



## Hanford MacNider

Major General of the Line  
United States Army Reserve

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By DOROTHY H. RANKIN

Hanford MacNider grew up with the firm conviction that his father was the greatest man in the world, but he found, before he was very old, that there were numerous penalties that went with being the village banker's son. Hardly a day went by when he was not in some sort of difficulty over that fact at school or with the neighborhood youngsters, particularly those from the south side of town where the big railroad shops were located. He was only too apt to be one of the first targets of their gangs whenever they crossed the midtown creek looking for trouble. His life in general, however, was a happy one and his parents were generous and indulgent. His father wasn't at all disturbed, even if his mother was, by the frequent black eyes that came from defending the family honor in the small town gang warfare. His early summers nearby at Clear Lake, in contrast, were comparatively peaceful and he sailed and fished for three or four months of every year of his boyhood.

While he was still in short pants, at least a relief after the Little Lord Fauntleroy get-ups which his

mother preferred, one Lynn Lafferty, a "lick and lar-rup" kind of livery barn roustabout, but a first-class man with the family horses, suddenly blossomed out as a great idol. Company "A" of the 52nd Iowa Infantry was called out for service in the Spanish-American war and Lynn appeared in his blue regimentals to turn over the horse gear to a hastily chosen substitute. Together with most of the kids in town, young MacNider followed the outfit down the main street to the old Milwaukee depot, with the village band blaring and the colors flying, which brought the same kind of a lump to his throat that was to stay with him all the rest of his life on such occasions and was to be duplicated almost exactly at Camp McCoy in 1953 when, as a retiring major general of the line, he took the last review of his reserve division, the 103rd.

Lafferty, who suddenly became such an important figure in the boy's life, had no particular characteristics to build himself up to heroic stature, but he always remained as a dazzling figure in the boy's memories, even after his return, sick with fever, from Chickamauga. The soldier business had taken a terrific hold on young MacNider and he tried his best to build up for himself some kind of a military background, which was considerably dampened when, after his father had obtained a captain's commission, his marital status prevented any active service in that same brief war. He discovered that his paternal grandfather, a Canadian citizen, had served as a sutler with the Union army during the Civil war, and his mother's father had weighed too close to three hundred pounds to be of much value during that conflict. Actually, the Spanish-American war lasted only a matter of months, but the damage had been done—some day, some way, he was going to be a soldier!

There was only one real rival to Lafferty and that was one George Grant Mason, of a family of railroad promoters and financiers back East, who had been sent to Mason City as roadmaster of the Milwaukee road

soon after his graduation from Yale. The Masons lived next door and George Mason, who had been a famous college athlete, went out of his way to be nice to the boy and dazzled him with an assortment of turtle-necked "Y" sweaters whenever he worked around the yard. Strangely enough, it was his insistence that the boy must go to Yale which finally made him decide that he had better try for Harvard. After all, one couldn't expect to compete with such a record at New Haven.

When Charles W. Eliot, then Harvard's president, suggested to the boy's mother that he would do well to go East to prepare for college, he promptly started making life miserable for both his parents until he had extracted a fair promise that when he was old enough that was what he could do if he was smart enough to be accepted.

In 1903, just previous to his fourteenth birthday, he left the hometown high school and enrolled at Milton Academy in Massachusetts with the prospect of four more years to prepare himself for college. Once there, the conditions which had built up difficulties for him at home were completely reversed. He was not only an unimportant new boy, but he was a strange and funny one as far as his classmates were concerned and the contrasts of his Iowa language, customs and background with his fellows were forcibly made clear to him on all possible occasions. The school was made up of a tight little body of Easterners, many of whose fathers and grandfathers had attended the same place. They not only spoke and thought quite differently than a Middle-Western boy but, in the usual manner of youngsters, made his life miserable, which he met as best he could by counter-attacking New England as the mustiest place in the world and building up Iowa as the Promised Land. Although Milton Academy was a boarding school, most of the youngsters went home on week-ends, but no such privileges were allowed anyone so far from home and usually he rattled

around an empty dormitory on Saturdays and Sundays, feeling sorry for himself, but doing his best not to show it. He vowed that he would never send any son of his to such a place, but when the time came, all three of his sons were promptly entered for Milton. Founded in 1798, it still pounded in the fundamentals and you either learned your daily lessons or stayed in until you did.

Athletics were compulsory, but he was not particularly good at any of them, although he made the school football team and worked so hard at it that the Boston press chose him as the Greater Boston scholastic center during his last year. That was about all that he could build up in athletic prowess except cross country running, which proved itself later as good training for a future infantryman.

All the world was at peace during those years and his military ambitions had practically left him when his home congressman upset the boy's whole applecart by offering him a non-competitive appointment to West Point about the time that he had passed his college entrance examinations. His family, however, would have nothing to do with such ideas and once Congressman Haugen discovered that he could take no appointments, he offered him a new one every few months, either to the Point or Annapolis, which only added to the unhappy situation. According to the accepted family schedule, he was to attend Harvard, which he had picked out for himself, and after graduation, he was to go into the family bank where he had already spent most of his vacations as a messenger boy and mail clerk. He was a very surprised youngster when, at an interview with the head of America's largest bank in New York, his father calmly refused an opportunity to take over as second in command. The prospects of life in New York intrigued him but it had no attraction for C. H. MacNider who wanted no place, no matter how important, where he felt he would be only a cog in the machinery of high finance.

He finished college in three years. He had played freshman football, made the *Harvard Crimson*, the undergraduate daily; managed a major team and worked his way to Europe for one summer vacation of motor cycling in Germany, France and the British Isles. Rewarded for his early degree with a trip around the world with some of his classmates, upon his return home he was promptly dropped into the bank as an apprentice bookkeeper. As a matter of family tradition, he became a member of both the York and Scottish Rites of the Masonic Order and served as commander of the local body of Knight Templars in which, in like capacity, his father had in previous years knighted more Templars than any other commander in Masonic history.

He had been hoping all the time that some great event would change the course of things and that he at least could earn his own living far from Mason City where he wouldn't be the boss's son. For the next five years, however, he was clamped firmly in place despite his best endeavors to make the family agree to let him find a job away from the home town. The fact is that his attitude was far from a grateful one as it should have been and was a disturbing one to his parents. He was consumed by a constant ambition to make his own way as his father had after having taken his first job at twelve to help his family's meager circumstances, and by hard work made such an outstanding success in the banking world. Incidentally, he wanted some way to get himself into uniform and do great deeds in strange parts of the world.

