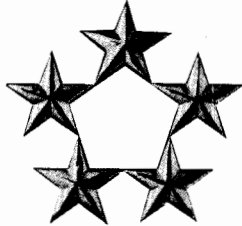


Douglas MacArthur

As I Knew Him



By Joseph Choate

**Privately Printed
By: Joseph Choate
Copyrighted 1986©
All Rights Reserved
Printed in the United States of America**

Available at:
**Fowler Brothers Bookstore
Los Angeles, California 90017
(213) 627-7846**

A NARRATIVE EULOGY
OF THE
MAGNIFICENT STATESMANSHIP
OF
GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR



Frontispiece

General Douglas MacArthur,
Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers,
in the aftermath of the war in the Pacific,
in 1948, leaving His Headquarters in the
Dai Ichi Building, in Tokyo, Japan.

[This was the General's favorite photograph presented to Joseph Choate, in 1955, at the Waldorf-Astoria Towers, in New York City.]



ALLEN E. DURHAM

Contents

Foreword <i>By Norman Vincent Peale</i>	1
Dedication	3
Introduction	4
Further Honorable Mention of Lowell Thomas	5
A Partial Autobiography of the Author	8
Douglas MacArthur As I Knew Him	14
MacArthur for President	30
A Tribute to General Jonathan Wainwright The Hero of Corregidor	71
Purple Patch #1	77
My Mission to Egypt in 1958	79
A Visit to Australia - Purple Patch #2	86
The Source of the General's Power	93
Addendum	
Appendix	
Acknowledgment	

Foreword

By Norman Vicent Peale

JOSEPH CHOATE IS MY GOOD FRIEND and in one of our many meetings he casually remarked that sometime he hoped to write a book about that great American, Douglas MacArthur, with whom he had a long and intimate friendship.

I took it upon myself to admonish my friend, "Joseph," I said, "that 'sometime' is an illusion, only 'now' is viable. I urge you to write that biography now, for you knew the General in a personal way that will lend uniqueness to your book."

To my surprise and delight, Joseph was motivated to action. As a result we have one of the most interesting accounts of the life of MacArthur that has been written in recent years.

It is a pleasure to write this Foreword for a book that focuses on the theme of the practical, spiritual qualities and ideals of a man who all his life has exemplified and practiced that which he professed and where exaggeration is neither needed nor possible. After numerous visits with the author and having read his manuscript, I now have a new insight into the statesmanship qualities of one of America's greatest leaders.

It is refreshing to read this book because the author not only relates his recollections as a seasoned Christian lawyer, but who has also dared to sentimentalize, idealize and emphasize the spiritual side and profound faith of the General. I personally feel that Mr. Choate has rendered a great contribution of this truth to the nation by giving us all a new insight into this often misunderstood and frequently maligned soldier and statesman.

Mr. Choate has said, "Although the General encountered fierce enemies on the battlefields of the world, at times his home rear guards were his real enemies. Political acrimony, jealousy and ignorance were his arch foes."

Seldom does history reveal the high spiritual leadership qualities of men in high positions with emphasis on their avowed

faith: a faith which General MacArthur not only professed but practiced.

This book is a reflection of the inner-man of Douglas MacArthur, and for those who seek enlightenment and inspiration, I urge them to read it and become better acquainted with him. The reader will realize how his faith was the source of his remarkable leadership, statesmanship and stature. He was indeed a rare man among men.

Those profound and timely words spoken on the passing of Abraham Lincoln, are again applicable to a great American figure of history, "He now belongs to the ages."

Norman Vincent Peale

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

Dedication

FIRST, TO MY LOVELY LADY, Dorothy Drew Choate, to my son, Joseph Choate, Jr.; to his two magnificent sons, John Choate and David Choate; and in remembrance of my lifelong, fabulous friend Lowell Thomas, a true citizen of the world, whom I first met in Jerusalem in the twenties, and who for years has urged me to write this book; and who has now gone upstairs; and to the charming, hospitable and courageous lady Jean MacArthur, who inspired her General for over a quarter of a century. And then, to all boys and girls, men and women, who aspire.

This book is also my contribution to the three generations who have lived in my own generation, and my legacy to posterity, for those who share my own aspirations and hopes, not only for a good life here, but at last their own immortality, so that eventually they may enjoy a rendezvous with their Maker.

Introduction

BY REASON OF MY EARLY EXPERIENCES I developed a deep, idealistic admiration and even veneration for those who, through a lifetime of perseverance and hard work, had achieved much and thereby blessed themselves, their generation and the generations to come. So I have gone through life searching out and revering men, not only of character and achievement, but who possessed those profound spiritual qualities that made them great.

I have met and come to know many distinguished, admirable men in my lifetime. But, when I providentially met and came to know Douglas MacArthur, he blessed my goal. We all concede that he was just a man as we all are, but he possessed those qualities and that faith in his Maker that qualified him for immortality here and hereafter.

This is my motivation for this book: first, to inspire my son and my two grandsons and, then, all others who share my idealistic hopes and spiritual aspirations in this short pilgrimage called life.

The purpose and mission of this book is to reveal and extol not only the magnificent leadership and statesmanship of General MacArthur, but to reveal the source of his power and success, grounded in his devout spiritual faith throughout his long career.

The following pages and history itself substantiate my thesis. He was truly a rare man among men for all times and all seasons.

Further Honorable Mention of Lowell Thomas

In 1934, while pursuing my graduate studies in International Law at Harvard Law School, I received a telephone call from Lowell Thomas, asking me to do all possible to obtain two tickets on the fifteen-yard line for the forthcoming Harvard-Yale football game. Two days later, I reported to Lowell that I had two tickets on the fifteen-yard line.

It was in late November when we had our reunion in Cambridge for the game; it was near freezing and, when Lowell arrived, he was wearing his famous raccoon coat, with his camera in hand. the game was a thrill for both of us.

The following year I enjoyed a wonderful day with Lowell at his beautiful home on Quaker Hill, in Pawling, New York. Lowell had a near neighbor, named Norman Vincent Peale, and eventually, through that friendship, I came to know Dr. Peale, one of Lowell's most affectionate and valued friends to the end.

Because of Lowell's insistence for many years that I write about MacArthur, and my numerous visits with the General and his wife, Jean, first in Tokyo and later in New York, I take this opportunity to give further Honorable Mention to Lowell for his years of influence and inspiration on my path of life.

Those pictures taken fifty years ago in Cambridge, I shall include in these pages that they may be enjoyed by those who knew Him personally, or who have read his fascinating global adventure books, or who have enjoyed his golden voice for years across the nation. It is fitting in this remembrance that I close with Lowell's own friendly, famous broadcasting words,

"AND, SO LONG, UNTIL TOMORROW."



Lowell Thomas, in Cambridge in 1934, attending Harvard-Yale football game, in his famous raccoon coat near freezing weather.



1934, Joseph Choate, at Harvard-Yale football game with Lowell Thomas, near freezing weather.

A Partial Autobiography Of The Author

NO ONE KNOWS HOW MUCH the past influences the present nor how much the present will influence the future; nevertheless, that influence is astronomical.

In 1918 my dear Aunt Rose Hardenberg at Laguna Beach, California, introduced me to the books of the inspiring literary genius known as Fra Elbert Hubbard, of East Aurora, New York, whom Aunt Rose had come to know very well personally during Hubbard's visits, season after season, at the Mission Inn, at Riverside, California. Elbert Hubbard lived at the turn of the century. He wrote and lectured and was one of the most prolific, thought-provoking writers who ever graced this land of ours.

Hubbard believed that one of the greatest sources of knowledge, culture and wisdom in the world was biographies of the greatest men and women that ever lived. In pursuit of those deep convictions and thoughts for nearly twenty years, he wrote his wonderful works, such as *The Philistine*, *Notebook*, *Scrapbook* and his monumental *Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great*. He wrote those "Little Journeys" almost monthly until his untimely death on the torpedoed ship *Lusitania* in 1915. They contain the biographies of 184 of the most illustrious statesmen, orators, musicians, philosophers and others. Those writings of Hubbard were so thought-provoking that the reader is constantly intrigued, as he reads, to ponder and meditate on the ideas that flowed from Hubbard's pen. I have personally read many of those "Little Journeys"; they are illuminating and inspiring.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, in the early days of this century, presented his five-foot shelf of volumes of literature and history; but, to me, the succinct *Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great* by Hubbard is incomparable for both the scholar and the less scholarly.

I do not possess academic genius or the aptitudes of a scholar but through the miracle of perseverance, hard work and faith in my own aspirations, I have attained a degree of personal success in life.

I inherited in part my ideals, principles and aspirations from two of my illustrious forebears, Rufus Choate, preeminent New England lawyer, who lived in the first half of the nineteenth century and who was renowned not only throughout New England but all America, and his nephew, Joseph H. Choate, who became one of America's most esteemed lawyers, statesmen and diplomats.

I have noted the above for a very personal reason, because, at the turn of the century, when I was born, Joseph H. Choate was serving as the United States Ambassador to the Court of Saint James at London, when Queen Victoria was on the British throne. My father was a great admirer of his distant New England cousin and gave me the name of Joseph, for which I shall always be grateful. Rufus Choate and Joseph Choate became two of the most illustrious Harvard Law School students and alumni in history. Therefore, as a family tradition, I dreamed of some day possibly attending Harvard Law School.

In 1934, with trepidation, I applied for admission to the Harvard Law School for graduate study in international law in spite of my lack of scholarly attainments. I had continued to harbor my dream. I directed a letter to Dean Roscoe Pound, the esteemed Dean of Harvard Law School. Miraculously, the Harvard faculty awarded me a fellowship in the Graduate School of International Law for the ensuing year.

At Harvard, I studied under the illustrious professor Manley O. Hudson, famed lawyer and professor of international law; he was also a member of the World Court at The Hague in Holland. He was my faculty advisor. One of the assignments he gave me was to write a graduate thesis on a subject of my own choosing, subject to his approval. How destiny directs our course! For the thesis, fortunately, I chose the theme of Diplomatic Privileges, Rights and Immunities, because of the Ambassa-

dorial career of Joseph H. Choate. This selection proved to be Providential because of what was to take place ten years later.

One of my delightful graduate classmates in the field of international law was a lawyer from Paris, named Jean Leveque. We had a fascinating, if struggling, year together. Professor Hudson was virtually a student slave driver, but we survived and, when we graduated, we promised to meet again when possible. In 1946, more than ten years after graduation, following the end of World War II, I found it necessary to go to Europe on a legal matter, so I wrote Jean Leveque that I would soon be in Paris. He wrote back welcoming me and stating that he had an important case to discuss with me when I arrived.

Upon my arrival, he literally thrust upon me an international law case involving the violation of the Diplomatic Rights, Privileges and Immunities of his client, General George Bagulesco, a former Romanian Ambassador to Japan. He told me that the case was so involved internationally that he wished me to consider taking it. Then, over three days, he told me the following story.

In 1943, while General Bagulesco was serving his country in Japan, he was assaulted, in an attempted assassination, in his office and he was deemed dead. He was attended by a German Doctor and, while the Japanese foreign office was waiting several days for instructions from the Romanian capital in Bucharest as to the disposition of his remains, he miraculously regained consciousness. After several months, his recovery was sufficient to enable him, with the assistance of his close personal friend the Swedish Minister Wedar Bagge, the senior diplomat in Japan, to leave Japan. With great difficulty, he went first to Tientsin, in China, then to Shanghai. After that, he went to the United States and proceeded from New York to France, where the French government accorded him asylum as a former Romanian diplomat now in exile. This all occurred during the height of World War II.

It was immediately evident to me that General Bagulesco's Diplomatic Privileges, rights and immunities had been flagrantly

violated in Japan while he was an accredited diplomat to the Government of Japan. It was a classic example of the violation of the time-honored privileges and principles of international law.

Jean Leveque then urged me to go to Nice on the French Riviera to see his client. I agreed, whereupon he telephoned General Bagulesco and arranged for me to see him.

The following day I started for Nice and, when I called at the General's apartment on the Riviera, I met a most gracious, magnetic personality of imposing stature. For four days thereafter, he related to me the interesting background, the facts and circumstances surrounding the attack on him in Tokyo in 1943. This incident took place while he was in Japan as the personal representative of his friend King Michael of Romania.

After relating the facts of the assault on his life, he urged me to go to Hong Kong sometime soon to meet and confer with Dr. Wittenberg, the German physician who attended him in Tokyo immediately after the assault. Hitler was now dead and the European War was over, so he felt sure that Dr. Wittenberg, now retired in Hong Kong, would be friendly and a very important witness in the proof of his case.

His generous offer of compensation was most gratifying. I returned to Los Angeles via Paris to report to Leveque on our discussions and agreement. This case had many ramifications and posed many challenges. First, General Bagulesco resided in France; the scene of the assault was in Japan; and I lived in California. Many of the necessary witnesses lived in remote places. Then, too, it must be remembered that the offense took place in Tokyo during World War II when the United States and Japan were at war. So in addition to the language barrier, it presented a great many challenging problems.

In 1947, after telephone conferences and extensive correspondence with General Bagulesco, it became apparent that I should proceed with dispatch to Hong Kong to meet and confer with Dr. Wittenberg.

This was in the immediate aftermath of the war in the Pacific, the surrender of Japan and the signing on September 2, 1945, of

the Instrument of surrender by General Douglas MacArthur in Tokyo Bay aboard the battleship Missouri on behalf of all the Allied Powers.

At that time, the Orient was a highly restricted military theatre of operations under General MacArthur as the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers. I was soon to learn that no one, except with the personal permission and approval of General MacArthur, was allowed to enter that theatre.

I recalled that my longtime friend, Captain Charles Jokstad, who had become the Senior Captain first of the Robert Dollar Line in San Francisco and then its successor, the American President Line, was a close personal friend of General MacArthur, who had often sailed with Captain Jokstad to Manila. In Manila, General MacArthur occupied a large suite on the top floor of the Manila Hotel, and Captain Jokstad, when in port there, always occupied a similar suite on the same floor of the hotel, so the General and the Captain enjoyed a longtime friendship.

When I called Captain Jokstad and told him of my urgent need to go to Hong Kong on an international law matter and that I had just discovered that I could not go into the Orient military theatre of operations without the personal permission of General MacArthur, the Captain immediately replied, "I'll send you at once a letter addressed to General MacArthur vouching for your integrity and your loyalty as a good American citizen and as a reliable, good friend of mine."

Captain Jokstad's letter arrived two days later. I also thought of my longtime friend and law school classmate Edward Shattuck who had been on General MacArthur's personal staff during the war. His law office was across the street from mine, so after a phone call, I was in his office in thirty minutes. I told him of my problem. He at once dictated and handed to me his fine letter of recommendation to General MacArthur.

I then wrote a letter to General MacArthur asking for his personal permission to enter his theatre of military operations to proceed to Hong Kong to interview an important witness in an international law case. To vouch for my honorable, depend-

able loyal American citizenship, I enclosed the two letters, one from Captain Jokstad and one from Colonel Shattuck.

Eight days later, I received a personal letter from General MacArthur stating that I had his personal permission to proceed to Hong Kong via Japan. In his letter, he stated he hoped that I would stop and see him in Tokyo en route and that he had requested the army permit section at the Pentagon to issue the appropriate permit, which I would soon be receiving directly from Washington. The following day, I also received a letter from Colonel Sidney L. Huff, stating that he was General MacArthur's personal aide and asking me to wire him from Honolulu the flight number and the date of my arrival in Tokyo so that he might meet the plane.

Pan American Airways had initially flatly refused to consider issuing me a ticket to Japan and Hong Kong until I procured personal consent from General MacArthur, as well as a permit from the War Department in Washington. Two days later, when I produced both the letter from General MacArthur and the authorization from the Pentagon, my ticket to Japan and Hong Kong was issued promptly.

Douglas MacArthur As I Knew Him

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, I sent a wire from Honolulu to Colonel Huff, advising him of my flight number, date and time of arrival at Tokyo Haneda Airport.

I could carry only light luggage, I was informed in Hawaii; my heavy baggage could go only by military cargo plane. Nine hours from Honolulu, we landed at Wake Island in mid-Pacific for refueling and refreshment. Those were the days of the rather slow four-motor, comfortable Boeing Stratocruiser, just before the advent of the jet. With the exception of two teachers, I was the only civilian on the plane among a full load of soldiers.

From Wake Island, in nine hours we sighted Japan's sacred peak, Mount Fujiyama, then flew over Yokohama, which was a forlorn, devastated sight. Finally, we landed at Haneda. It was a shocking sight. American soldiers were everywhere. When the front door of the plane was opened, an American soldier appeared at the door and, in a loud, commanding voice asked if there was a passenger aboard named Joseph Choate and, if so, he was to raise his hand.

When I raised my hand, he asked me to come forward; the other passengers were requested to remain seated. It was immediately obvious that all of the other passengers were perturbed. As I proceeded to the front of the plane, the crew and the pilots stood by and wished me well. I then followed the soldier down the ramp to the ground level where I was greeted by Colonel Huff, who introduced himself. He extended a welcome and greetings from the General and Mrs. MacArthur. Nearby the ramp was a parked United States military car and chauffeur.

When we were seated in the car, I asked Colonel Huff about my luggage, whereupon he asked for baggage checks and, when I asked about customs and immigration formalities, he replied that all those formalities had been taken care of.

Then we started for Tokyo, which years previously took about forty minutes. Now the roads were mere paths; ruins and debris were everywhere, an incredibly sad sight. It took more than an hour to travers the distance. Finally, we passed the fine old Frank Lloyd Wright Imperial Hotel, where I had stayed previously. Colonel Huff told me that the Imperial Hotel was greatly overcrowded and it was necessary for me to be billeted at the Tokyo Hotel near the central railroad station.

He also said that General and Mrs. MacArthur wished me to have luncheon with them at their residence the following day and that he would call for me the next day at noon, adding that the General hoped that in the meantime I would get some much-needed rest after my long flight. Then, as he left, Colonel Huff gave me the headquarters address and a telephone number where I could reach him should I have any further needs. He then left me at the Tokyo Hotel.

After a good breakfast, shower and unpacking, I decided to take a walk. As I was passing the Japanese clerk at the front desk, he asked me for my military permit number. When I told him that I had no such military permit, he said it was very dangerous for me to go out in the streets without a military permit because the military police were everywhere and that I would be stopped. He recommended that I go at once to the Military Police Provost Marshall's Office and get my permit; otherwise, I would be picked up. He gave me a map and told me where to go, through the little paths in the debris leading from one street to another and then out to the Marinouchi main thoroughfare that paralleled the Emperor's Palace outer moat.

I started out and, of course, it was an unbelievable sight. There was devastation as far as the eye could reach on every side. As I walked, I recalled the former stateliness of this area in 1930 and 1934. In those days, it was lined with buildings and beautifully kept trees.

After a mile, I passed the magnificent Dai Ichi building, the former headquarters of one of the outstanding insurance companies of Japan. The Dai Ichi building was now Headquarters, or GHQ, of the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers,

and where General MacArthur had his headquarters. An American flag stood at the entrance. I continued on a further block, crossed two more streets, and then I saw an office building at the very corner of the intersection with a sign reading Military Police — Provost Marshal.

