

University of Illinois Student Life and Culture Archives

Voices of Illinois

Interviewee: Marcus S. Goldman

Interviewers: Maynard Brichford and Charles Elston

September 1, 1972

Length: 2:57:15

[Unintelligible audio]

Maynard Brichford and Charles Elston: This is a tape recorded interview with Professor Marcus Sullivan Goodman in his home, 203 Michigan...Street in Urbana.

Marcus Goldman: Avenue.

MB & CE: Avenue [laughter]. Made on September 1st, 1972, by Maynard Brichford and Charles Elston from University Archives. Well—it's probably recording alright, you can sort of [unintelligible].

MG: Your first question is, what was your background when you came to University of Illinois as a graduate student, 1916? Now, by background, do you mean...that's my formal education, before that, or my origins?

MB & CE: I noticed that you went to Middletown, and Culver, and Kenyon before you went – got a undergraduate degree from Miami. Perhaps you could glim a little bit to your origins.

MG: Well I, if there's anything set about Middlewestern origins it is values, certainly, I am about as Middlewest as, regular Middlewesterner as you can find. was born in Middletown Butler county, Ohio. Both my parents were born in that same county, and my last ancestor that come to the county and came to it in 1847. My grandfather Goldman whereas all my others, my ancestors that arrived at the close of the eighteenth or beginning of the nineteenth century. And I'm the only child of Charles Prine and Minnie Schafer Goldman, and I was born in the 12th of May in 1894. I had a great good fortune I suppose, of living just at the corporation line, because my father was pretty much interested in real estate development, and he saw that sooner or later, the best residential part of Middletown, would be on the Eastern Heights, whereas at the time...about 1890, it was concentrated on Main Street, a little bit east of the river, but practically at the great Miami river level. And so he acquired some was in the family long before, considerable area, where he thought the town should be, and there he built a house which was a

little bit larger than this house, very much better designed and was a much better, handsomer interior, which was stood almost alone, and just within the corporation line. And beyond that was an enormous field, and which as far as from here to the next corner from behind our house. The [unintelligible] field which was called the Butcher's Field, and that had been in earlier times a place where the butchers had left their cattle during the summer to graze before the slaughter, and when I was a child, we had horses and cows, even once upon a time I had a gift, a pig from some farmer who my father had befriended, and we built out in the field, a little place for the pig who eventually grew up and had to be eaten, and I can't say that I ever had a great fondness for the pig. I obliged to feed him but I learned to milk a cow, and I learned to ride, when I was very small, my mother was very fond of horses, and so...

MB & CE: What was your father's business?

MG: My father had been the manager of his father's store, which was called a department store but would be considered to have many departments, but at the time it was almost exactly like the Willow store in Champaign. The same thing, emphasis only on the highest quality of goods, which people came from great distances to get. And he also, my grandfather of course, had been, [unintelligible] Goldman, had been cashier at one of the banks and even president of the first gas company and all that sort of thing. A small town has its founding authority families or something of that sort, I had the luck to be born into one [light laugh]. We were never rich but we were always in comfortable circumstances, and it's characteristic of my father that although he wanted me – father and mother both – wanted me to learn to work that was – and to learn the fundamentals of agricultural life, which we were always more or less both directly or indirectly involved in...He did not, and he insisted that I do radio work in the [unintelligible] because they were afraid that my early addiction to books was dangerous, if I may put it that way. They were delighted at the idea, they admired scholarship, but on the other hand they feared that it was not an easy way to be comfortably situated in the world.

So when I was – this is jumping ahead but I pitch in here that my father forbade me to do any paying work while I was in college because he could send me through and any work that I did for pay in the college community was taking it away from some boy who perhaps needed it. And so although I was at several times offered some special work in in Oxford, I never accepted, I wasn't allowed to, that is working for a short-lived newspaper and doing all sorts of things that people worked, they don't have to now. Now, I attended school in the first-grade school building, which was about three-quarters of a mile from my house down toward town, and was later replaced by another building. I attended high school for two years in Middletown and then went to Culver, which was one of the most happiest and most useful things that ever happened to me. There I received such instruction as I had never seen given, [unintelligible], anywhere. I practically, every master that I had was a man that I could admire in every way. He knew his subjects, this was before the college of education put its emphasis on teaching courses; each man had his own method. And of course, discipline was very strict, and if you didn't get to a lesson at the time that you were supposed to recite it, you didn't get any recreation until you had cited it satisfactorily. And my going to Kenyon was more or less a matter of several of my former, of my school

friends in Middletown from my high school days whom I still saw when I came back were going to Kenyon. But, when I was at Kenyon, Kenyon was...really seemed to be on its last legs, there was...I had one great professor there, William Peters Reid...but...Benjamin Franklin – I don't mean Benjamin Franklin, I mean Benjamin Harrison, was second in the English department, he was a Martinet but a good Martinet, [unintelligible] and inspirational teacher. So after one semester, I...transferred to...Miami, and it is quite...typical I think of the time, and the way things were done at Kenyon which was, well, this sort of thing was dwelled on, was that President Pierce of Kenyon gave me a letter for the Dean at Miami, expressing regret that I was leaving, and wishing well the connections, new connections, he put it that way. And after, of course Oxford, is – was nighttime, much more beautiful villages you can find in this country and they ever since, I've been disappointed when I've gone to some famous campus, and found that it didn't have the simple beauty and the harmony of Miami, perched on its hilltop there.

And I was very happy at Miami and made some of my lifelong friends. When you arrived, I just finished a letter to the alumni director asking for the addresses of some that I've lost track of. And then the question of how I happened to come to Illinois, the head of the English department at Miami, in my undergraduate years, was Alfred Horatio Upham, who later was president of the University of Idaho and then came back to Miami as president. He was an inspirational teacher, too, I feel, and greatly encouraged me, and I had always thought that I would be a lawyer. And so I was expecting to go to law school after I finished at Miami up until the middle of, or beginning of my last year. And then, the professor Upham said to me, "Why don't you get a master's degree? You can easily get a scholarship or fellowship from the places of your record here," and so I sent several letters of inquiry and received various questionnaires, I filled out three of them, one to Illinois, one to Indiana, and one to Western Reserve. And, to my surprise, I received [unintelligible] I had been elected to a scholarship here at 250 dollars a year which seemed so strange, plus of course waiving your fees and, from Indiana University I received a similar letter which, was however for only 200 dollars but the title of scholarship rather than, I mean a fellowship rather than a scholarship, and from Western Reserve I got a letter from the secretary of president Twing, a man whom I had by accident once met when he was at Miami saying that unfortunately all theirs had been distributed, but if I would like to come to Western Reserve he would see that I had no work in the president's office which would be, as interesting or something of that sort, I don't remember the exact details. Well, this...triple success, if you can put it that way impressed my parents, surprisingly, and they said, whereas I expected that they would say "No, you should go to law school this year," they said "Well you can always go to law school and it was very nice have a master's degree." I don't think anybody in Middletown had ever received a master's degree at that time at least, except one or two members of the high school faculty that came from somewhere else, so I was – I may have been, I don't remember, except the old graduates in [unintelligible] to receive a master's degree in the English passion, you know several years after graduation on condition that they entered what was considered to be a learned profession, law, ministry, medicine, so on. At Miami, I went in looking back upon it, both helpfully and wastefully and student activities. I was editor of the yearbook in my junior year. I was associate editor of the weekly when I was a student in my senior year. I was president of my fraternity chapter from my senior year, I was vice president of the senior class, and all that sort of thing, I don't remember, I put in an enormous amount of

time. One of the things that made me useful and [unintelligible] was this that Miami had been made coeducational when the state really took over its direction, but its [unintelligible] as a men's institution, and my, our family doctor who still is alive, David Herbert, class of 1903 at Miami, said, "Marcus, I've sent a letter of recommendation my fraternity to pledge you, but he said if you ever have a date for the coed I shall regret it." Something of that sort. And gave a long talk about, well of course, Miami had a glorious record in the report for education and had never [unintelligible] until later, graduated the celebrities 'cause the only time that candidates for the presidency and vice presidency were both graduates at the same college, which when Benjamin Harrison went [unintelligible] and [unintelligible] too much concentration because that was the time Harrison lost it.

MB & CE: Western College was sort of separate but equal for women, wasn't it?

MG: Well, my social life as far as going with girls was concentrated in Oxford College and Western. I much preferred Oxford guess because the girls didn't have to work so hard there, and weren't always encouraged to be missionaries to the heathen, they were better company.

MB & CE: You're coming from one of the founding schools of fraternities at Oxford to the biggest fraternity system in Illinois, you certainly didn't decide your higher education on the basis of fraternities, did you?

MG: I didn't decide my what?

MB & CE: Higher education on the basis of fraternities, Miami and Illinois are such great centers of fraternity activity.

