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THE REAL NIXON



by Bela Kornit

THE Real
Nixon

An Intimate Biography

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

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To the Mother of Richard Nixon

HANNAH MILHOUS NIXON

Acknowledgments

IN THE COURSE of more than one year of my research on the West Coast and in Washington, D.C., many persons helped me by granting interviews.

The Vice President, his charming wife and political trouper, Pat; his executive secretary, Rose Mary Woods; his administrative assistant, Robert H. Finch; his special assistant, Herbert G. Klein; and his military aide, Major James D. Hughes, all gave graciously of their time, and I am indebted to them.

I also wish to thank Margaret L. Coit, associate professor of history at Fairleigh Dickinson University, and Frederic Babcock of the *Chicago Tribune* for editorial assistance, and William J. Casey, New York attorney, for his wise counsel.

But more than anything else, I am grateful for the assistance and understanding of a great and dedicated woman, Hannah Milhous Nixon.

B. K.

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Introduction

**Why I
Looked
at Nixon**

THAT Richard Nixon is controversial is accepted by the American public without qualification, just as certain products have become household words in America as a result of high-pressured commercials. Controversy is considered by many as an inborn character trait of Nixon's, as much a part of him as though he had been baptized with it.

Shortly after I found refuge in America from Communist Hungary, I wrote two books, *American Fathers and Sons* and *The Great American Heritage*. I have been asked frequently why I am so vitally interested in the lives of eminent Americans and in the career of Richard M. Nixon. My reason has been expressed far more eloquently than I could by Cecil B. deMille, who wrote me: "It is particularly heartening that such a distinguished refugee as yourself should write . . . depicting the American home as the source of our democracy. . . . You, with your deep knowledge and practical experience in European affairs, can perhaps best point up what we Americans all too often take for granted—the fact that the American family is the keystone of the magnificent democratic institution for whose ideal men of all ages have dreamed and fought."

This biography, which places great emphasis on the home

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and family, may at least have one claim to distinction: It ignores the established, trite, biographical pattern of highlighting and dramatizing the controversial aspects of Nixon's personality. Perhaps because of a stubborn streak in my nature, or maybe under the impulse of fair play, I decided not to yield to this trend.

The reader will understand that to a man who lost country, family, and precious roots in a political debacle, the warmth and security of the American home are gratifying qualities, and moreover seem to compensate for a great loss. I believe that behind the façade of every provocative career lies an unexplored life which, while ignored by the public, offers rich clues to the understanding of the man. Surely the boyhood and formative years of a person who has grown to prominence carry more weight in the proper evaluation of him than do politically biased reports and analyses which measure him in the glare of the national spotlight.

The biographies and the countless stories written about Richard Nixon have been built upon the premise that public interest prefers to see the finished product, the climactic peak of a career, and not the common grind of boyhood routine. Consequently the Hiss case, Nixon's role on the House Un-American Activities Committee, the campaign battle with Helen Gahagan Douglas, and the fund episode are being rehashed, dramatized, and used as standard props in the portrayal of him. And, while these incidents, if viewed in their proper perspective, must not be minimized, they reveal only facets which are known to the public and thus offer no revelations.

It is my intention to probe the background of the Vice President—not only his family and their personal roots but also their relationship to the nation's democratic heritage which enabled, and still enables, men of talent and ambition to thrive. For the strength of American democracy is the family. It begins there.

What the parents, Frank and Hannah Nixon, gave their son, in counseling and action and example, were the instruments with which he started life and proceeded alone.

In this book, then, the reader will get for the first time an intimate close-up of the personality who was, and continues to be, the greatest inspirational force in his life: his mother, Hannah Milhous Nixon. The reader will also get to know his father, who died in 1956 and whose sturdy, unbending spirit is deeply etched in the fighting fiber of the Vice President.

I spent many months with Hannah Nixon at her home in La Habra, California. A fine example of Quaker tolerance and brotherhood, she reared her five sons in the Quaker discipline of piety and hard work.

The Vice President's brothers, Donald, a sales representative for a milk company, and Edward, an ensign in the Navy, along with other members of the immediate family, his former teachers, his classmates, boyhood friends, and various political and social figures in California, all told me in great detail about the human aspects of his life.

The Vice President himself, his back-breaking schedule notwithstanding, subjected himself to lengthy tape-recorded interviews, and the same privilege was granted to me by his wife, Pat. He consented to the use of his personal correspondence, hitherto unknown except to the family. Some of these letters were written when his dreams did not stretch further than the hope of making good grades in high school.

Because of Hannah Nixon's kindness, I have the privilege of publishing here some of Richard's correspondence with her. In one of these is reflected his innate modesty. On March 25, 1959, he wrote to her: ". . . I had an hour with Bela Kornitzer today and if there is one thing he is convinced of it is that if I amount to anything at all it is due to the quality of my mother and my Grandmother Milhous."



OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

March 25, 1959

Dear Mother:

Tomorrow we are all planning to take off for Florida for nine or ten days.

Interestingly enough, it just happened that the weather turned warm and sunny here today and consequently we're rather reluctant to leave -- as you know, Spring in Washington can be very nice. However, we feel that down there the girls will have an opportunity to get plenty of sunshine and perhaps a good tan before they go back for the last quarter. I am sure that the rest will be good for all of us.

We have enjoyed your letters and I was particularly glad to see that you were getting out from time to time with Clara Jane, Mrs. Stewart and others. It can be a very dreary and boring thing to stay too close to the house and I hope you will always accept the invitations which I know will often come your way to attend functions that might be of interest to you.

We were glad that you found the knickknacks we sent you for your birthday to be useful. I had an hour with Bela Kornitzer today and if there is one thing he is convinced of it is that if I amount to anything at all it is due to the quality of my Mother and my Grandmother Milhous!

We shall drop you a card or a letter after we get to Florida.

Love,

During my two years' research I shied away from centering my interest in Nixon the politician, but of course I could not ignore it altogether. For glossing over politics in his life would seem as preposterous as if one were to write a life of Pope John without mentioning the Catholic Church. Therefore I have covered every important political phase in the career of the man who once described himself as being a "political animal."

But, instead of digging for controversy, I looked for the inner motives in his relentless drive toward the top—motives which he, with the reserve of the Quakers, never revealed. In my attempt to show his background I put an emphasis on his relationship to his mother and grandmother, whose teachings and guidance are more responsible for his philosophy than is any other influence, with the exception of that of his wife.

The journey into the heart of a man, like the search for unexplored territories, opens new vistas in the understanding of him. It seemed to me that, because of Nixon's shyness, his reluctance to disclose private and intimate matters concerning his family and religion, he has helped inadvertently to fan the popular impression of his alleged cold, opportunistic nature. With the exception of his television speech in the 1952 Presidential campaign, he has preferred to withdraw into an inner shell. By his moral and religious concepts he believes that his private life concerns no one but himself. And if there is a "new Nixon," one would find it in revelations which he offers only when pressed to do so.

It is primarily this reserve that makes even friends such as Father John F. Cronin, of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, conclude that the Vice President is a "complex character, a politician who could have been a poet; immersed in worldly affairs, yet with qualities of a mystic; a hard fighter, yet sensitive and kindly; a man who is in many ways a paradox."

To unravel the Gordian knot of a paradoxical character like

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Richard Nixon presented many obstacles and questions I found hard to answer. Political analysts of national reputation asked me, as a matter of course, whether the book would be for or against him. That a biography of him would be impartial and objective apparently didn't occur to anybody. "I don't like the guy's looks" or "I just don't trust him" are more or less standard assessments made by his critics.

The book was already well under way when I discovered that even solid facts about him would be challenged by his adversaries if the facts deviated from the pat image that has been established. This strong partisan feeling precludes objectivity and reveals the emotionalism which has engulfed him since he entered politics. His name apparently attracts lightning like a Franklin rod.

This aura of suspicion leaped even the national boundaries. In December of 1956, in the wake of the Hungarian uprising, I accompanied the Vice President on his fact-finding mission to Vienna. At the conclusion of my interview with Chancellor Julius Raab, that jovial Austrian exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Nixon is one of the finest men I have met in my entire career!" He then leaned toward me, and with a twinkle in his eyes, said: "Frankly, when we met I was looking for horns."

There are still many who look for horns on Nixon's head, and they will continue to look, since the ability of political office holders to turn on the charm at the sight of cameras doesn't come easily to him. The assessment of political figures, primarily through their physical appeal, is an American phenomenon.

I once asked the late Cordell Hull what he considered the dominating character trait and quality of Franklin D. Roosevelt. I was somewhat astonished when the dour and remote Secretary of State, instead of emphasizing F.D.R.'s undisputable shrewdness and political sagacity, responded with a sigh and said: "Oh, what a smile! What a voice! When he addressed the nation at his fireside chats as 'My Friends,' the entire nation listened."



Hannah Nixon, the Vice President's mother, and myself in La Habra, where I spent many weeks interviewing her and collecting family pictures and letters. Her Mother's Day note to me is one of this author's treasures.

Dear Bela Korritzger.

I like your biographical approach to my son Richard because you seem to be as dedicated to ideals as he is -

In remembrance of your many pleasant visits with us
Hannah Nixon

Mother's Day 1959

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Whether or not Nixon has superficial charm, the impact of his personality can be neither dodged nor denied. All of those present felt this impact during his "kitchen-debates" with Khrushchev in Moscow. All will remember that when, in 1952, his political future hung by a thread he escaped his Waterloo by appealing to the American people over the air waves. It was a highly dramatic and convincing performance which brought tears not only from the "cold and reserved" Richard Nixon but from millions of television viewers who listened to his revelation of humble origin and intimate personal finances.

Yet that speech is still derided by the cynics, who dubbed it the "Checkers speech." The tendency in American thinking to see only the light side of a situation, no matter how grave it may be, is deeply rooted and will not change overnight.

An intimate biography which does not produce fuel for political fireworks, particularly in a Presidential campaign year, may seem pointless to some partisans. On the timepiece of history, however, only truth can move the hands, and I have tried to write the truth.

BELA KORNITZER

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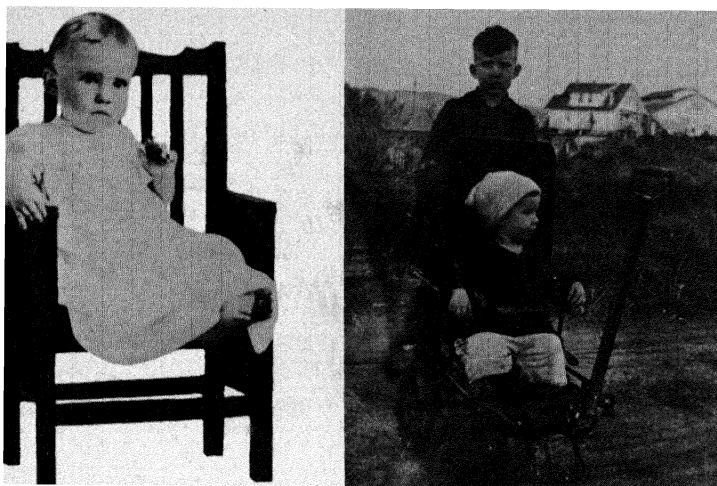
Four-year-old Richard Nixon wears a sailor suit and a Buster Brown haircut.



Main Street, Yorba Linda—as it looked in 1915 when Nixon was a two-year-old.

town, now dotted with oil derricks. But, because of the hurried pace of newsmen and biographers, Yorba Linda takes second place to Whittier, California, where the family later lived. In this century three American communities—Hyde Park, New York, Independence, Missouri, and Abilene, Kansas—have been put on the map by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, and Dwight D. Eisenhower, respectively. In the past decade or so Whittier has become known as the home town of the Vice President. There is an inaccuracy in these references: Roosevelt was born in Hyde Park; the other three were not natives of the communities which are solidly established in the public mind as their home towns. Truman was born in Lamar, Missouri; Eisenhower in Denison, Texas; and Nixon in Yorba Linda. Yet creditable books have been written about “The Man of Independence” and “The Man from Abilene,” and Nixon is referred to as “The Boy from Whittier.”

On January 9, 1959, Nixon's forty-sixth birthday, when the township of Yorba Linda dedicated a bronze plaque commemorating the Vice President's birthplace at 1806 Yorba Linda Boule-



Left: At nine months the Vice President had learned already to assume a chairman's pose. *Right:* As an eight-year-old he takes his baby brother Arthur for a ride in a stroller.

ward, a nationwide furor was caused by a reporter who asserted that the Vice President had actually been born in a Yorba Linda hospital and not in the parental home. The family and Yorba Lindans became irate at the distortion: Richard was born in the home of his parents.

Whether the Vice President should be claimed by Yorba Linda or Whittier may occasion a lively debate between the respective Chamber of Commerce officials, but it does not alter the fact that the son of a streetcar motorman turned citrus grower rose from the modest environs of a small community. And his fame is now overshadowing that of the man for whom Nixon's adopted city was named: New England's abolitionist Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier.

The few years in which the Nixons lived in Yorba Linda left them only a meager memory of the town; and even less of the family is recollected by the residents. The present tenants in the

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house where the Vice President was born—the family of Jack Waldron, janitor at the nearby elementary school—did not know Richard as a youngster. The first reliable account one can find of him is terse and objective, and probably the only one not carrying partisan overtones. It can be found in the Office of the County Recorder in Santa Ana, Orange County. The record of birth there reads:

FULL NAME OF CHILD—Richard Milhous Nixon.

MAIDEN SURNAME OF MOTHER—Milhous.

PLACE OF BIRTH—County of Orange, Yorba Linda Blvd., in Township of Fullerton.

DATE OF BIRTH—January 9, 1913.

SEX—Male.

COLOR OR RACE—White.

FATHER OF CHILD—FULL NAME: Francis Anthony Nixon; BIRTH-PLACE, near McArthur, Ohio.

MOTHER OF CHILD—FULL MAIDEN NAME: Hannah Milhous; BIRTH-PLACE, Butlerville, Indiana.

ABSTRACT OF SUPPORTING EVIDENCE—Oral evidence.

The certificate carries the signature of Richard Nixon and is dated March 27, 1942. Registration of birth was not mandatory in California in 1913. Quakers, like the members of other religious denominations, made the entries in their family Bible.

There is a California prayer: "God, give us men to match our mountains." Many people in Whittier believe Nixon fulfills this plea. Yet, save for a stone marker bearing a plaque on the grounds of his birthplace, I found no evidence of organized public tribute to him.

In 1954 the city fathers of Whittier decided that it was time to name a street or a boulevard after him. But a group of citizens objected, and the idea was dropped without anyone putting up a fight for it. There is a photograph of him in the study of Dr. Paul S. Smith, president of Whittier College, the Vice President's alma mater, but paradoxically, no statue or bust

Family portrait about 1917:
Frank and Hannah Nixon
with their boys
Harold, Don, and Richard.



graces the institutions where he studied. No marker stops the passerby at the supermarket where he once polished apples—the only time in his life that he was ever an “apple polisher.”

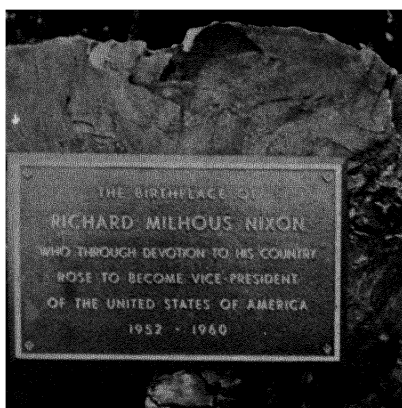
Duke University, which Nixon considered his second home, has also ignored recognition of its famous alumnus. The faculty there has denied him an honorary degree, allegedly because he tried to patch up the rift between Senator Joseph McCarthy and the Army. “It was like a slap in the face,” an intimate of the Vice President told me.

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Perhaps the quiet treatment of his home town can be explained by the puritanism of the Quakers, who frown upon exhibitionism and decry the cult of personality. Whatever the case may be, this reserve in the communities where he and his parents have lived seems rather startling when one thinks of the libraries, museums, and monuments built all over the nation in recognition of other political leaders still active.

Whether it is because the people of Whittier are endowed with political maturity and a healthy sense of balance, one fact is certain: Legends do not flourish in the path of Richard Nixon. "I knew that one day Dick would become Vice President of the United States" was refreshingly absent in the conversations of hundreds of townspeople who remember him when he made his first mark as a brilliant student in the high schools of Fullerton and Whittier. The *genius loci* is felt with more intensity in the area where he grew to manhood than in Washington, D.C., the summit of political ambitions.

Two records of Richard M. Nixon's birth: *Left*, the bronze plaque marks his birthplace in the town of Yorba Linda, California. *Right*, the "green-ink" card, made out by nurse Henrietta Shockney, records the date and time of his birth—January 9, 1913 at 9:35 P.M.—and his weight—eleven pounds.



Richard Milhous Nixon
Thursday Nine Thirty-five P.M.
January Ninth
Nineteen-hundred-thirteen
Eleven Pounds

**Ancestry of
Nixon
and Milhous**

How did Nixon's extraordinary career develop? Stripped of legends and the props of public relations, how does this man live in the estimation of those closest to him? What are the recollections of his formative years when, save for scholarly excellence, nothing distinguished him from the boy next door? How are the Nixons rated now in the social strata of their community? Had they carved for themselves a special niche in their town before Richard zoomed to national prominence? Were there distinguished men or women in the Nixon or the Milhous ancestry?

The family of the earthy, salty former President, Harry S. Truman, boasted a nobleman, Lord Trueman, on the ancestral tree. One can find no titled nobles nor highly placed functionaries among Nixon's forefathers. "Preachers, ministers, shopkeepers, school principals, yes," says the Vice President's mother, "but I can't think of a Nixon or a Milhous holding an office higher than that of sheriff." However, that sheriff was no ordinary county official. He was John Nixon, a Philadelphian who gave the Declaration of Independence its first reading.

Although the mother is right in her belief that there were no noblemen in the lineage of the Nixons, one member of the clan in Ireland was granted a coat of arms as far back as 1660. This

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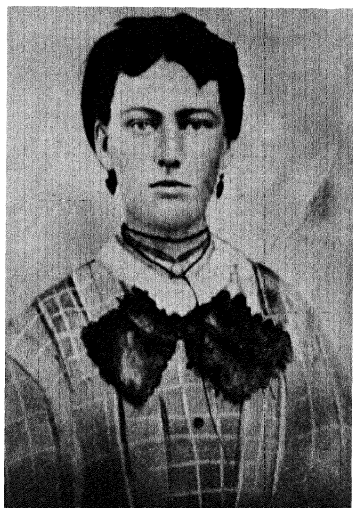
means nothing to her. She dismisses the link with nobility almost apologetically. "No one ever talked of or paid attention to these genealogy stories in our house."

The family name is a derivation of Irish names, Nicholl, Nicholson, MacNicholl, Nicholas, Nickson, and Nickerson. Those who believe that Richard sails under the personal guidance and protection of the goddess Fortuna may take comfort in the fact that Nixon in Irish means "he wins" or "he faileth not."

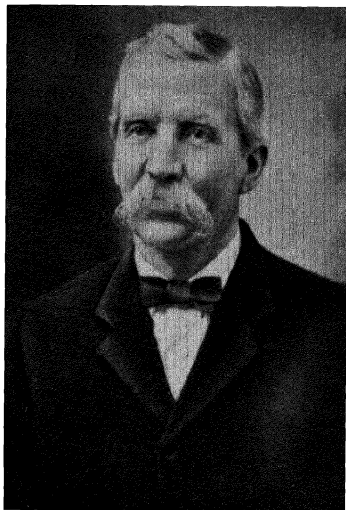
In England the name is common in two areas, one centering on Staffordshire, the other on Cumberland. A number of members of the clan moved from Staffordshire to County Wexford, in Ireland. There were Nixons living in Liddesdale, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, in 1547.

The first Nixon of record in the United States was James, who lived on a farm over the Delaware line in New Castle County, Brandywine Hundred, about five miles north of Wilmington and fifteen west of Philadelphia. He may have come from Ireland in the 1730's or 1740's, the time of the great Scotch-Irish migration that brought to this country the fathers of Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun. A faint glimpse into James's personal life is offered in his will written May 16, 1773. In it he made these bequests:

To his wife Mary, 60 pounds in cash, "besides the third of the benefit of the place where I now live and bed and bedding and furniture for one room." To his three married daughters, money; 45 pounds in all. To Jean, 60 pounds in cash "now in the hand of the Revd. Mr. Smith of Pequea besides a horse and saddle and bed." [Mr. Smith was a Presbyterian minister who conducted an academy at Pequea, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. This would further indicate that James was of Scotch-Irish origin.] "To my loving son George the plantation whereon I now live containing one hundred acres," and to his other son, James Jr., his Negro man, Ned, and Negro woman, Nance.



Sarah Ann Wadsworth Nixon



Samuel Brady Nixon



Francis Anthony Nixon

Samuel Brady Nixon, paternal grandfather to Richard Nixon, married Sarah Ann Wadsworth, who died when her son Francis was very young. Francis Anthony Nixon, or Frank, was reputed to be quite a dresser as a young man.



Dr. Ernest L. Nixon, of Pennsylvania State College, with his nephew Richard, and Richard's wife Pat, placing a wreath on the grave of George Nixon III in Gettysburg Cemetery.

Son George married Sarah Seeds in Holy Trinity Church, Wilmington, Delaware, August 17, 1775; he served in the Revolution under Washington and was one of the pioneers in western Ohio. His grandson, George Nixon III, died in the Battle of Gettysburg. Richard's paternal uncle, Dr. Ernest L. Nixon, a horticulturist at Pennsylvania State College, has a photograph of the Vice President, his wife, and himself placing a wreath on the grave of George Nixon III in Gettysburg's National Memorial Cemetery ninety years after the latter's death. The grave is situated not far from where Lincoln spoke November 19, 1863.

George Nixon III left eight children, one of whom, Samuel Brady Nixon, was born in 1847, near Midway, fifteen miles west

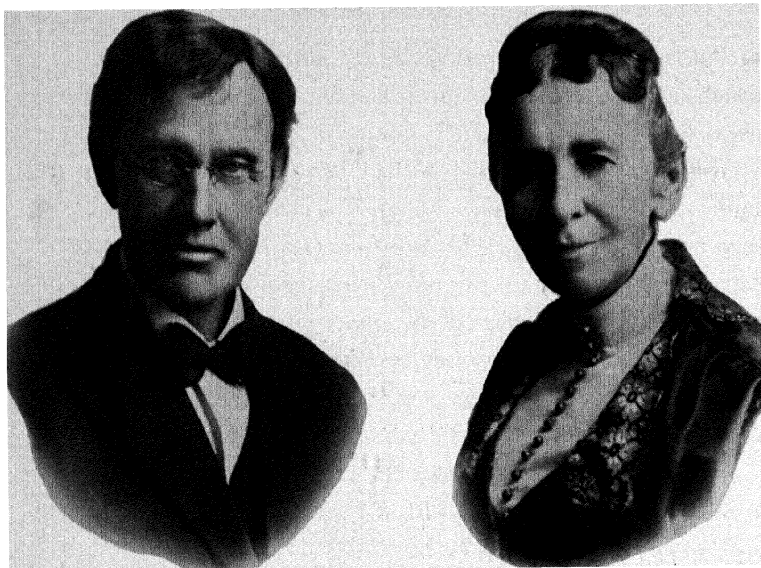
of Pittsburgh. In 1873 he married Sarah Ann Wadsworth, descendant of General "Mad Anthony" Wayne, the Revolutionary War hero. Three sons and two daughters were born from this marriage. One of the sons, Francis Anthony (Frank), was the father of the Vice President.

On the maternal side, the Milhouses were devout Quakers. Guided by the principal tenet of their faith, a strong communal spirit and selfless dedication to the service of their brethren, they made a strong imprint upon the places in which they settled. The unpretentious and frugal life of the early Quakers became part of the spiritual foundation of America.

The Milhous family is of German descent and there are still some people in Germany named Melhausen. A number of the Melhausens left that country for England in company with William, Prince of Orange, and his consort, Mary, in 1688. The name was anglicized into Milhous. Some of the family became followers of George Fox, the founder of the Religious Society of Friends, known as the Quakers, and moved on to Ireland.

On May 29, 1729, a certificate of membership was issued by the Dublin Friends meeting to Thomas Milhous, his wife Sarah, their three small children, and Sarah's parents. Subsequently the family left county Kildare and emigrated to Chester County, Pennsylvania, in search of religious freedom. Thomas' brothers, William and Robert, soon followed. James, the first American Nixon, lived twenty miles south of them.

The urge to explore the frontier affected both the Milhous and Nixon families. In 1805, two years after James Nixon left Delaware, William Milhous moved to Belmont County in eastern Ohio, settled in the Quaker colony at Colerain, and joined the Concord Monthly Meeting. Now the two families were thirty miles apart. William Milhous' grandson, Joshua, married Elizabeth Price Griffith, a Quaker minister who was one of the founders of East Whittier Friends Church in California. At the



Franklin Milhous



Almira Burdg Milhous

Franklin Milhous, maternal grandfather of Richard Milhous Nixon, and his wife Almira Burdg, who was a towering influence in her grandson's life. Hannah Milhous is shown here as she appeared in 1906 when she was graduated from Whittier College.



Hannah Milhous

age of eighty-nine she performed the marriage of a granddaughter, and she continued preaching almost until the time of her death, at ninety-six, in 1923.

In Joshua Milhous' time Quakers frowned on listening to music. But he loved music, and when a traveling organ salesman played and sang "The Old Musician and His Harp," Joshua was so moved that he bought an organ. Members of the community were horrified. It was the device of the devil, they said, and they were nearly ready to excommunicate Joshua from the Society of Friends. But progress caught up with them; shortly after his revolutionary move the church bought an organ.

James K. Polk was serving his third year in the White House when, on November 4, 1848, a son, Franklin, was born to Joshua and Elizabeth Griffith Milhous on their little farm near Mt. Pleasant, Ohio. When Franklin was six the family moved to Jennings County, Indiana. In 1872 Franklin, destined to be the Vice President's grandfather, married Sarah Emily Armstrong. Their son, Griffith, was to become a gifted musician and Richard Nixon's first music teacher. Two years after the death of Franklin's wife in 1877 he married Almira Burdgo, who was to be Hannah Nixon's mother and, later, a dominating influence on Richard's character and philosophy.

Almira had taught school for ten years or so in Hopewell, Indiana, and in nearby Shelbyville. "She used to ride horseback to the schoolhouse," Hannah says. "Her father had a buggy, but she preferred to ride." Her schoolbell is still cherished in the family circle, as is the brass candlestick which she carried to the schoolhouse evenings. She had a fine intellect and a strong talent for writing verses. She would send her poems to friends and relatives on special occasions.

Franklin and Almira lived happily on a farm adjoining that of his parents, but before long they were caught up in the eagerness of their generation to move westward. Their goal was Cali-



The Milhous family home in Butlerville, Indiana, had a friendly charm.

fornia, to which they were lured by a better climate and the desire to rear their family in a new Quaker community. Their move started the disintegration of the Friends' colony in Jennings County.

The two built a house near Whittier in 1897. Traditionalists, they hadn't wanted to sever every link with their Indiana background: so they had brought with them the needed doors, window frames and much of the lumber. The home they built soon became a gathering place for social and religious activities, with the dining room as the center. Every day after breakfast they held devotional services. Someone read a chapter from the Bible,

after which each member of the family recited a verse or a prayer.

Frank and Almira raised two boys and six daughters. With the exception of Elizabeth, who married a Harrison, and Griffith, the son of the first marriage, all the children are alive. In chronological order they are: Mrs. Edith Timberlake, a secretary in a bank; Mrs. Martha "Mattie" Gibbons, a trained nurse; Hannah, the widow of Frank Nixon and mother of the Vice President; Ezra Charles; Mrs. Jane M. Beeson, a music teacher; and the youngest, Mrs. Rose Olive Marshburn, wife of Oscar Marshburn, a well-known worker in the Friends church. Olive, like her mother, writes poetry.

One hundred and seventy-nine years after the first Milhous landed in America, Franklin's and Almira's daughter, Hannah, met Frank Nixon at the Friends church in Whittier. Two years later, in February, 1908, they were married. The first son, Harold, was born in 1909; Richard in 1913, Francis Donald in 1914, Arthur in 1918, and Edward in 1930.

In writing about the ancestry of the Vice President one is tempted to cite the analogy between the Nixon and the Eisenhower families. The findings seem remarkable. In each instance the forefathers moved westward from Pennsylvania. The world knows of five Eisenhowers, but actually there were seven boys, two of whom died. There were five Nixon boys, two of whom died. The Eisenhowers' parents, David and Ida, were River Brethren. Frank Nixon was, of course, a Quaker, as is his widow. Both sects maintain a distinct philosophy about the meaning of Christianity and communion with God, and both are strongly opposed to warfare.

