

ON THE EVE OF VICTORY WITH MACARTHUR

By Julius Klein,
Colonel, Army of the United States

Colonel Julius Klein, formerly with the Hearst papers in Chicago, is a veteran editor and World War I correspondent. He entered active duty in March, 1941, with the 33rd Infantry Division, Illinois National Guard, and has been overseas since early 1943 as commanding officer of a large Quartermaster Group. He is the recipient of the Legion of Merit, Soldier's Medal for heroism, the Bronze Star for his part in planning the Eighth Army occupation of Japan, and numerous citations. This article gives Colonel Klein's impressions of General of the Army MacArthur, whom he saw a short time ago on official business.

The sign over his door read simply "CinC". I entered with the natural awe of a soldier for his commander-in-chief. But as he moved from his desk to greet me, I felt my heart pounding as it had so many years ago on my first big assignment as a reporter.

We moved to a corner where there were two comfortable chairs, and he offered me a cigarette. His fine hands tamped down the tobacco in the bowl of the long corn-cob pipe which has seen so many beach-heads.

It was late in the day. This man was the nerve center of a gigantic war machine. But I could detect no trace of nerves or exhaustion in spite of his many callers and conferences, and the decisions he had rendered that day.

Even the elements seemed not to affect him. My freshly starched shirt had already wilted in the sweaty Philippine sun, but the General showed no trace of discomfort.

I had rehearsed my report, believing that the interview would be brief. But MacArthur, one of the busiest men in the world, during the busiest and most historic time of this war, seemed eager to relax in conversation.

The last time we had met was more than twelve years ago, in the Washington of Herbert Hoover. I remembered well his youthful dignity, his immaculate dress, and the dashing gallant figure that he cut. I was prepared to see a much older man, weary, bearing the mark of the tragic war years.

But the man who greeted me was the MacArthur of old.

He has not altered. He remains the erect, charming, youthful, black-haired soldier of those distant days when he was Chief of Staff.

The subject matter of our conversation must be veiled. The details of this interview must await post-war days when I again sit at an editor's desk. I must admit, for the first time since I had donned my officers tunic, a few twinges of regret because I was not just a newspaperman on an assignment.

As he spoke I began to realize the greatness of the man—he has long since proved himself the soldier. My mind flashed back to the great of another war whom I had interviewed, Pershing, Haig, Foch, March, Bliss and the others, and he suffers by comparison with no man. I know why the United States Under-Secretary of War, Robert Patterson, in a chat I had with him a few months ago, referred to MacArthur as "the General of the Age." One could sense in his presence the great general, the fine patriot, the statesman, scholar and humanitarian who embodies all those qualities that make him the most illustrious American of our time.

Gen. MacArthur...Ad 1

We discussed various problems facing America now and after the war. The General's great devotion to the sons of America, his interest in the smallest detail concerning the welfare of his men, were only a highlight of the interview. MacArthur knows what he wants for them, for America, and he hopes and prays with millions of others that the sacrifices made by the flower of our youth will not have been in vain.

His memory is remarkable. His eloquent use of the English language, his diction, his own presentation of what he tries to bring home to his listener can be matched with the best I have ever read or heard.

When he talks about war and the suffering that it brought about, you detect a sad emotion. You notice when he talks of the enemy that his expression becomes grim and resolute. It is the only time he resorts to rough language. He knows what Pearl Harbor, Bataan, Corregidor and Santo Tomas meant to America, and as I sat there I realized what it meant to MacArthur himself.

As may be expected, he discusses the important strategy of the war with equal brilliance as concerns Army, Navy or Air Corps activities, and he is not only equally well posted but also something of an expert on the economic, political, international and cultural consequences of the war. He sees with great clarity what is needed in addition to the United Nations Charter to assure lasting peace, with a powerful, strong and free America guaranteeing that our generation will return to its own form of living and pursuit of happiness.

I had given him a ten-page report on my mission, and as he perused it my eyes strayed round the walls and rested on a framed inscription. Reading it, I was struck by the key it gave me to the General's life and actions - I took out my pen and wrote down the words, as MacArthur read on.

"I do the best I know how, the very best I can and I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out alright what is said against me won't amount to anything; if it brings me out wrong, all the angels swearing that I was right would make no difference.

Abraham Lincoln"

I had taken down these words, which I hope I have rendered correctly, without knowing that the General had observed me. Looking up, he said:

"I noticed that you were copying Mr. Lincoln's words. I shall remember them always for they give me courage, and often in dark hours I look to that wall and feel comforted."

I wanted to say how much I wished some of those who had hampered and detracted from the General could be there to hear him speak. His patience and courage during the years of side-tracked discouragement were very like the black war days of '61-'64 when Lincoln fought back-biters and Copperheads to his own immortal glory.

I was thrilled by the aptness of this inevitable comparison between the two liberators, Lincoln, the great emancipator, and MacArthur, the man who had stood like a wall of steel against the crumbling Australian bastion and held back the yellow tide while he forged the weapon with which he was to cleave his way back to the Philippines. He has returned, and he has brought back freedom and the joy of liberation to our valiant fellow Americans of the Philippines Commonwealth, paving the way for "the road to Tokyo."

