European and Japanese architecture, a strange combination. On the ground floor was a living room, a dining room, and a small room off of the living room which was entirely Japanese in appearance, with a tatami mat and a little alcove with a raised portion more or less like a shelf. The tatami mat is the ever-present floor covering. It is made of woven straw. They are quite durable except for people wearing shoe leather. So for that reason it has always been the custom when you enter a Japanese home or a Japanese shrine or temple, you leave your shoes at the door. We soon got to know and observed this custom, so that whenever we visited a temple or shrine, we along with the Japanese would leave our shoes at the door, usually all beautifully lined up on the steps (and there usually were steps).

On the second floor were the other bedrooms and a bath. Then again on the ground floor, there was this passageway, a sort of hallway, connecting

the rest of the house with another more or less detached room which served also as a living room. And out in the yard there was a small waterfall and a little rivulet or canal that led through the garden and under this archway to the detached living room. It was very artistic. A beautiful place.

I had again been in the Pacific for two and a half years, so I managed to get a leave of absence--which then was called RR & C--with the air travel directed to New Zealand. I went to Auckland, New Zealand by way of Australia and arrived there in April. On April 24th, Gwen and I were married. Valerie had been in boarding school and Hardie was up north in Whangarei visiting his grandfather. They were assembled in Auckland. Gwen's father came down from Whangarei for the occasion, and then Gwen and Valerie and Hardie and I departed by air from Auckland to Sydney. We stayed at the Hotel Australia, and I left by air the next day for return to Yokohama, with arrangements having been made for Gwen and the children to proceed by ship--which in this case was either a New Zealand or Australian ship--that was due to depart. The ship was detoured and sent on one or two other missions so that Gwen and the children became stranded in Australia, where they remained for three or four months.

J: Where did they live the time they were there?

G: In order to escape the expense of a hotel, through our American headquarters there she finally managed to get an apartment off King's Crossway at a reduced rental. Eventually they arrived in August of '46 at the port of Nagoya where I met them, having gone down by rail from Yokohama.

- G: Going over memories, I forgot to mention [some things], so I guess it's all right to go back and mention them.
- J: Oh, certainly, I wish you would.
- G: So then I have to go back to New Zealand and New Caledonia. When we were married, we arranged for a wedding reception at the Star Hotel because we knew the manager and his wife quite well; they were old friends of Gwen. So we had about 20 or 30 people for a little reception there and spent the night there. And also Gwen's father spent the night there. The next morning I discovered that I had forgotten to bring my razor with me, so Gwen said she'd go down the hall to her father's room and borrow one from him. In a couple of minutes she came back with her father brandishing the old fashioned straight razor. I was flat in bed and he got in bed and straddled me and proceeded to shave me with the straight razor.
- J: Oh, gosh, what a nut. (Laughs)
- G: He did an expert job, being a surgeon. (Chuckles) I couldn't say a word and after that Gwen and I agreed that he had a wonderful opportunity, if he didn't like his new son-in-law, to slit my throat from ear to ear.

In New Caledonia in 1943 we were visited by the Prime Minister of New Zealand, whose name was Walter Nash. After lunch, for some reason, I was left with the Prime Minister for an hour, while the other members of the party and the commanding general, General Harmon, were off somewhere else. During that hour we sat on a park bench out in the park, and most of the conversation, which he started, concerned our American Civil War. He discussed several of our more prominent battles, including Chancellorsville and Shiloh, and I was astounded at his knowledge and memory of them, which was superior to mine.

J: I wonder what made him so interested in American history? I find that very interesting.

G: Well, our Civil War had long been a matter of great study by nations more or less all over the world, and the battles were studied in detail as shining examples of what was then modern warfare and the various strategies and tactics involved. Naturally, this was primarily the concern of military leaders in military school, in other countries, but I thought it was very unusual for a civilian, especially a politician such as the Prime Minister of a country, to be so well versed in the details.

The Japanese surrender took place in all of its formality on the Battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay on the 2nd of September of 1945. The two official mementos that I have from my stay in Japan consist of a copy of the Japanese surrender together with the signatures of all of the powers involved, with MacArthur signing as the supreme commander of the Allied Powers and then the other representatives of the other allied powers.

J: I think you told me the other day that it was August 25th when they...

G: Yeah. August 25th was when the atomic bomb was dropped.

J: Well, it's the anniversary today.

G: Yes. According to the minutes of the surrender, the two Japanese representatives of the Emperor--the Prime Minister and the Chief of the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters--signed first at 9:04 AM; and then at 9:08 General Douglas MacArthur signed as Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers, followed in turn by Admiral Nimitz as U.S. representative; and then followed by the representatives of China, the United Kingdom, Soviet Russia, Australia, Canada, the French Republic, the Netherlands, and the Dominion of New Zealand, all of whom had had either troops or some other lesser

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representation, such as the Soviet Russia. [Shows mementos.] This memento is prefaced by the directive from Hirohito, the Emperor of Japan, who signed and sealed the directive to all of his people, countersigned by the chief of staff of the army and the chief of staff of the navy.

So, then, to get back to Japan, I took [the family] back to Yokohama by train where they were introduced to their new home, the excellent house built by the Swede. During their enforced sojourn for about three months in Sydney, Australia, Valerie had dropped into the Burroughs adding machine office and proceeded to ask the manager for a job. After some conversation with him, he hired her for the rest of the time that she was there. Having had that experience, shortly after she arrived in Yokohama she went to the civilian employment office all of her own volition, without our knowledge, and obtained a job as a secretary to one of the defense counsel at the war crimes trials. She had this job as secretary all the time that we were in Japan, and had occasion because of it to attend a number of sessions of the war trials, which were held in Tokyo. On those occasions, of course, she accompanied her boss to the trials. Valerie was barely 18 at the time. Her brother Hardie was 14, and he of course enrolled in the American high school for children of the Army personnel on duty in Yokohama.

In Yokohama the principal residential area that contained fine houses was known as the Bluff area--the Bluff, because it was high ground overlooking Tokyo Bay, and there was more or less of a row of houses overlooking the Bay. And where I said in a row, they were separated by several hundred feet of space and were not in any straight line because they followed the contours of the bluff. The majority of the houses were in the area to the rear of the bluff away from the bay and on land that was principally lower than the bluff

itself. It was in a swale behind the bluff that our house was located.

The house occupied by Colonel and Mrs. Shanzi was up on the high ground about 200 yards from our house and overlooked it. On the afternoon of October 29th or 30th, Gwen was visiting Mrs. Shanzi in that house. While I was at the office downtown in Yokohama, I received a frantic telephone call from her saying that our house was on fire. So I got into a car immediately and went up to our house, which required about a 15-minute drive. By the time I got there the fire department was there, but was practically impotent because there was not sufficient water pressure for any water from the hoses to even reach the house itself. So about all that anybody could do was stand around wringing their hands. Naturally, our servants were out in the street along with Gwen and a number of neighbors. Since our living room was detached from the house Gwen had prevailed upon the firemen to go in and rescue her grand piano which was in it. They brought that out and it was turned upside down out in the gravel roadway. And she managed to save a few small articles, one being her mother's old sewing table. That was practically all that was salvaged because the fire was all ablaze and it was impossible to get into it. I had purchased a case of shotgun ammunition in preparation for the hunting season and I could hear that go off periodically, "Bang, bang!", upstairs in my bedroom.

We lost all of our possessions, including everything that Gwen and the children had picked up in Australia while they were there for so long a time. The furnace in our house was considered to be inadequate for its purpose so a new furnace had been installed. It took a number of days for this to take place, and it was afterwards determined that the furnace was entirely too large for the size of our house. It seems that it was really a furnace designed for an office building or a large store and had become overheated

because of the small enclosure in which it had been installed, and thereby caused the house to catch on fire.

[PAUSE]

One of our near neighbors who was present at the fire was Mary Cook. Mrs. Cook was a Eurasian--that is, she was part European or American and part Japanese, and she spoke perfect English. Her husband was in the International Red Cross and had been caught either in the States or in England during the war and was still not back in Japan. They owned a very fine modern house next door to the one that they themselves lived in, and it was vacant at the time because a German who had lived in it during the war had departed. She offered the house to Gwen. And to make a long story short, the necessary transactions were made whereby the government rented the house from her and then assigned it to us as our new quarters. As I said before, this was a modern house and it was built on an American or European plan and was two stories high, complete with servants' quarters off the kitchen as is customary in Japan. So after a week or 10 days during which time we visited with the Shanzis, we moved into our new house.

J: Now everything was lost. I think you mentioned to me the other day that you lost all your clothes and so forth, you had to get clothes for the children and yourself.

G: Oh, yes. The only things that we had, of course, were the clothes that we had on at the time of the fire, nothing else--not even a toothbrush. Friends immediately loaned us what articles they could spare and that we could use. Even General Eickelberger, the Commanding General of the 8th Army, gave me one of his uniforms. As he was much taller and broader than I, it took two fittings to have his uniform cut down to my size, so that

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I then had a spare uniform.

Mrs. Eickelberger and other women who were wives of our fellow staff officers gave Gwen and the children enough clothes to get along with until we were able to supply some of our own. I immediately, of course, wrote to my mother and father about what had happened and they kindly sent us a check for several hundred dollars which was a big help in securing what clothes were becoming gradually available in the PX, the Post Exchange, which was then starting to stock American goods, including clothing. Bill and his wife Carlina were in Tokyo, of course, where General MacArthur's headquarters was. Carlina wrote to her Sheridan aunts in Washington, and Mary Sheridan sent Gwen a beautiful evening gown, which was very nice, having never met Gwen.

Of course, it was necessary for me to go to Tokyo a number of times on business. On those occasions I usually hopped into my brother's office to at least say hello. Tokyo is just 20 miles from Yokohama, so it took less than an hour to motor there in spite of the road that was still somewhat littered by potholes left after bombing raids. And, of course, the buildings on either side of the highway were just a mass of rubble--all that remained. Since we were that close, we made arrangements that we would meet for dinner at our house in Yokohama on one week. The next week we would have dinner with Bill and Carlina in Tokyo. And that alternate arrangement lasted throughout the time we were there, which was about two more years. Bill and Carlina had, of course, with them their only child, a daughter named Isabel, who having been born at West Point in 1941 was five years old when Gwen and her two children met her.

One of Bill's friends and also a member of the joint staff that he was working with was a Captain Merton Stone of the Navy. He also was a duck hunter, so we arranged to meet for hunting expeditions during the hunting

season. After nearly a year in Yokohama, we had purchased a cabin cruiser which had been principally made by an American member of our headquarters, I guess, in Yokohama when he left for reassignment in the States. During the summer we often went out on a cruise in Tokyo Bay, but our principal use of the boat was in the fall and winter during the duck season. That is when we elicited the services of Mr. Cosar, the Czechoslovakian, to be our guide. The only duck hunting on water in the area was on Tokyo Bay at the other side of the bay. The bay is 20 miles across at that point, so it would take us about three hours to make the trip.

On our first time over, when we were almost across the bay, Cosar pointed out ahead what seemed to be a mud flat, or anyway something solid sticking up just above the water, and his remark was that those were the ducks in the weeds. As we got near, just within gunshot range, it seemed like the whole surface of the water arose and started to fly. The ducks were there in such thousands that an estimate could only be made that way, by saying that there were thousands. I had never seen so many in one spot since hunting at Los Baños in California next to a game reserve. We had a net on a long pole which was used in retrieving the ducks from the water.

The duck season was about five or six months and we had many enjoyable and successful hunting trips. On these occasions our usual companions were Bill and Carlina and Mert Stone, and an old friend of his named Toni who worked in one of the offices of the headquarters in Tokyo, and occasionally Cosar and one or two others.

Our last voyage was about March of 1948 when we had left everyone ashore at an air base on the other side of the bay. They were returning to Tokyo by rail and we proceeded to return home in our boat. We had gone only about an hour from shore when the engine gave out. This hardly ever

had happened before, and when it did it was usually because of the lack of or decrease in the electric power. It took several batteries for the operation of the Chrysler marine engine that we had.

[Interruption]

I always had on board the driver of my staff car as engineer, for which job he volunteered. On this occasion he as usual switched batteries because we always had three of our extra batteries in the engine compartment. He tried all of the batteries without any result, so here we were stuck in the high seas, you might say, without any power, and in the meantime a terrible storm had arisen and the waves were about four to six feet high. It was then well into the night, and the only light that we had in addition to flashlights were the running lights on the boat, because there was sufficient power left in the batteries for the lights to work. Naturally I kept the lights on all the time that we were afloat; and about every 10 minutes by pressing the button that operated the lights, I signaled S.O.S. in Morse Code, hoping that some boat or ship would pass us and see the lights. But it was no use. The storm was so bad that no boats were out.

We drifted helplessly in the everlasting tossing and rolling caused by the high wind and waves. We were steadily being pushed towards the mouth of Tokyo Bay, which is almost as narrow as the mouth of the New York Bay. Finally, after drifting most of the night, I saw the dim outline of a rock for which we were headed. We had one oar on the boat, and I used that to push us off from hitting the rock as we came up to it. Shortly after that, the boat hit the bottom at the nearby shore, and it was time to abandon ship.