Approaching that entrance, I saw two heroic marine military police standing at attention, one on either side. I saluted and said, "Good morning, Gentlemen." As I entered the building, each of the marines saluted me. I then approached a formidable high desk; behind it were two austere officers, Lieutenants, I believe. When I asked where military permits were issued, one rather curtly replied, "Right here, Sir."

So then I asked them the procedure I was to follow to obtain a military permit. One of the officers inquired, "Do you mean to tell me that you do not now have a military permit?"

When I replied that I did not and asked, "Do I need to have one?" he replied, "You certainly do."

He took out a long questionnaire and said, "You must answer these four questions. What is your status?"

When I asked him what he meant by the word "status," he replied, "You certainly understand the English language, don't you?"

I replied that I was not knowledgeable of their military nomenclature, whereupon he answered, "I will then inform you as to these questions and your rights."

He asked the second time what was my status in Japan. When I responded that I didn't know what he meant by status, he said critically; "You amaze me. Number one, are you in the military service?"

I replied, "No."

He then passed to question number two. "Are you here on a government mission?"

I answered, "No."

Then he said, "Number three, are you a Minister or a Missionary or a Rabbi or a teacher?"

I responded, "No."

His next comment was “You must be here then under the auspices of a special guided tour as a special government tour visitor.”

When I replied that I was not, he stated, “I’m going to have to turn you over to our officer for investigation. Once more, I would like to repeat what I said and try to establish your status. This is a very serious matter. You are here under strict military rules and regulations.”

He then repeated to me the questions on the questionnaire. And to all four questions, I answered, “No.”

The officer then said: “Apparently, you are a man without a status. Now we are going to find out how you got in here. I am now turning you over to our Commanding Colonel of the military police for investigation. I am puzzled and I must find out how you got into Japan.”

Now I was beginning to enjoy the dialogue. I told him that I had received a letter from a friend who invited me to visit him in Japan. At that, he became infuriated and said, “This is a very serious matter.”

He then sent for his commanding officer, who turned out to be a Colonel, an officer over six feet six inches in height, in a uniform carrying many decorations. The officer behind the desk then reported to the Colonel, “Sir, we have just discovered, after careful examination, that this man is here without a status; and he is now applying for a military permit.”

The Colonel was feeling his own status and rank by then and exclaimed to me: “Do you mean to tell me that you do not have a status? We must now detain you and turn you over to our military investigation department for further investigation. We want to find out how you got into Japan.”

I then replied to him, “Sir, I received a letter from a fellow who invited me to come and see him.”

The Colonel retorted, almost in an insulting manner: “If you had a letter from General Walker, it would not do you any good. Please come with me.”

So then I said: “Just a minute, brother, don’t be so arrogant. Let me show you the letter I received.”

He was feeling his oats by then. He repeated to me that the letter I had wouldn't do me any good. Because of his imperious attitude, I answered: "I demand your respect. I am an American citizen. I help pay your salary and I do not appreciate your dictatorial attitude. You can, at least, extend me the courtesy of hearing my explanation."

Then, with slow deliberation, I took out of my case the MacArthur letter, encased in a plastic folder, and handed it to him. With contempt, the Colonel took it. He started reading it. Never did I see a man's expression and attitude change so fast. He read on. The reaction was almost magic. He smiled and said to the austere MPs and Lieutenants standing by, "He has a letter from God."

He then handed the letter back to me reverently and asked, "Are you going to see the General while you are here?"

I told him I was dining with the General and Mrs. MacArthur the following day. He then stated that my letter was the first personal letter he had ever seen from the General and that it took him completely by surprise.

When I asked the Colonel whether the General had exceeded his authority, he smiled and replied, "He is our Supreme Commander. He has spoken."

Then I asked about my military permit, he told me: "You don't need a permit. You can go any place you wish, on limits and off limits." He repeated, "You do not need a military permit."

The Colonel then extended his hand; we shook hands and he turned and went back to his office. The other officers and MPs standing by smiled and asked if they might see the General's letter, then I departed without my military permit and, I might add, without a status.

I was passing by the Dai Ichi building near noon and, seeing several hundred people near the entrance to MacArthur's Headquarters, I stopped and asked an American soldier in the crowd what the demonstration was all about. He replied: "This happens twice a day, when General MacArthur is due to go home for lunch and again at the end of the day. They have

great reverence for him and consider it an honor just to see him.”

I stood by and waited and felt as though I were privileged to have in my possession a letter from the General himself. At precisely 12:15, the General appeared with Colonel Bunker, his Aide and Secretary, and, as he entered his old black Cadillac sedan, which had a license with five stars on it, the crowd all clapped and most of them bowed. I then walked back to my hotel, as I was beginning to feel the fatigue that comes with the change of time zones and, having been up all night, I decided to get some sleep. I had been awake for nearly thirty hours and dwelling on my anticipation of my meeting with the General the next day at luncheon, I returned to my hotel, had a good nap, an early dinner and a good night's sleep.

With military promptness, Colonel Huff drove up to the hotel entrance at noon. Soon we were driving across the city past the Emperor's Palace moats and gardens and then up the American Embassy driveway, where I had visited several times in earlier years with the grand, dear, venerable Ambassador Joseph Grew, first in 1930 and then in 1934. Now I was soon to meet the hero of my life.

Jean MacArthur and little Arthur greeted me at the entrance. We talked a few minutes and I handed her the box of See's chocolates I had been told she liked. She was most pleased; then she exclaimed, "Here comes my General."

We then walked toward the dining room. When the General entered the Embassy, he had the stride of a young college man as he came down the long corridor to greet us in the dining room. His kindly greeting was wonderful and most gracious. He then sat down at the table and at once he asked me about my flight. Then, with an apparent good appetite, he began to eat and we followed.

I told the General of my early visits to the Embassy when our Senior Diplomat of the United States, Joseph Grew, held forth. The General then took up the thread of thought and began extolling the qualities of Ambassador Grew, who, he said, had demonstrated his great vision and ability in statesmanship when

he frequently, in 1940 and 1941, warned President Franklin D. Roosevelt that the United States' existing perilous policies would inevitably lead to war. The General then spoke of his deep feeling that American policies and mistakes in Japan had led us to Pearl Harbor and then to the debacle in Manila.

The General asked about my trip to Hong Kong and my international law case. I explained to him briefly the case involving my client, a former Romanian Ambassador to Japan, General George Bagulesco, who had miraculously survived an attempted assassination in Tokyo in 1943, while he was the accredited Romanian Envoy to the Japanese government.

The General was exceedingly interested in the violation of my client's diplomatic rights and immunities. Before the General excused himself from the table to take a nap, he asked me to come to his office the following day at 2:30 for a real visit. He said he was eager to hear more about my law case and my mission to Hong Kong. His thirst for knowledge was fabulous and his comprehension tremendous.

The General then departed and Jean and little Arthur, and I strolled out into the Embassy gardens to a retreat near the swan pond and there we watched Arthur maneuver his rowboat for some time. The Embassy compound was a well-kept garden with very high flower-covered walls and gave one a feeling of safety and remoteness from the hectic city outside.

In the middle of the afternoon, we saw the General's car departing down the driveway, going back to his Headquarters. In a short while, a military car drove me from the Embassy back to my hotel. The ravages of war were everywhere, a total, tragic scene. Weary from my inspiring luncheon, I had an early dinner. Then, too, I was living in the anticipation of the following afternoon when I was to meet the General at his Headquarters in the Dai Ichi building.

The following day I walked over a mile from my hotel to the Dai Ichi building. It was very impressive when I approached the building and saw the American flag over the entrance. The entrance was graced not only by the American flag, but there also stood at the entrance two magnificent uniformed six foot

six United States Marines, who were immediately alerted and stood at attention as I entered the Headquarters of the Supreme Commander. Inside the building, I proceeded to a desk, where a fine-looking soldier snapped to attention and saluted, which made me very proud indeed of being an American. The soldier stood by an American flag. He greeted me and asked me the purpose of my visit and to see my credentials. Naturally, my principal credential was my American passport. I then handed him my letter from the General and informed him that I had a 2:30 appointment to see General MacArthur personally.

At once things began to happen in rapid succession. The officer in charge telephoned to the General's private Secretary, Colonel Lawrence Bunker, and after talking to Colonel Bunker and identifying myself, he asked me to please wait, that soon General MacArthur's Personal Aide, Colonel Huff, would be down to greet me. And, in a matter of minutes, I was greeted again by Colonel Huff.

At this juncture in my story, I wish to digress and tell something about this magnificent, affable and personable officer who had first greeted me at the airport and about whom I was to learn so much in the days to come. I may as well tell the first part of his story now.

In 1935, Colonel Huff, while stationed in Manila, retired after twenty years in the United States Navy. He then decided to linger for a while in the balmy, tropical Philippines. Not long after his retirement, as he was playing golf one day, out on the green he met General Douglas MacArthur at one of the fairways. Soon a new, warm relationship was established and, when the General learned of his recent retirement, he proposed to Sidney Huff that, since he now had some time on his hands, he would like to have him become his Personal Aide. Thereafter, the lives of those two men were almost inseparable and were to be interwoven for over fifteen years.

At that time, the General was about to start building the defenses of the Philippines. He had ordered a fleet of PT boats. This plan fascinated Colonel Huff because of his long naval career.

When the attack took place in 1941, first on Pearl Harbor and then on Manila Bay, Sidney Huff said things happened fast. It was necessary at once for the General, Jean, little Arthur, his nurse Au Cheu and Sidney Huff to escape, first to Bataan with the army and then to the little island of Corregidor in Manila Bay. In the succeeding days, plans were made for the General and his family to escape from Corregidor.

Four PT boats were selected to make the hazardous escape run. The boats had to be fitted out with supplies, and drums of fuel oil were lashed to the sides of each boat for their long trip south. All the while, enemy planes circled over Corregidor night and day, so preparations could be undertaken only after dark.

The decision was then made that General MacArthur, Jean, little Arthur, Au Cheu, Sid and the PT boat captain John Bulkeley and his crew would occupy the first lead PT boat and the three others would follow closely. It was also decided, after solemn conference, that General Jonathan Wainwright would remain behind in full command of Corregidor and the troops, to await developments.

The zero hour for departure arrived. Then, when total darkness enveloped the rock, a dramatic farewell took place, Sidney Huff said, between General MacArthur and General Wainwright — They embraced.

The lead boat then roared full speed ahead out of Manila Bay in a southerly direction, with the three other boats following. Soon the Japanese planes roared overhead, looking for enemy planes, not suspecting that the engine noises they heard were coming from the speeding PT boats.

Sidney Huff later recounted that the suspense and ordeal of the trip was hell. The General was always prone to extreme seasickness; Jean, Sidney and Au Cheu had their hands full. At the end of each night, as dawn was about to break, their PT boats headed for cover in some small island among the palms and trees until nightfall arrived again. Sid said his navy experience was used hourly for that historic escape. They were able to send messages on their small transmitter all the while Japanese planes were heard overhead on reconnaissance.

After many days, they reached the shelter of a small island and sent messages to the U.S. Navy and Air Force Command. After hours of waiting, they heard a plane overhead. It was heard first, then seen and it proved to be one of our planes. Signals were sent up and they made contact with the plane. Not long after, the Navy planes and the Air Force planes converged and circled the island. Soon an amphibious plane arrived, circled the island and then landed in a small lagoon nearby.

The reunion was an unforgettable experience, everyone thanking the dear Lord for their deliverance. They were then flown to Australia.

When they landed in Melbourne, the news was broadcast to the world that General MacArthur, his family and party had successfully escaped at night by PT boats from Corregidor and had been rescued on a small South Pacific island by the Navy and the Air Force and had now arrived in Australia, where the General would take command of all the Allied Forces.

History has fully recorded MacArthur's magnificent, ingenious island-hopping strategy, bypassing innumerable South Pacific islands to retake the Philippines. MacArthur arrived back in Manila in 1944. Then, in the summer of 1945, the bombs were dropped over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, followed swiftly by the Japanese surrender. The United Nations then appointed General Douglas MacArthur as the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers to administer Japan for its restoration and return to civilian control.

Colonel Huff had played an important role during the Pacific War as personal aide to General MacArthur, and now he was in Tokyo for the General's important task in administering the recovery of Japan.

* * * * *

We return now to the Dai Ichi building in Tokyo.

Colonel Huff, upon his arrival in the reception room downstairs, escorted me to the fifth floor, where I was first introduced to the General's private secretary, Colonel Lawrence Bunker,

a gracious New England gentleman, who then, in turn, took me to the office of General Courtney Whitney, where I had a brief visit. Then he, in turn, escorted me into the large impressive private office of General MacArthur, which contained many of the General's fabulous memorabilia of a lifetime.

The General thanked me for coming to see him and then for the next four hours, until almost dusk, I enjoyed the real privilege of visiting one of the great minds and souls of all time. Talk about being inspired — it was an unforgettable visit.

I had never been in the military service and I had no complexes about rank, so the conversation was not inhibited. To be in General MacArthur's presence and hear his conversation, philosophical and intellectual, was an inspirational feast. I only wish it could have been recorded. The General had a very relaxing habit of first sitting in his chair and then striding back and forth the length of his huge office. I sat when he did and I walked back and forth as he did.

I shall dwell on only a few of the thoughts that were discussed. As the General previously indicated to me at luncheon, he was intrigued by and asked me more about my pending international law case, that of the Romanian Ambassador who had been the victim of an attempt on his life in Tokyo during the war. I will not go into further details, except to say the General's grasp of history and his knowledge and interest in the facts was astounding.

During our discussion about international law, the General told me that the law had always intrigued and fascinated him and that, if he had his own life to live over again and it wasn't a question of pleasing his father, he would have pursued the law. "When a man hangs up his shingle," he said, "he is a free man; he is on his own and can pursue his own destiny unfettered." I could sense a bit of sadness in this statement.

The General then stated that, when he received my letter requesting permission to enter his theatre of operations, it brought back to him some wonderful memories of his own father. He told me how his father, General Arthur MacArthur, back about 1880, had a legal problem in New York and had

gone to the office of Joseph H. Choate for legal advice. His father soon realized that he was in the best of hands, in the office of a brilliant lawyer. Choate soon resolved the problem and thereafter his Father and Choate continued their friendship and saw one another from time to time. The General said that, when my letter arrived, he at once looked forward to meeting another member of the Choate clan, because I represented another generation of the Choates. I told the General that, with his high principles and keen mind, he would have added much to the quality, stature, prestige and magnificence of the American bar.

The General then spoke of some of the problems he had in Japan, which were many and arose almost hourly during the occupation. He said that one of the constant problems with which he was confronted was the problem of keeping subversive influences and undesirable visitors out of his theatre of operations. He was almost constantly deluged with requests from Washington and elsewhere for permission to visit Japan by people, many of whom were subversives, wishing to come on all manner of pretexts. All of those seeking permission were first carefully investigated and, after investigation, many were refused. Many requests were also received from other parts of the world and the Communists were especially persistent because they had a foothold in the Far East resulting from the policies of President Roosevelt and Truman during the war, reflected first in Yalta and Teheran by Roosevelt's agreements with Stalin and then at Potsdam by Truman's agreement with Stalin.

The General then related an incident that had taken place during the occupation, I do not recall his words precisely but, in essence, they were as follows:

The Soviet Ambassador had requested an appointment to discuss some problem that had arisen in Japan. At the conference, among other things, the Soviet Ambassador revealed to the General that his government was considering placing some Soviet troops on one of the islands north of Japan. The General quickly replied, "If the Soviets attempt to place any troops on those islands, I will throw seventeen divisions in that area, I'll

decimate every Soviet soldier on the island and I will then throw you in jail.”

After a long pause, the Ambassador replied, “General, I believe you would,” which remark ended all further reference to those islands.

I spoke of the disloyalty that existed at home and told him that, in my opinion, the grave question of our nation was disloyalty and subversion, that subversive influences were everywhere, including in our highest government positions, to which he replied, “That I know all too well; how right you are.”

He then told me, to illustrate the far-reaching subversive influences that had entered our government, that, when he dispatched classified messages to the Pentagon, those messages were intercepted by the Soviets and were known in Moscow before they even reached Washington.

At that juncture I said that it was my personal opinion and the opinion of many dedicated, loyal Americans that our condition at home was becoming perilous, that distrust was national and rampant throughout the country, that people were losing faith in our leadership, and that many hoped that he would return soon and help redeem our country’s faith in its leadership. I further told the General that he had been away for years so he could not be fully aware of our perils at home, but his leadership was greatly needed. He then stated that he knew exactly what I meant. I added that many dedicated men across the nation had already started a grass roots crusade of MacArthur for President and that I was a part of the California campaign organization. He said that he knew of it.

I spoke to the General of the desperation of the American people for leadership that they could admire and trust, because Washington was in a very, very critical condition. The General then discussed leadership philosophically; his words were magnificent. They were eloquent; they were profound. You would have thought that an oracle was speaking. He spoke with deep feeling. He said the responsibility of military leadership is tremendous.

At that moment he signaled for Colonel Bunker and asked him to bring in from his personal portfolio the speech of a Roman General regarding military critics. Colonel Bunker returned in a few moments and handed the General that speech, which he then read to me. Its words were:

A ROMAN GENERAL'S OPINION OF "MILITARY CRITICS"

"Lucius Aemilius Paulus, a Roman Consul, who had been selected to conduct the war with the Macedonians, B.C. 168, went out from the Senate-house into the assembly of the people and addressed them as follows:

"In every circle, and, truly, at every table, there are people who lead armies into Macedonia; who know where the camp ought to be placed; what posts ought to be occupied by troops; when and through what pass that territory should be entered; where magazines should be formed; how provisions should be conveyed by land and sea; and when it is proper to engage the enemy, when to lie quiet. And they not only determined what is best to be done, but if anything is done in any other manner than what they have pointed out, they arraign the consul, as if he were on trial before them. These are great impediments to those who have the management of affairs; for every one cannot encounter injurious reports with the same constancy and firmness of mind as Fabius did, who chose to let his own ability be questioned through the folly of the people, rather than to mismanage the public business with a high reputation. I am not one of those who think that commanders ought at no time to receive advice; on the contrary, I should deem that man more proud than wise, who regulated every proceeding by the standard of his own single judgment. What then is my opinion? That commanders should be counselled, chiefly, by persons of known talent; by those who have made the art of war their particular study, and whose knowledge is derived from experience; from those who are present at the scene of action, who see the country, who see the enemy; who see the advantages that occa-

sions offer, and who, like people embarked in the same ship, are sharers of the danger. If, therefore, any one thinks himself qualified to give advice respecting the war which I am to conduct, which may prove advantageous to the public, let him not refuse his assistance to the state, but let him come with me into Macedonia. He shall be furnished with a ship, a horse, a tent; even his travelling charges shall be defrayed. But if he thinks this too much trouble, and prefers the repose of a city life to the toils of war, let him not, on land, assume the office of a pilot. The city, in itself, furnishes abundance of topics for conversation; let it confine its passion for talking within its own precincts, and rest assured that we shall pay no attention to any councils but such as shall be framed within our camp.’ ”

The General signed a photocopy of this magnificent speech (from Livy [Titus Livius, born 59 B.C., died A.D. 17], *History of Rome*, Vol. 7, Book XXIV, Chapter 22, translated by George Baker) and presented it to me.