In 1916, when World War I was already well under way in Europe, he signed up as an ambulance driver with the French Army without notifying his parents. He had managed to purchase his ticket for overseas on his own, but his father suffered a stroke on the very day he had expected to announce his intentions to his family. The old family doctor, after getting some intimation of what young MacNider expected to tell

his father at the first moment he was allowed in the sick room, stood him up against the wall and told him if he wanted to kill his father the thing to do was to carry out those plans. Having confided to most of his friends that he was about to start off on an heroic expedition, he was in a bad fix because there was nothing to do but call it all off. Family illnesses are rarely taken too seriously among unaffected youngsters and his confidants all thought, with some right, that he had done an awful lot of talking but that when he had reached the barrier that he was afraid to take off.

A year or so before that fatal day, he had been made, for lack of anyone else who was willing, the chairman of a committee to solicit funds for a new armory in order that Mason City would not lose its one infantry company and a regimental band of the National Guard. This was something into which he could put his full heart and when the money was raised to start the armory construction, old Company "A", Lafferty's former outfit, elected him a second lieutenant, a custom in the militia of those days. This was no reward for military virtue, but rather a guarantee that the activities of the armory and the local Guard would still have someone willing to paddle up and down the main street soliciting the necessary funds to keep them going. This new appointment presented an even more drastic problem to young MacNider inasmuch as he was supposed to promptly act like an "officer and a gentleman." That summer, he spent his whole vacation at one of the first of the civilian military training camps at Fort Sheridan and came back at least sketchily versed in the essentials of military behavior and command. He stayed, by choice, with his old Guard company, although Mason City had formed another by that time which was presumed to be made up of the elite of the younger generation in contrast to the pretty rough and ready group which made up old "A" Company. In fact, in those early days it was regular procedure for Mason City mothers to threaten

their disobedient children by telling them that Company "A" would get them if they didn't behave.

Then came the big break! World War I, although it had started in 1914, began closing in on the American people when the Lusitania went down. In 1916, President Wilson called out the National Guard, presumably to save the State of Texas from Villa and the Mexicans, but actually to give the National Guard training for America's entry into the international conflict. In June, 1916, Company "A" was called into Federal service and young MacNider shook off his duties as assistant cashier, never to return to the employ of the bank again until after his father's death in 1928. The old 56th, newly designated the Second Iowa Infantry, together with the First and Third Iowa Regiments, a regiment of artillery and other auxiliary troops, went directly from their home stations to Camp Dodge and from there to Brownsville, Texas.

For the Iowa troops, the border assignment was a military holiday of the first order. Brownsville was then a more than half Mexican town on the Rio Grande, just inland from the gulf. It slept in the sun during the day time, but when dusk settled down over the mesquite covered countryside, it transformed itself into a roaring frontier town with all the appropriate appurtenances. At old Fort Brown, in the center of Brownsville, there were regular infantry, cavalry and artillery units and, in the immediate environs there were an additional 200,000 guardsmen. On the edge of Brownsville, camps of the Iowa Brigade, the First Cavalry from Illinois, and the troops from Virginia held the honored close-in positions. The border service, despite the heavy conditioning schedules, clearing of camp sites, long marches to the sea, and some full scale maneuvers around the Resaca de La Palma, the nearby old Mexican War battlefield, was not too onerous for the young troops and every night after retreat, there was a wholesale descent upon the frontier-like institutions of the wide-open town. Before the

Second Iowa's nine months of border service was over, they were ready for their return to Iowa, but they hadn't been home long before most of them wished that they were still playing soldier along the Rio Grande. The Second Iowa was mustered out of the Federal service at Fort Des Moines in March, 1917.

MacNider, now a first lieutenant, had had command of his company for the greater part of its Texas stay and it had taken top honors in the Brownsville military district for field service training and performance. The border experience had turned the young citizen militiamen into pretty well-seasoned soldiers. For MacNider, himself, it was all a glorious adventure and he had made friendships which were to last him all his life. Three Iowans, in particular, became his fast friends and all of them later were to hold high office in the American Legion; Jim Barton of Fort Dodge as National Adjutant and Publications Director; "Skin" Laird of Algona as the Department Adjutant for Iowa, and Ray Murphy of Ida Grove as a National Commander.

No sooner had the Second Iowa been mustered out than America entered World War I. Anxious for overseas service, MacNider enlisted at once in the regular establishment, which automatically cancelled his National Guard commission. He reported for duty as an enlisted man in the 36th U. S. Infantry at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. Upon arrival, he found that he had been designated to attend the first officers' training camp at the same post and late in August that year he was graduated as a provisional second lieutenant of the regular establishment, number one in his class. Promptly transferred to the Ninth U. S. Infantry, then stationed in Syracuse, New York, he was on a transport a week later, all battened down for the trip to France.

It was a long crossing, full of submarine scares and other unexplained delays always common in the services but eventually, although it lost the rest of the convoy, his transport, the former German liner Prin-

zessin Irene now the U. S. S. Pocahontas, moved into the docks of old St. Nazaire. Before embarkation, the Ninth Infantry had been decimated by cadre after cadre to form other regiments and its ranks had been filled up again with volunteers from the lower East Side of New York, most of whom were of foreign birth and few of whom spoke English. On the trip across the Atlantic, they had been packed like sardines into the hold of the ship, been appropriately sick during the rough weather and on arrival were in a pretty disreputable condition. The men assigned to MacNider's particular platoon were mostly of half-pint stature and as they marched off the docks onto French soil in their over-sized and badly soiled uniforms with their long packs, designed for normal sized Americans, dragging on the ground and their rifles looming up above them like steeples, the generous French cheered them as "nos saveurs." MacNider, who had left a fine looking bunch of Iowa boys in his guard outfit, kept his eyes on the ground, not quite sure that he hadn't made a terrible mistake and acutely ashamed of the appearance of his new command. Two years later when the Second Division marched up Fifth Avenue in New York, he was only too proud to be allowed to march with the platoon's few survivors.

The regimental commander, who had been peaceful enough on the voyage, suddenly developed into a disciplinarian of the first order once ashore and on the first night had caught an enlisted man in some minor infraction. MacNider, as officer of the guard and responsible in the premises, was promptly placed under garrison arrest from which, incidentally, he never was relieved during his service overseas, although the colonel's early removal from command prevented any unhappy aftermath.