[PAUSE]

The first one over was my engineer, and I handed him one or two guns,

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which he took to shore with him. The water was about up to his shoulders. Next Gwen and I went overboard, taking with us a small overnight bag which had a very few articles such as flashlights and a bottle of scotch whiskey. As we waded to shore and got to the very shallow part, Gwen could hear a small sound which sounded like a hissing or rattling, which she afterwards discovered much to her dismay was made by a crab scuttling around the small rocks near the shore. (Chuckles) That's her principal recollection. (Chuckles) The idea of crabs scuttling around under her feet was disconcerting to her.

We were met on the shore by several young Japanese apparently in their late teens and they escorted us to the nearby houses. We discovered that we had landed at a very small fishing village, where there were perhaps a dozen or so shacks with dirt floors, and what served as a police station where there was the only telephone available. This being March and towards the end of the winter, it was bitterly cold especially due to the very high wind. The owners of the house that we went to obligingly built a fire in the center of the room around which we unsuccessfully tried to dry out. I went to the so-called police station, and after much fooling with the telephone I managed to get through to the Yokuska Naval Base. That was the big naval base in Tokyo Bay which was, of course, then occupied by the American Navy, and it is approximately halfway between Yokohama and the mouth of Tokyo Bay and only a few miles away from where we were. I explained what had happened to us and asked for a sea rescue attempt to get our boat under tow. I was politely told that no such attempt could possibly be made because no boat dare go out in the severe storm that was then in progress.

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Eventually near dawn I managed to get through to Captain Bob Norris, who was the Navy Commander on duty as Harbormaster and a great friend of ours. He said that he'd be on the way immediately to pick us up. He arrived about two hours later, after dawn, which was the earliest that he could possibly make it since he had to travel more than an hour from Yokohama down through the Naval Base to the little village where we were. When Captain Norris arrived, he surveyed what was left of our boat, which was a long, slim cabin cruiser about 30 feet long that could accomodate 10 passengers, and on which there were 10 life jackets stowed in the lockers under the seats in the after cockpit. We found that all of the windows, of which were eight or 10 for the cabin, had been removed, as well as the life jackets and our big case full of the ducks that we had gotten the day before; all had disappeared. The scavengers in the village had been very busy ever since we got there. In attempting to retrieve at least our ducks, he asked them all where they were and they all said that they had been eaten. So we were able to retrieve nothing from the boat, but were thankful to be ashore and alive.

So we returned to Yokohama in due course and Captain Norris made arrangements and had our boat towed up to the Navy docks in Tokyo, where it was hauled ashore and pronounced a total wreck, the only thing salvagable being the wooden hull and the Chrysler marine engine, which was quite valuable.

On one of my inspection trips in Japan, while walking through a small village near the south end of Honshu, the main Japanese island on which are situated Tokyo, Yokohama, Kyoto and Osaka, I noticed a pair of screens on exhibit in the window of a Japanese store. I was greatly intrigued with these screens, so the American lieutenant who was stationed in the area

and I went into the store and inquired about them. I inquired, of course, what the price was, and was told it was many thousands of yen, something which was beyond my means. But I told the lieutenant that if ever I could manage it, I would send him the money to buy the screens and he could ship them to me by rail. After our boat wreck I received inquiries from some Japanese or Japanese company who were interested in getting our Chrysler marine engine. They wanted to know what I would take for it, and I replied that if they could get the Japanese screens for me that I had seen in this shop in Southern Japan they could have the engine. So arrangements were made, and they took the marine engine and I got the screens.

J: Fantastic trade. You told me that once you counted all the people that were in this particular screen.

G: Yeah. Nearly 1,800 people.

J: That's amazing.

G: In the early days of my stay, when I was still in Nara or maybe had just moved to Kobe, I made several visits to Kyoto, the old Japanese capital. It's a very fascinating and picturesque city and has many fine shops. I very soon found my way to the Satsuma shop. I gradually had learned that Satsuma made the finest porcelain in Japan, followed I'm quite sure by Imari and then Noritake. When I visited the Satsuma shop, I feel fairly certain that I must have talked to Satsuma himself or certainly one of his principal assistants, because when I asked him if he didn't intend to resume, he shook his head and sadly said, "No. I can't do it because all of my artists are gone. Half of them have been killed and the rest scattered I don't know where." As I remember he only had about 20 pieces of that beautiful china left, and I managed to buy two or three with all the money that I had. Probably my favorite piece was a vase which I mailed to my mother and father. Several

years later when we returned to the States, my mother gave us the vase which she had had converted into a lamp. I am now the proud possessor of that, which is at present on the piano.

J: It is lovely.

G: Yeah, that's my favorite, especially because it has a seascape on it, which is rather unusual. The colors are so beautiful. This all brings to mind the fact that I had just recently seen a catalogue from one of the big stores that has a branch here in El Paso, and in that I noticed that they list several pieces as Satsuma. I haven't had the opportunity to make any inquiries, but I am very curious as to how they happen to have Satsuma and whether or not the company in Japan has actually gotten back into production, or how the name can be used today.

J: That would be interesting to find out because of what you were told at that time.

G: He told me that the artists were all gone, and that's a fine, delicate work. It takes an artist to do it.

It's quite an advantage to be a member of a conquering army in a conquered state, which I had early learned during my more than three years in the Army of Occupation in Germany after World War I. And it was, of course, again true in Japan. I made a number of inspection trips to the various high headquarters, such as the Division Headquarters stationed in Sapporo in the northern island of Hokaido, and to the area not far from Osaka where Mikimoto, the famous pearl king, has his oyster beds. On these expeditions I had the use of a private car on the railroad. This private car had sleeping accommodations for six passengers in compartments for two passengers each, an observation and eating area, a bathroom which included a shower, and a kitchen complete with cook. So you might say that this private car was self-sustaining. And when

we got to any destination the car would be put on a side track and stayed in the station until we were ready to leave, which was usually the next day.

One of these trips that we made was to Kyoto, where my cousin Ralph Glasgow was then either G4 or chief of staff of I Corps--I Corps being the nickname for First Corps because of the similarity between the Roman figure I and the I. We visited Ralph in his more or less Japanese style house. The doorways were so low that he and I had to stoop a bit to keep from banging our heads on the top of the door.

It was there that I was forced to go to the dentist and have one of the teeth pulled that I had injured in the airplane accident several years before in New Caledonia. While I was in the dentist chair, I missed an official reception that Ralph had to attend, so he took his wife Mary and my wife Gwen with him, which caused a bit of merriment at the reception when he introduced two Mrs. Glasgows. (Chuckles)

Our trip to Hokaido was very interesting from several aspects. You have to take a ferryboat from the Island of Honshu to the Island of Hokaido, which usually is an overnight trip. The entire train is loaded on this large ferryboat and goes across the straits and then is put ashore on the tracks at the other side. When we got to Hokaido, it was very early in the morning and I wasn't even out of bed when the commanding general's aide appeared at our car. He said that General Swing, the Commanding General, insisted that we come and stay at his house. This was a bit disconcerting because we were very comfortable in our car and preferred to stay there, but the aide insisted and said that even Mrs. Swing was up, which was unusual for her, and expected us for breakfast. So we were prevailed upon to get dressed and go with the aide to the General's house.

Although I do not remember having met General Swing before, I certainly

remember very well the fact that he and Milliken were bachelor lieutenants in Washington at the time that my father was stationed at Fort Meyer. And I remembered the names again because I had just recently been adjutant general for General Milliken, who married one of General March's daughters, and General Swing had married her sister, another one of General March's daughters. General March at that time was Chief of Staff of the Army so, everybody either knew them or knew about them. And General Swing I am sure remembered the fact that my father had been stationed in Washington and Fort Meyer at that time.

We had a delightful stay with him, and in the afternoon, this being in the dead of winter, we went up to the lodge in the mountains and did some skiing. The skiing was done by the General and me. I hadn't skied for a number of years, but I managed to stay upright in going down the area of gradual slope that we chose to try out. It wasn't more than a week or two after our visit that we had word that General Swing had broken his leg or ankle skiing.

Mrs. Swing took Gwen downtown to do a little window shopping for an hour or so, and while there Gwen had admired several of their unusual pictures which were made entirely of natural growth, such as bark, twigs, moss, etc. She didn't buy anything, but shortly after returning to the General's house, the owner of one of these shops appeared with one of the pictures and insisted on Gwen taking it as a present and a memento of her trip. It still hangs on our walls--that's it. No paint, no nothing, except fashioned out of the twigs and branches and bark--a winter scene of the mountain.

While in New Caledonia I had met a captain whom I saw on a number of occasions. His name was Captain Peter Anter, whose ancestors were Arabic. We saw him often in Japan where he looked us up. His assignment must have

been with the quartermaster department because he was in charge of the construction of all of our commissaries in Japan. Being in charge of this construction, he was the overseer and checker of all of this work, and therefore came in close contact with the Japanese, especially the chiefs of you might say the corporation heads. We thought it remarkable the way he had learned Japanese. We asked him how he did it, and he said that he just learned at least one more Japanese word every day until he had built up his knowledge of the language.

The biggest party at which we entertained was one held in our new house in the lovely backyard which contained several large trees and a waterfall flowing down into a fish pond where we had a dozen or so goldfish of various varieties and colors. Our friend Pete Anter more or less suggested this party and said that he would put it on by himself, which he did. We had General and Mrs. Eickelberger, the General and Mrs. Buyers, the Chief of Staff, and many other staff officers and their wives who were my associates. And it was a huge success due entirely to Pete Anter, who amongst other things cooked the ham out in the backyard. That was a huge success and Gwen often recalls how much General Eickelberger enjoyed having helped himself a number of times to it. We asked Pete for the recipe for it and we always refer to it as the "Pete Anter Ham." It's a very complicated and lengthy process.

J: I've got maybe about four or five minutes left. Is there any particular story you want to talk about before we're through today?

G: I guess so, yeah. The most important thing that happened in 1947 was when my brother Bill went on an inspection trip up to the same Sapporo, Hokaido where we had been with General Swing. He was with a party of several other officers from MacArthur's headquarters. They had gone by plane and they were delayed in returning because of the bad weather. The plane was unable to take off so

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they were stranded for an extra day. In order to wile away the time, General Swing took 'em on a duck hunt. After the completion of the shooting down by the water's edge, they were climbing a slope to return to their cars. My brother Bill apparently stopped on the way up the slope and keeled over dead. They were unable to revive him, so his body was brought back to Tokyo, and a mutual friend who had been with him telephoned me about what had happened. We immediately went to Tokyo to be with Carlina. She handed Gwen a little metal box that was made to contain aspirin. Gwen opened it and immediately recognized that the pills in it were not aspirin but nitroglycerin, which is commonly used by all heart patients. So then started the unfolding of a tale that my brother Bill had a heart problem for years and nobody knew anything about it, except the doctors.

J: He was rather young, wasn't he?

G: Forty-two. He was married in 1940, Isabel was born in West Point in '41, and this was '47. He had been married seven years.

J: How had he been able to stay in the Army with a conditon of this sort?

G: You know people have lots and lots of heart attacks and still keep going for a long time. Gwen's father died with his eighth.

J: Oh, my.

G: Yeah, it took eight to put him away. And we have several friends here who go around wearing pacemakers. They have those, and they're still going strong.

Carlina and Isabel came back to the States by ship to El Paso and I followed by plane just in time for the funeral that took place here in El Paso. And Bill was buried in the family plot in Evergreen Cemetery. I returned to Japan within several days after the funeral.

My tour of duty in Japan was over in May 1948, when we returned by ship.

We came home by Navy transport having picked up several passengers in Korea en route. Two of these passengers were General and Mrs. Mullins. He had been in command of an infantry division in Korea. We became close friends on board ship and Gwen and I played canasta with them every night in their cabin.

Several months before leaving Japan I got word from the War Department that my next assignment would be the Pentagon in Washington. I immediately wrote back and said nothing doing, I didn't want that assignment, that I wanted to be assigned in San Francisco. I again got a letter saying all right, they would send me to the big headquarters in Norfolk, Virginia. I then wrote back the second time saying that I didn't want that either. I still insisted on going to San Francisco. They finally assigned me as Adjutant General of the San Francisco Port of Embarkation, where I relieved a colonel who in turn relieved me in Japan.

J: This was in '48?

G: Yes, in May of '48. So on arrival in San Francisco, I established contact with my new headquarters assignment, and the four of us came on down here to El Paso on leave. We were here about a month before returning to San Francisco, which was to be my last assignment.

G: 1947 was a very important and busy year in Japan, and I've forgotten some of the salient things that occurred. For instance, the Chinese delegation gave an official party, reception, and invited the American staffs and also the foreign delegations in Tokyo. I've forgotten what the occasion was, whether it was the anniversary of the Communist takeover of China or some other Chinese occasion that was being celebrated. But it was a very big affair and, of course, Gwen and I were there as part of the American delegation which was primarily of officers and their wives of MacArthur's headquarters and General Eickelberger's headquarters in Yokohama. In other words, the 8th Army Headquarters. The reception was held in a very large room, the ceiling of which was supported by several pillars, and over near the windows overlooking a garden was a long buffet table laden with all kinds of edibles.

