



WIDE WORLD

The MacArthurs in Washington, April 19, 1951. When he landed in Hawaii he said, "I hope they're not cheering because they feel sorry for me."

## MY FIFTEEN YEARS WITH THE MACARTHURS

# The General's Last Fight

By COL. SID HUFF, USA, with JOE ALEX MORRIS

Jean had five years of peace—and her baby grew up to boyhood—before Old Soldier MacArthur was called upon to lead our forces in Korea. Then—undefeated in war—he lost the skirmish with Washington.

### CONCLUSION

**A**GREAT many visitors to Tokyo during General Douglas MacArthur's tenure as Supreme Commander took advantage of any opportunity to tell Jean MacArthur how much they admired her husband. Some of them remarked that he was the greatest living soldier. Some praised his administration of occupied Japan. Others expressed belief that he should be elected President of the United States.

Jean always listened politely and shyly, and her response was invariably the same. "I agree with you entirely," she would reply. "You couldn't be more right. I agree with anybody who says good things about my General."

There were plenty of times when Jean could glow happily and agree wholeheartedly with those who praised her husband. But there were some dark days, too, especially when the General was criticized by his foes for the conduct of the war in Korea. Then Jean suffered a good deal of anguish, but her implicit faith that the General was always right merely grew stronger than ever in the face of adversity.

In the months leading up to the 1948 presidential campaign, MacArthur was often mentioned as a possible Republican nominee and some of our visitors in that period seemed to be more interested in politics at home than in what was happening in Japan. Col. Robert McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, came out on what he described as merely a junket, but I felt that he probably was try-

ing to decide whether to get behind MacArthur for the nomination. We rolled out the red carpet for him and he was the General's guest at the embassy and everybody enjoyed his visit, especially MacArthur, who had a chance to give him a good picture of the occupation. Apparently, politics didn't enter into their discussions in a very definite way, because when the publisher departed, MacArthur grinned in quizzical fashion and mused, "Now I wonder what he really came out here for?" Later, McCormick supported Sen. Robert A. Taft.

The Administration was interested in the General's political plans too. William Draper, then Under Secretary of the Army, visited Tokyo, made the usual rounds and departed, leaving us a little puzzled about some aspects of his trip. We didn't really figure it all out until a year or so later, when Draper returned on official business and confided in Jean.

"You remember when I was here prior to the 1948 campaign," he said. "Well, one of my missions then was to find out when the General was coming home. I knew he wasn't going to tell me. So I decided that you were my best bet and I planned my questions in advance. Perhaps you remember. I asked you about Arthur and his schooling and whether he would be better off in an American school. I talked about how long it was since you were home and how Arthur had never seen his own country. Oh, I worked it up very skillfully, I thought, until I got to the \$64 question. Then I asked, 'When are you going home, Mrs. MacArthur?' And you replied, 'Why, I'm going home when the General goes.' After that I just gave up."

When Jean later told about that conversation with Draper she was amused because, as she added in telling the story, "I had no idea on his first visit that he was trying to find out anything. I wasn't being clever at all. I just answered truthfully."

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## THE GENERAL'S LAST FIGHT

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These years before the Korean war were a pleasant period of home life for the MacArthurs, probably more pleasant than any since the prewar days in Manila. There was a tremendous burden of work, but the General threw on work and he could see his family almost every day. I remember that Jean accompanied Lt. Gen. Robert Eichelberger and later Lt. Gen. Walton H. Walker on a number of inspection trips around Japan, acting as unofficial representative of the General because he wouldn't spare the time from his office. One trip was a five-day journey by railroad, and after the third day away from Tokyo, Jean began to worry. Thereafter, she insisted that her trips be limited to three days, because "five days is too long to be away from the General."

Arthur was growing up in a reasonably normal American fashion, considering the circumstances. His parents and Ah Cheu, the Cantonese amah, watched over him carefully, but that was largely because in the Orient it was essential to exercise certain precautions. Once when he was brushing his teeth he remarked that he "sure would be glad to get to America."