Inevitably also, I thought of General Pershing, old "Black Jack," resisting with all his might the inclusion of the young AEF under any but an American commander. His insistence on an integrated American force was fully justified by the triumph of our arms just as MacArthur's embracing courage and brilliant conviction forced recognition of the Philippines as our necessary springboard to victory in the Pacific. Opposition, neglect, apathy, none of these stayed him.

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My thoughts turned to the words of Lt. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger as I heard them a few weeks ago at his Eighth Army Headquarters. The man who led the assault on Buna and Biak, and hurled the Eighth Army like an avenging bolt through the Visayas and Mindanao, had said to me:

"His military achievements are triumphs of courage and ability over limited materials. It was General MacArthur who insisted that the Philippines must be taken as rapidly as possible to divide the Jap Empire, re-establish our prestige in the East and, most important, provide a base for the concentration of overwhelming force for the final blows against Japan.

"Not only did his great heart go out to the people, but he knew that without the Philippines we would have no comparable place where the great supply bases and staging areas, so necessary for our concluding campaign, might be built. So unshakable and so firm was his conviction that this would shorten the war, that he had to express his willingness to advance with what was already available, or not advance at all. His brilliant leadership, statesmanship and strategy were merely superb tools which he used unsparingly.

"His real claim to greatness in history," concluded General Eichelberger, "lies in the strength of his conviction of the soundness of his daring concept, and in his unparalleled moral courage in beating down all obstacles through years of scarcity, meager troop support, frustration and criticism."

Typical of the loyalty and esteem in which he is held by his able leaders is the statement made to me some time ago by Lt. Gen. Robert C. Richardson, Jr., logistical and tactical genius.

"Klein," he said, "I hope and pray that MacArthur will be our commander-in-chief. He is the only man whom we can follow with confidence wherever he goes--the only man, moreover, whose concern for the success of his mission is touched by his consideration for the safety of his men. He will do great things at a minimum cost."

Both General Eichelberger and General Richardson are old disciples of MacArthur, their association with him dating back to their West Point days some forty years ago. They, as brilliant tacticians and commanders in their own right, can keenly appreciate his genius and powers of leadership.

At the other end of the ladder was the GI whom I passed on the way back to my tent. His heavy pack seemed to hang from his shoulders as lightly as a cloud, and a smile was on his face. I asked, "Soldier, why so happy?"

"Colonel," he said, "I'm off to Uncle Sugar."

"With whom were you?"

"Why, I was with MacArthur, Colonel!"

And that will be their proudest boast, until the last soldier of World War II has heard the notes of taps. "We fought with MacArthur," they will say just as their forefathers used to boast that they were with Lee, with Grant at Richmond, with Washington at Valley Forge.

There was another inscription on the wall--an essay on youth written by a close friend of the General's--to which he directed my attention. It read in part:

"Youth is not a time of life - it is a state of mind...nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair - these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust...You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt, as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear, as young as your hope, as old as your despair."

It explained the erectness of his carriage, the firmness of his handshake, the stamina that makes his youthful secretaries and staff officers gasp in wonderment.

This insight is carried into the selection of his able lieutenants--the iron-willed Sutherland; Blamey, the swashbuckling Australian; Kenney, daring and forceful; Krueger, a general's general, cool and calculating; Eichelberger, brilliant tactician, fearless and intrepid; Richardson, a logistical and tactical genius, wise, farseeing and intensely loyal.

Prominent in that simply furnished room overlooking the shambles of MacArthur's beloved and once beautiful Manila was a tribute by Walter Lippman to the heroes of Bataan.

"THEY FOUGHT...knowing that they themselves had no hope. This is the very heart of courage, transcending all other acts of which men are capable, and the surest proof that man is more than his flesh, his blood, his bones and his appetites. On this proof as on a rock, that there is in all men a capacity to live and a willingness to die for things which they themselves can never hope to enjoy--there rests the whole of man's dignity and the title to all his rights ---"

The General paused as he saw that my glance had centered on this inscription. He rose and, laying aside my report, stood there with me as I read it. He drew his head back slowly as he too formed the words silently with his lips. Pain and pride and deep emotion crossed his face. Pain perhaps in the thought that he had been ordered to leave them there, and pride in the knowledge that he had made his pledge, "I shall return!" come true. It was as though he rendered a silent salute to those who had fought and bled with him there, and to those who remained to endure the torture and humiliation of those dark hours of America's history.

His faith in the Philippines was no less great than theirs in him. The failure of Tokyo's "Asia for the Asiatics" policy was foredoomed by this, the mutual love and trust they bore.

Bataan is more than just an historic battleground to MacArthur. His love for that sacred spot goes deeper than his personal devotion to the heroes that lie there in glory. For him whose intense patriotism knows no equal, it stood as a bastion of democracy, of freedom, and of human decency, a symbol of the American way of life. It had fallen only after every last ounce of energy had been expended, only after every sacrifice had been made, only after a display of such courage as the world had never known.