MG: I think I chose Miami – I didn't join the doctor's fraternity, I chose another fraternity because they were more literary and musical, dramatic members than any other chapters. But well then, why did I decide to come to Illinois? Albert Horatio himself was engaged in negotiations regarding a professorship here, and he told me that confidentially, and I admired him so much, though he wasn't one of the greatest admirations in my life, that I came to Illinois. Now, what did I think of Illinois and the community when I first arrived? I first was impressed by its bigness. I had a feeling that on the whole, it was a much less sophisticated place than Miami, if I can put it that way. That is I remember this incident, that in those days there were very few graduate students there yet, the graduate school expanded even during First World War period, I'm thinking, and so there was a...my successor's president in my chapter in, at Miami, he sent a letter to the chapter at Illinois, and in those days they affiliated graduate students. So, although I lived in other lodgings, I took my meals with them. And when I first appeared and was welcomed, they asked me whether I was in agriculture or engineering, or something else I don't remember if there was something else, and I said, "I'm going to major in English and minor in Latin," whereupon the president of the chapter, a man that I happened to be talking to on the porch, turned around and yelled into the house, "Bring all the freshmen out! There's a brother that is going to study English literature and Latin!"

[laughing] Although I had a wonderful companionship with those boys because I was probably younger than a good many of the seniors and juniors even of that time, so many people stayed out for a year in those days between high school, some of course taught school and then came to get a bachelor's degree. But I was a curiosity, you see.

And the towns simply impressed me as being curious in there were two towns and two absolutely separate jurisdictions, I lived in Champaign and, Lincoln Hall where I did most of my lectures was only half built then, English seminar there was in Urbana, and that's seemed strange although I had relatives in Union City, Indiana which, Union City, Ohio, I'd seen this in miniature and with a state line. I was surprised to find everything so much more expensive in Champaign-Urbana. I paid as much for my room for a month as I'd paid for a semester at Miami and for both in the freshmen dormitories and in the fraternity house. I found that almost all everything the students eat between meals cost twice as much as and I'm sure that, if my, one of my Miami roommates who always ate a T-bone steak at ten o'clock in the evening [laughter] would, he'd come here, he wouldn't have been able to afford it. But and now I was it – oh this thing is amusing, perhaps. Are – do you like Danny Coach, or?

MB & CE: Yeah, yeah.

MG: I received...I came over ...in the summer to see what it was like here, and I got on the change train to Indianapolis and came in [unintelligible] here, and...eastern [unintelligible]. And as we were approaching Danville, I thought to myself, well this is where Joe Cannon lives, and Joe Cannon was one of my grandfather's and father's great subjects of admiration. And, lo and behold, when the train stopped at Danville, into the car where I was, came Joe Cannon. And although there was a large nonsmoking sign out, he drew out a big black cheroot and put it in his mouth and light it up, and I almost received a benediction of the conductor without a word of complaint, and that was a strange, a strange adventure at the beginning. I never saw the famous George Pratt Sherman, except on that day. He was going on sabbatical leave and Frank Scott was temporary head. And Frank Scott was very much impressed by the fact that I'd been offered a sitting editorship in my hometown paper, and that I had been the first president of Sigma Delta Chi, the journalistic organization at Miami, one of the founding members, I think the chapter's dead now, and they certainly received me very pleasantly, I thought it would be, I was amazed at the size of the University, even though it wasn't in session, and by the great number of buildings and by the agriculturally out around the edges and so on, and when I first came then in September to do, to begin work, I was given a little note saying, "Your advisor is C. Renniker, your advisor is Dr. C. Renniker, she was...and, please call on your advisor...certain afternoon, at such and such a number." So – which was Ms. Renniker's apartment. Well I had – there's no feminine pronoun in this little slip of orders that I received! So I went to ring the doorbell at the appropriate time and Ms. Renniker came to the door and I said, "I'm Marcus Goldman, your husband is to – Dr. Renniker is to be my advisor, is your husband in?" [Laughing, unintelligible]. She was taller than I, a very tall women, and she said, "Young man, I have no

husband." And I said, "But where is the Dr. C. Renniker?" She said, "I am Dr. C. Renniker," and I said, in my bewilderment, "But that's impossible!" And because there had been no teaching of females at Miami and certainly not at Culver, and she glared at me and said, you may think that it is impossible but it is in fact a very definite fact [holding in laughter]. Well after that, we got along alright, except...at the beginning, I was, I didn't think it would work. And it was much distress, when I was at the fra -- in the war, the First World War, I received a pocket edition of the Golden Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius from C. Renniker, so we, upon my return we lived happily in the same department. And...I...suppose one of my greatest faults has been, as Professor [unintelligible] said, that too many irons in the fire at once. And, well I had no trouble with my graduate -- graduate studies, and...as a result, I, got to know some of the older undergraduates, especially on the Illini staff, and I wrote guest editorials for them, which I signed MSG on such subjects as the death of Jack Lyndon, I know that was reproduced in many other student papers and some non-student [unintelligible]. When the editor of the Illinois magazine, which you know of course, got in to some difficulties, the Illini Board of Trustees appointed me to editor for the rest of the year, and I only got out two numbers because we were -- got in the war in April 1917. And I joined the, the time that we were hanging on the edge a unit from the

American field service, ambulances for the French army was organized here, and, I was going to send in my name, and thus be considered to be a member, but then when -- we were going out in June then, or July, after the end of the school year, because in the United States did not end the war yet then, and that was the way things were done, but when we got in the war, why they accelerated this preparation for going, we had a bazaar to raise money for it and so on, but I was the only graduate student who had offered to volunteer, so although they passed a measure in the senate branding bachelor's degrees, the question of the graduate students didn't come up. So I had to stay and finish the year, and then they started to organize some others, after they had gone, some other units. And things were more or less hanging in that fashion when I decided that I must certainly get into the army, and the quicker the better. And, the University ROTC [unintelligible] was going over with Bruce Benedict who was in charge of the shops, I think as commander. And I went up to the place where they were taking their physicals because there were something, and at the old flatiron building in Urbana -- beg pardon?

MB & CE: In Urbana?

MG: Yes, and when I got there it just happened that the office was closed, and I started back and, one of the other men might have been interested in this other thing said, well why don't you go back into original system, we're going perhaps have more units to work in the same way that the field service units had been working. And it's going to be called the United States Army Ambulance Corps with the French Army. So and, there were three doctors examining people at the old gymnasium. So I went there, and they turned me down at first because they thought I lacked sufficient weight, so I went out and I drank an enormous quantity of water, and which brought me up three or four pounds I guess, and then went to another doctor, and he was more lenient, and I was a little weightier, and so I got in. And they didn't discover that I didn't have a right eardrum, they might have thrown me out if they had. So after

commencement, this was just a few weeks before commencement, I went home and waited for notice of mobilization of the group which came I think at about the last day of June or the first of July, and with it were orders for me individually to report to Camp Crane in Allentown, the boys who were round about here were able to go as a group in one car from here to Allentown, but the government is sometimes accused – is very often accused of, war department, of being careless with money. But in that case they saved the fare between Middletown and Urbana, and Urbana and Middletown, on the way to Allentown. And then we had a – we hurried up and waited and hurried up and waited and hurried up and waited and didn't get across either Holy week or the week before Holy Week, and we had the experience of I was in section 6-11, there were three University of Illinois sections, 6-09, 6-010, and 6-11, and one of my later colleagues, Sydney

Glenn was professor Sydney Glenn was also a member of that, and when we got overseas, I fell in love with France the moment I saw the great [unintelligible] bashing about and that thing, [Unintelligible] the time of Louis XIV was sent [unintelligible] Napoleon had built and here was all the romance of history coming together. And after a very brief stay at camp and [unintelligible] South of Paris, we were sent into the – sent to the headquarters of General then later Marshall Pétain had programmed in Champaign, and we were there a few days and then to our surprise we were told that the French had loaned us back to the American Army, and that we will be attached to the 77th Division which was in New York, army of the United States division, which was going into its first position and...they...[unintelligible] we lingered for a week or two and we went to Lorraine in the Baccarat sector, and for a time I slept in the famous Baccarat glass factory, which was [unintelligible] Baccarat which is one of the most famous glass pressers. And one night the Germans hit it with a bomb but fortunately it had gone the corner which was not then in use, which no soldiers were billeted.

Then came the last great German offensive, and we were sent West again, and we went to Chateau-Thierry and the Germans had finally been driven out, there were mattresses lying in the street and loot that the Germans had been trying to carry away had been abandoned, and we went on [unintelligible] and end of the lines. And that was a long, long battle for the crossing of the ville. And...that was...

MB & CE: What did you do in the unit? What did you do in the unit? What was your..