"Why?" his mother asked.

"Oh, in America I can brush my teeth with real water out of the faucet instead of using boiled water," he explained, as if that would make it a pleasure instead of a duty.

Arthur did well in his schoolwork, but the General was emphatic that he should not be pushed, that he should not feel—as MacArthur had felt as a young man—that he always had to be at the head of the class. Often Mrs. Phyllis Gibbons, his teacher, complained that Arthur could do much better if he would try. Gibby's opinion seemed to be confirmed on the day she asked Arthur why we celebrate the Fourth of July, and he answered, "Oh, I know what day that is! It's Ah Cheu's birthday."

As he grew older, however, he also became more serious about school. He often discussed his boyish problems with Ah Cheu, and one day, at the end of his school term, I heard him telling her that Mrs. Gibbons felt he should have made better grades. Arthur's conversations with Ah Cheu were more like talks between two adults than between a child and an adult.

The boy's great interest in music continued. He learned to play a number of instruments—the squeeze box, the ukulele and the recorder and drums—in addition to the piano. After seeing the movie called *The Third Man* he successfully begged a zither for Christmas and for days we heard nothing around the place but Arthur's version of the picture's theme song. Once a year he gave a concert at the embassy for "the family," which included the General's personal staff and their families. He always played several piano numbers, including some of his own little compositions. In between, he would announce, "Now I'll give an impression of waves on the rocks." Or "This is an impression of spring." And he would work up and down the keyboard in a pretty good imitation of whatever subject he had chosen.

Although I've heard that some people thought Arthur was a bit "overprotected," it seemed to me that he did all of the things that interest the average

American boy. He belonged to the Cub Scouts. He learned a little about golf and tennis. He played with a great many boys his own age. He rowed a boat and became a good swimmer. The swimming season, incidentally, was always dreaded by Jean because she couldn't keep from worrying about Arthur in the water, despite the fact that he developed a good Australian crawl.

Arthur also followed tradition by breaking his arm. Lt. Col. Anthony Story, the pilot of MacArthur's plane, had taken the boy to Memorial Hall to ice-skate. They were ready to go home when Arthur said, "Just one more time around!" He went dashing off around the rink, looked back at Story as he made a turn and ran into some building material on the edge of the ice. He fell and broke his left arm. Story took him to the apartment of Col. Douglas B. Kendrick, the General's physician, who lived in the compound. Lt. Bill Hogan, who was then MacArthur's junior aide, was there, but he was so nervous when he found out what had happened that he dropped the telephone while trying to call Jean. Kendrick took over and told Jean there had been an accident.

"Bring him up here," Jean said. The doctor put splints on his arm and took him up to the Big House and put him

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To make certain that crime does not pay, the Government should take it over and try to run it.

—G. NORMAN COLLIE.

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on a divan. When Jean found that his arm was broken, she went to awaken the General, who was taking his after-luncheon nap. He put on his old West Point blanket robe—a gray affair with a black stripe and an "A" on the front—and came downstairs. "How serious is it, doc?" he asked.

Kendrick said it was just a broken arm. MacArthur went over to the divan and sat down beside Arthur and took his hand and patted it. "You know, Arthur," he said, "this is the kind of thing that happens to all boys. When I was young I broke a bone in my finger playing baseball. It wasn't so bad. The doctor set my finger and it came out all right and I was able to play baseball again. This will come out all right too."

Kendrick took Arthur to the St. Luke's Hospital, known as the 49th General Hospital during the occupation, and MacArthur followed. X rays showed that the break was a rather bad one—a fracture of both bones above the wrist. It wasn't easy to set and Arthur had to have an anesthetic. Kendrick and Col. Ed Hakala got the bones set and the arm into a plaster cast. Jean was so concerned about her son that she took a room next to his at the hospital and slept there the next two nights. After that Ah Cheu slept in the adjoining room every night while Arthur was in the hospital. The General visited him five times each day.