Its fall was a blow to the dignity of man, a treacherous stab at the heart of humanity, a thrust at his beloved country that had to be avenged. And so in the shining hour of victory, when General MacArthur as Supreme Allied Commander directed the Japanese Emperor to send his emissaries to Manila to accept the surrender terms, he erased forever that blot upon America's history by demanding that, on approaching the city, they flash the symbolic identification signal--"Bataan."

The conversation swung into easier channels. One is held spellbound by MacArthur's eloquence. His keen eyes, calm dignity and extraordinary command of speech make one feel that his presence is not only that of a great military leader, but of a great scholar and teacher. One might think that a man in his position would be engrossed in the task at hand - in maps and charts and figures. But his thoughts rise far above and beyond all these. Free from all illusions, he is alive to all the economic, political and cultural consequences of war, and to the need for a free and powerful America which will guarantee future generations the right to live in peace and to devote their energies to the benefit of man and the glory of God.

A diplomat to the core, his phenomenal memory reaches out to each unit and individual under his command. He spoke with feeling of the citizen-soldier, that unique product of our democracy. National guard units have fought long and well, often under the most difficult conditions. The General was especially pleased with the 33rd Division, my old outfit whose gallant action at Baguio was highly regarded.

As we returned to our chairs, my reporter's curiosity got the upper hand and I could not help asking a few questions.

"General," I said, "I have read many speculations as to what you will do after the war is over. What really are your plans?"

He smiled at this.

"Klein, I'm going to get myself a great big rocker and put it on my porch before a small, beautiful garden, where I can finally spend life as the average American husband with his family in peace and contentment--that is, if the Nips don't get me first."

I remarked that I doubted the American people would let him do that, but he waved the thought aside.

"Why think of it now. There is so much to do and, like every other GI, my thoughts are of home and rest. I want my rocking chair, my garden and my family to look after."

I glanced at my watch and was amazed to find that more than two hours had elapsed since I had reported to him. From the moment I had saluted him, he had put me at perfect ease and the time had slipped by without my knowledge. I apologized for taking up so much of his time, but in his smile I read that he had welcomed the relaxation. I asked his permission to leave, and he rose and with a firm handshake escorted me to the door like a neighbor and a good friend.

He presented me with a picture which I shall treasure above all decorations. The kind inscription ends as follows:

"from his old comrade-at-arms

Douglas MacArthur
Luzon, 1945."

Outside, I met Brig. Gen. LeGrande A. Diller, who as Public Relations Officer has perhaps the toughest job of all, because the General detests ballyhoo and self-glorification. The fact is that he is America's Number One Hero, and whatever he says or does makes inspired copy. In trade language, he is a "natural."

My colleagues among professional newsmen have told me he seldom makes radio broadcasts, has held few press conferences and, when he does see the press individually or in small groups, it is at their request and not his. The American people have demanded that copy be made of their hero. History has not made him; he has made history.

It was after eight when I left, but several staff officers were still on hand waiting to see him. I repeated my apology to General Fellers, Military Secretary to the CinC, and asked him when the General ever got time to eat. He smiled and told me that he never got through before nine, and then never left without taking papers to his quarters, yet was always at his desk by 6800. During campaigns, he catches a nap at odd hours whenever he can.

"We youngsters (General Fellers is a little over 40) have a tough time keeping up with him, but his vitality and personal consideration inspire us to work twice as hard for him," he said.

It was dark when I entered the bomb-shattered streets of Manila. An endless stream of trucks rolled by bearing supplies for the front. Thousands of cranes and winches strained at their task of unloading cargo from the myriad ships that dotted the harbor. Everywhere was a scene of antlike activity. My thoughts turned to the "main streets" of America and I thanked God that they had been spared the horrors of war.

The lights in the Headquarters burned brightly far into the night. MacArthur and his men were awake to ensure that the children of America might sleep.

I wrote this article on America's greatest general and foremost citizen at the headquarters of General Eichelberger's Eighth Army, then awaiting movement orders. As it was completed, the world began to rock with the staggering series of blows which were to drive the Japanese to surrender; their vocabulary previously void of this word "surrender", had been enriched.

As MacArthur had planned, this victory was chary of American blood. Not so for the Japs. The blinding flash that completely demolished sixty per cent of the city of Hiroshima, on the southern tip of Japan's main island of Honshu, was a terrifying, soul-searing blow to arrogant Nippon. The devastation has been admitted to be beyond all human comprehension, retribution in full for the agony and long privation of General Wainwright and his companions in exile—a just and righteous vengeance for the heroic American lives poured out on the sand of Guadalcanal, Biak, Buna, Tarawa, the Palaus and the Philippines, poured out that freedom might return from exile.

General MacArthur and his leaders and his men had fulfilled their pledge: the might of America had seized the Nipponese throat in the final grip of total destruction.