MG: What we were doing was this...we had ambulances Ford [unintelligible]. And ideally, two men were to be with each ambulance, the driver and the man...or two drivers if you like to believe in each other and so on, but it turned out we never had enough time to insist, enough personnel to work that out. And so, what we did was this: the little Ford could go almost anywhere, and we drove through open fields, drove through the forest, tracks and things of that sort, and the system was that an ambulance would – with an ambulance – with a driver, would be stationed at, a post on the lines, and if on arrival, there were already wounded waiting, then he would just load up and start right back. When it got to the field hospital, he would deliver him them, a man would be waiting to take his place if he had to have a long, difficult driver, something of that sort, and the man was available [unintelligible] often we drove and went and one

person, I'd driven, well, I'll come back later, once went about 48 hours without stopping. And of course there were shell holes in the road and we drove without lights at night, which of course was difficult in a country we'd never seen before, and finally when the ville was crossed, they, the 77th was ordered to the Argonne sector, and so we went back there and, and the great Battle of the Forest of Argonne, you've heard about the lost battalion of the 77th haven't you? Well I'm one of the three or four drivers that brought out the wounded, and that was when I drove day and night for about 48 hours, as I remember. And we had a short stay at Bourdonné after that, and then came the Armistice, and I was ordered into Paris because, a very extraordinary sort of thing, we had a [unintelligible] picked up somewhere, [unintelligible] Illinois, a man named Cassidy who was supposed to be something like the picture of freaking in terms of the present chess competition among shorthand men and fast typers. Well it was learned that he was company clerk, why they thought he was too good for the field and ordered him into the headquarters in Paris. He was a compulsive gambler, and he had practically obliged everybody to play with something that required status or whatnot, and always lost in spite of this. So he had everybody in the section practically had IOUs, I had a whole pocket full of them, and when he came around at the end to say goodbye, why, some of the boys, what about those IOUs? So when he came to me and said he was going to Paris, he was sorry he owed me this money and so on, I said, here they are and pulled them up in his presence, I said, if you get the money you can make some use of it in Paris, I don't see much chance of spending it in private here. And so when the armistice came, this was several months before the armistice his then, the officer for which he was working...said, "I noticed that your...old section...has more men in it than a good many others." He said, "I'm going to order one in for work here in headquarters," and he said, "I'll dictate the letter and you put the name in." And he confined a serial number. And so lo and behold, that was [laughter] and I was ordered in after justice day at the end. And I was ordered, as a matter of fact I was ordered in before the armistice itself, two or three days, because they knew it was coming, we didn't but they did. And by they I mean persons in higher headquarters, and so, I arrived in Paris to enjoy the, practically my first night in Paris was the night that the explosion had followed the armistice, and that was a great experience. Much more interesting than the night—days in nights in Washington at the end of World War II, the revelry was much more interesting of sort, seems to me. Actually, more decorous, they didn't go quite as wild...and then I was...had to do all sorts of things in the headquarters.

One thing, since I was, had been sending in...various articles, poems and whatnot to *The Radiator*, which was a weekly published by the outfit, you see there was about 30,000 of us by this time, and, and so...considerably, headquarters considerable size in Paris, it wasn't commanded by generals but commanded by a colonel who has a hospital in Michigan named for him but I can't think of his name for the moment, any of these things where if you feel important I can appraise when I know what you want. And so I was appointed assistant editor of *The Radiator*, and...sort of, soldier bulwark, until the idea of school developed for – you see it was a big job to get the [unintelligible] back. And the transportation...wasn't up to it...and so they organized the first school arrangement which was, appointing people to American – I mean soldiers from each unit to various French universities. And, the school officer in the headquarters was an army warrant officer who had received a commission and who knew

very little about the educational system except that he wanted his son...Hiassen, his son's name, [laughing] to be certain to get in. Well I had to process the papers and the decision always was this, if anybody comes with an advanced degree, put him in. Next people with bachelor's degrees, and next people who finished their junior year. I don't know how many who were allowed, each separate service was allowed so many men. And so I worked, made up that list. And on the list was John Dos Passos. And John Dos Passos, some way managed to get through Paris when his – quite legally, I am sure, well his unit was sent through to Germany in the army of occupation, if I remember the circumstances correctly. And John Dos Passos was the most suspicious human being that I have ever encountered. He would come to see me on Monday and ask what his chances were of going to University of Paris. I would say, excellent, I think almost certain because I think there are only three or four men with master's degrees on our list here. Next day he would be in, and again until it became a nuisance to people around the headquarters, he seemed to be suspicious of everybody. I learned later when I met some people at the front that was...chronic. And then finally of course the day came for us to go, to various institutions. I went to the University of Paris, and there I was given a choice of four different courses I believe, and then we had an examination paper after the first three lectures, I think something of that sort. And those who had written the highest paper – papers that received the highest grade, were given...were assigned to help the French professors grade the papers because although all the lectures were mostly in French, we were allowed to write our papers in English, and to my surprise I was appointed, and the greater surprise...assistant to Professor Henri Delamonier, in the history of French art. Not in the literature section as I supposed. And it was very fortunate because Henri Delamonier was really a great teacher, and a very wise man. There were four of us to grade papers and – for him – and I remember we brought our papers in and then after four or five days we were told to come and see Professor Delamonier. When we got there he...got up from his desk with the, scrap of paper, and he gave us a...a very flattering lecture on how bright we are and he wouldn't have supposed that we could adapt so early and so on. And then he said, "Vous êtes jeunes, et vous êtes durs, you are young and you are hard," and he said, "I have raised every grade a half or one point [laughter] of sense you said because you don't think that you have adapted perhaps to the situation, but you can't expect all of your comrades to do so," and that reminded me whenever I have been inclined to be a little rigid that one should not give everybody A's, he wasn't in favor of any of that present nonsense, but he took the human factor into consideration.

And then either just before or just after this, they duked out together for the American Legion developed. I don't know how big a unit or how big a special organization had to be to have, to be represented by two people but there was commission officer and and a soldier, enlisted man. And colonel...Arthur — I don't mean colonel, I mean captain...Arthur...Kipling, was appointed the officer, and I was appointed the enlisted man. And after all of these years I've forgotten a great deal, one of the things I most remember is, trying to keep step with Captain Kipling, as he went to the meeting. And I was very much struck by the general sense of dedication, of course there were squabbles because there were some politicians in uniform, but the general good will, the feeling then of course that this would never happen again, and there was one unit, a thing that was predominant and what the Union has stood for, I mean the Legion has stood forever since in which I believe is the only solution for democracy, and that is universal military

service, because there were so many men that remembered from back home, somebody who'd done nothing. And the Legion has had it always [unintelligible] service. And at the end of the as the end approached, this – I think it was about two months...maybe three, I don't know, I can't remember when I first reported to the Sorbonne detachment, it ended at the end of June, early in July. I got back to this country about the 25th of July. And the number of us felt that the French had been so splendidly hospitable and kind that we ought to show our appreciation by collecting then and there money for French fellowships for French veterans in the United States. And when that was organized, I was made public relations man of that. And you asked about my connection to the *New York Herald*, it began then in a very strange way. We had this – going to have this first meeting and we felt that this should be covered. So, I went around to the *Herald* office and asked if they would send a reporter. And the editor, Percy Mitchell, who was an Englishman, a refined person indeed, quite elderly, at least he seemed so to me in those days [light laughter]. But he was cautious. He said, "We can't have anybody that we can assign to this task, because this and that," but he said, "If you will...send or bring – take some notes yourself and send them or bring them to us, why we'll be very glad to make a story of it." Well, I took notes and since I had done a deal of journalism at one time or another, I wrote it up as a story, a fairly long story, and mailed it into the – or took it into the *Herald*. And...about three or four or five days later—oh the next day, my story appeared complete in the *Herald*. And then I received a letter from Mr. Mitchell saying that, "I hope you noticed that we published your article without change, punctuation mark or something like that, and...I'm enclosing a cheque at the rate that we pay for space," and he said, "From now on I would be very happy if you would write about anything of importance that occurs among American soldiers and their relation to French, to the University of Paris, and send it in just as that as you have done, and I will pay you at this rate." Can I stop just a minute?

MB & CE: Sure.

[Audio cuts]

MG: I became a sergeant first class because of a report that was sent to the headquarters of the United States Army Ambulance Service for the French Army, saying that I had rendered such efficient service in promoting the scholarships for French students—for French veterans. I don't remember now how much we accumulated but I think that it amounted enough for three or four or five one-year fellowships that take care of a man's expenses here, and that all came from five and ten and twenty and fifty contributions from the soldiers, I think a few Americans, civilians, gave us the money in addition because they thought it was the American residents in Paris which have always been a considerable colony.

MB & CE: You did this before you returned to United States?

MG: Oh yes.

MB & CE: In Paris in 1919?

