

# Aide To General Of AF Almost Shot MacArthur Shortly After War Began

By COL. ALLISON IND  
Written For The Associated Press  
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Gen. Douglas MacArthur is 80 years old today. Except for a split-second, wholly unmilitary intervention one dark night in the Philippines, he almost certainly would have died shortly after his 62nd birthday.

And I, aide to his Air Force chief, would have been his unwitting executioner.

Very few Americans, and we devoutly hoped, no Japanese, knew the general and his party were on the southernmost island of Mindanao that night. President Roosevelt's radio order that reached him in the rock heart of Corregidor's Malinta tunnel was most sec-

ret. It directed him to take key staff officers and break out of Bataan and Corregidor before the implacable ring drew hopelessly tight.

How he was going to negotiate the endless hostile miles from the Philippines to Down-Under Australia with rag-tag ends of battle-shot equipment was his problem. He was to reorganize in Australia and when America and her allies could spare the men, ships, planes and guns to do it with, he would fight his way back.

Aside from the military need to keep the encircling enemy in ignorance, there was the morale of those who would have to stay behind. They formed the only barrier to the Japanese roll-up of Southeast Asia and much of the Pacific; the tight, bitter resistance from the foxholes leached into the flank of the rugged peninsula and the following guns on the rock at the entrance to Manila Bay had already upset Tokyo's whole operations timetable.

But by March 1942 everyone knew what he wouldn't say and tried not to think about: Time was running out for Bataan and naming me one of five to try to fly south to Mindanao the night of March 10-11 came like a last-hour reprieve from the governor. Somehow we made it and on the 12th were searching for Gen. Sharp's underground headquarters. We wouldn't have found it without help—a beautiful blend with the pineapple plantation, the orderly rows uninterrupted over the buried nerve center of American resistance in the south. There we learned Gen. MacArthur and party had already left Corregidor in PT boats.

Compared with what we had been experiencing, Mindanao was a lush wonderland. The Japanese? Yes, they were in Mindanao. But mostly they were some miles to the southeast—not like the snipers on Bataan, looking down your throat from treetop concealments. The Del Monte plantation compound quietly got ready to receive and hide the MacArthur party until the Flying Fortresses from Australia could run through 1,500 miles of hostile air and pick them up.

That night I felt I had to get away from everyone; here a man could be by himself, couldn't he? But the night sentry ring around Del Monte was now doubled against infiltration. I put it on the line with the lanky Texan armed with a Springfield. He let me through on the promise I would not go far nor stay long.

## Housewife Sets Submerge Mark

PENSACOLA, Fla. (AP) — A New York housewife who spent a record 100 hours and three minutes underwater suffered nothing worse than dishpan hands.

Jane Baldasore climbed out of her windowed, nine-foot deep tank and said, "I feel like I weigh a ton."

She was in the big circular tank from 10:30 a.m. Wednesday until 2:33 p.m. Sunday, eclipsing the 84½-hour record set by Robert Ingollia, Port Jefferson, N.Y.

The weather outside was 45 degrees but the water was kept at 95 degrees.

The 24-year-old blonde took liquid nourishment through a tube and slept about 18 hours in the tank.

a vast shadow under the fling of bright, clean stars. There was no moon but the night had a suffused luminosity. Peace. Peace.

Then I heard something. The habits of war were adamant, the animal reactions instantaneous. Already I was in the ditch beside the road, gun out.

The sound could have come from the crunch of a boot on the gravel road. I dropped over until my cheek was against the ground. It was warm and dry. In that position man-size objects would appear in relief against the night sky. Japanese troops on Bataan wore battle dress with green, net-covered helmets. But in rear areas they often substituted a soft field cap raised along the midseam. What I promptly saw against the stars was a shape that could have been a man wearing a cap that could have been raised along the midseam.

A Filipino would have a straw hat, or none at all. And no American was supposed to be abroad outside the sentry ring. A Japanese, then.

Inches at a time I got the gun in position under my left armpit to cock it without making a noise. I was betting against the shape's decision to move before I could crook my left arm for a rest and take him under aim. He was stock still. That meant he had heard me. Slowly the sights came into position. The crown of that headgear was like a bull's-eye exactly topping the front sight. In turn, the front sight exactly bisected the V of the rear sight.

I could not miss. I began the trigger squeeze. I think I sensed rather than saw the second figure, and I refocused my eyes. This one was considerably shorter and the head was indistinct. Of course they would work in pairs! There might be others. And my shot would bring a hail of sentry bullets too. Maybe I should try to take them prisoners?