Shortly after we arrived there, General Eickelberger spotted us and he came over and took us by the arms and led us over to where General MacArthur happened to be standing by himself next to one of the pillars. He introduced us and then left. General MacArthur was most courteous and we talked with him--naturally, he doing most of the talking--for 15 or 20 minutes undisturbed. He said that on his last visit to the States that he visited with my father in El Paso. And that there was one thing that my father had remarked to him that he had never forgotten, and that was to the effect that the fewer friends you have, the fewer enemies you will have. I don't think there's anything else to report on that conversation. As a matter of fact, I don't think we remember anything else that he did say.

J: What did you think of General MacArthur when you met him? I know you had known of him and all that, but just speaking with him for those few minutes, how did you react to him?

G: Well, knowing that he was somewhat austere and such a great man in the history of the world, we were very impressed with the friendliness and informality with which he conversed with us. Of course, he had already made his world reputation as a great strategist and leader and commander, which he certainly continued to demonstrate all during his administration of the Japanese and occupation of Japan. He of course had a great deal to do with the adoption of a new constitution for Japan, which was based on both the British and American forms of government.

The ranking Russian officers were there in full uniform, and we could not fail to notice their great interest in the buffet table. That was obviously their primary interest. I don't think I could quote Gwen's remarks.

(Laughter)

J: Oh dear!

G: We ran into lots of people that we knew there, of course, including the French General, General Petchkov. Most unusual for a French general to have such a Russian name. He was remarkable for his friendly manner and the fact that he had only one arm, which reminded me of General Gouraud in Paris.

We ran into my brother Bill and his wife Carlina, and also Captain Mert Stone of the Navy and his friend Toni, who were our frequent duck hunting companions. As we all were leaving, the girl at the checkout counter couldn't find Mert's Navy cap; it was either lost or somebody had stolen it. General Petchkov's very noticeable cap with its red and much gold braid was right there, and Mert was tempted to take that in place of it, but we dissuaded him. (Chuckles)

J: Good for you. Imagine it would've caused quite a scene. (Laughs)

G: Well, knowing the difficulty replacing that in Tokyo. (Laughs)

Now for very memorable parties. In addition to putting on that memorable

garden party that Pete Anter engineered in our yard in Yokohama, he also put on a so-called barbecue for my brother Bill and Carlina at their house in Tokyo. These pictures will give you an idea of that. Pete Anter, when he was officiating at any of these home parties, always wore the smattering of an Arabian costume, with the typical headdress.

J: You said his background was...

G: Yeah, his ancestors were Arabian.

[Col. Glasgow and Ms. John look through photographs, with the Colonel commenting. About 10 minutes.]

J: Let's hear some stories about some of those memorable parties.

G: Two parties Pete Anter engineered because he had become so much of a friend of Mr. Fukushima, who was the one who had the contract to build our commissaries that Pete Anter was in charge of. He was what you might call a Japanese tycoon in that he owned construction companies, a steamship line, a line that had coastal steamers, and many other things. More or less in celebration of our birthdays, which were only one day apart in September, Mr. Fukushima placed one of his coastal steamers at our disposal for a weekend cruise. Pete Anter told us how many passengers it would accommodate and we invited a number of guests to fill the available cabins on board. We made a cruise to the Island of Oshima, which is perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles offshore and off the mouth of Tokyo Bay. Our host, Mr. Fukushima, I'm fairly certain must have been on board and also were his wife and sister-in-law, Mrs. Nomura, and several geisha girls that they brought along with them.

After dinner, Mrs. Fukushima took Gwen off unbeknownst to me, and she and her sister-in-law and the girls proceeded to dress Gwen up as a ceremonial geisha girl. They brought her out in half an hour or so and presented

her to me and asked me if I had seen her before. I didn't have the faintest idea who she was. The transformation was complete.

J: Whose birthday was first, yours or Pete's?

G: No, it was Gwen's birthday, the 27th, and mine's the 28th.

J: Oh, I see, it was for your birthdays. I thought it was for you and Pete.

G: Two birthdays at once.

The other party was a dinner party at Mr. Fukushima's house in Tokyo. That is quite an estate, although it doesn't encompass many acres. But there is, however, a swimming pool, which is about olympic size. Shortly after we got there, we were invited to go swimming, which at least half of us did. There was a building which contained rooms for changing clothes right off of the pool. It was about dusk when we went swimming, and there were many "ahs" and "ohs" from the Japanese ladies and girls present when they saw Gwen dive into the pool. The idea of a grey-haired woman going swimming seemed to be overwhelming.

[Looking at photographs.]

The principal and most desirable place for a weekend visit anywhere in the vicinity of Yokohama was the Fujiya Hotel, which is up in the mountains, and I would estimate around 20 to 25 miles away from Yokohama and not very far from Mount Fujiyama, which is very visible. We managed to spend several weekends there during our stay in Yokohama. And there more than any other place, the Japanese waitresses who were always dressed in their native kimonos were a beautiful sight. And it was at his hotel that we saw whom we thought was the most beautiful girl in Japan. And when first going to the dining room, we always insisted on having a table where she would be our waitress. I don't remember her name, maybe Gwen does.

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These pictures give you an idea of the stone lanterns that the Japanese have, especially around all shrines. This is a typical entrance to the grounds of a shrine. [Showing photographs.]

While we were visiting Ralph Glasgow in Kyoto, he took us to the Suntori Distillery. The Suntori Distillery makes a Scotch brand whiskey and it is a very fine, what would you say, imitation. Because the owner spent years in Scotland and he brought back to Japan a number of the barrels used in making Scotch whiskey. And he also studied the ingredients and had the same cereals grown in nearby fields so that he reproduced in every detail the procedure that the Scotch had for making the whiskey. And at that distillery they had a special visitors' building that, of course, had a bar. And while sitting at the bar, they made some tempera morsels for us. And these consisted of dipping chrysanthemum leaves in batter and then deep frying them. And they were really delicious to eat.

I don't know if I'm cooking one of those in this picture or not, because another thing that they have there was pottery making, and they had their own kiln. And during our brief stay there I painted one plate, primarily for my mother and father, and I had it glazed and later on mailed it back to my parents in El Paso.

[Looking at photographs.]

J: That's a fabulous collection of photographs.

G: During the last few months in Japan, I was offered a civilian job if I retired and returned to Japan. This was to be with a steamship company that ran only freighters and they were carrying at least three-fourths of the supplies going to Japan from San Francisco and other west coast ports. I was to be the liaison officer between the company and GHQ in Tokyo, and I was to live either in

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Tokyo or Yokohama. And my salary was to be \$9,000 a year, plus a house either in Tokyo or Yokohama comparable to the one that we had been living in. So it was understood that I would return to the States, take several months leave as necessary, retire, and then return upon confirmation of my employment. Pete Anter also had an understanding with Mr. Fukushima that upon discharge from the service, he was to return to Japan and be employed by him.

After arriving in San Francisco, I checked in informally at my new assignment at Fort Mason right where the transports dock. And Fort Mason is or was the San Francisco Port of Embarkation, which had been operated by the Army for many, many years. It's from this port that practically all troops and supplies had been going to the Far East, such as the Philippines and Tientsin, China, for more than 50 years.

I had a month's leave, so as soon as we had collected our baggage and completed other routine tasks upon arrival back in the States, we went by train to El Paso, Texas, where we visited my mother and father in the old Homestead. The Korea War broke out near the end of June.

[PAUSE]

And within a week or 10 days after the outbreak of hostilities in Korea, I received a letter from the head office of the steamship company in San Francisco that I was to work for upon retirement. They had the news that since the hostilities had broken out, they had had to recall their personnel which were stationed in Korea to Japan, and that automatically cancelled the arrangements for me to go back to Japan. That was unwelcome news in a way, because Japan is such a beautiful country that we would have liked to return there for a few more years. So that settled it, and after an enjoyable visit with the family here, we returned to San Francisco where I commenced my duties at Fort Mason.

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For anyone not familiar with the layout in San Francisco, just inside the Golden Gate Bridge is the Presidio of San Francisco; then comes the Marina, which is a civilian neighborhood facing the yacht basin, which contains several hundred yachts, both sail and motor. Then comes Fort Mason with its docks for handling ships. In addition to the headquarters buildings and barracks, there is an officers' club and about eight or 10 officers' quarters. The officers' quarters consist of those for the Commanding General and half a dozen senior staff officers. I was assigned one set of quarters very near the wharf and was told that nearly a hundred years ago it had been occupied by Major Fremont, the famous Army officer who was prominent in California history prior to and after the gold rush of 1849.

Hardie went to school, entering the San Francisco City College, and Valerie managed to get a job as a combination secretary and hostess at the officers' club. In a little less than a year we managed to buy a house in Pacific Heights, at 2502 Broadway, which had been originally built for the daughter of Ghiradelli, the chocolate manufacturer. It was here that we were visited by our Navy friend, Captain Mert Stone, when he arrived back in the States in command of a Navy ship, and by Captain Peter Anter when he returned to the States. Upon his discharge from the Army, Pete Anter returned to Yokohama, and we received a very lengthy letter from him telling us all about what happened upon his arrival. When his ship docked in Yokohama, Mr. Fukushima and his immediate family and official entourage were on the dock to meet him. Just as he reached the end of the gangplank onto the dock, Mr. Fukushima had a heart attack and died on the spot. Apparently the excitement of having Pete Anter back was too much for him.

Of course, Pete was immediately involved in all of the intricacies of a

Japanese funeral and all of the rights and customs pertaining thereto. It is customary for all the members of the family, relatives and friends to come to the house and pay their respects to the widow. There were so many people arriving for that courtesy that the street leading to the house was lined with a number of cooks with hibachis, cooking foodstuffs for the people arriving and departing. Pete had brought several small gifts for the family, and these were placed ceremonially on the mantelpiece, or what would be somewhat similar. And Pete was called upon to deliver the eulogy, which he proceeded to do in Japanese. This, then, finishes the saga of Pete Anter, because we may have received one other letter after that, and then silence, and we have lost touch with him completely, much to our regret.

It seems that Valerie had become engaged before we left Yokohama. She was engaged to Barney Rosch, who was a pilot for General Eickelberger's plane and had spent a number of weekends with us. Barney's full name is Cornelius Lyons Rosch. Some months after our departure from Japan, Barney took his discharge from the Service in Japan and immediately went to China and joined General Chennault's Flying Tigers. They were, of course, flying missions in support of General Chiang Kai-shek, who was being steadily pushed back southward by the Communists.

Barney wrote for Val to come and join him in China. So to make a long story short, she took a slow boat to China in March of 1950. She was one of about eight passengers aboard a freighter that took several weeks to reach Hong Kong. When she got to Honk Kong there was no Barney and no message from him. So she went to a hotel, and at the hotel there was a message saying that he had been delayed up north and to come to Canton. They had expected to be in Shanghai, but by the time Val's boat left to Hong Kong, they had been

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pushed out of Shanghai and their headquarters were now in Canton. She boarded a train for the relatively short trip to Canton where she was met, and Barney arrived the next day. They were married in Canton, and General Chennault gave away the bride at the wedding.

J: What was your and your wife's reaction to all of this, her trip out there and the whole thing?

G: It was okay with us, it was her life.

It wasn't long after this that Barney became so ill with dysentery, which is quite prevalent in the Far East, and had to take an extended leave to recuperate. They decided to go to New Zeland for recuperation where they could visit and be with Valerie's grandfather, Dr. Good. This was a logical solution and they visited Dr. Good in Whangarei, which is a port on the northeast seacoast not far from the Bay of Islands which is famous for deep sea fishing and where Zane Grey always maintained a so-called camp.

The operations of the Flying Tigers in China was rapidly coming to a close and Barney piloted the last plane to leave the large island of Hainan with government officials for the mainland. During their stay in New Zealand, Barney made a fairly rapid recovery, which took about six months, and during which time he received a number of letters from his friends and compatriots who had been in the Flying Tigers and now were flying for the Civil Air Transport, briefly known as CAT, out of Cyprus, the island in the Mediterranean. They were primarily engaged in flying Jews emigrating from Europe and Russia to what is now Israel. Israel, you know, was established in 1948. So Barney and Val eventually wound up in Nicosia, Cyprus.

Now to pick up the threads of my longtime association with our dear Cousin Edna. Upon the retirement of her husband, Colonel Edward A. Sturges, they had settled in an apartment in San Francisco, her hometown. Her maiden name was

Montgomery, which is the name of a famous street in the financial district of San Francisco.

J: Was she part of this family?

G: I presume so. During World War II, her brother Tony Montgomery, who had lived so many, many years in Paris and had all his interests and property there, left France apparently ahead of the Germans and came to San Francisco to live with his sister and brother-in-law. I saw them all briefly there in 1942 on my way out to the Pacific. During the war both her brother Tony and her husband had died, so Cousin Edna was alone, except for her sister who also lived in San Francisco and whom she saw occasionally.

Cousin Edna had, of course, renewed acquaintances, and her two principal friends when we looked her up in San Francisco in '48 were Mrs. George Cameron (George Cameron was the owner and publisher of the San Francisco Chronicle) and Mrs. Frances Diehl, who was the widow of the engineer who built, or was very much instrumental in the building of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. Cousin Edna was still living in the apartment that they had had for years, but soon was forced financially to give that up and also because it was a bit boring living alone. Frances Diehl invited her to come and stay with her, which she did. I think Mrs. Diehl must have had some kind of arrangement with the city fathers regarding entertainment for VIPs, and we became included in a number of receptions which she gave for them.