Chapter 3

Grandmother Milhous

AT THE imposing Eastern Star Masonic Home for Women, in Beverly Hills, California, Henrietta Shockney, eighty-six, a trained nurse, sat in an armchair and searched her memory. She had assisted with Richard Nixon's birth. With apparent emotion she fingered a card long in the possession of the Vice President's mother; it carried Mrs. Shockney's own green-inked note of the baby's birthdate and weight.

"I remember the house at Yorba Linda," she said. "It was a two-story frame affair, situated on a hill overlooking a deep irrigation ditch. He was an unusually big baby, with a crop of black hair and a powerful, ringing voice. I believe he has retained both his hair and his voice."

A graduate nurse from the Dr. Kellogg Institute in Battle Creek, Mrs. Shockney had been recommended to the Nixons by Dr. H. P. Wilson of Whittier. "I was anxious to assist Mrs. Nixon because she was very much liked in the community, and I considered it a privilege to help her." She said the family paid her twenty-five dollars for one week. Had she imagined that Richard would grow up to be such an important man? "Of course not! All babies are more or less alike, and when one of them becomes famous we can ponder on the ways of fate."

Fate could have stopped the Nixon saga when Richard was three years old. At the home of E. J. Herbert, a Yorba Linda contractor and builder, Hannah Nixon and Herbert recalled the accident which might have killed the youngster. Accompanied by an aunt, Hannah was driving a two-horse buggy home from the depot at Placentia. The horses became unmanageable and Richard fell out of the buggy as it careened from side to side. A wheel passed over his head and inflicted an ugly laceration of the scalp, separating it from the bone for several inches. Herbert rushed him to the hospital.

"Lacerations of this kind were formerly brought together by picking up strands of hair from each side and tying them together over the wound," the contractor explained. "Here the doctors used the more modern method of administering anesthesia and suturing with needle and thread. The boy was given the usual rest and had an uneventful but rather slow recovery."

"The deep scar is covered by his thick hair," Hannah added. "It was really a miracle."

Save for this near miraculous escape, Richard Nixon was not pampered by fate. He was taught to live in accordance with the frugal philosophy of the Quakers. He absorbed a moral code which does not tolerate overindulgence.

"It is true that we had hardships," the Vice President told me in one of our interviews, "but I should like to emphasize that we didn't consider them particularly hard. This was due, primarily, to the even temperament of my mother and the fact that she always tried to keep from us many unpleasant family problems, so far as budget and other things were concerned. But there is no question that virtually everything any of us boys were to have, whether it was an education, a new suit, or the like, we had to work very hard for it.

"Under these circumstances we not only learned the value of a dollar but also the importance of work, and at the same time we

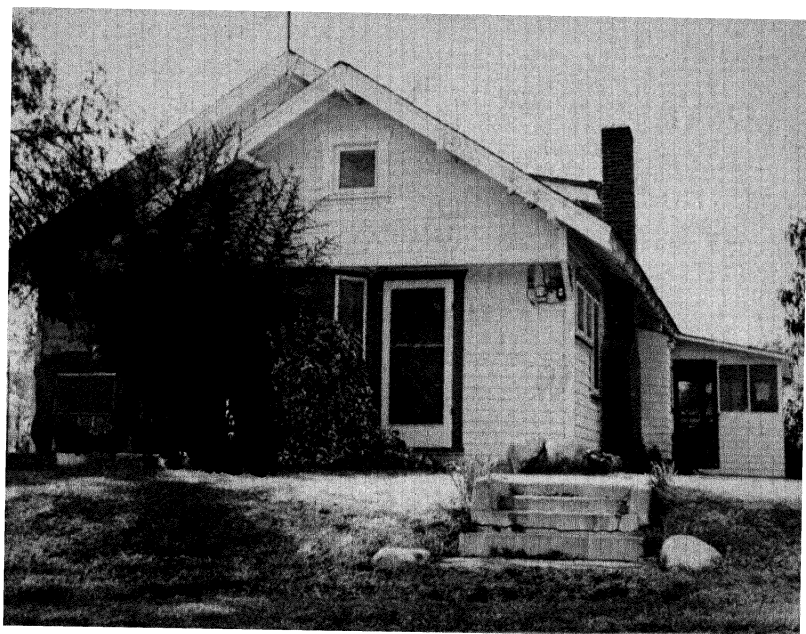
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developed a high competitive spirit. I recall one of our hardest chores, when my brother Donald and I were picking string beans. It is one of the toughest jobs I can think of. We had to work twelve hours to earn one dollar." He paused and chuckled. "I still can't stand the sight of string beans."

Though apparently he has no desire to dramatize his humble origin, such memories would indicate that the Nixons did not fare too well. Aside from the Quaker church activities, a natural outlet in small communities, life was a relentless drive to keep the family on an even keel. The Vice President's father, a typical do-it-yourself man, had shown skill in carpentry, and he had a good knowledge of farming and the intricacies of engines. Before he settled down to farming, he became a motorman and ran the trolley between Whittier and Los Angeles. Subsequently he helped build many houses that still stand in Yorba Linda and La Habra.

In 1912 the father was looking for a steady job—any job. Finally he decided to buy a lemon grove in Yorba Linda, and he built his own house on the top of the hill overlooking the Anaheim ditch. The dimensions of the house have changed little in forty-seven years. "The bedroom looks exactly as it did when Richard was born in it," Hannah says. The small house is now owned by the Yorba Linda Elementary School District.

Yorba Linda, a secluded community in those days, offered peaceful, small-town living, but the Anaheim ditch, with its fast currents, was a constant reminder of danger. Richard and his older brother, Harold, frequently took a dip in the ditch in spite of the warnings and occasional spankings by their parents. (For historical analogy it might be interesting to recall an episode from the youth of President Dwight D. Eisenhower. He was given a healthy spanking when, during a flood in Abilene, he and his brother, Edgar, took a boat and went down a ditch singing "Marching Through Georgia.") The risk of drowning in the



The birthplace of Richard Nixon as it looks today.

Anaheim waterway might have been one of the factors that induced Frank and Hannah Nixon, after several years of marriage, to move to Whittier.

In a speech before the Yorba Linda Chamber of Commerce, the Vice President once said his father sold the lemon orchard because he believed the land was better for raising kids than lemons. But the main reason for the move was the invasion of the oil derricks. Most of the land had been leased to the oil companies and, when the pumps started the black gold flowing, the once profitable citrus orchards disappeared and their owners gradually were put out of business.

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The family settled in Whittier, "Ye Friendly Town," in 1922. They were now living in the best-known Quaker colony in the United States. The climate so necessary for the cultivation of citrus fruit was healthful, and neither too hot nor too dry, with an ocean breeze the year round.

Paul Hoffman's father had introduced the cultivation of avocados to California, and Frank Nixon found them a profitable addition to his Valencia oranges.

Soon after their arrival they opened a general store in East Whittier. "It was the only store between Whittier and La Habra," Hannah says. The building was the old Friends church where Richard had gone to Sunday school. What had been the belfry became the office. Frank put in a gasoline filling station and then added a line of groceries and other staples. The store became a neighborhood gathering place. While the men talked politics or farm prices, the women told Hannah about their personal problems.

Old-timers say Hannah was one of the most friendly, sympathetic listeners they ever talked to. The same cannot be said about Frank, who liked to get into heated arguments about taxes, crops, and particularly politics. He never suppressed his sentiments, and frequently his wife had to step in to play the role of peacemaker.

The work of running the store did not prevent the parents from keeping an eye on their boys. Not an action nor a prank was overlooked, and punishment was meted out whenever warranted.

The environment in which the youths were reared was predominantly spiritual. To Hannah, a birthright Quaker, religion is not a mere expression of faith, but a way of life. The lessons learned from her parents are a source of great strength to her, and she bases her life upon the spirit prevailing in the home of her childhood.

Franklin Milhous, an intellectual yet humorous man, posed for this picture when he was a bridegroom. He had no qualms about wearing a top hat and moccasins!



"Father and Mother were full of love, faith and optimism," she says. "I don't recall ever seeing them in despair. Father loved music. He sang in the church choir and played the organ. Later on, he took up the accordion. Evenings, he used to sing hymns and then read aloud to us. His favorite tale was James Whitcomb Riley's *Bear Story*."

Judging from his photographs, Franklin Milhous was a jovial man. In one, taken on his honeymoon, he stands holding a silk top hat and wearing a tight-fitting white waistcoat, but, by way of contrast, he also wears light-colored moccasins. His wavy hair and luxuriant sideburns frame a face distinguished by twinkling eyes.

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"Father and Mother never talked loud—never yelled orders," says Hannah Nixon. "And I tried not to yell at my children. It does something to a child.

"Father was anything but somber. He was no horse and buggy man, either. He bought his first car, an Overland, in 1919. We used to take extensive trips to San Francisco and Yosemite at a time when even driving to San Diego was considered an adventure.

"But Mother was even more appreciative of the pleasures of life. I guess you would call her 'social.' She loved social contacts and special events, whether in our home, picnics at the park, at the beach, the mountains, or at church. She loved to work in the yard, tending her plants or caring for her chickens. She liked farm animals and was especially fond of horses. Mother was especially attached to Richard, and I know he had great affection for her. While he was still in his teens she instilled in him his appreciation of and respect for our national heritage."

When Franklin Milhous died in 1919, his Quaker minister, Joseph John Mills of Pasadena, said: "He was an eloquent listener and, whenever I chanced to meet him on the street, my troubles vanished after his reassuring words of greeting." The Vice President considers "eloquent listening" one of his mother's outstanding characteristics.

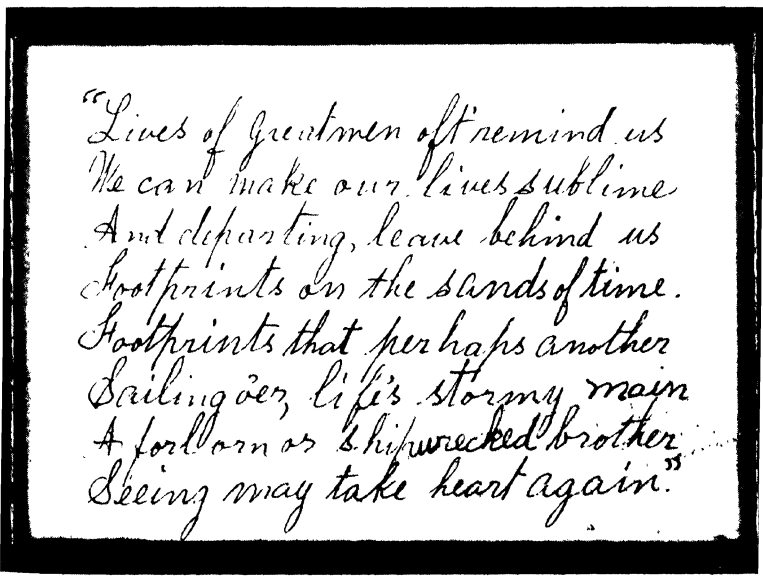
The intellectual streak which has marked Richard ever since his boyhood seems to have originated primarily in his maternal grandparents, the Milhouses. The grandfather stayed on at his alma mater, Moore's Hill College, near Cincinnati, Ohio, as a German instructor until eighteen, when he returned home to teach in the elementary school. The grandmother was a warm admirer of Lincoln and instilled her veneration for him in Richard. "She virtually worshipped Lincoln," he says. "On my thirteenth birthday she gave me, in addition to a very welcome five-dollar bill, a picture of her idol. Underneath, written in her

own hand, was the last part of Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*. I can remember part of it even now:

Lives of great men oft' remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

That picture hung over Richard's bed all through his high school and college careers. 'To my grandmother, Lincoln was more than a great political leader; he was virtually a saint—if we Quakers can be said to have saints,' Nixon remarked.

This verse from Longfellow's *Psalm of Life* is written in the hand of Grandmother Milhous. It accompanied the picture of Abraham Lincoln which hung in Richard's room during his boyhood.



"Lives of Greatmen oft' remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er, life's stormy main
A forlorn or shipwrecked brother
Seeing may take heart again."

Dear Grandmother,

At this Christmas season -

I should like to be sending you a gift which would really express my love for you - but it will probably be several years before I reach such a high financial level - if ever.

So instead of sending you a card which would not express the feeling I wish to convey, I'm writing you this little Christmas note.

You will never know how much I've appreciated your remembrances, at Christmas, at Easter, on my birthdays - and on days which have special significance at all. More than that, however, I believe that I appreciate the fact that I have been a member of a family with such an illustrious person at its head. Sometimes - in our spare moments, some of the indulge in reminiscing sessions too at school - and the boys are amazed at the remarkable person - I describe as my Quaker Grandmother. I myself share their respect.

So here is wishing for you a merry Christmas - and many more happy new years. Your loving Grandson
Richard Milhous Mason

Richard held his Grandmother Milhous in high regard, as this letter attests.

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Back in La Habra, Hannah Nixon took issue with her son's evaluation of his grandmother's feelings.

"Richard is being modest when he says he wasn't Mother's favorite. He was. I remember how she insisted on being present at his graduation from law school. She was eighty-eight then, but she accompanied my husband and me on the long automobile trip to North Carolina. It seemed to us that she considered this not a mere journey, but a pilgrimage. That moment when she saw him wearing the academic robe was the happiest of her life.

"Mother was satisfied that he was on the path toward a legal career, which, she believed, was the foundation for a public career. But I don't want to suggest that she believed that, as a result of his legal training, he would eventually become a prominent political figure.

"When she died, Richard was in the Navy. She couldn't possibly have foreseen that, three years after her passing, he would be in Congress. One thing is true, though. Because of her regard for Abraham Lincoln, she might have hoped that Richard, too, might go from being a small-town lawyer to some important public office."

Obviously, the Vice President's forebears were not clairvoyants. They were something better: they had the ability to create an intellectual and spiritual climate in which a future world leader could develop. And, more, they possessed qualities which, in combination, could produce a man capable of being nurtured to greatness in such an atmosphere. Richard Nixon would have to admit that he has had the exceptional advantage of being thus favored.

Chapter 4

The Formative Years

"HE was a very serious boy," says Hoyt Corbit, a longtime resident and honorary mayor of Yorba Linda. That appears to be the keynote of the appraisal of Nixon. A close examination of his boyhood might offer a clue to understanding such an ostensibly complex and austere man. He was nicknamed "gloomy Gus" in his youth, and he has been called worse than that since. Those who are rooting for him in the political arena, and who are anxious to see him win the affection of the electorate, are concerned about his serious look. When he smiles broadly, his followers pontificate: "It's the new Nixon." But is there such a thing as a "new Nixon"?

"No," says his mother. "He has always been exactly the same. I never knew a person to change so little. From the time he was first able to understand the world around him until now, he has reacted the same way to the same situations. As you know, most boys go through a mischievous period; then they grow up and think they know all the answers. Well, none of these things happened to Richard. He was very mature even when he was five or six years old. He was interested in things way beyond the usual grasp of a boy his age. He was thoughtful and serious. 'He always carried such a weight.' That's an expression we

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Quakers use for a person who doesn't take his responsibilities lightly."

Olive Marshburn, Hannah Nixon's youngest sister, remembers him as a dreamer. "I can still see him lying on the lawn, sky-viewing and daydreaming. When he was a small boy he wanted his mother to do things for him, and he asked her rather than his father. In his teens he would sometimes grow weary of the small talk which went on in gatherings, and he would go away by himself to a secluded place, to read or just to be by himself. I always felt that he had a longing to be in educated company, where he could learn."

As soon as he was old enough, he began sharing the responsibilities of the household. Dr. Paul S. Smith, president of Whittier College and Richard's former history teacher, recalls an evening on the campus when certain students were to bring refreshments. "Dick appeared with a half-gallon freezer of delicious homemade strawberry ice cream, placed the container on the table, and hurriedly announced: 'Sorry, I cannot stay. It's my night to work in the grocery.' With that he was off to his father's country store."

"He was the best potato masher one could wish for," Hannah says. "Even in these days, when I am visiting Richard and Pat in Washington, or when they visit me, he will take over the potato mashing. My feeling is that he actually enjoys it."

In his spare time he earned pin money by picking fruit for neighboring citrus growers. He never received an allowance. "There never seemed to be such a thing in those days," says his mother. "If the boys needed something, we just gave it to them. Then, if there was some little thing they wanted that we could afford, why, somehow we'd try to see that they had it."

He did not join the ranks of newsboys in that almost hallowed American vocation for youngsters. Had he ever sold the *Yorba Linda Star* or the *Whittier News* I asked him. "No, I was never

a newsboy. On several occasions I tried my hand at selling newspaper and magazine subscriptions to win prizes offered in sales contests. But I found I was a very poor salesman. That is still the case today, because although I have no difficulty at all in speaking to a large audience, or to millions over television, I am absolutely useless in door-to-door selling or in asking for a contribution to a cause. I am perhaps the worst salesman in the country."

The community spirit which Quakers cultivate was devoutly expressed in the days when Frank and Hannah started business in Whittier. Hannah often put in sixteen hours a day in the store, getting up at four in the morning to bake as many as fifty pies. Richard also devoted as much time as he could to help make the enterprise a success. Every morning he got up at five to sort vegetables and lug heavy crates before going to school. After school he delivered customers' orders and took an active part in planning. His advice was seldom wrong.

"I remember one instance especially," his mother says. "Richard was fifteen. One evening he was working at the store when a customer came in. She explained that she had seen another of our regular customers stealing things. She didn't know the other woman's name, but she promised to identify her to us.

"When she did, I was amazed. I thought she had made a mistake, for the customer she pointed out was one of our best accounts. I watched carefully and, sure enough, the woman slipped a high-priced item right under her coat. The same thing happened three days in succession. We didn't know what to do."

Hannah went to the police. The officer in charge told her that the next time it happened he would have the woman arrested. "Well," Hannah said, "you wouldn't have to publish anything in the papers if she were arrested, would you?" He replied that he had no control over what the newspapers printed.

She went home and talked the problem over with the family. The woman had two youngsters who were friends of Richard in



The Nixon brothers in the early 1920's as they enjoy boyish play. *Left to right, beside the tire:* Richard, Harold, and little Arthur. Don is curled up in the tire. *Below:* Richard's seventh-grade class picture. He is in the back row, second from right.



Sunday school and the Christian Endeavor Society.

"Let's drop the whole thing," he suggested. When his mother tried to reason with him, he went right on talking. "You can't let them arrest her," he said. "You know what it will do to those boys to learn that their mother is a thief. Work it out some other way."

Hannah worked out this strategy: The next time the woman left the store she followed her out to her car. "Is there something bothering you?" Hannah asked. Indignant, the customer said there was nothing wrong. "Look under your coat," Hannah said, and with that she ran back into the store.

The next morning Hannah was baking her pies when the woman called at the Nixon home. Tearfully she offered to pay a little each month until she had made up for what she had stolen. She asked one favor: Her husband must not know about the incident. Hannah gave her word. "My husband thought the woman would never pay us back," she says, "but Richard was sure that I had done the right thing. It took months and months, but eventually she paid us every cent. Richard *was* right."

The serious outlook he displayed in that case has not softened since he grew to manhood. Yet his mother says as a boy he enjoyed playing with his brothers and the neighborhood children. "They used to have an electric train. Evenings they would play with it in front of the fireplace. One of the boys was the conductor, another the fireman. Richard was always the engineer."

It is known that Alben Barkley, a warm-hearted man, liked to sing and orate; and two recent Vice Presidents have also been brushed by the muses of art. Both Harry Truman and Nixon play the piano with near professional skill. Nixon's mother says, "He liked to play the piano and, as a youngster, he practiced hard, but he didn't like doing the scales. I found, though, that if I told him a story in connection with the exercise—a story

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about animals or trees, for example—he would do a good work. [When he was in the eighth grade he played “Rustle of Spring” at a recital and he didn’t do too badly.] He sang in the choir, too. All of my boys loved music. They’d gather round the piano evenings and sing popular airs. Later, Richard joined the Whittier College Glee Club.”

A close associate recalls that, on election night in 1950, when Nixon’s victory in the California Senate race over Helen Gahagan Douglas was assured, the winner visited a number of local campaign headquarters. Wherever a piano was available, he banged out “Happy Days Are Here Again” in an enthusiastic if literal style.

“I visited him in Washington the Christmas of 1958,” his mother says. “One evening his children, Tricia and Julie, wanted him to play for them. He sat down at the piano and did some Christmas carols. Pat told me it was the first time he had played in months. I don’t see how he could have done that well without any practice. He didn’t make a single mistake.”

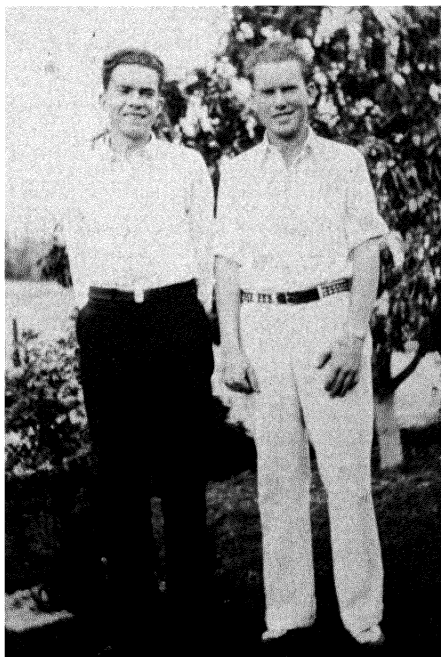
In his youth he took it upon himself to keep his brothers out of trouble. His friends of those days respected him for his principles. “Dick did what he thought was right,” one of them told me. Today Nixon has a reputation for his fighting spirit. He did his share of battling as a boy, but he fought with words. “I can’t remember any knock-down, drag-out affairs of his,” says Hannah. “For one thing, his Dad wouldn’t have stood for it.”

“Dick used his tongue more than his fists,” says Donald, his younger brother. “One time he lit into me and gave me a dressing-down I’ll never forget. I’ve forgotten what his beef was, but I had it coming. He didn’t just talk about the problem at the moment; he aired all his gripes of the past two or three years.

“I can recall only one instance when he nearly came to blows. We used to play football with the four Dietrick boys. One time Winfield Dietrick, a real heavyweight, got mad at Dick about



Above: Although never an outstanding athlete, Richard always went out for the team. Here he is with the East Whittier School soccer team, in the back row at the extreme right. *Right:* A family snapshot of Richard and his older brother Harold, who died in 1933.



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something. He kneed Dick and knocked him down. Now, Dick was never very heavy; so I grabbed Winfield by his shoulders and pulled him off. Then Dick and I teamed up for mutual defense, but he settled the fight by talking Winfield out of it. He was a past master at that. He discouraged many fights among the boys in the neighborhood."

Fighting with words is one of Nixon's aspects that his friends remember most clearly. "He liked to argue about anything," Mrs. Alice Walker of Whittier says. "No matter what was discussed, he would take the opposite side just for the sake of argument. I remember once we went on a picnic in the mountains. We argued all the way back about which would be more useful to take with you into the wilds—a goat or a mule. Dick said a goat, and then argued in favor of a mule."

By the time he was thirteen his love of argument was channeled into disciplined debate. From the seventh grade on he was Whittier's champion debater. His classmates still talk of his first debate. He had taken the affirmative of the proposition: "It is more economical to rent a house than to own one." In that instance he enlisted the help of his father, who had a good mind, and Richard won the contest.

On another occasion he was a member of a two-boy team opposing a girls' team. The subject was: "Resolved, that insects are more beneficial than harmful." To prove this point presented a challenge, and Richard set about it in a business-like and studious manner. He sat in the library for days gathering facts about insects and leaving nothing to uncertainties. He consulted Uncle Ernest, a horticulturist, who supplied him with much information concerning the beneficial attributes of bugs. By making a strong impression with his scientific findings he won the debate handily.

In Whittier College his debating team piled up an unequalled string of victories. The varsity squad went on a 3,500-mile tour

of the Pacific Northwest, met twenty-seven opponents en route, and won all of the decisions.

Years afterward, following his return from the Navy, Nixon ran for Congress against Whittier's popular incumbent Democrat, Jerry Voorhis. His victory was due largely to the fact that his opponent unwisely agreed to a string of Lincoln-Douglas-like debates.

In the chorus of friendly appraisals some persons have viewed Richard's scholastic record critically, and maybe with justifiable envy. Some classmates attributed his good marks to sheer luck. He is convinced that systematic work accounted for his record, and also for his later method of tackling knotty political situations.

His tolerance toward criticism, his acceptance of fair play, and his willingness to give and take are rare in the field of politics, and consequently cast suspicion on him. Those who oppose him with an almost savage fury question the sincerity of his views. They suspect a subtle and selfish political expediency behind the facade of his public utterances.

"He visited my place several times when he was a congressman," said a restaurant owner on Whittier Boulevard, "but I couldn't warm up toward him. Maybe he is O.K., but I don't trust him, and, mind you, I'm a Republican from 'way back."

Those close to Nixon often comment on the contrast between his ability to respond warmly to large crowds and his shyness with small groups. Attorney General William P. Rogers, his adviser and perhaps his closest friend, says: "While he is likely to maintain a serious, almost brooding countenance in the company of three or four persons, he lights up like a Christmas tree when confronted with a crowd. He genuinely loves people."

Nixon's experience and skill as a debater account for his ability to deal with groups, just as the scarcity of personal relationships in his early years is responsible for his uneasiness with a few

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persons. Even in school he was a "loner" and, though he was respected and even liked by his classmates, his stock with the girls was not too high.

His best friend in high school was Edward Flutot, now a Whittier cabinetmaker. Flutot says he was "always being neat and clean and wearing knickerbockers."

Richard used to help Flutot carve wood, but he didn't show particular skill in that sort of thing. He cares little for gadgets and would never excel as a do-it-yourself man. "Once we picked an oak end table as our project," says Flutot. "I finished mine first and then helped him finish his. This proved one thing: His career was to be using his head and mine using my hands."

"I always called him Richard instead of Dick," said Mrs. Jennie Levin, his history teacher in Whittier High. "He was dignified even at that early age. Once I gave him a B, because I was convinced that he could do better. I always depended on him to come up with an answer to any question."

At the house of Hubert Perry in Whittier a former classmate, Harriet Palmer Hudspeth, still remembers episodes of their youth. Richard took her out once, and they went to an amusement park at Long Beach.

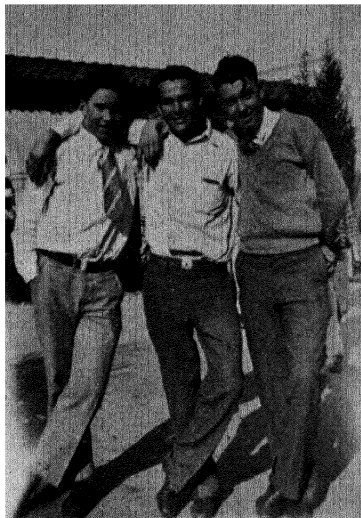
"My mother made me promise not to go on the roller-coaster. All the others went but, even though I wanted to go, Dick made me stay on the ground. True to form, he wouldn't let me disobey my mother. Then, when the others came back, he went for a ride alone.

"Oh, he used to dislike us girls so! He would make horrible faces at us. As a debater, his main theme in grammar school and the first years of high school was why he hated girls. One thing was strange, though. He said he didn't like us, but he didn't seem to mind arguing with us."

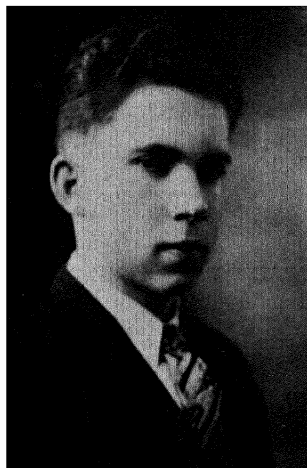
His Latin teacher, Miss June Steck of Alhambra, California, tells of an incident illustrating both his shyness and his deter-



Nixon and his high-school chums pose for a more "formal" picture after trying for the ludicrous fake shot at the left.



Miss June Steck of Alhambra, who, in his high-school days, instructed Richard in Latin nouns and verbs as well as in Vergil.



The Whittier High School annual carried this portrait of Senior Richard Nixon.

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mination to please a large group. "In high school he was a member of the Latin Club. At the end of the school year the club held its annual Roman banquet. The young members wore togas, ate with their hands, and generally did their best to simulate an authentic Roman atmosphere in the hills of southern California."