When this terrific news broke, I recalled the advance information General MacArthur had given. His comment at that time belied any thought of personal glory. He saw the possibility of an early end to the war and said:

"Anything can happen now. What branch of service gets any credit is immaterial if this horrible war can come to an end and a needless sacrifice of life be prevented."

My head reeled with the grandeur of comprehension. The Russians, our allies now in the East, unleashed their armor and rolled into Manchuria driving all before them. The General's words, spoken to me only a few days before, stood out in my mind in letters of fire. His gift of prophecy, founded on his capability and knowledge, his strength and inflexible determination, had again come true in total fulfillment.

The Japanese Empire awaits its master, its guide, if it chooses, back to rehabilitation as a nation. What could be more fitting than that this task should fall to that great leader of men whose wisdom as a scholar and as a teacher is no less than his genius as a conqueror?

History's pen is poised, stilled over its perpetual screed in which is inscribed the eternal story, the faults and foibles, the grandeur and the heroism of mankind. A chapter has been finished. We and the peoples of the earth await the next.

Whatever the peace will bring, there are men whose passage through time is marked with meteoric brilliance. Such men are history. Many days have passed since the interview which gave birth to this story. Were they years, they could never eradicate the memory of the emotions it roused, or that swift fulfillment of the General's words of prophecy. His slogans, "I shall return!" and "On to Tokyo!" were words come to life.

He has kept his faith with America and with God; let faith be kept with him.

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PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE
HEADQUARTERS, U.S. ARMY FORCES
MIDDLE PACIFIC
APO 958 c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

ARMY HDQS., MIDPAC, FT. SHAFTER, T.H.---Col. Julius Klein, veteran Chicago journalist and Hollywood executive, has received the Bronze Star medal for outstanding service in planning movement of Eighth Army units into Japan, Lt. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger's Eighth Army Headquarters in Tokyo announced today.

Now in the Middle Pacific Command, Colonel Klein was at AFPAC General Headquarters after a conference with General MacArthur when Japan's surrender delegates flew to Manila to make preliminary arrangements for American occupation. Immediately following these conferences, Colonel Klein returned to Eighth Army Headquarters to help plan the troop deployment to Japan.

Following is the citation received by Colonel Klein from General Eichelberger, whose road to Tokyo had stretched across Buna and Biak, the Visayas and Mindanao:

"During the period 15 August, 1945, to 28 August, 1945, as commanding officer of the 523rd Quartermaster Group, rendered valuable services in a superior manner, in planning the movement of the Group and attached Eighth Army troops from Cebu, Philippine Islands, to the next objective, Japan.

"During this period, Colonel Klein also distinguished himself by outstanding performance of planning and advisory duties in logistical studies and in the preparation of movement plans at Eighth Army Headquarters.

"Colonel Klein's exceptional planning ability, foresight and professional knowledge contributed in large measure to the successful formulation and execution of these plans, and measurably aided the advancement of our military forces both before and after the surrender of Japan."

Colonel Klein previously received the Legion of Merit for exceptionally meritorious service in the South Pacific, and the Soldier's Medal for heroism. He has commendations from Admiral William F. Halsey, Lt. Gen. Robert C. Richardson, Jr., Lt. Gen. Millard F. Harmon and Major Gen. Frederick Gilbreath among others.

His home is in Chicago, Ill., where his wife, Mrs. Helen Klein, resides at 3172 Sheridan Road.

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September 15, 1945
Cebu, Philippine

PRO-523QM Group
APO 718

FAREWELL TO A COMMAND

For Colonel Julius Klein, former Chicago newspaper editor World War I correspondent, and Hollywood producer, the parting of the ways had come. His tenure of office as Commanding Officer of the 523rd Quartermaster Group had been a long one, marked by a mutual confidence and esteem which was of a rare and genuine quality. Many of his men had come overseas with him over two years ago, they had served with him in previous organizations and had followed him unto the reorganized group as it was formed at the great New Caledonia base. At Noumea its work was of so high an order as to bring numerous commendations and awards, including the award of the Legion of Merit, and later, the Soldier's Medal to Colonel Klein himself.

It was armistice-eve, the following morning would bring the news of the Japanese capitulation, the end of the long bitter struggle for which every man in every branch of the service had prayed and worked, or fought, as his lot might be. Orders had come for the Colonel, he was to give up his command and proceed to another base for a position of staff importance. It was an order, an unhappy one through the ending of a long partnership, but orders come to all soldiers, and they are obeyed.

To the Colonel's quarters came every enlisted man and each officer of his command. It was a spontaneous gesture, unplanned save in mutual agreement. They brought with them a scroll, on which a few words of farewell were followed by the signatures of all members of the Group. Colonel Klein rose in acknowledgement of the gift, and in a voice which showed his feeling made his farewell. He voiced his regret that circumstances did not permit him to take his men into Japan, a move which was soon to become more than a possibility, as each hour ticked away towards the Japanese capitulation. He recalled incidents of past service typical of the benign paternalism of his command, which few of his men have ever failed to sense. He took his leave then, shaking each man's hand, and as he mounted the staircase to his quarters the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" went with him.

