

The Writings of MacArthur

MacARTHUR ON WAR. Edited by Frank C. Waldrop. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1942. 419 pp. \$3.

Reviewed by
COLONEL R. ERNEST DUPUY, GSC.

ON July 28, 1932, the President of the United States, at the request of the District Commissioners, called upon the War Department to restore law and order in the District of Columbia, the local police force being unable to cope with the Bonus Expeditionary Force without bloodshed. Federal troops were to be used to quell civilian disorder—duty of the type most abhorrent to the professional American soldier.

Whosoever were placed in charge of this operation would become the target for opprobrium, no matter how skillfully he performed his task, no matter how brilliant his past reputation. The Chief of Staff of the United States Army, who might well have "let George do it," by issuing orders to a subordinate, took personal charge. The job was done without a shot being fired by the troops, without serious injury to either soldier or civilian (blood was shed, but not by the troops). The unfortunate, misguided ex-soldiers of the Bonus "army" were evicted.

Naturally, as the author states, the Chief of Staff at once became "fair game . . . he was slandered and smeared almost daily—a trial to any man but most especially to a professional and sensitive soldier."

The point that Mr. Waldrop has not stressed is that this incident stands as keynote to the character of Douglas MacArthur, a soldier who would not "pass the buck," who believed that loyalty extends downward as well as up, who accepted responsibility.

This book is, in effect, a compilation of public documents, its major portion the five annual reports which General MacArthur made as Chief of Staff during those lean years when pacifistic sentiments, ignoring United States and world history and the facts of life, impeded sane, balanced national defense. The people who believed that war was a contractual affair, dependent upon the acquiescence of both parties, were aided and abetted by visionaries, steeped in the fallacious doctrines of Liddell Hart which in 1939-40 were to wreck France, and bring Britain to her knees.

General MacArthur's five reports are in themselves classics. Reiterating the dangers of war, analyzing the paucity of our means, he showed the steps

he had taken to erect a framework upon which the nation might rest its military mighty in the totalitarian war he, in common with the best American professional soldiers, knew would come.

Unless, however, one studies the reports of those who followed Douglas MacArthur—Malin Craig and George C. Marshall—one might well gain the impression from this book that the Man of Bataan had done it all. No slur this to the brilliant MacArthur, twice tried on the field of battle, leader of a forlorn hope whose exploits will ring so long as a bard strikes string to tell of man against fate. There is room, one feels, for a complementary volume, to give the American people the story of how its military leaders continued the work from 1935 to 1939, patching here, extemporizing there, planning for the day when at long last the call to arms sounded.

Interesting is the compilation of documents upon MacArthur's work in the Philippines, in upbuilding the Commonwealth Army. Again one feels that more might have been said to accentuate MacArthur's foresight in organizing the Philippine Military Academy—a replica of West Point—and commanded by a West Point graduate, Lieutenant-Colonel Pastor Martelino, U.S.M.A. 1920. This reviewer, commanding Fort Drum, the "concrete battleship" in Manila Bay, in 1922-23, had the then Lieutenant Martelino under him. He feels that the leaven of young professional soldiers from this Filipino West Point must have been of material assistance in the epic Luzon campaign.

Those who look for the real story of this campaign will not find it in this book. The editor was necessarily mainly limited to publication of the War Department communiques. Untold, too, is the fact that the defense of Luzon followed the lines war-gamed and maneuvered for twenty years, when those of us stationed in the Islands had but one opinion—some day the Jap is coming, without prior declaration of war.

The greatness of MacArthur lies in his vision, in his execution of plans, in his magnetic leadership. His regrouping of forces in Bataan—particularly the successful retirement from southern Luzon when the wily Jap thought he had our forces split—will one day be held up as a classic example. At least, so this reviewer believes.

Mr. Waldrop's book suffers for lack of an index, and because of the format which in places puzzles the reader to differentiate between public documents and author's opinion.



—From the original oil painting by Harry Stoner.
General Douglas MacArthur

American Contours

THE FACE OF SOUTH AMERICA.
By John Lyon Rich. American Geographical Society. New York: 1942. 281 pp. with maps and index. \$4.

Reviewed by HUBERT HERRING

THIS is a book of pictures; pictures of mountains, rivers, plains; taken from the window of planes on a circuit trip around South America. They are excellent pictures, superbly executed and reproduced; finely selected in order to reveal the curves and contours of the face of South America. Mr. Rich's book, pictures and text, will bring instant excitement to the student of geography. If he places it alongside Preston James's recent notable "Latin America," the most inexperienced reader will not continue in ignorance of the physical lines of southern lands.

Here one is given a satisfying introduction to the lushness and emptiness of the Amazonian jungle, the sharp outcroppings of the Brazilian highlands, the interminable flatness of the Argentine pampas, the overwhelming power of the Andean range, the barrenness of the Atacama desert.

The text will not be read lightly by the uninformed. It was written for geographers and students who sit at their feet. Its wealth of fact and figure will serve them well. It is the sort of book which will be immensely useful to all writers about Latin America.

As a geographer's book, it must largely omit the pictures of peons, huts, hats and babies which most of us like better than mountains and rocks and alluvial lands. But for a swift and comprehensive birdseye view of the lands South, there is no better book.

