

THE UNTOLD STORY OF General MacArthur—Family Man

Victory and defeat, honor and humiliation—this history maker has known them all, yet he has never failed in his most cherished role as husband and father

By FLORA RHETA SCHREIBER



IN THE SIX-ROOM presidential suite of the Waldorf-Astoria Towers in New York City, General of the Armies Douglas MacArthur lives far from public view, as he has for the past nine years.

On the occasion of his approaching 81st birthday, Jan. 26, let us lift the curtain and look in on him for a few moments,—the retired, embittered national hero and the considerate husband-father.

The MacArthur apartment consists of a living room some 70 feet long, three bedrooms, a dining room, and a maid's room. The MacArthur family has put down roots here and made it home. "Here's where we lighted," the General told his wife Jean that day in 1951 when, after a 14-year absence from their native land, they first came home, "and here's where we'll stay."

The furniture is hotel furniture. The only personal touch is reflected in beautiful Japanese screens, in the silver vases that are the gift of the Emperor of Japan, in a few objets d'art sent by Japanese friends, and in the gold cigarette case that MacArthur's World War I staff gave him as a token of affection. But the apartment has no trophies, no medals, no military decorations.

Living with the General are his wife, Jean Fair-

cloth MacArthur, 20 years his junior, and their only child, Arthur, who is 22. Arthur is 5 feet, 10 inches, straight, slim, very dark.

There, too, is Ah Cheu, once Arthur's *amah* who has been with the family since the dark days of Bataan and Corregidor.

The MacArthur trio has always been closely knit. Once, Mrs. MacArthur told Mrs. Manuel Quezon, wife of the then-president of the Philippines who had pleaded with Mrs. MacArthur to take her young son and join the Quezons in leaving besieged Corregidor:

"We will stay with the General. We three are one. We drink of the same cup."

Tall, erect, alert, MacArthur impresses his friends as having changed little in the past 20 years. Instead of the familiar uniform, he appears in conservative brown and gray tweeds when friends and business associates call on him in the suite. Mornings and evenings, he enjoys wearing his West Point blanket with the letter "A" (for Army) boldly embossed.

He no longer smokes his famous corncob pipe. Instead, he uses an ordinary pipe or smokes an occasional cigar. He eats heartily and rarely drinks. For exercise, he walks up and down his living room for a half hour at a time. The walking serves a double purpose. As has always been his habit, he thinks things out as he paces.

His life is centered in the apartment. Here as

chairman of the board of the Sperry Rand Corp. he holds consultations and committee meetings.

Herbert Hoover is the only person he visits. The ex-President also lives at the Towers, but MacArthur calls on him only a few times a year. He maintains his old attitude towards the ex-President—slightly deferential—because Mr. Hoover was once his Commander in Chief.

General MacArthur leaves the apartment to attend St. Bartholomew's (Episcopal) Church with his wife and son, or for special occasions like the boy's graduation from the Buckley and Browning schools. Sometimes, too, he just takes a walk with his old friend and aide, Gen. Courtney Whitney.

He Has Remained Vigorous

For the most part, the General has enjoyed good health for his age—possibly because he wills it so. Even last year, when an almost fatal illness struck him, he refused to recognize its existence, or seek medical help until the night of Jan. 29. Then he was so gravely ill that there was no longer any choice. When he was told that he had to be hospitalized, he refused to be taken out of the apartment in a stretcher or a wheel chair. Walking between General Whitney and Dr. George W. Slaughter, he insisted upon going to the car under his own power.

Later, when he was under sedation and hospital attendants were wheeling him out of his room, he



General MacArthur leaves New York hospital after his recent successful operation for removal of a gland. He is with his wife Jean.

The General's son Arthur is in the company of lovely Wendy Vanderbilt at a social function.



At home, the General plays host to a Tokyo