The entertainment for the evening was a three-act play in Latin, based on Vergil's *Aeneid*. Richard played Aeneas opposite a childhood friend, Ola Florence Welsh, as Dido. He took his assignment exceptionally seriously, but was a little stiff in the romantic scenes. When the play ended in a round of polite applause, he volunteered to play the piano. "I'll do anything to make the party a success," he informed Miss Steck.

Knowing all these things, it is hard to understand why he was a hero at Whittier High. He had few close friends. He was certainly not "one of the gang." He didn't distinguish himself as a ladies' man. He was a mediocre athlete and, worst of all, he was a grind. He earned top marks by hard work. But, in leafing through the yearbook, the *Cardinal and White*, it becomes obvious that he *was* a power in his class, probably for the same reasons that he is a power in national politics today.

This is perhaps as great a tribute to the maturity of his classmates as it is to him. The other students respected him for his fundamental honesty, sincerity, and good judgment. Maybe the Quaker atmosphere of Whittier encouraged his schoolmates to value these qualities more highly than does the average teenager today. But, whatever the reason, it is evident that Nixon, even at seventeen, was outstanding.

In my determination to find some evidence of mental brilliance in the boy, I was aided by his mother. She went to an end table, pulled out a drawer, and unfolded two well-worn letters in his handwriting. One was written November 19, 1923; the other, January 24, 1924. The ten-year-old signed the first one: "Your good dog, Richard." Psychiatrists will undoubtedly have a field

day observing that he made a subconscious allusion to his cocker spaniel whose successor, Checkers, decades later was to become famous on television. To Hannah, however, this was just another sign of her son's intelligence. The letter read:

MY DEAR MASTER:

The two boys that you left me with are very bad to me. Their dog, Jim, is very old and he will never talk or play with me.

One Saturday the boys went hunting. Jim and myself went with them. While going through the woods one of the boys triped and fell on me. I lost my temper and bit him. He kiked me in the side and we started on. While we were walking I saw a black round thing in a tree. I hit it with my paw. A swarm of black thing came out of it. I felt a pain all over. I started to run and as both of my eys were swelled shut I fell into a pond. When I got home I was very sore. I wish you would come home right now.

Your good dog

RICHARD

The other one thus responded to an ad in the *Los Angeles Times*:

TIMES OFFICE K, Box 240

DEAR SIR:

Please consider me for the position of office boy mentioned in the Times paper. I am eleven years of age and I am in the Sixth grade of the East Whittier grammar school.

I am very willing to work and would like the money for a vacation trip. I am willing to come to your office at any time and I will accept any pay offered. My address is Whittier boulavard and Leffingwell road. The phone number is 5274. For reference you can see, Miss Flowers princaple of the East Whittier School. Hoping that you will accept me for service, I am,

Yours truly,

RICHARD M. NIXON

Norman Chandler, publisher of the *Times*, fingered the letter fondly. "This is just like him," he said. "It's a blueprint of his

Whittier, Calif
Jan. 24, 1924.

Times Office,
P. Box 240
Dear Sir:-

Please consider me for the position of
office boy mentioned in the Times paper.
I am eleven years of age and I am in the
sixth grade of the East Whittier Grammar School.

I am very willing to work and would
like the money for a vacation trip. I am
willing to come to your office at any time
and I will accept any pay offered. My
address is Whittier Boulevard and Leffingwell
road. The phone number is 5274. For Ref-
erence you can see Miss Flowers, prin-
cipal of the East Whittier School.

Hoping that you will accept me for your
service, I am, Yours truly,

Richard M. Nix

The enterprising eleven-year-old Richard applies for a job.
(He didn't get it.)

ambition, drive, and determination to meet a challenge. If he had gotten the job, it could have changed American history." But Richard did not get it.

On September 4, 1928, he enrolled in the Fullerton Junior High School, a short distance from Whittier. He stayed with his uncle, Walter Nixon. His grades were average. Of the hundreds of persons in that area no one has any recollection of him other than that of a "quiet, good mannered, and studious boy." He was no child prodigy and showed no sign of excellence, even in subjects in which he later excelled. After a year there he transferred to Whittier.

It is worth recalling that Winston Churchill was a slow learner, and Albert Einstein has admitted to me that he was slow minded. "Eddie is probably as sharp or even sharper than Dick," says Don, Richard's brother. "He is planning to become a teacher."

If Richard was serious, with a tendency toward brooding, he had reasons for it. His older brother, Harold, contracted tuberculosis when he was in his early twenties. To the closely knit family, and particularly to the hypersensitive Richard, this was a real blow. Hannah took the boy to a sanatorium in nearby Hillcrest, but his condition deteriorated steadily.

The doctors advised that Harold's hope for survival lay in his moving to a dry climate. So, leaving Frank, Richard, and Donald to tend the store, Hannah rented a house in Prescott, Arizona. To help defray expenses, she took in three other tubercular boys as paying patients. For a year she acted as nurse, shoveled coal for the furnace, did the laundry, cooked, and scrubbed.

"On week ends Dad and Don and I would drive more than four hundred miles to see Harold and Mother," says the Vice President. "In our old car it took us from fifteen to sixteen hours to make the trip which—considering the heat of the desert sun—was no joy ride."

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Eventually, overcome by homesickness, Harold begged to be taken back to La Habra where the family was now living. He died there a few weeks later.

"We had high hopes for him," Hannah says. "But we mustn't question God's decision. The months I spent with Harold taught me a lesson in suffering, and helped me to understand the soul a little better. You see, God has ways of implementing His spirit to us humans in ways beyond our comprehension. He let me learn understanding and compassion through the suffering of my son."

Though she would never admit it, hard work has always been the keystone of her existence. She was the motivating force behind the rise of the family's tiny general store to a thriving supermarket. She waited on customers and did all the bookkeeping at a time when the business could not even afford a cash register.

Later she had to assume even more responsibility, for her husband was losing his hearing and, as a result, his irritability increased and his effectiveness in dealing with customers almost vanished. Frank knew his usefulness in the business was nearing an end and, lacking a *raison d'être*, he became alternately despondent and tyrannical. Hannah had to learn to match his moods, first bolstering his ego and then acting as peacemaker.

Her courage and determination sustained her even as it had when the home was struck by an earlier tragedy. In 1925 Arthur, seven years old, fell ill. At first she thought he had a simple case of indigestion, but the malady persisted and the listlessness increased. His mother called it sleeping sickness. The child dropped into a deep sleep, and died of tubercular encephalitis.

Hannah accepted her losses philosophically. To her they represented further examples of the inscrutable will of the Lord. In 1930 she had given birth to a fifth son, Edward, now a lieutenant.

ant in the Navy, but hoping for a career in education. In part, Edward has made up for the deaths of the brothers he never knew. But the highly charged atmosphere at home affected the boys—especially Richard.

“What was he like?” Hannah echoed my question. “I would say he was rather mature for his age, and that gave the impression of seriousness. But let me show you a composition he wrote his first year in college. It’s a eulogy in memory of his brother, Arthur.”

I followed her into her *sanctum sanctorum*, a tiny place she calls her breakfast room. This is her office, presided over by a contentious parakeet named Jimmy. The large pile of papers on her wooden table would give pause to a top executive; her filing system consists of miscellaneous candy and cardboard boxes. Still, she has little trouble finding what she wants.

She dropped to her knees on the floor and rooted through her makeshift files. This time it took more than twenty minutes. I joined in the search. Were it not for my “European chivalry” I would have thrown in the towel after a few minutes of kneeling on that California stone. But Hannah was persistent; she wouldn’t give up until she handed me a ruled composition book.

I glanced through the pages. Movingly, seventeen-year-old Richard described his younger brother’s short life and the events leading up to his death. The composition reveals to a considerable extent the sincere emotionalism of Nixon’s nature—a characteristic which he has not often manifested in his public utterances. It reads:

MY BROTHER, ARTHUR R. NIXON

We have a picture in our home which money could not buy. It is not a picture for which great art collectors would offer thousands of dollars. There is nothing outstanding about its frame or coloring. It is only about five inches tall and two inches wide. It is probably unnoticed by most of those who come to visit us, for they all have

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seen pictures of small boys and probably could not be interested in this one.

However, let us examine the picture closely. The first thing we notice, perhaps, is that this particular boy has unusually beautiful eyes, black eyes which seem to sparkle with hidden fire and to beckon us to come on some secret journey which will carry us to the land of make-believe. Then we would probably admire his neat appearance; his well-pressed, little dark-blue sailor's suit; his shoe strings, tied in bows which match each other exactly. Even his hands are crossed in front of him to complete a perfectly balanced picture. We find that only his hair is unlike that we would expect in a portrait of a boy. For instead of neatly combed locks, we see a mass of brown curls which seem never to have known the touch of a comb. This, in brief, is our picture.

There are some who might not even notice these small features which I have been mentioning, but nevertheless, I still say that money could not buy that picture, for it was the last one ever taken of my brother Arthur.

But I am starting at the wrong end of my story. Let me tell you, in a few words, something of my brother as I remember him.

One day in May, 1918, when I had reached the age of five years, my father came home from work a little later than usual. After talking with my grandmother, who was taking care of my two brothers and me while Mother was away on a visit, he came over to where we boys were quarreling over some toys and told us that there was a little doll over at the hospital for us, a real, live doll! Naturally we then began to quarrel over whose doll it would be, although each of us wished to have it merely to keep one of the others from getting it. My father, however, assured us that our rights would be equal, and then he asked us what name we should give our doll. After learning that it was not a "girl doll," we finally decided that its name should be Arthur.

Several days later, Grandmother scrubbed us all up, especially gouging into the depths of our ears, and helped us to dress, for we were going to see our "doll," which we had learned by this time was a baby. At least, that was what brother Harold, who had reached the all knowing age of nine, had said it was. He had told us secretly that it wasn't a doll but a baby. He warned us, though, not to let on he'd told us so.

A'

We have a picture in our home which money could not buy. It is not a picture for which great art collectors would offer thousands of dollars. There is nothing outstanding about its frame or coloring. It is only about five inches tall and two inches wide. It is probably unnoticed by most of those who come to visit us, for they all have seen pictures of small boys and probably would be interested in this one.

However, when we notice, the boy has a black eye with which we are so concerned which will make - but probably as his well-known sailor's suit in bows is exactly. in front of



In Richard Nixon's handwriting, a page from the eulogy to his brother Arthur, who is shown here in his "sailor's suit."

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Anyway, doll or baby, we were greatly excited over the prospective visit and could hardly control ourselves until the family Ford finally got us to the hospital. All I remember about the visit was the fact that I was rather disappointed in the baby, because, after all, a tiny baby is not as pretty as a doll, at least in outward appearances.

The first two or three years of my baby brother's life are rather indistinct in my memory, for I was engrossed in the first years of my grammar school education. However, there were certain things concerned with my little brother's early development which did impress me. For example, I remember how his eyes changed from their original baby-blue to an almost black shade; how his hair, blond at first, became dark brown; how his mouth, toothless for five months, was filled with tiny, white teeth which, by the way, were exceedingly sharp when applied on soft fingers or toes which happened to get within their reach; how those little, incoherent sounds of his finally developed into words and then into sentences; and how he learned to roll over, then to crawl, and finally to walk.

Although I do not remember many incidents connected with my brother's early childhood, there were some which made a clear imprint on my mind. There was one time when he was asked to be a ring bearer at a wedding. I remember how my mother had to work with him for hours to get him to do it, because he disliked walking with the little flower girl. Another time, when he was about five years old, he showed the world that he was a man by getting some cigarettes out of our store and secretly smoking them back of the house. Unfortunately for him, one of our gossipy neighbors happened to see him, and she promptly informed my mother. I have disliked that neighbor from that time. Then I remember the grief he experienced over his hair. My parents had wanted him to be a girl in the first place; consequently, they attempted to make him one as much as possible. Each day he begged my mother for a boy's haircut, and when he finally did get it, there was not a happier boy in the state. Again, I shall never forget how he disliked wearing "sticky" wool suits. As soon as he was able to read, he used to search the mail order catalogues for suits which weren't "sticky."

To continue our story, let us come to the year 1925. My aunt had convinced my mother that I should go to her home, several hundred miles away, to continue my study of music. My young brother was then entering his first year of school, and I learned from letters sent

from home that he was doing exceptionally well in all things except drawing. He absolutely would not take interest in anything he thought common to girls. The school year ended finally, and my parents came to get me. Arthur was unchanged except for the fact that several teeth were lacking in the front of his mouth, which my father had told him was the result of too much candy. As soon as he saw me alone, he solemnly kissed me on the cheek. I learned later that he had dutifully asked my mother if it would be proper for him to kiss me, since I had been away for such a long time.

After our return home, nothing eventful happened until mid-summer. Arthur then became slightly ill; just a case of indigestion, we thought. But a week went by and his condition became worse instead of better. He began to become sleepy; he did not want to eat; he wanted to rest and sleep. Several doctors came to see him but none could see what his trouble was. Finally, my father sent me with my younger brother to the home of an aunt who lived nearby, fearing that we too would become ill. One night my aunt awakened us and told us to get dressed. Arthur was a little worse, she had said. We were bundled into the car, it happened to be a Ford again, and were carried home. My father met us with tears in his eyes. He did not need to tell us what we knew had happened.

I might leave the story here and let you decide why that picture means so much to me, but I shall attempt to tell you in my own words. There is a growing tendency among college students to let their childhood beliefs be forgotten. Especially we find this true when we speak of the divine creator and his plans for us. I thought that I would also become that way, but I find that it is almost impossible for me to do so. Two days before my brother's death, he called my mother into the room. He put his arms around her and said that he wanted to pray before he went to sleep. Then, with closed eyes, he repeated that age-old child's prayer which ends with those simple yet beautiful words:

"If I should die before I awake, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

There is a grave out now in the hills, but, like the picture, it contains only the bodily image of my brother.

And so when I am tired and worried, and am almost ready to quit trying to live as I should, I look up and see the picture of a little boy with sparkling eyes, and curly hair; I remember the child-

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like prayer; I pray that it may prove true for me as it did for my brother Arthur.

Viewed purely as a literary production of a schoolboy, this eulogy is remarkable enough. But, by providing an insight into the complex elements that make up the character of Richard Nixon, it is a revelation.

Sentiments of this sort seem strangely out of character for the man who brought Alger Hiss to task and who conducted what was probably the most heated and bitter campaign in the recent history of California politics. To bridge the gap one must understand that much of the controversy surrounding even the name of Nixon was developed by a hostile press. But there is no question that his is a complex personality.

The eulogy shows all the complexities of his character in action. Here are deep sensitivity and affection, but here also is the fighting, crusading, almost puritanical moralism which critics of his public career have described as sanctimonious and insincere. He mourns his lost brother, but his ire already is aroused against the kind of college philosophy which ignores "religious heritage and childhood beliefs." His fear that he might emulate this cynical philosophy speaks for his strong spiritual foundation and ingrained morality. Yet, characteristically, it is on this very background that his critics concentrate their fire against him, challenging his motives and convictions.

The gulf separating Richard Nixon the man from the image of him held by a large segment of the population has been further illustrated by Margaret L. Coit, distinguished author, biographer, and professor of history. She read the eulogy, without comment, in two sessions of seventeen- and eighteen-year-old college freshmen, and a night class composed of men between twenty and forty, at Fairleigh Dickinson University.

The author was identified only as "John," a freshman. The students were asked to write two-part papers, the first part

analyzing the type of boy they thought John was and the kind of man he might grow up to be, and the second part describing their feelings when they discovered, after completing the first half of their themes, that "John" was Richard Nixon, Vice President of the United States.

All agreed as to "John's" sensitivity, his emotional intensity, and the strong religious bent to his nature. They believed his childhood had been a "happy and rewarding time for him." John Goham, a mature night-school student, wrote: "The author . . . is a person with very close family ties. This fact was evident as he described how the baby's name was chosen. . . . The apparent lack of anxiety or apprehension towards the newcomer would intimate that the parents had prepared their children."

They agreed that the boy and the entire family were deeply religious and that the death of the child "had a very religious aspect." The death's impact upon the author was felt by everyone. Ruth Mihal, in acclaiming his courage in daring to be sentimental in an unsentimental world, wrote: "The short life of the baby brother is not without meaning, for it gives John a wonderful memory . . . forces John to pause to look at life."

Joseph Sally ventured a prediction as to the youth's future: "A person with a love such as John has for Arthur is one with a wonderfully full life. He should grow up to be a great leader of men." John Mitchard agreed: "I would say . . . with John's feeling toward people, I would expect to find him today trying to help humanity, in one way or another." Like several others, Mitchard thought "John" had become a clergyman; one thought he was Fulton Sheen; another, Billy Graham. It was generally agreed that he would "go very far in his field." Anthony Chieppa was convinced that his chosen field was in public life: "I feel that John has obtained a strategic position in politics . . . acquired only by those who have feeling and consideration for their fellow man."

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The students readily guessed that the author was from a large, middle-class family. With startling penetration, Robert Rathke of the night school wrote: "John is probably working his way through school, and he doesn't find much time for pleasure or relaxation." Others described him as "a perfectionist, precise in his thinking," a man obsessed by precise and exact detail. His rich vocabulary they saw as indicative of his high intelligence.

With no clue as to who he actually was, several gave photographic word pictures of Nixon. Here the older night school students were more perceptive. Robert West termed the eulogist "a man with a great will or a driving power to succeed. His success may be due to his Faith." Carmine D'Amico hit close to home: "My personal opinion of this man is that he is normally a quiet, respectful and intelligent person; but when aroused can be quite aggressive. He 'speaks quietly but carries a big stick.'"

Only one of the participants, John Anderson, correctly guessed the identity of the author: "Anyone who can write as well as this person did must also be a very good speaker; therefore, my guess is Richard Nixon."

The revelation that Nixon wrote the eulogy amazed most of the students. His admirers could readily see that the child was "father to the man." Mark Schwartz observed: "Now . . . everything seems to fall right into place. When he talks about equal rights, he seems to have a touch of politics in his veins."

"An evangelist is not too close a guess to Vice President," admitted Nancy Bush (who had thought the author was Billy Graham), "but Mr. Nixon is, in a way, an evangelist." Robert Rathke put it: "He is still a religious man, a very hard worker for what he believes to be right, and he is also a man of extremely high moral values."

Sheer astonishment was the reaction of those who could not reconcile the boy of the eulogy with their preconceived concept of the hard-driving public figure. John Bobowski's comment: "I

have always thought of Mr. Nixon as being a professional politician, but never credited him with being warm-hearted and clear-minded."

"I am at a loss what to believe," Kenneth Coms confessed. "The theme shows him to be a sympathetic, loving person, but in politics he appears to be cold, stern, and domineering. . . . He has . . . difficulty in diplomatic relations. However, it is possible that politics has an important influence on his character."

Even Nixon's admirers were apologetic over the molding influence politics had had upon him. Diane Nicolette, aware that he is "liked by some people and disliked by others," added that she did not believe a person could change his entire personality overnight. "If Richard Nixon felt this way a number of years ago, he still has these same beliefs and qualities."

Bruce Ullmann, a young day student, summed up the feelings of those whose whole concept of Nixon was altered by the impact of his tribute to his dead brother. He wrote: "Upon hearing that John was Vice President Richard Nixon I was shocked. Up until this time, I had thought Mr. Nixon to be an out-and-out politician."

Chapter 5

Father

Frank

RICHARD WAS appalled by the college philosophy which "ignores religious heritage and childhood beliefs," and with this solidly ingrained moral concept he entered Whittier College. That Quaker institution further shaped his intellect and laid the foundation for a restless ambition whose inherent drive may be leading him toward the most exalted office of the United States. We have already seen him in despair, in brooding contemplation, in gentle emotions and tolerance, but all these were underlaid by his determination to build for himself a solid and a useful future. The dream of becoming a lawyer—a crusading, avenging lawyer—still fired his ambition. Many of these same striking character elements could be found in his parents. Frank was tough, opinionated, capricious, argumentative and unpredictable. Hannah is patient, considerate and, as the Vice President told me, "completely dedicated to people in need."

Frank was a strong-willed man, pious and yet outspoken. When aroused, his temper was hard to control. But Richard's morality, humility, and interest in the welfare of others can be traced to his mother. "I have never met anyone so patient and completely dedicated to the welfare of others as she is," he has said, "but Father was a bit impatient and grouchy with people." One thing

is certain: It was from his father that Richard got his fighting spirit. What kind of a man was Francis Anthony Nixon?

Aside from Hannah and their sons, no one knew him as well as his brother, Dr. Ernest Leland Nixon, now a horticulturist at State College, Pennsylvania.

"The dignity of labor was the heart of Frank's philosophy," says Ernest. "To him, playing was daydreaming. Organized work was thinking, and thinking was the highest state of man. I see this same trait in Dick. Frank believed the invitation to lean on the Lord was intended for the weary and the lazy. There's a good reason he felt that way, too. He knew poverty.

"Our father had a forty-acre farm in East Vinton, Ohio. When we moved there, Dad's only assets were a five-dollar bill and a hen setting on a nest of eggs. He gave those last dollars to the man who helped us move. Still, we never begged, nor did we let on we were next to destitute. He said: 'Here we are and it's root, hog, or die.'

"Frank and I attended a one-room country school, known as Ebenezer, miles from home. We were newcomers; poor, strange, and badly dressed. The big boys would follow us home through the woods to pick a fight. Frank was the more aggressive of us, slow to anger but a wild bull if things went too far. Some folks said he was quarrelsome, but they were the ones who hadn't come out too well when they picked a fight with him."

Ernest picked up his brother's photograph, taken some time later. "He was a fancy dresser," he said. "When he was fourteen, he quit school and hired out to a farmer for thirteen dollars a month, together with the pasture of a calf, or small steer, which he sold in the fall. The profit from the sale was used on his 'wardrobe.' He seemed to take keen delight in showing his former classmates that he was dressed just a bit better and was more mannerly. He acquired a pride that became the armor of his body and soul. That same sense is highly developed in Dick."

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The nature of Frank's boyhood and early manhood was such that it seemed incomprehensible to him that he could become the father of the Vice President of the United States.

"The Constitution permits any boy born in this country to become Vice President," observed Ernest. "But I noticed during my last visit with Frank that he could never quite get it into his head that he was the father of that boy. He was convinced, however, that Richard's achievement was not a mere accident of good fortune. 'He worked harder than anyone I know for what he accomplished,' Frank used to say. The dignity of labor was a part of my brother's philosophy. He liked to quote the Scripture: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' The older he became the more he frowned upon the modern substitution of 'just having a good time' for doing useful work. He was thrifty, industrious, and highly energetic. By recalling his boyhood struggles to his children, he instilled a sense of duty and love for labor."

In Frank's youth there was an incident which, it might be said, determined the political future of the United States.

"My husband's family were Democrats," Hannah told me. "He was a hired hand on a farm near McArthur, Ohio, when William McKinley came through town, campaigning for governor. Frank owned the best-looking filly in the county; so the town committee had him ride right behind McKinley's carriage. McKinley was impressed by Frank's beautiful horse and, assuming Frank was a Republican, he said he hoped Frank would continue to vote and work for the party. This took Frank by surprise and, before he could think, he pledged his support. He was an active Republican ever afterward."

Before long he gave up farming to become a streetcar motorman in Columbus, Ohio. The cars' vestibules were open and the motormen sat outside. In the winter of 1907 both of Frank's feet were frozen, and, being an aggressive man, he organized the

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Feb 23 - 07

Dear Brother

This will introduce to you Mr. F. L. Nixon
& Alfred Baldwin they will be in Los Angeles
about Mar 15th, by my request they will call on you
you are both gentlemen of good habits, & any favors
you can show them will be appreciated. They are
experienced Street Car men & the very many fine
recommendations they have will no doubt insure them
success,

Yours Brother

H. J. Incey.

Frank Nixon worked as a streetcar motor-
man in Columbus, Ohio, and ran a trolley
between Whittier and Los Angeles. His
employer in Columbus gave him and a
friend this letter of recommendation
when they moved west.



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trolley employees to work for a state law to close the vestibules. The law was passed, but the memories of the bitter cold lingered on. So he decided to move to southern California. "That was when he got his reward for winning his battle over poverty and ridicule," Ernest said.

After his marriage to Hannah, she guided his feet into pleasant paths and smoothed out the rugged ways. And she did it by exercising the median between too much and too little.

Those who knew him split into two camps. He was admired by some for his disciplined mind. In dealing with abstract ideas his keen judgment made up for his lack of education. On the other hand, it appears that his intellectual discipline did not carry over into the broad area of human behavior. Even his Whittier minister, Rev. Harold Walker of the First Friends Church, who liked and admired him, characterized him as "brusque, loud, dogmatic, strong-willed, emotional and impatient." Hannah herself says: "It's true that he minced no words and could be very undiplomatic, but his mind was never closed."

His partial deafness may have been responsible for his loud speech. Sometimes he gloried in his handicap. "He confided in me," Mr. Walker said, "that, when things had gone wrong at the store and he was in a bit of a huff, he would turn off his hearing aid and pour out his troubles." Mr. Walker believes that Frank's volatile nature and explosive temper were not the best means of public relations for a business so dependent upon the good will of its customers. He says Frank often presented a bit of a cross that Hannah and her sons had to bear. "Hannah and Don did a beautiful job in smoothing over harsh and awkward situations. It was arranged diplomatically that instead of waiting on customers—for whom Hannah had the patience of an angel—Frank did the buying by driving into the Los Angeles wholesale markets early in the morning, doing maintenance work, and helping with the meat cutting and the heavier stock work."

Asked about his parents' harmonious marriage, despite wholly different temperaments, Edward put it philosophically: "Some may say that patience to the point of forbearance is not a desirable trait in an executive. Of these I would ask: What better executive is there than a good parent, and who is a poorer parent than an impatient one? Yet this may not be wholly valid, for it may be better to have a healthy mixture. My mother was and still is the epitome of patience. My father was an advocate of immediate action. The two of them worked together successfully in reigning over a houseful of boys, my mother as the judge in most cases and my father as the executioner. The product in their second son, Richard, proved to be the most successful combination: highest sense of justice and perseverance tempered with patience in executing decisions."

Frank, who always spoke his mind without reservations, was never vocal in church, says Mr. Walker. He frequently told the minister that he could not stand to hear some of the good church people speak at the Sunday services. He scorned to follow their example. Some of the persons he criticized made quite a display of what they were doing financially for the church, when in reality the Nixons were carrying them on credit for groceries. "Even though he was quick to criticize his fellow-citizens," Mr. Walker says, "I know from experience that he was always helping someone on the side. I could cite several incidents when certain families were in difficult circumstances and he aided them with rent, food, or a job. This was the way he expressed his religion."

So there are several aspects of Richard's inheritance from his father. Following Frank's example, the son developed a tough, disciplined mind, an idealism well suited to a world in which politics is the art of the possible. He inherited his father's fighting spirit but, confronted with Frank's example, he developed the self-control to know when not to fight. In a reverse sense, he

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learned diplomacy, the ability to deal with a Khrushchev on even terms without recourse to rancor.

One little-known item concerning the Vice President's family is that Jessamyn West, a talented contemporary author, is near kin. Her best-known book, *The Friendly Persuasion*, with its lovable portrait of a young female Quaker minister, is based on the Milhous clan of the nineteenth century. Recently Miss West told a commencement audience at Whittier College that, instead of Richard, she would have picked his father to occupy the White House. She still stands by her opinion.

"What a pity you didn't know Frank," she says. "As they say, 'he was with it.' He was my Sunday-school teacher—the best teacher I ever had. He had the prime requisite, great enthusiasm for his subject, and he aroused in his pupils the same enthusiasm. He related his lessons to the life about us—politics, for example. His class was so popular that it overflowed the allotted space. If I had attended a few more years, I might have become a fair

Quaker Frank Nixon taught Sunday school over a long period of years. Here he is with his all-boy group.

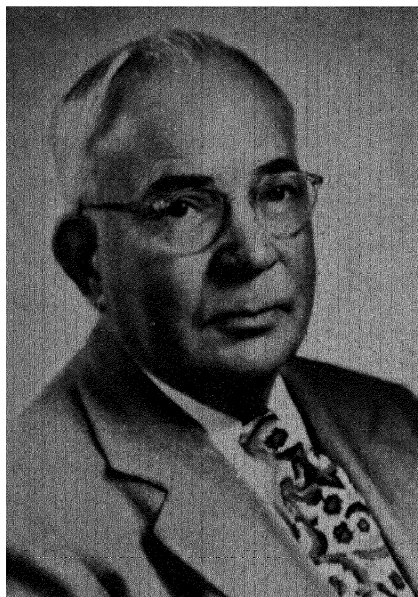


stateswoman myself. With Richard in Washington, I know our national problems have serious and intelligent consideration, but, if Frank were there, we wouldn't have any problems."