Then he stood up and started to walk back and forth. He came to the window and I joined him. We saw a large crowd of people gathered below. We did not know what the demonstration was all about, but the General then told me a story about the popularity of leaders with the populace.

He said, history records that, on one occasion when Napoleon's fame was at its height, he was to appear at a given time on the portico of the Palace of Versailles. The people were gathering in throngs throughout the gardens, a million people eager to see their General Napoleon. At this time, Count Montheleon, his aide, exclaimed to Napoleon: "The people are cheering; they are eager to see you, waiting for your appearance. Isn't it wonderful?" Whereupon Napoleon replied, "Yes, it's wonderful and you appreciate it, but you must remember that, if the political tide changed and the temper of the people changed, they would clamor just as loud and cheer just as loudly if I were going to the guillotine."

General MacArthur added, "We live in a very emotional world and leadership is a tremendous trust and responsibility."

The General then changed the subject and wished again to know more about the facts of my law case. For over an hour, I related and described how my client's diplomatic privileges, rights and immunities had been flagrantly violated by the brutal attack on his life in Tokyo, and that a German physician in Tokyo, Dr. Wittenberg, had been called to the Romanian attache's office to examine General Bagulesco, who was thought to be dead. While the Japanese government was waiting for instructions from Bucharest as to the disposition of the Ambassador's body, a reply that took more than five days because of war conditions, General Bagulesco miraculously regained consciousness and rallied sufficiently to go eventually to France, as a foreign diplomat in exile. I said that my client had been urging me for months to go to Hong Kong to see that German physician who was living there in retirement. Therefore, I explained, I was en route to Hong Kong to see Dr. Wittenberg.

Several times during the afternoon, Colonel Bunker entered the room to report to or converse with the General. Late in the afternoon, I bade the General good-bye, expressing to him my deep gratitude for his inspiring hospitality.

I told him that, before leaving for Hong Kong, I was going to the beautiful Fujiya Hotel at Miyanoshita for a few days to get some much-needed rest. The General replied that Mrs. MacArthur and young Arthur frequently visited Miyanoshita for their holidays, but that he had never taken time out to visit the Fujiya Hotel, because daily problems were so pressing, although Jean and Arthur enjoyed it immensely.

The General was then kind enough to give me an autographed photograph. I thanked him and, on leaving, Colonel Bunker also bade me "sayonara." Colonel Huff escorted me to his car and drove me back to the Tokyo Hotel. En route, Colonel Huff urged me to call him upon my return from Miyanoshita; he and his wife, Keira, and Colonel Bunker would like to have me come to enjoy a farewell dinner. Colonel Bunker and Colonel Huff

had beautiful apartments in the Embassy compound, about two hundred feet from the General's private residence.

I went down to Miyanoshita and enjoyed a pleasant, restful time. On my return to Tokyo, Colonel Huff and Keira and Colonel Bunker gave me a wonderful sayonara dinner. They, too, wanted to know about my case in Hong Kong and I gave them its high points. At that dinner, we had some of the famous Japanese Kobe beef, which is so tender that one may cut it with a fork. We also had sake and everything that goes with it. It was almost midnight before I returned to the hotel.

The following morning, Colonel Huff took me to the airport, where I boarded a Pan American flight to Hong Kong. As the plane soared over Tokyo and Yokohama, I again witnessed an indescribable panorama of the ravages of the war, such a tragic contrast to the Japan that I had previously visited.

I stayed in Hong Kong at the Peninsula Hotel, on the Kowloon side of the island. Early the following morning I went to the residence of Dr. Wittenberg on the Victoria side of Hong Kong. I was shocked to learn from the Doctor's Chinese servant and his Swiss housekeeper that Dr. Wittenberg had the previous month gone on a long holiday to Europe, that he would be gone several months and that they did not even know where he could be reached. Very, very much disappointed, I then wrote to General Bagulesco from the hotel about my deep regret in not seeing Dr. Wittenberg in Hong Kong and said I was leaving the following day for Hawaii and California.

* * * * *

IN 1948 THE MACARTHUR FOR PRESIDENT CRUSADE had gained tremendous interest and momentum. Our California organization, MacArthur for President, had attained national recognition by the MacArthur national headquarters in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, under the auspices of the National Chairman, Lansing Hoyt. Our California headquarters was in Los Angeles under the auspices of an executive committee of prominent Californians and men of esteem dedicated to MacArthur

for President: Earl Adams, a prominent lawyer with over fifty years of practice in Los Angeles, greatly admired and respected by the entire California Bar; George Martin, a prominent civic leader and a vice-president of Security Pacific Bank; John Bigelow, a retired newspaper editor; Joseph Choate; and others.

On April 2, 1948, the MacArthur for President Club of California had a beautiful banquet in the ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, which was a resplendent, colorful occasion. The ballroom was filled to capacity, including the loges, with fine-spirited Americans, admirers of General MacArthur. Dr. David Prescott Barrows came from Berkeley to speak of the General's great leadership qualities. Dr. Barrows had known the General as an officer in the early days in the Philippines. He was President Emeritus of the University of California at Berkeley and his message extolling the Statesmanship of the General was exciting and inspiring and thrilled everyone. Mrs. Barrows graced the head table with Dr. Barrows.

Also at the head table were numerous other dignitaries, among whom were General Hap Glassford, of Laguna Beach, who had attended West Point when MacArthur was an upper-classman, and then served under the General in Washington when MacArthur was Army Chief of Staff. The high praise of General MacArthur coming from the lips of General Glassford was profound and moving.

Another honored guest was a most gracious southern gentleman, Cameron Faircloth, brother of Jean Faircloth MacArthur and, when he arose and took a bow, everyone applauded.

Other guests included Colonel and Mrs. Edward Shattuck of Los Angeles. Colonel Shattuck had served on the General's staff in the South Pacific. Also present was the charming actress Corrine Griffith of Beverly Hills, whose enthusiasm for the General was well known. In addition to members of the Executive Committee of the California MacArthur for President Club such as Messrs. Adams, Martin, and the Author, other attendees were Mrs. Joseph Choate; Mrs. Leland Atherton Irish; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Faupel, former United States Marshal for

Shanghai and his wife, great devotees of the General; prominent attorney Jerry Geisler and his lady; Dr. Stewart P. MacLennan, Pastor of the Hollywood Presbyterian Church; Charles Reed, prominent businessman; and many other prominent personages, including hundreds of other magnificent men and women of southern California, among whom was the lovely Mary Pickford, a great admirer and supporter of Douglas MacArthur, in one of her last public appearances.

In 1948 the Author received a long distance call from Mrs. Nellie Coffman, founder and owner of the renowned Desert Inn at Palm Springs, California. She was a fan of General MacArthur and had heard and frequently read of our MacArthur for President organization. She asked me to be her guest soon at the Inn, for a long weekend, because her son also was a great admirer of the General. I said that I would be pleased to accept her invitation soon and that I would return her call and plan to enjoy her hospitality. She told me that she had a great many friends in Palm Springs and the desert who would like to join the MacArthur Club.

When I arrived at the Desert Inn, Mrs. Coffman and her Son greeted me warmly and for three days I enjoyed her hospitality. Each night, I dined with them at their family table. While I was there, Mrs. Coffman invited several of her prominent Palm Springs and newspaper friends for luncheon. Their enthusiasm for General MacArthur was overwhelming. These were groups of dedicated Americans, many of whom had pioneered in that region for half a century, others native Californians.

Mrs. Coffman depleted my supply of MacArthur for President buttons. She also asked to have her picture taken wearing one of the MacArthur buttons. She must have been in her late eighties, but was a radiant, spirited woman. Everyone greatly loved her and she was referred to as Palm Springs' First Citizen. Her photograph, with MacArthur's picture in the background in her private suite, is so charming that the press in Riverside County published it. I include that photograph among these pages because her friends were legion and nationwide; she was a grand Lady.



Mrs. Nellie Coffman, owner of the Desert Inn, at Palm Springs, in California, with Joseph Choate, in 1948. She was a great devotee of Douglas MacArthur.

By reason of my recent visit with General MacArthur in Tokyo, I enjoyed the camaraderie of the General's many admirers, including Lansing Hoyt and others from across the nation, especially from Texas, who wished to prove their devotion to the General.

On several occasions, the MacArthur for President National Executive Committee and officials and followers of the campaign met in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to champion our cause.

William Randolph Hearst, who was one of the most ardent admirers of MacArthur in America, supported our cause nationwide and, because he frequently used his many newspapers to extol the leadership virtues and qualities of Douglas MacArthur, I am reprinting here one of the great Editorials Hearst released at that time in furtherance of our campaign!

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

More than at any time since Abraham Lincoln was summoned to the White House to save the Republic, these United States needs a STATESMAN and not A POLITICIAN at the Head of the National Government.

None of the avowed candidates for the Presidency meets the public need.

And the responsibilities that lie upon us are too grave and too consequential to be committed into feeble or uncertain hands.

Misled by vainglorious ambitions and false alien ideologies, we have departed dangerously from the sound traditions and the equally sound practices of our successful past.

We have become a debt-ridden commonwealth, with a debased currency, drifting like a rudderless bark in the shoals of inflation toward shipwreck on the rocks of depression.

The seeds of class hatred and class conflict have been sown in our soil and are bearing poisonous fruit.

The tribunals of justice have been debauched; arbitrary administrative edicts are taking the place of just laws justly enforced; and a vast bureaucracy is being erected over us to devour our substance.

Taxation has been made an instrument of pillage and persecution, so that the accumulation of generative and productive wealth is diminishing; the fountains of philanthropy are vanishing; the creative energies of our people are faltering; and the dependencies of the dole are being substituted for the virtues of self-reliance and self-respect.

Beyond our shores, our so-called diplomacy has been carried on in a disgraceful medley of secrecy and deception and usurped authority, until no man knows what our "foreign policies" are — or what they portend.

And meanwhile, in a world where the embers of unextinguished war still smolder and there is no peace anywhere, our defenses are permitted to decline and decay.

A free Republic that is so beset with manifold errors and evils cannot — in Lincoln's historic phrase — "long endure."

The times are indeed critical, calling for saving leadership; and America would be indeed bankrupt if the leadership were lacking.

But fortunately for us and for posterity, the leadership awaits — the kind of virile leadership that democracy requires.

Above any man of his generation, General Douglas MacArthur has demonstrated in many capacities his superlative qualities.

He has the statesman's touch, along with the patriot's consecration; and he has the inspired and selfless "gift of command" which extreme exigencies always require.

In every call to duty that has been made upon him, he has always responded — AND HE HAS NEVER FAILED.

No difficulty, however great, has ever daunted him.

KNOWING that, we cannot believe that General MacArthur would fail his beloved Country now.

We NEED HIM.

We need his experience and his judgment and his superb executive ability in Washington.

If we are to save ourselves from our own follies, we must DRAFT General MacArthur for the Presidency.

For beyond any rivalry and any partisanship and any questioning, Douglas MacArthur is America's MAN OF THE HOUR.

(Reprinted from the Los Angeles Examiner)

One day I received a call from the popular entertainer and devotee of the General, namely, Earl Carroll, who asked me to come and see him at his Sunset Boulevard showplace in Hollywood. We soon had lunch together and he then told me of his long friendship with Douglas MacArthur. They first met in World War I in France when Carroll was entertaining the troops and there developed a close friendship that had continued through the years. In 1945, soon after the Armistice took place in Japan, he had gone to Japan and had a long visit with the General at his residence and at his Headquarters. He told me: "If you see the General again, be sure to take with you a large box of See's chocolates for Jean. She is a real faddist for chocolates, so don't ever go to Tokyo without a box of See's candy. Tell them both I send my love."

I had a very fine Los Angeles client, a deeply religious, spiritual man who had inherited a modest fortune and gone into the production of religious films. To me the finest religious, spiritual picture I have ever seen was one he produced, entitled *The Certain Nobleman*. It is a masterpiece, coming out of the heart of the Bible. I wrote to the General and asked him if I could take the liberty of sending him this film because I was

sure that he, Jean and Arthur would enjoy it, because motion pictures were one of the few diversions they had in the evenings. So I sent this film out to the General. It runs about twenty or twenty five minutes. The General returned the film with the following wonderful letter, which speaks eloquently for itself:

Tokyo, Japan

11 August 1948

Dear Mr. Choate:

The religious film referred to in your letter of July 25 arrived in Tokyo in due course. It was run for Arthur and his mother and they were deeply impressed and moved by it. It is being returned to you with my grateful acknowledgment for your thoughtful courtesy in sending it and my compliments to Dr. Friedrich, its producer. This method of portraying great spiritual lessons most certainly finds a broad field of vital utility, as modern society has no more impelling need than the strengthening of its moral fiber to render humanity resistant to the forces calculated to effect its destruction.

I wish to take this opportunity to express to you my heartfelt gratitude for the vigorous support you gave to those who recently advocated my nomination by the Republican Convention. The confidence reflected from this and the good will manifested by so many fellow Americans left me with a high sense of personal satisfaction and added inspiration to surmount the difficulties which yet may beset me in my country's service.

With renewed thanks and every good wish.

Faithfully yours,
DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

In 1949, in view of the new developments that had taken place in the General Bagulesco case and at his insistence, I had no choice but to go back again to Hong Kong for a conference

with Dr. Wittenberg. I called Earl Carroll and told him of my impending trip to Tokyo and he reminded me, "Be sure to take Jean a box of See's chocolates."

Pursuant to those plans, I once more wrote General MacArthur requesting permission to enter his Far East theatre of operations to proceed to Hong Kong via Japan. In a few days, I received from the General a personal reply informing me that he had sent the Pentagon's army permit section his approval and consent for me to visit Japan and Hong Kong and stating that the permit would soon be issued. This letter of March 1949 was most gracious and inviting and I include it in these pages. It read as follows:

General Headquarters
Supreme Commander
Tokyo, Japan

Dear Mr. Choate:

I am delighted to hear from your letter of February 26 of your tentative planned trip to Japan. You may be sure of the approval of this headquarters when reference is made for our clearance, and a most cordial welcome upon your arrival.

With cordial regards, I am,

Faithfully yours,
DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

Armed with a Pan American World Airways ticket and the army permit, with a box of See's chocolates under my arm, I headed for Hawaii and the Orient. Upon my arrival at Honolulu, as requested in a letter from Colonel Sidney Huff, I sent a cable to him as to the time of my arrival in Tokyo. My papers in order, we took off from Hawaii for Japan. We stopped for a few hours at Wake Island for refueling and then, in about nine hours and a half, we reached Japan. When we landed at Haneda Tokyo airport, Colonel Huff again greeted me like an Ambassador and drove me to the City. As we were driving into Tokyo, he told me that General and Mrs. MacArthur wanted

me to have lunch with them the following day. On this second visit, Colonel Huff took me to the Imperial Hotel. It was like returning home because of my earlier stays there.

The next day Colonel Huff drove me again to the Embassy residence where Jean MacArthur and Arthur greeted me. I presented her with the box of See's candy, whereupon she blessed me with a kiss on the cheek and expressed their affection for Earl Carroll.

The General arrived shortly and we sat down to a delightful lunch. As a loyal Ambassador, I conveyed to them the loving greetings from Earl Carroll. The General then asked me for a progress report on my law case. I told him it was a long story. I reported my unfortunate previous experience in not finding Dr. Wittenberg in Hong Kong and that, now, because of my client's insistence, I was making this second trip to Hong Kong.

The luncheon was enjoyable and delightful. The General asked me to please come and see him at 2:30 the following day, which I did.

At the Headquarters office, as we were talking, he told me that the next day he was going to Seoul to survey the situation there. He said that the Korean conflict was now demanding much of his time and thoughts. I then asked the General if he could consider taking me with him on his flight to Korea, to which he replied, "Choate, I can't do that, because if anything happened to you, I would spend the rest of my life trying to explain it. It is too hazardous. We are in another war in Korea."

We then spoke at length about the MacArthur campaign in the United States. I told him of the great admiration of his loyal followers. He then said, "Choate, I am now going to tell you why I have withheld my consent to your campaign. It's a highly personal, sensitive reason, backgrounded in sentiment, but real, and I want you to know why I have withheld my consent."

In a reflective mood, he continued, "When I arrived in Manila in 1902, soon after my graduation from West Point, to join my father [General Arthur MacArthur], William Howard Taft was the High Commissioner of the Philippines, and my father and William Howard Taft and our families got together

nearly every evening and we were very close socially. In the Taft family was a small boy named Bob and I saw him for many years thereafter, socially and on our trips together.” Then he added, “Bob is now the United States senator from Ohio and he is very enthusiastic about the campaign these days in seeking the Republican nomination for President and, as long as Robert Taft is in the running, I do not wish to get involved in that campaign. I will not declare myself available as a candidate as long as Bob is in the running. To me it’s a matter of family background, sentiment and loyalty. I realize the political enmity that exists between Robert Taft and Thomas Dewey, however, and, as long as that exists, I do not wish to become involved in the political cross fire.”

I then told the General that a stalemate could create an impasse in the conflict between Taft and Dewey and, in that stalemate, we hoped and prayed that the Republicans would then turn to Douglas MacArthur as their Nominee. I told him of the numerous personages who had supported our cause.

In a lighter vein, during our discussion, I told the General that he had one pathetic handicap in his life that he could not overcome, that of having Scottish blood in his veins. He chuckled, smiled and said, “That’s one of the handicaps I’m pleased to have — my birthright, for which I am profoundly grateful.”

I spoke of how fortunate I was to have had the privilege of visiting Japan in 1929-30 and then again twice in 1934, when the country was somewhat normal, beautiful and untouched by war, with women wearing kimonos and the polite spirit of the people. It was like returning to another world.

The great sensitivity of the General was often felt in his remarks. He referred to their own condition, saying, that there was very little social life in Tokyo for Jean and Arthur, that it was very confining, and that the only social life he enjoyed was when he left the Embassy occasionally in the evening to attend the Masonic Lodge. His remark was prompted when he saw my Masonic ring.

The General went on to say that, when he took command of the Japanese occupation, one of the first things he did was to remove all restrictions on fraternal organizations and that Masonry had become very popular in Japan. When he attended the lodge, he had an opportunity to fraternize with many of his men, officers and soldiers. He remarked, "The Japanese are ardent Masons."

The General then asked about my family, where Mrs. Choate came from, whether her parents were living and about my son. I told him that my Dorothy's parents were both gone; that she had been born in Boston; and that I had met her in Los Angeles after her father passed away; that he had a great admirer in Mrs. Choate; and that she hoped that some day she could meet him personally.

The hour was growing quite late, so I then bade him good-bye, "sayonara," as the Japanese say. I went out to the office of Colonel Bunker, where we had a short visit, then Colonel Huff took me back to the Imperial Hotel to get ready to go to Hong Kong the following day.

Colonel Huff took me to the airport. After a short flight, I landed in Hong Kong where I again registered at the Peninsula Hotel. I then hastened on the ferry across to the Victoria side, caught a cab and went to the residence of Dr. Wittenberg. When I reached his residence, the maid was gone and the caretaker told me that Dr. Wittenberg was no longer living there. I asked where he was and he said, "You must go to the German consulate and they can tell you exactly where he is."

The cab then took me over to the German consulate. The Consul informed me that, the year before, Dr. Wittenberg had received an American visa and that he had emigrated to the United States where he was living in Boulder, Colorado, practicing medicine there. With that information, I left the Consulate and went back to my hotel. I telephoned General Bagulesco, told him where Dr. Wittenberg was and said, "I'll catch up with him yet in Colorado."