Mrs. G: She was Elizabeth Arden's agent.

G: Oh, she was?

Mrs. G: And Elizabeth told her to put these parties on.

G: Oh. (Chuckles) So at these receptions we met a number of distinguished people, including Indira Gandhi, who is now Prime Minister of India, and Lily Pons.

Mrs. G: She shut her husband upstairs. Frances...she and her husband lived in the

penthouse at the top of the Mark, you know. They had the whole of the top of the Mark when he built the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. And then when she built her a house in the street next to us, she built a big penthouse up there on top. What was Lily Pons' husband name? She shut him up there. She wouldn't let him come down. He had to stay with the dogs. (Laughs)

G: He was a famous band conductor, I'm trying to think of his name. It isn't the one that married Charo, at least I don't think so. We haven't been able to come up with the answer to that one. But everyone knew, of course, who Lily Pons' husband was. His name was Andre Kostelanetz.

We also went with Cousin Edna on at least one occasion to visit the Camerons at their beautiful estate at Burlingame, which is a fashionable suburb south of San Francisco.

In 1950 I thought the time had arrived for me to retire from active duty, aided in my decision by some misunderstanding, or perhaps I should say disagreement, with the Commanding General, who was General James Lester. It was then that I pulled out of my footlocker the written results of my physical examination back in Kobe in 1945 or '46. The post surgeon just took one look at that and transferred me to Letterman General Hospital, where I went through the lengthy procedure of physical evaluation. The doctors all thought it unusual that I had lasted as long as I had on active duty with what was reported to be encephalitis, commonly known as Parkinsonism, and I was duly retired for physical disability at the end of May, 1950.

G: Now, I think we were where we had sold our house, I believe, in San Francisco. I might add a few words about the house. We had purchased it for \$29,000 dollars, and after having lived in it for more than a year, we were told that houses in that neighborhood, which was Pacific Heights, were in the family category, I guess you'd call it, because renting rooms or apartments were prohibited under a city ordinance. This started to worry us because the house was so big for us that we had rented out parts of it. The house was an old frame house, three stories, with a basement. And the basement is probably a misnomer. I think I should call it the lower floor, because it was above ground. The ground sloped very steeply at that elevation of the town, and what really was the ground floor started below the street level but ran out over the backyard, and it had been finished as two apartments. The apartment in the front, right back of the garage, consisted of a huge room which was actually a combination of a gameroom and bedroom, and a bath. And behind that with the entrance from the backyard was a small apartment consisting of a bed-sitting room, kitchenette and bath. We had rented that small apartment to a nurse and a little bit later on we had rented out the larger apartment to two FBI agents. One evening, shortly after we had rented this to the FBI agents, we invited them upstairs to have a cocktail with us, and during that they said, "You can rest assured that we thoroughly investigated you before we were allowed to rent in your house." (Laughter)

On this first floor, off of the entrance, was an enormous living room-- I say enormous because it was at least 30 or 35 feet long--and then was a

large dining room. Both of these rooms had beautiful crystal chandeliers. And then was a small kitchen and a master bedroom and bath. Upstairs there were three rooms: A front bedroom that we rented to a Major friend of ours who also was on duty at Fort Mason; and then was another bedroom, which was occupied by our son, Hardie; then a half bath; and then a very large room at the rear which had a terrific view of all of San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate Bridge. This was used as a bed-sitting room and it had a bath off of it to the side.

On the top floor, which undoubtedly was an attic to start with, this floor had been finished into a very attractive apartment, consisting of a bedroom, a kitchenette, and bath, with a small den at the rear, again overlooking San Francisco Harbor and the Golden Gate Bridge. This whole apartment we rented to Jimmy Hoover, the son of [the head of] the Hoover Vacuum Cleaning Company.

I spent several months trying to find a job in San Francisco with no luck. So we finally decided, in view of the danger in which we were because of the city ordinance that we apparently were violating, we decided to sell the house and take a trip back to New Zealand to visit Gwen's father. So we sold the house actually for \$28,000 dollars. We were, however, not out of pocket since we had it rented most of the time. We shudder at the thought now because Hardie, on trips back to San Francisco several years

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ago, found out that it had been sold for at least \$125,000 dollars on the last sale, which was about 10 years ago.

In looking for a job, I went to several of the largest contracting firms, such as Bechtel and others of similar stature. Bechtel has been in the news lately because both our Secretary of State and our Secretary of Defense, Shultz and Weinberger, were formerly officers in this giant firm. In all of these instances, I was first asked if I were an engineer. And when I had to admit that I wasn't, they said, "Well, that's too bad. If you were an engineer we'd hire you today." It seemed that my experience in the Army had no counterpart in civil life, and therefore I seemed to be unfit for any occupation, unless it were one that I assumed by myself as a self-employed person, such as a salesman.

One afternoon at a cocktail party amongst civilians, one of the guests was a vice president of the Bank of America. When he heard that I was looking for a job, he said, "Would you be interested in being secretary to Mr. Giannini?" I knew who Mr. Giannini was, and so did everybody else--the illustrious President of Bank of America. I said it sounded interesting, what would the salary be. He said, "\$200 dollars a month." I refrained from laughing, but I remarked that that wouldn't even cover the mortgage on my house. I thought that was the most ridiculous thing. (Chuckles) You could hardly rent a room in town for that, much less...

J: Oh, my. Even in those years, that was slave wage. That's awful. How did you feel going to all these places and being turned down?

G: Well, it was discouraging, to say the least. It didn't take long to find out that apparently I had no qualifications for a job with any of the firms that I visited. More or less in preparation for a life after retirement, I had taken several courses, short courses, with the University of California. I took a course in Article Writing and a course in Small Business, and another course in Real Estate.

Since Fort Mason was the terminus of our Army transport service, it was easy enough to obtain transportation on a space available basis to go at least as far as Manila in the Philippines, so I made arrangements for our trip. And in March we started out, taking with us baggage that consisted of our winter clothes and summer clothes, since we would be in both climates before our return. We planned to go to Manila and then to Australia and New Zealand, returning by way of Honolulu, and figured the trip would take us about three months. When we got to Honolulu, I looked up several friends and we left our summer clothes with one of them so that they would be there when we checked in on our return trip. Our trip was relatively uneventful. Gwen played bridge nearly every afternoon and I read most of the time. A sea voyage is always a wonderful time of relaxation.

Upon arrival in Manila, our baggage was off-loaded, of course, and we stayed at the Manila Hotel, which had been restored sufficiently after the war so that they were accommodating guests. I looked up the friends that I had known in the Summer of 1945 when Manila had been liberated. George Evans was there, but with his wife in the States, as I remember. We had a very pleasant afternoon at the Country Club with him one afternoon. And each evening we spent with Shorty Hall, Mr. A. C. Hall, who also was there. He had been one of the leading stockbrokers in Manila for many years. He took us each of our two or three evenings to see the Jai Alai games, also called

Pelota in Spain. This is a fascinating rapid fire game, very similar to what we have now known as racquetball. At the club where this was held, the dining room and bar were high above the court so that when you had a ringside table, so to speak, you looked straight down at the players below. And bets were taken on the games just as in horse races. Gwen was fascinated with this game, and so was I for that matter. I don't think we have any Jai Alai in the States, I haven't heard of any. But they, of course, do have it in Mexico City. I understand that it originated with the Basques in Spain.

We had made arrangements to transfer to a freighter that carried passengers for the trip from Manila to Sydney, Australia, but three days out of Manila we had received a radiogram stating that the ship itinerary had been changed and that it was leaving one day before our arrival in Manila. So that arrangement for the rest of our trip went out the window. We discovered that there was no other ship going in any reasonable time so we were forced to make reservations on the airline, Qantas Airline, for the trip from Manila to Sydney. Qantas is an Australian company that operates planes throughout the Far East. We found everything in Manila quite expensive at this time.

Our trip to Sydney was more or less uneventful. We stopped only at two places en route for refueling. The second one was in Darwin. Darwin is a fairly large town at almost the extreme northern part of Australia, where it is fairly near the Equator. So it is very tropical and very, very hot. We arrived there in the early evening, about 6:30 or 7:00 p.m., in time for supper at the airport.

In Sydney, we were met by the Charlie Forrest, whom Gwen had known for some time. He took us to Marton Hall, which I think you would call an apartment hotel. They had what I think were called efficiency apartments.

One large room was a combination of a sitting room and bedroom. And we were astonished to find the refrigerator completely stocked with bread and butter and eggs, beer, whiskey--everything one would want to start light house-keeping. We planned to stay in Sydney to see Charlie Forrest and Queen, who was Charlie Forrest's great friend and also a friend of Gwen. We had planned to stay there for three days and then get a steamer from there over to Auckland, New Zealand, but our plans again were upset because of a strike of longshoreman. No ships were sailed. This went on and on for a whole month and a half, which was extremely disconcerting in one way, but on the other hand we were enjoying ourselves thoroughly. Our lives revolved around Charlie and Queen. We met them for lunch every day at Prince's Restaurant, and then we again met for dinner. And Charlie took us to all of the principal restaurants in Sydney by the time our visit had ended.

It became getting more embarrassing as days went by, and finally, since there was no indication of when the strike was going to end, we made arrangements to fly to Auckland. We had hesitated so long because one of the complications was that we had in our baggage a steamer trunk full of all of the articles that Gwen had purchased as gifts for members of her family and all of her friends. We had a whole trunk full of this, which, as everybody knows, would be expensive to take by air. But we were finally forced to do it. And, of course, the longshoreman strike ended two days after we left.

Charlie Forrest had a beach house at Colloroy, almost an hour's ride out of Sydney. There was a swimming pool connected with the beach in that a wall had been built out into the water, which would

keep the sharks out, but the water in it was still from the ocean. This was usual in all of the coastal areas of that part of Australia on account of the great shark menace. And there was always a lifeguard who acted as a lookout and perched up on a high platform where he could observe the waters quite far out from the water's edge and give warning whenever sharks were observed.

We, of course, visited all of the points of interest in and around Sydney, such as the famous Bondi Beach, which would correspond more or less with our Coney Island in New York. The harbor trip, which all visitors should always take, is one of the most beautiful trips I've ever had. In Sydney many of the houses are built right down to the water's edge and present a beautiful sight with all the flowers and trees. Also, of course, is the ever present sight from the Governor General's palace, with its very attractive garden and yards leading down to the water's edge.

Sydney is near one of their principal wine growing districts, between Sydney and Melbourne, where they produce very fine wines which compare most favorably with those of Europe in France, Germany and Italy. They also produce a great variety and quantity of orchids, which vie with those in Hawaii.

/Shows postcards from Australia./

J: Now, is this from about the time you were there?

G: Yes. This is shortly after that. This is a Christmas card from Queen and Charles. I think that's a beautiful picture.

J: Now, it looks strange to us to see that this is a Christmas greeting with no trees, no snow, or anything like that. Of course, Christmas there is in the middle of summer, if I'm not mistaken.

G: Oh, sure. Yes, it's in the middle of summer.

J: Which is something that we really don't think about, you know, that they are on the southern half of the world so they're opposite us.

G: And you see how many of the people there have their long piers down off their backyard into the harbor for the boats that they own, the well-to-do people there. It's built up much more than that; the houses much closer together, and lots of them now, since that was taken. And so you can take a sight-seeing trip on a launch that goes all through the harbor and you take a whole day.

J: It's beautiful.

G: Someday I'll get this framed.

We had a great time seeing all of the friends in Auckland, and then we went up to Whangarei to visit Dr. Good and Gwen's brother, whose real name was Edgar, but was always called Boy in the family. The father always called Gwen, Girl.

J: How long did you wind up staying in New Zealand?

G: Five months I think. I might mention what happened upon our arrival by plane from Sydney. You of course have to go through Customs, and while we were waiting for that--a bit fearsome considering all the baggage that we had--it was announced on the loud speaker, "Would Mrs. Glasgow please come to the Customs room." So in we went, and there were a couple of old acquaintances there. The man who appeared to be the head of the Customs there set this case on the table. "Will you please open that, Mrs. Glasgow." She said, "Well, it doesn't belong to me." And he said, "That doesn't matter, I want you to open it anyway." And when she took the lid off, inside was a bottle of scotch and half a dozen glasses. So this was her greeting upon arrival, and consisted of all

the formality we had to go through. So we all had some drinks.

J: I know a lot of people who do have trouble going through Customs would like to go through that little ceremony every time they go into another country, instead of having to go through to what they do go through.

G: I might mention what happened to several family members in the intervening years. My sister Harriet died of tuberculosis in 1938, leaving her three young children for my mother and father, their grandparents, to bring up, with the help of my sister Octavia. Her husband, who had stayed in China until the Communists took over, came to El Paso by way of Yokohama, where he visited us for several days. During the war he had been at Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters up in the mountains as a member of the OSS. He died in El Paso after an operation for appendicitis at Hotel Dieu. He was convalescing, and having been an inveterate smoker, he resumed smoking too early. And when he started coughing it ruptured the stitches, and that caused peritonitis, which became fatal.

The doctors knew that when they operated on me for cancer. The first thing they did with me was a tracheotomy, which saved my life. You can see the scars right there. I had a tube down so that I wouldn't choke to death.