MG: Yes, this is all in Spring and early – up until mid-Summer, 1919. Now there's one thing that I haven't mentioned, yet, that when we were sent, assigned to the Sorbonne detachment, we were given commutation and rations and quarters, that is money to house and feed ourselves, because of course no, nothing could have been organized militarily, taken care of [unintelligible] pilgrims and so on. And I was – I had just gone over and registered and was beginning to look around for a place to live when I ran into Randy Potter Robinson, whom I had known slightly here as an instructor and a candidate for the Ph.D. in Classics. And we stopped for a talk and I said that I was looking for a room, and he said, "Well I'm looking for somebody that will help pay the cost of a perfectly slanted room I had found, but the room is...a double bed and a single bed and two desks, and I don't need all of that, and would you – I can't afford all of it on our commutation and quarters and so forth, though I don't think it's overpriced at all." He said, "Would you consider coming in with me?" Well I was delighted to have that sort of company, and he took me to see the room and it was, well I suppose a modern student would have thought it was too far from the Sorbonne to be considered, but we walked it without any sense of suffering [laughing]. And so I roomed with him during the whole period. Just as the Sorbonne detachment was...the period of instruction was drawing to a close, I noted on the bulletin board one day the announcement of the formation of a society for French, for American fellowships in French universities, it had been founded in New York. The only man that I can remember that was one of the...[unintelligible] was Mr. Cravat, who was the head of a famous law firm in New York in those days, [unintelligible] Henderson or something of that sort. And so I...thought, "Well, I'm having such a good time now in France, I don't like to leave, and maybe I'll just take a chance on this." So I filed an application and when I got home to America, I thought, home to Middletown, I thought that I was so old that really I must find some work so I went around to the *Middletown Journal*, where I had been the editor at, promised me the city editorship anytime I wanted it, and he looked embarrassed and said, "You know, Nick Carey, Nick," – well I'm not sure his name, man that I had known at Miami, he said, "You weren't here so we had to have somebody, and he's now city editor and he's married and has a child, you wouldn't want us to fire him just to fulfill the promise I made you some years ago," and I said, "Of course not." Then I started to look around for something, and...about that time I received notification that they would like to have me submit letters of recommendation and transcript and that sort of thing, which I did. And then on the first of October, I think it was, maybe late September when I was visiting my college roommate of longest standing at lake Judge Colonel Maxwell...[unintelligible] courthouse, and I received a night letter saying, "You've been elected to fellowship in English philology at the University of Paris. Will you be ready to sail on," I think, "the tenth of November," or something of that sort. Well I hadn't seen any job available, and I hadn't thought about going back to school but here was a chance to go back to school and go to France, which I wanted to see more of. And...so I...went to New York to sail for France and, lo and behold, there was a dock strike. So I...spent almost a month waiting for the strike to come to an end, and then very fortunately at the guest of...Father...[unintelligible] who was...who I had known in Altown and who was a pioneer in all those things people are worrying about now, boys clubs [unintelligible] to keep boys from forming gangs and down around [unintelligible] Village, there is a vicarage [unintelligible].

MB & CE: St. Luke's Chapel.

MG: What?

MB & CE: St. Luke's Chapel in Trinity Parish.

MG: St. Luke's Chapel in Trinity Parish. And I had a...got to see something of New York for the longest period I had ever lived in New York. And finally I came across and got across and...went and found that my old room with Rodney Robinson was still, it was vacant and, yes there was some difficulty in filling it so I got it...old room with the same price that I paid for the half I think, something of that sort, and a very nice family named [unintelligible] whom I became very fond of, and then I signed up for courses in the Sorbonne, and my advisor was Louis Cazamian who was a junior author in a combination of Legouis-Cazamian's history of English literature. The French always seemed to be able to boil down English literature because the two most popular histories of English literature I think have been written by Frenchmen. That isn't...well I don't know what's happened since I retired because I really retired, but, and he was extremely kind to me, he invited me to his home and to meet his wife for tea and things of that sort, and I announced that I would write a doctoral dissertation under his guidance on the first Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*. But after I had been, I'd been taking courses with Professor Legouis and with him, and, I saw, became acquainted in those days with Charles Sester, who, who's been here several times, and who was Professor of American literature there, of course I've – English rather than American literature's always been my chief interest, and so it was purely social acquaintance with him. And the American student center in Paris was a place of rendezvous for all of us, and there I used it, and this is a story I sometimes used to tell my students [unintelligible] keep at it. There used to be three or four typewriters of use and literary-minded students. I used to go in the morning, got there at about ten o'clock if I didn't have courses that day, and use a typewriter. Raymond Guthrie, who has retired recently as Professor of French at Dartmouth and who has also written a [unintelligible] some novels, had one of them, and – one of those typewriters, a man named Larmer Hammond, who at this period [?] who could both draw and write and married a Russian princess, if I remember rightly after I left Paris – not an imperial princess, there's lots of princesses in Russia [chatter and light laughing]. And, we would hammer at our typewriters for about an hour and a half, and then we would think, "Well let's go across to the bistro, and have a drink and compare what we had written, and admire each other and so on" [light laughter]. But when each of us had arrived that morning, there was always one man already there. And that was Stephen Vincent Benné. And when we got up to have our usual pair of tea, we'd always say, "Benné, why don't you come over, no I've only been able to write some, haven't been able to produce a full page of sort," he never went. And...then I turned – of course I didn't tell any of the students 'til I came to the end, announced that a fourth man...

[All talking, incomprehensible]

MG: Famous man...Also I felt that...I can't judge my own intelligence or...literary [unintelligible] but I felt both Guthrie and Hammond were basically more talented than Benné. But they didn't...

MB & CE: Application wasn't...

MG: All the overwhelming ambition, too...and Benné also married one of the first girl – women who were elected to one of these fellowships. And that was Mary Karr, I think was her name, and she was a tremendous help to him. She was attending the École Normale de Jeunes Filles, in those days. And...

MB & CE: Where was this American center, was it on the...

MG: What?

MB & CE: Where was the American center located? Was it right near the Sorbonne?

MG: No great distance, not very – [unintelligible] was the address. The man who really made it go was Dr. Horatio Frantz, who had a Ph. D in English at Columbia, and he was permanent second in command and the man who would...the showpiece was from time to time different scholars from this country...

Olive Goldman: Henry Van Dyke was one of them.

MG: Van Dyke's brother, yes, was one. And Professor Bivert from Michigan was a professor of French. But Horatio Frantz was the man who made things go, and he was one of the most pleasant people I've ever known and was helpful. And so after I'd taken one semester at I don't remember whether we had semesters or quarters, but after I came to the end of the first one, whatever it was, I wrote to the secretary of the Met in New York, but I was really satisfied with the courses that were offered and so on, and I stayed with it if the society wanted me to. But, I thought being in France, I would rather spend my time on courses in French history and literature, and going around to museums and things of that sort, and speak myself in French culture, which I couldn't be doing very well when the only French related to my schoolwork was on English literature, it was excellent but that seemed the wrong way to go at it. So they gave me carte blanche to do anything I wanted, because they said that is what they most greatly hoped for, that their intention was to bring France and America closer together. And then, my fellowship was for one year, renewable for one year, and when it was renewed it was...society had merged with the American Field Service which had money left, and so my second appointment was as an American Field Service fellow. And, meanwhile, I had been told by professor, by Mr. Percy—I've forgotten his last name for the moment. I've just given it to you before, but the editor of the *Herald* that he would be very glad if I could cover all incidents of interest to Americans at Sorbonne, or the University of Paris in general, and any of the other schools if I knew about them. So I wrote a certain number of columns a week, and I was better off that way, and so eventually...

MB & CE: You interviewed some American residents in Paris in connection with this? In connection with your columns from the Herald you interviewed Americans occasionally?

MG: I'll get to that in just a minute. One of the most interesting stories that I wrote on this, while I was still doing it, I believe...on each payment basis, though it may have been just after a great change, but I wrote on the Countess of Chambrun's defense of her thesis on Florio, and the Countess of Chambrun was born Clara Longworth, so I stopped her after a successful defense of her thesis and awarded a doctorate. She was glad to know that I was from Ohio, where she was, southwestern Ohio to be more specific. And, after the story appeared, I got a note from her saying, "I never expected to have things so well done, and you've done just exactly what I think should be done, and won't you come to have tea with me and my husband, General de Chambrun on such and such day?" And again I did, friendship that lasted until her death in the fifties, of this year. And of course she was then delighted to discover who I was, that my father and grandfather had been backers of her brother who [unintelligible]. Nicolas Longworth. And that she had gone to a private primary school with my cousin, Dixie Sullivan, who painted the picture above your head, and these other pictures around. And, so about this time I was ill and sent to the American hospital, and when I came out, and it happened that an old lady and her, Miss Agnes Redfern, who was the daughter of a British father and a French mother and preferred to live in France, but remained a British subject because she was a monarchist. She had invited Robinson and me to dinner, and when we were living in the quarter, she was one of the people who were trying to be nice to [unintelligible]. And when she, she sent her servant around my lodgings, and turns out I was in the hospital, so she wrote me a note and as soon as she came I came out, she invited me to dinner, and then she said, "My relatives in England don't like to have me living alone in this apartment with a single woman servant," and she said, "If you would like to live here with, as a paying guest, I have a room that you can have and you would be, well I would know better if anything, in your present landlords, what to do if you would be ill again or something of that sort." So I accepted very gladly, and eventually, after my mother came over, I was ordered by my mother to refer to her as Aunt Agnes, and I received from her a wonderful education in art and in French social life, earlier generations, and so on. She was about 68 I suppose, something like that then. She died during the German occupation of Paris in her 80s.

So, when the second scholarship, fellowship came in during then, I wasn't eligible for the third one, because nobody got a third year. And, then by that time I had become acquainted with Archibald [unintelligible], a Frenchman who was a city editor of the Paris edition of the *Herald*, but it had been mobilized in way of the print, and later in the army and occupation, one of the most remarkable men I'd ever met because he was a newspaper man who...had a higher ethical, ethical standards than most newspaper men that I have met, and the most marvelous memory. He could...remember after an American whose name had been on the social registry and since [unintelligible] or Chicago, and I remember I wrote a story about the artist named George Oneil, who didn't have an apostrophe in his name, and, a year and a half later I think it was, somebody else wrote a story about him, and put in an apostrophe. And...I remember Archibald roaring out at me going, "Goldman you're a close friend of George Oneil, there isn't an apostrophe in his name is there?" He remembered that, that sort of thing. And, he was – one source of his discontent was that the *Herald* wasn't sufficiently literary, wasn't sufficiently serious in the treatment of anything more than the social aspects of something. Mrs. So-and-so with their necklace, something the owners of the *Herald* stressed. So when I – that's before my

fellowship came to an end, he called me in, I was still writing a space then, and he said, "Goldman, wouldn't you like to be a musical critic?" I said, "I don't know much music but I think I could...anything to stay in Paris," and he said, "Of course you can, it includes opera and comic opera, and everything of that sort."