The hospital staff did everything possible, but Arthur had bad luck. Twenty-four hours after the arm had been set an X ray showed that the bones had slipped. Kendrick and Hakala decided it would have to be reset in order to get the best functional result. MacArthur was distressed that his

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son had to have an anesthetic for the second time in two days, but he agreed and the resetting was completely successful.

I might add here that several ridiculous stories were circulated about Arthur, particularly by some columnists in the United States. A typical one was that he made a great rumpus racing his scooter through the dining room and shooting a toy pistol when guests were at dinner one night and that the General paddled him. Actually, at the scooter age Arthur was always in bed before the General got home for dinner, there were almost never any dinner guests, and the idea of MacArthur ever paddling his son is far beyond my imagination. People in the States, however, often sent these columns to Jean, and more than once she was so upset she cried.

This pleasant life in Tokyo began to change in 1949. After the war, the drive to get the boys home left Japan all but stripped of veteran fighting men. In the next few years the occupation task required all MacArthur's attention, and a large number of his officers and men also were busy with the job of creating a democratic Japan. But about 1949 the General began the difficult task of withdrawing occupation teams from the little towns and villages in order to turn the government back to the Japanese as rapidly as possible. His confidence in the Japanese was great, but he was also feeling the increased danger of international tensions in the Far East.

Troops that had been scattered across the islands were recalled to their units. Replacement troops arriving in Japan were put into army training instead of occupation tasks. Divisions that had been far below normal strength were bolstered. General Walker, commanding the 8th Army, spent more time on inspection trips, and I recall one occasion—probably late in 1949—when he told the men at a big camp, "From now on you are not occupation soldiers. You are training as fighting men." Even so, it was not easy to increase our military strength in Japan, and Walker was further handicapped by loss of the veteran 11th Airborne Division, which had been ordered home early in 1949.

Nobody, so far as I know, recognized the imminence of a Korean crisis in the spring of 1950. The public is inclined to forget that Korea was outside MacArthur's command, although he had always had a keen interest in that country. John Foster Dulles, who played such an important role in framing the Japanese peace treaty, visited Korea in June and went up to the 38th parallel, where he remarked that the South Koreans seemed pretty well prepared to meet any aggression from North Korea. Three days later—on June twenty-fifth—the North Koreans attacked at five a. m. There had been a number of border incidents in the past and, on the basis of first reports, it was impossible for anyone to be positive that the attack from the north was a full-scale offensive. I believe that it was toward noon that day before our headquarters had enough information to know that we were in for trouble on a big scale.

But once that fact had been established, things happened fast. In the next few days we were back on a war basis and MacArthur was appointed to command the United Nations forces assigned for the first time in history to crush a major act of aggression. The General had worked hard for peace in the

Far East and the conflict was a severe blow to his hopes. He is, nevertheless, a military man and, once the emergency had arisen, he was eager for action. "The old man is terrific today," one of his staff remarked after his appointment as commander. "There is a gleam in his eye and he seems ten years younger."

At the beginning it was not known how well the North Koreans were trained and equipped with offensive weapons. But the General and Walker soon realized that the South Koreans didn't have enough to stop the enemy even with our air support. They realized, too, that our own troops in Japan lacked extensive combat training and experience. On the other hand, there were certain elements in the situation that appealed to the General. He doesn't like to fight with the odds against him, but with such a handicap he is a tremendous opponent, taking advantage of every maneuver in the book, improvising when necessary and stepping out boldly when there is an opportunity.

With Walker commanding magnificently in the field, the stubborn resistance that green American and poorly equipped South Korean troops put up was a repetition of MacArthur's defense of Bataan. Any military man familiar with the facts knows that it was only brilliant strategy and a miracle that permitted us to hold in the Pusan area until reinforcements could arrive. In fact, there was plenty of reason to believe that if the North Koreans had taken full advantage of their opportunity in those early days we would have been driven into the sea.

