

David Marsh McLelland Interview

Company A, 317th Inf Reg

(Library of Congress: Veterans History Project; interviewed by Lauren Rittermann, Andrea Sjogren)

(MS Word Audio Transcript [NOT edited, just transcribed])

Andrea Sjogren

So can you state your full name for us.

David Marsh McLelland

My full name is David Marsh McLelland.

Andrea Sjogren

And where did you grow up?

David Marsh McLelland

In Iredell County west of here, north of Statesville.

Andrea Sjogren

And your birth date?

David Marsh McLelland

February 16, 1921.

Andrea Sjogren

Okay. Now you mentioned that you were drafted into the service or --

David Marsh McLelland

I was indeed, yes.

Andrea Sjogren

You were drafted in the service. And you also said you had some brothers?

David Marsh McLelland

I did, yes. My brother, two years older than I, Ed McLelland was drafted and served in the 2nd Armored Division during World War II; and my brother George McLelland -- both of them, by the way, are now deceased -- was a member of the 2nd Marine Division, and he served in the Pacific. Ed and I served in Europe.

Andrea Sjogren

Okay. And this is World War II, and you were in the Army?

David Marsh McLelland

Yes, uh-huh. And by the way, it was called the Army of the United States. And before the war started, it was -- the official name was United States Army. But all these new units were called Army of the United States. Trivia.

Andrea Sjogren

And your rank and position while you were in the war?

David Marsh McLelland

The highest I got was staff sergeant.

Andrea Sjogren

What did you start as? Start? When you started, what did you start as?

David Marsh McLelland

Private.

Andrea Sjogren

Okay. Can you remember exactly what time of the year you had gone into the war, and what year it was at the time you were drafted?

David Marsh McLelland

Well, I was drafted and went into the service on the 1st of December, 1942.

Andrea Sjogren

Okay.

David Marsh McLelland

And shipped across the United States to California on a train and was stationed at Camp Beale, California, for about two years after that date as a member of the 13th Armored Division.

Andrea Sjogren

And what did you do from there?

David Marsh McLelland

Pardon?

Andrea Sjogren

What did you do after that?

David Marsh McLelland

Well, I grew so weary, I think, of doing virtually nothing except constant training, and I volunteered to go overseas as a replacement of the losses that occurred after the D-Day invasion of Normandy in France. And I reached the front lines in France on the 1st day of January 1945, New Year's Day. And then I got into battle itself that day, but I'd been in Europe for -- since July, I was shipped overseas as a replacement and went into the 80th North Carolina Division, infantry division, and was a member of the 317th Infantry Regiment, and went from being a supply specialist in the 13th Armored Division to a staff sergeant squad leader of an infantry troop when I reached the front line. And I lasted until the 21st day of February, five days after my birthday, in the coldest weather Europe had seen in a hundred years. And I do mean it was cold. We were once stopped into a house in France or Luxembourg on our way to the front somewhere, and a boy coming down the stairs shot himself in the foot. And I guess somebody wondered, Were you trying to get out of this cold weather to stay in that cold house? But he was not, of course. It was an accident. But he was carrying his rifle in his hand, and it went off and shot himself in the foot. But I lasted through two battle courses and then

received a bullet in the face, and that was on the 21st of February 19 and 45, 1945. So I'll tell you a bit about my reaction when I got shot.

Andrea Sjogren

Yes, please.