MB & CE: Did you get press passes to see...

MG: Oh yeah, all the time I had a press pass, and I used to take a girl who was a graduate of the conservatory with me. We got two tickets, you know, and I could pump her on the way to taking her home [multiple people laughing], continue in the taxi to the office, and write. And first the history part of music I was pretty well-acquainted with, [unintelligible] knowledge of who had written what, but I don't think my judgment of whether a thing was superbly played or just acceptably would have been much use without maiden Jane [laughter].

OG: Tell them about Muskowski

MG: What dear?

OG: Tell them about Muskowski

MG: Oh. Um. One day...more and more edged into grammar away from music. One day one of the men that [unintelligible] pages of something carried things around upon the doors downstairs to the office upstairs just to talk with people, interviews and things of that sort at the *Herald*, came and handed me two cards, and he said, "These persons would like to talk to you in their reception room," and one was a card of the Countess [unintelligible], and the other was a Captain Sergio Provinsky of the Imperial Engineers, Imperial Russian Engineers. Well I went in and they said, "You know the Polish oppose Moscow," and I said, "Yeah," and they said, "He's dying in great poverty here in Paris, because he was one of those who felt that Poland's future lay with Austria, anything but the Russians, or the Prussians." And, so he put every cent in the war in Austrian bombs, now look where Austria is, [unintelligible] [loud crinkling] and taken care by a French pupil of his earlier days who had a music school with her husband. And he said, "This is our idea," Provinsky said, "I have done...[loud background noises continue] [unintelligible] before the war, and [unintelligible] offered as an act of charity," and he said, "What we need is somebody to have people know about it. And know about it is...in a way that...office [unintelligible]." And he said, "Would you write an article about the fact that he's know ill in Paris and [poor audio quality]?" So I wrote this story and, a day or two later Provinsky, accompanied by the former student, and said thanks to my article, several people I've called, one man had left a thousand francs, and others, things and so on, and that actually had been an enormous and etchings for sellings, said he probably only had a few weeks or months to live, that he was...really had done something for him. And they were very grateful to me, and...so, afterward, a few days, I received a note from the lady who's name I forget, the former student, Muskovski, saying that he would like to see me. So I, called, and...he was having great difficulty talking,

but he said he had a general view of what I had done for him and his difficulties, and that he wanted me to have one of his manuscripts. And there it is [showing manuscript]. And this was the beginning of a friendship with Captain Serge Provinsky, who was one of the most pleasant people I've ever been associated with. He sent us and he, there was, the only Russian – white Russian, that, white Russian in the political sense – who was ingenious, and making a living for himself and helping other people. And, he was a real genius for that. And he had, had missed, had been accustomed to draw portraits, serious portraits, comic portraits, and so on, and had come to France to, by ordinance, for...one of the white Russian – Yes, Rangle. And, then the effort it collapsed while he was in France, he was stranded. Then there was that, who was that admiral led a revolt against the Bolsheviks? Don't remember. Began with K. Korshuk or something.

OG: Korshul [referring to Admiral Alexander Kolchak].

MG: Something like that. Well, I'll remember that [unintelligible]. But, and again, he had been sent from the front against the Bolsheviks and negotiate for more arms and supplies, and again had been left stranded with nothing. And so he said he remembered that he got on these pictures, and he decided that he would try a new way to earn his living. He would go into the poor districts of Paris and ask if anybody in the family had been killed in war. Somebody in every family had been killed. Then he said, "Do you have a photograph?" And they always had some sort of photograph. And he said, "I'll make a charcoal enlargement for you for five francs." I think he said this price to start. And, so he kept himself alive and occasionally was able to give a meal to somebody until eventually he came to be known and, began to be known as an artist there. The last I heard of Provinsky was in 1938 when he was the official artist of General Franco, his, he would go anywhere and fight communists. He, he was devoted to the idea of a holy Russia, and he had been before, he was a very religious, very deeply devout Greek Orthodox, Russian Orthodox rather, he always had a shrine in his studio, and he was a wonderful companion. One time we went together to a big exposition [unintelligible] viewing of painting in the early 19th century. And somebody came [unintelligible] coming back. And Andreu was very much disliked. I always liked Andreu just as I had liked Rafael. Somebody, some French person came up to me and said, "Whom do you admire most among the painters of the First Empire and the restoration period?" And I said, "Jean Dominique Andreu," and he looked aghast and then suddenly Provinsky came up, clicked his heels, stood before me took the rosette of the order of St. George out of his buttonhole, held it up to the company and said, "This is my decoration which I received at the hands of the Grand Duke Nicholas whom God preserve for what he was imperial highness is graciously inclined to call a courage beyond the call of duty or something like that, at the Siege of [unintelligible]," but he said, "I think it should go to Mark, [laughter] think he's brave in my military career [unintelligible]." My favorite painter is Andreu, which is very funny.

MB & CE: You're really getting into all sorts of activities in Paris at this time, I think in 1968 in an interview you mentioned interviewing some of the famous American names, what was it, Gertrude Stein and this maybe covered in the newspaper clippings...

MG: [Interrupting] Yes, I, well, after I was taken on as a full editor, I was...I don't know if I ever had an exact title, but I've been referred to in letters as [unintelligible] or editorial assistant for the [unintelligible] or something of that sort, I got to write two columns a week. Unfortunately nothing in the Herald was signed in those days, nothing. And the result was that sometimes I was away, sick or something of that sort, somebody else wrote a column, and then I was blamed for it, somebody that wasn't [unintelligible] but I had a Sunday column "Round About the Studio," in which I visited a studio, preferably American, English next if no American was available at the moment, and occasionally a Frenchman of the greatest distinction. And I published that column on Sunday and Monday. I had a column with the American writers in Paris. In that I wrote about all these younger people that later celebrated. And I don't think I wrote one about [unintelligible] but Gertrude Stein, not an endorsement [unintelligible]. I felt that she was a big fake. She did things [unintelligible] bourgeoisie as the French would say.

MB & CE: You didn't happen to see this TV special on her about past year? It was on WILL. Very interesting TV special on Gertrude Stein, her circle with Picasso. You thought she was a fake?

MG: I considered her one of the most unattractive women I had encountered. Of course she was unattractive physically. And then I felt that she had an arrogant attitude towards things in general and a great sense of her own importance. When I first saw her, I [unintelligible] on in presence by Alice [?], Ms. Stein said, "Mr. Goldman, have you read *Tender Buttons*?" I said, "No, I have not." She said, "A copy of *Tender Buttons* for Mr. Goldman," so it was brought out. She said, "Read." So I tried to read two three pages, but there wasn't much of any punctuation. And I was more and more puzzled. She finally said, "What do you think of *Tender Buttons*?" I said, "It's hard to make up my mind because if this sentence is punctuated [unintelligible] ambiguous. I don't know exactly what you mean." She said, "Who am I to decide what my readers shall find? Will I deprive them of their part in this great work creation?" Then she suddenly asked me, "Do you write about art?" I said, "Yes." She said, "Do you know Madame Orloff [Chana Orloff]?" I said, "Don't know...haven't heard of her," and she said, "Madame Orloff is one of the greatest sculptors in our times, perhaps the greatest woman sculptor living today." And she had come with me and dragged me several flights of stairs, and we were greeted by a rather plump [unintelligible] well-groomed woman who was the very antithesis of Gertrude Stein, and the difference was surprising because she was glad to see any young man whereas I did not think Gertrude thought much of any [unintelligible]. She had many finished works. She went in wood and stone equally, and she was a futuristic sort of sculptress, and so I didn't know what to say about...She said, "How do you like this?" I said, "This is beautiful piece of green granite and surface handling..." so and so. "But what do you call this?" And she said, "Mr. Goldman, some call it maternity; some call it [unintelligible]; some call it world spirit...Call it what you will, Mr. Goldman, call it what you will," [laughter]. There again, you see the queer thing I suppose I was a conservative even in extreme youth. My interest in French authors as far as I knew them or men in the academy...I remember meeting Joseph Bédier who did the beautiful modernization Christendom [unintelligible] and [unintelligible] great medievalist and great many evils that to me was

much important than meeting a new sort of radical American exile. That was my first and last encounter with Stein.

MB & CE: Was Hemingway there at the time?

MG: Hemingway seems to have arrived in Paris in the latter part of the year sometime before I left, but I haven't met him, and I'm very glad I haven't, because our personalities would have clashed. Since I am very much a smaller man, he probably would have engaged in his favorite sport of knocking down somebody who was not able to knock him down [laughter]. But as it was most of the time, he was in Austria or Switzerland working out affairs. But he was not in Ms. Stein's days, and I was in general more interested in American conservative writers or thinkers.

OG: [Unintelligible] quite some time with Joyce?