And then, subdued but clear at that distance in the quiet night came a woman's voice.

"I don't hear it now."

I recognized Mrs. MacArthur! I used to chat with her on the way to church occasionally in Manila before the war and had visited with her briefly on Corregidor a month before. The strength drained out of me. I was afraid sheer reaction would cause me to fire that gun.

"It's Ind, general," I managed to say.

His voice was firm and crisp as usual: "Where are you, Ind?"

"In the plantation, sir. I mistook you for a Japanese infiltration party and I almost shot your ears off."

Mrs. MacArthur gasped. He chuckled. "Well, you better get up here and we'll decide who's going to escort whom back to the compound."

I am not sure what I said because I was too preoccupied with the recollection of the time I had spent filing the trigger of that gun down to a hair release.



WILLIAM ANDERSON, private in the U.S. Army, is taking an eight-week training course in Security Supply School at Fort Ord. Anderson is the son of Mrs. Eric Anderson, 1434 Pleasant Street. His wife, the former Carol Woster, is a student at KUHS, from where Anderson was graduated in 1955.

## Manager Notes Fairground Use

TULELAKE—For the first time, interim use of the Tulelake-Butte Valley Fairgrounds has exceeded its fair time use. Bill Whitaker, newly reappointed fair manager, gave usage figures in his annual report to the board of directors at a meeting held last Wednesday night at the First Western Bank at Dorris.

He said 33 organizations have used the fairgrounds for a total of 241 times, with a total attendance of 24,407 persons, during the past year. The grounds have been used for dances, meetings, banquets and parties. There was a total attendance of 16,117 at the 1959 fair. Exhibitors totaling 709 entered 2,731 exhibits for premiums amounting to \$11,264.27.

The sum of \$424,205 is invested in buildings and grounds. Major projects completed during the past year include rodeo chutes and race track, race track lighting system, shower rooms for junior exhibitors and construction of a maintenance building.

At Wednesday night's meeting, Bill Ganger was elected president of the Tulelake-Butte Valley Fair Board of Directors and Russell Smith was elected vice president.

## JOKE ON A JOKESTER

DALLAS, Tex. (UPI) — W. C. Jack, whom his fellow workers said was a harmless practical joker around the office, had all his teeth pulled by a dental surgeon. His co-workers Monday sent him: A pound of peanut brittle, six packages of corn chips, corn on the cob, salted peanuts and tooth picks.

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# Girl Who Had 'Too Much' Dies 'Too Soon' At 38

NEW YORK (AP)—Actress Diana Barrymore, 38, who made her life a tragic struggle to fulfill the mythical promise of her name, died Monday.

Her nude body was found lying face down in bed by a maid at her fashionable East Side apartment.

Her physician said she died of a heart attack but he refused to sign a death certificate because Miss Barrymore had no history of heart trouble. Police started an investigation.

Authorities said there was no indication of suicide. Miss Barrymore, who was trying to make a theatrical comeback after a life of alcoholism, degradation and broken marriages, had once made a suicide attempt.

She told her story in the best-selling autobiography, "Too Much, Too Soon." She was the daughter of the late John Barrymore, whose swashbuckling off stage matched anything he did on stage, and the late Blanche Oelrichs, who wrote plays and poems under the name Michael Strange.

Her aunt was Ethel Barrymore, and her uncle was Lionel Barrymore. Her theatrical ancestry went back four generations in this country and England. Diana Barrymore's name opened for her every door in show business, but when she made headlines, it was seldom in the critics' columns.

In her book, she wrote: "The fact that I came from a long line of Barrymores isn't going to make me feel that I must always keep striving to live up to their accomplishments." But she did keep striving.

In 1938-39, she was New York's "Personality Debutante." Her smiling, young face was photographed in all the fashionable night spots with cafe society escorts. Encouraged by her father, she launched a theatrical career in summer stock and quickly moved on to Hollywood.

Miss Barrymore's movie failures led her to excessive drinking. As a young woman, she moved swiftly through two unsuccessful marriages, first to Bramwell Fletcher, an actor, and then to John Howard, a professional tennis player.

