



General of the Army Douglas MacArthur and Mrs. MacArthur. The General met his wife in 1935 on board a cruise ship bound for Shanghai.

My Fifteen Years With the MacArthurs

1 THE COURTING OF JEAN FAIRCLOTH

Since 1936 the author has been an intimate of the MacArthur family—in luxurious old Manila, in flight, on the march back and at the conqueror's palace in Japan. Here is the private story behind those public years—beginning with the odd romance of the General and the girl from Tennessee.

First of a series By COL. SID HUFF, USA, with JOE ALEX MORRIS

FOR fifteen years I've been a member of the official family of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, and I've had plenty of opportunity to see how he lives both of his lives—the one that the public knows and another that is for himself and his family.

The MacArthur life that the public knows concerns crises in our history, decisions that determined the course of an unprecedented Pacific war and bitter controversies that have racked the American political front. It's a story that you've read in your newspaper headlines for more than a decade, and a story your children will read in their history books of a man who was unbowed and unafraid in an era of terrible confusion and turmoil.

But the story I want to tell is not of kings and captains. It is of two human beings—Jean and Douglas MacArthur—and how they lived for each other and for their son that other existence which the public seldom hears about. It is a story that never made the headlines because it concerns the little things of everyday living, but sometimes, I believe, the little things tell more than you will ever learn from the pronouncements of prime ministers or the formal documents of state.

Since 1941 I have been—except for two brief periods—MacArthur's aide-de-camp. I might add that I've been almost an aide to Jean MacArthur, too, since that fateful Christmas Eve in 1941 when the General, grim and tired after three weeks of

hopelessly unequal struggle against Japanese armies closing in on Manila, said, "Sid, get Jean and Arthur. We're going to Corregidor."

I got Jean and Arthur, and since then I have been with them and the General almost every day for a decade; a decade which for them has been crammed with adventure and hazards, with triumphs and tribulations such as have come to few men or women in our time. I saw them pacing the barren surface of the Big Rock at Corregidor, talking tensely of the help that must—but never did—come to the indomitable soldiers of Bataan. I rode with them in the bouncing torpedo boats that broke through the Japanese naval blockade and in the battered Flying Fortress that stuttered dangerously as it roared up



General MacArthur greets his wife at Haneda Air Base in Tokyo on his return from his historic meeting with President Truman at Wake Island last year. DEPT. OF DEFENSE

Arthur MacArthur. "Sid, I want you to get a couple of bullets for it."

It was an old-fashioned gun with two barrels and two triggers and a polished wooden butt, and I had to scrounge around all over the island before I located two bullets that would fit and delivered them to the General. He broke open the gun and put them in and then slipped it back into his side pocket.

"Thanks," he said, patting the pocket softly and looking across the water toward the battlefields of Bataan. "They will never take me alive, Sid."

Then there was the day when Jean arrived in Australia with all her possessions—a lipstick, a compact and a comb—tied up in a handkerchief that she clutched in her hand; a cruel contrast to the scurrilous stories later circulated that the MacArthurs had rescued their household furniture and even a grand piano from the beleaguered Philippines.

There were the depressing early wartime days in Australia, when, because it was in the General's best interest, Jean turned her back on the parties, the dances and the social life she had always loved. She was sometimes so lonely when the General was away on campaigns that she asked me to leave the curtains undrawn when I entertained friends, so that she might look across the courtyard from her darkened apartment and watch my party from afar. Nor did she hesitate on such an occasion to call me on the telephone and say, "Sid, I'm dying of curiosity. Who is that woman in the red hat?"

There were happier, less hectic times too. There was the night she brought home some new phono-

graph recordings by Bing Crosby, one of the General's favorite singers, and played one of them for him after he had stretched out on a divan to smoke.

"This is a new one you've never heard," Jean said. "What do you think of it?"

"I know what it is," MacArthur announced in an assured tone of voice. "It's a Maori song. It's called Now is the Hour."

"Why, General!" his wife exclaimed. "I'm amazed! How in the world did you know that?"

MacArthur took his pipe out of his mouth, slowly raised himself on one elbow and gave his wife a look of mock scorn. "Oh," he replied carelessly, "I'm not as dumb as you think I am." Neither of them heard the rest of the recording because Jean couldn't stop laughing.

And there was, I shall never forget, the affair of the gold-embroidered cap. It began a long time ago, before the General's remarkable cap was famous to newspaper readers everywhere in the world. And it lasted quite a while.

