

THE MANY SIDES OF MACARTHUR

BY FRAZIER HUNT

These anecdotes from the life of MacArthur, covering the period from his cadet days at West Point to his appointment as Chief of Staff in 1930 reveal various facets of his character, and show the manner in which one loyal American grew with his duties and responsibilities until he finally achieved world stature. — THE EDITORS

DURING his second year at West Point, MacArthur's eyes bothered him, and while he was in the hospital his name was included in a list of "goats" who must take a special examination in mathematics. Indignantly he put on dress uniform and announced to his roommate that unless his name was removed from the obnoxious list, he would resign immediately. He would go directly to the home of the professor who was head of the department, even though his house was out of bounds for cadets and the act might lose him his chevrons as senior captain.

"Think what your father would say if you resigned so soon before graduation," his roommate argued.

"My father will agree that I did the right thing!" Douglas insisted.

The professor personally admitted him. Douglas saluted and then said that his instructor had no right to

put his name on the "goat" list, and that if it were not withdrawn before classes opened next morning, he would submit his resignation from West Point. He pointed out his standing was so high that he could be marked as failing completely in the weekly test without his rating for the year being affected. The professor answered that he was not acquainted with the case, but would look into it.

Before classes next morning, a messenger came with the report that MacArthur's name had been removed from the "goat" sheet. It might seem a trifling matter, but to young MacArthur it was of the essence of personal honor. He had worked hard for four years to keep his superior scholastic record clean, and rather than have it unjustly marred by a mark of failure at the end, he was prepared to resign.

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II

In June 1902, when graduation exercises were over, the list of new cadet appointments was read off. There was not the slightest surprise when MacArthur's name was called out as first captain. It was the supreme military honor that West Point could give him.

He had had no serious competitor on the military side, but in the final scholastic listing for his third year, he lost his lead to Cadets Fiske and Leeds; he stood third, with his rival, U. S. Grant III, two slots below. That fall, as a first classman, he took time out to manage the football team, but when spring came he did not go out for baseball. He had satisfied his need to win his A, and the fight to recapture first place in scholarship called for his best efforts.

He had never been the slightest degree interested in being rated the most popular cadet, but he was easily the outstanding one. Only a few times in its more than 150 years of history, has the first captain stood No. 1 in scholarship. Douglas was to have this honor and the additional one of having made the highest marks registered in a quarter-century.

At the graduation exercises, his father and mother were asked to sit on the platform with the other notables, but they chose to sit to the rear of the graduating class among other parents and relatives.

When the address was ended, First Captain MacArthur led the line of 93 graduates from their seats in the front rows. After he saluted and accepted his diploma, there was an outburst of applause. He turned quickly from the rostrum and instead of returning to his seat, he walked straight to the rear. He handed the diploma to his father and smiled at his mother.

Years later, in Tokyo in 1947, he was to put into words what West Point meant to him: "Nearly 48 years have gone since I joined the long grey line. As an Army 'brat' it was the fulfillment of all my boyish dreams. The world has turned over many times since that day and the dreams have long vanished with the passing years, but through the grim murk of it all, the pride and thrill of being a West Pointer has never dimmed. And as I near the end of the road, what I felt when I was sworn in on The Plain so long ago I can still say — 'that is my greatest honor.'"

III

One of the pranks of MacArthur's days at Fort Leavenworth had to do with the officers' ball team on which Douglas played and which he helped manage, and with the annual visit of the ball club of the Kansas City Country Club. At the first of the series of games on the post, the Leavenworth strategy was to entertain the visitors so lavishly with food

and drink at luncheon that they were roundly beaten.

The following year the Kansas City contingent ate and drank heartily, but secretly held back from the feast some of their best players. This time they overwhelmed the Army team. The score in the series was now even.

At the luncheon preceding the third game, MacArthur humorously introduced two presentable young men as recent graduates who had been stars on the West Point team. It was observed that the young officers had little to say, and the game had become a whopping victory for the Army before it was discovered that the alleged young West Pointers were a pair of Texas "ringers" imported at the cost of a \$20 bill — when \$20 was considerable money.