By 1947, her reputation for drinking and belligerence had closed all doors her name had opened. During her third marriage to Robert Wilcox, she and her husband were arrested for stealing food from a supermarket. One day, Miss Barrymore swallowed 27 sleeping pills with whisky as a chaser. She was found in time

to be saved. After the death of Wilcox in 1955, Miss Barrymore began the long, uphill struggle for a comeback. She wrote her book, including the sordid details of her dissipation. She licked her drinking problem.

Recently she completed a successful 10-week Chicago appearance in "Garden District" by her close personal friend, Tennessee Williams. At the time of her death, she reportedly was negotiating to star in London in "Sweet Bird of Youth," another Williams play.

She told friends recently, "I have begun to find my way." Her body was taken to Bellevue Hospital for an autopsy. Her manager, Viola Rubber, who lives across the street from Miss Barrymore's apartment, said the actress had complained recently of chest pains. She had been under a doctor's care.

There was no indication of the value of Miss Barrymore's estate. Her attorney, Aaron Frosch, said she "had no financial difficulties." Friends who visited Miss Barrymore at her apartment Sunday night said she was worried about not working. But Miss Rubber said she had several offers.

When told of her stepdaughter's death, Dolores Costello Barrymore wept at her home in Fallbrook, Calif.

"She was a bad little girl," said Mrs. Barrymore, third wife of John Barrymore, and once a top screen siren, "but we never had any difficulties."

Miss Barrymore's only other survivor is a stepbrother, Leonard Thomas, of the Achorage Hotel, Antigua, B.W.I.

A movie version of her autobiography was made last year, starring Dorothy Malone and the late Errol Flynn.

## Retired Exec Dies At Age 75

SANTA MONICA, Calif. (AP)—Retired movie executive Watterson R. Rothacker, 75, died of cancer Monday in St. John's Hospital.

Rothacker, a Chicago native, was among the first producers of films for advertising and educational uses. He also was active in early experimentation with sound.

He was a former vice president of Paramount Pictures and during World War II served as a government censor of motion pictures.

## Weather Table

THE WEATHER ELSEWHERE  
By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

	High	Low	Pr
Albany, cloudy	31	20	
Albuquerque, cloudy	54	36	
Anchorage, cloudy	23	9	
Atlanta, clear	49	30	
Bismarck, snow	12	3	02
Boston, cloudy	33	29	07
Buffalo, clear	33	22	05
Chicago, cloudy	33	20	T
Cleveland, cloudy	35	23	
Denver, cloudy	47	28	
Des Moines, cloudy	27	12	
Detroit, cloudy	33	23	03
Fort Worth, rain	51	49	T
Helena, cloudy	31	18	
Honolulu, clear	82	63	
Indianapolis, clear	41	22	
Kansas City, rain	45	33	T
Los Angeles, clear	60	54	13
Louisville, clear	46	28	
Memphis, cloudy	52	31	
Miami, clear	70	66	
Milwaukee, cloudy	27	10	
Mpls.-St. Paul, snow	23	4	T
New Orleans, cloudy	58	47	
New York, clear	43	30	
Oklahoma City, cloudy	48	41	
Omaha, cloudy	26	8	
Philadelphia, cloudy	39	27	
Phoenix, cloudy	65	52	
Pittsburgh, clear	32	27	
Portland, Me., cloudy	33	31	
Portland, Ore., rain	40	36	26
Rapid City, snow	33	10	T
Richmond, cloudy	43	29	
St. Louis, clear	46	30	
Salt Lake City, cloudy	38	22	30
San Diego, cloudy	65	56	35
San Francisco, cloudy	58	52	42
Seattle, rain	48	46	50
Tampa, clear	66	45	
Washington, clear	44	34	T

(T—Trace)

## FIRE STOPS FIREMEN

SYDNEY, Australia (UPI)—Sydney's record 103 degree temperature today caused the engine of a fire truck answering a fire alarm to catch fire.

# Noted Medic Heart Victim

CHICAGO (AP)—Dr. Max Thorek, 79, internationally known surgeon and founder of the International College of Surgeons, died Monday night of a heart attack.

Dr. Thorek, who had not been in ill health, suffered the attack in his home on North Lake Shore Drive.

Dr. Thorek, born in Hungary, came to the United States in 1900. He had practiced medicine in Chicago since his graduation from Rush Medical College in 1904. He had been chief surgeon at American Hospital for many years and also had served as professor of clinical surgery at Loyola University.

For many years he was permanent secretary-general of the International College of Surgeons and also was editor of the organization's medical journal.

Survivors include his widow, Fannie, and a son, Dr. Philip, a Chicago surgeon.

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