Healthy and Unhealthy Neighbors

AMBASSADORS IN WHITE. *The Story of American Tropical Medicine.* By Charles Morrow Wilson. New York: Henry Holt Co. Appendices, bibliography, index. 1942. 358 pp. \$3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY F. GRADY

ONE of the outstanding geniuses of the Americas, Dr. Carlos Finlay, who worked a life-time on yellow fever, who discovered the mosquito carrier, who developed a successful serum for immunization nearly forty years before North American medical talent even attempted to discover a suitable vaccine, and who laid the basis for Doctor Reed's work in Havana, is not so much as listed in the biographies of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." His name is not even mentioned in the encyclopedia's account of yellow fever.

But you will find a full and moving record of his labors and his dramatic life in Wilson's story of tropical medicine. You will find a whole series of brilliant and exciting biographies of the heroes of the long battle for health in the Americas: Finlay, Reed, Gorgas and Deeks. Here is told the little known and exciting record of Doctor Hideyo Noguchi, the great Japanese scientist of New York, perhaps the greatest bacteriologist who ever lived, who plunged the dagger of his scientific knowledge into scourge after scourge of the tropics, and in the end succumbed to one of the diseases he was fighting, a martyr to man's welfare.

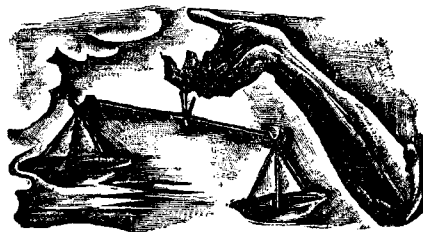
This volume, based on years of travel and study in the tropics, on careful research, is not only one of the important books of this year and this decade, it opens up a fascinating new world, and strikes to the very roots of one of the major problems of our time in this hemisphere. It is a heroic and honest book, wholly absorbing from the first to the last page. Although Wilson does not hesitate to lay on the lash where it is deserved, by and large it is a record that every American can be proud and happy to read.

If at times his accounts of certain dread maladies border on the gruesome, he wishes to drive home the fact that there is still much to be done, that the fight for health and humanity must go on. It must go on because we are part of the Americas and the general health condition affects us more vitally than we realize these days of airplanes and rapid transmissions of scourges across the

barricades of the most careful sanitary inspection; it must go on because on the outcome of that battle depends the durability of our good-neighbor policy; it must go on because increasingly Americans must live and work in the tropics, and our own relatively high health standards have in part destroyed our individual immunity to many diseases encountered more prevalently abroad; it must go on because there is still danger that some of the graver diseases, such as malignant malaria, yellow fever, and many another less publicized malady may creep back within our own borders and suddenly wreck widespread havoc.

Wilson estimates that at least forty million Latin Americans, despite the long battle for health, are today suffering from serious diseases such as malaria, yaws, tuberculosis, spree, horrible skin eruptions, fungus diseases, and dietary ailments, without the slightest possibility of securing medical attention. You probably have not heard of verruga, or Recklinghausen's disease, or Baelz's disease, or dozens of others told about by Wilson, but you will soon realize why you should know about them.

Wilson double underscores the statement by Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles at a recent Pan American gathering. "My government believes that we must begin now to execute plans vital to the human defense of the hemisphere, for the improvement of health and sanitary conditions, the provision and maintenance of adequate supplies of food, milk and water, and the effective control of insect-borne and communicable diseases." And Wilson adds, "It is a long-term battle which we can and must win." It is part of the defense of the western Hemisphere and more important than the guns and airplanes we send south, he concludes. Certainly the war has driven home to us, what with tin and rubber and quinine and kapok and dozens of other vital materials cut off, that perhaps the biggest part Latin America can play in victory is through the rapid development of these and other vital resources. This



cannot be done successfully in many places unless the health hazards are reduced.

In spite of the dark picture painted by Wilson in certain locales, he gives due credit to the Latin American countries for their long struggle to wipe out disease. The medical tradition of Latin America is in fact far older than that of the United States. But unfortunately their problems are greater and their national resources smaller than ours. Proportionately the southern countries have long devoted far more money to public health than we do, although they lack the wealthy private foundations, the great technical equipment, the powerful private companies who include health protection as part of their normal operations, and in many instances standard of living sufficient to stave off many serious diseases. But since 1900 Latin American appropriations for health administration have increased twenty-fold. In some countries health appropriations have reached a sum almost equal to half the national revenues.

Wilson feels that perhaps the fate of democracy itself is involved in the successful outcome of this issue. He sees the problem in terms of continental economy. Our own frontier, which bred democracy, is gone; our topsoil is rapidly vanishing; many of our resources are approaching exhaustion; in field after field we are facing the problem of diminishing returns. The tropics still have soil and space, and the rewards of human effort there are greater than anywhere else. He recalls that Gorgas of the Panama Canal once declared that "in the tropics one man's labor applied to natural opportunities is able to support more men than the same amount of labor applied in any part of the world."

My own opinion is that if all of the New World nations, for instance, concentrated on settling and opening up the Amazon basin, which with air-conditioning could be made as habitable as any portion of the globe, there would not be the slightest need for economic stagnation and defeat when the war is over. Such an effort would give such a big economic lift, the wealth soon created would be so great, that the pulse of creative and new life would flow through the western world for decades to come. The first point of attack is health control. Wilson's book gives the full story of what has been done, the condition of the moment, and what remains to be done—and above all what can be done. It is an epic and gripping story that Wilson tells, and no one could do it better.