MG: Yes, I knew Joyce much better than I knew Ms. Stein. I belonged to a little group that [unintelligible] for dinner and talked, which was called Stone [unintelligible]. See they [unintelligible] The Society of the Three [unintelligible], for which you had to be British, American, or French. And Joyce attended those meetings sometimes, and one English woman whom I knew was a friend of Mrs. Joyce. Joyce had the habit of being at the Les Deux Magots every Saturday night where most people had brandy while he drank white wine. Les Deux Magots was a conservative place in those days where most of the clientele were French and serious sort of people, but it was convenient for Joyce, and it was a place where some of us from the *Herald* and the European edition of *Tribune* used to meet after putting the Sunday paper to bed Saturday night, and we'd be with Joyce, and just before Les Deux Magots closed, Mrs. Joyce would say, "Some of you boys see to it that James gets home," and we'd say so. We'd all be happy to do it. Then we'd be [unintelligible, followed by laughter] not thrown out but told it was closing time, and we'd leave which would be at about 2 o'clock. Then Joyce would ask for more white wine, and he'd insist on leading us to places where it was available after closing, and then we'd escort him home. I suppose I escorted him home more than with any help because he happened to leave unintelligible which was an extension of the unintelligible university where I lived. [unintelligible] was as far as [unintelligible], maybe not quite that far.

MB & CE: Were these wedding presents over here?

MG: Yes.

MB & CE: When did that occur, the wedding? Was that in Paris?

OG: We met in Paris, but we didn't get married in Paris. We got married back home.

MG: I met Olivia because I needed a copy for American writers in Europe. It was in very early spring. And I had the habit of alternating. a well-known writer, and a young writer coming on. So, for example,

among the young writers coming on were Stephen Vincent Benét and Malcolm Cowley and John Peale Bishop, who edited the, what was that called, *Vanity Fair*, which was I think that was the name wasn't, dear to that. And then I wrote about older people that came, many of whom were now [unintelligible], only these younger ones now. And I knew I was more, knew more and was more closely associated with painters, I think, than with literary persons, because I started out with a painting task and also because my cousin had friends there, Miss Elizabeth Nourse, who was one of the most celebrated American artists and that day, one of the few that had a painting hung in Luxembourg. And then I...Guthrie, who was also field service fellow introduced me to my wife, and I wrote a column about her, and shall I say that she said she married me to keep me from ever doing it again because she felt that I didn't take her seriously.

We came back on the same boat because my family felt that I'd been away long enough; I was an only child. I felt that my due had come back. But I had said I would never come back unless I had a job. So my parents consulted Father Sleeter that I spoke of, and he got me a very good position for that period in financially and in terms of living, lodging, as classical master at the Hoosac school in Hoosac, New York, which was a small fiscal school on the British model that was conducted by Dr. Edward Dudley Tibbetts, who was a graduate of Williams and of St. John's College, Cambridge, and very, very conservative sort of a school. And I've said I never felt so experienced during that year because I had less, a small Latin and less Greek, and yet I was teaching both. Of course, my Latin was a little more than most professors of English, but still it wasn't. I wish it had been more.

So I had, that year is a cause of my changing definitely toward university teaching. I found that I enjoyed teaching, but that I would like to teach someone a little bit more mature than preparatory schoolboys. And so my father was still in reasonably affluent state in that time. And he gave me money, which should have given me two years at Harvard without any difficulty, perhaps three. But after the first I was in love and after the first year, Olive and I got married and then I decided that I must work as well as attend Harvard Graduate School. And so the great Latinist D.K. Rand suggested that George Raleigh Kaufman, who was later head of the English department at the University of North Carolina, and then was at the Boston University, might me as a teaching assistant and I could continue my work at Harvard. And I went to see George Raleigh Kaufman and he said he would like to have me and would recommend my appointment. And then it turned out that there was a feud on between the dean and the president.

And one of the things that was very funny that happened shows that academic life is not free of all sorts of strange [unintelligible], but I don't know which side it was that Kaufman was on. [Unintelligible], but I don't know which side it was that Kaufman was on, considered on. I don't think Kaufman was pleased. But anyway, when his recommendation arrived, the man that was disposing of things, either the dean or maybe it had got the president, said, "Well, these recommendations from Harvard were very satisfactory. But the man has an AM from University of Illinois as well as one from Harvard. Now, how did it happen that he – what do we know about his later career, if any, at the University of Illinois?" So Kaufman called me up and said, "Can you get somebody to vouch for you at the University of Illinois?" So since Bernbaum had been my advisor, after I had shifted from Miss Renniker, I wrote to Bernbaum. And

instead of getting the letter of recommendation that I had expected, I got a night letter saying I have just become head of the English department at the University of Illinois. I would very much like to have you come back here. So Olive and I decided that it was better to come to the University of Illinois where the head of the English department definitely seemed to want me, and to get into it mixed up in the Boston University feud. And so we came, and to our surprise, found ourselves in the midst of the famous...

MB & CE: I've heard of a famous feud here. Bernbaum is one participant, now who's the other one?

MG: Zaitlin Birnbaum, yes.

MB & CE: I don't know the details, but I've heard that it went on for years.

MG: Oh, yeah.

MB & CE: Oh, so you were...

OG: Since the first year we were here, I invited them both to dinner at once. And then somebody told me it couldn't be done. Well, of course, I had two separate dinner parties, but I should just have gone ahead and had them both at once.

MG: See, Bernbaum was my advisor, and Zeitlin was my landlord. And they had been...

OG: They're equally nice to us.

MG: They had been rooming together when I left in '17 at the University Club. They had a suite up there. But that was a case where a dean had promised a headship to one man and a president to the other. And far upon the man that didn't get it felt their difference.

OG: Marcus, you haven't gotten on to World War II at all.

MG: No,

MB & CE: Well, I suppose there were some rather difficult years in the '30s for teachers everywhere.

MG: During the '30s, my father lost everything. And that made a difference because up until that time, though, I didn't allow my parents were not supporting us or anything, contributing largely to it. My father lost everything, and I was afraid at the end of every semester that I wouldn't be taken on again because they did it by lopping off on the basis of seniority, and the crisis passed just before they got to me or Sidney Glenn.

MB & CE: You got your dissertation completed in 1930, '31, was it? Your dissertation was in '31.

MG: My dissertation at Illinois? Yes. During the Depression years, I judged debates at high schools for \$5 a night and drove 50 miles each way to do it in this old dilapidated car that my father gave me.

MB & CE: Did that have any effect on conservatism and the Depression? Did that have an effect on any conservatism and attitudes?

MG: Yes. Oh, I was, I never liked Herbert Hoover. I didn't like the people that, well, I will tell you a story to indicate this. Herbert Hoover apparently did a great job, but he did it not in a successful way to make friends and influence people. It used to be said among certain American circles in France that Herbert Hoover could go to a village in the devastated regions with two boxcars full of clothing, shoes, things of that sort and go away with everybody there disliking him, though very glad to have a gift from America.

And Myron T. Herrick, the American ambassador, could go to the same town with three cigarettes in his cigarette box. and give one to the mayor, smoke two himself, and be escorted to the railroad station by every man, woman, child, dog, and cat in the village, shouting, "Myron T. Herrick [unintelligible, the name said in a French accent]." Because Hoover always had an attitude that those of his people that I, his assistants that I met there in those days, that somehow or other they should be able to do it themselves. They oughtn't have got in the war, or they had guessed in, or this or that. Whereas Herrick would say in his first little speech of six or eight sentences in French he would express his great regret that he had had no opportunity to learn French in his youth, but he regretted that he had not been able to bring us into the war on the side of the Allies for our duty lay, that we all owed so much to France, who was a million and a half of dead had really been the barrier between barbarism and civilization. The famous story you know of his driving down the street went from the Big Bertha was lobbing shells into Paris and he was stopped by a workman that was already at work on the pavement that had been injured or something and they said, "We mustn't go forward they seemed to be landing that direction," and Herrick said, "Well seems an American ambassador so far hasn't been able to be as much good either for France in the United States. Maybe a dead one will." And he said, "Drive on." That circulated by word of mouth through [unintelligible] found in society, and I had a very interesting adventure with Herrick.

One day I was alone in the *Herald* office, and the telephone rang, so I, on Martian Poe's desk, so I answered it, said, "New York Herald." And the booming voice said, "What in the world are you damn fools trying to do? Haven't you got that sense of an idiot to realize that you're tearing down the work of my lifetime in trying to bring plants and the United States together," and so on, each sentence accompanied by a good many round damns and other things. But no obscenity, it's probably wouldn't be half of now, I fear. No four-letter words except damn. And finally, when he ran out of breath, I said, "Who is this? May I ask who is speaking?" And he said, "Damn right you may." He said, "This is Myron T. Herrick, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the French Republic."

And then I said, "Your Excellency, I quite agree with you about that editorial, but I didn't write it and didn't...not an important enough person. I'm just a young man from your home state of Ohio. To do anything about it, I never saw it. And there's a great, great laugh." I just shook the phone, it seemed to me. And then he said, "Well, I'm sorry, so, but really, I'm fed up with this sort of thing." He said, "Do come up and see me sometime." The famous words of that woman, Mae West. But it was long before Mae West said them and come up and see me, meant to go up to the embassy. But I know to say that I didn't follow it. I knew his military attaché, General Bentley Mott.