IV

In 1917, two days before Christmas, General Pershing appeared at Rainbow Division headquarters for his initial inspection. At Camp Mills, Colonel MacArthur had lifted an enterprising young second lieutenant, Walter B. Wolf, from the field artillery and attached him to his staff as a sort of fifth wheel. Wolf, who hailed from Chicago, had been a *cum laude* and crewman at Yale, and his alert and loyal mind fulfilled MacArthur's rather sharp requirements.

On this cold pre-Christmas day in France, when Pershing told Mac-

Arthur he wanted to drive around the training area, MacArthur chose Wolf to lead off in a motorcycle sidecar. Unfortunately Wolf overran a turn, and Pershing's black Rolls Royce had to back-and-fill to get turned around and onto the proper road.

Pershing opened the door of his car and berated the unfortunate Wolf for his error. He was a master at this sort of thing, and the rather diffident Wolf was getting nowhere in his attempt at explanation.

"I must share at least half the blame, sir," MacArthur broke in. "Lieutenant Wolf has been on almost constant duty at headquarters and he has had little opportunity to learn every detail of these roads. I am the one really responsible."

Pershing grunted his acceptance, and in Wolf, MacArthur won a devoted friend for life.

V

A number of times American units in France, preparing for night raids or undergoing heavy shelling, suddenly found Colonel MacArthur in their midst, a tall, serious figure in a barracks cap, with a riding crop under his left arm and a quiet word of approval on his lips. As a result of his personal leadership in one of these raids, General DeBazelaire on February 26 recommended MacArthur for a Croix de Guerre. It was his first combat medal.

The second came March 9 when

he accompanied a heavy daylight raid by French units and two companies of the 168th Iowa, which 18 years before had served under his father in the Philippines as the 51st Iowa Volunteers. The desperate little affair brought Colonel MacArthur his first Distinguished Service Cross, the second highest battle decoration his nation could give.

The misty, half-rainy March days were ideal for the Germans to lay down poison gas barrages. There were no frightening explosions but only a subdued warning whistle and then a queer dull thud as the thin outside casings broke apart and the deadly gas escaped.

MacArthur, roaming the damp and dangerous front areas, stepped into a saturated spot. Wolf, now a captain and acting adjutant, managed to get him back to his own quarters. He wanted to take him to the hospital, but MacArthur refused and would not even let him send for the surgeon. It might mean that he would be separated from his command, and he believed that an officer's place was with his troops.

Save for passing through Paris on a troop train, he never entered that city, nor did he indulge himself in a single day's leave during the full year and a half he was in France.

VI

Since dawn on the day of June 21, Colonel MacArthur and Captain Wolf had been on the loading ramps

that led to the open doors of the tiny horse-and-soldier cars strung out in the railroad yards at Charmes. Around 2 in the afternoon, General Pershing and some of his staff strode up the ramp. Apparently they had been inspecting the arriving columns, with their battle-scarred wagons and artillery trains moving toward the several loading points.

Pershing was a dozen feet away when he turned loose his crisp, hard voice on MacArthur. Soldiers and junior officers busy on the ramp were close at hand, but there was no effort by the Commanding General of the A.E.F. to keep his words from their ears.

"This division is a disgrace!" he barked. "The men are poorly disciplined and they are not properly trained. The whole outfit is just about the worst I have seen!"

MacArthur was aghast. It was rough enough to come under the direct ire of the Commanding General in private, but there were others here to listen to every word spoken.

"MacArthur," continued Pershing, "I'm going to hold you personally responsible for getting discipline and order into this division. I'm going to hold you personally responsible for correcting measures with the officers at fault. I won't stand for this. It's a disgrace!"

"Yes, sir!" MacArthur answered as he saluted.

Pershing gave him no chance to explain. The division had been in the muck and misery of the line for

almost three months. It had just marched 60 kilometers through mud. But Pershing wanted no explanations. He turned on his heel and stamped off the ramp.

MacArthur's face flushed, then drained of blood until it was gray. He could not believe what he had heard and seen. Without a word he walked toward the little town, its narrow streets crowded with men and transport of his division — his disgraced division.

Wolf walked by his side. MacArthur spoke no word. Finally, half-exhausted, he took a seat on a bench in the tiny green square. Twilight was descending, and from the rear came the shouts of men loading animals and guns and caissons. Then he began to talk. The division would suffer now. It would be discriminated against. It was utterly unfair.