I did some shopping and then caught a plane the following day for Hawaii, spent two days in Honolulu and then went back

to Los Angeles. Following my return, I reported to our MacArthur for President Executive Committee on the success of my visit with the General in Tokyo and, especially, on the reason why MacArthur had withheld his consent to run for President in the primaries.

Little did we realize what the days ahead held for us or what would transpire at our next Waldorf-Astoria MacArthur for President national meeting. I remember that, many times, H.L. Hunt, of Texas, had made the statement that MacArthur was the only man he knew of in public office in America who wasn't mortgaged right on into hell. There was a great rise in enthusiasm across the nation and the newspapers often gave glowing accounts of the mounting enthusiasm of our MacArthur for President campaign.

In the meantime, I was working hard on several matters as well as on my Bagulesco case, when, in view of developments in the case, General Bagulesco urged me to go to Paris soon to confer with Minister Widar Bagge and then to proceed to Nice to discuss with him these important new developments.

When I reported this most recent request from my client to my wife, she quickly replied: "That's fine; we'll all go. It's about as cheap anyway to go around the world as to go to Europe and return. We can go first to Japan and I can meet General and Mrs. MacArthur, then we can go on to Hong Kong; then to Nice to see General Bagulesco; and finally to Paris to see Minister Bagge and Jean Leveque." She added: "If you go without me, I will divorce you, and I won't go without our son. He can still travel for half fare, so it is up to you."

She repeated that she was most anxious to meet General and Mrs. MacArthur. She had the facts and figures all stacked against me and soon I realized that it was cheaper to take her with me than to face a divorce. I soon discovered that she had already started packing. In the meantime, I checked with Pan American and they then had a wonderful rate for around the world for \$1,250; my son, being only eleven, could go for half fare. My wife argued correctly that for \$625 we could take him around the world with us, so I lost that case.

The decision was made and the passports were renewed for this magnificent trip around the world. At that time, the military restrictions were not as great as before in the Orient but, nevertheless, I sent off a letter to the General, asking him if he would give me the pleasure and honor of granting me another military permit to proceed to the Orient, Japan and Hong Kong, after which I was going on to see my client in Nice and then to Paris, to see my important witness and others. I told the General that Mrs. Choate was eagerly looking forward to visiting Japan and, above all, to meeting him, Mrs. MacArthur and Arthur. Plans were made accordingly.

I received a gracious reply letter from General MacArthur, welcoming the Choate family to Japan.

General Headquarters
Supreme Commander the Allied Powers
Office of the Supreme Commander

Tokyo, Japan
27 February 1951

Dear Mr. Choate:

I have just received your note of the 19th and I am delighted to learn from it that you and your family are planning to stop by Japan early in April on your way around the world. I shall look forward to seeing you again.

Cordially yours,
DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

A letter followed from Colonel Huff, dated 28 February 1951, which read as follows:

General Headquarters
Far East Command

28 February 1951

Dear Joe:

I was delighted to hear that you and your family are contemplating visiting us here in Tokyo about the first

week in April. Needless to say, we are looking forward to seeing you with great interest. I hope that you will forgive me for not answering your letter of 1 January. I passed it on to the General and I believe he was much interested in your views of the people in Washington. I am wondering if you will bring the movies you took when you were here last time with you. Would be pleased to see them.

With all good wishes.

Sincerely,

SIDNEY L. HUFF,
Colonel, Aide-de-Camp

We flew from Los Angeles to Honolulu, where we relaxed for three days. While there, I sent a wire to Sidney Huff informing him of our Pan Am flight number, date and hour of arrival at Haneda airport.

Leaving Hawaii, after a few hours layover in Wake Island, we took off for Japan and, in nine hours, snowcapped Mt. Fujiyama welcomed us. Upon our landing at Haneda, Sidney Huff graciously greeted us. The formalities of immigration and customs were quickly taken care of and we were soon headed for Tokyo. It was amazing how much of the war's devastation had been cleared away; the restoration was already under way. Colonel Huff informed us that our reservations had been confirmed at the Imperial Hotel and also told us that General and Mrs. MacArthur had invited us to lunch with them the following day at 12:30. He would call for us at 12:00 noon to drive us to the Embassy residence.

We arrived at the Hotel in the middle of the morning and it was like returning home. After we unpacked and had a shower, it was about 11:30, so I asked Dorothy and my son to get ready for a surprise walk. We went out the Imperial front entrance to the great thoroughfare and walked nearly half a mile, passing the provost marshal's office and, as we approached the Dai Ichi building, we could see the gathering crowd. As usual, several hundred people were lined up on each side of the entrance.

Everyone appeared in a state of expectancy. At noon, the General's black Cadillac with its five-star flag arrived and parked at the curb entrance area. Exactly at 12:15, General MacArthur and his Secretary, Colonel Bunker, appeared at the GHQ entrance. The crowd was noticeably quiet and impressed; then, as the General entered the opened door of his car, the crowd clapped modestly and each of the Japanese bowed reverently. It was a sign of deep respect.

We then walked back to our hotel. Our son went out to explore the arcade stores and to find a tempura eating place in the shops built under the elevated railroad, which extend for possibly two miles. They sell everything from Mikomoto pearls to apparel and fish. We ate our meals in the Imperial's main dining room. The food was excellent and the prices were even more excellent because they were the regular army rate, so a full meal was very reasonable.

We retired early because of our long flight, the change of day and time, and in anticipation of our luncheon the following day with General and Mrs. MacArthur.

At 11:30, we seated ourselves in the lobby awaiting the arrival of Colonel Huff. When he drove into the entrance, Joseph Timothy, our son, ran out and greeted him. Dorothy was carrying the box of See's candy. My lady always preferred to ride in the front seat, and soon we were motoring to the Embassy.

Dorothy had not been to Japan since her first visit in 1938-39. As we approached the Embassy entrance gate two officers on guard stopped us, then directed us to proceed up the long circular compound road around the Embassy building to its main entrance. As soon as we alighted, Jean MacArthur and Arthur appeared. The greetings of both were delightful. Dorothy handed Jean the box of See's chocolates. Then everyone was in a happy state of elation and spirits ran high. We all retired to the spacious drawing room and, before long, the General arrived. He welcomed Dorothy very graciously. He too was in high spirits. Then he greeted me and shook hands with Joseph Timothy and we at once went into the dining room. The

General asked Dorothy to sit on his right and I sat on his left, while Jean sat at the end with the boys on each side.

The General asked about our flight, then for some time he talked with Dorothy. She told him about her visit to Japan in 1938-39 on her trip around the world with a longtime companion and her wonderful weeks touring Japan. The General then asked about her route around the world and the places visited; we realized that he was a knowledgeable citizen of the world.

Soon the General asked for a report on the status of my law case and I told him I was making progress but that the Gaimisho, the Japanese foreign office, was inventing excuses every time I conferred with them. I was obliged to dissolve these excuses with realistic facts. As an illustration, I said, they raised, among other things, the argument that the King of Romania, who had appointed my client, General Bagulesco, as Ambassador to Japan, must personally present the claims and demands of the claimant to the Japanese government. When I reported this to Ambassador Bagulesco in Nice, he explained that King Michael of Romania was living in exile in Switzerland and that, because the Government of Romania was under the absolute control of the Communist regime, he would never call upon them for help because the Soviets would confiscate whatever was recovered from the Japanese government.

When I told General MacArthur about this newest problem, he smiled and remarked, "I wish you well; I hope you live long enough to settle your case because your client's diplomatic rights were violated and there was a violation of the principles of international law."

As the luncheon was nearing an end, the General told us that occasionally a special tour in Tokyo was arranged during which a small group were invited to visit the Emperor's private gardens and that, on the following morning, a tour would gather at the outer gate of the Palace to be escorted to the Palace and we were invited. We thanked the General for this wonderful invitation and said that we would arrive at the outer gate at the appointed hour to join the party.

Dorothy then told the General that we were going to Miynoshita for three days rest the following day. We had enjoyed the Fujiya Hotel there very much, having been there for several days in 1939. The General replied that the Fujiya was a great holiday favorite for Jean and Arthur and they looked forward to that escape from the city whenever possible.

As we told the General of our deep appreciation for his hospitality, he said that Jean and Arthur would show us the Embassy gardens and the pool, where Arthur would show Joseph Timothy how to row a boat. He then left us to take his afternoon nap and Jean took us out to the gardens where we strolled and then sat near the pool while the boys rowed and visited.

That afternoon in the secluded Embassy gardens was delightful. Jean MacArthur told us an interesting, very human story. Jean said that, when they escaped from Corregidor, they had taken with them an amah, a Chinese maid, to care for Arthur. She was a small young Chinese woman, named Au Cheu who had become part of the MacArthur family in Manila. The General, realizing that she would be killed if she were left behind, included her in the PT boat escape from Corregidor plans. Jean said she was a great blessing; she cared for little Arthur and also helped her in caring for the General on the PT boat because he frequently became seasick. So she was most helpful on that perilous long rip from Corregidor, first by PT boat and then by air force plane into Australia. Au Cheu had then continued with them from Australia through the South Pacific islands, back to Manila and finally to Japan, where she continued to live with the family at the Embassy.

Jean went on to say that, about two years after their arrival in Japan, Au Cheu came to her one day and said that she wanted very much to make one last trip home to mainland China before she died. She hoped to see her family there again. Soon that trip was arranged, and it was made possible for Au Cheu to leave Japan and visit her family in Canton, some distance from Hong Kong.

After weeks in Canton, she returned to Hong Kong and applied for a ticket to Japan at the Pan American office. Au Cheu was told that she could not go to Japan, that there were military regulations, that thousands of people made such requests and all were rejected. When she insisted that she must return to join her family in Japan, they told her absolutely not, but she continued to demand a ticket to return to Japan. She finally asked Pan Am to send a message to General Douglas MacArthur, asking for an entry permit. They informed her it would be useless to send such a message to General Douglas MacArthur, who was a very busy man, but she kept insisting that General MacArthur and Mrs. MacArthur both wanted her back. To appease her and get rid of the nuisance of her visits, the message was finally sent. They agreed to send the message only if she would pay for it, which she did.

The following day, Pan American received a special message from GHQ in Tokyo from the office of the Supreme Commander signed by General Douglas MacArthur authorizing Au Cheu to enter Japan. The ticket was issued and she left Hong Kong immediately. Mrs. MacArthur had contacted Pan American and they informed her of the flight number and the time the plane was to arrive at Haneda. When Au Cheu arrived at the airport and came down the ramp, Jean and Colonel Huff greeted her on her safe return home. Jean enjoyed telling this story because Au Cheu had finally convinced Pan American at Hong Kong that she was a part of the MacArthur family and was really returning home again.

During the afternoon visit on the lawn, a tall, charming, frail lady appeared. She was introduced by Jean to Dorothy as Miss Phyllis Gibbons, affectionately known as "Gibby," part of the MacArthur household as the teacher and tutor for young Arthur. Then, as they sat in the afternoon sunshine, Gibby told the following story. When the siege of Manila took place in 1941 following Pearl Harbor, the Japanese military rounded up all women foreigners in the area. They were then placed in San Tomas, a high-walled prison compound. Miss Gibbons, then a British teacher in the Philippines, was one of the prisoners in San Tomas. She and the other women prisoners suffered great priva-

tions, malnutrition and near starvation and many died. When the MacArthurs finally returned to the Philippines and arrived in Manila, the General at once released all of the prisoners. Mrs. MacArthur then visited the San Tomas prison. Among those she met was a frail, half-starved person, a teacher named Phyllis Gibbons. At once, Jean MacArthur thought that she could tutor Arthur. Gibby then became an important part of the MacArthur household and she lived in the Embassy compound in an apartment next to Colonel and Mrs. Huff, and Colonel Bunker.

While Arthur and Joseph, Jr., were maneuvering the row-boat, Mrs. MacArthur served tea and told many fascinating stories of their occupation years. Then Jean and Dorothy spoke of the beauty and charm of the Fujiya Hotel at Miyanoshita. We had planned to go there on the morrow, however, because the General had arranged for us the following morning the unusual tour of the Emperor's gardens, we decided to wait until the next day. The sun was already setting when we said "sayonara," after an inspiring visit and we were driven to the Imperial Hotel.

The following morning, when we arrived at the outer gate of the Palace grounds, we met a group of distinguished people, Americans and foreigners. We were then escorted some distance into the inner moat area. We could see in the distance the colorful, stately private residence of the Emperor Hirohito and his Empress. Needless to say, the grounds were manicured to perfection. We passed numerous gardeners, men and women, intently beautifying the landscape and the paths. They all bowed to us as we passed. We were escorted to the Emperor's perfectly kept stables and we saw the beautiful royal horses. They were groomed to perfection and we were then accorded the great thrill, privilege and honor of seeing the Emperor's personal magnificent white horse. To enter the stable was a rare privilege and Joseph Timothy was permitted to pat the white steed.

Then an incident occurred that I reluctantly relate. As my son stroked the Emperor's white horse, he asked the trainer if he could sit on the white horse and have his picture taken. It happened so quickly that it took all of us by surprise. Before I could

inject my apology for that request, the trainer correctly replied, "Son, no one is permitted to mount the Emperor's horse except His Majesty the Emperor and the royal trainer." I apologized for my son; the trainer smiled and replied, "Other young guests in the past have made the same request, so it is not an entirely new wish from a young person." We all smiled, too, and finished the tour of the regal stables in high spirits.

We then went to numerous other buildings, including the Emperor's botanical laboratory. After walking some distance, we finally reached the inner gate and then the outer gate, where huge stones lined the moat and separated the palace grounds from the street. In that large area, the Japanese people would linger and behold their Emperor's palace in the far distance.

We returned to the Imperial Hotel somewhat weary and enriched by some new, unusual memories. That night, I received a call from Colonel Huff asking about our tour of the Emperor's palace grounds. He then asked me to call him on our return from the Fujiya Hotel in Miyanoshita so that we could all dine together at his house before we departed. He then promised to have a real Japanese Kobe beef dinner with sake when we returned. We then took the famous dream train the next morning from Tokyo to Yamato, where we engaged a taxicab to drive us to the Fujiya Hotel. We were met at the hotel by Yuji Yamaguchi, the gracious and hospitable youthful mananger.

After three grand days there, where we each had many pleasant experiences and memories of years ago, we returned to Tokyo, registered at the Imperial Hotel and informed Colonel Huff of our return. He requested us to take a cab at midafternoon directly to the Embassy compound for cocktails and dinner. We arrived at the Embassy in the middle of the afternoon. Only heaven then knew what was to take place in less than an hour.

We took a taxicab at the Imperial Hotel and instructed the driver to take us to the American Embassy. The American military guards at the Embassy gate had previously been informed that we were to arrive to see Colonel Huff. As we drove to his residence and alighted from the taxi, Keira Huff was

waiting for us and crying. We were then told that Sid, Colonel Huff, was then running up the hill to report to the General that he had been listening to the radio a moment before when the announcer broke in on the broadcast and to report that General Douglas MacArthur, had been dismissed by President Truman as Commander of U.S. and U.N. forces in Japan and Korea. Everyone was stunned. This broadcast was the first indication that any such action by President Truman had taken place. It was like the shot that was heard around the world. Sid was gone for some time and finally returned to the house. Everyone was not only stunned, but in a state of hysteria, wondering what would take place next, especially with a war going on in Korea.

Sid told us that, when he gave this report to General MacArthur, the General arose, left Jean and Arthur, and entered his private library. Sid said that, when a great crisis arose, the General always went into solitude and read the Twenty Seventh Psalm.

Within an hour, all Japan was in a state of shock and mourning; hundreds of thousands of Japanese hovered around the GHQ at the Dai Ichi building. The streets all over Japan were filled with bewildered Japanese wondering what would happen next. Their leader, their hero was gone.

Colonel Bunker, Colonel Huff and everyone else there were up all night. Hundreds of thousands of Japanese bowed and waited around the American Embassy entrance. Yes, we were all so stunned that we could not eat. Dorothy and I strolled out in the gardens and discussed what to do. Everyone was so busy and saddened. We then decided to go back to our Hotel. The people around the General had too many problems on their minds. So we embraced everybody, said "sayonara," and returned to the Imperial Hotel.

In the Hotel lobby, all were in a state of mourning, standing around the radios for more news and explanations from Washington. Dorothy and I then decided that it was prudent and wise for us to board the first available flight for Hawaii because the whole Orient was involved. This decision seemed to be imperative because with a war raging in Korea and with the Comman-

der and leader of the UN forces summarily dismissed, anything could take place.

I called Pan American Airways and told them that I was a charter Clipper Club member and that it was crucial that I fly on the earliest possible flight from Haneda to Honolulu. Fortunately, they were able to confirm at once three seats for us on their flight leaving Tokyo the next day in the early afternoon for Hawaii.

The following day, in midmorning, we took a cab to the airport, arriving some hours before our departure. My son and I strolled over to the hangar where the General's four-motor private Super G Constellation was poised, guarded night and day by armed American soldiers. When we told the guards who we were, friends of General Douglas MacArthur, and related to them what had happened the day before at the Embassy, they were most cordial and voiced their praises of the General. They then stated in unmentionable army words their opinion of Harry Truman. We felt likewise.

When I saw both sides of the front of the General's plane with the initials SCAP for Supreme Commander Allied Powers, I immediately called Colonel Huff at his residence and told him I was calling from Haneda airport, very close to where the General's plane was kept, and that I had just seen the plane in the hangar painted with the letters SCAP and that they might wish to take some action or make a change before leaving Japan. He asked me for the telephone number from which I was calling and said he would get back to me shortly. Colonel Huff soon called back and said that he had just talked to the General and thanked me for alerting them to this situation. He then said that they were at once ordering an army Signal Corps detachment to change immediately the designation of the General's private plane from "SCAP" to the word "Bataan." He conveyed to us the General's own thanks for the report and suggestion.

During our wait at the airport, a number of reporters were arriving, milling around with their cameras and talking with excitement about the impending momentous arrival of a plane

bringing General Matthew Ridgeway from Korea to Japan to take the place of General MacArthur as Supreme Commander. I walked out to the plane with the reporters. We gathered around the foot of the ramp and four-star General Ridgeway was asked by the reporters for a statement to be broadcast to the world. General Ridgeway quickly replied: "I don't know what the hell it's all about. I must go at once to see General MacArthur and get my instruction."

General Ridgeway was then ushered to a military car waiting for him and speedily departed, leaving the airport for the Embassy. I was two feet from General Ridgeway when he made this candid, pathetic arrival statement. He was still dressed in his army fatigues and looked as though he had just left the battlefield. He looked fine, but was really perplexed and distressed, for he was about to inherit the Washington's terrible no-win war mess in Korea.

Our plane was on time. We flew in a four-motored Constellation, first to Wake Island, where the plane was refueled in two or three hours, and then we headed for Hawaii, another nine hours of flying time. Those were the days just before the advent of the jet. When our plane touched down in the American territory of Hawaii, before the Hawaiian Islands became our fiftieth state, we gave a sigh of relief, having just witnessed one of the great tragic episodes in world history, a dastardly, unforgivable trick hatched up by the White House by small dubious men.