To begin at the beginning, the General designed his own cap when he was made chief of staff of the United States Army in 1930. It was an officer's cap, with heavy gold embroidery around the band and the Army eagle in front, but it had almost a personality of its own and it exactly suited MacArthur. It was a military-looking cap all right, but it included a touch of carelessness, a slight feeling of recklessness or daring and an air of informality not easy to achieve. Thereafter MacArthur would not wear any other cap. (Continued on Page 99)



The author and the General's son in Brisbane, Australia, in the early days of World War II. COLONEL HUFF

MY FIFTEEN YEARS WITH THE MacARTHURS

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But accidents sometimes happen, especially in wartime. When President Roosevelt ordered the General to leave Corregidor and break through the enemy blockade to Australia in 1942, I traveled in the same torpedo boat. The second night of our trip the waves were high and spray constantly was dashed over the boat. One particularly vicious blast of wind and water doused the lower cockpit, where MacArthur had put his cap on a small ledge, and when he picked it up the next morning it was soaked through. And as it dried it also shrank, and he couldn't get it on his head.

Grumblingly, he wore a white summer cap for a few days, but he didn't like it, and on the day we reached Melbourne he handed me the khaki model and said, "Sid, get my cap stretched so it fits me."

I think I've had my share of difficult orders in my time, but none was quite like the cap-stretching job. I couldn't find a cap stretcher for sale anywhere in Melbourne. Finally I located a hat store that had one, but wouldn't sell it, and I had to use all the influence of the commander in chief of air, land and sea forces in the Southwest Pacific to get them to lend it for a few days while I had another one made. I got the cap stretched, but it was still a rather tight fit, and one of the duties of MacArthur's orderly was to put it on the stretcher every night—a duty that, incidentally, extended right up until a couple of years ago.

"I think you'd better get me a new cap, Sid," the General said a few days after we reached Melbourne. "Have it designed exactly like this one."

I found the best capmaker in Australia and put him to work. He turned out a neat cap, but MacArthur would have nothing to do with it. It didn't have quite the same feeling as the old cap. I hunted up another capmaker and tried again. The product looked good to me, but the General tossed it aside. "It looks like an old-time policeman's hat," he complained. I tried several more capmakers in Australia, but he wouldn't wear their output. He kept on wearing the old cap right through the war, through the surrender and into the occupation period in Japan. By that time it was the most famous cap in the world and it was also probably the oldest. Jean occasionally urged him to get a new one, but he paid little attention until his seventieth birthday, in Tokyo, when the motion-picture newsmen took pictures of him as he inspected the honor guard.

Later when we showed him the results, he saw a dark spot on his cap where, through the years, the oil of his hair had finally soaked through. Next morning when he was having breakfast with Jean, he said, "Jeannie, you've finally shamed me into it. Get hold of Sid and have a new cover put on my cap."

Jean called me and said, "We've got to get a new cover for the General's cap."

"Okay," I said. "When does he want it done?"

"Between the time he comes home at night [about nine o'clock] and the time he leaves for the office the next morning [about 10:30]," she said.

I said I doubted if that would be possible, but we could try. That day I wandered into the General's office for a

preliminary survey of the cap, which was always on the table in his outer office when he was at his desk. My survey was discouraging.

"General," I said, "if we take the cover off this cap the whole thing is likely to disintegrate like the one-hoss shay."

"I don't care how you do it," he answered. "But I want a new cover on it."

I got hold of the most famous capmaker in Japan, a dumpy but nimble-fingered little man who had made army caps for many years. When he discovered that I wanted him to fix MacArthur's cap, he became both excited and frightened and, when he saw the cap, he became depressed and still more frightened. "It will fall apart," he muttered unhappily in English.

"Maybe," I suggested, "you could just sew a new top over the old one."

He agreed it would be the best solution. "But how can we match the cloth?"

I spent two days vainly trying to match the cloth. I went everywhere. I looked through the General's old shirts. I eyed with larcenous intent the shirts of every officer on the staff. Finally, I dug out some remnants of khaki from which I had had a couple of uniforms made several years earlier. The material had been washed several times, and it matched. The next morning the trembling capmaker met me before breakfast at the General's residence and went to work. I had him put a plastic cover over the top of the cap before he sewed the new cover on, so that no grease spot could ever come through again. He finished it a little after ten o'clock, and I had it delivered to Jean just before MacArthur started out to his car. Later I telephoned and asked her how he liked it.