But we weren't. The tide was turned and MacArthur, with his usual penchant for daring operations against the advice of some of his staff, got away with a sea-borne landing at Inchon on September fifteenth, trapped a large enemy force and began driving the communists back toward Manchuria. The liberation of Seoul was a great day for him. It was MacArthur, after the Japanese surrender, who had turned South Korea over to the government of Syngman Rhee and he strongly felt the responsibility of America to help preserve self-government in the little country that had so long been under foreign domination. He flew to Seoul with great satisfaction on September twenty-ninth and both he and Syngman Rhee wept unashamedly—as did many others—at liberation ceremonies in the war-ravaged capital.

In the next few weeks the United Nations forces pushed on north of the 38th parallel, virtually completed the destruction of the North Korean armies, seized the capital of Pyongyang and advanced to within a short distance of the Yalu River boundary of Manchuria. There was no question in MacArthur's mind as to the necessity of seizing all of Korea if his assignment was to be carried out. The danger of intervention by the Chinese communist government had been inherent in the situation throughout the struggle, just as there had always been the possibility that Soviet Russia would intervene and start World War III. Nobody could know what decisions would be made in Moscow or Peiping, but the General was emphatic in believing that any show of weakness or compromise on our part would be more likely than not to start a world conflagration. As a military commander he chafed under the restrictions which the United Nations placed on his air force—preventing any operations against the Manchurian bases that the Korean communists

used—but he had obeyed orders strictly and, despite these handicaps, had all but completed his mission by the last week in November, when he was ready to start the final offensive to the Yalu River.

That was a cold and wintry week in Korea. Throughout the conflict MacArthur had been making regular flying trips to the front and I, among others, accompanied him on a visit to all corps commanders on November twenty-fourth, the day our offensive started. We flew from Tokyo to a forward airfield in Korea and then toured the front by Jeep, accompanied by General Walker. Spirits were high at all of the headquarters we visited.

"Just let me alone and I'll be at the Yalu tomorrow morning," Maj. Gen. John Church, of the 24th Infantry Division, remarked.

Walker shook his head. "You go just as fast as I tell you to go," he said grimly, "and don't go any faster!"

MacArthur was obviously cheered by the spirit of the troops and the confidence of the commanders, despite the bitterly cold weather, and at one headquarters he remarked that if all goes well "we hope we'll have the boys home by Christmas." Representatives of the three American news services were with us, and they naturally picked up that remark for their stories—and a lot of fuss was made later about that statement which the General made in an offhand way to encourage the men who were all set for the final push.

In midafternoon we went back to the airfield and piled into the General's plane for the journey home. But when MacArthur got aboard, he turned to his pilot, Colonel Story, and said, "Head for the west coast and fly up the Yalu."

We took off over the rolling, muddy hills with nobody saying much. Then one of the newspapermen came over to me—MacArthur had gone into his private compartment—and asked, "Sid, is this trip really necessary?" We both laughed, but we also looked out to be sure that our jet-fighter planes were flying escort.

We went up to about 16,000 feet and, at the point where the Yalu flows into the sea, turned and flew up the river, some two or three miles inside Korean territory. We flew about 250 miles along the border in clear, cold weather. We could see everything that moved for miles around—and well into Manchuria—because the whole area is almost treeless. Never once did anybody

see anything that looked like an enemy military build-up—or that looked like an enemy, for that matter.

We flew peacefully back to Japan. My own feeling was that it would all be over in a few days. Then, before our offensive could gain headway, the Chinese communists entered the conflict and hit us with perhaps 200,000 troops and plenty of artillery and tanks; hit us right where we had looked and seen nothing but the muddy brown hills. They could, of course, move a lot of men and equipment by night. It wasn't easy to hide anything in that country, but some of their forces must have been hidden there as we flew overhead. It also was possible that the bulk of their troops and machines were well back from the Manchurian border and that they had come forward the night before they struck. A Chinese soldier can cover a long distance in one night at a coolie dogtrot. In any event, the entrance of the Chinese into the conflict was a surprise, it found our now greatly outnumbered forces in a disadvantageous position and, MacArthur pointed out, it had the effect of starting "an entirely new war."

