Lt. Gen. Charles G. Dodge, 1907-1985

To Lt. Gen. Charles G. Dodge, U.S. Army, retired, the high point of each of his 11 years as executive vice-president of AUSA was unquestionably the association's Annual Meeting in the fall. It was an exciting period for him, a time to be in the thick of deciding association policy, listening to viewpoints from all elements of the Army family, making speeches and renewing friendships made during 36 years of military service.

When this year's meeting officially opened on 14 October, delegates and guests were told that Gen. Dodge had died the day before at Walter Reed Army Medical Center. He was 78.

In the minute of silence called to honor the memory of this widely liked and admired man, the many who had known him must have had a variety of personal impressions to recall as they paused in tribute. Perhaps some shared with ARMY some of the things that were said in "Front & Center" when Gen. Dodge retired from the AUSA leadership in 1977:

Lt. Gen. Charles G. Dodge, U.S. Army, retired, has a saying which must have left lazy briefers wishing fervently that they had spent more time on their homework in the days when he was on active duty.

Maybe he said it differently then, but today it comes out, "You'll have to run that by again—I'm just an old foxhole soldier," and the occasion is usually right after a member of his staff at AUSA has explained an involved situation or procedure.

He then listens intently, takes detailed notes and asks frequent questions as his informant goes over the problem once more.

Despite his implication that he is over his head whenever he sticks it out of a foxhole, it is unlikely that many people who have heard this plea ever believed that they were dealing with anyone other than an extraordinarily quick and perceptive man.

If any doubts still persist, the briefer is in for a surprise if he ever gets the opportunity to see what Gen. Dodge can do with those facts compiled so painstakingly in staff conferences and through other research. They have become parts of brilliant verbal reports in which he has had to defend a point of view, inspired and informative letters to chapters, and detailed letters to members who had raised questions about association policy.

More often than not, it would soon become apparent to the person who had done the briefing that the boss not only knew his subject thoroughly but probably knew it better than the briefer.

Gen. Dodge occupied the executive vice-president's chair during what will always be considered one of the most challenging periods in the association's history. AUSA shared the Army's ups and downs during a tumultuous war and postwar era, bolstering where it could and speaking out—always speaking out—through good times and bad in its continuing campaign to make the country understand and appreciate its senior service.

Those who will one day write the history of the association may also record that it passed some of its most important milestones during this period, emerging from what could have been a permanently damaging time with new spirit, vigor, an increasingly stronger voice and the promise that the best years were yet ahead.

In the thick of the heat during this forging process was Gen. Dodge—tireless, enthusiastic, eloquent, prodding when the situation demanded it, and always with an unflagging faith in the association, the Army and the country.

But it is Charles G. Dodge, the man, that most of us who worked with him will remember. AUSA will probably never again have an executive vice-president who stands in the doorway of his office, puts his fingers in his mouth and gives an ear-splitting whistle to remind latecomers that a meeting is going on—or who has a wristwatch alarm that keeps going off at the damnedest times.

He will be recalled as an expert trout fisherman and hunter whose colorful accounts of his annual deer-hunting exploits at Camp A. P. Hill made for delightful listening on cold afternoons in Washington. He is a raconteur of note—he would say of "war stories"—and it is a measure of his thoughtfulness for others that he was forever apologizing for telling them.

If there is one word which probably best sums up Charles Dodge, the man, boss and friend, however, it is "class." That's a hard word to define and perhaps the most accurate thing that can be said about it is that you recognize it when you see it.

Perhaps one way of saying it is that to some of us who have been close to Gen. Dodge, his is the presence that comes to mind when someone mentions the famous motto of his alma mater, "Duty, Honor, Country."

Born in Maplewood, N.J., on 12 March, 1907, Charles Granville Dodge was commissioned a second lieutenant of cavalry upon graduation from the U.S. Military Academy in 1930. He then served in various capacities with cavalry and armored units and later was an instructor in mathematics and then horsemanship at West Point.

In 1944, he served in Europe as chief of staff of the 8th Armored Division and in 1945 became the chief of staff of the 2nd Armored Division. Subsequent assignments included deputy G-1 of the Third U.S. Army; deputy G-1, U.S. Constabulary during the postwar occupation of Germany; director of the U.S. Element, Allied Commission, Austria; and assistant deputy commissioner for Austria. From 1949 to 1950, he was chief of the Mediterranean-Middle East Branch, Operations Group, P&O Division, Department of the Army.

General Dodge graduated from the National War College in 1951, became executive secretary of the Weapons Evaluation Group in the Office of the Secretary of Defense, and in 1953 assumed command of Combat Command C, 2nd Armored Division in Baumholder, West Germany. He was promoted to brigadier general in 1955 and became deputy chief of staff for operations of the 7th U.S. Army. Later he was chief of the U.S. Army Advisory Group at the Air University; then deputy chief of legislative liaison,

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Six field artillery regiments will designate only a single battalion each: the 2nd (with the Field Artillery School); 4th (with the VII Corps); 35th (VII Corps); 37th (in the 2nd Division in South Korea); 79th (with the 2nd Division); and 84th (with the 9th Division).

The 21st Field Artillery will have only two stateside batteries, while the 26th will be reserved to designate various target acquisition batteries. Another six field artillery lineages will be kept in the field Army with a single battery each: the 10th Field Artillery and the 16th, 40th, 76th, 92nd and 94th.