David Marsh McLelland

It was surprising to me that I had an absolute certainty that I was dying, and the surprising thing was I had no regrets. I never felt sad and that I'd never see my wife again or my relatives, and I had plenty of them back home. I had been married, I guess, about a year at that -- well, I was married in '43, a little bit more than that. But I had a very pleasant sense of anxiety. And my pervading sentiment was, At last I shall know. At last I shall know. I had a professor once who said, One of the strongest urges in the human species is to be certain. And so I guess I was feeling a bit of that. At last I shall know what it looks like on the other side. But I had no regrets whatever. And yet I started moving back down the hill from the place where I was shot, and it was a peach orchard near Trier, Germany. And I ran into the medic down at the foot of the hill, and his name was Kenny. I can't remember his last name. But Kenny was astonished to see me because I had first dropped into a foxhole and held my helmet between my knees and bled into that. And the bullet, by the way, struck me on the right upper lip, right upper lip, sheared off all my teeth on the upper side at the gum line, went through the center of my tongue, cutting the rest of the tongue off to the left, exited through my curve in the jawbone, and took out teeth in that area as well. It punctured my left eardrum, and I've been partially deaf ever since. But when I got down to see Kenny, I had poured the blood out of my helmet, put it back on my head, walked standing up, and saw spurts of dirt kicking up around me, and it didn't bother me a bit because I knew I was dying anyway. But when I saw Kenny and saw the look of astonishment on Kenny's face at all the bloody mess that I was in, I giggled and felt delighted that I was still alive. So I acted both ways, and that surprised me somewhat. But Kenny took from my pack that every soldier carried, a little morphine kit, I think it was, and gave me a shot of that and carried me back to an aide station at the foot of the hill. We had gone up a ridge. The Germans were up on top of it shooting down at us. And there, I was curious to see that they took a big scissor and cut all my clothing off without any interference with me. Just clipped it all off and lifted it off, because they couldn't really tell where I'd been hit. I was bloody all over. And I couldn't tell them because my tongue was in bad shape, and it was a good long while before I learned how to speak at all. But I stayed in the Duchess of Luxembourg's -- I guess you'd call it her palace, and I've forgotten her name, but she was the royal ruler of that area, and I stayed there for two or three days. And one of the first things I did was write a little note when I had -- I was unconscious for three days, and I came back and found feeling in one arm and blood in the other and was sort of surprised to find that I was in the shock ward. And then I remember that shock is a result of loss of blood, so it made sense. And I wrote a little note and asked an orderly, How bad am I hurt? And he said, We'll have you back on the front in three weeks. I spent the next 15 months being patched up in hospitals in England and Cleveland, Ohio. May I tell you one more thing about the trip?

Andrea Sjogren

Sure.

David Marsh McLelland

My friend on the war front was William E. Hood, Jr., from Cleveland, Ohio. And he was called Billy, of course. And Billy told me when I first met him -- and this was in the 317th Infantry Regiment, not in the armored artillery. It was not that. I met him when I first went overseas. And he told me that an elderly man in his area in Cleveland, a big city, had given him a party, a going-away party, and that he was a little surprised. And he asked him, said, Why this nice party for me? We were never close being generations apart. And the old man said, Well, I would not have told you had you not asked, but you're not coming back. And Billy and I said, What does that old man know? He didn't know anything. The day I got shot, Billy was shot and killed, and I -- he was 21 years old, and I at that time was 24 years old. And I visited Billy's grave in Luxembourg. It's the same cemetery where General Patton, who was the overall general of that area, 5th Corps, 3rd Army at that time he was buried, and Billy's still resting in that area. And when I went to the United States after a tour in the hospital in England, we were in a Quonset hut hospital in England. And I found when I went to see the head of that hospital who was a local for this area a Greensboro dental surgeon, and I saw on his desk when I went into that place an alumni review from University of Chapel Hill. And unable to talk, I said, You, Me, and pointing. And he said, Oh, yes. And he pulled the stumps of these teeth that were there. Oh, it was so painful. Until that was done, I didn't really feel much pain until that was done. But these teeth all had the exposed nerves, and he pulled my teeth out. And then when I got to Cleveland, Ohio, they -- what happened to my squad, I didn't know. I saw one of them, saw him fall dead, and I was absolutely certain he was dead right beside me. And I didn't know what had happened to Billy at all. And I had assigned to Billy the task of carrying the bazooka. The bazooka was a rocket launcher. And it had two men: One to aim it, the other to load it from the back and fire it. And it was potent enough to knock a hole in three solid edges of steel. So it would kill tanks. And Billy had the task of trailing along behind the squad and to find that if necessary. We never saw any tanks at all. And I wondered afterwards if I had assigned Billy that task out of an attempt to favor him a bit, and I didn't think that I had. And it certainly didn't work out that way, because first face I saw on the circle in the City of Cleveland when I got there at the hospital, Crile General in Cleveland, was the picture of the latest casualties -- this was in April in 19 and 45, April of '45 -- was a smiling Billy Hood, and I'm going to show you his picture. I found that, a life-size picture of Billy Hood, and it said he was killed near Trier, Germany, on February the 21st, 1945, the day I got shot. I went to see his folks. Didn't cry then. I've cried ever since.