I think that I already mentioned that Cousin Edna's husband and her brother Tony both died during the war.

J: Right.

G: And Gwen's mother, Louise Good, also died during the war, about a year after I had met her.

In the meantime Valerie and Barney had been living in the Island of Cyprus, an island in the Eastern Mediterranean more or less halfway

between Beirut and the Turkish coast. We received a long letter from her strenuously suggesting that we come home by way of Cyprus, explaining how it really wouldn't cost us any much more taking a long way home. Having consulted the steamship lines and schedules, we finally decided on that course. So our plans for staying in Honolulu went overboard.

[PAUSE]

G: So we flew back to Sydney, where we spent just two or three days before boarding a fine steamship, the Strath Eden. This was to take us to Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth, in Australia; then through the Indian Ocean to Colombo in Ceylon; then Bombay, India; the Gulf of Aden; then through the Suez Canal to Port Said, where we were disembarked to Cairo, which is not far away.

Very shortly after, we were on board and getting settled in our stateroom, when the steward arrived at our cabin and said that we were to sit at the captain's table. We remonstrated and said that we didn't want to, we wanted to have a small private table for two over in a corner somewhere. He insisted that this would be an insult to the captain, and after much arguing we were persuaded to try it at least till the next port of call. So we were stuck at the captain's table for the rest of the trip, which turned out to be somewhat amusing in the long run. The other passengers who were at the table included an Australian rancher who had a very large ranch, sheep ranch; and the American Naval Attaché and his wife, who were on their way home. Later at Colombo in Ceylon, which is now called Sri Lanka, two others joined our table, the famous English artist, Edgerton Cooper, and his wife. He had been commissioned to paint portraits of all the members of the royal family of Ceylon and had just finished that assignment and was on his

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way back to England. He prevailed upon me to sit for an hour on several days during the trip while he painted a portrait of me. It's a very informal presentation with me dressed only in an open sport shirt. And in spite of the reputation of the artist, Gwen has never liked the picture, so it's never been in evidence.

J: I wondered where it was.

G: I don't even know where it is. (Chuckles)

Getting back to Melbourne, which used to be the capital of Australia, was somewhat like getting to Athens from Piraeus, because Melbourne is quite a bit inland from the coast, and you take a streetcar or commuter to get there. We had a whole day for sight-seeing in Melbourne, and then the ship went on to Adelaide. At Adelaide we also went ashore and did a bit of sight-seeing, which principally included the zoo, which was fascinating because it had an albino camel and many koala bears. It was late in the afternoon, almost dusk, and it was drizzling, but even so I managed to get a few snapshots of Gwen holding two koala bears in her arms, in spite of the attempts by the camel who continuously tried to block my view. He stuck his head in front of the camera every time I tried to take a picture. Fascinating things.

From Adelaide we went on to Perth, which is almost at the extreme western end of Australia, and then on up through the Indian Ocean to Colombo, where we spent another day ashore, sight-seeing. They have an awfully fine zoo there. My most vivid recollection are the hundreds of exotic birds in their aviary, and the peacocks strolling around on the outside. The jewelry stores there are also a great attraction because it's more or less the home of sapphires and to a lesser extent of rubies and other fine stones. Since we had left all of our summer clothes in Honolulu, we were without them entirely, and the heat on this

trip, especially through the Indian Ocean and from then on through the Suez Canal, was terrific. So we both took the opportunity ashore in Colombo to either purchase or have made and purchase a white dinner jacket for me and a print dress for Gwen. I had already purchased one dinner jacket on board ship, but one wasn't enough. So I finally went on and got three of them for the end of the trip. But Gwen had only one evening gown, and she warned the captain that if he insisted on our sitting at his table, he had to put up with seeing the same gown on her every evening.

We were able to tolerate the heat fairly well because there was a good swimming pool on board and the bar was right next to it, where there was a covered sort of patio affair with tables and chairs where we could order drinks in between dips in the pool.

J: It might have helped take your mind off the heat a little bit.

G: On both of these ocean voyages I had time to do more reading than I had done in years. And one or two of the novels that I read, in addition to books that I had read during my school days, always mentioned the Shepherds Hotel whenever the characters were in Cairo, Egypt. So when we got off the ship at Port Said and took the train to Cairo, we checked in at Sheperds Hotel, which was every bit as fine a place as had been described in the books. There was a huge lobby beautifully carpeted by what must have been a custom-made Persian rug--the whole length of the room. All the rest of the décor in the hotel was in keeping. The rooms were very large with high ceilings, which, of course, gave you at least the feeling of being cooler than you might have been. In addition to the dining rooms in the hotel, there were also verandas just above street level where one could dine outdoors just off the street.

We had a guide for the length of our stay there. He was a sheikh, which in effect meant that he was head of a village or small tribe on the outskirts of town, and spoke excellent English, of course. Among the sights that we saw were the museum, the banks of the Nile, one or two of the great temples, or ruins of them. And one afternoon we were joined by an Englishman who was alone in the hotel when we went to the edge of town and ordered our camels for a trip to the Pyramids and the Sphinx. The trip each way by camelback took about half an hour and was quite an experience for an old cavalryman.

J: I was just going to ask you about that. Having been used to riding cavalry horses all your life, how did the camels compare, if they do at all? (Laughs)

G: Well, in spite of what anyone might have heard, I found the ride quite comfortable, although the sensation was entirely different from being on a horse. A camel's gait has more of a swaying motion, but the saddles or what serves as such, were quite flat and comfortable. We not only had our guide, the sheikh, but we also had a camel attendant who saw to it that the camel knelt properly on command for the dismount and mount.

At the Pyramids, I was surprised to see the great size of the individual stones which went into its construction. There was a small boy there, who must have been in his early teens, who was insisting on being paid to run up to the top of the Pyramid. He asked for a very small amount--I think it was only one or two dollars--but I consistently refused to pay him to take such a trip because I thought it was terribly dangerous to his health. It would have even been very difficult for me to climb one stone, much less run up to the top of the Pyramids. At

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the Sphinx, we were surprised to find that the Sphinx sits up on top of what must have been an extensive temple, which has been unearthed. They have excavated the sand from the interior of most of it so that you can now visit it, and there are many rooms now opened up to the sky, whereas they had been buried in the sand for centuries.

It is astonishing to note when you visit the Pyramids that there is no stone in the vicinity, and it certainly must have been a Herculean job to cut and haul the stone from the quarries on the other side of the Nile, and get them across the river and then up the slope to where they are. It must have been terrible slave labor and taken years and years and thousands and thousands of people.

Port Said is there, Cairo is over to the west of there, and then you take a train and go north to the coast where Alexandria is. Alexandria is the port for Cairo on the Mediterranean, and it, of course, is an old city, an old port, and has one of the finest museums in Egypt. We spent a day visiting Alexandria.

At the end of our stay, we took a plane to the Island of Cyprus, which is about an hour's trip away. There Valerie met us and took us to her house on the outskirts of Nicosia, which is the capital of the island. Cyprus is a fascinating place, very historical, and anyone who has spent any length of time there could write a book about it, but I'll attempt to just hit the high spots. We wound up staying there for six weeks.

Nicosia, the capital, is an old, walled city that had a moat around it, but the moat now is mostly filled in with sand and vegetation so that it is just an oval depression. The streets in the town are cobblestone and very narrow. I don't think it's possible for the small foreign cars

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to pass each other in the street, and there were relatively few cars there. They all are of the small, compact variety, mostly British, German and Italian, such as the Volkswagen and Fiat, and the many British cars. There seemed to be taxicabs there, which also are the small cars, and the system there is to have an open account with the taxicab company. So you take them frequently and charge the trip and get a monthly bill.

The principal mode of transportation, though, for ordinary purposes is a bicycle. Everybody seems to have a bicycle, so one of the first things we did there was go to a bicycle shop and rent bicycles for the whole length of our stay. Gwen and Val still laugh at the thought of my first ride on a bicycle when I departed from the house to go to Nicosia on my own. I hadn't ridden a bicycle for 40 or 50 years, but like swimming it is something you don't forget. So all of our daily excursions in and around town were always by bicycle. We took taxicabs always when we went out in the evening for dinner or when we went sight-seeing to the various castles and other towns on the island.

J: Is there a mixture of Greek and Turkish spoken, or is it mostly Greek?

G: The island has been in violent dispute off and on for centuries between the Greeks and the Turks, and at the time we were there it was administered by both British and Turkish officials. The native population consists of both Turks and Greeks, and of course there are also many foreigners including British and Americans. The Voice of America has one of the principal radio stations there and we met several of the officials that worked in that project. Valerie and Barney had made quite a number of friends, not only amongst his fellow pilots, but also the American and British civilians who lived there. Barney was always away each week,

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coming home only for the weekends. His base of operation was principally Tel Aviv in Israel.

We took many day-long trips to the various points of interest, such as St. Hilarion Castle and Famagusta, the town where Othello's Castle is. It's a very rugged castle built of stone. At one place along the shoreline are the remains of the Temple of Venus, called Aphrodite in Greek. Legend had it that Venus rose from the sea at that point.

In spite of the fact that Cyprus is a relatively small island, it still has quite a few mountains, and one of them, Troodos, covered with pine trees, contains at least one of the summer resorts of King Farouk of Egypt, who was king at that time that we were there. We had only been in Cyprus for two or three days when the news arrived that the Shepherds Hotel in Cairo had been burned to the ground as a result of a riot. What a terrible loss, after Shepherds Hotel had been such a landmark for probably a hundred years.

One of the crops which is an export of Cyprus, and practically all the islands in the Mediterranean, is olives. And in taking trips around the island, we frequently drove through many olive groves. Most of the trees are very old, some of them as old as a hundred years.

The principal hotel in Nicosia, and probably the only first class hotel, is the Ledra Palace, which we found an excellent place to dine in the evening, the dancing principally taking place on a tile veranda. There are also, of course, several interesting restaurants, and it was very early in our stay that we discovered an excellent wine which is the product of the island. The one that became our favorite is called Aphrodite. That was only one of the several wines that they produce

there, and strange as that may seem, it only cost 50 cents a bottle, so it was on the table every night for dinner. I found that it compared very favorably with my favorite Bordeaux white wine.

Going back to the olive trees, we had a picnic lunch in one olive grove where one of the old trees had nine-tenths of the trunk deteriorated and gone, so it was a hollow core, a semi-circle, and I stood inside of it while Gwen took a snapshot of us. I never could understand how the tree was still alive and bearing fruit.

One of our sight-seeing days was spent climbing up to the top of the St. Hilarion Castle, which is up on top of a more or less conically-shaped hill, and it was one of the last strongholds of Richard Coeur de Lyon in 1191 A.D. during the Crusades. It's a large castle made of stone and has a large central courtyard which is dish-shaped, with a hole in the center where the rain water poured through into a cistern below, and that furnished the water for all the people and animals in the castle.

Time was approaching for our departure, and I had written to our bank in San Francisco for checks, and none had arrived. So we finally had to depart without them.

J: Did you come directly back to the United States after that?

G: More or less like that--all through Europe. (Chuckles)

J: Oh, I see.

G: I of course had my ordinary small checkbook and there was no trouble cashing checks in Nicosia where Val and Barney were so well known. And we found it equally easy to cash checks anywhere else that we went because people in all of those foreign countries were eager to obtain dollars or dollar credits. One friend even gave me the name of a bartender in a hotel on the French Riviera who would be glad to cash my checks.

G: Did you ever know the Newmans, the Charlie Newmans? They built a house way, way up in the foothills, far away out of town. It's on the corner of Altura and Alabama.

J: And at that time it was way out.

G: Yeah, there was nothing there, nothing at all. And that park right in front of them and R. E. McKee's house across the park. They were great family friends.

J: Now, there's a Newman that works at the University. Is he related to that family?

G: No, I don't think so. I've never heard of him because the Newmans lived next door to Grandfather, right on the corner of Magoffin and Octavia. Mother's often mentioned him as Zeke. His name was Ezekiel Newman, the original one, the father of Charlie Newman. And Charlie Newman had one son, Charles, and it was his second wife that lived the longest, because the first one died long, long ago. And then the second one, she's dead too, and Charles. And she, Anne, was a widow when they converted the Turner house into a museum. And she was a curator there for many, many years and lived there upstairs. She had an apartment as curator in the museum, and lived up on the second floor. We've been there many times for a little supper party on a Sunday night.

J: Was Octavia Street named for your sister?

G: My grandmother, for whom my sister is named.

J: I see.

G: Grandfather, who was Joseph Magoffin, I'm named after him. And his wife was Octavia MacGreal, and my sister's named for her.

J: Well, I often wondered how that happened.

G: So I being the eldest, I was named for my grandfather, and my sister Octavia

for Grandmother Magoffin. Then the next one was Harriet, she was named for my Grandmother Glasgow. And the next one was Ned, Edward James. He was named for Grandfather Glasgow. And then finally the youngest, Bill Jr., was named for my father. So if there had been a sixth, it would have been named after Mother. But we didn't get that far. (Chuckles)

J: Well, let's see. I guess yesterday we stopped just about the time you were telling me that you hadn't gotten your checks and you had to leave Cyprus, and a friend had given you the name of a bartender on the Riviera who would cash your checks for you. And I thought that was very appropriate; you always need the name of at least one bartender on the Riviera.