"The General," she said, "was pleased."

I might add that the General is usually pleased when Jean is managing things, and he, in turn, is unusually thoughtful in regard to her. When he returned to the United States in 1951 after being relieved of his commands, he was preoccupied and unusually busy during the long airplane journey and was also devoting much of his time to preparing the speech he was to make to a joint session of Congress. Sometimes, when he dropped into a chair to rest or to think, Jean would sit silently beside him as the plane droned on across the ocean—and pretty soon I'd notice that they were holding hands. Again, the General would interrupt his work to worry about whether Jean was overtired. Once he looked at her anxiously, got up from his desk and insisted that she should lie down for a rest. He led her to a bunk, and in his slow, deliberate way, took down a blanket from the overhead rack and spread it over her, gently tucking her in. He patted her hand tenderly and then went back to his writing.

A little later, when I asked her how she felt, Jean said, "I'm just fine. I didn't want to lie down, but the General insisted."

I keep remembering such incidents whenever somebody asks me whether MacArthur is always in the role of the military commander, whether he ever relaxes and just acts himself. Actually the General is a very serious man who has been occupied for years with problems of grave import to America, and he so concentrates on what he is doing that there is little time left for any relaxation except the movies. He has no hobbies. He plays no games, such as

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golf or cards. He has no interest in "small talk," and he doesn't enjoy meeting people merely for the sake of making new acquaintances. On the other hand, he has tremendous charm as well as a commanding, exciting personality; he can be tactful, gracious and even gallant, as the occasion demands, and he can and often does lean back in his favorite red-painted rocking chair and enjoy a real belly laugh that makes the rafters ring.

My first meeting with the MacArthurs was in October of 1935 in Manila, where I was a lieutenant in the United States Navy, assigned to the USS Black Hawk, a tender for the destroyer squadron of the Asiatic Fleet. MacArthur had just arrived as head of an American military mission to the Philippines, which were then entering a ten-year period of transitional self-government that was to lead to complete independence in 1946.

I was having luncheon in the dining room of the Manila Hotel with Maj. Ike Eisenhower, who was MacArthur's chief of staff, when the General and his party came in and Ike introduced me. MacArthur's mother, who died not long afterward, had accompanied him to Manila, but she was then confined to bed. At his table, however, were his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary MacArthur,

and Miss Jean Marie Faircloth, from Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Everybody in Manila society had been eagerly awaiting MacArthur's arrival, but it wasn't long before they were still more interested in Jean Faircloth.

She was a petite, dark-haired and soft-spoken Southerner, barely five feet tall, but what she lacked in stature she made up in vivacity and enthusiasm that made her seem much younger than her thirty-six years. She was the daughter of Sallie Beard and Edward C. Faircloth, a wealthy flour-mill owner, and her family had long been well known in Tennessee political affairs, her grandfather having been a leader in the activities of Confederate veterans.

Jean grew up on stories of relatives who fought in the Revolution, the War Between the States and the Spanish-American War, and she was sometimes described as "the flag-wavingest girl in town." Military life seemed to fascinate her, and whenever the town of 10,000 had a celebration, Jean was busy tacking up bunting, decorating floats and cheering on the veterans of any or all campaigns. She simply couldn't resist a parade or a bugle call, and if she couldn't march herself, she could, at least, present the flowers to the speaker of the day.

Jean's parents were divorced in 1907, and her mother remarried and lived in



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

ON our way to the most important dance of the season, which was held at a country club quite a distance from our home, my husband and I stopped to see some friends. Getting out of the car, I felt something pull at my stocking. Inside, in the light, I saw that a large wad of bubble gum had somehow become firmly attached to my new, extra-sheer, nylon stocking.

I was ready to cry. I couldn't possibly remove the sticky mass, and we didn't have time to drive home for another pair. I couldn't borrow stockings from my hostess, as she had absolutely tiny feet. There were no stores anywhere near, even if they had been open at that time, and I just couldn't appear at this particular dance with a patched-up stocking.

Then my hostess came up with an idea that completely solved my problem. Can you guess what it was?