Andrea Sjogren

After you were fixed up in your face, after you were healed, what did you do from there? Were you sent back into the war? Was the war still going on at that time?

David Marsh McLelland

Oh, no, no. Yeah, no, it was not. You remember I got there in April of 19 and 45. That was the day FDR, the president, died, and I was discharged on the 3rd of May, 1946, from the hospital. So I spent slightly more than a year in the hospital in Cleveland. And the war in Europe ended on May the 8th, 1945, so it had been over almost a year before I got out of the Army. And so I went back to law school at Chapel Hill. I had finished one year of law school and finished that in 1948, moved to Burlington in 1948, and have lived here ever since. Quite a few years ago. I'm now 83.

Andrea Sjogren

Doesn't seem like it's been that long, does it?

David Marsh McLelland

Yes.

Andrea Sjogren

You mentioned that you were in France, on the front line in France and shot in Germany. Were there -- and you were in the hospital in England obviously. Were there any other countries that you were in because of this war going on?

David Marsh McLelland

Just Luxembourg. I went from France into Luxembourg into Germany.

Andrea Sjogren

Into Germany?

David Marsh McLelland

Yes. And all of that was following the retreating Germany army. That was known later as the Battle of the Bulge that occurred after Christmas of 1944 -- '44. And on January the 1st, 1945, the American and British forces pushed the Germans back to where I was shot.

Andrea Sjogren

Were any of the other conflicts that you were in -- were any of them named like battles? Like the Battle of the Bulge? Do you have any other names of battles that you were in or just --

David Marsh McLelland

Well, I have two battle stars, and I didn't make any distinction between the trek we had from France through Belgium and into Germany and to Trier where I was shot, and I couldn't tell the difference. And I don't really know the name of the other one. But we were -- we were constantly on the move, and I saw a lot of dead people, and I saw a lot of dead horses and cattle and a lot of destruction. And it was so cold, so cold. My first hospitalization, as I mentioned, was in a Quonset hut, a temporary hospital in England, after I had been shot and I had my teeth pulled and all. And I was put into a dormitory, a hospital bed, with a big pot bellied stove right beside it. And I lay there and soaked for several days trying to get warm. And of course I'd got warm long before that, but the memory of how cold it was in that area was stuck with me. It was truly cold.

Andrea Sjogren

Can you mention any other feelings on the experience of being overseas, being -- fighting the war, feelings, reactions you had felt to certain pictures that you'd seen? Certain scenery? Like the bodies falling and the blood and the fighting?

David Marsh McLelland

You know, one of the consequences was a pre-war exercise when we were in California in the 13th Armored Division, and I thought, it's so typical of the dangers of being in the military during a war. And this was a training session where a bazooka was demonstrated. And I mentioned how you hold a bazooka. It was a rocket launcher that had an armor piercing explosion at the end of it. And I was very near a young soldier who picked up one of those rockets, and I suppose he was just looking at it to see what it was. And he just dropped it, and it exploded when it hit the ground and blew off one of his left hips. And I do mean his hipbones were all displayed and the gore there. And there were some other occasions in training, but I thought that was the most gory that I'd seen at all. Of course, that boy was permanently injured. I don't know how he ever got -- but it took off his whole half of his backside and blew him up. Then I remember that marching across a snowy field from one place to another, and I can't remember whether it was in Luxembourg or Germany -- it was along in that area -- that we heard the deadly weapon, and I do mean deadly, that the Germans used pretty frequently. And it was an artillery shell that was fired almost flat -- artillery generally, and I was in the 498th field artillery when I was in the 13th Armored Division -- could shoot a missile for two miles or so, but it was done with a long arc. And the German 88-millimeter cannon was a high-powered thing. It shot a flat trajectory. It would boom when the shot was fired, and then almost instantly it was in your midst. You didn't have time to duck in that sort of situation. You could hear artillery shells whirling through the air and whistling when they came in, but you couldn't manage the 88. And I saw -- heard and saw an 88 explode. I swear it couldn't have been more than 20 yards from me. And the soldier