His men will not forget Colonel Julius Klein. His long and colourful career has never lost for him the human touch. He was ever part of his group, never above it, and his abilities as a commander did not obscure his understanding, nor stay his helping hand. He takes with him the admiration and respect of his men and the consciousness of a job well done; the apogee of the Soldiers Faith.

Colonel Klein's wife, Mrs. Julius Klein, resides at the Belmont Hotel, 5172 North Sheridan Road, Chicago, Illinois.

Cincpac Staff Adv Hdq
Box 7 c/o F P O
San Francisco, Calif.

Commander Harold E. Stassen
Com Third Fleet Staff
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I trust it is not out of order that I write you in the following connection. Our officer in charge has advised me that it is not improper.

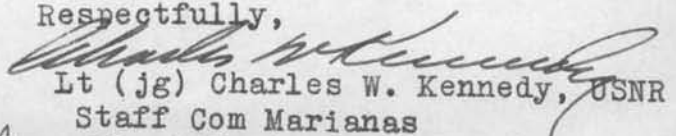
I understand that the Navy Department has need of lawyers for duty at Washington and elsewhere in the States for work in industrial readjustment, and that you will participate in recommending personnel. I am desirous of obtaining such duty, particularly at or near Minneapolis because my home and law practice are at Wadena, Minn., where I practiced for five years prior to entering the Navy in June, 1944.

Since January, 1945, I have been in the Pacific, at duty in communications on Cincpac's Staff, Advance Headquarters. As you know, this headquarters moves to Pearl Harbor shortly, and I am assigned to duty on Guam with Com Marianas. I am listing pertinent data as to my status and discharge points below. If you deem it proper that I do so, I shall be pleased to furnish as references, reputable members of the legal profession and laymen acquainted with me in Minnesota. I do not know whether you remember me or not. From 1936 until 1939 I worked at the State Capitol in St. Paul as law clerk for Justice H. H. Peterson. I am quite sure that Messrs. Fallon Kelly (a fraternity brother) and Harold Levander (law school classmate) will remember me.

As stated above, I hope this informality will not seem an impertinence. As we all are, I am anxious to return to the states, and am also very interested in legal work. Since I have some months yet to serve in the Navy because of my low discharge points, I would naturally like to serve them at legal work "back home." I will indeed appreciate any suggestions you may care to make.

With best wishes, I am

Respectfully,


Lt (jg) Charles W. Kennedy, USNR
Staff Com Marianas
Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Age: 32

Married - 2 children

Discharge Points: 36

Entered Navy - June, 1944

Overseas - Since Jan. 1945

200 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

U. S. A.

SYDNEY ANDERSON

September 22, 1945

Comdr. H. E. Stassen, USNR
Staff Comdr. Third Fleet
c/c Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

Dear Harold,

Esther called me this morning to tell me that you were at Pearl Harbor and presumably on your way home which, of course, makes us all very happy. When I saw the announcement in the paper that the Third Fleet was returning to the United States, I naturally wondered whether this did, in fact, mean that you were also coming back to the United States.

I sent you recently a copy of a letter which I had written to Elmer Ryan. I would like to make some additional observations which may help to give you a more adequate picture of the situation here as I see it.

I have recently talked with a number of the members of the A Committee and with some of the old B Committee and have reached the conclusion that the situation as respects both Committees is now such that we might undertake the consolidation of these two Committees with some hope of success. When I say consolidation I do not mean merely combining the membership of the two old Committees. What I have in mind is the complete reorganization of both Committees into one committee whose membership will not only include some of the members of the old A and B Committees but will also include a considerable amount of new blood (younger men) and a real representation of the returning servicemen. My thought is that this committee might now be a public committee and that we would still retain the nucleus of the old A Committee to deal with the larger contributors.

My discussions with the members of the A Committee led me to believe that they are in entire accord with this program, and unless something happens

which seems to indicate that it is unsound, I think we will start accomplishing it within the next few days. Of course, the rub will come when we get down to actually selecting personnel, but I have several people working on this aspect and I think we can come to a pretty satisfactory set-up of the Committee.

The second problem is the make up of the State Central Committee and particularly the choice of a Chairman.

I am convinced now that we made a mistake when we insisted upon the selection of George Jones, not because he hasn't done a good job, but because he has not been able to establish the relationships with the Governor which I think are essential to the development of an administration of sound policies, strategies, and procedures in Republican organization. Governor Thye has frequently indicated that he was entirely satisfied with George Jones and his work. The fact still remains that the relationship and the cooperation between the two men is not what it should be if the best results are to be obtained. I am sure that George agrees that he should not continue through the next campaign so the problem is to find a way by which he can continue to be useful while getting out of his official position without discredit to himself or disadvantage to the party.

It seems to me that the same type of organization should be developed in the State Central Committee as we propose to develop in the Finance Committee. In other words, returning servicemen should be given a definite part in the main organization and should not be set up as a separate sideshow and handled very much as the Junior Republicans have been in the past. More emphasis should be given to the better utilization of women and women organizations.