Wolf tried to make clear that this was Pershing's way, the technique of his rugged discipline. Then why, MacArthur demanded, had he not done it quietly and then waited for an explanation? What could Pershing have against him? Could it be some ancient grudge he might have held against his father?

Never did MacArthur find the answer.

VII

During the summer of 1919, MacArthur was the new superintendent at West Point. He sat with the Academic Board and thrashed

out the scores of problems that had to do with a complete redrafting and modernizing of the various courses. General March had not exaggerated when he had called West Point 40 years behind the times.

At once MacArthur met considerable opposition from several older men on the faculty who looked upon him as a brilliant upstart and outsider. For some weeks MacArthur quietly endured their opposition. One of the senior academic colonels especially irritated him by his sniping tactics. At the opening of one particular session, MacArthur had barely finished outlining a new idea when the colonel jumped to his feet and began his objections. It was a little more than MacArthur could stand.

"Sit down, sir!" he roared. "I'm talking!" And then he gave his offending subordinate a dressing-down the like of which the Academic Board conference room had never before witnessed.

VIII

A number of years later, when MacArthur was Military Advisor to the President of the Philippine Commonwealth, he outlined some of his original ideas in answer to a letter from a young captain who had just been appointed assistant professor in the English Department at West Point. Time apparently had little changed the fundamental concep-

tion he had initiated some years before.

"You were good enough to ask my opinion with reference to the objectives of the English Course at West Point. It is unquestionably to so train the cadet that he can clearly and lucidly present his basic thoughts and ideas. It is not the mission of the English Course to create or control those ideas, but it is its clear function to provide him with the medium through which he can present his views in an intelligent and even forcible manner.

"No man can hope to rise to distinction who cannot do this and no man, however humble his position, should fail to be able to do so. It is the very medium in which modern civilization lives. It is almost like the air you breathe. Without it a man may have the finest judgment in the world, he may be even wise as Solomon, and yet his influence will be practically negligible.

"The accomplishment of such a purpose is not confined to proper grammatical, rhetorical or phonetical grouping of words into sentences and paragraphs. There must be the logical connection between the thought in a man's brain and the ability to present it in clear language. How to accomplish this is the detailed duty of your new department.

"When I was Superintendent, I outlined at much greater length than this letter what I expected to accomplish from the English De-

partment and left the ways and means to that department. The success attained did not even approximate to what I had in mind and I have always felt that there was great room for ingenuity and constructive effort along those lines at West Point. In many ways I regard it as the most important department there, and certainly if it could fulfill the objective I have named above, it would be beyond doubt the most useful. The pen is still mightier than the sword."

IX

When President Harding entered the White House on March 4, 1921, the atmosphere surrounding the War Department at once changed notably as far as MacArthur at West Point was concerned. John W. Weeks replaced Newton D. Baker as Secretary of War, and Pershing succeeded March as Chief of Staff. March was not even permitted to finish out his customary four-year tour of duty.

The old Chaumont crowd from France now held down many of the key desks in the War Department and General Staff.

Some of them brought to their new jobs their old resentment against MacArthur, now aggravated by the fact that a number of them had lost their war grades and that MacArthur now ranked them. They had been GHQ men in the war and were still Pershing men, and

they were envious of the single star that MacArthur wore.

But he had plenty to worry about in the great shift of West Point from a hidebound military school to a modern college. His own life continued to be as austere as it had been. Most of his evenings were spent alone in his study in the superintendent's rambling old house. He had started pretty much as a lone wolf, and as a lone wolf he would continue.

In an outburst of confidence, he once said to Colonel Danford: "When a man gets to be a general officer, he has no friends."

X

Now and again his driver would motor him to New York for some special dinner or theater party. As he returned late one night, and his car was slowly making its way along the narrow roads on the west bank of the Hudson, a man stepped out from the woods and with a flashlight waved the automobile to a stop. Suddenly he drew a pistol and covered the driver and the General.

"Hand over your money!" he ordered.

"Holdup, huh?" MacArthur questioned.

He was told to dig up his purse and get busy about it. MacArthur was deliberate in his answer.

"You don't get it as easy as that," he said calmly. "I've got around \$40 in my purse, but you'll have to whip

me to get it. I'm coming out of this car, and I'll fight you for it."

The stick-up man waved his pistol and threatened to shoot. MacArthur shook his head.