And leading up to this from there to the Second World War, General, then Colonel Bentley Mott and his assistant at [unintelligible], I knew better, one of his assistants, called me in one day and said wouldn't I like to have a committee, would I accept the commission in military intelligence in [unintelligible]? I said of course. And then some...

MB & CE: No, that's all right. I think we're doing well. G2 then was military intelligence. Colonel?

MG: Well, eventually, but...I was called up by either Colonel Mott or his assistant who said that the government was not commissioning anybody who was personally and permanently registered and living overseas at that time. And I don't know how long that went, but this was toward the end of my stay in Paris. And later when I was at Harvard, my former roommate, future Colonel and Judge Dice, had accepted a commission in the Air Force, the Army Air Force in those days, and said, "Mark, you ought to be in the Reserve too." So I...

MB & CE: Is that D-Y-E-S-S, Dyess? Is that D-Y-E-S-S, dice?

MG: No, it's just dice.

MB & CE: D-I-C-E, like you roll? Okay.

MG: The best friend I've ever known was when he said to a dean of women, "I'm dice, don't you want to gamble on the green?" And so I went to the Boston Navy Yard and took an examination. for a commission and was given certain problems in breaking European morale and so on. And I was expecting to get a second appointment, a second lieutenantancy, and lo and behold, I received a captain's commission in the reserve. And I was active in it here until the Second World War, and I was called to duty with the Air Force, and I wanted to get overseas very much because I thought I not only knew the French language, but I got to go about the French language and countryside. And but you see, I don't have a right eardrum. I lost it through a mastoidectomy when I was six, and they usually hadn't found that out because my hearing was good in my left ear. But this time the examination was done by a medical student who wanted to be very careful. And he looked in with a flashlight and made his discovery. I managed to get ahead of my 201 file a number of times, coming on active duty as a captain. But always just at the last moment that the thing would turn up, and this fatal sentence for limited service only would stop me at the... just short of the boat. And so I was knocked about from pillar to [unintelligible] post trying to get

overseas. Finally was appointed to a position at the headquarters of the Army Air Force at Gravelly Point in Washington. I've been all over the country as a matter of fact for various assignments, but I was always trying to get overseas.

There I worked on folders and maps for bombing, you know, in various places. And this is one of the ironies of the Army, but after all, an officer was supposed to know everything. They said, "What would you like to work on?" I said, "On France. which I know about." They said, "Oh, the [unintelligible] takes good care of that. We don't need to work on it here and now." And I said, "Some of the French colonies, since I can read French easily and can learn anything about Indochina." And they said, "Well, what we need is somebody working on Thailand, which is close to Indochina." So I preferred operational folders to out of bomb Bangkok without hitting the brewery or the temples or anything of that sort.

And then they started to cut down on Air Force personnel and various people were ordered out of Washington and who didn't want to go. And they would be moping around. Their wives would be on their, at them all the time to try to stay. Some of them had bought houses even, you know, moved their family. So I went to my immediate superior and I said, "Here are all these people that don't want to leave Washington. I want to leave Washington, I want to go overseas." And he said, "Well, I don't know of any assignment we give you there now. And well, I said it was stupid to send people overseas that don't want to go and keep those that want to stay here." And he said, "Well, I don't know what I can do." And I said, "Would you give me two hours leave every afternoon to hunt up a job overseas?" And he said, "Well, I can't say no to that, but I'd like to keep you."

Well, I went over to the Pentagon, which was not quite built then, and I ran into by Colonel John Baklis, who has written a video about Marlow, Christopher Marlow, the dramatist, and who married one of all of his [unintelligible] friends, whom I had met socially before, and I told him my story. And he said, "Well, we were just beginning to work on a German order of battle. I don't know whether that would get you overseas in any way soon," but he said, "I think you could come in on that." And I met one of the men who had been just released. There had been assays in Vichy, I guess, or maybe, and got out in time. I was not sure whether there had been an exchange or whether he got out wherever he was in time. That seemed very interesting, but as I was leaving with the intention to come back to see how things were developing, I saw a label foreign office, foreign branch, foreign branch. And I thought that looks as though it would get me out of the country. So I went in and introduced myself to the officer in charge and he asked me some questions and he said, "Well, we have a job that's going to be vacant very shortly," but he said, "Maybe you wouldn't want to have... I don't think... I can't ask anybody to take it because" he said, "It's in some ways more dangerous than the battlefield and not the glory," and he said, "Our military observer at Dakar has not worked out quite as we wished and he would want to come home and well to your knowledge of French you could be very useful in Dakar but he said I must warn you that there is malaria, there is plague, there is bone break, fever, and a great many other things that are not very desirable at that car." And I said, "Well, if I can't die from a country and risk dying from a country in the field, at least I can risk a disease for the sake of my country." So I was appointed or given that assignment. And I spent

30 days in the operations and instruction branch working up on the French colonies and Dakar in particular and so on.

And then just as I received sailing orders from Charleston, from the Port of Charleston, President Roosevelt appointed Admiral Glassford Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary to French West Africa. And he flew, and as soon as he arrived, looked over the Army plan and telegraphed that if I was on my way, changed my orders to Army representative on his staff, temporarily assigned to his staff. If I hadn't cleared the porter yet, but I was not to go that the Navy could take care of everything at that car. And so I was stuck.

And just at that time, the second in rank in this office for the special instruction and attaché with special missions and so forth, decided he wanted to go back into public relations for the Army. And so since I had apparently got high grades on the such examinations were given and impressed them that I might be the commanding officer, Colonel [unintelligible], he said, "Will you stay as my assistant in command of the unit?" Well, by that time it was late in 1942 and I thought I'd better begin to get something on my 201 file beside transferred from this place to that place and so on to show that there wasn't anything in there. My prejudice that had caused this, but my zeal for desire to get overseas. So I became assistant chief of the branch and then he went to England on an inspection tour to see how the English did the thing that we were trying to do. And some way he caught a fever in Brazil, I think, or someplace of that sort. He got received aid, and he arrived home on a stretcher. And within a couple of days he was dead. And so I was appointed temporary chief and I remained so until I am—Excuse me again, I have a real problem here.

MB & CE: Okay.

[Break in the recording; the conversation resumes on a different subject.]

MG: If you grab at it seriously, and I think I do, it means that you stay up all night usually several times in a month reading themes that you have promised to get back at a certain date and didn't know that most people would write so badly or so well that your critical faculty would have to say, now what am I going to write on this? In junior, I mean in freshman rhetoric, which of course as all people knew I had my stint up, I had an interesting experience one day I saw a very celebrated athlete who was not very good in his studies, lowering as he looked at the knee when the papers were distributed. And I saw him coming up toward the desk as the class was dismissed. Fortunately, a co-ed came up before him, and he was planned to stand behind her. Then he looked at his paper, which had the, he'd only looked at the E before, but then he looked at the marginalia and what had written it. And so when I finally satisfied the co-ed, I looked up and said, "What is it, Mr. So-and-so?" And he said, "I was awful mad about this E, but you've done so damn much more work on it than I did, that I guess I have nothing to say." The late Thomas Arkle Clark had a bad habit, as far as I was concerned, and my peace of mind was concerned, of having athletes that missed their, failed their composition courses and got in one of mine the next semester.

MB & CE: Oh, I think this covers a lot of very much what we had in mind. I don't know if there's anything else about the university that's unique in your estimation. You certainly spent many years here and is your... We mentioned the Democratic Party and the Episcopal Church and a few other organizations...

MG: I grew up in a family of, speaking of a large family as a whole, it consisted of Baptists, Presbyterians, and people that didn't, weren't attached to any church, but I believe... Well, my grandfather Goldman was more of a deist than anything else I should say in the old way. But I have been a delegate to a great number of diocesan synods and some provincial synods, and I was a lay deputy at the National Convention, triennial convention in '61. I am a great lover of the Book of Common Prayer and don't like things that are being done to it at present. I think the Church has a teaching mission in general civilization as well as in the faith, and that's a masterpiece of the Book of Common Prayer as a literary masterpiece, and have it replaced by something that is supposed to be written in modern language, modern language being the language of the last five years. I don't approve of that at all.

Now, as far as the Democratic Party, that's interesting because my wife and I are both of what might be called card-carrying Republican families. We both voted for Al Smith for president rather than for Herbert Hoover. We missed out then. We felt that prohibition was a great mistake and that Hoover was lacking in human sympathy in many ways. I carried over some of this from my French experience. And then the next time up, of course, we voted for Roosevelt rather than Hoover again. The thing we voted in '32 for Roosevelt and against Hoover. But we still were both registered Republicans. We voted for Republicans on most of the local state tickets and so on. And I was a Republican when I went on active duty and supposed my wife was.