The USARS list for armor has remained relatively stable. Aside from some altered assignments within overseas theaters, the main change is that the 73rd Armor will continue to designate only the light armor battalion of the 82nd Airborne Division, rather than being reorganized as a multibattalion regiment; the colors of the 35th Armor will now be used for that purpose. The 2nd Division in South Korea will retain the 1st and 2nd Battalions, 72nd Armor, while the two tank battalions at the National Training Center, Ft. Irwin, Calif., will be redesignated in the 33rd and 63rd Armor. The single tank company in the Berlin Brigade will remain Company F, 40th Armor.

The 11 USARS regiments scheduled for organization in fiscal 1986 are: the 14th, 21st, 22nd, 41st and 504th Infantry; 62nd Air Defense Artillery; the 9th and 77th Field Artillery; the 3rd/11th Armored Cavalry; the 6th Cavalry (Aviation); and the 67th Armor. ☐

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U.S. Army. He became assistant commander of the 1st Cavalry Division in South Korea in 1960 and then its commander. Next he was assistant chief of staff for Reserve Components, U.S. Army, and in 1961 became the Army's chief of information. Gen. Dodge was named commanding general of the Fifth U.S. Army in 1963, a command he held until his retirement from the Army on 31 March, 1966.

Gen. Dodge is survived by his wife, Patricia; a daughter, Mrs. Sue D. Casner; a son, Charles Tyler Dodge; and grandchildren Ann Turner, Barclay and Ashley Dodge. His first wife, Elizabeth, died in 1983. Services were held at Ft. Myer, Va., on 17 October with interment at Arlington National Cemetery.

AUSA has announced establishment of the Lt. Gen. Charles G. Dodge Memorial Fund as part of the Landpower Education Fund. Checks should be made out to the Landpower Education Fund for the Lt. Gen. Charles G. Dodge Memorial Fund.

LJB☐

Revisiting Some 20 Years Later

An American Soldier in Japan

By Malcolm Baldrige

My colonel didn't like me very much. At least that's what I was thinking as a 22-year-old forward observer one black, rainy midnight on Okinawa in 1945.

My 27th Infantry Division had taken heavy casualties and had been relieved by a fresh division of Marines. The trouble was, after 48 hours, the Marines had lost so many forward observers that they asked the Army for volunteers, and my colonel naturally volunteered me. That particular midnight, the four of us in my party had not much idea of where the Marines had ended up after two days of fighting. In my opinion, we were lost, but I didn't want to admit it. Trying to read a wet, dirty map by matchlight under a poncho in a downpour with the Japanese lines anywhere from 50 to 500 yards away gave me about as good a feeling as the 2½ times we'd been surrounded in the last month. I was almost wishing I'd buttered up the colonel a little more so he wouldn't always volunteer me first, when we stumbled into the Marine lines—I must say somewhat back of where we'd left them. One of my men said, "Lieutenant, you sure are lucky." At least that's a better confidence-builder on the front lines than saying you're not too dumb.

Well, yard by yard, we made it the rest of the way south to the end of the island with the 1st and 6th Marine Divisions and then rejoined the 27th up north, cleaning out guerrillas. When Okinawa was secure, we lived in real tents and sometimes had real movies while we were briefed on the coming invasion of Japan. My forward observer unit was to go in the second wave on a beach that looked about 100 yards deep before you reached a steep line of hills with perfect firing lanes down to where we'd land. Except for the replacements, all of us had made two or more landings and none of us thought we would live through this one.

I remember that feeling as if it were yesterday. Sure we'd do it, but for the first time without real hope. I guess "resigned" was the right word, particularly for the older soldiers who had made landings on Makin, Eniwetok, Saipan, Tsugen Shima and Okinawa and had not seen the United States for 3½ years.

Then the bomb dropped, and shortly after, the surrender came. I really can't accurately describe our feelings—not instant joy, certainly, more of a wariness, a fear to believe because normal human sensibilities had been repressed for so long, while the instincts for combat and self-preservation had been honed. They had to be. On the front lines, it's kill or be killed, and you have to be passable at it if you are going to last more than a night or two.

And the longer you last, if you're going to beat the odds, the more you are brutalized. Question: Otherwise how could you give the order to fire on a bunch of Okinawan women looking for their dead near your lines on a quiet night lighted by a full moon? Answer: Because you suspected they were Japanese soldiers dressed in women's robes. Question: Did you try to warn them off to see whether they were women and would leave? Answer: No. Thought about it, but a warning would have given away our location. Question: Shouldn't you have been sure before firing? Answer: Being sure can get you killed—and they did turn out to be Japanese soldiers, every one. In short, the right reaction, but it came too quickly and too easily. I couldn't help wondering what we were turning into.

The first week of the occupation, elements of the 1st Cavalry, the 11th Airborne and the 27th Infantry Division flew to Japan, ending up, in the case of my battalion, in Aizu-Wakamatsu, a snowbound agricultural town in northwest Honshu. The few hundred of us headquartered there were responsible for checking the disarming of several villages spread over more than 100 square miles. We had some apprehension—there were still a good many Japanese divisions in the country, and we had to hope they were following the emperor's orders to lay down all arms. We also didn't trust them, and some of our GIs and officers thought this could be a trap. I thought that possible, but not probable; still, we slept for over a week with M1s and carbines by our side.

I was the liaison officer between our battalion and the local authorities, and in dealing with the Japanese, came to see them in a different light. In my opinion, they were terrified—first, at the enormousness of the defeat when they had been continually assured of victory; second, out of fear that the American soldiers would rape the women and pillage the town. The propaganda posters had not all been taken down. They showed the results of a four-year campaign to depict GIs as rapists and robbers with long noses and mustaches. The fact that I had a long nose and a handlebar mustache made it difficult for them to believe my assurances that none of that would happen,