G: Yeah. We did see him, too. (Laughter)

At the Hotel Negresco, one of the principal hotels in Nice, we went in there and ordered a drink. And I asked for this bartender by name and he came over--nice tall fella. And I said, "I was given your name, that you'd be interested in buying a check from me. We're running very low in cash and I'd like to cash a check." And he said, "Certainly, anything you want." And I said, "Well, could we change \$400 dollars in francs?" And he said, "Certainly. Is that all you want?" And I said, "Yes."

So I wrote out the check and handed it to him, and he said, "I'll be right back with the money." And when he brought the money, I said, "Don't you want to see my passport or anything?" And he said, "No, it's not necessary."

J: My goodness. Well, you certainly had the right person that time.

G: That was an indication of how delighted anybody in Europe was to get either cash or checks on American banks, foreign currency. And our bank was an unknown bank. Why, we happened to have our account with the Anglo

California Bank. I never heard of it before, but it was the one nearest to Fort Mason and to where we lived. (Chuckles) That was the only reason we opened the account with that bank that we'd never heard of either.

J: How long did you stay in Nice?

G: Oh, just a couple of days. One day probably.

Before leaving Cyprus I should mention an incident that happened at Valerie's house very shortly after our arrival. Val had bought four steaks at the meat market that we were to have for dinner that night, and she had a black and white cat that was a sketch. She had the steaks laid out on the counter ready to put in the oven or over the grill while we were in the living room having a cocktail before dinner. And there were just four of us so there were four steaks there. And (giggles) while we were having the drinks in the living room, the cat appeared dragging a steak clear across the room. (Laughter) So Val and Gwen jumped up and retrieved the steak and took it out to the kitchen. (Laughter)

J: I guess he figured one of those must have been for him. "I'll just take it on outside!"

G: The steak was duly processed after his trip across the kitchen and the living room. (Laughter)

While we boarded what I call a tramp steamer, a Greek ship that carried both passengers and cargo, I remember so well looking down at the forward deck which was ladden with kegs of olives, the usual export from it appears all the islands in the Mediterranean. We went directly across to Beirut. We arrived in the morning and spent the day while the ship was unloading and taking other cargo. It gave us an opportunity to sight-see in Beirut. The principal place that we visited was the American University, which is well known throughout the Mediterranean area. It had a complex

of very modern buildings and looked very much like the campus of any or most American universities in our own country.

I replenished our supply of Kodak film and inquired about a side trip to Damascus, which is just over the mountains, a relatively short distance. The plane trip is a little less than an hour, and the price quoted was \$40 dollars for the trip. I felt that was too much money and especially in those days for such a short trip, so we didn't make it.

From Beirut we headed northwest to Piraeus, which is the port for Athens. We had a whole day to visit Athens, so we boarded a streetcar which takes you from Piraeus to Athens, and spent nearly the entire day at the Acropolis, which is on the hill overlooking Athens and where most of the famous Greek temples are, or what remains of them. The ruin that has the most still intact, especially the pillars, is the Parthenon, which is familiar to even most children in this country because even the dictionaries have a small picture of it. The hill is strewn with rocks as well as the remains of the temples, and Gwen had on a pair of high heel shoes, which is not recommended.

From Piraeus the ship headed west through the Corinthian Canal, which cuts off at least a hundred miles on the trip to Italy. The Corinthian Canal is remarkable in that it is sliced out of high ground so that both sides of the canal rise much higher than the superstructure of ships; so it is almost like going through a tunnel and you feel that you could reach out your arm and touch the earth on either side.

Our final destination was Genoa. I've forgotten whether we touched at Naples first or not. When we docked at Genoa, we were among all the rest of the passengers out on deck when taxicab drivers and other tourist agents boarded the ship, and we were asked if we didn't want to go visit

the cemetery. We thought that was very odd and said, "No, of course not," until finally it was explained to us that that was one of the great sights to see in Genoa. We finally decided to go on that trip and it's very fortunate we did, because it is one of the greatest memories of our visits in Europe. The cemetery, of course, is very old and has hundreds of remarkable sculptures. The one that intrigued us and astonished us the most was a slab of marble that must have been seven feet long by about three feet wide, and on top was a depiction of the man that was buried beneath it in his embroidered robes, so that most of the top was sculptured lace, very fine work, and then there were several figures on either side representing angels. It was an extraordinary piece of sculpture. And that's only one of the many, many extraordinary works of art.

Before leaving Cyprus, we were told to be sure to book our sight-seeing trips with CIT, Compagnia Italiana di Turismo, and we found that to be a wonderful recommendation. We thereupon booked our trip through Italy with CIT, and we would certainly highly recommend that to anyone touring Italy. The service is very efficient and the tour guides that you have in the principal cities, especially Rome, are college professors who therefore are experts or authorities on the art and other aspects of the historical sites that you visit.

Our first stop by bus was Assisi, where we visited the cathedral where St. Francis of Assisi is buried in the crypt. From Assisi we went to Pisa, where the main attraction, of course, is the leaning tower and the basilica next to it. The leaning tower, of course, is the campanile or bell tower for the cathedral and what is called the baptistry, a chapel nearby. The complex is very beautiful, and the leaning tower is even more than what you might expect because of the carvings and the colors. And it just so happened

that most of the time that we were there, there was a light rain, and I managed to get some beautiful snapshots of the leaning tower with the rainbow behind it.

From Pisa it was on to Rome where we stayed in a comparatively inexpensive hotel called the Nord Roma--in other words, the north hotel--which is across the wide piazza at the railroad station. We found this comparatively small hotel excellent in its accommodation and also because it was near enough to the heart of Rome to be in walking distance of a number of the beautiful fountains and streets. That's one of the great attractions to Rome for us especially coming from Texas, to see so many beautiful fountains.

Rome is where you're especially impressed with the knowledge of your guides. It taught me a lesson which I try to pass on to anybody else visiting Italy, because this was the third or fourth time that I had visited Rome. And I remember so well my first visit with my brothers and sisters when we went everywhere on our own with a Baedeker in hand. Baedeker is the name of the publisher of guidebooks for all of Europe. They are very detailed, such as listing every place of interest and the main works of art that you are to see in museums, art galleries, etc.

That first visit to Rome was a very lengthy, painstaking job. This visit, under the auspices of CIT, was so remarkably different and fast, occupying about one-third of the time to see the same number of interesting places. The things that stand out in interest naturally are the Vatican, with St. Peter's Cathedral and the Sistine Chapel. [We also visited] a famous museum that's in the middle of a sort of park. It must be a park because there are trees and grounds all around--a beautiful museum. And for the minute I've forgotten whether it's called the Medici Museum or

Palace. But anyway, it was full of artwork, and we were more enthralled with the wonderful sculptures made by Bernini. And we soon learned that Bernini rivals Michelangelo, and in our opinion his works at least equal those of Michelangelo. This is a case where the pupil catches up to and in some ways even surpasses his master, Bernini having been a pupil of Michelangelo.

At the Hotel Nord, we learned two things: first, the Italian word for ice, which is guiaco; and the other is to use a wedge of lime with your steak. Squeeze a little lime juice on the steak, and it gives it quite a nice flavor and seems to tenderize it at the same time.

J: Was that a specialty of the house, or was that just a common way of eating steak in Italy?

G: I suppose it was widespread, but it was the first time I ever encountered it. And I've tried it several times since and it works.

From Rome on to Naples, where having to watch our pennies by necessity, we again stayed in a small hotel, and the bellboy that took us up in the elevator to our room seemed to be only about 10 or 11 years old. As usual, we asked him to bring us some ice, and I got the thought over to him by using my new learned word guiaco. After about 15 minutes, by which time we had fixed a highball and just used tap water, which was quite warm, he appeared with the ice, which consisted of a block, a 25 lb. block of ice, on a large tray. (Laughter) I guess at his age his surprise of being asked for ice was probably as great as our surprise at the quantity that he brought us.

I don't remember seeing any American naval personnel on the streets of Naples at that time. Of course now I believe it is the principal

American naval base in the Mediterranean, and I have only just heard an hour or so ago on the radio that the American Marines are boarding the ships at this minute preparing to return to Beirut where the massacre took place a couple of days ago.

The principal sights in the Naples area, of course, in addition to the museum and art gallery, are the remarkable ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which we duly visited and were much impressed with the beauty of the architecture and other features of some of the fine houses in Pompeii, and the fact that running water conveyed by pipes was even in use at that far off date. Other memorable places nearby were Sorrento, with the beautiful but terribly winding roads of the Amalfi Drive above the ocean, and then the Blue Grotto on the Island of Capri. This is where you go into the Blue Grotto in rowboats and have to wait at the entrance to the Grotto until the wave has receded so that you have enough room to get into it. The rowboats at the entrance to this, which is a cave actually, [are] bobbing out there waiting for the wave to go back so the oarman can push the boat in quickly before the wave comes up and brings the water up.

Then on to Venice, where we had arrived just at the end of one of their periodic floods. This was 1951 still, and they had recently had a very high tide which flooded St. Marc's Square, and you had to cross the square on planks which were supported by blocks of wood at intervals to keep them a little bit above water. The water had even gone into St. Marc's Cathedral to a certain extent. The problem of water and pollution and smog has been a problem for Venice for many, many years, and it gets worse every year. The statues have begun to crumble because of these conditions--primarily water and air pollution. This was my fourth or fifth visit to Venice, which is always fascinating. Such wonderful examples of architecture, like the

Campanile, the Doge's Palace, St. Marc's Cathedral, to mention the few that surround St. Marc's Square. Then there, of course, are the Grand Canal and all the other smaller canals, which are a delight to visit by way of gondola.

We made several trips to nearby islands that require a half to a day's trip by launch. The two that I remember especially are one island that is famous for its lacework, another island famous for its glassworks, especially the glassblowing of small and artistic figurines. And then on the way back we passed by another hilly island which contains a cemetery--apparently the only place sufficiently above ground to provide a burial place. I took some beautiful slides of these places in color and I don't know whether they still are as fine as they were. Haven't looked at them for 15 years. Several of the pictures that I took were of Gwen, not only surrounded, but almost covered, by pigeons. Pigeons were on her shoulders and on her head, all fighting for some of the corn she had in her hand. There always are thousands of pigeons in St. Marc's Square.

I missed Milan on this trip. In fact, I had only visited it once, and I looked forward at that time so much to see an opera in the famous opera house of La Scala. It would happen, of course, that the opera that I saw was one of Pucini's, but it was "The Girl of the Golden West," of all the operas for a Texan to see in Italy! But I did hear and watch the famous Italian orchestra conductor Arturo Toscanini, who was conducting for this opera that I saw.

[PAUSE]

J: You might want to mention Florence also.

G: Oh, yes. I skipped Florence for some reason or other. We went there before going to Venice. And Florence, of course, has such famous places such as a museum and another fine old cathedral. And in connection with the

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cathedral, the priests or monks there operate a workshop primarily for underprivileged children and adolescents, where they are taught leatherwork, especially the tooling of the leather. And we bought several inexpensive things such as leather eyeglass cases and bookmarks, and inquired whether they could cash any checks for us, and they readily did.

Then from Lake Como, which, of course, is one of the beautiful little Italian lakes on the north, we went to Berne, the capital of Switzerland, where at the embassy I ran into a consul whom I had known in Paris. He was very glad to see an old compatriot from Paris and readily cashed some more checks for us in principally German marks and French francs. It was Sunday in Switzerland the next day, so about the most that we did was window-shop.

Mrs. G: You were bloody lucky it was a Sunday. There was the most gorgeous watch. Oh, it was beautiful!

G: Sunday saved us some money.

Mrs. G: It was a great big bumblebee and the body was a great big opal, and the wings had rubies. And you flicked it open. It was on a pin. Weren't you bloody lucky it was a Sunday! (Laughter)

G: Then to Zurich and Heidelberg. My sister-in-law Carlina, after being the widow of my brother Bill for a couple of years, married Paul McElroy, a civilian, and he was at this time stationed with the American Army in Heidelberg. So we visited them for several days. (Both are now deceased.) Naturally we visited the principal sights there.

J: It had been many, many years since you had been in Germany, am I right?

G: Yes, and we didn't have the time to revisit what I especially would've liked to have visited, which would be Coblenz, of course. And I understood that it had been very severely damaged during the war. So Paris was the next stop, where we spent several days, while I showed Gwen the sights.

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J: You must put in that story she told me earlier.

G: She could tell that much better than I, because I wasn't with her. She went out early that morning to change some money.

Mrs. G: Did you tell her about the Cyprus meat market?

G: Well, come on in here. You tell that story. I didn't touch on that.

Mrs. G: The streets are so narrow, the taxis are Volkswagens.

G: This is Nicosia, in Cyprus.

Mrs. G: Nicosia. And the meat market, well, it's practically open. It's got chicken netting. And the sausages, you could pull one through the holes. We were walking through the meat market there, and there was, oh, such a beautiful dog and it was so pregnant. It looked like it was to have puppies any minute. And I'm looking at this dog and Valerie said, "Mother, don't you dare feed that dog. Don't you dare feed the dog!" I went off and bought it some meat. And you know, by the time we got home every bloody dog in Cyprus was outside! (Laughter) And that cat of Valerie's!