However, it is doubtful that Frank Nixon would have succeeded politically, for he belonged to a dying breed, as authentically American as roasting corn or sandlot baseball—but old-fashioned American. He was of that same tough, knotty, uncompromising Scotch-Irish stock that gave the nation Andrew Jackson, Woodrow Wilson—and, yes, Harry Truman—but it is a vanishing type in American politics. He would not have had the remotest concept of the goals of the contemporary Madison Avenue poll which registers the candidates' popularity. He was not in the least interested in having people like him. He wanted to be right and was undoubtedly somewhat righteous in being so. Men of his type are admirable human specimens, but often notoriously difficult to live with.

He was stern with his children—as hard and demanding as he was with himself. But the impact of this stubborn, vital, "inner-directed" personality upon the son, who fulfilled his own half-acknowledged dreams, can neither be overlooked nor underestimated.

Miss West's high opinion of Frank's political talent indicates that Richard lived with politics from his very youth. When Richard became fighting mad over the corruption of Teapot Dome, he apparently echoed the sentiments of his father. In contrast to Hannah, who dismisses any implication about her intuitive political talent, Frank wore his politics on his sleeve. Being a violently outspoken man, he left no doubt about his political affiliation and philosophy. As his widow recalls, he could be very undiplomatic in his debates because he believed in calling a spade a spade. His political idols were Theodore Roosevelt and Robert M. La Follette. The same two are the idols of his famous son. Frank also admired William Jennings Bryan, as he believed ora-



One of the last portraits of Francis Anthony Nixon, and the favorite of his wife Hannah.

tory is one of the great talents of mankind. He kept a picture of Bryan, a Democrat, on the wall of the living room.

"Personally, I was impressed with a Democratic President," Hannah says. "Because of his tacit promise that America wouldn't be involved in the First World War, I voted for Woodrow Wilson, but Frank remained faithful to the Republican party. I know that Richard also had a great respect for Wilson and frequently pointed out to his father that Wilson was a scholar and humanitarian, but my husband was a stubborn man, and arguments stiffened him." Nevertheless, she has a hunch that Frank voted for Franklin Roosevelt for his first term.

Frank's rigid and uncompromising attitude, not only toward politics but toward life in general, made life hard for his family. "He would not hesitate using the strap or rod on the boys when they did wrong," Hannah says, "although I don't remember that he ever spanked Richard."

The prisms of the huge crystal chandelier which once hung

in Theodore Roosevelt's office in the White House were tinkling gently in the Vice President's ornate reception room, the "formal office," as we sat there flanked by the American and the Vice Presidential flags. With George Washington's portrait by Rembrandt Peele peering down at us, the subject of corporal punishment seemed somehow out of place. Yet even here the stern shadow of Frank Nixon brooded over his son.

If the question had concerned the agenda of the Senate, the Vice President couldn't have been more responsive. He was remembering whether he had ever been whipped.

"Dad played no favorites with us," he said, leaning back in his chair. "However, when you got into mischief, you had to be pretty convincing to avoid punishment. I used to tell my brothers not to argue with him because I knew that, with patience and humility, we could all get along. Dad was very strict and expected to be obeyed under all circumstances. If he wanted something, he wanted it at once. He had a hot temper, and I learned early that the only way to deal with him was to abide by the rules he laid down. Otherwise, I would probably have felt the touch of a ruler or the strap as my brothers did."

Thus Richard Nixon learned at an early age how to become the politician that his father—latent salesman though he may have been—was not. The policy, or rather diplomacy, he adopted with his father was tested later on the national scene, and in most cases it worked. Remembering the arguments which occasionally created tense situations in the family, Hannah says Richard was always "very diplomatic" with Frank. This was even more necessary when the son became Vice President, for his father had a keen distaste for writers and newspapermen.

"Frank was particularly annoyed," as Hannah tells it, "when during his grave sickness the newsmen would literally invade the house and the grounds in their search for stories. Once, in the course of Richard's visit, the number of the reporters and corre-



Left: Frank Nixon liked to name his cows for movie stars. On the Pennsylvania farm he and a favorite cow pause to be photographed. *Right:* The Menges farm, where Hannah and Frank and Eddie lived in the late forties and early fifties, is near Washington, Pennsylvania.

spondents increased considerably, and Frank exploded: ‘Why don’t we kick them out? All of them!’

“Richard tried to reason with him. ‘Dad,’ he said, ‘you must understand that these men are not here to irritate you; they are here because that is their job, and if they couldn’t report your illness, which unfortunately is considered public news, they would be fired. Try to understand.’ That really worked, because from then on my husband even invited them into the house—though he had not changed his opinion about their ‘invasion of privacy,’ which he still greatly resented.”

Despite his irascibility, Frank was popular with young people. Mr. Walker, like Jessamyn West, had a high regard for him as a teacher. He considered him an “ideal pedagogue.” “He had a real knack with the kids,” the minister says. “He delighted in telling me of the days they lived in Yorba Linda and there was an unruly class of boys that all teachers gave up and no one would take.

To him that was a challenge; he took over the class and made a success of it."

Frank's success in the Sunday school can be better understood if one realizes that his peppery temper was blended with a sense of humor and a smile. "He liked to poke fun, and participate in jokes of any kind," Hannah told me. In the morning paper he would turn to the comics first. On the family farm at York, Pennsylvania, where he and Hannah lived in the late forties and early fifties, he delighted in naming his cattle after movie stars. Visiting friends were perplexed when he would say with a perfectly casual air that the feeding and watering of Dorothy Lamour, Loretta Young, and Gary Cooper presented quite a chore. The grimness in his character was as genuine as were his earthy humor and his affection for youngsters. These character traits can be found in Richard Nixon. The Vice President is an affectionate family man—a trait he shares with his arch political enemy, Harry S. Truman.

Though he lacks the wry sense of humor that redeemed his irascible father in the eyes of his friends, Richard has always appreciated others' wit. Frank was a great hand at telling stories, particularly about his boyhood, and Richard was his best audience.

"Not long ago," says the mother, "Richard had me tell one of my husband's stories. I was a little nervous, but he said: 'Go on; you tell it just like Dad used to.' He had me go into all kinds of details. Several times I had to stop because he was laughing so hard."

Richard eventually became one of his father's favorites, not only as a son but as a politician. In a letter to the *State Journal* in Ohio, where he once lived, Frank wrote: "This boy is one of five that I raised and they are the finest, I think, in the United States. If you care to give him a lift I would say the *Ohio State Journal* is still doing some good."

Richard's relations with his father were not as smooth as they



The Vice President, who inherited the fighting spirit of his father, greets Frank Nixon at the Washington National Airport.

are with his mother, but research shows that, whenever an opportunity presented itself, he took pride in Frank and was anxious to introduce him to the leading figures of the national capital. Frank was visiting Washington in 1947 when former President Herbert Hoover addressed fifty Republican members of the House. Richard, then a freshmen congressman, took his father along and in his letter to a friend, Herman Perry of Whittier, he reported: "My Dad was here at the time and I got him into the meeting as a guest. I introduced him to Hoover, and Dad got a great kick out of that."

The man who turned Republican under the encouragement of McKinley was, of course, pleased to meet Herbert Hoover, but years later a formal occasion set the stage for his meeting another former President—this one politically poles apart from Frank. It was Harry Truman, and the scene was Dwight D. Eisenhower's second inauguration. However, the introduction was

arranged, not by Richard, but by another son, Francis Donald.

"Dad and other members of our family were seated on the platform," said Don, "and were awaiting the arrival of President Eisenhower. Dad was anxious to say a word to Hoover, but became ill at ease when he recognized that Mr. Hoover was seated next to Mr. Truman, and the two former Presidents were engaged in conversation. I walked over to Mr. Hoover, and pointed to where Dad was seated. Mr. Hoover nodded, and Father, instantly on his feet, walked over to shake hands with him. When Mr. Truman heard Dad's name he stretched out his hand and greeted him warmly. Dad later quipped that it was strange that a man so genuine and friendly and gracious could be so wrong in his politics."

Politics were important to Frank all his life. A man as argumentative as he was bound to take interest in the affairs of state. Even on his deathbed he was watching television and following the political news. This time he had more reason than ever to listen to the commentators and analysts, because some of them were doubtful as to whether his son would be renominated for the Vice Presidency.

"At the early stage of his illness he was very alert," said his doctor, Isaac N. Kraushaar of La Habra, "and he read the *Congressional Record* from cover to cover. He liked to make salty remarks about those politicians who spoke like dedicated people in the House and then conducted themselves in Washington in a manner belying their spoken principles."

As he lay dying Frank told his physician: "Doc, if I were in Washington, I'd do just what Dick is doing." He died September 4, 1956.

"I'm convinced," says Dr. Kraushaar, "that the only thing which kept him alive that long was his hope of seeing his son re-elected Vice President of the United States."

Chapter 6

Mother

Hannah

FROM HIS desk beneath the magnificent chandelier, purchased by Thomas Jefferson, in the "formal office" in Washington, Richard Nixon helps guide the destiny of the United States at a time when a minor error in judgment could spell worldwide disaster. Far from the dignity of the Capitol, in a comfortable house in La Habra, California, there lives the elderly lady who guided *his* destiny in his formative years.

Throughout the writing of this biography Hannah Milhous Nixon expressed her views on a multitude of subjects concerning her son. So it seems sensible to devote a chapter to her and her environment.

During months of questioning Hannah about Richard a composite picture developed: that of a mother-and-son relationship which offered the excitement derived from unexpected discoveries. Without drawing unwarranted conclusions from the deep love one could detect existing between the two, it became apparent that Mr. Nixon's life and his political aspirations are still influenced by Hannah. With fine feminine diplomacy she avoided stressing her love for him. She made a deliberate effort not to do this; here and there she interjected such comments as "Don's goodness is boundless" and "Eddie writes like a real poet." These

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himself, considering what had taken place, and an unusual interest in his family. It read:

May 15, 1958

DEAR MOTHER:

As you can imagine, Pat and I were mighty glad to get home a few hours ago, and I am most grateful that no serious harm came to any members of our official party during the trip. This was the most rugged one yet. We are tired, and it will take a few days to unwind, but it won't be long before we are back in the Washington swing again.

I wish you could have been here for the wonderful reception we received at the airport. Both of us were quite overwhelmed to see so many people waiting to greet us. There were several hundred students from the colleges and universities in the area and they were waving welcome signs which they had made. With several bands playing it was really a moving experience and quite a contrast to the reception we had in Caracas.

I tried to reach you by telephone on Mother's Day. Don reminded me that you had gone north with Aunt Martha on the first lap of her journey. I hope you are having a good visit with the Van Blairs. Please give them my best wishes.

Tricia and Julie were as happy to see us as we were to see them. They went to school every day during our absence and according to all reports carried on with their other activities and were exceptionally good. All of us rode with the President from the airport to the White House in an open car. The streets were lined with people waving to us. Tricia and Julie were both excited, and I must admit that they were very well poised and we were proud of them.

I wish I might have an opportunity to tell you in person some of our experiences, but I am afraid that will have to wait for a while.

I understand that the nearest telephone is six miles from the Van Blairs, so this letter is the next best thing to talking with you.

Pat and the girls join me in sending our love to you.

RICHARD

Whether he is in Washington or at Khrushchev's dacha near Moscow, his letters and postcards to his mother arrive without

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fail. Occasionally the telephone will ring in her breakfast room and an excited operator will announce: "This is an overseas call."

Hannah's home makes newspaper "copy" whenever her famous son pays his infrequent visits. La Habra is a small town on the outskirts of Whittier, a bustling Quaker community on the western slope of the Puente Hills, sixteen miles from cosmopolitan Los Angeles. Hannah's pseudo-Spanish style, red-roofed, white house at 731 North La Mirada is just off busy Whittier Boulevard, and next to a filling station in a semiresidential area. The house is almost completely hidden by luxuriant orange trees and palmettos. Even the driveway is all but camouflaged—and it's amazing how she maneuvers her car in the narrow drive.

She cares little for comfort, and much less for luxury; yet Evelyn Dorn, Mr. Nixon's former law secretary in Whittier, believes Hannah wanted the house on La Mirada Avenue more than anything else among her possessions. Her previous home, next to the since defunct market on Santa Gertrudes, was too much exposed to visitors who dropped in to say hello to Richard's busy parents. The change to a more secluded dwelling was both warranted and welcomed.

The day I met Hannah for the first time, her home was the picture of serenity. It was hard to imagine that when President Eisenhower suffers the slightest throat irritation, the place takes on the appearance of an armed camp. The nation's news media shift into high gear, and reporters, photographers, television technicians, and cameramen gather on the lawn to await news that could shake the world.

As soon as I rang the bell she opened the door. She had no need to introduce herself. Her face closely resembles the Vice President's. She welcomed me with a courtly bow and an engaging smile, and led me to her living room. There she had me sign her guest book, a ritual she always observes.

Her first run-in with the rough-and-tumble of partisan politics



Left: Hannah Milhous wore the traditional hairdo and black-cotton stockings as a ten-year-old. *Right:* Her grandmother, who lived to be ninety-six, Elizabeth Milhous, wife of Joshua.

came soon after her eldest living son gained national prominence. Innocently believing that she was helping his cause, she granted interviews without question. But she learned better.

"You know," she said, "sometimes those reporters didn't print the truth." Then, blushing, she admitted that she had checked with Richard before talking to me. The report had evidently been favorable, for she was responsive, gracious, and attentive.

Awkwardly I waited for her to sit down. Sensing my discomfort, she motioned toward a sofa. "I really like to stand," she explained. I learned to accept this preference. Throughout the many hours we talked, she rarely sat and she never walked. She ran. Though March 7, 1960, marked her seventy-fifth birthday, her vibrant personality belies her years.

Her hair is silver-gray and curly. She seldom needs to go to a hairdresser. Her greenish-brown eyes are animated by a sparkle

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and they light up with expansive warmth at the slightest emotion. If eyes reveal the human soul, Hannah's tell the candid story of a work-laden but rewarding life. Dark brown, bushy eyebrows add a serious touch to her kindly face. They suggest that her gentleness conceals a determined and courageous personality. Her clothes (she prefers pale blue) are simple and conservative.

I glanced around. Her old-fashioned furniture preserves the atmosphere of an era in American life long buried and forgotten. A black Starr piano occupies a good share of the living room. An oversized oil painting, depicting a dreamy-eyed boy gazing forlornly at a girl holding a clay pitcher, dominates one wall. It is the work of Hannah's sister Elizabeth, who was an enthusiastic amateur artist. Modern-day art critics would find the picture cloyingly sentimental, but it belongs in that home. The tables are littered with books on religion, scrap albums, clippings, and photographs, among them portraits of Vice President Nixon and President Eisenhower.

In contrast to the Quaker simplicity of the rest of the house, on the landing of the stairs leading to the second floor there hangs a huge, transparent, three-dimensional color photograph of Richard. When you press a button it lights up, adding a touch of the political club to the restrained puritanical environment.

One of the first things a visitor is bound to observe in Hannah is her infinite patience. Her sister Olive has said: "Hannah is a 'terrific' listener." I observed that too. The way she listens with rapt attention, even if the subject is boring to her, is unusual. I have yet to meet another person who gives the complete attention and courtesy that she exhibits even with casual callers.

Last year she was honored at a Youth for Christ rally in Los Angeles as Mother of the Year, and the affair had been featured in the home town paper and the Los Angeles dailies, but she made no mention of it to me. A number of out-of-town friends were visiting her—one of them an important figure in

By Hannah Naxon

Cherry Pie -

crust: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt

3 or 4 Tbsp ice water

cut shortening into salted flour
and lightly mix in ice water

Filling: 1 number 2 can sour
pitted cherries

1 cup sugar

2 Tbsp cornstarch

mixed into a thin paste
with water.

Bring cherries and sugar to a boil
stir in thickening, let cool.
Put in unbaked pie shell, dot
with butter. Thoroughly moisten
edge with water. Then firmly
pressing down top crust, after
crimping edge - circle the pie
8 times with wet fingers. Slightly
moisten top crust with pastry
brush dipped in milk. Bake in
moderate oven 35 min or until done.

Hannah's pies are famous. Here is her handwritten recipe for cherry pie which was a best-seller in the family store.

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California politics and a friend of the Vice President. The front door buzzer sounded, and she hurried out to open the door for her callers.

"Are you Mrs. Nixon?" three small, teen-age girls inquired. Assured that she was, they hesitantly handed her a bunch of dusty pale flowers. "Take these orchids," they said. The "orchids" were the wild-growing California cathedral bells.

"Isn't that simply wonderful!" she said exuberantly, and oblivious of her guests, she chatted with the girls on her sun-drenched patio. After twenty minutes the guests became curious and went to the patio to investigate. One of the youngsters nudged her blonde friend and urged her: "Ask the man!" Gaining encouragement, the blonde chirped: "Mister, is she really Mrs. Nixon? Is she the mother of the Vice President? Is she?"

Judging from the long, amicable conversation, we all presumed that her identity had been established before the cathedral bells were presented, but apparently the starry-eyed three refused to take chances. They wanted to make absolutely sure that their "orchid" went to the Mother of the Year. After giving each of them a slice of homemade apple pie, she said: "You children come back any time tomorrow. I'll show you the house inside and the pictures of the President and the Vice President."

As was the case with her martinet husband, Hannah does not subscribe to leisure, and the thought of retirement is completely alien to her. By comparison with the struggles of her former years, she finds her present-day life a continual holiday. Still, she has never been able to accustom herself to easy living and recreation. She rises at five, even when there are no pies to bake. Despite her son's insistence, she refuses to employ any domestic help. She does her own cooking, cleaning, and gardening. But she has made one reluctant concession to her advancing years: She has a man to mow the lawn.

Economy still plays a dominant part in her way of life.

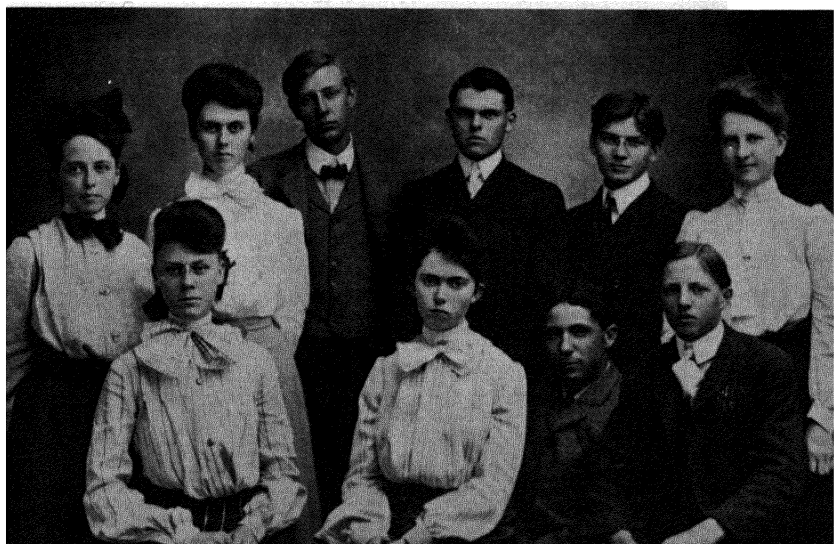
Mother Hannah

Although she has enough money for her modest needs, she has been too thoroughly conditioned ever to become a spendthrift. She drives a battered 1946 Chevrolet, which, she insists, runs beautifully—because it uses little gasoline. She saves her money and gives a regular part of her income to the church. Her main reason for living as she does is to keep busy.

She entertains almost continuously and keeps up a lively social life with her old friends, though she refuses many of the invitations she receives because she is the Vice President's mother. Her mail averages fifty letters a week, and she answers every one in her own hand. She also finds time for her church work, and tries never to miss a good lecture, particularly if it is on a religious topic.

Despite her busy life, Hannah Nixon is a thoughtful woman. My mother died in March, 1959. Soon after she was laid to rest, the phone rang in my sister's home in Plainfield, New Jersey. It

Hannah (*center, first row*) with her fellow-seniors at Whittier College.



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was Hannah Nixon calling from La Habra to express her condolences. "It was God's will to test your courage," she told me. "I'll pray for you." When I saw her the next time, she brushed aside my sincere thanks with the modesty that is so much a part of her being.

One afternoon she was reminiscing with a former classmate, Edna Nanny, about her own days as a student at Whittier College. Hannah mentioned that Edna always scored top grades in English composition.

"Yes," Miss Nanny answered, "but I didn't raise a Vice President."

A smile flashed across Hannah's face. "The credit should go to Richard," she said. "He did everything on his own. Mr. Nixon and I simply stood by and did what every good parent is supposed to do."

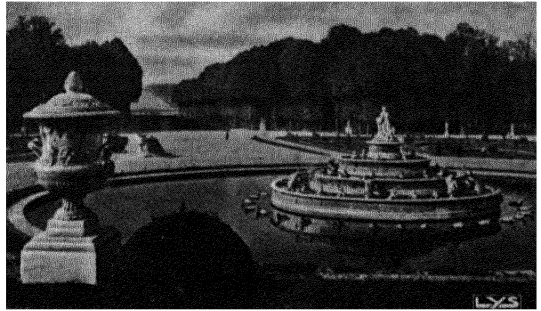
Taking his mother at her word, the Vice President says she made of herself an example worthy of emulation, a criterion few sons could match.

Religion is no matter of lip service with her. She is, of course, a devout Quaker, but her religious concept blends worldly ideas and modern living with the principles of her faith without conflict. In the months she was being interviewed by me, not once did she say "we Quakers" or "Quakers won't do such things" or the like. She uses the biblical phraseology of "thou," "unto," "thee," and "ye" only with her sisters or with Quaker brethren. "People not versed in the Quaker faith might find it odd, and there is no need to embarrass people," she explained.

The well guarded rule "not to embarrass people" is the leitmotiv of her life. During the research for this biography, my telephone in Los Angeles rang frequently in the small hours of the morning, with a worried Hannah Nixon on the wire: "Mr. Kornitzer, I'm afraid I said something yesterday which might hurt the feelings of somebody." What worried her would prob-



Left: Hannah and her son after the victory party in 1946 when his political career began. Even when he is abroad, Richard Nixon sends cards and letters to his mother. The card below came from Paris after a visit to Versailles.



Dear father
 I received mother's letter when I arrived in Paris. This is a beautiful city - particularly the palace at Versailles as you can see from the picture.
 I called Oscar's friend at the Service Committee & found that Andre Marey had gone to Germany. Love to all
 Phil

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ably never be considered an offense to anyone, but she has an almost hypersensitive regard for the feelings and welfare of her fellow human beings.

Richard reflects this characteristic in his mother, and also her keen sense of the appropriate. Hannah recalled an instance which illustrated his ability to recognize theatrics:

"Richard was out here campaigning and his manager made arrangements for the whole family to appear on television. When we arrived at the studio, what we were to do and say was all fixed up. Richard rushed in at the last moment, looked over the arrangements, and said: 'None of this will do.' Very quietly he had the scenery changed, and he told us what *he* wanted us to do and say. We felt completely at ease in following his suggestion. He knew that the original arrangements would look phony to the people at home. The program was a great success."

After a pause she added: "Even Mr. Nixon, my husband, in most instances accepted Richard's judgment, and he was a man with strong opinions of his own."

Superficial biographers used to make a strong point out of the relationship that prevailed between Sara Delano Roosevelt and F.D.R. It was suggested that the Victorian lady dominated and overpowered the late President and everybody in the Hyde Park household. Eleanor Roosevelt and her sons, in my interviews with them, trimmed this widely circulated view down to its proper proportion. Unquestionably, however, Sara Delano believed in a firm grip in the family affairs, while Eleanor subscribed to mildness and tolerance.

If one is intrigued by historical analogies, the observation that Frank Nixon was a fairly accurate duplicate of Sara Delano, and that Hannah Nixon personifies the gentle understanding and compassion of Eleanor Roosevelt, would not be too farfetched. Without a doubt the tolerance and piety in Richard Nixon were instilled in him through years of patient guidance by his mother.

Chapter 7

Whittier College

AFTER HIS graduation from Whittier High School, Richard Nixon entered Whittier College, founded by the Quakers in 1901. At this focal point of his career, what are considered the formative years, curiosity haunts the biographer: whether Richard's professors in college recognized any sign of greatness in him.

"The percentage of college graduates who become Vice Presidents of the United States is fantastically small," commented Dr. Paul S. Smith, president of Whittier and Richard's former history teacher. "Nobody really expected that Dick would reach higher in his career than becoming an eminent attorney." Though Paul Smith saw no Vice Presidential timber in him, he was impressed with his scholarly excellence.

"He was a very able student, with his competence illustrated in the exceptional cogency and brevity of his written answers to examination questions. I have vivid recollections of some startled reactions of my own when Dick characteristically used only a quarter or a half of the space usually thought necessary for an adequate answer. More than once I have reread his answers in search of significant omissions, only to fail and be forced to admit that he had given a completely accurate answer in a surprisingly simple manner."



Paul D. Smith, now president of Whittier College, fostered in the young Nixon his bent for the study of American history and political science.

During the academic year of 1931-32 Richard took three courses with Dr. Smith: one in the history of British and American civilization, one in the American Constitution, and one in international relations and law. He made straight A in each of them. "Obviously such an academic excellence would attract the attention of any instructor," said Dr. Smith. "So Dick caught mine."

Richard next took a full-year course in American history, and the following year he took the most advanced course in American history—this one open to A majors only. In his senior year he took the course called Historical Method and Procedure, in which he again made the grade of A.

Can the professor recall one specific instance when Richard stood out in the class? Paul Smith remembered several, but preferred the one which involved his own political idol, Abraham Lincoln.

"It was my habit, during those years of teaching, to make major students extensively acquainted with great historical works,

I assigned Dick to John Hay and John Nicolay's brilliant ten-volume biography about Abraham Lincoln. I distinctly recall my conversations with him when I examined his papers. His answers carried much more the tone of honest-to-goodness interest in the content of the biography than in that of a boring classroom recital. He had gone assiduously through the longest and most exhaustive biography of that American martyr and had become deeply, personally involved in what he was reading." (Of course he was already involved in Lincoln because of Grandmother Almira's reverence for the Civil War President.) Dr. Smith continued: "Good education strives to make the student forget the process of learning and arouse his interest in the substance of the assignment. Dick did just that."

Richard's avid interest in American history was revitalized by this Indiana Quaker scholar and respected authority on Lincoln, President Smith. With a sense of history and a feeling for American statesmen, Dr. Smith soon recognized Richard's receptiveness to historical topics and made an effort to keep that interest alive. Aside from Lincoln, he liked to talk with the youngster about Robert M. La Follette, whom he had learned to admire while teaching at the University of Wisconsin.

The Vice President recognizes his debt: "There is no question that Paul Smith, and some other fine teachers I had in college, influenced my thinking and developed my admiration for both Lincoln and La Follette. Actually, it shouldn't be considered unusual for any young American to think of Lincoln as our greatest President. As far as La Follette is concerned [here he leaned back in his chair] well, this is somewhat unusual and many of my friends here in Washington were rather surprised when I indicated admiration for him. It isn't that I agreed with everything he stood for, but to me he was a very dynamic, independent-minded leader in the great tradition of the United States Senate.



Richard Nixon (*center*) surrounded by other classmates at Whittier College.

"I thought it was particularly appropriate that, when five men were named the outstanding figures in the history of the Senate, La Follette was one of them. My father shared that high opinion of him. He broke away from the Republican party in 1924 to vote for La Follette in the Presidential contest with Calvin Coolidge and John W. Davis. Another top personality in American political life, whose philosophy I completely embraced, was Theodore Roosevelt. His life and writings had a considerable effect on my thinking."

"He had an almost ruthless cocksureness, which perhaps was the reason some students disliked him," a classmate, Helen S. Larson of Altadena, California, says of Richard. But Paul Smith doesn't share the belief that he had difficulty making friends on the campus.

"He had to be popular if they elected him to the various social groups, such as the History Society, and when he was elected president of the well publicized Orthogonian Society. Dick was one of the founders of the Orthogonians, who were written up, in various stories about Dick, as a militant socialistic-minded group of underdogs who wore open shirts and were opposed to the Franklin Society. It was alleged that the Franklins represented the blue-blooded wealthy who wore tuxedos at their social functions. This makes a good story, of course, but doesn't correctly reflect the function of the two groups. They were more like fraternities."

The Vice President agrees with his former history professor that the Orthogonian Society was not organized to build up the morale of the less socially privileged young men.