After the troops had scrubbed themselves into some semblance of human beings again, the outfit was shipped like so many cattle in the little "40 Hommes & 8 Chevaux" box cars up into the Vosges mountains where the damp

and cold French winter closed down on them the very day of their arrival. Their new station was not far south of Verdun where shortly thereafter the Ninth, together with the Twenty-Third Infantry, was incorporated with a brigade of Marines into the Second Division and went into the line. Meantime, there had been some drastic training up and down the rough mountain sides and through the tiny hamlets of the region. All the likely young commissioned personnel were sent off to hastily improvised army schools to learn the French methods of warfare. Those who worked the hardest in the new program, in the hope of some possible preferment or promotion, were rewarded with the doubtful honor of being sent off as instructors to other schools, and MacNider soon found himself in the old walled city of Langres, assigned to the first Army Candidates School. There was assembled the flower of the enlisted personnel of the first four American divisions to reach France whom the instructors were presumed to turn out, a few short weeks later, as officers and platoon leaders in their own right. The weeks and months went by and the Ninth Infantry marched up into the trenches while its over-anxious members who had done too well at school were shamefacedly still teaching in the Services of the Rear. One class of big sergeants had already been turned into little lieutenants with MacNider's first school platoon having, because of its desperate handling, qualified for top honors and been designated as the demonstration platoon for the whole American Expeditionary Forces. It performed for all the VIPs from GHQ, the Staff College, and other army schools scattered through the American sector; proud of itself, of course, but mad and upset that their special efforts had turned them into an official puppet show which called for twice the arduous duty which came to any of the rest of the school units.

The second class was half way through its training when MacNider, unable to bear the thought of having

to listen to everyone in the old outfit tell him about the war, went "over the hill" to join his old command. He had the feeble excuse that his War Department orders had read that he was assigned to the Ninth Infantry and that no one had the right to separate him from it for any other duty. When, after several days of wandering back of the French front he finally found his old regimental headquarters, he reported without orders, pretty well scared by this time over his infraction of all army rules and regulations. The regiment, however, was sorely short of officers and even a stray second lieutenant was welcome, especially one who looked as if he could read and write, which got him what was presumed to be a temporary assignment as Regimental Adjutant. He protested in vain that he had a perfectly good platoon nearby which needed his guidance, that he knew nothing about army paper work, but the Marine colonel who was presiding over the regiment's fortunes at that moment, explained to him that he had already given an order and that he wasn't used to being argued with by anyone of subaltern size. So, MacNider eventually became the adjutant of a proud old regular regiment and was never able, until he received the necessary promotions to make him a field officer, to separate himself from the adjutant's duties which, in that day and age, also included those of regimental operations officer. The day after he joined the regiment, it marched down the road to Chateau Thierry to help stop the last desperate drive of the Germans toward Paris. There the Marine brigade made itself famous at Belleau Woods and the Third Brigade of the Ninth and the Twenty-Third Infantry straddled the Chateau-Thierry-Paris road under German fire to share the eventual credit for having saved Paris from invasion.

For some strange reason which no one can explain, there are always happy outfits in any army and the Ninth, despite its polyglot makeup, promptly began to earn that designation. They seemed born for conflict

and the division, of more or less similar character, went rollicking through the rest of the war and ended up proud as punch of itself and with a grin on its collective face, despite the heaviest casualties in the whole AEF. Perhaps it was the good luck of having such outstanding division commanders as the Army's Harbord and "Johnny" LeJuene of the Marines, but whatever the reason, it became, at least in its own mind, the finest outfit that ever marched out under any colors. After the Armistice it trudged up into Germany feeling thoroughly competent to handle whatever situation it might find along the Rhine.

During the busy months of combat, MacNider had had to take a continuous razzing from most of his fellow junior officers over deserting a line command to "goldbrick" on a soft job in regimental headquarters. The truth was that life there was not so much different, but it usually meant that one had a roof to sleep under and presumably better living—at least you weren't being shot at so directly. During all this period, he was apprehensive over the charges of desertion from school detail which the Army Candidate School must have filed and which he knew would eventually reach the division. As it happened, when the formidable document arrived complete with a multitude of endorsements and as thick as a family Bible, MacNider was temporarily acting as regimental commander and the whole file was promptly destroyed, its remnants buried somewhere in a German dugout near the redoubtable bastion of Blanc Mont. This required no particular amount of courage because by that time everyone was aware that it took at least six months for the ponderous machinery of GHQ to follow through and get anything of a personnel nature down to any line command.

Long after the armistice, when the regimental headquarters were billeted in a schoolhouse at Heddesdorf, the former stronghold of the Princes of Weid, an amended and much more ponderous dossier arrived,

with instruction to the division commander to return Second Lieutenant MacNider to the headquarters of the SOS for trial as a deserter. MacNider, now a lieutenant colonel, had, after the hostilities were over, been made division adjutant and, of course, the bulky documents upon arrival were delivered directly into his hands. A fine old pot-bellied stove in his German school house billet sent this second bundle of official papers to a fiery grave.

Six years later, as the Acting Secretary of War, MacNider asked to see his personal and confidential 201 file which the Chief of Staff of the Army promptly told him no affected individual could be allowed to see. It was eventually, however, despite a lot of general staff muttering, delivered into MacNider's hands. All copies of the charges were carefully removed, reducing the file from one of six-inch thickness to one of fractional quantity. They were ceremoniously burned in a fireplace in the venerable old State, War and Navy building, much to the distress of the then Adjutant General, who was alarmed at being an unwilling witness to the destruction of official records. MacNider, however, felt he could not leave any such record to be misunderstood by future generations of his family and, after all, as Acting Secretary of War, he either made or approved the regulations.

The nine months along the occupation perimeter after the armistice gave a pleasant and well deserved respite to the American combat divisions. Duties were light and with every division, regimental and even battalion posts of command in their own castles on the Rhine, life was gay and festive. There were leaves to spend on the French Riviera and in nearby German resorts. While his son was overseas, the senior MacNider then a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, had rendered conspicuous service as head of the Liberty and Victory loan campaigns in Iowa, which had led the nation both in speedy organization and in meeting its quotas. In September, just two

years after its arrival in Europe, the now famous Second Division embarked for New York and its newly designated station at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

On a short leave at home before rejoining his outfit to wait out the acceptance of his resignation as a regular first lieutenant and a temporary lieutenant colonel of infantry, after over three years of active service, the newly organized post of the American Legion at Mason City had, despite his objections, elected him its first commander. Stopping at Des Moines on his trip south to attend a state organization meeting, he found himself picked as vice commander to serve under Colonel Matt Tinley whom he, himself, nominated from the floor to be Iowa's first Legion head. His resignation from the regular establishment was accepted a few days after his arrival at Fort Sam Houston. On his return to Iowa, he found that the big job of putting the American Legion of his state together had fallen to him as Colonel Tinley, anxious to resume his old medical practice, was unable to give it much attention. MacNider was by this time thoroughly convinced that the organization of the Legion was too worthwhile a project to neglect and he devoted practically all the next year to it, traveling from one end of the state to the other to help solidify the activities of the six hundred odd posts which had sprung up simultaneously in every Iowa community. That fall he was elected state or department commander and the same work went on under increasing pressure. A year later the Iowa delegation to the national convention, who had previously put forward his name for national commander, saw him chosen for that post at Kansas City.