These are matters which are capable of being worked out because to a large extent they lie within our own capacities and jurisdiction. The principal difficulty is in our relationship with Governor Thye. I am sure he wants to and thinks he gives us the kind of cooperation which we think we should have. I am thoroughly convinced that we do not have the

relationship with Governor Thye which is essential to the work out of a satisfactory program. I certainly have not been kept in touch with the Governor's plans or with the current development of political affairs. This is of no importance if the Governor was keeping someone else in our group so informed which I am sure he is not. He has occasionally consulted with me principally about appointments which, as you know, I have always refused to have anything to do with, but even as to these matters, he has not thought it worth-while to advise me of his conclusions or to keep me in touch with his thinking as the matter developed. My own situation is typical of that of practically everyone else who has in the past and who thinks perhaps he is entitled to have now a more or less direct and continuous contact with the Governor. He does not have the faculty which you had of consulting with a good many people, getting their ideas, making up his own mind, and keeping those with whom he consulted apprised as to the reasons why he makes up his mind in a certain way. As a result a good many people whose influence and attitude is important in the picture are either apathetic or more or less definitely opposed to the Governor. This opposition will not go to the point of advocating or supporting another candidate, but it does make for a degree of apathy and disintegration which is most undesirable.

I expect to see Governor Thye at my house Tuesday evening. At that time I hope that we can arrive at some definite program or arrangement under which someone in our group will be more in touch with what he has in mind and what he is doing than we have been up to now. I am not particularly sanguine that the outcome will be satisfactory, but there will have to be some kind of a showdown, and I am hoping that something satisfactory will work out.

As I indicated in my letter to Elmer, the Star Journal and Tribune are both giving substantial aid and support to Mr. Humphrey. He gets every possible break in publicity. He was recently in Washington, partly I believe on the question of the DFL organization which I think Mr. Hannigan wanted him to head up. I understand from Elmer

that he declined this leadership which from his point of view I think is sound. It also is satisfactory from my point of view. The articles in the newspapers would indicate that Humphrey is aiming at the Senate rather than at the Governorship, but of course, he will keep himself open to file for either one office or the other and will build his fences as far as possible on a state basis. He is taking in a lot of territory and undoubtedly has a considerable amount of political sagacity and public appeal. I have still to satisfy myself as to what his newspaper backers have in mind, but this is something which I can and will find out.

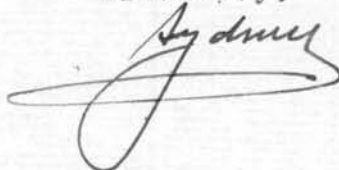
Nothing definite has transpired so far as my retirement from the company's service is concerned, except that it is still quite definite that I will retire. I anticipate that what, if any, connection I may have with the company thereafter will be determined within the next several months. I am anxious to turn over the activities which I have heretofore conducted in connection with the state politics to someone else, but neither I nor anyone else appears to have anybody in mind for a successor, and I expect that the most I can hope for is that the reorganization of the Finance Committee will develop the necessary leadership within itself.

Elmer called me on the phone this morning. I understand his plans contemplate his return to Minnesota sometime this winter or next spring subject to conversations with you as to where he can be the most useful in whatever you have in mind.

Incidentally, I may say that I had a letter from Mrs. Carlson a day or two ago in which she quoted from a letter from John Hamilton requesting any information she might have as to your intentions. I think this is a contact which it might be well to continue cultivating.

We are all looking forward to having you back and to again having the benefit of your wise leadership.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "J. J. Daniel", with a large, sweeping flourish underneath.

SA ZM

MINNEAPOLIS
STAR JOURNAL AND TRIBUNE

JOHN COWLES
PRESIDENT

September 25
1945

Commander Harold E. Stassen
USNR
Staff Commander, 3rd Fleet
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

Dear Harold:

A number of times over the last few years I have talked with T. W. Lamont about you in relationship to 1948. Today he phoned me and said that he had talked with Lew Douglas about your being the principal speaker at a meeting of the Academy of Political Science dinner in New York on November 8th. He said that there was a possibility that Eisenhower might be the other guest of honor. He asked whether I would transmit the invitation to you if Lew Douglas should phone and ask me to do that, but I said I thought it was preferable for Lew to communicate with you direct, and that I was sure that Forrestal would have the message transmitted if there was need for a prompt decision. Probably you will have heard from Lew before receiving this.

The Academy of Political Science in New York is a fine organization, and I believe about as influential a group as one would find anywhere. I spoke at one of their dinners after getting back from the trip I took to England with Wendell in 1941. If you are planning to make a number of speeches around the country later this fall, I would think that the Academy of Political Science is certainly one of the top audiences that you could have.

I have heard that you expect to be back in Washington in a couple of weeks and out of the navy by the end of October. I am looking forward to an opportunity of seeing you, as I have a lot of different things that I would like to talk with you about.

With warm regards, I am

Sincerely yours,


John Cowles

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION

P. O. BOX 2450
FILE NUMBER

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY-TREASURER

HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.