We stayed at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, on the beautiful beach of Waikiki, for three days to get some much-needed rest. While we were in Honolulu, General MacArthur's plane arrived from Japan at the military airport and the ovation the General received in Honolulu was a foretaste of the reception that was to be accorded the MacArthurs when they reached San Francisco and Washington. In Washington he delivered to a Special Joint Session of Congress the following immortal, eloquent, profound Farewell Address:

"Mr. President, Mr. Speaker, and distinguished members of the Congress:



General and Mrs. Douglas MacArthur and Son at their arrival in San Francisco, 1951.

“I stand on this rostrum with a sense of deep humility and great pride — humility in the wake of those American architects of our history who have stood here before me, pride in the reflection that this Forum of Legislative Debate presents human liberty in the purest form yet devised. Here are centered the hopes, and aspiration, and faith of the entire human race.

“I do not stand here as advocate for any partisan cause, for the issues are fundamental and reach quite beyond the realm of partisan consideration. They must be resolved on the highest plane of national interest if our course is to prove sound and our future protected. I trust, therefore, that you will do me the justice of receiving that which I have to say as solely expressing the considered viewpoint of a fellow American. I address you with neither rancor nor bitterness in the fading twilight of life with but one purpose in mind — to serve my country.

“The issues are global and so interlocked that to consider the problems of one sector, oblivious to those of another, is but to court disaster for the whole.

“While Asia is commonly referred to as the gateway to Europe, it is no less true that Europe is the gateway to Asia, and the broad influence of the one cannot fail to have its impact upon the other.

“There are those who claim our strength is inadequate to protect on both fronts — that we cannot divide our effort. I can think of no greater expression of defeatism. If a potential enemy can divide his strength on two fronts, it is for us to counter his effort.

“The Communist threat is a global one. Its successful advance in one sector threatens the destruction of every other sector. You cannot appease or otherwise surrender to Communism in Asia without simultaneously undermining our efforts to halt its advance in Europe.

“Beyond pointing out these general truisms, I shall confine my discussion to the general areas of Asia. Before one may objectively assess the situation now existing there, he must comprehend something of Asia’s past and the revolutionary changes which have marked her course up to the present. Long-exploi-

ted by the so-called colonial powers, with little opportunity to achieve any degree of social justice, individual dignity, or a higher standard of life such as guided our own noble administration of the Philippines, the peoples of Asia found their opportunity in the war just past to throw off the shackles of colonialism, and now see the dawn of new opportunity, a heretofore unfelt dignity and the self-respect of political freedom.

“Mustering half of the earth’s population and sixty percent of its natural resources, these peoples are rapidly consolidating a new force, both moral and material, with which to raise the living standard and erect adaptations of the design of modern progress to their own distinct cultural environments. Whether one adheres to the concept of colonization or not, this is the direction of Asia progress and it may not be stopped. It is a corollary to the shift of the world economic frontiers, as the whole epicenter of world affairs rotates back toward the area whence it started. In this situation it becomes vital that our own country orient its policies in consonance with this basic evolutionary condition rather than pursue a course blind to the reality that the colonial era is now past and the Asian peoples covet the right to shape their own free destiny.

“What they seek now is friendly guidance, understanding, and support, not imperious direction; the dignity of equality, not the shame of subjugation. Their prewar standards of life, pitifully, low, are infinitely lower now in the devastation left in war’s wake. World ideologies play little part in Asian thinking and are little understood. What the people strive for is the opportunity for a little more food in their stomachs, a little better clothing on their backs, a little firmer roof over their heads, and the realization of the normal nationalist urge for political freedom. These political-social considerations have but an indirect bearing upon our own national security, but do form a backdrop to contemporary planning which must be thoughtfully considered if we are to avoid the pitfalls of unrealism.

“Of more direct and immediate bearing upon our national security are the changes wrought in the strategic potential of the Pacific Ocean in the course of the past war. Prior thereto, the

western strategic frontier of the United States lay on the Littoral line of the Americans with an exposed island salient extending through Hawaii, Midway, and Guam to the Philippines. That salient proved not an outpost of strength but an avenue of weakness along which the enemy could and did attack. The Pacific was a potential area of advance for any predatory force intent upon striking at the bordering land areas.

“All this was changed by our Pacific victory. Our strategic frontier then shifted to embrace the entire Pacific Ocean, which became a vast moat to protect us as long as we hold it. Indeed, it acts as a protective shield for all of the Americas and all free lands of the Pacific Ocean area. We control it to the shores of Asia by a chain of islands extending in an arc from the Aleutians to the Marianas held by us and our free allies.

“From this island chain we can dominate with sea and air power every Asiatic port from Vladivostok to Singapore and prevent any hostile movement into the Pacific. Any predatory attack from Asia must be an amphibious effort. No amphibious force can be successful without control of the sea lanes and the air over those lanes in its avenue of advance. With naval and air supremacy and modest ground elements to defend bases, any major attack from continental Asia toward us or our friends of the Pacific would be doomed to failure. Under such conditions the Pacific no longer represents menacing avenues of approach for a prospective invader — it assumes instead the friendly aspect of a peaceful lake. Our line of defense is a natural one and can be maintained with a minimum of military effort and expense. It envisions no attack against anyone nor does it provide the bastions essential for offensive operations, but properly maintained would be an invincible defense against aggression.

“The holding of this littoral defense line in the western Pacific is entirely dependent upon holding all segments thereof, for any major breach of that line by an unfriendly power would render vulnerable to determined attack every other major segment. This is a military estimate for which I have yet to find a military leader who will take exception. For that reason I have



General Douglas MacArthur, Tokyo, Japan, 1949

strongly recommended in the past as a matter of military urgency that under no circumstances must Formosa fall under Communist control. Such an eventuality would at once threaten the freedom of the Philippines and the loss of Japan, and might well force our western frontier back to the coasts of California, Oregon, and Washington.

“To understand the changes which now appear upon the Chinese mainland, one must understand the changes in Chinese character and culture over the past fifty years. China, up to fifty years ago, was completely nonhomogenous, being compartmented into groups divided against each other. The warmaking tendency was almost nonexistent, as they still followed the tenets of the Confucian ideal of pacifist culture. At the turn of the century, under the regime of Chan So Lin, efforts toward greater homogeneity produced the start of a nationalist urge. This was further and more successfully developed under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek, but has been brought to its greatest fruition under the present regime, to the point that it has now taken on the character of a united nationalism of increasingly dominant aggressive tendencies.

“Through these past fifty years, the Chinese people have thus become militarized in their concepts and in their ideals. They now constitute excellent soldiers, with competent staff and commanders. This has produced a new and dominant power in Asia which for its own purposes is allied with Soviet Russia, but which in its own concepts and methods has become aggressively imperialistic with a lust for expansion and increased power normal to this type of imperialism. There is little of the ideological concept either one way or another in the Chinese makeup. The standard of living is so low and the capital accumulation has been so thoroughly dissipated by war that the masses are desperate and avid to follow any leadership which seems to promise the alleviation of local stringencies.

“I have from the beginning believed that the Chinese Communists’ support of the North Koreans was the dominant one. Their interests are at present parallel to those of the Soviet, but I believe that the aggressiveness recently displayed not only in

Korea but also in Indochina and Tibet, and pointing potentially toward the south, reflects predominantly the same lust for the expansion of power which has animated every would-be conquerer since the beginning of time.

“The Japanese people since the war have undergone the greatest reformation recorded in modern history. With a commendable will, eagerness to learn, and marked capacity to understand, they have, from the ashes left in war’s wake, erected in Japan an edifice dedicated to the primacy of individual liberty and personal dignity, and in the ensuing process there has been created a truly representative government committed to the advance of political morality, freedom of economic enterprise, and social justice. Politically, economically, and socially, Japan is now abreast of many free nations of the earth and will not again fail the universal trust. That it may be counted upon to wield a profoundly beneficial influence over the course of events in Asia is attested by the magnificent manner in which the Japanese people have met the recent challenge of war, unrest, and confusion surrounding them from the outside; and checked Communism within their own frontiers without the slightest slackening in their forward progress.

“I sent all four of our occupation divisions to the Korean battlefield without the slightest qualms as to the effect of the resulting power vacuum upon Japan. The results fully justified my faith. I know of no nation more serene, orderly, and industrious — nor in which higher hopes can be entertained for future constructive service in the advance of the human race.

“Of our former wards, the Philippines, we can look forward in confidence that the existing unrest will be corrected and a strong and healthy nation will grow in the longer aftermath of war’s terrible destructiveness. We must be patient and understanding and never fail them, as in our hour of need they did not fail us. A Christian nation, the Philippines stand as a mighty bulwark of Christianity in the Far East, and its capacity for high moral leadership in Asia is unlimited.

“On Formosa, the government of the Republic of China has had the opportunity to refute by action much of the malicious

gossip which so undermined the strength of its leadership on the Chinese mainland. The Formosan people are receiving a just and enlightened administration with majority representation on the organs of government; and politically, economically, and socially they appear to be advancing along sound and constructive lines.

“With this brief insight into the surrounding areas I now turn to the Korean conflict. While I was not consulted prior to the President’s decision to intervene in support of the Republic of Korea, that decision, from a military standpoint, proved a sound one as we hurled back the invaders and decimated his forces. Our victory was complete and our objectives within reach when Red China intervened with numerically superior ground forces. This created a new war and an entirely new situation — a situation not contemplated when our forces were committed against the North Korean invaders — a situation which called for new decisions in the diplomatic sphere to permit the realistic adjustment of military strategy.

“While no man in his right mind would advocate sending our ground forces into continental China, and such was never given a thought, the new situation did urgently demand a drastic revision of strategic planning if our political aim was to defeat this new enemy as we had defeated the old.

“Apart from the military need as I saw it to neutralize the sanctuary protection given the enemy north of the Yalu, I felt that military necessity in the conduct of the war made mandatory:

“1. The intensification of our economic blockade against China.

“2. The imposition of a naval blockade against the China coast.

“3. Removal of restrictions on air reconnaissance of China’s coast areas and of Manchuria.

“4. Removal of restrictions on the forces of the Republic of China on Formosa with logistical support to contribute to their effective operations against the common enemy.

“For entertaining these views, all provisionally designed to support our forces committed to Korea and bring hostilities to an end with the least possible delay and at a savings of countless American and Allied lives, I have been severely criticized in lay circles, principally abroad, despite my understanding that from a military standpoint the above views have been fully shared in the past by practically every military leader concerned with the Korean campaign, including our own Joint Chiefs of Staff.

I called for reinforcements, but was informed that reinforcements were not available. I made clear that if not permitted to destroy the buildup bases north of the Yalu; if not permitted to utilize the friendly Chinese force of some 600,000 men on Formosa; if not permitted to blockade the China coast to prevent the Chinese Reds from getting succor from without; and if there were to be no hope of major reinforcements, the position of the command from the military standpoint forbade victory. We could hold in Korea by constant maneuver and at an approximate area where our supply line advances were in balance with the supply line disadvantages of the enemy, but we could hope at best for only an indecisive campaign, with its terrible and constant attrition upon our forces if the enemy utilized his full military potential.

“I have constantly called for the new political decisions essential to a solution. Efforts have been made to distort my position. It has been said, in effect, that I am a warmonger. Nothing could be further from the truth. I know war as few other men now living know it, and nothing to me is more revolting. I have long advocated its complete abolition as its very destructiveness on both friend and foe has rendered it useless as a means of settling international disputes. Indeed, on the 2nd of September, 1945, just following the surrender of the Japanese nation on the battleship Missouri, I formally cautioned as follows:

‘Men since the beginning of time have sought peace. Various methods through the ages have been attempted to devise an international process to prevent or

settle disputes between nations. From the very start, workable methods were found insofar as individual citizens were concerned, but the mechanics of an instrumentality of larger international scope have never been successful. Military alliances, balances of power, leagues of nations, all in turn failed, leaving the only path to be by way of the crucible of war. The utter destructiveness of war now blots out this alternative. We have had our last chance. If we will not devise some greater and more equitable system, Armageddon will be at our door. The problem basically is theological and involves a spiritual recrudescence and improvement of human character that will synchronize with our almost matchless advances in science, art, literature, and all material and cultural developments of the past 2,000 years. It must be of the spirit if we are to save the flesh.'

"But once war is forced upon us, there is no other alternative than to apply every available means to bring it to a swift end. War's very object is victory — not prolonged indecisions. In war, indeed, there can be no substitute for victory.

"There are some who for varying reasons would appease Red China. They are blind to history's clear lesson; for history teaches with unmistakable emphasis that appeasement but begets new and bloodier war. It points to no single instance where the end has justified that means — where appeasement has led to more than a sham peace. Like blackmail, it lays the basis for new and successively greater demands, until, as in blackmail, violence becomes the only other alternative.

"Why, my soldiers asked of me, surrender military advantages to an enemy in the field? I could not answer. Some may say to avoid spread of the conflict into an all-out war with China; others, to avoid Soviet intervention. Neither explanation seems valid. For China is already engaging with the maximum power it can commit and the Soviet will necessarily mesh its action with our moves. Like a cobra, any new enemy will more likely strike

whenever it feels that the relativity in military or other potential is in its favor on a world-wide basis.

“The tragedy of Korea is further heightened by the fact that as military action is confined to its territorial limits, it condemns that nation, which it is our purpose to save, to suffer the devastating impact of full naval and air bombardment, while the enemy’s sanctuaries are fully protected from such attack and devastation. Of the nations of the world, Korea alone, up to now, is the sole one which has risked its all against Communism. The magnificence of the courage and fortitude of the Korean people defies description. They have chosen to risk death rather than slavery. Their last words to me were, ‘Don’t scuttle the Pacific.’

“I have just left your fighting sons in Korea. They have met all tests there and I can report to you without reservation they are splendid in every way. It was my constant effort to preserve them and end this savage conflict honorably and with the least loss of time and a minimum sacrifice of life. Its growing bloodshed has caused me the deepest anguish and anxiety. Those gallant men will remain often in my thoughts and in my prayers always.

“I am closing my fifty-two years of military service. When I joined the Army, even before the turn of the century, it was the fulfillment of all my boyish hopes and dreams. The world has turned over many times since I took the oath on the plain at West Point, and the hopes and dreams have long since vanished. But I still remember the refrain of one of the most popular barrack ballads of that day which proclaimed most proudly that ‘Old soldiers never die; they just fade away.’

“And like the old soldier of that ballad, I now close my military career and just fade away — an old soldier who tried to do his duty as God gave him the light to see that duty.

“Good-bye.”

His address was followed by the overwhelming reception in New York City, at which time the nation manifested its admiration and love for a betrayed hero.

One of the problems that arose concerning the MacArthurs was the necessity of creating an atmosphere and place of quiet and security, where General MacArthur and his family could be comfortable and safe, where he could eventually start to live his own private life in seclusion from the outside world. There was a man in the United States named Conrad Hilton who owned the most prestigious hotel in America, the Waldorf-Astoria, with its Waldorf-Astoria Towers. Fortunately, Conrad Hilton revered MacArthur and wished to have General MacArthur and his family live in his Towers. He deemed the General to be one of the most outstanding living American statesmen in our country, so the MacArthur family, upon its arrival in New York, moved into one of the Tower suites on one of the top floors of the Waldorf-Astoria. There, the General began to readjust his life.

When the General and Mrs. MacArthur were permanently settled in their new residence in the Waldorf-Astoria Towers, Sidney Huff and his lady, Keira, decided to go to Southern California and establish their new permanent home. For some time they had had in mind the La Jolla area, in San Diego, as the ideal place to retire. When we heard of their plan to come to California, we contacted Sidney and Keira and invited them to accept our hospitality and make our home their temporary abode in California until they found the place they desired to live. They accepted our invitation and made ideal house guests; for several weeks, we enjoyed them and we assured them that they could come and go as they pleased. *They* seemed to become a part of the Choate family.

During that stay, Sidney told us many wonderful stories about his association with the General and Jean, and many of the events that took place in their escape from Corregidor — their weeks of suspense, first in the PT boat going south, then the rendezvous with the navy and air force on a remote South Seas island, followed by their flight to Melbourne, Australia.

Sidney revered the General and that veneration was obvious in his frequent stories about the General. He recounted numerous crises and experiences that the General had endured during his career. Sidney had great confidence in the accurate judgment

of the General. He told us that this brilliant judgment was based upon a lifetime of experience and how important these experiences were in the formation of accurate judgment. The General had told Sidney that on occasions he had overruled the opinions and decisions of his fellow officers and staff when questions of personal safety arose. For example, after our landing in Yokohama, the General rode into Yokohama in an unarmed jeep; it was immediately after the Emperor had given his Imperial Orders to his people to lay down their arms and surrender. Sidney said that all of those about the General deemed it a great risk for him to enter the city without being heavily armed.

Later on, the General was asked why he had such confidence in the Japanese people, especially so soon after their surrender. He then told them of an incident which had taken place in his early days, during the Russo-Japanese war. When he was a young army lieutenant in Japan as an observer with his father, he was going to a staff conference one day as an observer. A Japanese General had invited young MacArthur to sit in on that meeting. It was decided at the conference that the Japanese General should order each Japanese soldier to supply himself with a medicine consisting of large capsules for the then-prevalent Japanese sickness. They were ordered to take one of them every four hours. When MacArthur was told of this solution, he laughed heartily. The Japanese General was incensed by his reaction and demanded an explanation. MacArthur stated that he intended no offense. "I was just thinking what American soldiers would do if they were given capsules to take every four hours."

The Japanese General then asked MacArthur what they would do. MacArthur answered, "They would throw the capsules in the first ditch they came to and forget the whole thing."

The Japanese General gave MacArthur a haughty glance and replied: "My soldiers will never do that. You wait and see. Orders will be carried out."

Three days later, the Japanese officers held another conference. As MacArthur had predicted, the soldiers had thrown away most of their capsules and the problem, which was a medical

one, was unsolved. But the Japanese General was not licked yet. He had a new supply of capsules issued to each soldier. Each box had been changed to read, "The Emperor requests that each soldier take one capsule every four hours." Because it was the Emperor's request, the soldiers followed the instructions to the letter and the malady disappeared.

Forty years and more later MacArthur, who had a memory like an elephant, Sid said, recalled that incident. He explained that was how he knew that, when the Emperor told them to stop fighting, they would and we could go anywhere in Japan without danger of violence.

On several occasions, Sidney Huff spoke of the General's courage and fearlessness. He told of an incident that took place years previously. Late one night the General was returning to either West Point or Washington, whichever it was, in his chauffeured military car. In a remote area, his car stopped for a red traffic signal in a wooded area. The door of his car was opened and a bandit exclaimed to the General, "This is a stickup; put up your hands."

The General instantly replied, "I am a General in the United States army. I never put up my hands for anybody."

The bandit drew back and replied, "Sir, I apologize."

He then saluted the General, slammed the door and disappeared into the darkness. Just then, the signal turned green. The incident was never reported by the General, but it came to light later through the General's chauffeur.

That fearless, heroic quality of the General was also shown many times in World War I. In France, while in combat with his men, he was twice wounded and once gassed. He was promoted to Brigadier-General and decorated for his valor in facing the enemy during the Leadership of his famous "Rainbow Division".

General Hugh Johnson, a classmate of MacArthur at West Point, once said, "MacArthur was simply born without the emotion of fear."