G: She wants you to tell that story of your experience changing money in Paris.

Mrs. G: Oh, you can remember that.

G: I wasn't there. (Chuckles)

Mrs. G: Oh. Well, you sent me off to get money. You weren't even out of bed.

G: I didn't send you off, you went on your own.

Mrs. G: Well, I had to get some money, we had to pay our train fare. And this man caught up with me in the street and said he'd give me 20 to one and meet me outside the American Express Office the next morning, and he never turned up. And I had men all around offering me 10, 20, you know. So I picked one man, and he said, "I'll take you in a taxi and take you to my boss, and then he'll drive you back to the hotel." And it was a filthy little dive in Montmartre. Oh, cutthroats all over the place!

And I took out my checkbook to write the money for him, and he came in and plunked a wad of money on the table. And I counted, and it was only five to one instead of the 20 that they had promised me. So I closed my checkbook and I said, "Nothing doing," absolutely shaking with fear. Then he came back and brought me the right amount and I counted it before I left. And when I got out the taxi man had been hiding 'round the corner waiting for me. When I got out there was no taxi there. He came up and he said, "My word, you're a brave little woman going into a place like that. What did you get?" And I said, "I got what I asked for." And he said, "Good for you." Then he drove me back to the hotel, where I practically collapsed. I was just in a flood of tears. And I laid into Joe for not getting out of bed and going with me! (Laughter) Never again!

And then Joe barely had enough time to get down to the station to buy our tickets, do you remember?

G: No, I don't remember that detail. (Chuckles)

Having lived in Paris for so many years, I, of course, knew which hotels were the inexpensive ones. During the years that I had lived in Paris, so many of my friends and acquaintances had stayed at a small hotel, the Hotel Cambon, so that I had known that it was a small, very inexpensive hotel. So we stayed there. The Hotel Cambon is on the Rue Cambon--same name--and the street is only about one block long and just off the Rue St. Honore, which is one of the main shopping streets facing the Tuilleries Gardens. So it was a convenient location being practically in the heart of Paris and within walking distance of so many interesting places. So it was well worth putting up with the old rickety elevator.

From Paris it was on to London. By this time my cousin Yolanda, who had married the Belgian secretary of the embassy in Paris, was living in

London with her husband, who then was Ambassador to the Court of St. James. I phoned her and we were invited to lunch the next day. So the next day, this was in October 1951, we went to the Belgian Embassy for lunch, where Gwen met Yolanda and her husband, Viscount Obert Alain de Thieusies. She mentioned only briefly their ordeal of leaving Belgrade at the outset of the war, and finally after many vicissitudes and travel, having gotten to New York, where she spent the rest of the duration of the war. Alain had gone to London from New York, and he stayed in London with the Belgian government in exile to the end of the war.

It was many years later that my niece Josita Luckér, who was a Maryknoll sister stationed primarily in Africa for many years, visited Yolanda in Brussels en route for one of her vacations at the end of a five-year period. [It was then that] Yolanda gave her a copy of her brief chronicle of events regarding her trip from Belgrade to Constantinople to Beirut to Cairo, and then by ship eventually to New York. I have a copy. It is a ver interesting chronicle. [Calls Gwen.]

Would you recount for the record the conversation that you had with your uncle's law firm in London? (Chuckles)

Mrs. G: (Laughs) I phoned up and a funny little old man answered the phone in such a strong British accent, and I asked if I could speak to Uncle Harry. "Uncle Harry? I presume you are referring to Henry Lushington Bolton?" I said, "Yes, yes." [He said], "Oh, you must be Lulu's daughter, Dr. Good and Lulu's daughter. Oh, how well I remember she loved crossword puzzles. I used to send them to her." And I said, "Well, what about Uncle Harry?" "Oh, my dear, I'm sorry to tell you that he died within six weeks ago. A very happy release."

Very happy release. Of course, his wife lived out in the country,

they had a big home out in the country, and he had to go to his law firm every day by train. Can you imagine it in those days? And his law offices were in the square opposite Buckingham Palace, you know. Everybody used to come and sit on their window ledges to watch all the parades and everything.

He said, "I'm a senior partner of this firm. I started with your uncle as a small clerk, and I'm now one of the senior partners."

And the weather was so lousy, I forgot to go and see my mother's home even in the St. John's Wood. It was a magnificent home, I've seen pictures of it--all brick and four stories high.

Joe Jr. was stationed 60 miles out of London and he was coming to have dinner with us, and of course all the Air Force boys then drank Scotch, you know. We couldn't buy a decent bottle of Scotch in London! We bought a bottle and we thought we'd sample it and it was so revolting we poured it down the sink! Absolutely revolting!

I can't ever forgive myself for not going to see my mother's home. You know, in the days when she lived there, the children lived up on the top story with their nannies, and the kitchen was on the ground floor. And milk and butter and eggs were delivered three times a day. Well, they didn't have ice boxes. I remember when we first came to New Zealand we had one of those little wooden things that a block of ice went into.

G: So did we.

Mrs. G: Well, I'm going back further than that, honey. I'm going back over a hundred years now. So the man that brought the butter and the milk--I think it was three times a day, it might have been twice a day, in the morning and then again in the evening--they'd buy enough, you know, for breakfast and lunch, and then [dinner].

J: It's hard to believe.

Mrs. G: My grandmother saw her children...I think they came down for meals once a week--probably a Sunday as I think they only saw their father once a week, but they'd maybe see their mother once a day. But they only joined them for meals once a week. And the nanny used to take them out walking every day and she used to take them to the cemetery. She used to meet her boyfriend there.

And I can remember two epitaphs on gravestones there. The epitaph was: "All earthly things do fail to please us; little John has gone to Jesus." And underneath somebody had written: "Cheer up stranger, who can tell? Maybe Johnny's gone to hell." (Laughter) And what was the other one? "Gone to rest is Mary Ann, safe in the arms of Abraham." And somebody had written underneath: "That's all very well for Abraham, but what about poor Mary Ann?" (Laughter) Things like that, you know.

It's really weird when you think of it, in all the years being brought up never knowing an uncle or an aunt or grandmother or grandfather, when [everyone] here is so tightly knit. I hardly remember my mother, she was so remote. I was away at boarding school when I was eight.

G: Old English custom.

Mrs. G: My mother had two sisters. One had married Henry Lushington Bolton, [and] I've forgotten who the other one married. And they both developed a consumption and they were sent to Switzerland. That was supposed to be the place for the cure. It cured one and killed the other. But my mother told us a story of how she went with one sister and her husband. Mother must have been about 18 or something then, and the sister's husband tried to come into Mother's room at night. And when she told her mother that, [she said she had] never heard such a fantastic, disgusting lie in her life. But Mother said it was true.

My Grandmother wrote to my mother and said, "Your sister Chloe sent a picture of her new baby," three or four months old. Mother wrote back to my grandmother and said, "What a beautiful baby. Doesn't look a bit like Chloe or Harry. Whom do you suspect?" (Laughter) My grandmother wrote to her and said she didn't know how she could have borne such an evil-minded daughter and she never spoke to my mother again.

J: The last thing we had talked about was your trip, and we had gotten to the point where you were in England.

G: I think we got to Southampton, or where we were boarding the steamer to come home. I can't remember the name of the steamer, but it was one of the big ships of the Cunard or another British line, which made it an eventful trip from that standpoint because it wasn't very many years after that that the transatlantic planes would be coming into use and thereby reducing the number of passengers on steamships across the Atlantic.

I have always liked all modes of travel, starting with a bicycle, to the horse, automobiles, steamships, and airplanes. The most enjoyable and relaxing of all modes of travel are, number one, the steamship, where there used to be at least five or six days in the fastest transatlantic voyages, up to 10 to 13 days, during which time the passengers have nothing to do but relax and rest, or enjoy themselves reading, writing, and playing cards. And also on the larger ships there usually is a swimming pool at your disposal. The next most enjoyable ride in my opinion is the railroad train, especially for long distances where you have the Pullman cars or sleeping cars available. We had a fine and enjoyable trip from New York and Washington to El Paso, riding in what then was called a compartment, which is ideal for a couple, 'cause you have bunks for two plus toilet and washing facilities all in the one compartment, which ensures privacy, and an uninterrupted view of the countryside in one direction.

In New York and Washington I took Gwen sight-seeing to the usual places. In Washington we stayed with my cousins, the Taylors, and I took Gwen to the usual important sight-seeing places, including Mount Vernon and also a call on the Sheridan aunts on Sheridan Circle. They were all still

living; this was 1951.

I went to the Defense Department Office that was in charge of the West Point entrance examinations and obtained authority for Hardie to have a reexamination physically because he had been turned down on his first examination for of all things malocclusion, which means a slight deviation in the bite of the teeth. We got off the train at Biloxi, Mississippi right down on the shore, because that's where Hardie was stationed at the time. He had obtained a two or three-day pass, so he then accompanied us on to New Orleans by Greyhound Bus. I gave him the authorization for a physical reexamination, which he was to have shortly after we left.

To wrap up that story now, he had the reexamination and was declared physically inelligible for entrance to West Point. This was a great disappointment to him, but he did the next best thing by applying for entrance into the Air Cadet Program. This was approved and he started on his career to become a jet fighter pilot, and has had a rather brilliant career in the Air Force to include becoming an instructor at the Test Pilot School and later Commandant of that school at Edwards Air Force Base, California; and a tour in Vietnam, where he performed then a hundred missions in command of a jet fighter squadron, for which he was decorated several times, with three Distinguished Flying Crosses, 12 Air Medals, and of course the appropriate stars on the Vietnamese campaign ribbon.

J: Well, maybe the best thing that could have happened to him, militarily speaking, was that he did not get into West Point. At least it seems so.

G: Yeah! (Laughter) I don't think he has any regrets.

One of his most interesting assignments was being Air Attaché and Defense Attaché at the American Embassy in Canberra, Australia. This was just previous to his present job in strategic planning at Albuquerque, New

Mexico (Kirtland Air Force Base).

J: One thing I've been curious about is, what ever became of the clothes that you all left in Hawaii? (Chuckles)

G: We sent for them, sent back by parcel post. That's easy enough. We had just been without 'em for a long time.

J: Well, I'm glad you got them back eventually.

G: Well, we could've used them going through the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea, and even in Cyprus.

After staying with Mother and Father here at the Magoffin Homestead for several weeks, I had been busy looking into the possibility of getting a job or the advisability of applying for one. I went through much the same routine as in San Francisco and went to the leading building contractors, such as R. E. McKee and Charlie Leavel; and to the owner of the White House, Jake Miller; and Ed Kayser, the insurance representative here. Since I was not an engineer, no one would give me any employment on that line. Even the chief of personnel at El Paso Natural Gas Company said that they would be willing to take me on if I was willing to abide by the company rules, and that is to start at the bottom.

It became quite apparent that it would be impossible for me to obtain a job--that is, going on a salary basis; that the only employment I could get, if you can call it employment, would be to become a representative of either a real estate or an insurance company, where you are only paid commissions on sales that you bring into the company. Since this appeared the only avenue of entry for me I decided to take it, and I commenced my 10-year career as a real estate representative in the firm of Mary Shacklette. This happened to be at a time of cutthroat competition, which started right after the end of the war. So it was fortunate that I did not have to depend

on my real estate commissions in order to live, otherwise I'd have starved.

J: Were you selling homes or land?

G: Just homes--new and resale.

The time was fast approaching when the obligation of the Army to ship my household goods to my final resting place would be at hand. So we bought a very modest two-bedroom [home] on Alamogordo Street in the Loretto Addition, which is now Yandell Avenue, and so we had our household goods shipped from San Francisco to that address. After one or two years in that location, we sold that house and bought one on Driver Circle at 909, which was only three or four blocks away, and there we became neighbors of Mrs. Connie Springer, widow of Colonel Springer, who was killed in a helicopter accident in Japan while he was in command of the 5th Cavalry. Our neighbor on the other side was Kent Elliot and his wife Nancy Wilcox. After living in that location for a number of years, we then traded that house in on the purchase of our present home at 8801 McFall, where we have been since 1966, which makes our stay here 16 years up to date.

Much has happened in the intervening years. Father died in 1967 at the age of 101, and was buried in Fort Bliss National Cemetery. Mother died the following year, 1968, at the age of 95, and was buried in Evergreen Cemetery in the Magoffin plot, where are also her mother and father, brother, and several children, such as Harriet and Billy. Joe Jr. retired as a Lieutenant Colonel in the Air Force and immediately went to work with Hughes Aircraft Company in Los Angeles, where my description of his job is nursemaid for three satellites; because it is his responsibility, if one of them strays even the slightest bit off course, he has to get it back on its exact course. His only child, William Magoffin Glasgow, named for both my father and mother, graduates from high school next year. Joe's sister Muriel has been

married to Robert Neuss, and after having lived on the island of Trinidad off the coast of South America, they have been in Boston for a number of years where their two children, Robert and Kathy, are in high school. They live in Marblehead on Mt. Vernon Street, which is a very short distance from the shore, north of Boston.