LETTER NO. _____
Cable and Wireless Address
"HASP"

September 28, 1945

Commander Harold Stassen, USNR
Pearl Harbor,
Oahu.

Dear Harold:

To follow up our tour of the Oahu Sugar Company the other day, we have prepared the attached table showing earnings per 8-hour day in various sugar plantation operations. These operations are divided into two groups - Nos. 1 to 12 are called Harvesting Operations and Nos. 13 to 19 Non-Harvesting Operations. The bonus at the present time consists of 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ %.

Mr. Faye and I enjoyed very much having had this opportunity to show you around, and we wish you good luck and success upon your return to civilian life.

Sincerely,

Wayne
W. Pflueger

WP:EP

Encl.

P.S. If you should have the time and care to meet a friend of ours in Washington, please call on Mr. Ernest W. Greene, 731 Investment Bldg., residence: 1917-23rd Street. You will find him an interesting man and well conversant with Hawaii's problems. Used to be manager for many years of Oahu Sugar Co. and is now Vice President of this Association, Washington representative. His wife, Ethel, and Ernest are very dear friends of ours, and very charming hosts.

Wayne

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION
Honolulu, T. H.

		AVERAGE FOR ALL ISLANDS FOR JULY 1945		:	ISLAND OF OAHU	
		Excluding Bonus	Including Bonus	:	Excluding Bonus	Including Bonus
1.	Cutting	3.81	4.97		4.34	5.66
2.	Cutting & Packing	4.11	5.36			
3.	Packing	3.78	4.93			
4.	Packing & Fluming	4.24	5.53			
5.	Fluming	3.55	4.63			
6.	Piling	4.78	6.24			
7.	Loading	3.34	4.36		3.20	4.18
8.	Hauling Cane	3.44	4.49		3.93	5.13
9.	Laying Portable Track	5.04	6.58		5.37	7.01
10.	Laying Portable Flume	4.08	5.32			
11.	Other Operations	3.14	4.10		3.47	4.53
12.	Totals & Avgs. 1-11	<u>3.90</u>	<u>5.09</u>		<u>4.37</u>	<u>5.70</u>
13.	Planting	3.45	4.50		3.61	4.71
14.	Cultivating	3.31	4.32		3.45	4.50
15.	Fertilizing	3.61	4.71		3.28	4.28
16.	Irrigating	2.98	3.89		2.86	3.73
17.	Brooming	3.26	4.25		3.53	4.61
18.	Other Sugar Act	2.94	3.84		3.39	4.42
19.	Totals & Avgs. 13-18	<u>3.25</u>	<u>4.24</u>		<u>3.39</u>	<u>4.42</u>
19.(a)	Totals & Avgs. 12&19	<u>3.54</u>	<u>4.62</u>		<u>3.67</u>	<u>4.79</u>
20.	Machine Operators	<u>3.61</u>	<u>4.71</u>		<u>4.25</u>	<u>5.55</u>
21.	Advances	<u>2.42</u>	<u>3.16</u>		<u>2.62</u>	<u>3.42</u>
	Long Term					
22.	Totals & Averages Farm Sugar Act	3.79	4.95		4.34	5.66

Note: In Addition to these cash wages, the laborers receive the following perquisites:

Free Housing

Water

Fuel

Medical attention and
Hospitalization for
himself and his family.

BARTLEY C. CRUM

ATTORNEY AT LAW
RUSS BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO, 4

October 16, 1945

Airmail

Capt. Harold E. Stassen
744 Stewart Lane
South St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Harold:

First, my congratulations on your elevation to a captaincy. I have always understood from my Navy friends that a Captain in the Navy is almost equivalent to "God."

Freda Kirchwey of The Nation, has written me that she is eager to have you participate in the forum of The Nation Associates, particularly in the dinner meeting which will take place on Monday, December 3.

I should like to add my hope that you can find time to attend the dinner meeting at least. The Nation Associates is doing, in my opinion, a valiant job for the cause of progress and your presence at the dinner would serve, I think, to emphasis and to underline the forthright and progressive role not only which you have played in the past, but which we all know and believe you will play in the rough days ahead. If you can do it, I believe that you should.

I was sorry that I did not see you when you passed through San Francisco. There have been some developments within the party of the liberal end, which are modestly heartening. The general impression though of the Republican Party is that leaders such as yourself and Wendell are really mavericks and not representative of the party's attitude. This, of course, is an understatement because the record in the Congress of our party has been ~~bad~~, as it has been in the past twelve or more years.

It is still pitting itself - I think, stupidly against the entire trade union movement. It has not fulfilled its one specific pledge in Chicago on a permanent fair employment practice committee. Its hierarchy from Brownell on seems completely blind to the facts as they exist in the world today.

Incidentally, Spivak of the "American Mercury", has asked me to do a job on a "Proposal for a Progressive Republican Party."

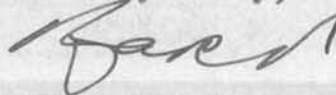
BARTLEY C. CRUM

-2-

I may do it, although I am not at all sure that it should not come from you.