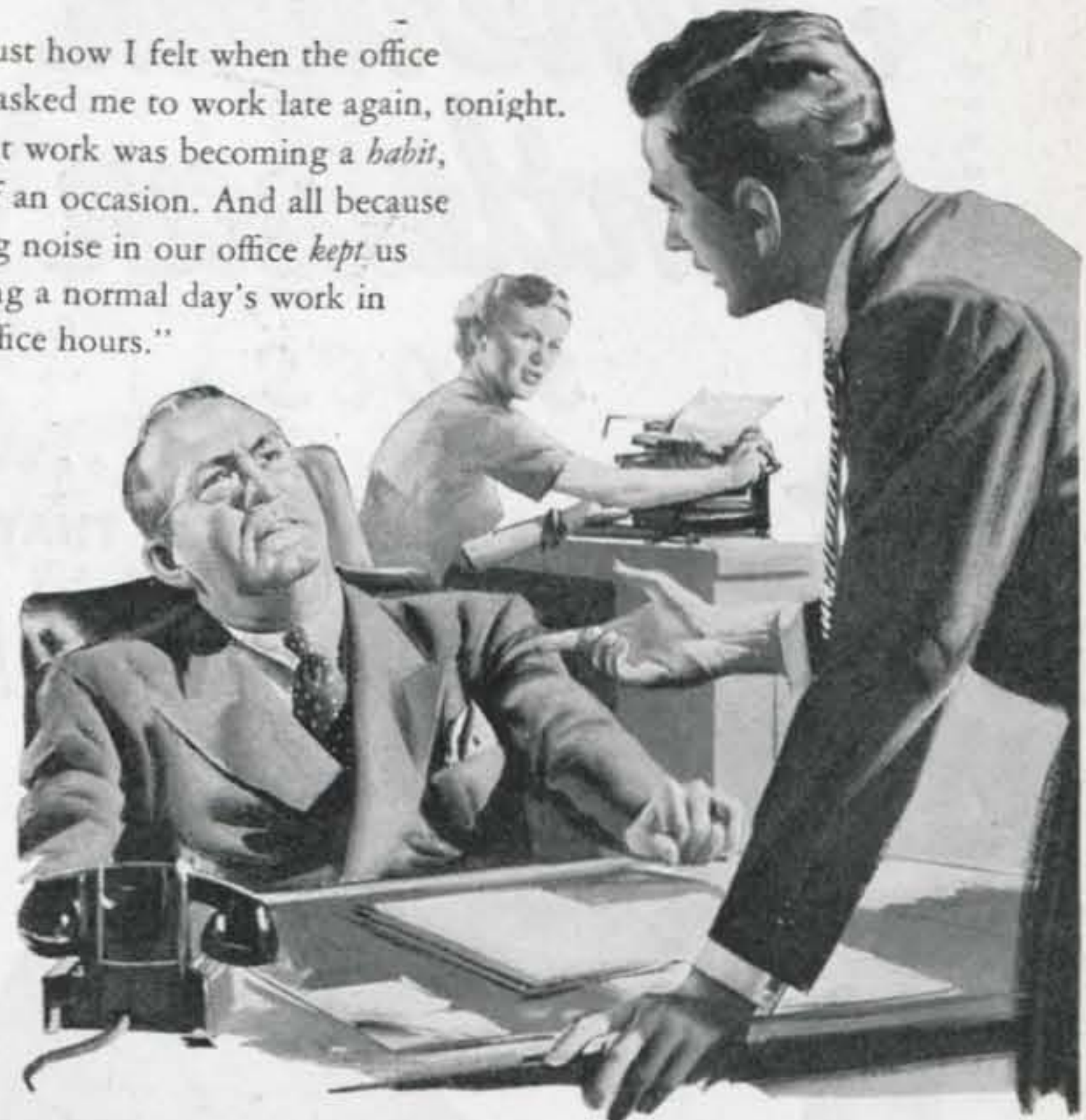
Wrapping my stocking in waxed paper, she put it in the freezing compartment of her refrigerator. By the time we were ready to go on to the dance, the gum was practically brick-hard and I easily removed it from the nylon without harm.

—GRACE EBBERTS.

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In addition to this inquisition, Jean had acquired a cold and was feeling awful. I remember that she broke away with obvious relief when it was time to board the plane, and I can still see her—a tiny figure in dark suit and tricorne hat—walking along the dock to the Clipper. No sooner had they taken off for Guam than her head and ears began aching as the plane gained altitude. She felt feverish and she began to worry that she might be ill. Then she began to worry that somebody would find out how she felt and they would put her off the plane and into a hospital at Guam. She was soon in a cold sweat, worrying about the long over-water flight, worrying about being ill, worrying about being left behind at Guam.