The General's long military record is replete with his fetes of heroism in the presence of the enemy, as well as his military successes.

I shall be eternally grateful to Sidney Huff for his many personal comments and sharing his experiences while serving with General MacArthur. It was readily understandable why General MacArthur had a great affection for Sidney Huff, who had become a fast, dependable friend upon whom he could rely, so it was a great privilege and pleasure to us to have enjoyed Sidney's friendship. He was a jovial spirit and had an ingratiating personality.

During their stay with us, we sat out on the lawn and relaxed and, on one occasion, Sid said, "This is like a grand furlough." After several weeks, they found a home they liked in La Jolla and settled down there. It was not long, however, after they settled in La Jolla that Sidney was stricken suddenly and passed away. His impressive military funeral took place near Point Loma, overlooking the blue Pacific, a fitting place near the sea that he had enjoyed until he retired, first from the navy and then the army. Sidney Huff truly had a gracious, wonderful spirit.



Colonel Sidney Huff, Personal Aide to General Douglas MacArthur, on the island of Corregidor in Manila Bay on the eve of their P.T. boat escape by night from Corregidor destined for Australia.



Colonel Sidney Huff, Personal Aide to General Douglas MacArthur, Tokyo, 1947.

A Tribute To: General Jonathan Wainwright, The Hero Of Corregidor

One of the great heroes of the South Pacific conflict was General Jonathan Wainwright, a close personal and mutual admiring friend of General Douglas MacArthur.

Following Pearl Harbor and the siege of Manila, General MacArthur, his family and remnants of the United States Army and Navy, with others, including General Wainwright, at that desperate hour, retreated first to Bataan, then to the island of Corregidor in Manila Bay. Their zero hour was fast approaching. Desperation dictated decisions were imperative. Four PT boats were available, so plans were carefully made for General MacArthur and his family to take the perilous risk and attempt to escape by the available PT boats. The logistics of that escape were so great they taxed the ingenuity of all on Corregidor.

All plans were activated only when darkness fell because enemy planes constantly circled Corregidor, night and day. The Japanese forces were hellbent on capturing General MacArthur. As time was running out, General MacArthur and General Wainwright solemnly conferred and made their historic decision — MacArthur would attempt his escape, heading for Australia, thousands of miles to the south, and General Wainwright would stay behind with his men and wait for their inevitable capture.

All of the PT boats were poised and ready to start as soon as total darkness fell. At that dramatic moment, as Colonel Huff told me, MacArthur and Wainwright embraced, the MacArthur boat took the lead and all four boats, with a resounding sound, at full speed in total darkness sped out of Manila Harbor southward. Instantly, the Japanese planes roared over Manila Bay, their searchlights canvassing and combing the sky, searching for suspected American planes over Manila, and all the while, the PT boats were headed south.

General Wainwright had no choice then but to wait for capture. When the Japanese forces arrived and, after searching the island, decided that the great military prize, General MacArthur, had gone, they were shocked and dismayed, yet they continued their search because they did not believe that General MacArthur had successfully escaped their net.

History has recorded General Wainwright's capture and surrender and his imprisonment by the Japanese. In August 1945, when the Japanese surrender took place, General MacArthur and General Wainwright met, embraced and wept, in the Grand Hotel in Yokohama. Wainwright exclaimed to MacArthur, "You kept your promise, you have returned." When liberated from the Japanese prison, General Wainwright had lost so much weight in his three years of captivity that his friends soon gave him the affectionate nickname of "Skinny."

When the Republican National Convention met in 1948, in Philadelphia to nominate its Presidential Candidate, the MacArthur for President National Committee invited and urged General Wainwright to attend the convention to add his influence to the MacArthur crusade because of his national stature as the hero of Corregidor, his continued avowed affection for General MacArthur and his outspoken admiration for General MacArthur's ingenious, proven leadership.

General Wainwright had returned to his home in Texas. When he accepted our invitation and agreed to meet us in Philadelphia for the convention, I wrote a letter to him at once expressing our appreciation for his coming to the convention. In my letter, I referred to my 1947 visit with General MacArthur in Tokyo and spoke of my desire to meet him personally in Philadelphia. There followed at once a cordial letter from the General urging me to call him at the Adelpia Hotel as soon as I arrived.

General Wainwright was very popular at the convention. I had the pleasure of a long visit in his suite. His enthusiasm for General MacArthur and his affection for Jean were overwhelming. During that visit, he presented me with an autographed copy of his statement about to be released to the press



General Jonathan Wainwright, 1948.

and his autographed photograph. He was especially cordial because I had only recently visited General MacArthur in Japan and I gave him a report of my Tokyo visit.

* * * * *

I had the great pleasure of several visits with General MacArthur in his Waldorf suite after he took up residence there. Following the General's return, the MacArthur campaign took renewed enthusiasm to fulfill our hope of redeeming the White House with Statesmen like MacArthur. Another National Meeting was called by Lansing Hoyt in Milwaukee and, although our organization had not received the personal blessing of the General, we still harbored the hope that, by an act of God and the General's eventual consent to run, he would be conscripted to give our nation new leadership. Our MacArthur organization also again met at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

H.L. Hunt, the gracious and fabulous oil tycoon from Texas was a long time, enthusiastic admirer of the General. During our last meeting at the Waldorf, Mr. Hunt called the General in his Tower suite from the lobby and asked if he might see him, whereupon the General asked him by all means to come up. Hunt was graciously received, first by Colonel Bunker, who later spoke of some of the interesting aspects of that visit.

One of the accounts of that visit that came to me from the Colonel was that, at times, Hunt gave General MacArthur hell. He told the General that he was the one statesman and leader in the nation who had not sold out. He then remarked to the General, "General, if you will only say that you are available as a candidate, I will put a few million into this campaign and don't think for a moment I can't afford it."

He added: "General, personally you don't mean a damn to me. I don't want anything from you. I'm only trying to help save our country and, in my opinion, you are the only man who could now do this. He repeated, "Most of the people and politicians in Washington have sold out long ago, right into hell."

I have no way of knowing whether the General at that time told H.L. Hunt of his early close personal family relationship with the Taft family, which started back in Manila at the turn of the century, and of his lifelong friendship with Bob Taft and the Taft family.

Apparently it was a long friendly visit that Hunt had with the General but, when he came down to us in the lobby, he could not report any encouragement because Taft was still in the running. Nevertheless, our committee continued to hope and to campaign. Robert Harriss, a wealthy cotton farmer from Texas, who was an enthusiastic MacArthur supporter, was also present.

The MacArthur campaign received support from newspaper giant William Randolph Hearst, who revered the General, his personalized Editorial "MAN OF THE HOUR" a masterpiece and prophetic, appears in the Appendix.

The editorials on the leadership of General MacArthur proved to be prophetic of a real American in our nation in 1952. America lost a great chance to improve our government, stop the tragic socialistic trend, restore our national leadership and, above all, to redeem the spiritual integrity of the White House and rescue the nation from the political prostitution that has invaded and existed in our country since 1932. Only recently did a new integrity, a new leadership and a new dedicated American spirit redeem the White House, restoring the faith of most real Americans in their country's leadership.

In the MacArthur campaign many fine experiences crossed my horizon. On one occasion, while I was visiting the General, he asked me if I would like to meet President Herbert Hoover, who occupied a suite on the floor above. I told the General I would deem it a great Honor, as I was a long time admirer of President Hoover, whereupon the General stepped to the telephone and told the President that one of his real admirers, a good Republican from California, Joseph Choate, was visiting him and, if convenient, Mr. Choate would like to come up and meet him. I was soon in the Tower elevator and on my way to the Hoover suite, searching my memory for some California

background in the early twenties or thirties that might be of mutual interest.

President Hoover greeted me graciously and we conversed for over an hour. After numerous introductory amenities, I told him that in the early twenties, Frank Miller of the Mission Inn at Riverside, had introduced me to the illustrious Dr. David Starr Jordan, the first President of Stanford University, who at that time was president emeritus of Stanford, and that I had from time to time thereafter seen Dr. Jordan. Mr. Hoover was so intrigued he launched forth with great interest about his youthful days at Stanford as an engineering student preparing for his career. He then mentioned his engineering work in South Africa and other parts of the world.

I also told Mr. Hoover that we had a fine, mutual friend in Andrew Melrose Brodie. I said that in 1926, I was deeply immersed in the preparation of an address on Abraham Lincoln to be delivered the following year at the Los Angeles church of Dr. Elmer E. Helms and that, while in Washington, D.C., I was told of the Presbyterian church where Lincoln regularly attended.

One day, during the week, I visited that church and, finding the special pew where President Lincoln always sat, I saw on the back of the pew an engraved plate designating it as reserved for President Lincoln. As I was sitting alone in the church in the Lincoln pew, reflecting how Lincoln sat there with a heavy heart during the dark days of the Civil War, a distinguished, tall, graying gentleman came and sat in the adjoining pew. He greeted me with a smile, then introduced himself as Dr. Andrew Melrose Brodie, the Pastor of the church. I told him of my Lincoln project and my interest in the life of Lincoln; we talked and he told me that, after World War I, he became the Assistant to Herbert Hoover in the Near East relief program and expressed his admiration for Herbert Hoover. After that first meeting, I saw Dr. Brodie in California and at his summer home in Manistee, Michigan, and then at Mount Dora in Florida, where he retired. When I told Mr. Hoover of that magnificent mutual friend, Dr. Andrew Melrose Brodie, his assistant in the

Near East relief program, Mr. Hoover then stated that Dr. Brodie was one of the finest, most Honorable men he ever knew.

As I sat in the presence of Herbert Hoover and talked with him, I thought of the character assassination that he had endured in 1930 and 1931, when Franklin Delano Roosevelt, his henchmen and ghost writers had maligned President Hoover and invented sinister stories and fabrications about him, to help defeat his reelection as President of the United States. I also thought of Hoover's sacrifices for his country.

Douglas MacArthur always referred to Mr. Hoover as his Commander-in-Chief, because the General had served under him as the Army Chief of Staff. At the Waldorf-Astoria Towers private entrance on Fiftieth Street, in New York, on each side of the entrance, are two beautiful bronze plates, one on the left with the name of President Herbert Hoover, a resident of the Waldorf Towers; with the dates appearing below, and, on the right side of the entrance, appears the name of General Douglas MacArthur, 1880-1964.

Conrad Hilton, owner of the Waldorf-Astoria, enjoyed the friendship of those two men and cherished the Honor and the Prestige of having them establish their residences in his Waldorf-Astoria. Statemanship is rare in the annals of human history —no wonder Douglas MacArthur and Herbert Hoover were such close, affectionate friends to the end.

* * * * *

PURPLE PATCH #1

The early literary device of purple patches is at times tolerable and pardonable, if only to illustrate the human side of man. The General, since his early West Point days, was an avid enthusiast for baseball. On one occasion, when I visited the General in his Waldorf suite, his spirit was jovial; all he wanted to do was talk about the impending baseball game — the World Series with either the New York Yankees or the New York Giants, whichever it was, occupied his mind. I do not recall whether the

General's prejudice was for the Yankees or the Giants, but who cares? Not long after I arrived, he asked if I would care to join him in an hour to attend the World Series, which he said promised to be a record breaker. I told the General I would be thrilled.

Colonel Bunker, who was with us, monopolized the conversation with the following intriguing story. He said, "Joseph, you will be greatly inspired at the game today, because as the General arrives in the special flag-draped box, the announcer will tell the throng, 'Today we have a special baseball fan, General Douglas MacArthur, who right now is entering the VIP box.' Then, the crowd will stand and cheer and the band will begin playing the West Point cadet song; the General will salute the throng; and, after prolonged applause, the band will strike up *The Star Spangled Banner*. The stadium becomes electrified with solemnity as some prominent personage sings the national anthem. The game then gets underway."

Colonel Bunker added: "When President Hoover accompanies the General to the game, the announcer says, 'We have two very honored guests, President Herbert Hoover and General Douglas MacArthur,' at which time the crowd stands up and goes wild with enthusiasm. The band then starts playing, first, *Hail to the Chief*, followed by the West Point cadet song, and then some prominent singer sings *The Star Spangled Banner*. Often Kate Smith inspires the crowd with *God Bless America*, which captivates the audience. Then the game is underway." I told Larry Bunker I truly appreciated the resume of what was to take place.

As we were leaving for the game, a messenger appeared at the door, with a message for the General. When the General read it, he paused and exclaimed, "The MacArthur family is used to crises and emergencies," and then added, "My plans are drastically changed."

At once, I sensed the urgency of the situation, and told the General I hoped that at some future time we could see a game together. He extended his hand and I took my leave. Everyone appeared saddened.

My Mission to Egypt in 1958
was followed by a tragic Global Revelation
involving a decision made by my Country

IN 1958, BY REASON OF ADVICES from the Japanese foreign office, Gaimusho, and the requests of my client that urgent developments made it imperative that I confer in Paris with Minister Bagge and then with him in Nice, I agreed to fly first to Paris to confer with Minister Bagge there and then to fly to Nice for conferences with my client. I was disappointed, upon my arrival in Paris, to learn that Minister Bagge had suddenly decided to take a holiday in Egypt. I then realized why he had not answered my letter from California.

At once, I flew to Nice and reported to my client that Minister Bagge had unexpectedly gone to Egypt, whereupon General Bagulesco stated that it took only an hour to fly to Cairo, so he asked me to leave as soon as possible. In Cairo, when I inquired for Minister Bagge, the manager of the hotel where he always stayed, stated that Minister Bagge had just gone to the Winter Palace Hotel in Luxor and that he knew he was staying there now because he had talked to him on the telephone the previous day.

The following morning I took a plane for Luxor, a short flight of less than an hour. Upon arrival at the Winter Palace Hotel I inquired at the desk for Minister Bagge and the clerk replied that he was there on the veranda, eating his lunch. Minister Bagge was more than surprised to see me, but graciously invited me to take a chair and be his guest for lunch.

There I sat on the spacious veranda of the Winter Palace Hotel, overlooking the river Nile and, in the distance, the ancient Egyptian Valley of the Kings, where I had first visited in 1925, only two years after the tomb of King Tutankhamen had been discovered.

I then told Minister Bagge that I had just come from Nice where I had conferred for several days with General Bagulesco on his case, and at the conclusion of our discussion, and in view of the critical questions raised by the Gaimusho in an attempt to thwart his claims, it became apparent that I had to see him at once to clarify certain questions of fact that had to be verified, and that I had been urged by General Bagulesco to go from Nice to Cairo to see him.

I reported to him at length on the progress made in the Bagulesco case and the arguments raised by the Gaimusho. After discussions and his recommendations, I was then urged by him to go to Switzerland to confer with King Michael, the Romanian Monarch, living in exile near Lausanne, who in 1941 had appointed his friend General Bagulesco his Ambassador to Japan.

At the conclusion of our Bagulesco discussion, Minister Bagge said, "I would like to reveal to you, Choate, as an American, one of the most tragic incidents in history involving your country, and you may be able to explain in part how a great government like the United States could do what it did in early 1945.

Minister Bagge, then, in the relaxed atmosphere of Luxor, told me the following little-known, tragic story.

To begin with, in 1941, at the time of Pearl Harbor, he was the Swedish Minister to Japan and because of the many years he had served there, he had become the Doyen, the senior diplomat, in the Japanese capital, which gave him great prestige with the government of Japan and the diplomatic corps. Also, he was Honored by having the friendship and the confidence of Emperor Hirohito; their cordial relationship was made possible in part because he had learned to speak Japanese fluently.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, extreme hardships existed in Japan. In January of 1945 an incident of great importance took place. The night before his scheduled departure from Japan concluding his diplomatic mission to Japan and his return to his country to retire, the following occurred.

“On the eve of my departure,” he said, “immediately after dark, a gentleman knocked at my door and stated that he was on an important mission. He then asked me to please accompany him to the house of a Government official for consultation. In total darkness, we arrived on foot at the entrance of a palatial, high-walled estate. We were escorted inside the residence, where I was personally greeted by a long-time friend, Honorable Prince Kenoye, the Chairman of the Japanese cabinet, who took me into a large conference room, in complete darkness, and then, in turn, introduced me to each of the other members of the Imperial Cabinet, all of whom I had known personally for many years.

“Prince Kenoye then stated that I had been invited to this conference to request me to perform a highly important, secret mission for His Majesty, the Emperor, and his Government, to convey only to the President of the United States personally, a message from the Emperor and the Cabinet of Japan.”

Minister Bagge told them that he deeply appreciated the solemnity and urgency of the mission and that he would be honored to deliver their message to the President of the United States, through his Swedish Foreign Minister at Stockholm as soon as possible after his arrival in Sweden.

He told me that Prince Kenoye then instructed that he be escorted into an adjoining dark room and said that he would be handed a message. After the escort left the room and the door was closed, the light would be turned on; and he was then to read and re-read the message five times; and, if possible, to memorize it. That when he had full knowledge of the written message, the light would be extinguished; and he would then be returned to the Cabinet room.

Minister Bagge, reported that he followed the given instructions carefully and assured the Cabinet that he had a full recollection of the message; and that he would follow their instructions to the letter, as soon as he arrived in Stockholm. He assured them that he would give their message to his Foreign Minister to be dispatched as a highly secret message to the President of the United States at the White House for his

immediate attention and reply. The reply would then be transmitted to Japan through the diplomatic channels of the Swedish Foreign Minister.

After the Cabinet discussion was completed, the written message was then burned in his presence.

The Cabinet thanked him for his great service in carrying this important message to the President of the United States and was hoping for an early favorable reply to restore peace in the Pacific. Prince Kenoye then stated that the cabinet would be at the railroad station to bid him farewell. Bagge was escorted back to his residence. And the following morning, the Emperor, the Cabinet, the entire Diplomatic Corps and a host of other officials and friends bowed and bid him "banzai" and "sayonara."

He was concluding his diplomatic mission to Japan after over twenty years of service. He told me that he had no difficulty in his long journey back to Sweden because he represented a neutral country, which was not involved in the European-Pacific war.

He crossed on the Trans-Siberian railroad; then, after arrival in Moscow, crossed other borders to Stockholm in a journey of over ten days. He said that he had much time on that trip to reflect on the years he had served in his diplomatic post in Japan and, more especially, the importance of the secret message he carried in his mind with a proposal from the Emperor and the Japanese government to the President of the United States.

When his long journey was completed, regardless of the late hour of his arrival in Stockholm, he at once contacted his Minister and met with him privately to report on his secret mission. He then told the Minister the message he received from Prince Kenoye and the Japanese Cabinet.

Minister Bagge then revealed to me the contents of that message. In essence, as I recall it, the message was that the Emperor of Japan and the Japanese Cabinet wished to present to the President of the United States and the United States government a proposal to bring about a quick and final con-

clusion to the hostilities of war in the Pacific, as follows: that the Emperor of Japan and the Japanese Government would, at once, surrender and cease all military actions in the Pacific area, as ordered by the Government of the United States and its Allies, unconditionally, with only one reservation and exception — that the President of the United States, its Government and Allies would grant and guarantee immunity to His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, and his household and exempt his property from confiscation or appropriation or control by the United States and its Allies.