"Sure you can shoot me," he went on. "But if you do, they'll run you down and you'll fry in the Big House down below. Put up that gun, and I'll come out and fight you fair and square for my purse."

Almost as an afterthought he added: "My name is MacArthur, and I live —"

The man let down the hammer of his gun. "My God! why didn't you tell me that in the first place! . . . Why, I was in the Rainbow. I was a sergeant in Wild Bill Donovan's outfit. Why, General, I'm sorry. I apologize."

MacArthur ordered his chauffeur to drive on. And when he arrived at West Point, he made no effort to notify the State Police.

XI

In the middle of February 1923, after MacArthur had been sent to Manila, a cable arrived from his sister-in-law, Mary McCulla MacArthur, that Mother MacArthur was desperately ill and that the physicians thought she had not long to live. Immediately plans were made to leave on the first ship.

For a number of years, Mrs. Arthur MacArthur had been in more or less precarious health. The long and trying tours in isolated frontier

posts had left their mark on her. Early in the days when her son was superintendent at West Point, she had suffered from an attack of vertigo and had been confined in the post hospital.

One morning the post surgeon called at MacArthur's office and solemnly told him he thought his mother could not live more than a few days or weeks at the most. Her heart might play out at any moment.

MacArthur thanked him, and that noon before lunch, he walked to the hospital. He was upset, but he believed that the surgeon's diagnosis was wrong. He felt that he knew his mother and the strength of her courageous spirit far better than the army doctor. Only once or twice in his life did he ever tell the story:

"When I came into her room, I patted her on the back and appeared highly elated. I told her that I had the finest news in the world for her; the doctor had just told me that she had a strong heart, and that she could leave the hospital anytime she wanted to. In less than a week I had her home with me, despite the doctor's dire prophecies.

"Fifteen years later I was by her bedside when she died."

XII

Soon after MacArthur had taken over command in the Philippines, the adjutant general of the Department came to him with a thick vol-

ume of mimeographed sheets and explained that the staff had gathered a collection of all the precedents that had been established by the various commanding generals so that MacArthur would know what to do, no matter what the problem might be.

MacArthur lifted the bulky volume. "It's a tremendous job you have done," he said. "How many copies of this are there?"

"Exactly six, sir," the officer answered.

MacArthur looked him straight in the eyes and there was no smile when he said: "Well, you get all those six copies together and burn them — every one of them! I'll not be bound by precedents. Any time a problem comes up, I'll make the decision at once — immediately!"

XIII

Not long after MacArthur arrived in the Philippines as commander, it came to his attention that on the three-decker boats that shuttled back and forth between Corregidor and Manila, the top deck was reserved for American officers and their families, and the lower decks were for American enlisted men and their families, and for enlisted and civilian Filipinos.

The civilian engineer on Corregidor who knew most about the secret installations on the rock citadel was a Spanish soldier who had gone over to the Americans in 1898. This engineer could ride on the top deck, but

his fine Filipino wife and children were relegated to the lower deck. When a U.S. colonel asked the provost marshal on Corregidor to correct this injustice, the officer told him that the regulations regarding boat decks could not be changed.

When MacArthur heard of this, he sent for the coast artillery officer who commanded Corregidor.

"But the regulations are clear," the officer argued.

MacArthur blazed out: "You change them at once. Understand, at once!"

XIV

In Washington in the spring of 1931, after MacArthur had been Chief of Staff six months, the pacifist problem seemed to reach a minor climax in a questionnaire circulated among some 53,000 Protestant clergymen by S. Parkes Cadman, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Daniel A. Poling and seven others through the auspices of *The World Tomorrow*, a powerful church weekly. One question was: "Do you believe that the Churches of America should now go on record as refusing to sanction or support any future war?"

Of the 19,372 replies received, 12,076 (62 percent) expressed the opinion that the churches should not support any future war.

Another question read: "Are you personally prepared to state that it is your present purpose not to sanction any future war or participate as

an armed combatant?" To this 10,427 — or 54 percent — answered that they would not sanction war nor participate in it.

The result of the poll was published in the May, 1931, issue of the magazine. The June issue was devoted almost entirely to a series of articles by notable pacifists then in America, including the German refugee Albert Einstein. In a more critical section appeared a long letter from MacArthur.