Capt. R. O. D. Sullivan, the chief pilot, wandered back through the empty plane—there were only two other passengers, both men—and asked Jean how she felt.

"Just fine, Sully," she lied quickly. "Just wonderful!"

They got to Guam the next morning, and her throat felt like a piece of sandpaper. She was sure she had a fever. She avoided talking to anyone and got back on the plane as soon as possible. She thought the flight on to Wake Island would never end, but it did. There was a nurse in the waiting room there and, a bit fearfully, Jean approached her and got some nose drops for her cold. When they took off again for Honolulu, she breathed a sigh of relief. Her ears ached and she felt terrible, but at least she wasn't going to be dropped off en route.

An hour or so before arrival in Honolulu, Sullivan sat down to chat with Jean, who wasn't at all sure that her conversation was making sense. Finally he said, "By the way, Jean, my boss, Mr. Juan Trippe, always likes to know what the passengers think of this new service. What's the high light of your trip?"

At that, Jean pulled herself up straight in her chair. "There's nothing personal in this, Sully," she said, "but if you really want to know, I'll tell you. The high light of my trip will come when you put this plane down in Honolulu harbor—and I'll never get in one again!" She managed a grin. "I don't suppose that's what Mr. Trippe had in mind."

WE MADE A MOVIE— WITHOUT HOLLYWOOD

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of its quality. As far as quality is concerned, Ken was fortunate not only in his picture's author but in its cameraman and its director, Jean Renoir. Renoir's films almost invariably win critical acclaim. His picture, *A Day in the Country*, is one of the trio of short films spliced together to make up *Ways of Love*, the movie that won the New York Film Critics Award as the best foreign film of 1950. Also, as nearly as possible, Ken made sure that the cinematography for his picture would be top flight. His cameraman was Jean Renoir's nephew, Claude Renoir. Claude Renoir won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences 1950 Oscar for black-and-white photography.

But in spite of the thrill I got out of watching all this talent at work, it was nothing compared with the lift I got out of watching Ken make an amazing overnight shift from small businessman to movie producer in one breath-

"No," Sullivan agreed. "I don't suppose it is, but thanks anyway."

In Honolulu, Jean had to wait a few days for the *Lurline*. Then Admiral Murfin, the naval commandant, whose daughter, Winifred, was a friend of Jean, took her out to the ship—which couldn't dock because of the strike—in his launch. As they sped across the harbor, Murfin said, "Well, you'll be seeing your General on board."

Jean gasped. "What do you mean?" she cried. "You're fooling me!"

"No," Murfin replied. "Quezon and MacArthur were on the *Empress of Canada* until this morning. Then, as they approached the harbor, they saw that the *Lurline* was here and they wirelessed for permission to transfer by launch so that they would arrive in San Francisco a day sooner. They're on board."

Jean felt that she must be blushing as never before. It was an incredible coincidence! People would say that she had deliberately planned the whole thing in order to catch up with the General on the *Lurline*, not paying any attention to the fact that nobody could have known that MacArthur and Quezon would make the transfer at the last moment. It was the last thing in the world she wanted to happen, and what would the General think she was doing anyway? She practically slunk aboard, but found MacArthur and Quezon waiting for her. The General didn't seem to be displeased after all.

They parted again in the States and Jean went to Murfreesboro, where she sometimes mentioned the General to her friends, but did nothing to satisfy their curiosity about whether there was a romance involved. That is, she did almost nothing. One night at a party she played jackstraws, a game in which each player tries to pick as many single straws as possible from a pile without disturbing the other straws. One straw, called the "Major," scores the most points for whoever gets it. Jean ran up a pretty good score, and then, while the others held their breath, she plucked the Major from the pile with a quick, steady hand.

"Oh," she exclaimed excitedly, "I've got the General!"

Editors' Note—The second installment of Colonel Huff's intimate revealing story of his life with the MacArthurs will appear in next week's Post.

taking leap. I was the one who held my breath. Ken was too busy.

Before he got the itch to make a movie he'd organized a florist-delivery exchange, and had built the world's first drive-in flower shop. Shapely girls in brief Scotch kilts trotted menus that listed bouquets and corsages instead of sundaes and nutburgers to customers who stopped outside of the shop to select flowers without leaving their cars.