Soon after the dispatch of that message to the President of the United States, the Swedish Foreign Minister received a brief reply at Stockholm to be relayed to the Government of Japan, which was, Minister Bagge said, more or less the following; that the United States Government totally rejects the proposal of the Emperor and the Government of Japan, without reservation or exceptions whatsoever, and that demand is hereby made for the Japanese to unconditionally surrender, as set forth by President Roosevelt in the Yalta and Teheran agreements and as later provided by President Truman in the Potsdam agreement, for absolute, unconditional surrender; and that unless the Government of Japan agrees to abide by those agreements and surrenders unconditionally, without any exceptions, the Japanese Government will be confronted with the consequences that would follow. The reply message was signed by Harry Truman as President of the United States.

After the Truman rejection of the Japanese proposal, the war continued for nearly six months until August, 1945, when President Truman, immediately following his conference with Joseph Stalin at Potsdam, personally authorized the dropping of the atomic bombs, first on Hiroshima, and then on Nagasaki, which was then quickly followed by the Japanese Government's surrender.

The war ceased, followed by the signing of the instrument of surrender aboard the USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay by General Douglas MacArthur, as Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers. The occupation followed.

Minister Bagge then told me that, after the signing of the instrument of surrender, the United Nations proposed that General MacArthur be appointed to act as the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers for the postwar administration of Japan. General MacArthur agreed to act only on the express understanding and agreement that the United Nations would grant him the power and authority to extend immunity to the Emperor of Japan, his family and household, and to exempt all of his property and possessions from appropriation. That power was given to General MacArthur specifically.

Minister Bagge, then remarked to me that unfortunately, the experience, vision and wisdom of General MacArthur had not been sought by President Truman and the United States Government when the Japanese proposal of surrender was first submitted many months previously, because it would have saved hundreds of thousands of lives, billions of dollars and avoided vast destruction at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The war would also have come to a quick conclusion many months earlier than it did, without the atomic bombs, had the Japanese proposal been accepted by the United States.

Minister Bagge then asked me the question, "Why did the United States Government and your President act so irresponsibly?" I then told Minister Bagge I had my own opinions and that we then had a small-minded, arrogant man in the White House. My opinion was also shared by our esteemed senior American diplomat, Ambassador Joseph Grew, who held forth as our American Ambassador to Japan at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor. I thanked Minister Bagge for sharing with me his revelation of World War II history.

* * * * *

From Luxor, I returned to Nice, after which I went to Switzerland to confer with King Michael and seek his advice and cooperation. King Michael had fled from his country during the war to escape capture by Hitler.

Upon my return to California, I at once wrote a long letter to General MacArthur at the Waldorf, relating to him this recent

story and revelation from Minister Bagge at Luxor, and saying that the source of that story was unimpeachable, in my opinion. A few days later, I received this letter from the General as follows:

90 Church Street, Room 1303
New York 7, New York

7 July, 1958

Dear Joe:

I have just received your letter of July 3rd and have read it with deep interest. I am looking forward to receiving the pamphlet and will return it later, as you suggest.

Some funny things happened during the war, Joe, and some funny things are continuing to happen now.

Jean and Arthur join me in our best to you all.

Faithfully,
DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

At a later visit with the General at the Waldorf, he stated that he was aware of that Japanese proposal in early 1945, but there was nothing he could do about it; that the deals made by Roosevelt with Stalin at Yalta and Teheran and, later, by Truman with Stalin at Potsdam, are now a matter of history.

A Visit To Australia

Purple Patch #2

IN OUR SCHEME OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE, it is impossible to estimate how much the past influences the present. We will never know how much the present will influence the future. The only attribute of man that is immortal on this plane is his influence, noble or ignoble.

In my practice of the law, I have had many grand, rewarding experiences. In the twenties, thirties, and forties, my wife, Dorothy, and I enjoyed the friendship of a lady in Southern California who came here in the early days from Australia. She devoted her life to religious and educational work and she had a contagious spirit with which she inspired all those who crossed her path.

Through the years, I made several last wills for her. She had a modest estate, which she had accumulated over a lifetime by reason of her frugality; much of which had come to her from gifts from her host of friends and admirers, who revered her. So, in the preparation of her last will, she asked me if I would do her a great personal favor — that, after she was gone and her estate was ready to be distributed to her family in Australia, I should personally deliver their inheritance to them. I agreed that I would be happy to do so. She then provided in her last will and testament that provision and those plans and instructions for distribution.

At distribution, she wanted my Dorothy and me to go to Australia with the inheritances she was leaving to each of the members of her large family, who lived in Toowoomba, Australia, some sixty miles west of Brisbane, north of Sydney. She wanted us to go to Toowoomba, meet all the members of her family and tell them of her years of work in America; and then hand each of them their inheritance from their Aunt in California.

At the time of the drafting of her will, she gave me a long list of the names of the members of her family, with their addresses in Toowoomba. When her estate was about to be distributed, I obtained nineteen international money orders, one for each beneficiary. Between the time of the making of her will and her death, her one remaining living sister passed away, so, under her will, her sister's one-quarter interest in the estate was to become a part of the residue of her distributable estate.

I had heard often, during the war in the South Pacific, of the Lennon Plaza Hotel in Brisbane, where General Douglas MacArthur had established his headquarters in Australia, and started to plan the strategy with his staff for the long trek back to the Philippines, far to the north. When my schedule was certain as to when I would arrive in Brisbane, I wrote a letter to the Manager of the Lennon Plaza, asking him to please make a reservation for us for four or five days, for Mrs. Choate, myself and my son.

In my letter, I mentioned the fact that I knew of his fine hotel because General MacArthur had stayed there and maintained his Headquarters at that hotel; that because I enjoyed the great pleasure of knowing the General and Jean personally, during his administration of Japan and in New York, for memory's sake, I looked forward to visiting Brisbane and staying at his Lennon Plaza Hotel. Before leaving California, I received a confirmation of my reservation, accompanied by a cordial letter from the Manager, assuring me of his personal welcome and hospitality, stating that he looked forward to greeting me on my arrival.

It was almost embarrassing how he rolled out the red carpet for us when we arrived. I felt like the redeemed American prodigal son. The Manager himself registered us and told me that he had reserved for us the large suite that General and Mrs. MacArthur and their son had occupied during the General's stay. I recalled that the entire Hotel was taken over during the General's stay as his Headquarters.

The Manager escorted us upstairs to the suite which was furnished in fine old furniture. I told the Manager that I didn't want to buy the Hotel and that the rate for the large suite might

be prohibitive, whereupon he remarked that he wished us to occupy the MacArthur suite and that the rate would be the regular rate for the rooms we had originally requested at the Lennon Plaza. I expressed my deep appreciation for his personalized hospitality.

While we were there, we constantly contemplated and commented on the tremendous events that had taken place in that suite and the adjoining conference rooms where the General and the Allied officers and staff held forth. It was an old hotel, but most comfortable.

Soon I engaged a car to drive to Toowoomba. I then contacted a member of the family with whom I had been corresponding for some time and arrangements were made for me to arrive at noon the following day.

When we arrived, it was a royal reception for us. Nineteen nieces and nephews, their spouses and children and grandchildren were present. The tables they had spread were burdened with food. At the close of the dinner, I told my story about their Aunt. I then had each person come to my table, sign a legal receipt for his inheritance, sight unseen, which was handed to each one in a separate envelope containing an international money order. The exaltation and fervent demonstrations were indescribable when they opened their envelopes — each received over one thousand Australian pounds, in excess of five thousand dollars in U.S. money. So, my mission accomplished, we returned to Brisbane.

The Hotel Manager informed us that night that the largest and finest Koala Bear Sanctuary in the world was located on the outskirts of Brisbane and that he wished us to be his guests there the following day. Delighted, we immediately accepted, especially because my Lady, Dorothy, prized and loved Koala bears above almost everything else in the world.

The sanctuary, as I recall, covers several acres, enclosed by a very high fence. When one enters the gate, it is like entering another world. Probably two hundred Koalas are on the grounds, walking around, riding around on the backs of German shepherd police dogs and sitting in the trees eating eucalypt-

tus leaves. We then went to see the large specially-enclosed Koala maternity sanctuary, where at least fifty Koala mothers were eating their one and only food, eucalyptus leaves, while patiently waiting for the arrival of their babies, a priceless sight. I tried to give a Koala a piece of candy, which was rejected. My dear lady was truly in seventh heaven, surrounded by Koalas.

When I asked the keeper of the sanctuary the origin of the name Koala, he told me that it was an early aborigine descriptive name, which meant "no water," because the Koala bear never drinks water. It gets all the moisture and water from the eucalyptus leaves, so it was named "Koala." He remarked that they had no provision for water for the animals in the sanctuary. He added that there were over one hundred twenty varieties of eucalyptus trees and because only a few of those varieties are edible by Koalas, they must make sure that the Koalas have exactly what they can eat.

Before we left, he told us much about the background of their German shepherd police dogs. Many years ago, some people tried to steal Koalas, so they now have these five fine German shepherd watchdogs, who guard the sanctuary twenty-four hours a day. They are very jealous of their responsibility. The Koalas enjoy riding around on the backs of the dogs. He said that now they never worry about the safety of the Koalas.

The German shepherds are very friendly and kindly until you approach the exit gate. It is then that every person, as he leaves, is carefully watched by the dogs. The Koala keeper then said to us, "Let's see what happens."

A rather large Koala had adopted Dorothy soon after she arrived at the sanctuary and, when she picked it up, it clung to her and cuddled around her neck. The keeper then told Dorothy to slowly, very slowly, approach the exit gate with the Koala nestled against her neck. As she came near the gate, three of the dogs began to move in on her in a friendly manner; and then they blocked her exit. They were not interested in Dorothy until they saw that she had one of their Koalas. Dorothy was obliged to leave her dear adopted Koala behind; then the dogs allowed her to leave. However, no one could rob us of our memories.

The Hotel Manager asked us to have dinner with him as he was eager to hear my stories about General MacArthur; he had heard little about the General since he arrived in Japan. I invited the Manager to be our guest for dinner, but he replied: "Next time you are in Brisbane — but now be my guest."

I told him of my three visits to Tokyo after the Japanese surrender and explained that my acquaintance with the General was entirely personal and social. I had never been in the military services, so it was a rich personal relationship. I said it was a great privilege to have known the man. He had been, in my opinion, also a great benefactor to the Japanese people. When the Manager asked about the dismissal by Truman, I said that because I considered it a dastardly political trick by a cheap politician in the White House, I preferred not to dwell upon it; its infamy was unparalleled in history, and I did not want to say any more about it because I did not want to mar the evening.

The Manager said that he had numerous visits with Mrs. MacArthur while she was at the hotel and that he admired her greatly. He told us that he had seen the General frequently until the move north and that the people of Australia and New Zealand would never stop praising him for what he did for them.

Before leaving our hotel for Sydney, we wrote letters to Jean MacArthur about our wonderful stay at the Hotel and told her we had had the privilege of staying in the MacArthur suite. We said that the hotel was very proud that this had been the General's Headquarters and their home while in Brisbane and that their inspiring influence remained strong in Australia.

As we departed, we thanked the Manager again for his unforgettable hospitality and his personal, escorted introduction to the Koala sanctuary. Our visit to Australia was truly enriched because of the inspiring influence of General MacArthur and his lady, Jean, and the memory of how they both had endured those dark days in Australia before the General turned the tide of the war and started on his long journey back to the Philippines.

The everlasting admiration and veneration of the General in Australia and New Zealand is apparent and real wherever one goes, not only in the South Pacific, but also in Japan.

* * * * *



Mrs. Dorothy Choate, at the Koala Bear Sanctuary in Brisbane, Australia

The Source Of The General's Power

Conclusion

IN THIS CLOSING CHAPTER, I wish to reveal the secret source of General MacArthur's power, his genius and his statesmanship and the very essence of his wonderful qualities of leadership.

In retrospect, during our MacArthur Presidential campaign, for me, a most magnificent experience took place. A Gentleman called at my office one day and introduced himself as a resident on the East Coast (regretfully, I do not now recall his name). He was a great admirer of General MacArthur and said that he had heard much about the MacArthur for President campaign in California and that he wished to meet this man Choate and wished to present to him a gift and a special story about General MacArthur, whereupon he told me the following moving story.

He said that the famous painter and artist Howard Chandler Christy, of New York, was his lifelong friend and that only recently Christy had spoken to him of Douglas MacArthur, whom Christy said he had known since World War I when they first met in France. They had developed a warm friendship that continued through the years. Christy then told him that, in World War I, the United States Army had engaged him to paint a series of patriotic paintings for posters to inspire the people and the troops in the war effort. Thereafter, the Christy posters were to be seen all over the nation and in Europe and they were real morale spirit builders.

That in 1942, when MacArthur miraculously escaped from Corregidor and finally reached Australia, the General found the people there in a state of despair. The morale of the troops of Australia and New Zealand was at a dangerous, desperate low ebb and, seeing this demoralizing condition of the country and the troops MacArthur decided that he must at once bolster the

spirits of the Allied armies and the people. He sent a message to his friend Howard Chandler Christy in New York asking him to please, as soon as possible, paint a series of pictures that could be used to help bolster and inspire the spirits of the Allied troops and the peoples of Australia and New Zealand. When Christy received that message from MacArthur, he at once sent a reply back to General MacArthur asking him to put into words the thoughts and the sentiments that he had in mind that he might wish to have reflected in the paintings. MacArthur then dispatched to Christy the following:

September 24, 1942

Howard Chandler Christy
Layman's National Committee
New York, New York

Two thousand years ago a man dared stand for truth, for freedom of the human spirit, was crucified and died, yet this death was not the end, but only the beginning, to be followed by the resurrection and the life. For twenty centuries the story of the man of Galilee has served for all Christians as lesson and symbol so that today when we stress the spiritual significance of our united efforts to reestablish the supremacy of our Christian principles we can humbly and without presumption declare our faith and confidence in God's help in our final victory.

MacArthur

The gentleman then presented to me as a gift a copy of that MacArthur cable. That message, coming from way down under, eloquently, solemnly and spiritually speaks for itself. That message is a true reflection of the man himself in one of the darkest hours of his life. So, through his faith, he turned to his Maker for guidance and wisdom.

[A photocopy of this MacArthur Postal Telegram dated September 24, 1942, marked SANS ORIGINE (without origin) appears in this book under "Appendix" for you to share my gratitude for this gift.]

One of the early spirited pioneers in Southern California, long before the turn of the century, was a man of vision in Riverside named Frank Miller, whom I had the good fortune to know for over fifteen years. Through years of toil and sacrifice, Frank Miller built the famous Mission Inn in Riverside and became one of the outstanding citizens of California, whom the people not only admired and respected, but loved. In 1935, when Frank Miller passed away, his host of friends sorrowed at his passing. In the eulogy at his farewell service, the speaker shared with his hearers the following inspiring, moving thought from Longfellow:

*Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling, downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.*

*So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the path of men.*

That inspiring thought-provoking bit of poetry concerning Frank Miller is also indicative of the memorable spiritual radiance and lasting influence of Douglas MacArthur, for his noble principles and his transcendent faith.

* * * * *

In 1948, Father Edward Joseph Flanagan, the spiritual Samaritan and Founder of Boys' Town in Nebraska, felt impelled to go to the Far East and see for himself the conditions that existed following the war in the South Pacific. After visiting the Philippines and China, he visited Japan. While in Tokyo, he had several long visits with General MacArthur.

On his return to the United States, Father Flanagan said, "Having just returned from Japan, in my opinion, General MacArthur is the greatest Statesman of this age, if not, in the history of the world."

General Douglas MacArthur, as an exemplary soldier, has answered his final bugle call. He has now crossed his mortal Rubicon, and he has passed beyond the pale of controversy, human bitterness, competition, envy, jealousy and war. His mortal remains now repose in Norfolk, Virginia, and his Faith has now taken over.

T A P S

(Addendum follows)

Addendum

* * * * *

THIS ADDENDUM CONTAINS MEMORABILIA of the late Colonel Lawrence Bunker.

The following historic invaluable photographs came to the Author through the great kindness of Miriam Hawthorne Bunker, of Massachusetts, sister of the late Colonel Bunker.

Colonel Bunker, with unusual ability, devotion and loyalty served as the Aide de Camp and the personal Secretary to General Douglas MacArthur from about 1945 to 1951, when the General was acting as the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers in the postwar administration and reconstruction of Japan, and were taken during the period when the Author on several occasions visited General and Mrs. MacArthur in Tokyo.

Please note: *The following photographs were taken by the United States Army Signal Corps.*

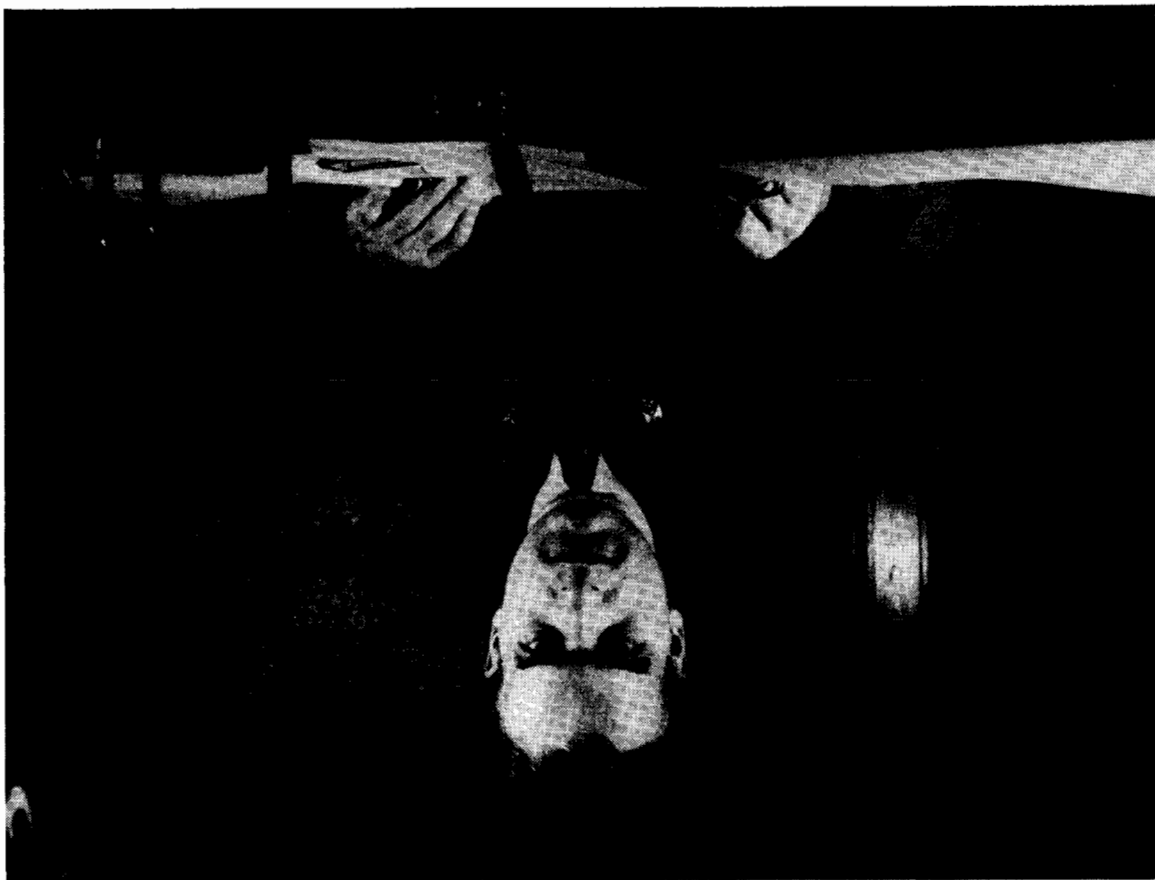
* * * * *

General Douglas MacArthur with his Personal Secretary, Colonel Lawrence Bunker, as they were leaving the General's Headquarters in the Dai Ichi Building in Tokyo, and were about to enter the General's car. The assembled crowd on both sides of the entrance began to sing, "Happy Birthday Dear General", whereupon General MacArthur, and his Aide, Colonel Bunker, paused and smiled, acknowledging the sentimental Birthday Serenade. Then, as the General entered his car, the crowd all clapped and some made a deep bow.