Now began the long retreat back to the 38th parallel and to a point almost fifty miles into South Korean territory, a skillful and courageous retreat, and one that cost the Chinese many thousands of soldiers, but one that made December and most of January gloomy months in Tokyo. They were particularly gloomy around the embassy because the General naturally was depressed and, as usual, Jean reflected and even intensified his mood.

Anybody who knows MacArthur soon realizes that he is sensitive to criticism. In a way, this sensitivity is his Achilles' heel. And in the period when the Chinese offensive was moving down the Korean peninsula there were not a few who attempted to make the General the goat because of failure of an operation that had the approval in general of his superiors, regardless of later suggestions that the Joint Chiefs of Staff had warned him against splitting his forces in North Korea. Attempts to blame our retreat on the disposition of our troops ignored the fact that the real reason was the entrance of the Chinese into the conflict in such vast numbers that they would have upset any military situation.

In any event, MacArthur was widely criticized—much of the criticism arising from political motives—and the

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"Stop worrying. My sister hasn't failed us yet, has she?"

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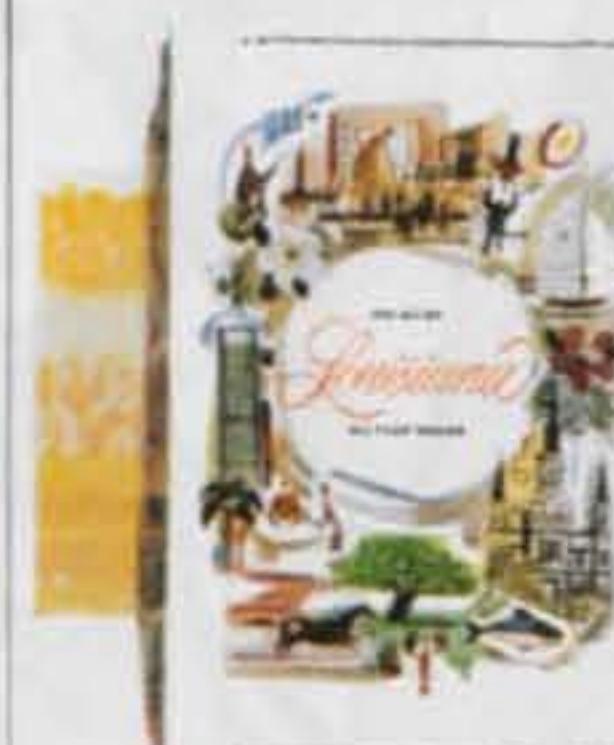
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more he was criticized the harder he worked. He directed a masterful retirement in Korea and he seemed in public to be as unaffected by the attacks made on him personally as he had been earlier by the lavish praise he received when he was winning. But in the lonely watches of the night it hurt. It hurt him so keenly that his staff did everything possible to protect him. We even hid newspapers and magazines from him if they contained particularly unrestrained criticism, although I suppose he always found out what was said, because people in the United States sent him a great many clippings. One newspaperman covering the war repeatedly voiced a blunt opinion that MacArthur had blundered so badly in Korea that he was through, washed up and done for. This was an idea he expressed not only in his dispatches but at cocktail parties in Tokyo, and I recall some exceedingly hot sessions when he made such remarks in the presence of members of the General's staff and others.

The effect of all this on Jean was to make her redouble her efforts to see that whenever the General was at home things went smoothly and just as he wanted them. But she worried because the General was worried, and for

\* \* \* \* \*

### COSMIC TAG

Full moons rise with a setting sun,  
Old moons sink into dawn,  
New moons run when the day is gone—  
It's a game they play for fun.

—VIRGINIA MERRITT.

\* \* \* \* \*

a couple of weeks it seemed to me that she was likely to collapse. She lost weight. She couldn't sleep. She picked at her food. She hardly left the embassy—except to shop or meet the General at the airfield after his visits to Korea—for fear she would not be there if he came home unexpectedly or sent some word to her.