One day in the Pentagon, I received a night letter signed by one of my former students, Donald Dobson. saying that the Democrats needed a good candidate for the legislature. I don't mean the legislature, for the House of Representatives. And he and several others had agreed that I would be the best candidate, and they would call me at my home to see that night my apartment, if I were to learn whether I would accept or not. I, when the telephone rang and Donald Dobson came on and repeated what had been in the telegram with a few words of urging, I said that I couldn't possibly consider it. First of all, I was a registered Republican. Well, one can change parties, he assured me, and we've seen enough of that. And the second part, I said, "Somebody is going to have to make a living for the Goldman family." I said, "I can't go into politics and leave my wife and children to starve." Then a few days, a few minutes after this, in which Donald and I argued back and forth, Olive came on the phone and she said, "[unintelligible] run if I wouldn't." I said, "I didn't want her to run, but I didn't say that I would bring suit for divorce or do anything else if she ran." So when I returned, finally, and I found that she was a candidate, and naturally thereafter I'd been registered as a Democrat,

shall not vote for the Democratic candidate for either president or vice president governor and I now consider myself an independent I don't know of course so many Republicans voted in the Democratic

Primary. I don't know. I suppose it is now expected to vote in some primary, and wherever you can do the best, the most good or the most evil. But I am, I am not the fervent Republican which I was reared to be because they, oh, I thought they're... But I've tried to support my wife in her political career. Part of that support, of course, is just mere acceptance. But I have a feeling that anybody has a right to this. It's supposed to be his own life if it isn't criminal. That's that story.

I was, you asked about the American Legion, I was the American Legion founder, and then I was in '41, I was commander of the Urbana post until when I went on active duty at that time. I think one of the most important things in, to me, I don't know that I accomplished anything, but with working for the William Anne Ellen White Committee [?] to defend America by aiding the Allies. I, and I've been a steady defender of preparedness. I'm just horrified at any idea of reducing our interest in national defense because I think I've seen twice major wars break out that most people didn't think would ever involve us. I've seen these two local wars in Korea and Vietnam, which at any moment might start something larger. I still believe that George Washington was right when he said the best way of maintaining peace is to be always prepared for war. And I think that the discipline of the Army, much as I find it difficult sometimes, is a wonderful thing. And I'd like to see every young man serve a certain length of time in the army. It's a broadening.

MB & CE: You think that all young men profit by military training or...

MG: Military training, yes.

MB & CE: Like the ROTC, which President defended and so forth, you feel...

MG: I would like to see obligatory ROTC reestablished because in the Second World War, We would have been in it, well, we couldn't have done anything if it hadn't been for two sets of people. One was veterans of World War I that were still willing and able to participate. The other was ROTC graduates. And among those, and among reserve officers, those who had been involved in the, what was Roosevelt's CCC? CCC camps.

Because there are so many things a man has to learn to stand in the chow line. Patiently, if he doesn't get there first, he should fall in where he should fall in and not feel that he was He had rights that other people don't have. I feel also that you get to know people from different parts of the country, from different strata of society. Everybody is equal in his grade to all other persons in his grade, except for it's influenced by seniority, and I think seniority is a pretty good thing generally. I know it's unpopular now...

MB & CE: Perhaps we could throw in one more pitch here. Were you involved at all in this continuing fight? I think particularly the College of Education, you mentioned educationists or colleges of education. Did you ever get involved in any of those discussions between what is the important thing, the subject matter, or the method in which it is?

MG: Oh, I'm sure that to make a good teacher, a friend of mine who's written in education has said he doesn't agree with me. But I think the teachers are born, just as Walton said, anglers and poets are. I think you have to have three qualities and if you have them, you can teach. If you don't have them, I don't think any possible amount of instruction in the College of Education can make you more able to be a successful teacher, meaning by success what your students take away from you, how they look back upon your classes and so on. One of course is you must like people. That is a rather silly term, but you must be a friendly soul. The second is that you must love the subject that you're teaching. It would be your hobby if it wasn't what you're teaching. If you had to do something else, it would be the hobby that you would raise. And the third is to really know it.

And that's all very old fashioned, but the best teachers I've ever had, and I've had some wonderful teachers, were ones that would have made the hair stand on end of anybody thinking he could teach people to teach because they have a different, each of them had a different personality. A man who doesn't have a sense of humor shouldn't try to track jokes in class. A man who is a naturally a martinet and disciplinarian but fair must not try to be too informal with his students. He must be absolutely just. One should never give a grade that one can't defend [unintelligible].

MB & CE: You mentioned the word inspirational early in discussing some of your teachers. You mentioned the word inspirational in discussing some of your teachers but the means of inspiring differs depending on the teacher.

MG: In the days when they, I only remember about the English department, but in the days that students used to have lists in the Illini and sometimes paint the names on the shield that they put up on a bench or something, there were three members of the English department which were always on, I think, if not all three. These two this year and two, the third one with one of them the next. And they were Paul Landis, who is [unintelligible] right here, and Bruce [unintelligible] and myself. Now, Paul and I were somewhat alike in the fact that we had the old-fashioned classical education in preparatory school and in high school, I mean in college. He had in the small one, what is it, in Pennsylvania in the German Region of Pennsylvania.

MB & CE: Mifflinburg?

MG: Somebody in Marshall.

MB & CE: Franklin & Marshall.

MG: Franklin and Marshall. And I at Miami when Miami was a small college, and the name university was misapplied.

And I don't know, Warrick came from the University of Colorado I think. Now there are a few things that interest Warrick that would interest me other than the literature itself and I mean I can't imagine Bruce

fishing along the Sangamon. And it would take some effort. I can imagine Paul doing it. I don't think Bruce ever cared very much about Latin and Greek. I may do him wrong. But we used to have a Greek club in the faculty, and Paul and I were the two English department members in our generation that had attended.

And so I'm an extreme conservative, I suppose, because the best teachers I had here and there and everywhere were ones that were personalities and they had – here's one thing, and it is very interesting, I think. I was a great admirer of Irving Babbitt. I went to Harvard and was out of someplace else after meeting Babbitt when I came back to this country. And he was a truly great teacher. And Paul Elmer More, who was a great essayist, I think, in the American [unintelligible], not much neglected now, but I think he has been the greatest literary essayist that we've had, and who was very much admired here in 1916, but is forgotten now largely.

I had an appointment with Babbitt one day in Paris, and I met him through Countess de Chambre. And when I went there, there were five or six young men there ahead of me. They were all Orientals. And every other time that I went to see Babbitt in Paris, and sometimes in Cambridge later, there were Orientals around. And I said, one day when I was talking to Paul Elmer More, "Isn't it remarkable that Professor Babbitt has such a large following of Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Indo-Chinese, Indians and so on." He said, "You know why, don't you?" And I said, "I know I'm not sure that I do." He said, "It's because they recognize in him the wise man in the East that if you um they ask him a question he can always answer it out of his memory" practically under almost always, and usually accompanied by a resume or an exact quotation of the matter that has been brought up and when I was in class

He used to come in with a green bag and empty it on his desk. There were pieces of paper this long and this long and that size and so on. And he would begin to lecture. And we used to have fun with people that came, entered the class late or something because he would all the time that he was lecturing and giving this a long sentence but perfectly articulated sentence he would be fumbling, fumbling and then we would bet that he would get the quotation of passage that he wanted before the end of his sentence and we always won and looked as though it was impossible but he never had formal notes. He just had these little jottings and lots of them. And if you, if you walked in out of the outer world and into this room today, you said, "Why don't you, why didn't you like [unintelligible] Mr. Babbitt?" He would give you at least 15 straight minutes. quotation.

And he also had, he was not a funny man in any sense, but he had a devastating wit. And for example, George [unintelligible] once wrote, who hated Babbitt, once wrote that Mr. Babbitt has a, Professor Babbitt has an old-manish way of looking under his bed every night to see if Jean-Jacques Rousseau was under it. And Babbitt retorted, "My bed is one of the few in this country under which Rousseau would never dare to conceal himself, but I have dragged him screaming from under Mr. [unintelligible]'s bed more times than I can remember."

And they could dress people down, too. For example, we marched up to tell him what the term paper was going to be, and I remember a young man standing in front of me, and when he came to Babbitt, he said, "I want to write on Neoplatonism at the Court of Navarre from 1500 to 1520," or something like that. And Babbitt said, "That's just fine." He said, "I've always hoped somebody would come up with something like that." He said, "Of course you read Greek with Greek facility, don't you?" And his boy didn't even know the Greek alphabet. And then Babbitt said, "I'll wager that you are a Harvard graduate, seduced into flittering away your time. If you came from a small, unknown, perhaps, college, Lutheran or Roman Catholic in the midst of the Midwest, you would know it."

MB & CE: Well, I can see. interesting. Babbitt's continued popularity among dissertation writers always amazes me because we get requests for the Sherman papers, people studying Babbitt and more. Look at it.

MG: He's coming back. Yes, it's interesting that nobody ever asked me anything about Babbitt until about three or four years ago, and now everybody asks me about him. We knew the Babbitts eventually, well socially, so we had the chance to see him at his fireside as well as in the lecture room.

OG: Marcus wrote a very interesting essay in the Babbitt book, the memorial book on Babbitt in Paris.

MG: *Irving Babbitt: Man and Teacher*, I think is the title, isn't it, dear? And I wrote about meeting him in France and his remarkable performances there. But Kittredge was just about the same way, although much more savage than Babbitt in revealing ignorances and neglects and so on. Kittredge, you know, didn't have a PhD, and one time somebody said, "Professor Kittredge, haven't you ever thought about taking your doctorate?" And he said, "Could you tell me who could imagine, could examine, examine and guide me?" Well, have I hit everything?

MB & CE: I think we've probably covered a great bit of what we started. Maybe we ought to leave something for next time. If you think of something else that you want—

MG: Well, we haven't covered conservation, [unintelligible].