The American public, not without some misgivings, was watching the mushrooming of this largest of veteran movements and its every move was front page news all over the nation. Marechal Ferdinand Foch, the wartime commander of the Allies; Admiral Beatty of Great Britain; Marshal Diaz of Italy, General Baron Jacques of Belgium, as well as General of the Armies

Pershing, had all been guests of the Legion convention at Kansas City. At its conclusion, a special Legion train carried Foch on a triumphal tour of the nation and the new Legion commander, as his official host, accompanied the Marechal through the West to the Pacific Coast, then across the South and up through the whole Eastern Seaboard and finally to New York where, after a last blaze of official and public entertainment, the Foch party embarked for France, after three months as the Legion's guest.

There had been a multitude of stops all over the United States as governors, mayors and the whole populations of cities and towns turned out to do honor to the "First Soldier of France" and, at that time, of the world. There had been hundreds of receptions, hundreds of banquets, speeches and presentations in all of which the men and women of the Legion had participated by the hundreds of thousands. It was the greatest triumphal tour America had ever witnessed and it brought the Legion to a new and high place in public opinion.

The momentum of the Foch trip carried on through this critical year of Legion consolidation and for the National Commander it was one of unceasing activity all over the nation. In fact, he spent only five days in his home town during that twelve months and one of those was when the great French generalissimo visited Mason City to honor the Commander's hometown post.

The Kansas City convention of what was already the largest veterans' organization in history had laid down two principal mandates: First, that the men and women who had suffered service disabilities receive better treatment than the hastily thrown together Veterans Bureau could provide; second, that there should be adjusted compensation in the form of paid-up insurance to cover the young veterans' families while they sought, often fruitlessly, for employment in the depression and industrial reorganization which followed the war years.

Congressmen were falling all over themselves in at-

tempts to provide enabling legislation and appropriations to carry out those objectives. There were constant congressional committee hearings and White House consultations to attend where the Legion had to be represented by its commander. The Legion's rehabilitation program for the disabled was taking form in the shape of law, with almost universal approval, but the modest adjusted compensation bill promptly ran into difficulties with the Eastern press and the vested interests of that part of the United States. Because veterans with short service, not entitling them to over fifty dollars' worth of insurance, were to be paid off in cash in order to save millions in administrative expense, the whole program was labeled by all the opposition elements, a "cash bonus," and a raid upon the treasury, and the returned veterans themselves were being called bad names by many of the more powerful members of the national press. The National Association of Manufacturers, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and many other organizations, plus some organized for no other purpose, proceeded to misrepresent and fight the Legion and the proposed legislation tooth and nail.

Nevertheless, the Adjusted Compensation bill passed both the house and senate only to run into an unexpected presidential veto from President Warren Harding. During his campaign for election, he had declared himself in favor of the exact bill which had been passed and had personally promised the Legion that he was looking forward to placing his signature upon the completed act. When confronted with the statement that he was breaking his word, his only explanation was that the people who had financed his election had given him his orders in the premises and that the party would suffer if he went against their wishes. When the Legion commander told him that he regretted that he, or anyone else, should have to listen to such a confession by the President of the United States, Warren Harding first raged at MacNider and then ended the interview by begging that he not

be quoted in public. It was a sad and unhappy occasion and in the last result, an unfortunate one for the nation because the so-called "bonus" then became a political football to be used and misused by too many political aspirants through a dozen following years.

Just following this incident, Governor Kendall of Iowa tendered MacNider an appointment to the United States senate to fill the vacancy caused by William S. Kenyon's resignation to accept a Federal judgeship. The thirty-two year old commander felt, however, that acceptance would not only be letting the Legion down, but would give its critics the very opportunity they sought to brand it as simply a vehicle, for those elected to its leadership, for personal political preferment. To make the decision more difficult, many of his best friends, including his good father, felt that he should accept and fight the Legion's battle on the senate floor. He declined, however, and most of the nation's press, surprised and almost unbelieving, applauded his action.

It was a hectic and arduous year and when it was ended, he handed over the job to his successor, Alvin Owsley of Texas, at the 1922 convention in New Orleans. He had averaged better than three appearances on public platforms a day throughout the twelve months, carrying the Legion's program to the nation, usually all in different towns and cities and in every state in the union. Retirement from the Legion's commandership did not, however, in those days end activities concerning the organization's further development and time and continued effort were expected from all its leaders, past and present, almost up to the outbreak of World War II. It was at his continued insistence that the national organization adopted the "Iowa idea" of community service which made it mandatory that every post of the Legion make some unselfish contribution to its community's welfare each year or lose its charter, a program which had made the Legion in Iowa such an integral and worthwhile part of Iowa life.

During two short vacations in Europe, he represented the American Legion at the British Legion's Empire conference and, together with members of the Royal Family, laid a wreath on the London Cenotaph at its dedication and on another occasion spoke and read the lesson at the American Memorial Day services in St. Margaret's Chapel of Westminster Abbey.

Home again in late 1922, after half a dozen years out of civilian pursuits, MacNider realized that it was about time he settled down and started to earn a living. An investment affiliate to the family bank was organized and he became its executive officer, although during the next two years, at the request of President Coolidge, he also took an active part in the organization work of his party, especially during the successful Republican national campaign of 1924.

On February 20, 1925, he was married to Margaret Elizabeth McAuley, also a native of Mason City. That fall, the President asked him to come to Washington as The Assistant Secretary of War to help organize the industrial mobilization plans which the Legion backed so strongly during his term as commander. While his family, and particularly his father, felt that he should refuse the appointment, the old urge for service with the military made too strong an appeal and the newly married couple moved to Washington in October, where MacNider assumed his duties as the business head of the War Department in the old State, War and Navy building just across from the White House.