She would be awake in the morning long before MacArthur arose and she would stay as close to him as possible until he left for the office. Before lunch she would come down the hill to our apartment to talk to Keira and me, to ask our opinion about the General's health, to discuss the day's developments in Korea, to vent her anger at the critics. She would stay there until word came that MacArthur had started home for luncheon and, late in the day when he had returned to the office, she would come back to our apartment before dinner because she had to talk to someone until the General came home again.

Often she called me at the office and asked if I was going to be home soon, because she wanted to talk. "I feel as if the walls are closing in on me," she said. "I feel I must talk to someone." I went home and Keira and I would talk to her for an hour or so until word came that the General was on the way home.

"You're not getting enough sleep, Jean," Keira insisted. "Why don't you take a sedative at night or go see the doctor?"

She shook her head. "If I took a sedative I wouldn't be awake if the General wanted me," she replied. "I'm not going to see a doctor. He'd prob-

ably want me to go to bed." Sometimes we could get her to sip at a glass of sherry, but most of the time she wanted nothing.

At night, after the General had paced himself into readiness for bed, Jean would go to his room to see that everything was in order. As usual, she insisted that he get into bed before opening the windows, and she all but tucked him in. Then she would open the windows.

"But, Jean," MacArthur insisted, "I can open the windows!" Jean, however, wanted to do things for him and she had her way despite his muttered protests. Then she would go to her own room, but not to sleep. She would be at his door every ten minutes until she was sure that he was sleeping.

On days when MacArthur flew to the Korean front Jean always waited tensely for word that his plane had started back to Tokyo, and then I would take her out to the airfield to greet him. As he got off the plane, his first remark—even if the reporters were swarming around—always was "Where's Jean?" Then, as quickly as possible, I would show him where she was waiting near the parked car.

One of these trips was unusually exhausting even for the General, who could take it better than most men many years his junior. When he got off the plane he appeared very tired and seemed to be fighting the threat of a cold. Jean hurried him to the embassy and, although it was only dusk, insisted that he get in bed and rest. She waited until he was asleep and then went downstairs to read to Arthur while he had his dinner. Ten minutes later they heard a shuffling noise at the door and looked up to see the General in his old West Point blanket bathrobe. He grinned a little sheepishly, and said, "Where is everybody? It's lonesome up there."

The worst of the gloomy period for Jean was ten days or two weeks in December. I know she was distressed because the General was working late at the office and she was all by herself when she decorated the Christmas tree in Arthur's playroom. But in January the military situation slowly improved and preparations were started for our counteroffensive from below the 38th parallel. In the next couple of months, Seoul was again recaptured and the United Nations troops, tanks and artillery pressed north of the parallel once more. This turning of the tide, of course, helped to restore the normal atmosphere around the embassy, and Jean again became more like her old self.

Normalcy, however, didn't last long. The events leading up to MacArthur's dismissal on April eleventh were approaching a climax—an entirely unexpected climax for most of us. The General knew how to obey orders even when he disagreed with them. He did obey them. At the same time, he had not been in the habit of keeping silent in regard to his own viewpoint, and I don't believe he ever will when he feels that the interests of America are at stake. To us around headquarters there was nothing unusual in such things as the General's visit to Chiang Kai-shek in July of 1950, his statement on Formosa that August, his offer to meet the Red commander in the field for truce negotiations or his letter to Congressman Joe Martin.

In any event, we were not prepared for the news that President Truman had relieved MacArthur of all his commands. The General received the message as he had received bad news and



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good so often in his busy lifetime—without much change of expression or demeanor. He didn't like it, but it was an order. No man likes to leave a job unfinished, but if the General wasted any time bemoaning his fate I was never aware of it. He returned to his office only twice, to collect his personal belongings. He remained for the next few days inside the embassy for the most part, and the only time I recall talking to him in that period was after Jean had told us that he had decided to fly back to the United States as soon as possible in order to accept the invitation of Congress to address a joint session of the House and Senate.