When the war started he was planning a chain of drive-in flower shops that would reach across the country. For the next three years he was in the Naval Air Transport Service. When the war was over, I suggested that it would be nice if he went into something besides the flower business, so we could have Christmas dinners together and go to church on Easter mornings. If you're a florist you can't always do those things. It was then that he began to "point" the movie business as eagerly as any bird dog.

Hollywood studios were busily sending expeditions off to make pictures all over the world. Also, Ken had read a magazine article on India that con-

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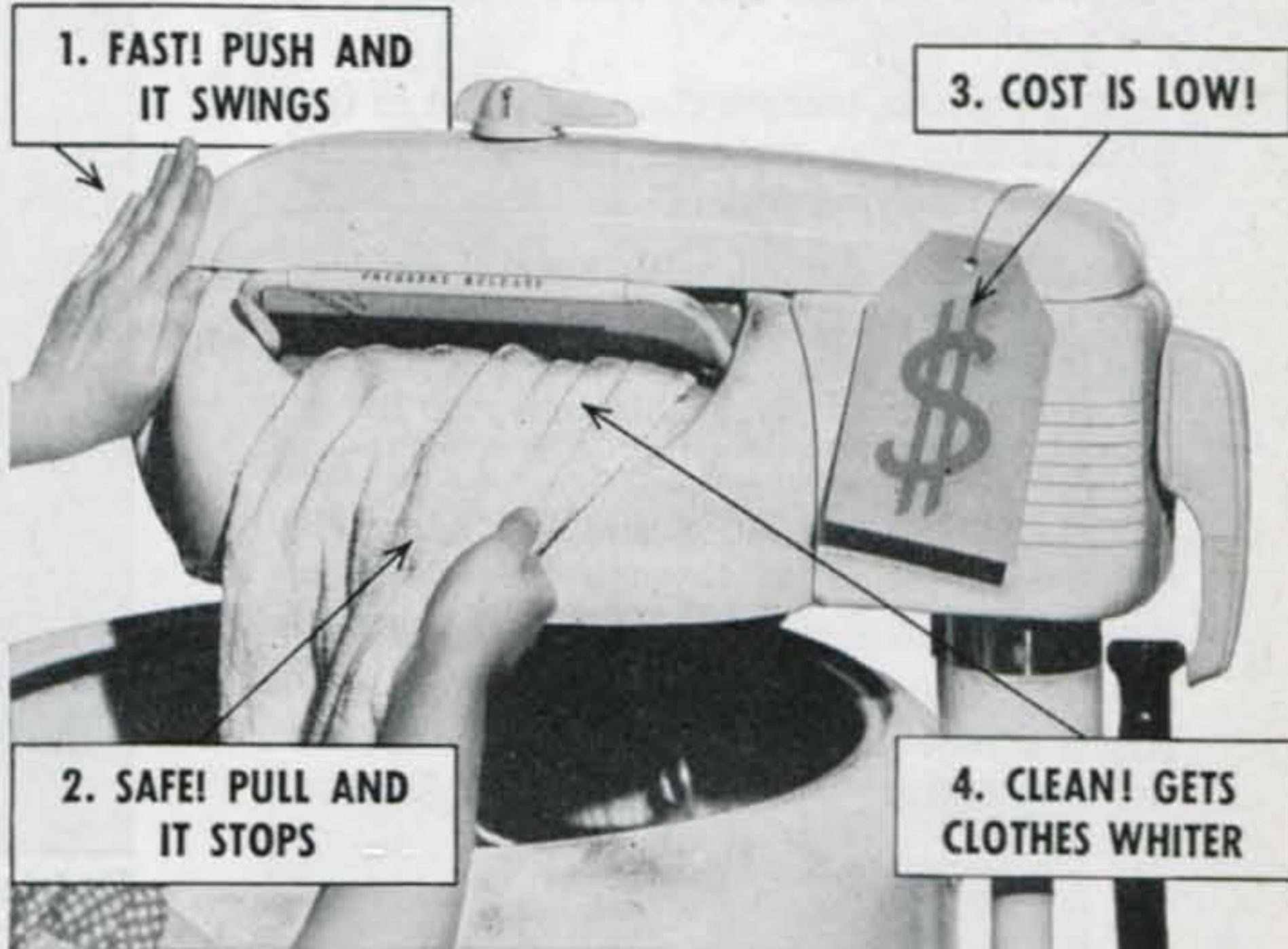
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