"I don't recall that class distinction between the Orthogonians and Franklins divided the campus," he says. "The Orthogonian was actually founded by Dean Trace, a junior the year I was a freshman. I was a charter member and became its first president. It is true that, for the most part, the Orthogonians were boys who, like myself, had to work their way through college, but I never felt that we were inferior to the Franklins."

There is no evidence that he instigated a social revolution by helping to organize the society. Nevertheless—and this may come as a surprise to those who attack him for his "right-wing reactionary policy"—the college yearbook, the *Acropolis*, hailed him as the student, "always progressive and with a liberal attitude," who led the society through the year "with flying colors."

"As far back as high school," Hannah told me, "Richard was always running for some office, but I suppose his first real test was in 1933. He was a junior in Whittier College then, and he was trying to get elected president of the student body. I remember he had quite a bit of competition."

In 1934 the *Acropolis* published his photograph with the cap-

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tion: "After one of the most successful years the college has ever witnessed, we stop to reminisce, and come to the realization that much of the success was due to the efforts of this very gentleman."

Another vignette in the yearbook suggested that he introduced a "new deal" on the campus: "After a fairly quiet political season and campaign in which mudslinging was noticeably lacking, the student body chose its officers for this year. Although political dictators managed to cause as much trouble as possible, Dick Nixon came through the melee unscathed with the title of Student Body President. On a platform advocating a new deal for those who enjoy the social niceties, he stormed to his position. But contrary to precedent and tradition he lived up to his promises."

He had needed an issue to win. The platform he chose is particularly revealing. The college had severed its formal relations with the Friends, yet it was still run according to austere religious principles. A birthright Quaker, Richard respected the tenets of the Society of Friends. But then, as now, he was a realist, blessed with a facility for reconciling ideals and facts.

In those days, among other frivolities such as smoking, drinking and card-playing, the Friends frowned on dancing. Richard didn't care much for dancing. (A classmate, Keith Wood says: "He was a poor dancer and not in demand.") But he knew what his constituents wanted. He stumped the halls of Whittier promising, if elected, to persuade the board of trustees to permit one dance a month on the campus.

He won the election without trouble. Then, to make good on his campaign promise, he went before the trustees. He pointed out that, like it or not, the students were going to dance. Wouldn't it be better, he argued, for them to dance in a morally uplifting atmosphere than to frequent the smoke-filled dives of downtown Los Angeles? Tact and logic, coupled with firmness of intent

won the day. The trustees relented, and Dick Nixon emerged a campus hero.

His critics would be quick to characterize this incident as another example of what they call "Tricky Dicky's" devious reliance on expediency as a means to an end. If he cared nothing about dancing, they might ask, wasn't he pandering to the popular taste by making it an issue? But they know little about the forces motivating his early life. In the first place, as a Quaker he was (and, in the true sense of the word, still is) a liberal. He believed in letting people do what they want, so long as they committed no antisocial act in the process. And the reason he cared little or nothing for dancing is worth noting.

Annabelle Tupper, mother of Albert Upton, head of the English department at Whittier, knows that story. Before the election, Richard visited her and announced he was withdrawing from the race. He was working in his parents' grocery store in his spare time to help make ends meet in those depression years. He felt that he had so little extra time to devote to campus social life that he didn't stand a chance of being elected. It was Mrs. Tupper who, despite his protests, talked him out of giving up.

"It wasn't false modesty that made him talk to me this way," she says. "It was genuine simplicity and humility. He took his responsibilities very seriously, and he really didn't have time for social affairs—he worked so hard in the store and he had to study so hard to maintain his scholarship." He literally had little time for the graces of life, and no time for dancing.

A man with such a single-mindedness of purpose must have been fired with a competitive spirit. Was there someone among his classmates at Whittier, or later at Duke University, whose scholastic brilliance presented a challenge to him? I asked the Vice President: Was the urge for competition responsible for his diligence and hard work in college?

"I couldn't name anybody with whom I felt I was in competi-

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tion in either college or law school," he recalls. "On the other hand, there was an urge to get the best possible marks in the courses of study at Whittier, because I realized that, if I were to go on to law school, I would probably have to have a scholarship. And, after I got into Duke, I realized that to keep the scholarship I had to be in the top third of the class. So the competition was not against individuals; rather, it was to set a standard for myself. Then I made an effort to meet that standard."

These aspirations for *L'art pour l'art* learning, echoed in the cold dignity of the Vice President's office, were engraved in sandstone over the fireplace in the main hall of his alma mater. The words of the stern New England Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, are:

Early hath Life's mighty question
Thrilled within the heart of youth
With a deep and strong beseeching
What and where is Truth?

It is likely that as a freshman Richard often read Whittier's maxim on the basic objective of education. For Nixon's strongest virtue lies in his capacity for learning, and even more significantly in his talent to retain what he learns.

"Yes, he learned his lessons well and he was the most competent student I have ever had. But I couldn't think of him as a genius or as of a boy destined for greatness," says Dr. Albert Upton. "In a relatively small college like Whittier one doesn't have the feeling, as he looks about from student to student, that he is gazing into the eyes of a future President or Vice President, or even Secretary of State. How does one tell that he is confronted with adolescent greatness? A look at the college annual, however, can convince everybody that Dick, in such a relatively limited group, was a leader among men. He was president of his fresh-

Albert D. Upton, whose instruction in English and the dramatic arts helped develop the Nixon of today.



man class; he was elected president of a newly organized men's club, a fraternity-like organization. It was an evidence of Dick's capacity for leadership that his friends elected him, then a freshman, when the leading spirit to organize this new group usually would have been an older and more experienced upper classman."

Whether or not he believes that Nixon has the qualifications to be President of the United States has been put to Dr. Upton more often than he can remember. A delightful man with a sense of humor, he recalled an episode when the question was directed to him on a network television program.

Shortly after President Eisenhower was stricken with a heart attack, the Columbia Broadcasting System was preparing a feature on the life of the Vice President. Paul Smith was sick, and Upton was approached to talk about his former student.

"When I entered the office a large crew was assembled, with lights and cameras ready for shooting," he said. "I was curious about the group's feeling toward Dick, and thought I would

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find out with a little horseplay. I went over to the corner of the room where Dick's picture hangs, got down on my knees, salaamed in a most serious manner, and then got up and took my seat. Immediately one of the men—I believe the producer—dropped his mask and exploded: 'When you think that this young man, your former student, might one day become President of the United States, doesn't that scare the hell out of you?'

Upton told me he was not worried about the future of the United States if the Presidential mantle were to fall upon the shoulders of his former student. But he thinks of Nixon, not as the Vice President, but as a college freshman—a natural sentiment of a college professor. He added:

"I can't say that I would have singled him out as a potential candidate for the Presidency, or any high office, for that matter. But I wouldn't have been surprised if, after college, he had gone on to New York or Hollywood looking for a job as an actor."

This facet of Nixon's character is not surprising. Necessarily, there is much of the actor, as well as a little of the ham, in every public figure.

"Dick loved the stage," Upton said, "and I think of him as one of the little group of enthusiasts who assisted me in establishing dramatics at Whittier as a recognized curricular activity. He was one of our first successful actors. After his memorable television speech to the nation in 1952, the newspapers published a photograph of him as he was weeping upon the shoulder of Senator Knowland. Some newshounds wisecracked that he is 'The Weep' instead of 'The Veep.'"

"In 1933 the Poet-Campus of Whittier College presented a play by John Drinkwater, a lovely English comedy called 'Bird in Hand.' Bird in Hand was the name of an inn, and Richard played the part of the elderly proprietor. He had a beautiful daughter who fell in love with a city slicker. They eloped.

"Young Richard had to be convincing in the role of the old-

erly father, heartbroken over his daughter. While not a great athlete, he had a springy step and a fine, youthful body, and my first problem was to teach him to walk across the stage as if he were at least forty years older. He had to express profound grief over the elopement, and he was taught how to get a lump in his throat and weep.

"Now, there are tricks to this, but people with imagination, and who sympathize with their fellow-men, reach this emotional stage without artificial means. On the night of the performance, Dick sat in his chair as a man of sixty-five, and the tears rolled down and dropped off his nose as he told the pitiful story of losing his daughter. I was amazed at his perfection.

"It's easy to understand that when I saw Dick weeping after the broadcast I was inclined to say to myself: 'Here goes my actor.' But it was a sincere performance and there is nothing perfidious or immoral about being a good actor."

Although Nixon's epoch-making television speech in 1952 is remembered for his allusions to his cocker spaniel, Checkers, and to his wife's "respectable Republican cloth coat," the fact is that he scrupulously avoided anything which might have been considered theatrical. Albert Upton has revealed a hitherto unknown episode which proves the point.

"At 3:00 A.M. of the day he was to go before the television cameras," the English professor said, "we received a call from him in Los Angeles asking that we dig up an appropriate quote by Lincoln which he could use in connection with the Hiss case. We worked until 10:00 A.M. and finally hit on one which we believed was fully adapted to Dick's topic. At a crucial moment, when it looked as if his political career also had come to a dead end, Lincoln obtained information he could use effectively to destroy his political adversaries. Lincoln was elated and said: 'Now I have a pumpkin for my other saddle bag; now I can ride.' We telephoned our precious find to Dick's office, and then

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listened with rapt attention to his speech. He mentioned the Hiss case, but made no reference to Lincoln's pumpkin. Apparently in his judgment the reference to the pumpkin wouldn't have been in the best taste."

Listening to Upton, Paul Smith ventured an opinion as to why the Vice President thought of injecting a quote by Lincoln in his speech: "Presumably Dick was exploring numerous facets before the broadcast, and perhaps his thought of Lincoln stemmed partly from his knowledge that Lincoln also had been in a jam which also came from inadvertence and which involved no moral question."

Richard was an exceptionally shy and reserved boy. In his childhood he seldom had the opportunity, and in his later years he seldom had the inclination, to vent his emotions. Dr. Upton is convinced that Nixon's experience in college theatricals helped him break down his wall of reserve and learn to project his feelings to an impersonal audience. And dramatics also gave Richard a chance to develop his otherwise limited social life.

Upton went on describing the Vice President as a college youth. "Richard was a high-minded boy," he says. "He was not a goody-goody, but an actual specimen of a good boy. He just didn't do bad things. He apparently didn't even want to. If he did, he had the will power not to. I know, it makes you wonder if there wasn't something wrong, but, if there was, I couldn't find it."

The unanimous acceptance of Richard Nixon as a paragon of virtue will undoubtedly raise disbelief even in his followers. After all, he is participating in one of the world's toughest games—American politics—and to speak of him as the simple Sunday-school boy who always did the good things appears as a too one-sided appraisal of the man. Yet the record of his youth shows no misdeeds. "I have always considered Dick to have been a member of the very moral set," Raymond L. Jordan, a classmate,

said. Even those who envied his scholastic accomplishments agreed that he was meticulously honest, and not one to cheat on exams. Evidently he lived by the strict principles of his Quaker faith. At that period he was so genuinely, deeply aware of what, to him, constituted right and wrong that he wouldn't allow himself to transgress.

One might conclude that Richard took himself too seriously or that he was so cautious that he would go to any lengths to avoid involving himself. But the evidence shows that he never shied away from involvement.

In his college days he attacked every situation—even including sports—with single-minded intensity. "Richard always liked football," his mother says. "He was regular in his practice and he did his best, even though he wasn't heavy, or fast on his feet. The coach said he was a great morale builder for the others. He was always there to cheer his teammates on."

As a college freshman he played on his class team. The year-book says the members of the team called themselves the "iron men." Since there were only eleven men on the squad, there could be no substitutions. When a player dropped out a position was vacant. Richard, it appears, was always the last to give up. He was reserved, all right, but, "See some underhanded act on the field, and no one could yell louder than Dick," Edwin C. Wunder, a classmate said.

In his second year Richard went out for the varsity, but he never made it. "He played only a few minutes in each game," says Hubert C. Perry. "He didn't earn a letter, but, if there was any one person who was a leader, it was Dick. He gave the team its spark. He would give a speech in the half-time, and often his pep talk was the difference between winning and losing."

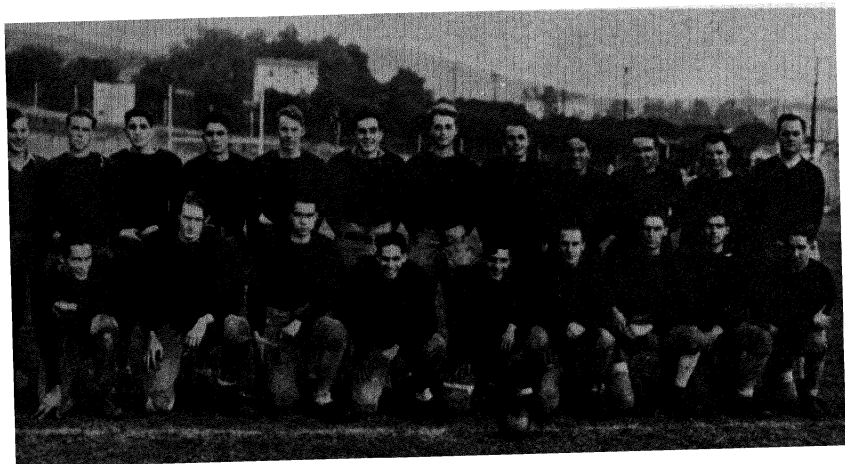
Fine words never won a football game, but it would be misleading to imply that Dick fought harder with his mind than

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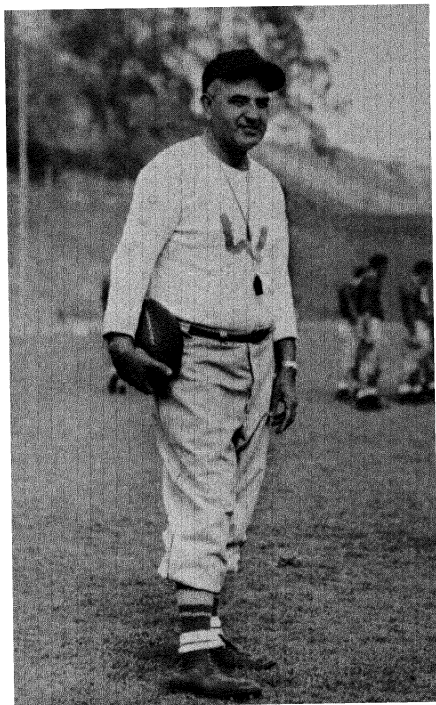
with his body. His teammate, Richard Harris, remembers that, between games, he and Dick were used as "cannon fodder" in scrimmages with the first string. Their coach, "Chief" Newman, a full-blooded Indian, needed a sturdy wall of resistance against which to try out his new plays. Dick volunteered for this unrewarding and painful assignment. Harris admits that he admired Dick's courage as he was mauled, slammed back, and knocked down, all in the cause of building a better first string.

"During one session," Harris says, "the Chief had the first team practice a play that was supposed to go through Dick's part of the line. Time and again they tried, with no success. I remember now the sound of the impact of leather, canvas, and muscle; the heavy breathing of the players; and, above everything, the booming voice of the Chief urging his men on. I remember thinking: 'Dick Nixon, I don't know why you do this, but I admire your red-blooded intestinal fortitude to stay with it until the end of the season or the end comes otherwise.'"

Never heavy enough to be an outstanding player, Nixon nevertheless played on the Whittier College football team. His spirit and enthusiasm carried many a game. He is in the first row, third from the left.



**"Chief" Newman,
a full-blooded Indian,
the man who coached Nixon
in football
at Whittier.**



R. H. DILL

Nixon's enthusiasm for football stayed with him during his years at Duke, an institution with a reputation for taking its football seriously. His colleague in the university, Lyman Brownfield, remembers him as quite a football fan. "Dick missed few games during his three years at Duke," Brownfield says. "With the cameras trained on him nowadays, he probably can't allow himself to enjoy a football game as he used to, but anyone who thinks he can't bubble with enthusiasm should have seen him at the football games in law school. He was unquestionably the most enthusiastic rooter in school. I know that some students used to sit near him at the games simply because of the kick they got out of his uninhibited manifestations of enjoyment. Sometimes after a football game he'd be too hoarse to talk until the next day."

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Did he feel handicapped in college because of his poor football? "No, not at all," the Vice President insists. "I was well aware that, because I didn't have the physical build, the weight, or the speed, I had little chance to make the first team. But, while I was not a first-stringer, I look back on my days with the team as one of the most pleasant experiences in college. It was a fine team operation. The trips we took and the spirit that we developed are things which I would recommend for college people who don't have the physical abilities to be first-stringers, or stars. The important thing is to be loyal to the team and fight for its success."

This same fighting spirit helped make possible his remarkable record as a schoolboy debater. Louis Valla, a classmate, says: "Most of us remember Dick as a quiet sort of fellow until he became aroused by some discussion. Then his eyes would flash and he would unleash devastating salvos of logic. He often said: 'To be a good debater, you've got to be able to get mad on your feet without losing your head.'"

To this day, Nixon has always been careful never to overlook either half of this recipe. Few active politicians carry on such vigorous campaigns. Few congressmen have pursued an issue with the tenacity he demonstrated at the time of the Hiss case. Yet he has always been careful to get his facts straight; he has seldom been proved wrong.

He approached his studies with equal thoroughness. His teachers rated him an exceptional student, not because he had an abnormally high IQ, but because he knew how to work. He had a marked ability to find the core of a problem and a deep interest that drove him to study late into the night and roused him from bed early in the morning. From early youth, his drive and ambition were almost compulsive.

His knack of mastering delicate diplomatic situations, which a Washington commentator attributes to a "catlike quickness in

adapting himself to an unexpected crisis," was also in evidence on the Whittier campus. A classmate, Mrs. Channing Perdue Mason, recalls: "Once in Dr. Smith's class I asked a stupid question about the Wars of the Roses. Before an answer could be given the whole class was in laughter. It was one of those things everyone else knew. Dr. Smith turned to Dick and asked him to answer me, which he did. Dr. Smith picked him because he obviously felt he was the only one in the class who was capable of handling delicate questions with tact and diplomacy."

His leading position on the campus, his influence in the social groups, made one forget that these activities were not backed up by financial means. When he enrolled in college, his parents turned over the vegetable stand to him so that he might use the profits to cover his expenses. Though he had little money to spend, many of his classmates remember him as generous and open-hearted. "In those depression times of the early thirties," says Richard H. Spaulding, principal of the Buena Park High School in Fullerton, California, "gala social affairs were rare. In the fall of 1933 I was invited to a formal party. I knew Dick had just splurged and bought a new tuxedo. I also knew he had an old one which someone had given him. I asked him to lend me his old tux and, although he was going to the same affair, I almost had to fight him to keep him from outfitting me in his new one."

Maybe because they are introverts to the point of bashfulness, the Nixons don't like to talk about money problems. Donald lost a once prosperous market and went broke, but he is likely to change the conversation if one is thoughtless enough to broach him on the subject of his financial misfortune. Actually the family was not poor in the sense of want. The grocery provided enough food, and so the boys were never without it. One of Richard's classmates, Clint Harris, Whittier automobile dealer, still remembers the fine pies and sandwiches which Richard

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passed on to him in the class. Harris, a giant, had a terrific appetite, and Dick, who even then cared little for food, saw to it that his friend's craving was satisfied.

The Vice President almost echoed the words of President Eisenhower, who, in connection with his family's finances, once told me: "We were poor, but we didn't know it." Nixon said: "We never had the feeling that we were poverty stricken. As a matter of fact, Father was fairly successful. The filling station, and later the market, provided our immediate needs. If it hadn't been for the expense of my brothers' sicknesses, we wouldn't have had any problems at all."

That Nixon is reticent to comment on personal finances is understandable. But John Krehbiel of Pasadena, California, an old friend who has looked after Nixon's insurance needs, once remarked that the Vice President prefers term insurance.

Of the hundreds of his former students Paul Smith names only three who, besides Nixon, have achieved eminence. They are: Jessamyn West, the Vice President's cousin; George Outland, a Democrat who won a seat in Congress from the Santa Barbara area; and Dr. Arthur F. Corey, executive secretary of the California Teachers' Association. The triumph of Richard Nixon is the professor's proudest memory.

Chapter 8

Duke University

Nixon was graduated from Whittier in 1934 as the second highest in his class. At this time the country was moving along the invigorating currents of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal. Richard enrolled in Duke University Law School in the fall, and thus his dream, at the time of the Teapot Dome scandal, of becoming a lawyer gave promise of being fulfilled.

Although Roosevelt's social reforms were revitalizing the national economy, the conditions in the Nixon household were far from prosperous. To provide the funds for Richard's tuition in the law school presented a problem.

Hannah still cherishes a faded letter in one of her paper boxes. "Without this," she says, "Richard would have hardly been able to enroll at Duke." Dated May 19, 1934, the letter was written by Dean Justin Miller of the law school and it informed Richard that he had been awarded a scholarship for the academic year of 1934-35.

". . . The value of this scholarship," said the dean, "as you have already been informed, is \$250, sufficient to cover the cost of tuition and matriculation fees for the year. . . . It will be possible for you to receive a reaward of this scholarship for each of

School of Law
Austin Miller Room

Duke University
Durham
North Carolina

19 May 1934

Dear Mr. Nixon:

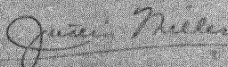
It is a great pleasure to be able to inform you that you have been awarded a scholarship in Duke University School of Law for the academic year 1934-1935. The value of this scholarship, as you have already been informed, is two hundred and fifty dollars, sufficient to cover the cost of tuition and matriculation fees for the year.

It will be possible for you to receive a reward of this scholarship for each of the two following years of your law school course, provided that you are able to maintain a superior average of scholarship while you are in the law school. We are interpreting this to mean maintaining at least a B average. Please advise us at your earliest opportunity of your acceptance of the award.

I shall look forward to seeing you here in the fall. If there are any further questions which you would like to have answered, please do not hesitate to call upon me.

With best wishes and kindest regards to you, I am,

Very sincerely yours,



Mr. Richard Milhous Nixon,
Whittier College,
Whittier, California.

JM:p

When this letter was delivered to Richard Nixon, his determination to become a lawyer seemed closer to fulfillment.

the two following years of your law school course, provided that you are able to maintain a superior average of scholarship while you are in the law school. We are interpreting this to mean maintaining at least a B average."

A large percentage of the nineteen scholarship students wore Phi Beta Kappa keys. Whittier had no Phi Beta Kappa chapter, and so Richard was one of those without a key. By the end of his first semester at Duke all of the keys had disappeared, since the students without them seemed to be doing just as well as those who had them.

One of Richard's professors was Douglas B. Maggs, who was solicitor in the Department of Labor in the Roosevelt regime. Maggs was a teacher of ability, strong personality, and liberal philosophy. He believed that a lawyer should be able to think and retain his composure under trying conditions, and that the development of this capacity should be begun in law school. Consequently, he raised his voice, pounded the desk, put his questions bluntly and with seeming lack of tact or consideration, pressed the students for detailed discussion of rape and similar cases, and in general seemed to maintain a rather low boiling point.

Actually, he enjoyed himself most with a student who would stand up to him, and he never enjoyed his classroom technique with those who were permanently frightened or offended. By the end of the first year the class had caught on to this. "Nixon was among the first to stand up to Maggs," Lyman Brownfield, Richard's roommate, remembers. "This was not easy, and for the first couple of months I think all who did so felt a little like Christian martyrs facing the lions. Dick was obviously just as nervous as anyone else, but, from the first time he recited in any class, I never saw him back down when he thought he was right."

American law schools teach by the case' method. The prin-

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ciples are studied by reading individual cases, from which they are deduced and discussed. This means that every situation is discussed in the light of what had happened to real people in actual litigation. The classes at Duke were quite small, and so there was a good opportunity for the students to participate in discussions and learn the basic philosophy of their fellow-students.

"Dick appeared to us from the very beginning as a true liberal," said Brownfield, himself a liberal and now legal authority in Washington. "He was strongly sympathetic of the rights of the individual, particularly when the individual found himself opposed by the unequal and artificially created force of big government, big society, or big business. However, Dick never felt that an individual could transfer his responsibilities to the government and at the same time keep his freedom. He became an admirer of Justice Louis Brandeis, a strong supporter of individual rights who deplored the growth of bigness both in industry and government."

Those students who were working their way through school were mainly interested in attaining a good scholastic record, and since they had little money for extracurricular affairs they studied. The library was open seven days and five nights a week, and the school itself was open all year and at all times.

"If somebody was looking for Dick," Brownfield says, "it was a safe guess to check the library. To balance his budget, he drew an assignment to work for Miss Covington in the library. This was not one of the prized jobs, because the hours were not very flexible and the work contributed nothing toward a good grade in any class. In addition, Miss Covington was a woman with set notions; so it was a somewhat less advantageous relationship than research work for the professors. Dick was, of course, subjected to a lot of ribbing because of his boss, but during my three years with him I never heard him complain about her. I am

always reminded of his school job when I see his self-control and reserve in the face of severe abuses in politics."

In his third year Nixon was elected president of the student bar association. His opponent was Hale McGown, a popular campus figure. Nixon won handily because his scholastic ability was superior to McGown's. Brownfield thinks of his former classmates as breezy youths who indulged in thinking up irreverent nicknames. There were "Bull of the Woods" Nissen, "Pooh-Pooh" Perdue, now vice president of the Ethyl Corporation, and "Senator" Whitener, now a congressman. They named Richard "Gloomy Gus," which was later shortened to "Gus."

Brownfield believes that the principal reason for the nickname was that Richard was always a realist. "He never expected anything good to happen to him, or to anyone close to him, unless it were earned. Any time someone started blowing rosy bubbles, you could count on Dick to burst them with a pin prick of reality. He wasn't really gloomy; he simply carried an antidote to false hopes, however harmless—an antidote which he distributed freely among his friends. In addition, his uncompromising probity and the sternness with which he held himself to his rather rough schedule joined to make the nickname stick. Even so, he was usually referred to as 'Nix,' 'Gus' being reserved for occasions when he was being slightly kidded."

By the end of the first year Richard was firmly established as a top student. During the second year he was on the *Law Review* and wrote about "The Law and Contemporary Problems" and a scholarly article entitled, "Changing Rules of Liability in Automobile Accident Litigation." He also contributed case notes to the *Duke Bar Association Journal*. In his third year he won the presidency of the student bar association.

His colleagues recall that he sought the company of students who were more interested in intellectual pursuits than in horseplay. There were two legal fraternal groups in the school. One



Dick Nixon with the Iredell Club of Duke University Law School. He is number 25, Albrink number 2, Perdue number 7, and Brownfield number 22.

was a chapter of a national legal fraternity, Phi Delta Phi; the other, Iredell Law Club, was named for a former justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court. Nixon belonged to Iredell. The accent was on economical entertainment, which meant that the club kept its activities pretty much on the intellectual side.

For all his seriousness, Richard was human. Once he got involved in a prank which, now that he is Vice President, evokes pleasant memories. In the summer after his second year he and his roommates, Perdue and Freddie Albrink, became tired of waiting for the Dean's office to release the grades and decided on action. Since Richard was the thinnest of the three, he was given the precarious assignment of entering the Dean's office through a transom for an informal look at the grades. The mission was accomplished with such finesse that years passed before the exploit became known on the campus.

That summer Nixon, Albrink, Brownfield, and Perdue arranged to rent a room in the house of Mrs. Henderson, a widow who lived in Duke Forest. The house, appropriately dubbed "Whippoorwill Manor," was flimsily constructed and had neither electric light nor heat; it had a well and an outhouse. The rent was twenty-five dollars a semester. As we think of the living standards which most Americans enjoy, the conditions at the Henderson house, with four boys cramped into one solitary room, we could be reminded of a scene in the motion picture satire, *Ninotchka*, which shows the annoyances of the overcrowded Russian apartment.

"The four of us stashed our clothes and toilet articles around the school in nooks and crannies," Brownfield reminisced. "It was then that Dick fully appreciated his election as president of the student association, because it gave him an office where he could keep his clothes and other personal belongings."

Richard walked the mile or so through the forest to school in the morning in time to wash and shave before going to class. North Carolina has a mild climate, but Duke Forest can get mighty damp and chilly in the wintertime. The boys had a thin sheet-metal laundry stove which they stuffed with crumpled newspapers in the evening and which would heat up quickly for a few minutes when the paper was ignited. This was the heat they dressed by in the morning. In addition to the laundry stove, the room was equipped with two old-fashioned double brass beds. Albrink and Brownfield occupied one, Perdue and Nixon the other.