was cut half in two. I didn't know him, but his blood was splattered all over that white snow, and I thought that was one of the saddest sights I'd seen. I didn't know who he was, and he was just -- it happened to strike him in the middle, and it just cut his guts out. And I can remember going into one of the cities that we stopped into after most of the civilians were moved out, and there were many towns in the area, and they tended to be agricultural areas where the barn -- where you kept the stock and the house were all connected together. And whoever lived there took care of his animals by walking into another room of the house is about what it amounted to. And I remember going into one where one of my squad members, I guess it was, heard a noise in the upper second story of the house, and he uncorked his hand grenade that we kept and threw it into the window. And I was screaming at him when he uncorked it, Don't throw that thing. It would have bounced exactly back in front of us, but it went through the window. And we would have been dead as doornails if it had not, if it had bounced back. So it was a dumb thing to do. But we went inside the house after that. He was just clearing it out, I guess, and maybe not thinking of the consequences. And we found, to our surprise, some life in the house. And it was a big cow that had wandered through the downstairs area of that house. No people in there at all. Though I also saw another situation that I thought was most painful, and this was one where a soldier who was not in my squad, but I saw him in an adjoining squad that stepped on a land mine, and you never could tell where those might be. And it blew off the front of his foot so that the foot portion and the bones in it were flapped back on his leg, and you could plainly see the whole front end of his foot was severed and so was his shoe. And he -- as I when I was shot, I didn't feel any pain. I was numbed with it, including my teeth. It was just all numb. And he didn't show any sign of pain, but it sure cut his foot off. I just happened to stumble into it. I remember in trying to escape the cold that we got into a house one time, and we ducked in whenever we could in the hope that it would be a little warmer. And sometimes we even found a can of beer or something. The Germans liked beer, and they had it in milk cans sometimes. But that was a little interlude that was unexpected. And I went into the basement of that house and remember taking my shelter tent, my shelter -- I guess that's what you call it, tent. Anyway, I took it and lit a candle and draped it over the candle, and I couldn't breathe in there after a little, but at least it warmed me up a little bit. And the cold was just all-pervading. I wore three pairs of socks, two sets of wool underwear, and wool pants, and the skin all came off my feet from frostbite. And we didn't have any water to drink because water froze in canteens, so we lived on licking the snow for the water that we had. But I did see dead bodies, mostly Germany bodies, lying in all sorts of contorted positions and frozen. And I saw cattle and horses similarly frozen on all this long trek. We were in one instance moving into a building that small arms fire, rifles, shots were coming from the upper story of that building, and our task on that one was to get the people who were firing those shots at us. And some trees had been cut down, logs had been cut down. I don't know when they might have been cut. Maybe for firewood or something else, but we were sort of taking cover behind those logs as we moved forward. And after one, we moved forward, and one of the men in my squad, and his name I can't remember anymore, had been a medic, and just the day before had decided he didn't wish to serve as a medic anymore. And the medic, as you may know, had a red cross on each side of the helmet. And in theory, by the rules of law, you didn't shoot at a medic. So he took off his medic hat. And when we moved over the top of one of those logs, I saw him fall. And I took a look after turning him over, and the bullet had squarely hit the center of his forehead just above his nose, deadly center. And what surprised me on that instance was how rapidly his face turned an ashy white, all the color drained. But I didn't see any blood, but he was instantly dead. You know, some

say that most of us who saw front line duty are reluctant to talk about it because you can't bring up the horrors of war, and I've never thought that was true. I was always willing to talk about it to anybody who's willing to listen. And I have I think an experience similar to that described by Senator Kerry in his experiences in Vietnam. When he saw what it was like, he came back and disavowed any connection with war at any time. And last item on the big debate with President Bush, he was accused of being wishy-washy and flip-flopping. And but Senator Kerry saw what war was like, and he was willing to talk about it. He was willing to testify before Congress before he went in, that, War, as Sherman said, is hell. There's no doubt about it. And of course, most of the people during wartime do not see the front lines. Most do not. And if I had had any sense, you know, I would have known that volunteering for duty as a replacement meant replacing not a supply technician, which is what I was in the 13th Armored Division, but an infantryman with a rifle and on the front line. They were the ones who got killed, not the supply technicians at all. So in a sense, I asked for it and don't consider myself any sort of hero. I did see what war is like, and I am solidly against it. And I think one of the most outrageous things we've ever done was the invasion of Iraq, an absolutely unnecessary war. And now the President has taken the position that he is steadfast in his belief, but he started off with a notion that we have to put down Saddam Hussein because he has weapons of mass destruction. Well, if that's what he wanted, he could have gone directly to Korea or Libya or several other Middle East countries. But that was not what he wanted at all. He wanted to finish what his father was criticized for not doing, that is getting Saddam Hussein. So that's a result of a war of choice. And we certainly didn't choose World War II. We were into it, and we had to do it. We couldn't do anything else. And the present Iraqi war was a mistake of the first order.