"My predominant feeling with reference to the majority of replies received by your paper from 19,372 clergymen is that of surprise; surprise at the knowledge that so many of the clergymen of this country have placed themselves on record as repudiating in advance the constitutional obligations that will fall upon them equally with all other elements of our citizenship in supporting this country in case of need.

"To exercise privilege without assuming attending responsibility and obligation is to occupy a position of license, a position apparently sought by men who avail themselves of the privileges conferred by our democracy upon its citizens, but who, in effect, proclaim their willingness to see this nation perish rather than participate in its defense.

"The question of war and peace is one that rests, under our form of government, in Congress. In exercising this authority, Congress voices the will of the majority, whose right to rule is the cornerstone upon which

our governmental edifice is built. Under the Constitution, its pronouncement on such a question is final, and is obligatory upon every citizen of the United States.

"That men who wear the cloth of the Church should openly defend repudiation of the laws of the land, with the necessary implications and ramifications arising from such a general attitude toward our statutes, seems almost unbelievable. It will certainly hearten every potential or actual criminal and malefactor who either has or contemplates breaking some other law. . . .

"Perhaps the greatest privilege of our country, which indeed was the genius of its foundation, is religious freedom. Religious freedom, however, can exist only as long as government survives. To render our country helpless would invite destruction, not only of our political and economic freedoms, but also of our religious freedom. . . .

"Any organization which opposes the defense of the homeland and the principles hallowed by the blood of our ancestors, which sets up internationalism in the place of patriotism, which teaches the passive submission of right to the forces of the predatory strong, cannot prevail against the demonstrated staunchness of our position. . . ."

This was the beginning of the fight that MacArthur waged during the years he remained in Washington.

Almost exactly a year after his letter to the religious journal, he addressed the graduating class at the University of Pittsburgh. A small radical group had planned an anti-war demonstration and protest against his appearance, and a number of students were actually engaged in starting a mass protest when police appeared and arrested three of them. MacArthur was able to deliver his address uninterrupted. He said in part:

"Pacifism and its bedfellow Communism are all about us. In the theater, newspaper and magazines, pulpits and lecture halls, schools and colleges, it hangs like a mist before the face of America, organizing the forces of unrest and undermining the moral of the working man.

Day by day this canker eats deeper into the body politic. For the sentimentalism and emotionalism which have infested our country, we should substitute hard, common sense. Pacifist habits do not insure peace or immunity. . . ."

It was June 9, 1932, when he spoke these prophetic words. The Bonus Marchers were already beginning to drift into Washington.



WHOSE ACADEMIC FREEDOM?

BY E. MERRILL ROOT

DR. ALEXANDER ST. IVANYI of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, before taking a public stand against the Communist, Dr. Dirk Jan Struik, was invited to lecture at 25 colleges a year. After his patriotic action, he received no invitations. And after Dr. St. Ivanyi's contract with MIT was not renewed, no other college asked this eminent teacher to join its faculty.

◆ Dr. William T. Couch, full professor and librarian at the University of Chicago, was curtly dismissed because he felt it his duty to publish a well-documented book which the so-called liberals opposed.

◆ *The Crown*, student paper at Queens College, New York, smeared Dr. Kenneth W. Colegrove for testifying against Communists before the McCarran Committee while in the same issues it defended and glorified the Fifth Amendment professors, Dr. Oscar Shaftel and Dr. Vera Shlakman.

◆ Dr. Frank Richardson, of the University of Nevada, was ousted because he opposed "progressive" education, and had to be re-instated by a decision of the Supreme Court of the State.

◆ Dr. A. H. Hobbs of the University of Pennsylvania, was denied earned promotion because, in two competent books, he exposed collectivism in our textbooks.

◆ Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, when President of Vassar College in 1938, declared in public that the ideology of Marx and Engels is "the most complete and the nearest to straight thinking of any modern ideologies."

◆ Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins, while President of the University of Chicago (at which such apologists of Sovietism as Dr. Oscar Lange and Dr. Frederick L. Schuman taught), stated: "As a matter of fact, I have never been able to find a Red professor."

◆ Dr. Henry M. Wriston, President of Brown University, wrote of Senator Jenner and Representative Velde: "They exhibit lack of faith in the American family, the American church, and the manifold agencies of enlightenment — since the investigators appear to believe that a few Communists infiltrated in a few institutions can overcome all these stabilizing influences."

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