His agreement was to serve one year, but the President persuaded him to stay on until early in 1928, when he was succeeded by Colonel Burton Robbins of Cedar Rapids, whose appointment he had suggested. During those Washington years he had served as Acting Secretary of War during a great part of the time, attended cabinet meetings as such, inspected all the larger Army installations, made hundreds of talks all over the country in the interest of the national defense and had helped put the industrial mobilization structure on

what seemed at the time at least a permanent and fairly efficient basis. Dwight D. Eisenhower, then a major, served as an assistant executive officer in his office, as did Leonard T. Gerow and Mark Clark, who were to become army commanders under Eisenhower in World War II.

Among other extra-curricular activities, he made the graduation addresses and awarded diplomas at West Point, Virginia Military Institute and at Norwich University, where he was given an honorary degree of Master of Military Science. As a presidential appointee, he served on the commission to plan and erect the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery, the administration of which was one of the varied responsibilities of his office. Later he was made a member of the Washington Bicentennial Commission to make arrangements for the nation-wide celebration in 1932.

Home in Iowa again in the summer of 1928, after a short European vacation with his wife and the two older sons, Tom and Jack, who were born in 1926 and 1927, respectively, he took up his investment banking interests again. A third son, Angus, had arrived shortly after the return from overseas and a larger home to accommodate the family was under construction on a farm east of Mason City when his father, Charles H. MacNider, died suddenly on October 30, 1928.

The elder MacNider had acquired, after a half century of banking and industrial activity, a multiplicity of interests both in Iowa and elsewhere and the administration and settling of his estate affairs became a long and complicated task. There were many equity and partnership holdings in land, country banks and local industries. The First National Bank, of which he had owned control, called for special attention and the son, who took over as chairman of its board, welcomed an opportunity to join with the Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis to form the Northwest Bancorporation, a holding company which was soon expanded

to take over a hundred banks in Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, the Dakotas and Montana. As a vice president and director of this new enterprise, MacNider put considerable effort into its organization and management.

The following year, 1929, which called for final settlement of his father's estate, ushered in the depression days which were to upset the whole national economy and called for strenuous efforts not only to help guide the new big banking enterprise, but to hold together at home many local situations caught in the backlash of a sinking market, not only for capital investments, but for land equities which had always been one of the mainstays of Iowa's economy and most of its inhabitants.

On C. H. MacNider's death, the original promoters of the Northwestern States Portland Cement Company, of which he had been president, returned to take over its management with almost immediate unhappy results to both the property and its stockholders. To save the concern as an asset to the community it became necessary for Hanford MacNider to obtain the necessary financial backing to buy them out and assume the presidency himself which he did late in 1929.

In the midst of these busy and trying days, President Herbert Hoover, believing that the development of the St. Lawrence Waterway would open the markets of the Midwest to the world and bring new strength to its agriculture and thus to the national economy, called MacNider to Washington and asked him to negotiate an understanding with Canada for its immediate development. The president felt that if MacNider would undertake the mission, it could be accomplished within a few months. To give official status to the mission, he proposed to name MacNider as Minister to Canada. MacNider, while in entire sympathy with the president's motives felt that his own affairs were in no condition to be left in such difficult times and asked President Hoover to designate someone else for the job. The months went by but the word from Washington was that the search for another appointee was getting

nowhere. Finally MacNider agreed that if not over six months' service was involved and that during that time he could still give necessary attention to his own family interests, that he would attempt the Canadian assignment, which under ordinary conditions he would have welcomed because his father's family had all come from Canada and he himself was only one generation away from Dominion citizenship.

When the President sent the nomination to the senate, Senator Smith Brookhart of Iowa, who had not been consulted, immediately went into action to prevent the senate's necessary approval. An ardent rabble-rousing Socialist, he had vocally disapproved of the MacNider family for years and he was particularly annoyed that MacNider had put forth strenuous efforts to help elect Daniel Steck of Ottumwa, a conservative Democrat, in his place in 1928. The press coverage of Brookhart's campaign to discredit the appointment was voluminous and the Canadian Government which, of course, already had agreed to MacNider's appointment, undoubtedly wondered what sort of an American they were about to have in their midst. The senate, however, in due course approved the appointment and in June, 1930, MacNider and his family journeyed to Ottawa, the Canadian capital, where he presented his credentials to the Governor General, the Earl of Willingdon.

Contrary to President Hoover's understanding with the Canadian Government, headed by the Liberal party's Mackenzie King, the newly elected Conservative, R. B. Bennett and his "Tory" party not only showed no interest in the St. Lawrence Proposal, but no inclination whatsoever to even discuss the matter.

This put an altogether new and unexpected light upon the diplomatic mission and offered a challenge which MacNider felt could not be ignored. It was two years later before the Canadian Government finally agreed that if the United States would approve the necessary treaty, that it would go along. The treaty was

signed in Washington in 1932 and President Hoover immediately submitted it to the senate for its approval. At the conclusion of the waterway negotiations and on their journey back to Canada, the prime minister, the Canadian minister to Washington, and MacNider, were awarded honorary Doctor of Law degrees by Syracuse University. MacNider's job was done and the family left Ottawa for Iowa after two years of pleasant experiences with the Canadians and Canada and a brand new education in its geography and future possibilities.

MacNider, whose resignation had been in the hands of the president from the day Canada had first consented to negotiate, remained at the president's request, on part time duty until the fall of 1932, to observe the British Imperial Economic Conference, to supervise the completion of the present United States embassy, the funds for which he had secured during his term of office, and to arrange the purchase of a residence for the head of the mission, although the MacNiders were never to use either establishment themselves.

In Ottawa, as in Washington, one of the most important tasks of both government jobs, the organization of the households in new and strange cities for the mandatory and heavy official entertainment, fell on Mrs. MacNider, who took all such problems in stride and had the leading role in the continuance of good relations for the United States with the good citizens of the Canadian capital.

Unfortunately, the seaway treaty ran into rough weather in the senate and although a majority of the senators voted for its ratification, the administration was unable to muster the necessary two-thirds vote to make it effective. Through the years considerable opposition to the development of the St. Lawrence project had been building up in the Atlantic Seaboard states, fearful that diversion of ocean going ships to

the Great Lakes would adversely affect their ports and commerce.

The treaty's defeat in the senate was a severe blow to President Hoover, but no better luck attended the efforts of the three succeeding Roosevelt administrations to approve the project. It was not until 1953 when Canada threatened to complete the waterway as an all-Canadian project, that congress finally agreed to go along.