"You all are going with us," she said to Keira and me. "And Larry and doc." That was a reference to Col. L. E. Bunker, an aide, and Col. C. C. Canada, the General's physician.

MacArthur then summoned Maj. Gen. Courtney Whitney, Story, Bunker and me to his bedroom for a conference. He was wearing his old blanket bathrobe, but he was brief and businesslike. He gave us the details of the trip home, so that we could make the proper arrangements. There had been a message from San Francisco saying that it was desired to give him a welcome-home celebration. He agreed, but he told Story to arrange the flying schedule so that we would land there late the night before the ceremonies and thus avoid any excitement upon our arrival. "We'll just slip into San Francisco after dark," he remarked.

Watching him and listening to him, I tried to figure out how he was feeling underneath his tense but quiet manner. I got the impression that he was aggrieved; that he had suffered a bit of heartbreak. But he never said a word to indicate his attitude, and all of us realized that it would be a grave error to make any sympathetic noises in his presence. Ordinarily, there is a lot of warm friendliness about MacArthur, but in times of crisis he seems to prefer to be alone, to fight it out by himself or with only Jean's comfort and help.

The next few days were a mad scramble for those who were going with the MacArthurs on The Bataan. Someway we got packed. Someway we said good-by to our friends. Someway we sympathized with our Japanese acquaintances who were saddened as well as worried by the General's recall. One highly placed Japanese may have summed it up when he remarked to me, "This is a great loss to Japan. We can get another Emperor tomorrow if necessary, but not another MacArthur."

The saddest of all, however, were the little people—the storekeepers and the farmers and the shop girls for whom MacArthur had created a whole new idea of freedom. Early on the morning of April sixteenth, as we drove to the airport, they lined the streets over virtually all of the twelve-mile route, eight and ten deep in many places. They cheered, but it was not a cheering crowd. Many of them wept—despite the popular idea of impassive Orientals—and many held up banners reading: "With Deep Regret" or "We love you, MacArthur," or "We are grateful to General."

We drove on to the field and close to The Bataan. The name of the plane, incidentally, was sparkling with fresh paint because actually it had been called "SCAP" until the day before. SCAP was the newer of the General's two planes, and obviously the better one for the long journey home. Somebody pointed out to me, however, that MacArthur was no longer Supreme

Commander of the Allied Powers, and with the General's permission I had the name "Bataan" switched to the new plane.

There was a big crowd at the field and two long lines of dignitaries were drawn up beside the plane. On the right were the heads of the Allied military forces in Japan, the diplomatic corps and the Japanese Government officials and members of the Diet. On the left were other occupation personnel and the wives of many Allied officials.

Ah Cheu was among the first to go aboard the plane, while the General and Jean stopped to say good-by to their friends. I never saw the old amah more dignified as, in her familiar Cantonese coat and trousers, she walked sedately up the steps to the plane. Then she turned and waved to the crowd of dignitaries. "Good-by, everybody!" she cried. "Good-by!" And, after bow-

hands with each of them while the crowd watched, tense, hushed and immobile. When he came to the Japanese officials in the center of the line, their faces were filled with emotion and there were tears in the eyes of Naotake Sato, president of the Upper House, as MacArthur clasped his hand. Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida's voice choked as he said farewell. The General went all the way up the line and then moved over to the opposite side, where he and Jean said good-by to many others.

All this while the tension kept building up, but, except for the jet planes roaring overhead in salute, there was almost no noise at all. People seemed even to speak in whispers. This was no time for cheering. Even when the General and Jean, now joined by Arthur, walked up the steps to the plane, turned and waved, there were only calls of

I remember that we landed late at night and that Story, as usual, came back to open the door when the steps had been rolled into position, and the General, as usual, said, "Good flight, crew!" And then he and Jean and Arthur stepped out—more than a little startled—into the floodlights and the mad noise of the wildest welcome home that San Francisco ever put on; a tumultuous preview of the welcome that America had in store for her illustrious military hero.