Andrea Sjogren

You said that you disagree with war now --

David Marsh McLelland

I do.

Andrea Sjogren

-- after the fact. But while you were fighting for our country, were you proud to be there? Were you proud to do so?

David Marsh McLelland

No. I mean, nobody discussed that that I can remember. We did what we thought was necessary, and I do think one -- one thing was common to everybody. We knew people would get killed, but it would always be the fellow next to me, not me. And most all of us felt that way. And I think it was sort of an attitude that cheered us up a little bit. But I didn't see any glory. There was no glory involved. Before war, I really did not like the Army. I did not like military life to begin with, and I really

think I was motivated mostly by volunteering to go overseas to get out of the Army. That's what I wanted to do, and I found that once we got on the front -- on the front in the battlefield, the insignia of officers was taken off, and we were all just in this together. And you didn't parade around and stomp around as if this is a great heroic exercise. We didn't do that. We did the best we could to keep ourselves alive. And the officers, commissioned and noncommissioned, were just one of the - each one was one of the troops, and there was no saluting or any military aspect of it involved. And I said, only half facetiously, that if I had to fight another war, I'd be glad to do it but not as a member of the military. Isn't that awful?

Andrea Sjogren

No. Did you find that while you were fighting that the troops that you were fighting with, U.S. forces had any weaknesses or mistakes that they were making that could have helped it? Or did you see any strengths that the troops had? Any things you felt like we were doing right in the war?

David Marsh McLelland

It was too big to know anything about it, I think. We simply did and went where we were told to go. And I must say that most of the time I was on the front, I was not on the actual front line. Most of the time we were a company of infantry in back of another one who was mostly getting shot, and we stood and saw stretchers bearing the ones who got shot up front. And really, the time when I got shot was about the second time we were the first line, but we went up first that time, we took our turn, and it was what was necessary. There was no doubt about that. But I don't think anybody thought of themselves as being the saviors of our country. All that is the glory that in my opinion some members of the military like to emphasize, but I have never seen one who was on the front line in any of the wars that thought of it as being anything like glorious, and that includes Kerry and at least one local lieutenant colonel here who was in the Vietnam War. And they were against it after they came out, and they saw how bad it was and thought it should be done only if a last resort. It should not be entered into any other way, and I'm firmly convinced of that. I suspect I thought of that before. And if you recall, all the Vietnam exercise was during initially under President Johnson, a Democrat, and I remember at that time feeling opposed to that whole business because it seemed to me it was not necessary. It was there as a result of scared talk about the Communists coming and taking us over. They weren't about to do any such thing. And there was some fussing about Johnson having provoked an incident in the Gulf somewhere to give him an excuse to go in. But I said I agreed with the Republican Senator from Alaska, and I'm not sure what his name was. Seems to me it might have been Akian (ph). He said what we should do is declare we've won and leave, and I think we should have. And at least Johnson had the decency to say he'd not run again for office.

Andrea Sjogren

As far as being in foreign countries, being in Luxembourg and Germany, did you find any challenges that you were faced with, any communication problems as far as communicating with your troops around you, and also when you said like you tried to get out of the cold and into warm houses?

David Marsh McLelland

Yes.

Andrea Sjogren

Did you find any communication problems?