"We usually got up around seven o'clock," said Brownfield, "and we became adept at dressing within the five minutes of heat which the stove afforded. However, Dick frequently arose an hour and a half or so ahead of us in order to get in the studying which the inflexible hours of his particular job would not permit him to do later in the day. If he did not do this, he might

Dear Father -

It seems that my letter writing becomes more and more infrequent. Last night we had our last Bar Association meeting of the year. The speaker was Thurman Arnold - one of the biggest men in law in the country. His speaking came before the Sup. Ct. now.

The budget for the remainder of the year says that I will need \$25. That, I am happy to say will be the last check I'll be asking for - for good - I hope. Its only 2 weeks until exams begin and I'm still working on this article - Haven in about 6 weeks it will all be over - until the Bar Exam I'm certainly looking forward to seeing all of you come back here in June. I hope Dancer makes it as well as the rest of you.

I'm enclosing a picture as you'll recognize me when you see me.

That seems to be all for tonight - Write more often -
Love Dick.

About to graduate from law school, Dick Nixon writes home, apparently looking forward to going out on his own.

find himself having to choose between handball, followed by a shower, and studying for the next day. On these frequent occasions Dick greeted the morning at its chilliest and dampest, but, if he was ever tempted to light the stove and leave it unloaded for the three of us, he never yielded to the temptation. He has always been a hard worker, but I suspect that it was the grim picture of him dressing without heat in the chilly predawn as much as it was his working habits which prompted Freddie Albrink to describe Dick as the hardest-working man he has ever seen."

Nixon's sense of humor was even then of the dry rather than the slapstick variety. Because, like everything else about him, it was so strongly individualistic, it was generally recognized and appreciated. The Social Security Act was new then. At the Senior Beer Bust, an outdoor party in which the senior class played the faculty at softball, Nixon mounted a table and delivered a speech which convulsed his audience. Brownfield has vivid memories of that speech. He says:

"With a completely serious expression, he titled his talk 'Insecurity,' and he managed to get everything about Social Security so tangled up and backwards that he sounded like Red Skelton. After this, every time a group of students found him near a convenient table, they tried to get him to make a funny speech. But he wasn't primarily a comic entertainer, and he seldom responded. Such comic entertainment should be distinguished from ordinary repartee, in which he regularly and skillfully joined."

His college friends and the men he met in the Navy remember him as a man who appreciated a good joke, and he took his share of kidding too. "He could dish it out as well as take it," Brownfield told me. "He was no stuffed shirt."

Nixon was not the only law student who had to struggle under adverse financial conditions at the sprawling southern uni-

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versity. Because of its reputation of being relatively inexpensive, students of modest means flocked to the institution endowed by the tobacco tycoon, James B. Duke. Oren Mollenkopf of Milford, Ohio, was one of them. The economic grip of the depression caught up with him with such crudeness that the memories of his college days are not pleasant. But he recalls one bright day:

"In 1934 I enrolled in the law school. I was married and my wife needed an operation. There we were, in that strange new community, without money and without friends. One day I sat dejectedly on the entrance steps. Several persons passed by with little more than a nod in my direction. One fellow, Richard Nixon, must have sensed my feelings. He stopped and started a conversation. He told me he was from California and his parents operated a grocery store. He hadn't said a word about his own financial plight, but spoke, with fire in his eyes, about the future. He said a nation as powerful as America will combat her difficulties sooner or later if her citizens keep faith in her. He suggested that I try my luck at another place, and perhaps in another profession. As we talked I became relaxed. My personal problem did not seem so serious any more, and for the first time since we arrived in Durham I was able to take a logical view of my situation. I followed Nixon's advice. We went to my former home in Ohio, and I got a job teaching school."

Nixon has an inner warmth. His tendency to brood and his deadpan look are superficial, says Brownfield, whose observations carry the authority of the man who roomed with him for three years and has seen him frequently since. He disagrees with the Vice President that the sole reason for the latter's poor football record was his light weight. Brownfield holds Nixon's mental processes responsible. He says: "Many men at Duke, no heavier than Dick, have been first-rate players. What he lacks is the capacity of the natural athlete to react instinctively. His re-

As a senior at Duke University Law School, the Nixon of today emerges.



actions are governed by his conscious thought processes. He can think marvelously fast and well, and so he moves fast, yet he would be only an average competitor in any sport within his limits of weight and reach."

Brownfield's appraisal sounds reasonable. Like everyone else, when the time for thinking is short or the likelihood to err is great, Nixon may make a mistake and say or do the wrong thing, but his mistake is still the result of a conscious thought process and not an automatic reaction. That may make him a poor open-field runner but, in the deadly serious business of government, this quality is an asset.

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He was made a member of the national scholastic law fraternity, the Order of the Coif, and was graduated with honors in 1937. Now ready to take the California bar examination, he realized that, because of three years' absence from that state and thus failing to register as a voter, he was not eligible for the examination. His old friend, Dean Claude Horack, for whom Nixon did research work, intervened on his behalf at the Stanford University Law School. In a letter to Professor James E. Brenner, Horack referred to Nixon as "one of our best students," and emphasized that he is "a man to whom I can give the highest personal recommendations." An exception was granted in Nixon's case.

There were more than eight hundred candidates. Richard was not very hopeful that he would pass, for the California bar had a reputation for severity. It was highly welcome news when, in October, the bar informed him that he had passed. So the boyhood dream had been fulfilled.

Chapter 9

Bewley & Nixon, Attorneys

"WHEN I interviewed Dick I was impressed with his mature looks, actions, and thinking. He was decisive; he knew what he wanted; he was direct and to the point." Thomas W. Bewley, Quaker attorney in Whittier, likes to recall the episode. He signed up the young law graduate almost immediately. Nixon's grandfather, Frank Milhous, and Bewley's grandfather, Thomas Bewley, had been business partners in Jennings County, Indiana. The association of the two grandsons again united the two families.

Richard was still at Duke when his mother asked the attorney if he would consider taking her son into his office. Bewley's partner was about to retire, and the attorney advised Hannah to send Richard to him. He says: "It took us no more than fifteen or twenty minutes to discuss our partnership." Richard had already received offers from New York law firms, but he preferred to establish himself in his home town.

Tom Bewley believed Richard was afraid he might be sidetracked to some special field and would not be able to meet people and share in community affairs and activities. Bewley was city attorney. He made Richard his deputy and, so far as the records show, the Vice President of the United States is still assistant city attorney of Whittier.

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Persons who know the Vice President admire his self-control. His disciplined attitude probably saved his life years later, when he was confronted with the riotous mob in Caracas, Venezuela. Bewley, however, remembers instances when the youthful attorney lost his temper and used mild profanity to let off steam. "He became extremely irritated when people presented their cases and then, at the deposition, told him a different story. He regarded such dishonesty as unforgivable. Women complainers, and naggers, who had only petty grievances, but wanted to inflict punishment on their husbands, also annoyed him."

At the beginning of their association they tried a fraud case involving oil-well equipment. Bewley took Richard along to show him how an important case was tried in the Superior Court of Los Angeles. "He had a stop watch," the senior partner says, "and he timed the various attorneys as to the length of their questions and of their arguments. He made constant notes during the trial and learned more about that case, just by sitting there, than did I, who represented the defendant."

Evelyn Dorn, Nixon's secretary in those days, recalls his first day in the office. Apparently because he had worked for several years in the Duke law library, his first chore was to reorganize the office library. "I can still see him as he dusted the books, some of which had never been removed from the shelves."

Bewley disagrees with the view that his junior partner was always gloomy; yet he admits that Nixon was a dramatic man. "He was particularly conscious of his clothing. When he tried a lawsuit, he had the right stance, and he used the right voice, which was low, but which he built up gradually with dramatic force. I don't remember that he ever lost a case."

Mrs. Tupper remembers that Nixon often practiced his debating technique with her husband, another Whittier attorney. Tupper was amazed at Nixon's ability to look at both sides of a question and argue either side equally effectively. He told his

wife: "All my life I've been associated with young men, and I've never seen anyone Richard's age with such a good judicial mind."

Courtroom audiences will attest that the judicial mind in itself is not the most potent weapon in the arsenal of defense. An emotional appeal to a jury sways not only sentiments but judgments. Nixon's highly developed sense of drama was perhaps even a more decisive force in his legal career than was his judicial competence. One example of his flair for the dramatic:

In 1934 Richard and three friends decided on a trip from Duke to New York. His brother Don was studying at Guilford, a Quaker college in North Carolina, and went along for the ride.

"Considering our budget and the beaten-up old Chevy, the trip was quite an undertaking," Don says. "We drove in heavy snow and sleet throughout the night to save the expenses of a hotel. At one small town we stopped at a drive-in and Dick decided we should pool our money, to make sure we could make the trip without trouble. Shortly after we left the drive-in we discovered we had left our wallet on the counter.

"Dick's roommate, Bill Perdue, and the other boys—being fresh law students—offered their opinions as to the proper legal approach to the proprietor, who, they suspected, might have grabbed the wallet as soon as we were out of sight. Dick sat in deep silence and was gloomier than ever. When we returned to the drive-in he walked briskly to the counter and, without saying a word about the consequences if the money were not returned, he looked straight into the man's eyes and said: 'Hand over my wallet at once.' Taken by surprise, the proprietor produced it from his pocket and gave it to Dick. 'If I had been hesitant, the fellow would have denied that he had ever seen us,' Dick commented."

Among Nixon's close friends are Jack and Helene Drown. Now a magazine distributing executive, Drown was still in law school when Richard was the junior partner in the law firm. He

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is often asked what sort of a lawyer Nixon would have made had he stayed in that profession instead of going into politics.

"Of course, it is quite obvious," he says, "that he would have become one of the most brilliant lawyers of the country and would have made more money than he does as Vice President. But Dick had no dreams of primarily financial success; to him the legal profession was an instrument to administer justice. I remember an incident in Whittier when we both were struggling attorneys.

"On a rainy evening he and I were driving our old car to pick up our wives at a school where they had attended a musicale. I noticed that he was tense and morose. I asked him about his trouble and, frankly, I was expecting some domestic problem, but instead he told me he had just had a hot session with a young married couple who could not straighten out their differences and had decided on divorce. He said: 'I did everything I could to persuade them to stay together, but they were as adamant as mules. I can't understand why they didn't even try to make an effort at reconciliation.' He was absolutely frustrated."

Possibly because of the frustrations he experienced during his law practice, Nixon's interest was directed for a while toward a business enterprise. "One of our clients belonged to a group which decided to market fresh orange juice in the Whittier area," says Tom Bewley. "They convinced Dick that there was a fortune in the enterprise, because of the rich crop of oranges that year, and also because of the expected saving in labor by operating on a do-it-yourself basis. The boys got some capital and formed the Citra-Frost Company, with Dick as its first and last president. Since the keynote of the company was economy, the president of Citra-Frost used to rush out, after office hours, to the plant, where he squeezed orange juice into plastic bags. But, in spite of his and his partners' efforts, the enterprise folded after a year and a half."

Chapter 10

Patricia

Ryan

BY THE TIME he was twenty-seven Nixon had made a name for himself in the courts. Because of his driving urge to get to the bottom of every case he took, he had little time left for social life—for which the stern Quaker town was no ideal place anyway. His mother cannot recall any club to which he belonged except the Whittier Little Theatre group. Albert Upton was apparently right when he said Richard showed great aptitude for the stage during his college days, for the serious young barrister always found time to attend the rehearsals and take part in the plays. A mystery play, *The Dark Tower*, is likely to stand out in the memory of Richard and Pat Nixon because they first met at a rehearsal for that one.

Patricia Ryan was not born with a silver spoon in her mouth, although some biographers say her father worked in a silver mine in her home town, Ely, Nevada. Hannah Nixon recalls, "They had a little farm not far from Whittier, at Artesia."

At the time of Pat Nixon's birth, her mother and father had considerable discussion over names. Her mother insisted on naming the daughter after two of her favorite relatives. Her father liked the name Patricia. As a result, Mrs. Nixon was named Thelma Catherine Patricia Ryan. She was born during



The Second Lady of the Land with her husband in a recent portrait.

the evening on March 16, 1912, but her father was so fond of St. Patrick's Day that he immediately began calling her Pat, the name of his choice. And he insisted on celebrating her birthday on St. Patrick's Day, March 17. As a result, this has always been the custom. Because Mrs. Nixon had so many names, she and the Vice President did not give their daughters, Patricia and Julie, any middle name, feeling that they could select a middle name which they liked when they became older.

The Ryan family moved from Nevada to California when Pat was a baby. Her youth wasn't particularly happy. Like the Nixon family, the Ryans had their early tragedies. At the age of thirteen, Thelma lost her mother, and it became her lot to combine high-school studies with housekeeping for her father and two older brothers. Her father died before she was graduated from high school. Then she enrolled in the Fullerton Junior College, and clerked in a bank for a year or so. In 1932 she drove to New York to look for a job. She worked in an X-ray laboratory and took a summer course in radiology at Columbia University. Perhaps because of her longing for the climate of southern California, or perhaps because it was in the books that she would meet Richard, she returned to Whittier.

Then for a while she worked part-time in Bullock's Wilshire department store in Los Angeles while attending the University of Southern California, and she found time to do some acting. The brown-eyed, red-gold-haired beauty was encouraged by her friends, but acting, as a career, never appealed to her. The small bit parts she played in movies such as *Small Town Girl* and *Becky Sharp* offered little incentive for taking acting seriously. For the time, however, she did well. This was the period of the depression. It was also the period of Hollywood's heyday, when nearly every pretty girl went to Hollywood or dreamed of going there. That Patricia Ryan actually rose to the level of a featured player speaks well for her drive and good looks, if not her ability.

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Like Richard, however, Pat was first of all a realist. She knew she was not going to play Scarlett O'Hara and abruptly she shifted careers. In 1937, the year Richard received his law degree, she was graduated from the University of Southern California with honors, and was set for a teaching career. As destiny would have it, Pat got a job in Whittier High School.

"A friend told me about the beautiful new teacher who was trying out for a part at the little theater," Nixon told me. "It was suggested that I go down and take a look. I used to be something of an actor in my college days; so I did, and I liked what I saw. Though, as a young lawyer just getting started, I was busy, I tried out for the part opposite her and got it."

It was not the part that he really wanted; it was Pat. He proposed that very night, though by his own admission and according to the testimony of his family, friends, teachers, and Washington colleagues, he has never done anything without thinking it through carefully, weighing the pros and cons. Pat turned him down, but she didn't know the nature of the man she was dealing with. As always, Richard was as doggedly persistent as she was reluctant to give up her independence.

It has been said that the clue to Nixon's success lies in his perfect timing. If that is true, this faculty must have worked assiduously, for the young attorney refused to take no for an answer. As if he would have had prescience about the role Pat would play in his future career, he went about winning her with the same dexterity with which he later won elections.

In his office one day, between presiding over the Senate and attending a reception in honor of a foreign dignitary, the Vice President was reflecting on his marriage proposal. "It wasn't really good timing," he said. "I was just plain fortunate. Pat has been a tremendous help to me. Even my critics agree that she has done a thorough job with both her family and her official responsibilities."

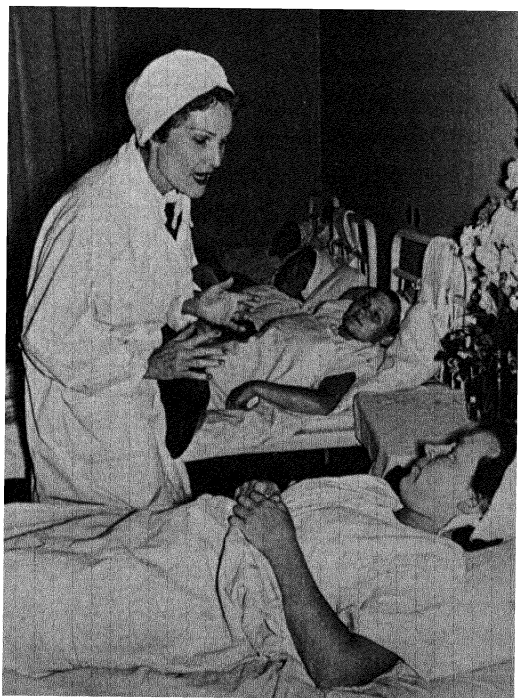
Patricia Ryan

He regards his wife as a valued assistant. He knows that often she can thaw a hostile crowd in a way that he cannot and, on diplomatic trips, it is she who really gets close to the people.

In October, 1956, at the time of the Hungarian revolution, I accompanied him on his tour to the Austro-Hungarian border. An official luncheon was given in his honor at Eisenstadt, the ancient country villa of the Esterhazy family. He made a short speech expressing his appreciation. He told the Austrians: "You should know my wife, Pat. Next time I'll bring her along."

He rightly considers her a real political trouper. Those who don't know him intimately may think of him as cold-hearted, but this is a mistake. His emphasis on Pat's and his professional relationship tends to conceal the depths of his feeling for her. We have seen many examples of how he is reticent about expos-

As the Vice President's political partner, Pat Nixon travels with her husband on his good-will tours. Here she visits a maternity hospital in Moscow, and charms the Russian women.



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ing his innermost feelings to public inspection. Nixon, one of the most genuinely religious men in Washington, is seldom seen in church. And he hides his love for his wife as if it might wither when exposed to the light of publicity.

"I remember the first time I met her," says Hannah Nixon. "Richard brought her home one evening after a performance at the little theater. She had been in Whittier only a short time then. My brother-in-law, Oscar Marshburn, had been partially responsible for bringing her to town. He was on the board of trustees of the school district. She was such a beautiful girl. She looked kind of frail to me, but I soon learned that she was a dynamo of energy.

"Being a teacher and all, she was very busy, but once in a while she would come by to see me. She had a room quite a distance from our store. One morning she knew I was baking a lot of pies for the store—fifty or so. She called me up real early and said: 'I know how early you bake and I'm coming down to help you.' I knew it was a chore for her, since she had to be at school later, but she wouldn't be put off. She was a big help, too."

"I met Pat in 1939 in Whittier, where I taught in high school," says Helene Drown. "Pat roomed with a friend of mine, Mary Margaret O'Grady, also a teacher. I was impressed with her beauty and fine sense of humor. We hit it off at once. She was chairman of the school's pep committee, which helped the students in working out their problems, arranged the rallies and theatrical shows. She asked me to be her helper, and I accepted.

"In spite of a meager budget, she was gay and always doing things for others. The faculty was composed primarily of elderly men and women and, while they were fine educators, the school was experimenting with hiring young teachers. Pat was a natural candidate and was hired immediately. Her warmth and charm won her friends, not only with the young teachers

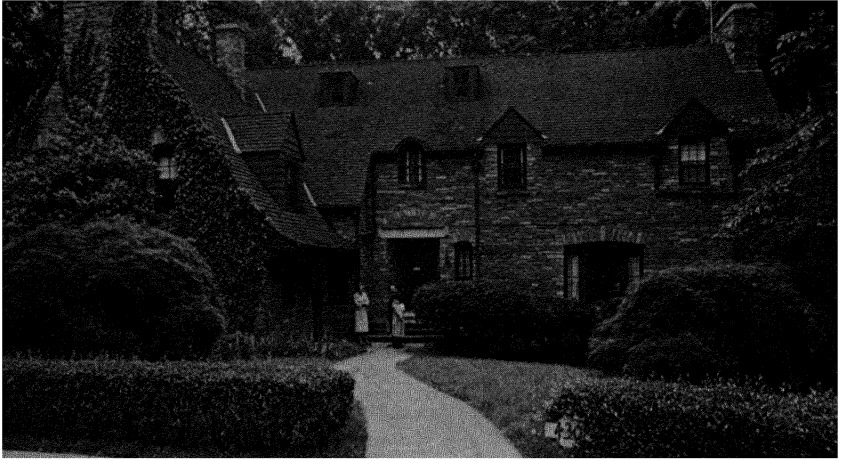


Pat Nixon, a dedicated political trouper, graciously granted me an interview in the Nixon home.

but also with the remaining older ones. The students really loved her. She was strict: they knew that she meant business, and they respected her. But outside the school she liked to have fun with them, help them in their daily routine, and even solve some of their problems.”

The masculine point of view regarding Pat is just as flattering. Jack Drown added this to his wife’s character portrait of her colleague: “To me one of the great things about her is that she puts anyone completely at ease. This is no act with her. It stems from her genuine interest in people. If one were to ask her what her hobby is, she would likely say it is people. At a political rally in Los Angeles, Dick once remarked: ‘I know, folks, that many people consider me as controversial. This may be true. But I’m quite sure of one thing: Everybody seems to like Pat Nixon.’”

This sentiment is shared by President Eisenhower. “When we returned from our Asian trip in 1955, we went directly to the



Mrs. Nixon bids me good-by at the front door of their eleven-room home in the Wesley Heights area of Washington.

White House," says the Vice President. "As we were greeted by the President, he said: 'Dick, I've had some pretty good reports on you on this trip.' Then, turning to Mrs. Nixon, he said, with a smile: 'But, the reports on you, Pat, have been wonderful!'"

After a two years' courtship, Richard and Pat were married June 21, 1940, at the Mission Inn in Riverside, California. They had little money; their honeymoon cottage was an apartment over a garage. She continued to teach while he built up his law practice. Then the war came, and, with it, more than a year of separation while he was on duty as a naval officer in the Pacific. During this period she lived in San Francisco, where she worked first as a stenographer and then as an economist for the government.

In their eleven-room Tudor house in the Wesley Heights area of Washington, Pat talked about those lean years following her marriage. "People say that Dick is too serious and that he

probably never had a good laugh in his life," she said. And then she waved her hand emphatically: "This is nonsense. I don't think he is an introvert. In person, one feels the warmth and sincerity that the cameras miss. Sure, he is sensitive and restrained, but he can be lots of fun.

"When I first knew him, right after the depression, we met a number of young people—Jack and Helene Drown, Bob and Gretchen King, and others who were faced with the same problem as we were: establishing a career for themselves. We didn't have a dime, but we had fun. Dick was active in putting on shows, arranged picnics, and other outdoor entertainments which didn't cost much."

Pat admitted that he looks serious when he is thinking, and that he is not particularly impressed by a flashy smile. "He still likes to drive out to the country just to see a sunset. He prefers to go out with the children for a picnic instead of going to some fashionable resort. He is an outdoor man."

The relative tranquillity which Richard and Pat enjoyed in the first year of their marriage was soon shattered by the Japanese bombs on Pearl Harbor. As a Quaker, Nixon could have applied for exemption from military service, but he didn't. His parents were faced with the same problem that had plagued the parents of Dwight D. Eisenhower decades before. David and Ida Eisenhower, conscientious objectors, were not happy over their son's enrollment at West Point, but they didn't try to interfere. Frank and Hannah displayed no outward bitterness when their son volunteered. The role Quaker parents play in the family is known among them as "counseling" or "advice."

"I didn't advise Richard what to do when he decided to enlist in the Navy," said Hannah. "He was always guided by his convictions, which I never questioned or discouraged."

Pat was not a Quaker (she has a Methodist background). "I would have felt mighty uncomfortable if Dick hadn't done his

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part," she says. "Sure, I was unhappy, but so were thousands of other young wives. Because of Richard's upbringing he did much soul-searching before he made his decision. But, once it was made, I knew it was all for the best."

The dignity of the high office and social glitter of Washington haven't affected her love for unpretentious living. But, as the wife of the Vice President, she must, of course, entertain and attend many functions. The pace she maintains is a killing one, and leaves only a portion of her time for her children. But her amazing zest and drive crowds so much into this portion that her husband and friends acclaim her a model mother.

Pat Nixon, a gracious hostess, escorted me to the door. The sight of three cats stretching lazily on the well-kept lawn suggested that the cocker spaniel, who zoomed to television fame in 1952, shared the fate of have-been politicians—obscurity.

"Whatever happened to Checkers?" I inquired.

"Oh, he is still around," Pat Nixon assured me.

Then, as if it were his cue, the silky-haired, droopy-eared Checkers ambled from behind a bush, and ignoring the playful felines, looked up at his mistress and walked into the house.

**Serving
the New Deal
and
the Navy**

THE Pearl Harbor disaster weighed on Richard Nixon's mind, and the relative monotony of Whittier life made him restless. What Quakers call the "Inner Light" was apparently urging him to action. Knowing that it would be months before his draft number was called, he didn't want to stand by idly. To leave the apartment above the garage was a decision which called for little consideration, and in January, 1942, he and Pat took off for Washington. "Our greatest hopes were to get some job with the government, where we could contribute to the winning of the war," Pat has said.

Nixon's first federal job was with one of the minor agencies of Roosevelt's New Deal administration: the Office of Price Administration, which later became a target of Nixon's attacks against the Democrats. But the OPA was then an emergency war agency, and Nixon's job couldn't have been less significant; he was on the tire-rationing staff.

The man who hired him, Professor Thomas I. Emerson of Yale University Law School, subsequently became Connecticut state chairman of Henry Wallace's Progressive party. It's ironic that the Republican Nixon, opposed to the radicals, got his first government assignment from a member of that element. Later,

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when he was a congressman, and the House Un-American Activities Committee was considering the controversial Mundt-Nixon Anti-Communist bill, his former boss appeared voluntarily before the committee. Emerson challenged the legality of the proposed law and said it would infringe on the basic rights of citizens.

Form 57, on which Nixon applied for his OPA job, included a question: "What is the lowest salary you will accept?" The minimum was indicated as \$2,800. Nixon answered, "\$2,800." "He told me afterward," says his immediate superior, Jacob Beuscher, now a professor of law at the University of Wisconsin, "that he reasoned that the boys who would be hitting the beaches would be compensated at a substantially lower rate." Nixon was put to work answering letters of inquiry about tire rationing, only to have these letters subjected to review by higher-ups.

Beuscher took a liking to Nixon and managed to get him up at least two notches higher on the job-classification ladder. "He was my left-hand and right-hand man in helping to set up something called the 'coordination unit' within the rationing legal division of OPA," says Beuscher. In the unit were five or six attorneys whose job was to see to it that eligibility requirements for one rationed commodity meshed with those for others.

The attorney from Whittier showed real initiative and drive in his work. With Beuscher he compiled and circulated to the seven thousand or so rationing boards throughout the country a "tire rationing guide." This was an attempt to pull together the hundreds of interpretations which had been given to the regulations: Is a Salvation Army officer a "minister" within the meaning of the regulations? What occupations are essential to the war effort? What are the limits on home-to-work driving? Nixon was instrumental in producing a code simplifying the maze of bureaucracy.

"I found Dick a warm and likeable person," Beuscher says. "He got things done, quickly and well. He was impatient with bureaucratic red tape and with incompetence. He had strong opinions. There was a streak of bulldog-like tenacity in him—stubbornness, some would call it. Yet he would justify his position with rational, logical arguments which were often successful in convincing others. He was a congenial companion, a good conversationalist, although in those days hardly a public speaker."

Nixon's desk was next to that of J. Paull Marshall, presently assistant vice-president of American Railroads. J. Paull is an intransigent Republican who liked Nixon as soon as they met. "Most of the OPA lawyers were left-wingers, and it was natural that Dick and I should develop an affinity for each other," he says. "We both believed in the capitalistic system, but the other lawyers were using rationing and price control as a means of controlling profits."

From his minor position on the inside Nixon had an opportunity to see at firsthand the ineptitude and the frenzy of wartime bureaucracy. Even if only subconsciously, this experience must have had an impact upon his future thinking. His distaste for governmental controls might be traced to his work in the OPA. He gained the experience under abnormal circumstances. It was an administration geared for war production, but he had the benefit of observing the strange characters who pop up in every emergency: the "dollar-a-year" men, the small-town and small-time tycoons who swarmed around Washington and Baltimore in masks of patriotism, bellowing that they could put some real steel into the war effort. He was confronted with the segment which was always elbowing to get something from the government. These are the people who would queue for sugar, for tires, for gas-ration cards, and for anything which could be obtained without money, but with the right connections. "The short time I spent at the OPA was a good education for me,"

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he told me. "I saw later in my political career the same type of people angling for something, and anxious not to miss the bandwagon."

After serving in the OPA for eight months, with a salary raised to \$5,909 a year, Richard joined the Navy, and Pat joined the army—the army of wartime women who followed their husbands from camp site to embarkment; who postponed having children and homes and worked and waited, hoping, praying, fearing always the ringing of the telephone, the knocking at the door.

Nixon got his basic training in the Navy at the school at Quonset Point, Rhode Island. There he met William P. Rogers, who, years afterwards, was to share many exciting episodes with him as Congressman, Senator, and Vice President. Rogers, now Attorney General, is one of Nixon's closest friends.

In August, 1942, Nixon hoped for sea duty, but the service, an institution where logic and consistency rarely mesh, ordered him to a desk job in Ottumwa, Iowa, where he became aide to the executive officer of the Naval Reserve aviation base. He served in Ottumwa till May, 1943, when he was released from desk duty.