COLONEL LAWRENCE BUNKER

Aide de Camp, and Personal Secretary to General Douglas MacArthur, at his desk, during the period when General MacArthur was acting as the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers, in Japan, from 1945 to 1951.



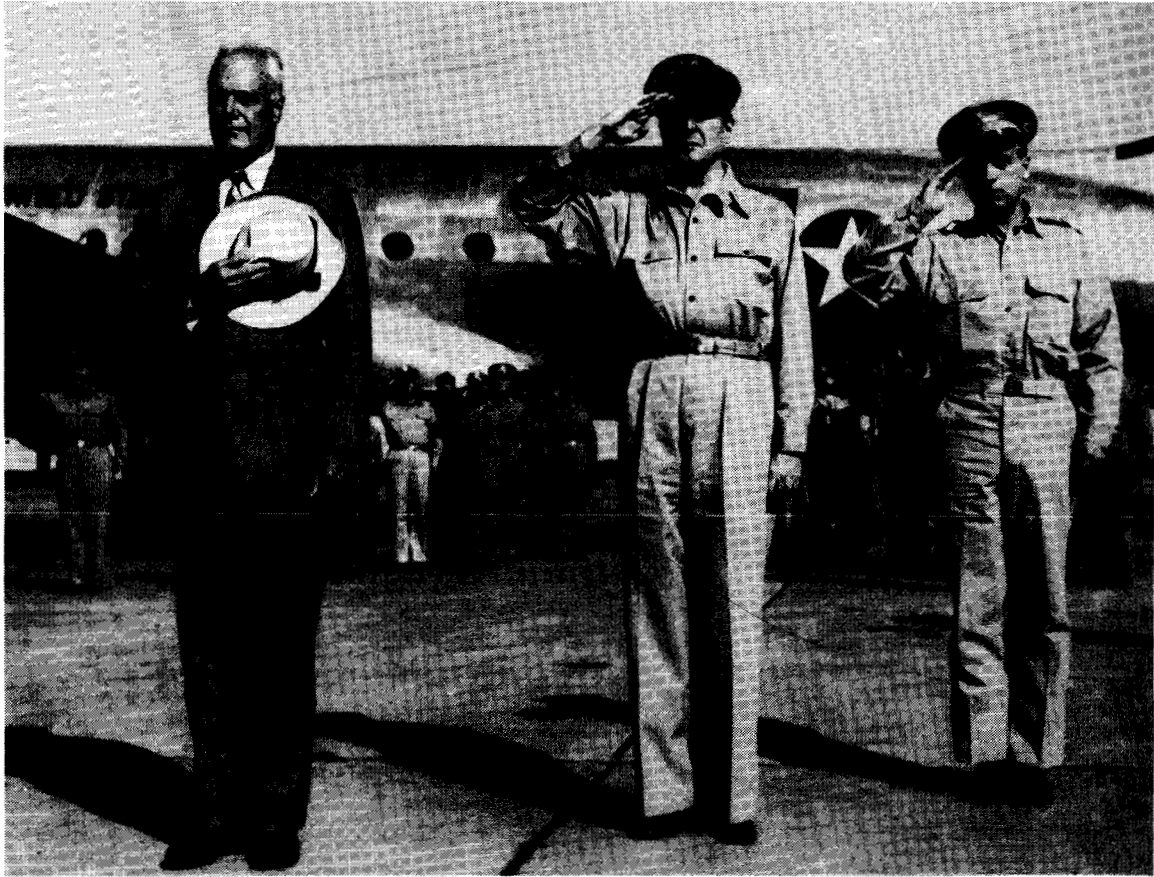
Lady Jean MacArthur and Colonel Sidney Huff, at the Haneda Air Force Base in Tokyo, awaiting the return of the General from Korea.



General MacArthur, with General E.M. Almond, Deputy Chief of Staff of the United States Army; on the right Colonel Bunker; in the background on the left is Colonel Story, General MacArthur's Personal Pilot; and on the right background, Colonel Huff, the General's Personal Aide.

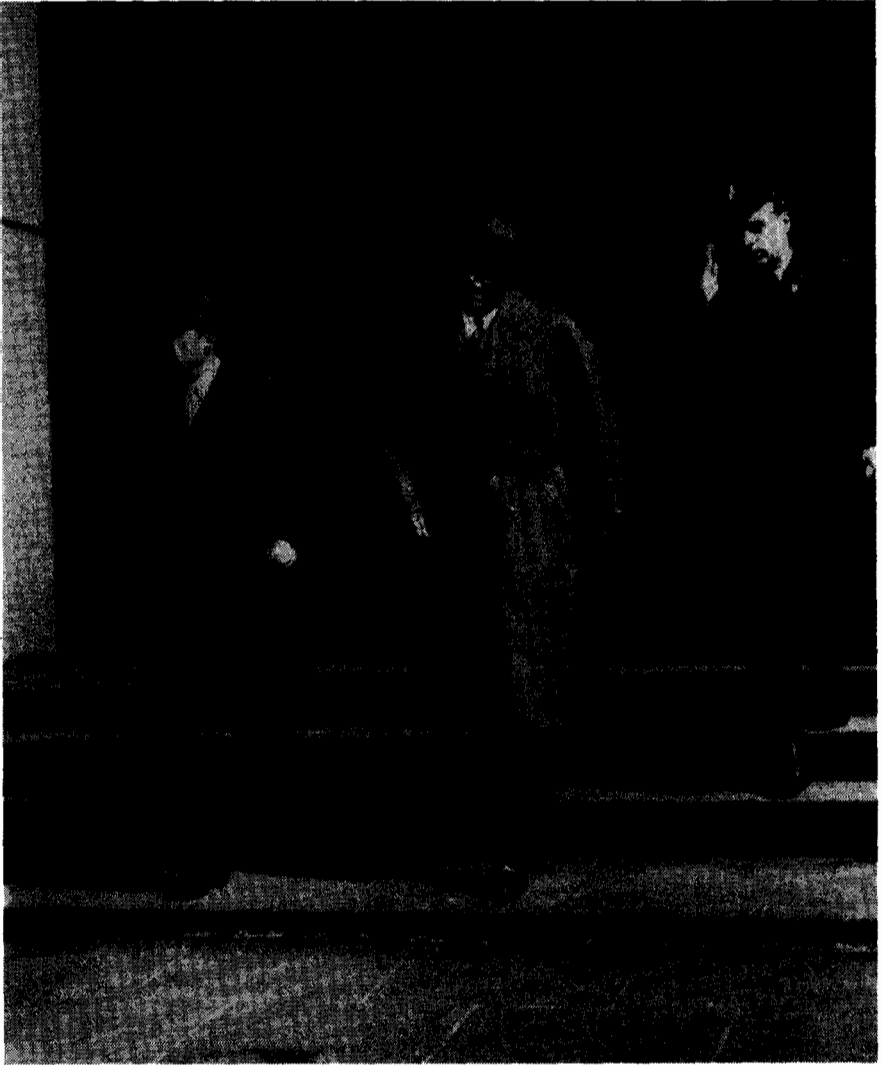


General MacArthur and his Personal Aide Colonel Bunker, greeting Tracy S. Voorhess, Under Secretary of the United States Army, standing at attention and saluting at the playing of the United States National Anthem.



General MacArthur, Colonel Huff, on his left; then on his right Dr. William J. Sebold, and Jean MacArthur, and Colonel Bunker, at the Haneda Tokyo Airport, to greet Syngmon Rhee, President of South Korea.





General Douglas MacArthur with Ambassador McNutt and Colonel Lawrence Bunker, leaving Headquarters in Japan.



General Douglas MacArthur, and Colonel Lawrence Bunker, Personal Aide and Secretary to the General at the Haneda Tokyo Airport, awaiting the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. John Foster Dulles, Guests of the General.

General MacArthur and General Collins of the United States Air Force, and Colonel Bunker, stand at Attention and Salute as the United States National Anthem is played at the Tokyo Air Force Base.



Appendix

* * * * *

Letters quoted in this volume.

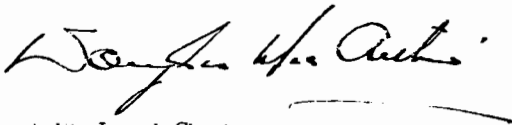
A ROMAN GENERAL'S OPINION OF "MILITARY CRITICS"

LUCIUS AEMILIUS PAULUS, a Roman Consul, who had been selected to conduct the war with the Macedonians, B. C. 168, went out from the Senate-house into the assembly of the people and addressed them as follows:

"In every circle, and, truly, at every table, there are people who lead armies into Macedonia; who know where the camp ought to be placed; what posts ought to be occupied by troops; when and through what pass that territory should be entered; where magazines should be formed; how provisions should be conveyed by land and sea; and when it is proper to engage the enemy, when to lie quiet. And they not only determine what is best to be done, but if any thing is done in any other manner than what they have pointed out, they arraign the consul, as if he were on trial before them. These are great impediments to those who have the management of affairs; for every one cannot encounter injurious reports with the same constancy and firmness of mind as Fabius did, who chose to let his own ability be questioned through the folly of the people, rather than to mismanage the public business with a high reputation. I am not one of those who think that commanders ought at no time to receive advice; on the contrary, I should deem that man more proud than wise, who regulated every proceeding by the standard of his own single judgment. What then is my opinion? That commanders should be counselled, chiefly, by persons of known talent; by those who have made the art of war their particular study, and whose knowledge is derived from experience; from those who are present at the scene of action, who see the country, who see the enemy; who see the advantages that occasions offer, and who, like people embarked in the same ship, are sharers of the danger. If, therefore, any one thinks himself qualified to give advice respecting the war which I am to conduct, which may prove advantageous to the public, let him not refuse his assistance to the state, but let him come with me into Macedonia. He shall be furnished with a ship, a horse, a tent; even his travelling charges shall be defrayed. But if he thinks this too much trouble, and prefers the repose of a city life to the toils of war, let him not, on land, assume the office of a pilot. The city, in itself, furnishes abundance of topics for conversation; let it confine its passion for talking within its own precincts, and rest assured that we shall pay no attention to any councils but such as shall be framed within our camp."

LIVY, (*TITUS LIVIUS) History of Rome.
Vol. 7, Book XLIV, Chapter 22.
Translation by George Baker, A.M.

* TITUS LIVIUS (LIVY) born 59 B. C., died A. D. 17.



(Presented to Joseph Choate,
in Tokyo, in 1947.)



GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
SUPREME COMMANDER FOR THE ALLIED POWERS
OFFICE OF THE SUPREME COMMANDER

Tokyo, Japan.

11 August, 1948.

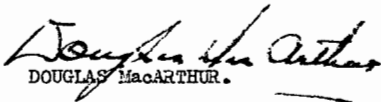
Dear Mr. Choate:

The religious film referred to in your letter of July 25th arrived in due course and was run for Arthur and his Mother, who were deeply impressed and moved by it. It is being returned to you with my grateful acknowledgment for your thoughtful courtesy in sending it and my compliments to Dr. Friedrich, its producer. This method of portraying great spiritual lessons most certainly finds a broad field of vital utility, as modern society has no more impelling need than the strengthening of its moral fibre to render humanity resistant to the forces calculated to effect its destruction.

I wish to take this opportunity to express to you my heartfelt gratitude for the vigorous support you gave to those who recently advocated my nomination by the Republican Convention. The confidence reflected from this and the goodwill manifested by so many of my fellow Americans left me with a high sense of personal satisfaction and added inspiration to surmount the difficulties which yet may beset me in my country's service.

With renewed thanks and every good wish,

Faithfully yours,


DOUGLAS MacARTHUR.

Mr. Joseph Choate,
530 West Sixth Street,
Los Angeles, California.

The Man of the Hour

MORE than at any time since Abraham Lincoln was summoned to the White House to save the Republic, these United States need a STATESMAN and not A POLITICIAN at the head of the national Government.

None of the avowed candidates for the presidency meets the public need.

And the responsibilities that lie upon us are too grave and too consequential to be committed into feeble or uncertain hands.

Misled by vainglorious ambitions and false alien ideologies, we have departed dangerously from the sound traditions and the equally sound practices of our successful past.

We have become a debt-ridden commonwealth, with a debased currency, drifting like a rudderless bark in the shoals of inflation toward shipwreck on the rocks of depression.

The seeds of class hatred and class conflict have been sown in our soil and are bearing poisonous fruit.

The tribunals of justice have been debauched; arbitrary administrative edicts are taking the place of just laws justly enforced; and a vast bureaucracy is being erected over us to devour our substance.

Taxation has been made an instrument of pillage and persecution, so that the accumulation of generative and productive wealth is diminishing; the fountains of philanthropy are vanishing; the creative energies of our people are faltering; and the dependencies of the dole are being substituted for the virtues of self-reliance and self-respect.

BEYOND our shores, our so-called diplomacy has been carried on in a disgraceful medley of secrecy and deception and usurped authority,

until no man knows what our "foreign policies" are—or what they portend.

And meanwhile, in a world where the embers of unextinguished war still smolder and there is no peace anywhere, our defenses are permitted to decline and decay.

A free Republic that is so beset with manifold errors and evils cannot—in Lincoln's historic phrase—"long endure."

The times are indeed critical, calling for saving leadership: and America would be indeed bankrupt if the leadership were lacking.

But fortunately for us and for posterity, the leadership awaits—the kind of virile leadership that democracy requires.

Above any man of his generation, General Douglas MacArthur has demonstrated in many capacities his superlative qualities.

He has the statesman's touch along with the patriot's consecration: and he has the inspired and selfless "gift of command" which extreme exigencies always require.

In every call to duty that has been made upon him he has always responded—**AND HE HAS NEVER FAILED.**

No difficulty, however great, has ever daunted him.

KNOWING that, we cannot believe that General MacArthur would fail his beloved country now.

We NEED him.

We need his experience and his judgment and his superb executive ability at Washington.

If we are to save ourselves from our own follies, we must DRAFT General MacArthur for the presidency.

For beyond any rivalry and any partisan ship and any questioning, Douglas MacArthur is America's **MAN OF THE HOUR.**

(Reprinted from the Los Angeles Examiner)

(1948, or thereabouts)



GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
SUPREME COMMANDER FOR THE ALLIED POWERS
OFFICE OF THE SUPREME COMMANDER

Tokyo, Japan.

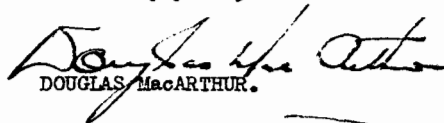
7 March 1949.

Dear Mr. Choate;

I am delighted to hear from your letter of February 26th of your tentatively planned trip to Japan. You may be sure of the approval of this headquarters when reference is made for our clearance, and a most cordial welcome upon your arrival.

With cordial regard, I am,

Faithfully yours,


DOUGLAS MacARTHUR.

Mr. Joseph Choate,
530 West Sixth Street,
Los Angeles, California.



GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
SUPREME COMMANDER FOR THE ALLIED POWERS
OFFICE OF THE SUPREME COMMANDER

Tokyo, Japan

27 February 1951

Dear Mr. Choate:

I have just received your note of the 19th and I am delighted to learn from it that you and your family are planning to stop by Japan early in April on your way around the world. I shall look forward to seeing you again.

Cordially yours,


DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

Mr. Joseph Choate
530 West Sixth Street
Los Angeles, California

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
FAR EAST COMMAND
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

28 February 1951

Dear Joe:

I was delighted to hear that you and your family are contemplating visiting us here in Tokyo about the first week in April. Needless to say we are looking forward to seeing you with great interest. I hope that you will forgive me for not answering your letter of 1 January. I passed it on to the General and I believe he was much interested in your views of the people in Washington. I am wondering if you will bring the movies you took when you were here last time with you. Would be pleased to see them.

With all good wishes.

Sincerely,



SIDNEY L. HUFF,
Colonel, Aide-de-Camp.

Mr. Joseph Choate,
530 West Sixth Street,
Los Angeles, California.

STANDARD TIME INDICATED

RECEIVED AT
80 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C.
NU. 4 - 9492
TELEPHONE YOUR TELEGRAMS TO POSTAL TELEGRAPH



THIS IS A FULL RATE TELEGRAM, CABLE-GRAM OR RADIOGRAM UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED BY SYMBOL IN THE PREAMBLE OR IN THE ADDRESS OF THE MESSAGE. SYMBOLS DESIGNATING SERVICE SELECTED ARE OUTLINED IN THE COMPANY'S TARIFFS ON HAND AT EACH OFFICE AND ON FILE WITH REGULATORY AUTHORITIES.

LN149 N 118 IMPL ETATBG= SANS ORIGINE 1815 SEP 24
HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY LAYMENS NATIONAL COMMITTEE=
NEWYORK (MF)=

SEP 24 1942 4 52 PM

Q1537 TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO A MAN DARED STAND FOR TRUTH CMA
FOR FREEDOM OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT CMA WAS CRUCIFIED AND DIED STOP
YET THIS DEATH WAS NOT THE END BUT ONLY THE BEGINNING CMA TO
BE FOLLOWED BY THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE STOP FOR TWENTY
CENTURIES THE STORY OF THE MAN OF GALILEE HAS SERVED FOR ALL
CHRISTIANS AS LESSON AND AS SYMBOL STOP SO THAT TODAY CMA
WHEN WE STRESS THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR UNITED EFFORTS
TO REESTABLISH THE SUPREMACY OF OUR CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES WE CAN

CMA HUMBLY AND WITHOUT PRESUMPTION CMA DECLARE OUR FAITH
AND CONFIDENCE WITH GODS HELP IN OUR OWN FINAL VICTORY=

MACARTHUR

R. (13)

Acknowledgment

Summation of Profound Gratitude

* * * * *

In this closing page, the Author wishes to again express his deep gratitude to Norman Vincent Peale, for his inspiring Foreword that really reflects the message for which this book is written, that men of today and in the future may know more accurately the noble qualities of General Douglas MacArthur, a man who served his country with dedication, brilliance, affection and distinction for over half a century, and who deserves from his country eternal gratitude for his service to mankind.

Also, in this summation I wish to share with you one of the last sagely, prophetic thoughts, words of wisdom, that Douglas MacArthur gave to mankind, as a warning for their future survival:

“Global war has become a Frankenstein to destroy both sides. No longer is it a weapon of adventure — the shortcut to international power. If you lose, you are annihilated. If you win, you stand only to lose. . . . (War) contains now only the germs of double suicide.”

AGAIN — T A P S

FINIS