Home again, MacNider resumed his duties as president and general manager of the cement company, chairman of the board of the bank and officer and director of the Bancorporation and other industrial and financial organizations. During his absence in Canada, the displaced and disgruntled original promoters of the cement concern had initiated a complicated series of litigation against both the C. H. MacNider Estate and Hanford MacNider personally, which were to extend over a period of nearly twenty years before final adjudication proved the fallacy of their claims.

MacNider had been a delegate at large to the 1928 Republican National convention and had been active in the campaign leading to the Hoover election. In 1932, the Iowa delegation, through Jay N. "Ding" Darling, placed his name in nomination for the vice presidency although he himself had refused to take part in the effort. He received a large vote though not a majority in the early balloting, but withdrew when it became apparent that President Hoover felt that the renomination of incumbent Vice President Charles Curtis was essential to the party's success at the polls. The Republicans were defeated in the November election and MacNider, although he took an active part in the campaign at Republican national headquarters, was not burdened with the heavier responsibilities which, under other circumstances, might easily have been his.

In June of 1940, the Republican state convention in Des Moines endorsed MacNider for the presidential

nomination and in November at the national convention of the party at Philadelphia, his name was placed in nomination by Verne Marshall of Cedar Rapids. The Iowa delegates together with representatives from several other states voted for him until it was apparent that the New York and Eastern states delegations, favoring the interventionist policies of Franklin Roosevelt in the European war, had gained control of the convention. Approached by the backers of Wendell Wilkie, following the latter's nomination, as to whether he would accept second place on the ticket, MacNider declined to be considered. Senator McNary took the nomination for the vice presidency but the Republican ticket went down to defeat again in November.

In the year that followed, MacNider, alarmed as were most Middle Western Americans, at the openly provocative actions of President Roosevelt which were apparently designed to throw all America's resources into the support of Great Britain and her allies, helped organize and direct the "Defend America First" movement, whose creed was to build up America's defenses, let Europeans fight their own battles, and not involve this nation in a continuance of their age old quarrels which the ancestors of most Americans had left the old countries to avoid.

The debate between the "All Aid to the Allies" interventionists and the "America Firsters," as the noninterventionists were now termed, took on gigantic proportions and was waged in congress, in the press and on platforms all over the nation. Lend Lease, all aid short of war, and other undisguised administration moves to involve the United States were fought out in congressional hearings, on public platforms and forums all over America with MacNider, among many of like belief, taking an active part as an official representative of the "America First" organization.

Step by step, however, the Roosevelt administration was edging the nation toward participation in the great conflict until the attack on Pearl Harbor, which the in-

terventionists, persuaded that America would be the final target of Hitler and the increasingly esuccessful Axis, welcomed as the opportunity to enter hostilities, brought an end to the great debate which had so violently disrupted the nation.

America was at war. MacNider, who had preached the defense of America throughout the long controversy immediately applied for active service as an army reservist. Rebuffed at first, his persistence was finally rewarded in January, 1942, by assignment to Australia where small groups of army and navy personnel, diverted from the Philippines, were struggling to prepare for the defense of the continent "Down Under." MacNider's first task was to direct the reception of shipping, bringing troops and material for the Southwest Pacific operations. Upon General MacArthur's arrival from the Philippines, MacNider was promoted to brigadier general, after some Pentagon resistance, and assigned to command The American Task Force which was being organized to drive the Japanese out of Milne Bay, New Guinea. The Australian Army insisted, however, that it be allowed to undertake this operation, so MacNider was put in charge of the first American infantry contingents which were being flown and shipped up for the future defense of the big island. The Air Corps, with land strips scattered around Port Moresby, was operating in increasing strength against the Japanese forces afloat and ashore on the northern coast but, except for the small Australian garrison, there had been no one between them and the Japs who were struggling to cross the Owen Stanley mountains and descend upon the American installations.

The first American combat land forces to arrive were elements of the 126th Regiment of the 32nd Division and under MacNider's direction, they immediately started to build what was to be the longest road in New Guinea's history along the southern coast from Moresby to Kapa Kapa and thence inland to a rubber plantation at the base of the forbidding mountains,

their proposed jump-off or rather climb-up to the north. The Air Corps protested violently that they were being left unprotected, but shortly a second regiment, the 128th of the same division, was flown up, together with additional Australian units to augment the Moresby defense and to meet the Japs who were now making definite progress over the Kodoka trail from Buna. The 127th American Regiment was on its way by sea for further reinforcement.

With the 126th Infantry now preparing to cross the jungle-clad peaks, the 128th Infantry, in a change of plans, was flown to a Kunai grass landing field at Wanigela mission, the first airborne transportation of combat troops in World War II. MacNider, as Task Force Commander, was instructed to march up the coast and capture Buna, the Japanese base. There were no maps nor reliable charts available and the navy would not agree to supply the column in unknown and dangerous waters. Down at Brisbane, GHQ commandeered, bought and begged small shipping until it had assembled a hundred trawlers and smaller craft, manned them with Australian civilian crews, and sent them up to Moresby and Wanigela, to follow and supply the troops who were struggling through the steaming jungle and fever infested swamps and along the deep sand beaches. A few days' march brought the sweltering troops to a great unmapped and impassable river delta and the little boats, the largest of which could carry a hundred infantrymen standing up, finally managed to pick up the command and transport it to Poinгани where it continued its march north, driving Japanese patrols before it out of the Oro Bay area, later to become one of our principal supply bases. This secured the great flat grass areas around Dobodura for the Air Corps' forward operations. Supply was precarious and rations and ammunition from the accompanying small craft were never over a day ahead of the column's needs and had to be constantly supplemented by air drops of both food and ammunition. The

daily cloudbursts, together with the necessity of fording a dozen torrential streams in each day's march and ever mounting losses from malaria drastically reduced the troops' effectiveness.

Nevertheless, just as the final preparations were being made at Mendaropo for the attack on Buna, orders were radioed up that no further advance was to be made until the Australians, who were fighting their way over the mountains along the Kokoda Trail and being supplied entirely by air lift, made further progress. The 126th U. S. Infantry, in an heroic march over the great mountain ranges just to the east, came up in small decimated groups to parallel the coastal advance.