His friends say he financed his campaign against Congressman Jerry Voorhis out of his poker winnings in the Navy. James Udall, president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, served with him in the Pacific. They had shipped out together on the S.S. *President Monroe* from San Francisco in April, 1943, to the island of Espiritu Santo.

Udall recalls that he, Nixon, Edward McCaffrey, and Nelson Coombs formed a warm friendship. Quaker Nixon, Catholic McCaffrey, Jewish Coombs, and Christian Scientist Udall played poker in the Officers' Club at least three nights a week. Nixon's buddies called him "Nick."

"I believe, and McCaffrey and Coombs will agree with me," says Udall, "that Nick was as good a poker player as, if not

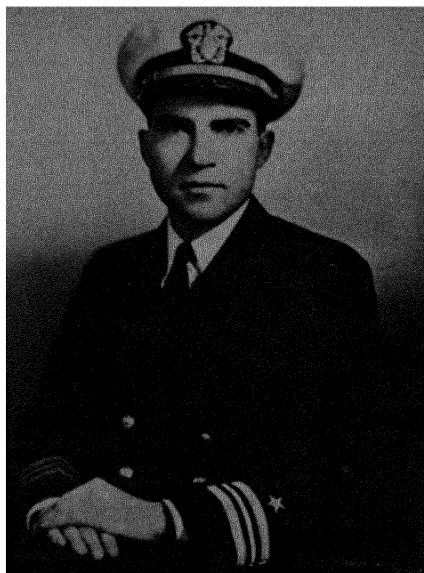
better than, anyone we had ever seen. He played a quiet game, but wasn't afraid of taking chances. He wasn't afraid of running a bluff. Sometimes the stakes were pretty big, but Nick had daring and a flair for knowing what to do. We watched him closely, and made the prophecy that he would succeed in whatever civilian career he chose. But that he would become Vice President—well, that wasn't in the cards."

Nixon was ordered to report to the commander of the Pacific fleet. He spent fifteen months as an operations officer with the South Pacific Combat Air Transport Command, which had the precarious job of flying supplies into the war zone. The bases were Vella Lavella, Bougainville, and Green Island.

"I had orders from Bougainville, our home base, to be officer in charge of SCAT at Green Island," says Jimmy Stewart, now director and officer of Frank B. Hall & Co., a large insurance brokerage concern. "I arrived by a Navy patrol boat, ran up the strip, and helped in establishing a beachhead under the command of a New Zealander. I was looking around for the other men who were supposed to be attached to my outfit, when I ran into Nick. That was the first time we met. I asked him whether he knew where the SCAT personnel were. He said: 'I am a part of SCAT; I am the officer in charge.' I was surprised. I showed him my orders, which were virtually identical with his.

"This was the perennial situation of pulling rank," Stewart added, chuckling. "Having arrived five or six hours ahead of me, Nick was asked by the New Zealanders to set up operations right there on the air strip. All this happened about five in the afternoon, and by the time we put up our tents it was night. We lit lamps and we had a chat as to who was supposed to do what. After we examined the orders it became obvious that he outranked me by a month, and so, without any comment, he became the officer in charge and I became his assistant."

Just as the Quaker environment influenced Richard's outlook



A lieutenant commander when he left the Navy, Richard Nixon, known as "Nick" to his wartime friends, was an operations officer with SCAT.

and philosophy, the war in the Pacific also must have made its mark on his thinking. His group was not exactly a combat unit, but it was exposed to bombardments and to the other hazards of war. How did he face these situations? Stewart gives a candid account of Lieutenant Commander Nixon.

"My recollection of him was particularly strong because after a landing on an island everyone was running around like mad. But Nick was sort of a calm island in a storm. He picked a base and directed the operations, comprised of supplying fresh food to the pilots and taking food back to the wounded, without fanfare. It all took place rather calmly, as if we were sitting in Washington. This was unusual, I can tell you. -

"Nick didn't drink. He didn't smoke. When I first knew him he didn't swear, and he read his Bible regularly." After a while Stewart noticed that Nixon began using profanity, for which the marines seem to have developed a special aptitude. "When he swore he did it unconsciously. When he was about to leave the

South Pacific I reminded him jokingly that he would have to be careful of his language when he returned to his Quaker town.

"Not long ago, reminiscing about Green Island in Washington, I asked him whether he ran into trouble in Whittier because of the slight change in his language. He recalled that part of the entertainment for his homecoming was a luncheon for more than thirty relatives and friends in Whittier and Yorba Linda.

"One of his cousins, apparently an 'armchair general,' knew everything and was holding forth. Nick listened with growing resentment, for he knew that the cousin probably had seen combat only on the screen of the town movie. Then all of a sudden, without realizing what he was saying, he leaned across the table and slapped down the old fellow in a language that we used only when the going was really tough. This stopped the conversation abruptly. The guests were amazed. Nick is still convinced that those who attended the luncheon remember that incident more than all that has been said about our war in the Pacific."

Out there Nixon passed over the traditional Quaker objections to gambling. Why? He needed money. He learned poker and mastered it to such a degree that he won a sizable amount, and it became the sole financial foundation of his career.

"One day I noticed Nick lost in his thoughts," says Stewart. "He was seemingly concentrating on some problem. Finally he asked: 'Is there any sure way to win at poker?' I explained that I didn't know of a sure way to win, but that I had a theory for playing draw poker. It was that one must never stay in unless he knows he has everyone at the table beaten at the time of the draw. Nick liked what I said. I gave him his first lessons. We played two-handed poker without money for four or five days, until he had learned the various plays. Soon his playing became tops. He never raised unless he was convinced he had the best hand."



Dick Nixon, third from left, and fellow-officers in the South Pacific.

Dr. Albert Upton of Whittier College has gone even further. He is convinced that a man who can't hold a hand at a first-class poker table is unfit to be President of the United States. The question was put facetiously to the Vice President in his office off the Senate chambers. Did he agree with his former drama coach that the prime requisite for the office of President is high skill in poker?

"I believe my ability in this field is somewhat exaggerated," he answered. "I was fairly successful playing poker overseas. During the lull in bombardments, when we didn't have anything else to do, men from the various neighboring islands would get together in the evenings for games, and it wasn't always poker. Since the war I have had little chance to try out my game. As a matter of fact, I've played only once since I've been Vice President, and at that time I just broke even. In contrast to the South Pacific games, poker here in Washington is played with 'wild' cards. I prefer the five-card game."

Although newsmen and biographers have reported the exact sum of his poker "kill," he is unable to recall even an approximate figure of his winnings. Instead he stresses the comradeship of his poker-playing friends. And his war buddies have only pleasant memories of him. Those who know him through personal association and not through news reports discount his enemies' statements about his "insincerity." Stewart remembers the night Lieutenant Nixon left his Green Island outfit. "As you know, liquor was prohibited to enlisted men. Luckily, however, there was always some to be found if one knew where to look for it. The enlisted men in our outfit went on a search party, 'borrowed' all of the liquor they could find, and gave him a big party. All of them were strong for him, and hated to see him go." In one way or another Nixon has developed to a high degree the politician's supreme gift: that of getting people to like him.

The guns were finally silenced on blood-soaked Guadalcanal, Palmyra, Canton, Espiritu Santo, and Green Island, and Lieutenant Nixon was transferred back to the States.

His mother found the citation he received after he was discharged from the service. Signed by Vice Admiral J. H. Newton, it reads in part:

For meritorious and efficient performance of duty as Officer-in-Charge of the South Pacific Combat Air Transport Command at Bougainville and later at Green Island from January 1 to June 16, 1944. During this period, Lieutenant Nixon displayed sound judgment and initiative in organizing the South Pacific Combat Air Transport Command activities at both Bougainville and Green Islands. He established the efficient liaison which made possible the immediate supply by air of vital material and key personnel, and the prompt evacuation of battle casualties from these stations to rear areas. His able leadership, tireless efforts and devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

Chapter 12

The Congressman

"WHEN HE returned from the Navy to his home port, San Francisco, we tried to entertain him," says Bob King, who was then working in the FBI office there. "But Dick refused to go to night clubs or elegant restaurants. He liked to come out to our small apartment for a quiet supper and talk, not so much about his service in the Pacific, but rather about the future of America and the world. He seemed to be dreaming about some new order which would make wars impossible." Mrs. King says Nixon didn't talk about party politics. "He impressed us in those days as an idealistic dreamer. Being a Quaker, he was probably anxious to redeem himself for his 'sin' of serving in the armed forces."

After a brief stay in San Francisco he was assigned to a Baltimore naval group which was renegotiating airplane contracts. Life for Richard and Pat in "the city of white marble steps" was uneventful. The senseless killings in the war had strengthened his Quaker determination to campaign for world peace, and he had plenty of time to map out his plans.

The Baltimore office offered little chance for advancement, but apparently fate doesn't need an elaborate setting for its schemes. Few men in American history—not even Nixon's idol,

Lincoln—have risen so far so fast. The slow climb up the political ladder was not for him. His was not the struggle from precinct worker to councilman or legislator or state office holder—perhaps to be slapped down in the end. Fate had other plans for him.

Back in 1940 he had been impressed with Wendell Willkie, and now, in the wake of the Second World War, Willkie's "One World" appeared to him the only sensible plan for averting another holocaust. He was convinced that isolationism, which had had powerful exponents in the United States, could no longer prevail. His horizons were broadening into a conviction that only international brotherhood could guarantee the future of mankind.

There is no indication that he had shown interest in politics during his service in the South Pacific. He told me that, although he was deeply concerned about the path America and the world would choose after the war, "the idea that I myself might play even a minor part in practical politics never occurred to me."

This detached viewpoint was shattered by an unexpected telephone call from his home town in the fall of 1945. The man on the other end of the line was an old friend of the family: a Quaker banker, Herman L. Perry. That civic leader of Whittier asked him pointblank whether he would consider running for Congress against the popular Jerry Voorhis. Surprised, the young naval attorney said he would.

Jacob Beuscher, Richard's former OPA boss says: "My wife and I were going to a football game with the Nixons, and we were staying overnight in their apartment in the outskirts of Baltimore. While he had already committed himself to run for Congress, he seemed to be worried over whether he could grapple with the big assignment. He pointed out that he knew a good deal about baseball and football, and had had some experience in the legal field, but knew little about foreign and domestic politics. He was a Republican, but, he said: 'I'm not as conservative as



Herman L. Perry, the California banker and Quaker. He started Richard Nixon's political wheel rolling.

Senator Taft and not as "wild" as Wayne Morse.' He was rather naïve about politics, and he illustrated it by inviting me to help organize his campaign. As a professor, I considered myself the poorest choice for the job he was anxious to confer upon me."

Harry S. Truman's critics never failed to point out that his career was launched by Tom Pendergast, the Kansas City boss, who had made a United States Senator out of the little-known haberdasher. After Pendergast wound up in a penitentiary, the opposition made much of the connection between the crooked boss and his protégé. Truman was even criticized for the fact that, when he was Vice President, he attended Pendergast's funeral. "He was good to me and I wish to pay my respects to him," the future President answered with touching loyalty.

It is, of course, inherent in the American patronage system to provide jobs and advancement for the party stalwarts, and Nixon's political career was launched in that way. His "Pendergast" is reputed to have been Herman L. Perry. Following the

death of his old mentor, Nixon confirmed Perry's role in his life: "If it had not been for a wire he sent to me, from Whittier to Baltimore, in November of 1945, it is very unlikely that I would be holding a political office today."

The Perry-Nixon letters offer an insight into the development of the youthful congressman. In them one can feel the pulsation of a small town which became the setting for a career of national prominence.

The man who, seven years after he had won a seat in Congress, was accused of having been drafted into public life by California oil men and utility moguls, actually started his political career in an atmosphere of almost unprecedented non-partisanship. Nixon, a novice in county, state, and national affairs, had no attachments to any groups or party organizations. His only connection with the Republicans was that, in 1944, while in the South Pacific, he had voted for Thomas E. Dewey for President.

Murray M. Chotiner, considered even by his foes as one of the most brilliant campaign managers since Jim Farley, has given an eye-witness account of a meeting of the Twelfth Congressional district's fact-finding committee in Pomona, California. The committee was searching for a strong candidate to beat Jerry Voorhis, a Democrat who had been elected to Congress five times in that normally Republican district.

"I was working for Raymond Haight, G.O.P. national committeeman, and heard the name Nixon for the first time at that meeting," Chotiner related in his law office in Beverly Hills. "Somebody in the group said he knew a young attorney, presently in the Navy, who might be just the right man for the job. While the Nixon name hadn't caused any particular commotion, Herman L. Perry, director of the Bank of America's Whittier branch, and Roy O. Day, district Republican chairman, remarked that they knew the Nixon family well.

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"It was agreed that Perry would get in touch with the parents and find out where their son was presently. Because of the peculiar cross-filing system of California, candidates sought both the Democratic and the Republican nominations, and the group was absolutely in the dark as to whether Richard's loyalties lay with the Democrats or Republicans. Subsequently, Perry telephoned him in Baltimore and invited him to appear before the committee."

Chotiner, who had masterminded William Knowland's Senatorial and Earl Warren's Gubernatorial campaigns, was soon confronted with the man whose destiny he was to guide through several turbulent campaigns and maneuvers. "I will hardly forget that day in 1946 when Nixon, then thirty-two years old, made his appearance before our committee. He was neatly dressed. He was serious. He replied to questions in short, crisp terms. I had the impression that this young fellow was not trying to 'put on a show,' or impress the committee with the customary slogans of dedication to the ideals and principles of the party, yet I felt an innate sense of dedication in the man. He seemed intelligent, forceful, and with a capacity for growth."

Nixon may not have been a party man, but there was nothing wavering about his convictions. Still in uniform, he formulated his credo of his country's aspirations in these words: "I recognized two lines of thought about America while I was abroad. One, advocated by the New Deal, is government control regulating our lives. The other calls for individual freedoms and all that initiative can produce. I hold with the latter viewpoint. I believe the returning veterans—and I have talked to many of them in the foxholes—will not be satisfied with a dole or a government handout. They want a respectable job in private industry, where they will be recognized for what they produce, or they want an opportunity to start their own business. If the choice of this committee comes to me I will be prepared to put

on an aggressive campaign on a platform of practical liberalism."

"The committee was impressed," Chotiner said. "It voted overwhelmingly for Nixon. I believe seventy-seven votes were cast on the first ballot, and sixty-three of them were for him."

Nixon responded to the call to duty with the discipline of an officer, but wasn't too sure about the outcome of his venture. He has said: "Voorhis looked impossible to beat. He was intelligent, experienced, and came from a well-known family. Why did I take it? I'm a pessimist, but, if I figure I've got a chance, I'll fight for it."

And fight he did. It was a vigorous, uphill campaign. The debates between Nixon and Voorhis have been compared with the memorable series between Lincoln and Douglas in Illinois, when both were seeking a seat in the Senate. Whether or not the comparison with those two giants is overstated, the fact remains that Nixon's indisputable talent in repartee, and his skill in bringing out timely issues, delivered a telling blow to the highly competent but less dramatic Voorhis.

Just as Lincoln produced a hot campaign issue by exposing slavery and by criticizing the ruling of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, Nixon hit on a subject of major concern to the nation. He hinted that Voorhis was supported by subversive elements. This created a feeling of uneasiness in the anti-Communist electorate, although the charge was never really substantiated.

The audiences attending the Nixon rallies noticed a slender, attractive young woman taking hurried notes at his elbow. Although she had heard his speech numerous times, she constantly looked at him in almost frozen attention. His wife no longer writes in shorthand, but she still maintains a relentless vigil whenever he appears on a platform.

After the virtually unknown Nixon had defeated the five-term congressman by more than 15,000 votes, he sought recon-

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ciliation with the loser, and he did it with Quaker humility.

"One day when I came back from lunch, he was standing there in the outer office," Voorhis wrote in *Confessions of a Congressman*. "He smiled and so did I. We shook hands and went into the inner office, which by that time was pretty bleak and bare. We talked for more than an hour and parted, I hope and believe, as personal friends. Mr. Nixon will be a Republican congressman. He will, I imagine, be a conservative one. But I believe he will be a conscientious one. And I know I appreciated his coming to see me very sincerely indeed."

That belief was shared by Ed Pauley, Democratic national committeeman for California. He has said: "Nixon was in his first term in Congress when the constant floods in the San Gabriel Valley caused much concern in the district he represented. This was mostly federal territory, and the army engineers proposed that the water be drawn into a single depository, in a sort of a lake, slightly west and northwest of Whittier. We in southern California were thinking of the broader objectives and supported the army plan, but Nixon, believing that the project would be detrimental to his district, opposed it. And, while a congressman cannot always get an appropriation for his district, he is an important key figure and can block legislation.

"I called on him, and pointed out that it would be a mistake if he were to think of this project strictly from the interest of his district. He listened seriously and agreed with my reasoning. He threw his support to the army plan. I'm convinced that this support for the Whittier Narrows and the flood-control plan helped him to win the Republican primaries when he later ran for the Senate."

Nixon was only thirty-four years old when he entered Congress. The span from the obscure desk in the Navy Department to Capitol Hill seemed too precipitous even to his friends. Perhaps because of luck, or perhaps as a result of his ability, he

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enjoyed, for the first time, the taste of triumph on a national scale. This added to the happiness occasioned by the arrival of his first daughter, Patricia, the year before.

A letter from the files of Herman Perry, made available to me by his son, Hubert, reveals why he used his influence in behalf of Nixon. It was written to Drew Pearson, a fellow-Quaker.

In his column on November 7, 1950, Pearson wrote: "The people who first promoted Nixon for the House of Representatives were Harry March, vice president of Signal Oil, and Sam Mosher, president of Signal. They not only helped sell Nixon on the idea of running for Congress several years ago, but helped to raise money for his recent campaign for the Senate." Perry was furious. In his letter of December 29, 1950, he took issue with the columnist:

A family picture at the Pennsylvania farm. *Left to right*: Tricia in the arms of her grandfather Frank, Hannah, Eddie, Pat, and Dick.



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. . . The statements contained in your column with reference to the promotion of Richard M. Nixon to the House of Representatives by Harry March and Sam Mosher of Signal Oil are absolutely without foundation. The good people of Whittier, at my suggestion, sponsored Richard M. Nixon before the Twelfth Congressional District Fact Finding Committee in the fall of 1945. At that time he was a lieutenant commander in the U. S. Navy.

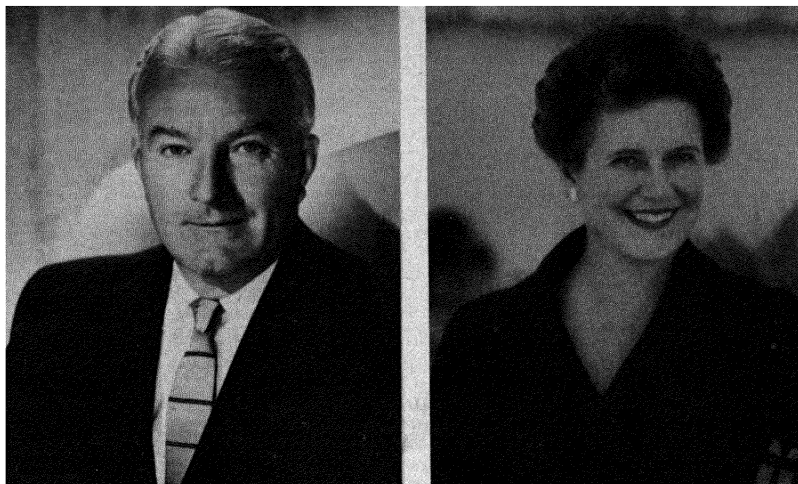
In addition to having been a small town banker in the state of California for forty-two years, I have held it to be my civic obligation to take an active interest in civic affairs, and when I saw an opportunity to assist in nominating an individual on the Republican ticket in 1946, I came up with the name of Richard M. Nixon. I have known his parents for the past forty-five years. I knew his grandfather and grandmother. Mr. Nixon comes from the finest Quaker stock this side of England. They have integrity plus.

Frankly, Mr. Pearson, it is hard for me to conceive that your intent in this instance was to give the people the facts. You, like me, as a birthright Quaker should remember that one of the outstanding characteristics of our great church is its forthrightness and sincere respect for the integrity and truth. I sincerely believe that you owe Senator Nixon an apology for the attack you have made on him in this article.

The record shows that Pearson ignored the letter and remained one of Nixon's severest critics.

The warm personal friendship notwithstanding, Perry's relationship with Nixon, in practical political terms, was not highly significant. By an accident of fate he was the one to start Richard's political wheel rolling when Richard was faced with the dilemma of finding a promising law firm in New York or Washington.

A number of friends backed Nixon's cause early in his career, but only a few of them have taken a bow in public as his mentors. The most powerful of this group are undoubtedly Norman Chandler, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, and his wife, "Buff." Chandler is a strong factor not only in West Coast politics but also in the councils of the Republican party nationally, and, while his paper has supported Nixon whole-heartedly, he



JOHN ENGSTEAD

JOHN ENGS'

Norman Chandler, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, and his wife "Buff," both good friends of the Vice President.

and his wife have usually refrained from discussing for publication their personal relationship with him. They made an exception when I interviewed them.

The Chandlers met Nixon soon after his Congressional career was launched in Los Angeles in 1946. In one of our conversations, the Vice President described them in this way:

"Well, my first impression was simply one of awe. After all, I was nothing at the time, a small-time lawyer just out of the Navy. My parents, like most good Republican families, subscribed to the *Times*, as had my grandmother. Consequently, being received in the publisher's office made a great impression on me. I don't recall exactly what was said on that occasion, except that I was of course grateful for the support I had received. The support was tremendously important in assuring my nomination for Congress.

"Since then, no friends have been more loyal than the Chand-

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lers. They don't always agree with me on the stands I have taken in the House and later in the Senate, and when I talk with them they are frank to indicate those areas where they disagree. But, unlike many other persons who support candidates for office, they have never felt they had what you would call a proprietary interest in me. Their friendship has been one of the most gratifying phases of my public life."

In his office silver-haired, handsome Norman Chandler searched the past and thought of his first meeting with Nixon. "I have no distinct recollection of it. It goes back too far. We met shortly after the fact-finding group of his district had selected him to run for Congress. I had never heard of him before that."

Kyle Palmer, the *Los Angeles Times*' veteran political editor, whom Arthur Krock of the *New York Times* once described to me as "one of the best political writers in the history of American journalism," was close to the fact finding group. Chandler leaned heavily on Palmer's judgment. Palmer says:

"My first impression of Nixon was that here was a serious, determined, somewhat gawky young fellow who was out on a sort of a giant-killer operation. The man he proposed to unseat was a very popular and well entrenched Democrat. The Republicans—including myself—generally felt that it was a forlorn effort, particularly when it was being made by a youngster who seemed to have none of the attributes of a rabblouser who can go out and project himself before a crowd. But it wasn't too long after he settled down that we began to realize we had an extraordinary man on our hands."

When Palmer found that Nixon's thinking was more or less along the lines of what the *Times* advocated, he took him to Chandler's office for a second visit. "Nixon stayed fifteen or twenty minutes," says Chandler. "His forthrightness, and the way he spoke, made a deep impression upon me, and so—after Nixon departed—I told Mr. Palmer: 'This young fellow makes

Representative Richard M. Nixon in the
Rostrum of the Speaker in Congress,
July 14, 1947. He presided over the
War Department appropriation bill.



sense. He looks like a comer. He has a lot of fight and fire. Let's support him.' "

In Congress Nixon participated in a number of investigations, including those into tax scandals, federal housing and influence peddling, and made a name for himself by joining Karl E. Mundt, then a member of the House, in sponsoring an anti-Communist bill. His office was next to that of his California colleague, Donald Jackson, who, like Nixon, felt the frustrations of freshman days in Washington. The two were harassed by the suspicion that their elders were attempting to surpass them in their eagerness to get closer to the wheels of legislation and to land assignments on the important committees. They and their fellow-freshmen congressmen believed their views would carry more weight if they were organized and spoke as a group. So the Chowder and Marching Club was formed.

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This odd name didn't indicate even remotely the group's real purpose. The aim was to meet once a week and exchange information filtering out from the committees on which they hoped to serve. By gaining this information the young congressmen were better prepared to express their views when a bill reached the floor. The fifteen members of the club gained attention by the mere fact of their unity.

Nixon went at his job with the same intensity, industry and ambition that he had shown before and has shown since. And, paradoxically, the man who was to rise to national fame by his prosecution of Alger Hiss achieved early notoriety in his district when he advocated the study of Communism in the schools of California.

One day he visited the *Mirror-News* in Los Angeles and talked with staff writer James Bassett, who afterward became his press secretary.

"I was at first very much surprised when he outlined his proposition that we must teach Communism in the schools," Bassett says. "Coming from the Mundt bill's co-author, a man dedicated to stamping out subversion, his idea was a real shocker. But he ignored my objections and went on explaining his plan. 'Communism can be combatted only by understanding,' he said. 'Ignorance merely spreads it. That's why we need a broad-scale program for teaching the truth about Communism and what it does to people.'

"He said these courses should begin in the lower grammar school grades. Then they could be given at the adult level through clubs, seminars, and extension classes. He acknowledged that his program held 'inherent dangers,' but he said ignorance of Communism is even more risky. I became convinced about the soundness of his proposal. 'Given proper background information in school,' he said, 'people can't plead lack of understanding of Communism or our own system.' He pointed out that

Elizabeth Bentley, the Un-American Activities Committee's star witness, claimed that her grade-school and Vassar education had failed her."

As a freshman in the Eightieth Congress, Richard Nixon started his term midst frustration. "I had the same lost feeling I'd had when I went into military service," he told me. Like many other new congressmen, he was determined to tackle the most challenging jobs. It took him some time to comprehend the fact that a newcomer can't flex his muscles on the Hill, inasmuch as his ambition to serve on important committees is tempered by seniority rules.

But his mentor, Herman Perry, knew of the obstacles his protégé would have to overcome. On November 8, 1946, he wrote to Joseph W. Martin, Jr., then Speaker of the House: "Mr. Nixon of necessity will need to make friends among those who will be able to give him an honest picture on all political issues. I trust that you will personally take an interest in him, as he has a promising future and considerable drive and ability."

Joe Martin's reply was more or less a cliché: "You can rest assured," he wrote, "that I want to see that he gets every opportunity here and we shall give him a full chance to make good, so that his re-election will come as a matter of course."

When, in 1959, a group of young Republican congressmen—among them, Bob Wilson of California, a close friend of Nixon—was organized to oust Joe Martin from his position as Republican leader of the House and replace him with Charles Halleck of Indiana, Martin suspected that the Vice President had a hand in the scheme. Pointing to the White House from a window in his hotel suite, Martin exploded: "The President could have stopped them. And I expected that Nixon would come out in my favor. After all, I gave him his first break in Congress."

Wilson denied that Nixon was backing the group in the ouster. But he is convinced that the Vice President was alive to

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the need of new blood. It is true that Martin had given Nixon his first real break. He had chosen Nixon for membership in the Herter Committee which investigated economic conditions of post-war Europe. The committee's findings provided compelling facts for the establishment of the Marshall Plan. And, while the European reconstruction project became a favorite target for Republican attacks, Nixon took pride, and still does, in his participation in that important mission.

Arthur Krock, one of the most astute political observers in Washington, wrote when the membership was announced: "The personnel and program of the committee just appointed to make a firsthand survey of the situation in Europe are of primary consequence in molding the shape of the future. . . . The appointees were chosen with care by Speaker Joseph W. Martin, Jr., and neither Mr. Herter, the vice chairman, nor Representative Charles A. Eaton, of New Jersey, the chairman, knew what the personnel would be until Martin informed them. Eaton and Herter were pleased. Their colleagues come from the ranks of the hard and serious workers of the House. . . . On the whole, it is a serious, able group—apparently without a playboy member—that will make a report which is certain to have momentous effects."

Since Christian Herter insisted that none of the good-time Charlies or professional baby-kissers be named to the committee, the choice of Nixon indicates that his rating in Congress was exceptionally high. Any newcomer to the House must have extraordinary aptitudes and potentialities if he attracts, during his first year in office, more than cursory notice either from his colleagues or his constituents.

"There is no question that Nixon's selection showed how he was rated in the House, but at the same time, because of party considerations, it was a calculated risk," observes Bob Finch, a Los Angeles lawyer, now serving as the Vice President's admin-

istrative assistant. Not only a large number of rank and file members of the Republican party, but conservative circles as well, were at that time suspicious of the Marshall Plan. Finch suspected that the Republican high command delegated Nixon to the committee because, in spite of his youth, he had already demonstrated conservatism, and the leaders hoped he would be an influence of moderation on the group, which took off for Europe with the blessings of President Truman.