And I remember one more thing: the net of fifteen years that I spent with Douglas MacArthur. No man has given himself more unreservedly to the service of his country over such a tremendous span of history. People are inclined to forget that MacArthur was a general officer of the United States Army more than thirty years ago, when most of our current military figures were mere fledgling soldiers.

Not many weeks after MacArthur had completed his unprecedented testimony before a Joint Congressional Committee, he and Jean called on us at the home of a friend where we were staying temporarily. Only the day before, Yacov Malik had disclosed Soviet Russia's suggestion for armistice negotiations in the year-old Korean war, but we had not mentioned the subject until the General had his hat in hand and was ready to leave. There was a brief delay and I asked him what he thought of Malik's speech.

It was rather as if I had touched off a slow-burning fuse. MacArthur began pacing up and down the living room and talking about what was happening to America. His first thought is always love of his country. He has a tremendous pride in America and in the people of America and in their heritage. All of these things he expressed in a simple, tense way that made his words all the more sincere. The minutes flew past. Jean, her hat on and her handbag beside her, sat on the divan and listened. So did the rest of us. We listened for forty-five minutes, and I kept thinking what a tragedy it was that all of America could not listen too.

He was afraid that the American people were being pushed around; that they were confused. He was worried about the danger that, for one reason or another, the United Nations would take a "soft" attitude in Korea; that there would be an effort made to appease the masters of the communist-ruled nations. He felt no doubt that such a course would be ruinous to America in the long run and that it would destroy the progress made in democratization of Japan.

Most men of MacArthur's age and achievements, I feel sure, would have been willing to step out of public life following such a crisis as the abrupt termination of his command in Tokyo, feeling that they had done everything possible in the service of their country. But as the General talked he left no doubt in my mind that he can never step aside. It is not in him to give up a fight, whether it be in the Argonne, or on Bataan, or on the Pusan beachhead, or in Washington. And he made it clear that he had not the slightest doubt that Americans were beginning to realize what had happened and that they would not long be confused. In MacArthur's mind, there is not and has never been any question that the people will be worthy of the sacrifices that Americans have made to preserve this country and all that it stands for in a restless, war-weary world.

*Editors' Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Colonel Huff and Mr. Morris.*



ing in all directions, she disappeared inside the cabin.

Now occurred what has always seemed to me the most dramatic scene of MacArthur's life in Japan. Yet, in truth, nothing much happened. It was both a strangely quiet and an inactive scene.

When Jean, Arthur, the General and I got out of the first automobile carrying our party, MacArthur was formally greeted by Lt. Gen. Matthew Ridgway, his successor, and Maj. Gen. Doyle Hickey, the chief of staff. An honor guard representing the American armed services and the British Commonwealth was drawn up in three ranks and the General walked up and down briskly as he reviewed the men. Then, his face strained and set, he moved slowly along the row of dignitaries lining his path to the plane, followed by Jean. Awaiting him in solemn silence were Lieut. Gen. Sir Horace Robertson, head of the British Commonwealth occupation forces; William J. Sebald, head of the SCAP diplomatic section; Lt. Gen. George E. Stratemeyer; Vice Admiral C. Turner Joy and dozens of other military and diplomatic figures with whom he had been closely associated. MacArthur shook

good-by and good luck. The Army band was strong and clear as it struck up *Auld Lang Syne*, and there were still no cheers. No farewell could have been more sincere. The door of The Bataan swung shut, the big plane rolled awkwardly down the runway and we were on our way home.

There isn't much more to write except what you read in the millions of words in your newspapers about the MacArthurs' homecoming after fourteen years and two wars abroad. I remember that they got their first taste of public homecoming demonstrations in Honolulu. The General was surprised and moved, but he said to Admiral Arthur W. Radford, "I hope that they're not cheering because they feel sorry for me."

I remember that when The Bataan approached the California coast the General and Jean and Arthur went up into the pilot's compartment to catch the first glimpse of the lights of San Francisco; the lights of a homeland Arthur had never seen. The boy was happily excited when the coastline showed up through the darkness, but the General, his hand on his son's shoulder, watched in silence.