By the time MacNider's task force was released for the advance the Japs had constructed a series of stout bunker defenses covering every approach to Buna and for two days the fight, through the dense jungle, resembled nothing so much as "a battle in the dark insides of a wet mattress." On the third day of the American advance, some thousand yards from its objective, MacNider, up in the forefront of the attack to encourage and steady the troops, caught some eleven fragments of a Japanese grenade to become the first American general officer to be wounded in combat in World War II. Reluctantly he turned over his command, when the medicos ordered his evacuation and shipped him first by native litter to Dobodura and then by plane to Moresby and later to Brisbane, on the Australian mainland, for operations and hospitalization.

At the end of three months, he could walk again and was released to await further treatment on his left eye which had been penetrated by a grenade fragment. There were no proper facilities for its removal and transfer to the States was recommended. MacNider, however, clinging to the faint hope that time would do the healing, went back to a desk in the G-4 section of GHQ pending developments. General MacArthur would not send him back to combat troops

until his eye recovered but finally allowed him to take over direction of the combined American and Australian Services of Supply at Moresby during further convalescence. This was an unhappy, non-combat assignment and he welcomed the chance to move on to Milne bay as GHQ Coordinator. This great harbor was being developed at New Guinea's biggest supply base and the High Command, impatient with the constant bickering and rival claims for space and water fronts by the Australian Army, Navy and Air establishments and their American counterparts, wanted direct representation for immediate decisions on the spot. Milne bay was notorious not only for the heaviest daily rainfall of the Far East, but for the malignant nature of its jungle infested swampland and beach areas. The staff of the coordinator, composed of liaison officers from all the interested services, was replaced three times because of jungle sicknesses and disabilities, before MacNider himself was recalled to Brisbane as deputy G-4 at GHQ. MacNider, however, after almost daily appeals for service in the field, finally was sent up to Cap Sudest to join the First Cavalry division which shortly was dispatched to the Admiralty Islands to drive out the Jap garrison and establish a naval and air base on Los Negros and Manus Islands.

MacNider, as second in command, took over the fifty thousand army and navy engineer and construction troops assigned to the big task, which while not directly a combat assignment, was for him a great improvement over life around GHQ. The eye trouble was still with him and finally, when it became increasingly serious, he was shipped by air across the Pacific and on to New York where a series of operations finally corrected the situation. Still bandaged, he flew back to the Pacific coast with his mother, wife and youngest son to wish Godspeed to his second son, Jack, now a Marine at 17, who was being shipped off to the Hawaiian Islands. Tom, the oldest son, an air cadet at 18, joined them on furlough from his California sta-

tion. Angus, on his seventeenth birthday, joined the Navy and went into training at Great Lakes while his father flew back to Australia for a hoped for reassignment to combat troops which, by good luck, came immediately upon his arrival. Noemfoor, a strategic but harborless coral island in Geevlink Bay, off the west tip of Dutch New Guinea, had just been captured and MacNider was sent to take command of the 158th Regimental Combat Team and the 503rd Paratroop Regiment who were consolidating the landing, with a considerable enemy garrison yet to eradicate. At the same time a supply base was to be established together with airfields and supply dumps for the 13th air force and a considerable part of the Fifth air force, as well as the Australian air units which were accompanying the great advances of the MacArthur forces up through New Guinea.

Upon his infantry fell not only the fighting, but the unloading of all the vast supplies of aviation gas, bombs and subsistence which the 30,000-man military population needed for their forward operations. The monsoon season was soon upon them and the unprotected island coast made a nightmare of open sea unloading but in some way enough fuel and bombs reached shore to allow the intensive air bombardments of the Japanese oil supply installations at Balikpapan and other former Dutch East Indies possessions to the west. During six strenuous months of Jap eradication and the establishment of a functioning base, the infantry and paratroopers rehearsed the roles laid down for them in the projected Lingayen landings on the Island of Luzon in the Philippines.

On their way north for that big operation, after turning over Noemfoor to relieving service troops, MacNider was for the first time to participate in an assault landing from the sea. Ashore, the 158th RCT on the left of the line promptly found itself in the heaviest fighting of the campaign along the Damortis-Bagio road. While the First Cavalry and 37th Divisions, together

with the bulk of the Sixth Army, marched almost without resistance down the "Glory Road" to Manila, MacNider's force, now augmented by two additional regiments of infantry, the 172nd and the 63rd, fought its way over the mountainous ranges inland, securing the west Luzon coast against the Japanese forces now withdrawing under American pressure to the north. It was open country and mountain fighting, but there were enemy troops and heavy artillery all skillfully dug in across the rough terrain, and casualties were heavy. By the time the Bagio road, as far east as Rosario, was finally in hand, there were over a hundred big Japanese guns in the possession of MacNider's force, including two of the largest pieces of Japanese Army Ordnance (30 C.M. guns) captured in the Philippines.

Relieved by the 33rd Division, the "Bushmasters," as MacNider's command was designated because of the basic infantry regiment's Panama experience, were pulled south to Tarlac near GHQ's temporary location for "rest, rehabilitation and the integration of replacement troops." The respite was, however, of short duration. A few days later, the reinforced combat team was on its way by truck convoy through Manila, where heavy street fighting was still in progress, to the Lake Taal region. From there on foot by several days' forced marching, the column, now reinforced by three additional battalions of artillery, stormed its way south and then east to capture Batangas and to give the American forces control of the second largest Philippine port.

The Japanese, in uninterrupted possession of the big island of Luzon since the fall of Bataan, had constructed elaborate defensive positions all along the route but the Bushmasters' vigorous marching attack methodically destroyed them and the enemy delaying actions were brushed aside without serious interruption to the advance. The occupation of the important Batangas area was accomplished ahead of schedule and the additional task of reducing Cuenca, a heavily enemy garrisoned

town, some miles to the north was assigned to the command, while it awaited naval transportation for its next combat landing. In due time this extra mission was completed and with it came the possession of another emplaced 30 C.M. gun, the last of the three which had been the pride of the Imperial Japanese army.

The Batangas operations had been the open warfare in which all American troops had always been basically trained and for the troops it was a happy and exciting, if strenuous adventure, after the jungle fighting of New Guinea and the mountain climbing combat along the Bagio road to the north.

The first half of the Bushmasters' mission in southern Luzon had now been completed and the Navy steamed into Batangas harbor behind its mine sweepers to load MacNider's command for the second phase, an assault landing upon Legaspi, the third most important Luzon port, to secure the five provinces of the Bicol peninsula and to deny to the enemy the use of the San Bernardino straits, between the southeastern tip of the big island and the Island of Samar.

On Easter morning, 1945, the troops of the task force, reinforced by many newly assigned combat and service units, stormed ashore under heavy fire but right on schedule to soon discover that deeply entrenched in the jungle hills behind the big port were more enemy troops than the invaders could muster themselves.