David Marsh McLelland

No, not really. And we didn't have communications as they're available now. We moved because the orders were handed down from somewhere and relayed to us by miles that we were going in this direction. We can expect to encounter resistance at this point or something. Excuse me. And we walked of course, and there were military vehicles occasionally. And then on one occasion I saw a jeep. I was telling you is what in the armored division, everybody else called it Jeep. I saw it hit a land mine and blow the vehicle up in the air, and there were two men in it. And I didn't know what happened to them, but they were sprawled into the dirt and that land mine blew up. And I saw another occasion when one went off with a tank going over it, an American tank, and it blew the caterpillar tread off that tank, and the tank slid off into the ditch and was immobilized after that. And one instance, we were moving into a wooded area when I was surprised at how deadly was artillery fire in a wooded area. I'm always being surprised at things that you don't normally see, but the shells were exploding up in the trees. And when they exploded, they exploded when they hit a tree limb or tree top and then the fragments shattered all over you and down below, and we had people who were injured by doing that. And I can remember once doing my best to try to dig a hole to achieve a little protection against that sort of thing in a wooded area, but there were too many roots in the ground, and I couldn't get through it. But we were under an obligation to try to find some protection. And I sort of resented a piece of literature I want to hand you, a publication in the paper, that said that on my way after being shot -- I was shot just when I had moved up and fallen to the ground and aiming my rifle in the direction from which I thought shots were coming when I took the bullet through the head. And I had just passed the foxhole -- and we called them foxholes, the British called them trenches, which are just little holes dug in the ground to protect you from the fire. And the article in the paper said that, McLelland hid from the enemy, making it look like I was a coward trying to hide when I was certain I was dying anyway. But it certainly was our duty always to protect ourselves as best we could. And I got up and moved back after collecting blood in my helmet and poured it out because I thought it was my duty to move back and get out of it. But at that time, I was not afraid of standing up. I was always sure I was going to die anyway, but I wasn't asking for it, and I wasn't a coward hiding in a hole. Neither one.

Andrea Sjogren

Do you have any other memories or stories you'd like to share about your experiences on the war before wrapping up?

David Marsh McLelland

Well, I don't suppose so. I did say -- and wrote letters home to my wife saying that every day we have at least one credible rumor that the war is going to be finished tomorrow, but it did not. But it finally did. And some of the stories I read about the other areas where I was located, other units where I was located who surrendering and being shot by the Germans when they surrendered, which I thought very gruesome things that I was not aware of. And I was struck by the marks of World War I that I saw in moving through. And at Compiègne in France, I found evidences of World War I that were gross in the extreme. I saw some of the cemeteries that were gross in the extreme. And I'll mention just one more thing, and I've been back a few times near the area where I was shot. And I always said, Well, now, I don't want to quite go to this exact area because maybe some Germans are still going to try to finish the job when I get there. And of course that's nonsense. And in many ways, we thought of the German soldiers as same as we. That is, they weren't aware of all the things that Hitler was pushing and being done. They weren't swashbucklers. See, I was there in the late part of the war, and the day before I was shot, I moved onto one of the villages and passed a boy that didn't look over 15 or 16 years old who was sitting in that cold, cold street. And by the way, the snow had just disappeared, and there was not snow when I got shot. The snow had melted finally. And this boy was sitting there with a bloodstained front, and he was still breathing. And I had a blanket on my pack, on my back, and I took it off and draped it around him. And I got on a little farther and found some German soldiers that had surrendered and found -- I remember distinctly a boy who had a bullet through his face, just as I got a few days later. I don't know how coincidences come up like that, but they do. Let me tell you one final one. I hope I'll be final. Maybe you're running out of tape. But I came from a big family: Eight sons, four daughters. And we all grew to maturity, save one. One died at the close of World War I at age 18 months, just a little baby girl died. So I had three sisters and seven brothers, and the war hit us pretty painfully. My oldest sister was May, and she had her stepson Alan and her brothers Ed, Marsh, and George all in action somewhere. George was burning up in the steaming jungles of the South Pacific in the Marines, and Ed and I were freezing in Europe at about the same time. And May said that on the 21st of February, 1945, she had a feeling that something has happened to one of her four in the military, and she could not tell which one, but she knew one was injured. And May said she made a note on the calendar later so as to make sure that that was true, but she understood that she must say a prayer. So May said she said a prayer, and then she understood that she must do more than that. She had to get out of bed and kneel. And at the time I was shot, about 8:00 o'clock in the morning, it was about 2:00 o'clock in the morning here, because 8:00 o'clock got there sooner than it did over here. And May got up on the cold floor in the country house out north in Iredell County and kneeled on the floor and said her prayers. And then she said she firmly understood that this won't do either, that you must prostrate yourself, and she did on the cold floor and prayed. And she said that she was then full of a feeling that it's okay, so she went back to bed. And she didn't know until we checked it after I got home that this was precisely the time I got shot. So ESP or whatever it might be, that's what occurred. And my