Valerie's husband, Barney, whose name was Cornelius Rosch, became a lawyer after several years of attending the University of Toledo, Ohio. Shortly after that he was drafted into the legal department of the El Paso Natural Gas Company and they moved here. After the El Paso Natural Gas Products Company was moved to Odessa, they lived there for several years until Barney contracted some incurable blood condition of which he died several months afterwards. Valerie returned to El Paso where she had lived in a house only a few blocks away from us ever since. After being a widow for 12 or 13 years, she married Colonel Warren Allen, retired of the Army, and they live several blocks away from us in the other direction, east of us.

[PAUSE]

Valerie's two sons are Mike and Jeff. Mike is about 27 or more years old and lives in Dallas, where he works for a small electronics firm. Jeff graduated from high school this year and is now pursuing a course in the Community College.

Our only granddaughter in this part of the country has been Ginny Glasgow, who is Virginia Glasgow, daughter of Hardie and Jackie in Albuquerque. She was married in January this year to Paul Daniels of Roswell, New Mexico, whom she knew at New Mexico State University at Las Cruces when they were both pursuing their degrees. Ginny has a Bachelor in Business Administration and Accounting, while Paul obtained his Master's degree also in Business Administration and Finance. He has recently obtained a job with Dean Witter

& Co., a brokerage firm now owned by Sears Roebuck, and they have just recently moved into their own apartment in Albuquerque.

Probably as a result of my principal residence here in El Paso and all of the family roots and connections that I have had here, I have naturally become intensely interested in El Paso and the Southwest in general. I probably should mention some bibliography connected with my narrative, which will confirm or enlarge upon some of the facts which I have stated. This bibliography is as follows:

Susan Shelbey Magoffin, Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico, personal diary, 1846-1847. This book was originally published by the Yale University Press in 1926 and since has been reproduced in paperback by two or more publishers, the most recent publication being this year, 1982, by Nebraska University Press.

John Russell Bartlett, Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora and Chihuahua, 1850-1853. This is most oftenly referred to as Bartlett's Personal Narrative and is published in two volumes. The parts of the narrative which pertain to his two lengthy visits with James Wiley Magoffin at Magoffinsville are contained in Volume I, pp. 132-200, November 13, 1850 to April 20, 1851, and covers a period of five months. In Volume II, which covers a period of one and a half months, his visit in and around Magoffinsville appears in pp. 378 to 403, August 18, 1852 to October 8, when he departed for Chihuahua in 1852.

Shirley Seifert, The Medicine Man. This is a historical novel which deals with the biography of Antoine Francois Saugrain, named by the Missouri Historical Society as the "first scientist of the Mississippi Valley." His final residence in St. Louis took place before and after 1804 when the Lewis and Clark expedition started from St. Louis and returned in 1806. So it was a particularly interesting era of the Louisiana Purchase when the title

of all of the Western Territory, as known then, was transferred from the Spanish to the French and then finally to the American government. It was also from St. Louis during this time that Zebulon Pike, a lieutenant and then a captain, was dispatched on his two exploration expeditions.

Conrey Bryson, The Land Where We Live (El Paso de Norte), Guynes Printing Company, 1973, for Aniversario del Paso, '73.

C. L. Sonnichsen, Pass of the North: Four Centuries on the Rio Grande, El Paso, Texas Western Press, 1968.

Leon C. Metz, Ft. Bliss, Mangan Books, El Paso, 1981.

From time to time it has been interesting for me to dwell upon the scarcity of times that Army officers are serving in the same duty station as friends that you have made previously. I found it rare that one has been stationed with a friend or classmate more than twice. The only one that I can remember having served with twice in the same place is my classmate Hunk Holbrook, W. A. Holbrook Jr., now a retired general living in Washington, D.C. He and I were stationed together in Coblenz, Germany in the Army of Occupation after World War I, and immediately following that at the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas.

There is only one other officer that I can think of with whom I served more than two times, and that was Terry Allen. I think it's extraordinary that we served at five different places on active duty and retired to El Paso as the sixth place. We served together in Coblenz, Germany, 1920-22; New York City, 1923; Fort Riley, Kansas, 1923 and '24; Fort Bliss, Texas, 1928 to '31; Fort Riley, Kansas, '41 to '42; and then the sixth time was from 1951 at El Paso, where we had both been retired. Terry Allen was one of the famous division commanders during World War II, he having commanded the 12th Timberwolf Division primarily in North Africa. And his picture appeared on

the cover of Time Magazine at that time under the caption, "Terrible Terry." We lived less than a mile apart, he having always lived on Cumberland Circle, a very short distance from Fort Bliss. And often when I was returning from Fort Bliss, I would pass him on the road where he would be dressed in sweatshirt and gray slacks and either jogging or walking not far from his house. We, of course, saw him and his wife Mary Frances Robinson frequently in social affairs. He died here in 1969.

It might be interesting to mention the list of authors and actors that I have known briefly. They are as follows:

1923 - Ann Harding, who then was on the stage on Broadway prior to her entry into the movie business. Her father was an Army colonel (not the same name) whom Father knew and who had vehemently opposed her becoming an actress.

1924 - Douglas Fairbanks and his wife Mary Pickford.

1932 - Mae West, in New York.

1926 - Stephen Vincent Benét.

1938 - Ronald Reagan and his leading lady Dorothy McGuire, and Irene Dunn.

1939 - John Steinbeck.

1950 - Lily Pons, Mario Lanza, and Enzo Pinza.

That's the end of that as far as I can remember right now. Now, what?

(Chuckles)

J: There's one thing that I would like to ask you, and that's about El Paso in general. You were born here, of course, and grew up here. I would like to know if you think El Paso is unique; and if you do think El Paso is unique, why is it unique? What do you think makes it such an interesting place?

G: Well, it's primarily unique because it's right on the border between two countries, two cultures, two laws. And all of the country as a whole is

referred to often as the Melting Pot. If that's a melting pot, ours is in full swing. (Chuckles) That's the primary reason, of course, for the unique position that El Paso presents, not only for the boundary between two nations--an imaginary line, you might say, down the center of the river here--but it also happens to be the boundary between the states of Texas and New Mexico. And because of its unique position geographically, it is the hub of roads and of railroads and of airlines. In other words, it's a hub of transportation and communications in this part of the country.

J: Also, I would like your views on what you think the influence of the military has been on El Paso; and if any, what effect has El Paso had on the military?

G: Well, that's been always a very, very close association and there is plenty of evidence and narration concerning that in Bartlett's Narrative. Because primarily whenever he needed supplies he got them at Magoffinsville, and those supplies, of course, ranged all the way from wagons and mules, which were the most important items, to subsistence supplies, the principals being wheat and corn from Simeon Hart's Mill; and also protection. Because whenever the Boundary Commission needed protection from Indians, of course, they always appealed to the military here or at other nearby forts, such as at Doña Ana and Fort Sumner, from Fort Fillmore, and they were readily provided if they had any available.

As a common act of reciprocity, I have only last night read of two occasions when the Indians raided the Magoffin stables and at one time ran off with 40 mules and another time ran off with 30 mules. This was a terrible loss and the Boundary Commission got together most of their personnel and joined the employees of James Wiley Magoffin to go in pursuit of the burglars. Incidentally, they didn't get 'em. They went over by the Hueco Mountains and then over to the west here, around Doña Ana, and they lost the

trail; they had to give up. They covered a lot of territory.

In that connection and since I read this again only last night, I remembered that flour was 10 and a half cents a pound at that time at Hart's Mill. I've lost track of what it is today.

J: Is there anything else you'd like to add?

G: I can't think of anything for the moment.

J: Well, I've run out of questions. I would like to thank you very much for allowing us to interview you. It's been my pleasure to come these many afternoons to talk with you.

G: Well, it's been a pleasure for me to talk to somebody who's interested in it, and I certainly urge you to interview some other elderly or senior citizens while they're still here, such as Queenie Maple, that I've mentioned before. She was born and raised here. And Jane Perrenot, whom I've also known always, oh, almost intimately. Her father was the illustrious lawyer, Richard Burges, and her uncle of course, was Williams Burges, both prominent citizens back in those days. And, of course, there's Margaret Meyer, who was Dr. Schuster's daughter. She was born and raised here, lived here all her life. Those people, I recommend you should interview them certainly, because they had an uninterrupted stay here. They can give you pictures of any time. There are others I guess that I could think of. Of course, there's Chris Fox. He's been quite ill, I don't know whether he would be up to an interview. He's had so many of them anyway.

J: That's true. I think we have several interviews with him already.

G: Good. He was always my friend. I remember him especially when I came here as a lieutenant in 1928 and he was one of the first officials I had any contact with. One of the men in the troop I was with was in jail downtown, and it was up to me to go down and get him out--bring him back to Fort

Bliss--so that he would be tried under a military court for whatever he was charged with. So I had to go down and see the sheriff to get him out of jail, and the sheriff was Chris Fox. And he was very polite and accommodating, and he turned the prisoner over to me.

So that was my first introduction to Chris Fox before he became an important official of the State National Bank, of which my grandfather had been Vice President for so many years--40 years. I often used to enjoy going into Chris Fox's office because he had a marvelous collection of photographs, dating way back to the days when he was a youngster. And speaking of ages, Chris Fox is one year older than I am, and I'm one month older than Margaret Meyer. I saw her age written in the paper the other day because she's been awarded this Hall of Honor certificate [] by the El Paso County Historical Society []. Very deserving.

J: Well, I can't think of any more questions right now, but I reserve the right to come back, if it's okay with you.

G: Any time.

J: Thanks again.

EPT 8-26-85 B-2

Retired colonel, great-grandson of pioneer, dies

Joseph Magoffin Glasgow, a member of El Paso's founding Magoffin family, died Sunday in El Paso. He was 86.

Graveside services for Glasgow will be at 9:30 a.m. Wednesday in Fort Bliss National Cemetery, with military honors.

Glasgow was born in the old Magoffin home, now the Magoffin State Historical Site. At age 11, he was a page at the 1909 meeting of President Taft and Mexican President Porfirio Diaz.

He made his mark in the U.S. Army, where he reached the rank of colonel. In 1918, he graduated from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. He served on the Armistice Commission in Paris that year.

During and after World War II, he served in the Pacific for six years. During his career, he met Gen. George Patton, whom Glasgow described in a 1978 *El Paso Times* article.

"He was not the rip-roaring general of the movie and TV picture," Glasgow said of the general, whom he met at Fort Bliss in 1929.

"Patton had a squeaky-voice, but a powerful, profane vocabulary. He wasn't the strong-voiced Gen. Patton actor George Scott portrayed," Glasgow said.

Glasgow was described by his daughter Valerie Allen as the "kindest, most generous, compassionate man I've ever known."

She said he was active and outgoing, but that a series of surgeries in the last 30 years of his life slowed him down.

Glasgow was very proud of his children, Allen said. He would say he was "blessed with four children that have never failed me," she said.

Glasgow's ancestry is deeply rooted in El Paso. His great-grandfather, James Wiley Magoffin, was the founder of Magoffinville, which in time grew together with El Paso. Magoffinville served as the home of Fort Bliss in the 1850s.

Glasgow's grandfather, Joseph Magoffin, was a four-time mayor of El Paso. He was instrumental in the growth of El Paso because he sold land to developers, making it possible for El Paso and Magoffinville to become one.

His father, Brig. Gen. William J. Glasgow, took part in the Pershing Punitive Expedition, which went into Mexico in search of Pancho Villa after Villa's 1916 raid on Columbus, N.M.

Glasgow also is survived by his wife, Gwenllian of El Paso; two sons, Joseph Jr. of California and Warwick of Albuquerque; daughter Muriel Neuss of Marblehead, Mass.; a brother, Edward J. of Nashville, Tenn.; a sister, Octavia of El Paso; 11 grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

GLASGOW

COL. JOSEPH M. GLASGOW, USA (RET.), 86, passed away Sunday at a local hospital. A life long resident of El Paso. He graduated from West Point, Class of 1918. Served on The Armistice Commission in Paris France in 1918. He served in the Pacific for 6 years under General MacArthur in WWII. Preceded in death by his brother, COL. William Glasgow, Jr. and sister, Harriett Lucker. His grandfather, Joseph Magoffin was a four time Mayor of El Paso and built the Magoffin Homestead in 1875. His father was Brig. General William J. Glasgow, who took part in Pershing's Punitive Expedition, which went into Mexico following Pancho Villa's raid on Columbus, N.M. in 1916. Survived by his wife Mrs. Gwenllian Glasgow, El Paso. Sons, LTC Joseph Glasgow, Jr., USAF (RET.), CA, and Col. Warwick Glasgow, USAF (RET.), Albuquerque, N.M. Daughters, Muriel Neuss, Marblehead, Mass., and Valerie Allen, El Paso. 11 Grandchildren and 1 great grandchild. Brother Edward J. Glasgow, Nashville, TN. Sister, Octavia Glasgow, El Paso. Graveside Service will be at 9:30 AM Wednesday at Ft. Bliss National Cemetery with full military honors. Honorary pallbearers, Harold Gillespie, Col. Crampton Jones, Joe Karr, Maury Page Kemp, William Morley DVM, and Col. R. S. Spangler. Visitation for Col. Joseph M. Glasgow will be at 6:30 PM Tuesday at Martin Funeral Home. In lieu of flowers please make donations to the West Point Fund in memory of Col. Joseph M. Glasgow. Association of Graduates, West Point, New York 10996. Directed by Martin. 3839 Montana 556-3955