While these Japanese positions were being reduced and many scattered Japanese garrisons throughout the Bicol were being overrun and destroyed, from one end of the 250-mile long and mountainous peninsula to the other, there also devolved upon the American commanding general the task of restoring civil government to all the Bicol provinces. The Fifth Cavalry Regiment was assigned to the MacNider force and dispatched to assist the Bushmasters in the final reduction of the hundred mile square Mt. Isarog area to which the remnants of the Japanese naval garrisons had now retired. In due course, provincial civil gov-

ernments were reconstituted and the troops started intensive training and reconditioning for the imminent invasion of the main islands of Japan. Meantime, a huge construction program was put underway to convert the port of Legaspi into a big reception depot for

GENERAL MACNIDER'S

DECORATIONS AND AWARDS, WORLD WARS I & II

DECORATIONS (28)

Distinguished Service Cross with 2 clusters  
 Distinguished Service Medal  
 Silver Star with 2 clusters  
 Legion of Merit  
 Bronze Star with cluster  
 Air Medal  
 Purple Heart with cluster  
 Bronze Arrowhead  
 Distinguished Unit Badge with cluster  
 Commander, Legion of Honor, France  
 Croix de Guerre with 2 palms, gold  
 star and silver star, France  
 C. de G. Fourragere, France  
 War Cross, Italy  
 Commander, Legion of Honor, Philippines  
 Liberation with star, Philippines  
 Presidential Unit Badge, Philippines

SERVICE AWARDS (18)

Mexican Border Medal  
 Victory Medal with 5 bars  
 German Occupation Medal  
 Asiatic-Pacific Campaign medal with 6 stars  
 American Campaign Medal  
 World War II Victory Medal  
 Japanese Occupation Medal

troops under orders in the states for shipment to the Philippines to back up the imminent operations to the north. In addition, MacNider's force was charged with the creation and training of a full brigade of Filipino infantry to be recruited from the many scattered guer-

illa troops who had operated throughout the Japanese occupation of the Bicol provinces.

"VJ" Day came after these projects were well initiated, but they were promptly discontinued, and MacNider was flown to Japan to make arrangements for the newly assigned occupation area for his troops close by the great shrine of Nikko.

When it was clear that hostilities were completely at an end, he asked for transfer to the States for discharge and, accompanied by his Marine son, Jack, who had celebrated his eighteenth birthday fighting on Iwo Jima and had since been stationed at Sasebo, Japan, he boarded a plane for home and terminal leave, which was concluded by March, 1946, after over four years of continuous active service. The end of the great emergency brought perhaps the most relief to Mrs. MacNider who, during the last years of the conflict, had all four of her men in the service, while she struggled not only with the management of the business of her own immediate family, but with the affairs and care of the older generation of MacNiders, McAuleys and Hanfords.

The family moved back into their farm home, "Indianhead" (named for the Second Division) which had been boarded up during the war and the three sons, now all back and discharged from the service, resumed their interrupted schooling, Tom and Jack at Harvard College and Angus at the University of Arizona.

Taking over the active managership of the Northwestern States Portland Cement Company again, he did not renew his banking or other previous business connections which had been dropped at or before the outbreak of the war. His only business connection outside of Mason City was a trusteeship of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa. In the spring of 1946, he was elected an Overseer of Harvard College and during the next half dozen years he served as chairman of the University's Geological and Military Affairs visiting committees and as a member of the

groups charged with the supervision of the Departments of Government and the Graduate School of Business Administration.

During this same period, he was under frequent call to Washington to serve on various army policy boards and at the urgent request of the Secretary, he agreed to take over command of the 103rd Reserve Infantry division assigned to the states of Iowa and Minnesota. He was promoted to a major generalcy and when he retired in 1952, the division boasted the top rating of the twenty-five reserve divisional units of the Organized Reserve.

In court most of the spring of 1948, as the last case of the old cement company litigation was being tried, he had to decline the direction for the presidential campaign which the friends of General Douglas MacArthur were endeavoring to promote within the ranks of the Republican party. However, he was elected a delegate at large for the second time and voted for the general at the Philadelphia convention of the party, where the nomination eventually went to Governor Dewey of New York.

Angus, the youngest son, had transferred from Arizona to Iowa State College at Ames, where he died after a serious accident in the spring of 1953. May H. MacNider, his mother, lived until the following year, busy to the end of her ninety years with her many clubs, gardening and conservation activities and her fervent devotion to the work of the Mason City Public Library, which she had served for over sixty years as a trustee and for a long period as head of the board. Together with her son she had given to the people of Mason City the downtown acreage upon which a new library had been erected in 1939. The planning and construction of that structure and the development and care of its grounds which she to a large degree financed personally, gave her the happiest days of her life. The only pride she ever expressed in her only son's public activities was when an article over his

name was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Across the years there had been many similar contributions published in various magazines and in the press, but they were of little consequence compared to recognition in the venerable *Atlantic* which had always been for her the Bible of current American literature.

Tom left Harvard College in 1948 to marry Adelaide Reps of Hollywood, California and go to work at the cement plant. Jack took his Master's degree in business administration after graduating from Harvard College in 1950, married Margaret Hansen of Bettendorf, Iowa, and after a year with the United States Steel Corporation in Pittsburgh, returned to Mason City as a salesman for Northwestern States Portland Cement.

Both sons are now officers and directors of the company and active in the life of the home town. There are two grandchildren, Elizabeth Hanford, Tom's daughter, and Charles Hanford, Jack's son.

The fifth generation of the MacNider family is now growing up in Mason City, where the first Tom MacNider had to settle down when the loss of his bridge building contract with the old Iowa Central railroad stranded him there in the early 1870's.

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## Then April Came

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

With winds, and sleet, and air that bites like steel,  
 The bleak hill rounds under the low sky.  
 Naked of flock and fold the fallows lie,  
 Thin-streaked with meager snow. The gusts reveal  
 By fits the dim, gray snakes of fence that steal  
 Through the white dusk. The hill-foot poplars sigh,  
 While storm and last of winter trample by;  
 And wide fields stretch far, and blind lights reel,  
 Yet, in the lonely ridges, as wrenched with pain,  
 Harsh, solitary hillocks, bound and dumb.  
 Grave globes, close-lipped beneath the sod and rain,  
 Lurks hid the germ, the ecstasy, the sum  
 Of life that waits on summer, 'till more rains  
 Whisper in April and the crocus come.

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