sister Ruth sort of resented that a little bit, I think. She said, Marsh said when he got home he got shot, and he prayed that God would save him from death and he did. I said, Now, Ruth, I expected to cross the Great Divide, and I was not unhappy. But I think Ruth was a little unhappy the ESP or whatever it might be, and May knew about it before anybody else did. Isn't that enough, I guess?

Andrea Sjogren

That's a good story.

David Marsh McLelland

I guess I ought to quit.

Andrea Sjogren

I just would also like to know. You said you were married in 1943, and you mentioned children. You mentioned you had a child? A daughter?

David Marsh McLelland

Oh, I had five children: Three boys, two girls. And all of them -- one followed me into law, and that was Andrew who died 28 years ago of cancer at the age of 27. He was -- I've got a picture that I will show you. He was with a Pershing missile unit that was capable of firing an atomic missile from Germany into Russia in the early 1970s when there was a hot war of the Cold War, really. And Andy was a college graduate, and he understood that all the others, he was drafted who were in that condition. And my oldest son David, David Marsh, Jr. -- so when somebody says, David, I'd say, That's my son. I'm Marsh. He joined the Air Force and retired as a lieutenant colonel maybe 15 years ago. Now lives in the Atlanta area. And Jane is my oldest daughter who is a longtime employee at the University of North Carolina, and she is the director of the Kenan-Flagler School of Business Foundation. And she said -- I said, It's the KFSOB, and if that sounds bad, you can call it the Kenan-Flagler Business School and it sounds much better, and that's KFBS. And Jane is just about to retire from that. She's in her 50s now. And she lives in Graham. And as I mentioned, David is now living in the area of Atlanta, Acworth. Acworth was a big cemetery for Civil War dead people. And Jane is in Graham, and my son Joe lives in Charlotte, and he goes with me to see Carolina lose football games and basketball games. And Faye lives in Greensboro, was recently divorced, has four children, or four grandchildren as far as I'm concerned these days, the oldest of which is a freshman at UNCG. And UNCG ranked No. 2 in the country in soccer, beat UNC yesterday, as you may know. And Alex is -- the other three are younger than that. And Faye's position with Aetna Insurance Company was downsized, and Faye was put out of a job Tuesday of this past week. And no, Tuesday of this week, Tuesday of this week. But she has a severance period when she will draw her pay for six months. And if she can find a job, she certainly needs to. She can't possibly survive unless she finds work somewhere. And I have grown-up grandchildren also. David has two. Tim lives in Newport News,

Virginia, and Carrie lives in Atlanta. And Tim is married, has no children; Carrie is not married and teaches school. And Jane has one son who was named for his dead Uncle Andrew, and he was named Andrew, and we call him Drew. And he was valedictorian at Graham High School, was -- got financial help and scholarships and attended UNC for four years as a member of the band, the choral groups and publication groups and never made anything but A's while in Chapel Hill. And then he took a year off and decided to go to law school. And he went to "The Law School." As I understand, "The Law School" is Harvard. All other schools of law are not entitled to be called "The Law School." So he's just starting as a freshman and is doing fairly well, as best we can tell.

Andrea Sjogren

Good.

David Marsh McLelland

That's the whole batch of them. I've got pictures all over everywhere. I take them with cameras and develop them -- not develop them. I print them out.

Andrea Sjogren

Technology.

David Marsh McLelland

Yeah.

Andrea Sjogren

Well, thank you. Do you have anything else to add before we turn the camera off?

David Marsh McLelland

No, I think not. I'm grateful to you for coming and listening to me. And if it's worth anything, I hope it's worth understanding that war is hell, and it's not hell for everybody who's in the military. It's not. But it damn well is for the people that are on the front lines. And I've never yet seen anybody on the front line who does not realize it's hell, and they ought to talk about it. So I'm willing to and do.

Andrea Sjogren

Well, thank you.

David Marsh McLelland

Thank you both.

Andrea Sjogren

Thank you.