Warmest personal regards.

Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Bartley C. Crum', written in dark ink.

Bartley C. Crum

bcc:hu



"This Concerns You" - WXLI - Pacific Ocean Network.
2000 - 2015 - Mon. Thurs.



"This Concerns You" - WXLI - Pacific Ocean network.
2000-2015 Mon Thurs.



ARMED FORCES RADIO STATION

WXLII - - NAVY 926

9 January 1946

Dear Mr. Stassen:

Greetings of the 1946 season from Guam in the Marianas. I know the waters in this vicinity were your stalking grounds for perhaps a longer period of time than you care to remember.

I wish to thank you at this time for autographing and returning to me the copy of your timely and thought provoking article, "The Cost of Lasting Peace". I prize it most highly.

Because you must be wondering about the reason for the gift package accompanying this letter, I will explain same immediately. As the war neared an end, I was transferred by ComServPac from Commander Air Support Control Units for whom I was working on Guam to Radio Station WXLII. As part of my work as continuity director here I have been writing and assembling a quarter hour round-table type discussion program called, "This Concerns you". The program, which is broadcast from 2000 to 2015, runs twice weekly. To date, we have discussed several score subjects of varied fare which the Information and Education Section of the Army Garrison Force has suggested. Only the most topical and informative subjects are submitted by this unit, which provides the broadcast talent. I was very pleased to find your Collier's article offered, and jumped at the opportunity to present it to our listeners.

In drawing up the script, of course, I tried to remain as close to your actual text as I could and still maintain our established radio type format for this program. I have enclosed a print or two of some pictures taken during one of our September programs by a Stars and Stripes photographer. The boys are all admirers of yours and were happy to be able to do the script.

I, in fact, am now (and have long been) such an enthusiastic supporter of yours that I am going to be bold enough to ask whether you might find a place for me somewhere in your campaign line-up. During the four years I was on the advertising and radio staff of the Milwaukee Journal (1937-1941) I followed your Minnesota reform campaigns with great interest. In the one year period following the time I left The Journal to open a television department with Douglas Leigh in New York City and before my enlistment in the Navy in 1942, I must confess I was pretty busy getting away with the green light. But, when you moved in to the office at Great Lakes for those five weeks in early 1942, my interest (and that of my brother's) in a certain H.E.S., and what he stands for, broke all bounds and has continued growing ever since. Life can mean so much more with first class government. I watch all our teletype news out here for possible campaign material and read everything else I can get to round out the picture.

At present, I am ready to start my trip home for a discharge. I have completed four years of service as a reserve.(reservist) in the enlisted ranks.

My brother bested me by one month. His sea duty was in the Atlantic. After leaving Great Lakes, I was assigned duty at several other stops across the U.S. I was thereby in position to study a country at war. At the present time, I have spent fifteen months at sea or overseas. At all times I have tried to make accurate and thorough observations of my environment.

After a short rest at the home of my parents (Richmond, Indiana), and a visit with my brother John at his home in Milwaukee, I plan on heading back to New York City and having another look at the magic of television. The firm I was with when I enlisted in the Navy (Douglas Leigh, Inc.) produced and filmed the National Broadcasting Company's first animated film commercial especially made for television (1941). I wonder whether you might share my belief that television could make a creditable showing in the field of public service in the metropolitan areas in the 1948 presidential campaign.

For the past few months, I have been attempting to visualize various procedures as they might be used to further your campaign. I know that my brother, too, has many ideas on the subject. Especially, as regards the veteran's vote.

Well, I guess I must out with it --

Would it be possible to arrange a meeting some where--some place where the Kamp brothers could once again have the pleasure of the inspiring Stassen presence? Should you grant us an interview, I can assure you we will set out post haste for St. Paul (our mother's home town). But, no matter what your decision in this matter, Mr. Stassen, we ask that you consider us among your most staunch and ardent boosters.

Sincerely yours,

Douglas and John Kamp
Douglas and John Kamp

Douglas Kamp, enroute to:
227 North 16th Street,
Richmond, Indiana
c/o Mr. and Mrs. Earl J. Kamp.

May 11, 1946

916 STUART ROAD
WILMINGTON 67, DELAWARE

Dear Harold -

And greetings to you!

Forgive this late refund to you
for your share of January Can 2nd
Feed Wine Mues. Most other mem-
bers took their shares in stock
which was heavy on arrival at
West Coast last November - My
books are just settled and this
amount is your due -

I ran across your
trail - not that it is hard to
find these days - in Dallas.
Had been at the ranch and
mustering and I stopped over
with Sam who gave me exclus-

last reports of your recent visit
and also word of your happy re-
ception -

Incidentally, I was just approached
this morning in respect of firming
up a local group to meet W. H.
V. (Rhode Island) who will shortly
be here on your behalf - I hope
this meeting will move in the
go. ahead sign so far as this
local situation is concerned -

Meanwhile, you know you
have our best wishes and sup-
port -

My best to Esther -

Sincerely,

Brie Kitchell



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