Nixon returned from abroad with the not too original conviction that economic aid from America would play a significant role in buttressing the European countries against the menace of Communism. Dedicated Republican though he was, he took the stump and traveled all over the country making speeches in favor of the Marshall Plan.

"After the committee returned from Europe, the congressmen turned in the vouchers for their European expense accounts," says Rose Mary Woods, who served on the staff of the committee. "Many of them were scribbled on small pieces of paper, very hard to decipher, or some just gave us an amount and said 'work it out.' However, when Mr. Nixon sent in his expense account it was neatly typed on the correct voucher form and while he had traveled to one more country than most of the committee members, his expense account was the smallest one turned in."

In 1950, when he became a United States Senator, the green-eyed, red-haired girl from Sebring, Ohio, joined his staff and subsequently became his personal secretary. Not long ago, in appraising Rose Mary's unwavering loyalty to him, the Vice President said: "I'm a lucky man."

She accompanies the Nixons on most of their trips in America and abroad, and was present when an attempt was made on his life by the Caracas mob. The riotous Latin American demonstrators didn't anger her as much as did the attacks made on

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him in the 1952 Presidential campaign. "I was literally sick when the honesty of the Boss was questioned," she said.

Rose Mary said that all of the members of the Vice President's staff work hard, but they enjoy doing so because they are proud to be associated with a man of his character and ability. Also, she added that there are many compensations for the hard work and long hours. Both the Nixons are considerate and thoughtful and one of the many evidences of this is that members of the staff were entertained as their first guests in their home on Tilden Street when he was a senator and again in their present home. Mrs. Nixon has always remembered the girls in the office with a gift from each of the trips out of the country; and they sent each of the girls an orchid corsage on Inauguration Day both in 1953 and 1957. The members of the staff are dedicated to the Vice President and Mrs. Nixon and there seems to be a close relationship between them and the staff.

**The
Hiss
Case**

It is generally accepted by political observers, and popular opinion seems to share the belief, that Nixon's chief claim to fame resulted from his participation in the Whittaker Chambers-Alger Hiss case.* This in itself comes as no surprise, for many Presidents and public figures have been catapulted into the limelight by events which were not even remotely linked with their future public careers.

The silent Vermont Yankee, Calvin Coolidge, won national acclaim by his firm handling of the Boston police strike when he was Governor of Massachusetts. As District Attorney in New York, Thomas E. Dewey found that his chances for the governorship were greatly enhanced by his vigorous prosecution of racketeers and underworld figures. And Dwight D. Eisenhower won the Presidency on the prestige of having been one of the chief architects of the Allied victory in Europe.

As closely as Rodgers is allied to Hammerstein, Nixon's career has been allied to the Hiss case. At the 1956 Republican convention, in renominating Nixon for the Vice Presidency

* For those not familiar with the case, it might be added that Alger Hiss was convicted of perjury for denying that he passed government secrets to a Soviet spy ring. A key figure at the United Nations founding in San Francisco and at the Yalta conference, he was sentenced to serve five years in a federal prison.

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Governor Christian A. Herter of Massachusetts said: "From Whittaker Chambers to the pumpkin papers, from the pumpkin papers to the interrogation of Alger Hiss, he followed the evidence where it led. At the end of the trail he found, not a red herring, but proof of national betrayal."

However, a few men in Congress today believe Nixon would have succeeded without benefit of the spotlight focused on him during the Hiss affair. One of the few is Bob Wilson. "I doubt that there was anything during Dick's tenure in the House that quite captured the public's attention as did the Hiss case," he says. "But I am confident that, as an extremely intelligent and articulate man, and as a natural leader among his colleagues, he would have reached to the fore even without his role in unmasking Hiss."

Hiss appeared before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in August, 1948. The "pumpkin case," and Nixon's skilled cross-examination which led to the conviction of the former State Department consultant, kept Nixon's name on the front pages of every newspaper in the country. And it also opened the gates for the flow of innuendoes and smears which evoked hatred and admiration with equal intensity.

At first the target was the committee, and with some justification, for among its members were the opinionated John Rankin and the chairman, J. Parnell Thomas, who subsequently went to jail for fraud. To some critics Nixon was no more than "the most enlightened member of an unenlightened committee." But later the brunt of the opposition turned against him. He was accused of having pre-judged Hiss and of taking a highly prejudiced attitude against him, simply because Hiss played an important role in Democratic administrations as policy adviser to Roosevelt and Truman. Nixon's opponents contended that his judgment in the case preceded the evidence.

The case in point was that, as early as August, Nixon dis-

closed that Chambers' testimony revealed "Communist-espionage activities," when actual testimony substantiating the accusation was not offered until November. The opposition also pointed to the alleged circumstances that Nixon seemed to be convinced of Hiss's guilt of perjury long before a grand jury had sufficient evidence to return an indictment.

The anti-Nixon elements placed great emphasis on another allegation—which appeared to become their strong conviction—that from the outset Nixon leaned heavily in favor of Chambers. At the time when it seemed to everyone that this was a matter of one man's word against the other's, Nixon took the position that Chambers, a fellow-Quaker, was telling the truth and that Hiss was a liar.

In his book, *Witness*, Chambers pulled the teeth out of the bias claim by writing: "I asked Nixon why there had to be a public hearing at all, now that Hiss had admitted that he knew me. . . . Patiently, he put me off with reasons that did not seem to me to make sense. When I became insistent, he said reluctantly: ' . . . The only way . . . is to let the public judge for itself which one of you is telling the truth. . . . That is why the hearing must be public.' "

That Hiss was convicted and served time softened to some degree the accusation of Nixon's partiality to Chambers, and yet Nixon's part in the case is still considered—by the Vice President and by many others—the major reason for the hatred and mistrust of him on the part of those who cast their sympathies with Hiss.

In retrospect it appeared worth while to talk with some of the principal actors in the case. Hiss himself was approached. His answer over the telephone from his West Street office in New York was a terse "No"—which is understandable. But there were others more communicative than he. How did Nixon appear to the men who worked closely with him during those days?

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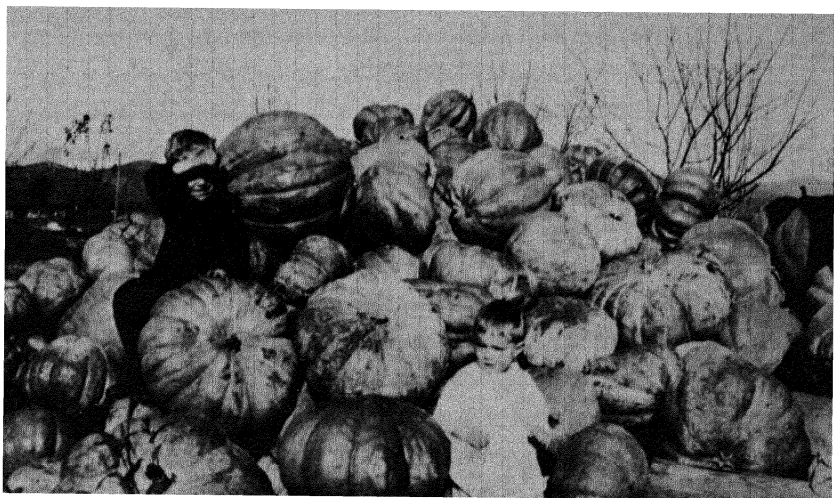
Attorney General William P. Rogers acted as counsel for the Senate Investigating Committee in the case, and as a matter of fact the California congressman and the personable attorney—now warm friends—met for the first time at one of the meetings arranged by Senator Homer Ferguson of Michigan in search of legal light in the conflicting testimony of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss.

"The impression that Nixon made on me," Rogers told me, "was primarily one of moral character. In other words, he was concerned during the Hiss investigation with doing the right thing, the fair thing under highly adverse conditions.

"As the counsel for the committee I gathered testimony from Elizabeth Bentley while Congressman Nixon took testimony from Chambers and Hiss. The purpose of his meeting with me was to ascertain whether I believed that the testimony he had taken from Chambers and Hiss could result in legal prosecution, and to determine whether or not one of them was lying. I can recall his words precisely as he put them:

"'Do you think if I follow this case to its logical conclusion we can establish definitely which one of these men was lying? If Hiss was telling the truth, we [the committee members] have done a great injustice to him, and in that event we cannot simply drop the investigation and let a faulty record cast shadow on an innocent man. I think that, if we have done an injustice to Hiss, we should publicly admit it and exculpate him. On the other hand, if Chambers was telling the truth, this is a serious matter for our country and we must not rest until guilt is established and the man is prosecuted.'

"Those who believe Nixon was eager to ride on the wave of the Hiss case toward political recognition might be surprised to learn that, while some members of the committee advocated that the Hiss case should be dropped—which would have left a stigma of accusation upon both men—Nixon never wavered in his deter-



Two-year-old Richard Nixon (*foreground*) in his earliest encounter with pumpkins! His brother Harold is on the left. Hannah Nixon's family picture file supplied this photograph, published here for the first time.

mination to pursue the matter, even in completely closed session, until innocence or guilt had been established. He often expressed his worry that the legal procedure might be jeopardized by the publicity that followed every turn of the case.

"I was tremendously impressed with his sincerity on the moral issue involved in the case, and only secondly did I recognize the thoroughness of his mind, which seemed to absorb all the facts before reaching conclusions. There was nothing superficial about his thinking, and not a trace of partisanship could be found in his investigation of the case.

"To casual observers he may appear to be a strong partisan, with a drive for political expediency, but my first impression of him during the Hiss case lingers. I am still convinced that the man is guided by moral considerations first. I have seen him

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later, under the even greater political pressures and tensions which are bound to bring out the best and the worst in any man. In a crisis he searched his conscience first and followed the dictum of the moral convictions which seem to spring from his strong Quaker upbringing and the morality in which he was indoctrinated by his mother."

The Attorney General's evaluation of Nixon's role in the Hiss-Chambers case was almost echoed in the revelation of a person who played a behind-the-scenes but equally important role in exposing Hiss and other subversives. The common cause of national peril brought together the Quaker politician and a Catholic priest in a dedicated and relentless fight against evil. Nixon heard first of Hiss at a meeting with the Rev. John F. Cronin, assistant director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. They soon became friends.

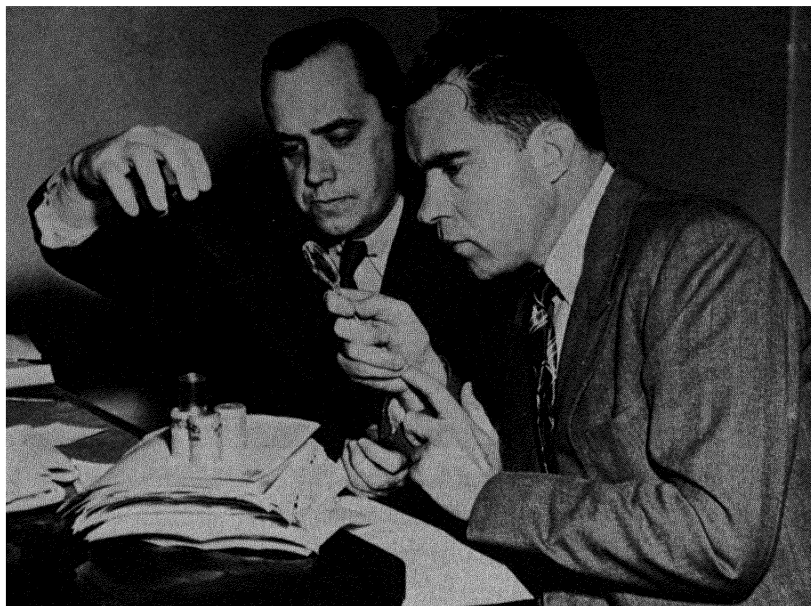
"I met Congressman Nixon about February, 1947," says Father Cronin. "Congressman Charles Kersten had suggested that we get together to discuss the problem of Communist subversion. Mr. Nixon had just been appointed to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. A twenty-minute appointment was made, but the actual meeting took two hours."

The story revealed in Nixon's office was dramatic. It must have carried a ring of conviction, however, since the neophyte congressman resolved that it would have to be presented to the American public. Father Cronin's disclosure involved Communist espionage, especially atomic espionage; Communist penetration into government agencies, including influential areas in the State and Treasury departments; and the agonizingly slow reaction of the Executive Department to authentic reports on the situation. In the course of the meeting Nixon heard for the first time the names of Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White, Arthur Alexandrovitch Adams, and many others—names which created headline news in subsequent Congressional hearings.

"There was no great mystery about my possession of these facts," Father Cronin says. "When the Soviet Union teamed up with Hitler in August of 1939, setting off World War II, the basis was laid for deep distrust of Stalin's tactics. Even when we were allies after 1941, our intelligence agencies had to prepare for the eventuality of a possible second Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. Their vigilance was intensified by the fact that our comrade-in-arms was busily engaged in espionage here, even while fighting a war for survival on the plains before Stalingrad. Thousands of American intelligence agents necessarily became familiar with Soviet espionage and Communist subversion during the course of the war."

These men were sickened by the contrast between what they knew and the general public adulation of the wartime Soviets. Their distrust was deepened by Soviet actions in Europe and Asia in 1945. The agents were so distressed by the misinformation and naïveté of the American public that they were desperately seeking outlets to inform that public. Paradoxically, the American press, adept at discovering carefully concealed secrets, for the most part seemed blind to information which could easily have been obtained. It was easy to find scores of reliable intelligence officers, released from government service, who could give detailed and firsthand reports about a situation which they considered a vital threat to national security.

These reports formed the basis of Father Cronin's conversation with Nixon. They were supplemented in later interviews. They shocked the young congressman. He felt that even then the Soviet Union had proved that it was out to expand its power and that it considered the United States its chief enemy. If it had access to our most closely guarded secrets, both military and political, and if its agents could reach positions from which they could influence policy, the security of the United States could be imperiled.



Congressman Nixon and investigator for the House Committee of Un-American Activities, Robert Stripling, examine the microfilm which was hidden in a pumpkin on Whittaker Chambers' farm.

Nixon was determined that Father Cronin's reports should be made known to the American people. At the same time, he reasoned that nothing could be gained by undocumented assertions. The basic facts were known to the Executive Department. For various reasons, it was slow to act upon them. The facts would have to be garnered by hard research and presented in unmistakable fashion to the public. Months of careful preparation were needed before a sound case could be made. A single mistake would be fatal, since, in the climate of the times, "red-baiters" and investigators did not enjoy a good press.

The climactic case involved Alger Hiss. In itself, it was not

the most important story uncovered by Congressional committees. But it turned out to be the most dramatic, and it helped alert the public to serious internal weaknesses.

"In considering the part played by Mr. Nixon in the Hiss case, it is difficult to pick any particular part as the most important," Father Cronin said. "My recollection is, however, that his key contribution was twofold: His analysis of the character of the principals and his correct hunch to trust Chambers rather than Hiss; and his courage in carrying through in spite of the strongest opposition from much of the press and from the Executive Department. Throughout the hearings he insisted upon being scrupulously fair. But he was dogged in trying to bring out the truth, no matter what might be the consequences in terms of public opinion."

During the hearings, and later, many persons were inclined to view Nixon's part as a play for the headlines and a sure road to his own advancement. He thought the opposite at the time. When he accepted membership in the House committee, he did so knowing that it had proved the road to oblivion for a number of its members. Opinion in 1947 was substantially favorable to the Soviet Union. He felt it was his duty to bring out the facts that would change such a situation. But he knew he would be hurt in the process.

Once the task was done—and it was substantially accomplished by 1950—Nixon concentrated upon the broader aspects of the Communist problem. "Public opinion had changed in regard to internal security and subversion," Father Cronin observed. "Now it needed facts on the world Communist movement, and especially the danger of penetration into newly developing nations. Here the politically unpopular subject of foreign aid was bound to rise. Once again Nixon, as a senator and afterward as Vice President, considered the needs of the nation first, rather than personal gains and popularity."

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The attacks and abuse leveled against the crusading congressman for his exposé of Hiss have abated to some extent, but even today they are very much in evidence.

"There are many reasons for the political animosity against me, and one of the reasons is that I became associated with a very controversial subject, the Hiss case, when I first came to Congress," Nixon said to me. "No one can consistently take strong positions in public life on the issue of Communism, and particularly subversion at home, without expecting to pay the penalty for the rest of his life.

"This does not mean that many of my political opponents are criticizing me solely on the grounds and the position I took in the Hiss case. Yet it is safe to say that a portion of the unfavorable material circulated about me throughout the country has without question been inspired as a result of my early association with the Communist investigations—which, incidentally, I defend without any apology whatsoever."

At a press conference in the Chicago Press Club last year, Frederic Babcock, book editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, put this question to Nixon: "There have been published three books claiming that Hiss was railroaded to prison as an innocent man. Would you care to comment on that?"

The Vice President replied: "I believe I can say without boasting that I was as close to that case as anybody could be. Hiss was guilty, the highest courts so held, and no reasonable person, acquainted with the facts, can doubt his guilt."

An overwhelming majority of Americans agree.

Hannah Nixon had her own trial and test of strength during that period. As any other mother would, she interprets the earth-shaking situations in which her son has found himself in terms of his personal and physical well-being. She is reluctant to talk about controversies, but she responded to my request that she discuss the Hiss case.

"Richard was dedicated to the job of rooting out the Communists from important posts in the government," she said. "It was his crusade. And I know he felt that the only way to do it was to be thorough and sure. He was very careful not to make rash accusations for the sake of headlines. Of course, he is an ambitious man and he wanted to make a name for himself in Congress, but no amount of ambition could have made him drive himself the way he did. He believed in what he was doing.

"I remember one week when Richard and Pat came to visit us on the farm in Pennsylvania. He was so exercised about those hearings that he wouldn't even come in and eat supper. He just walked from one corner of the yard to the other. I went to him and told him that, if he didn't give up this whole Hiss question, he was not going to be here on earth very long. I will never forget his pale face and his gaunt look as he answered: 'Mother, I would give it up, but I am so thoroughly convinced that this man passed our secrets to Russia that I can't quit now. I know Hiss is guilty and I won't surrender.'"

Dramatic developments in the unearthing of evidence against Hiss would have taxed the imagination of the foremost Hollywood dramatist. And in the best tradition of a fighting dragon Nixon played his role against the conspiracy. His tenacity showed during the many phases of the case. At the Department of the Interior, where he is director of the Office of Territories, Bill Arnold, Nixon's secretary while he was congressman and senator, talked about the exciting episodes that took place after the microfilms were found on Chambers' farm in Westminster, Maryland.

"In the early days of the case, Dick was so exhausted that we talked him into a brief vacation," said Arnold. "He left for Panama by boat and was somewhere close to Jamaica when the Congressional chief investigator, Robert Stripling, called me. He sounded serious. 'I must talk to your boss at once,' he said.

"Bert Andrews, chief of the *New York Herald Tribune's*

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Washington bureau, was acting as an advisor to Dick, and he sent a radiogram so strongly worded that Nixon interrupted his boat trip, leaving Pat behind in Jamaica. I made the arrangements for his return on Sunday by contacting James Forrestal, the then Secretary of Defense. A Coast Guard plane picked Nixon up in the middle of the ocean and brought him back to Washington. This was the turning point in the case, for after Dick's vigorous examination before the committee the fate of Alger Hiss was sealed."

No Gallup poll could determine satisfactorily whether the furor caused by the case here and abroad won more enemies than friends for Nixon. It is safe to say, however, that a large segment of the American electorate, when casting its ballot, was mindful of the superb job he performed in the exposé of Hiss. This recognition came primarily from persons who were critical of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman. But Nixon's true role in the Hiss case was poignantly reflected in a private letter sent to him by former President Herbert Hoover on January 22, 1950. In part he said: "The conviction of Alger Hiss was due to your patience and persistence alone. At last the stream of treason that existed in our government has been exposed in a fashion that all may believe."

Republicans were not alone in casting their sympathies with Richard Nixon. The nation realized that it was largely due to his ability as a lawyer and his singleness of purpose that the American people, through the Hiss case, were given a clear and unmistakable insight into the workings of an actual despicable ring of spies and traitors.

Chapter 14

The Senator

PRIOR to the Hiss case Nixon, a member of the House Labor Committee, helped draft the Taft-Hartley Act. The controversial bill offered fodder for intemperate attacks, but at the same time it kept Nixon's name in the limelight. His wholehearted support of the measure did him no harm with the people.

In 1948 he was re-elected to Congress, winning both the Republican and Democratic primaries in his district. He defeated Steve Zetterberg, Voorhis' former secretary, without much of a fight. That was the year Harry Truman dealt a devastating blow not only to the Republican party but also to the pollsters. Even the astute and farsighted Nixon was carried away with the general feeling that Thomas E. Dewey would become the Thirty-fourth President of the United States. On election night the congressman and his friends went to the Cocoon Grove in Los Angeles to celebrate Dewey's victory.

"Those who say Dick has no sense of humor should have been at the Grove that night," Jack Drown has observed. "Hildegard was the chief attraction, and I asked her to introduce Dick to the audience. She was gracious about it, beckoned Dick up to the microphone, and introduced him as a great congress-

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man and a great statesman. This was, incidentally, the first time I heard Dick referred to in public as a statesman. Dick took a bow, and with a deadpan face said: 'I realize, folks, that most of you are Democrats having fun. I almost wish I were one of you. But don't jump to conclusions, I'm not going to switch parties. But it just happens that I love Democrats. I even married one.' Here he paused for a second, and then continued: 'I would like to introduce my beautiful wife, Patricia Ryan, who was born on St. Patrick's Day, and who was a Democrat when I married her.'" The audience applauded warmly.

In the House of Representatives Nixon gained popularity and by 1949 was solidly entrenched on the Hill. In November of that year he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Senator to succeed Sheridan Downey, a Democrat. In April of 1950 Senator Downey announced that he would not run for re-election, thus leaving the race for the Democratic nomination open to Helen Gahagan Douglas, wife of actor Melvyn Douglas, and E. Manchester Boddy, a Los Angeles newspaper publisher. Some of Nixon's friends thought he would make an effective opponent of the Democratic candidate, whoever it might be, and they asked him to run.

To leave the safe Congressional seat for the uncertainties of a Senatorial campaign carried risks. "Two of my biggest decisions," he has said to me, "the one to run for Congress and the one to run for the Senate, were made over the objections of most political experts, and most of my friends."

When he finally made up his mind to accept the challenge, he notified Perry in a letter published here for the first time:

DEAR HERMAN:

October 7, 1949

After considering all the factors involved, I have definitely decided to file for the Republican nomination for United States Senator in 1950. While I do not believe that this is the time for a public announcement, I wanted you to know what my decision was, and

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

October 7, 1949

Air Mail

Confidential

Mr. Herman Perry
424 North Friends Avenue
Whittier, California

Dear Herman:

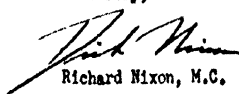
After considering all the factors involved, I have definitely decided to file for the Republican nomination for United States Senator in 1950. While I do not believe that this is the time for a public announcement, I wanted you to know what my decision was, and you are at liberty to disclose this information in confidence whenever you feel it would be helpful in furthering the campaign.

As far as the public announcement is concerned, my present intention is to time it after I have had an opportunity to make a speaking tour through the northern part of the state. The final decision on this matter, of course, will be made after consultation with you and others who are interested in the campaign.

I shall look forward to seeing you next week.

With best regards,

Sincerely,



Richard Nixon, M.C.

RN:ve

Richard Nixon, M.C., announces confidentially to his friend, Herman Perry, his intention of running for the United States Senate.

THE REAL NIXON

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RICHARD NIXON

A little less than a month later he made his announcement. Though not a professional politician, Perry was considered a keen observer of men and politics. In a memorandum in 1954, the year he died, he reminisced about the Fact Finding Committee's nomination of Nixon for Congress. He concluded the memo with this prophecy: "I frankly expect some day to see Senator Richard M. Nixon elected President of these United States. This could be in 1956 or it could be in 1960."

When American tourists in Moscow criticize Communists for their denial of civil liberties, the *Tovarishches* invariably toss out their standard counterblast: "And what about Little Rock?" Similarly, critics of Nixon never fail to observe that in 1950 he conducted a "vicious smear campaign" against Helen Gahagan Douglas. The critics, particularly in the eastern part of the country, know little about political campaigns in California, and they won't take the trouble to examine the facts of a specific contest. It is true that the Douglas-Nixon fight was impassioned and tough, and that the candidates were not bashful in using the most effective weapons of their arsenal, but the public is still only vaguely familiar with the issues and the political climate of California in that year.

With the bitter experience of the Hiss case behind him, and the confidential facts he gained about subversion while serving

on the House Committee on Un-American Activities clear in his mind, one can easily understand—if not fully condone—Nixon's determination to dramatize his campaign with the issue that bothered him the most: Communist subversion. Since many prominent public figures (who later were subpoenaed by the Un-American Activities Committee) threw their support to Mrs. Douglas, Nixon considered her a representative of the radical group against whom he urged legislation.

One of Nixon's main characteristics, his complete familiarity with the issues he defends, was shown for the first time as he geared himself to win the contest. Taking no chances, he even sought help from the opposition.

"The day Helen Douglas won the primary Richard Nixon and his aide and campaign director came to my office," says Ed Pauley. "They came without arranging an appointment. Nixon knew I was supporting my good friend, Manchester Boddy, and was opposed to Helen Douglas. He was diplomatic. Instead of asking for my support, which he knew I wouldn't give, he sought my advice as to how to proceed with the campaign because of his good showing in the primaries. I said I couldn't possibly advise him on a Republican party policy, but assured him that my discouraging my friends from voting for Helen Douglas was about as much help as he could expect from a staunch Democrat. His eyes lit up. Apparently my attitude was what was on his mind when he came to see me."

Nixon's upbringing seems to have had no curbing effect on his instinct to take on a fight when circumstances call for one. And the Senatorial contest was such a case. Murray Chotiner, who master-minded the campaign strategy and was responsible for the "pink sheet," likewise has found no reason for an apology.

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THE REAL NIXON

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"Is Helen Douglas a Democrat? The Record says NO," the leaflet said. It continued: "Many persons have requested a comparison of the voting records of Congresswoman Helen Douglas and the notorious Communist party liner, Congressman Vito Marcantonio of New York. Mrs. Douglas and Marcantonio have been members of Congress together since January 1, 1945. During that period, Mrs. Douglas voted the same as Marcantonio 354 times. While it should not be expected that a member of the House of Representatives should always vote in opposition to Marcantonio, it is significant to note, not only the *great number of times* which Mrs. Douglas voted in agreement with him, but also the issues on which almost without exception they always saw eye to eye."

The handbill failed to mention that the majority of the Democrats also voted with Marcantonio on many issues, such as the Mundt-Nixon anti-Communist bill, which was opposed by fifty-seven other House members.

Of course Helen Douglas was never a Communist or a Communist sympathizer. She fought Henry Wallace and his Progressive party. And even Nixon was found on Marcantonio's side when he voted with that congressman on an aid bill.

"We only stated the facts," Chotiner argued. "The interpretation of the facts was the prerogative of the electorate." He knew that the "electorate," in most instances, is not blessed with the faculty of sound political judgment, and that it would believe in the "pink sheet" which advocated punishment for guilt by inadvertent association. Apparently he agrees with General Douglas MacArthur's maxim: "In war there is no substitute for victory."

At a recent breakfast party in Pasadena, Chotiner, like a professor in the classroom, demonstrated with charts and props the prime objectives of a successful campaign. The most important rule he pointed out on the blackboard read: "Destroy your opponent." This militant spirit apparently makes for good cam-



Californian Nixon engaged in strenuous campaigning when he ran for the Senate in 1950.

paign managers such as he, and Nixon's victory over Mrs. Douglas (he beat her by 680,947 votes) proved that one doesn't win elections by the rules of Spanish etiquette. Nixon's foremost antagonist, Harry Truman, proved that classically in 1948.

The "pink" campaign was of course only window dressing, for here was an ideological contest raging between a Fair Deal Democrat and a Republican who, though not classified as conservative, right wing, or isolationist, stood firmly for individual freedom as against increasing governmental intervention in private economy. It seems obvious that Nixon's dislike for governmental controls stemmed from his experiences at the OPA.

"We all recognize that large expenditures by the federal government are essential to our security and welfare," he said in one of his campaign speeches. "But we must also recognize that the federal government does not spend a dollar unless it has first taken it from the people. Consequently, in voting for appropria-

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tions of the people's money in Washington, I believe I have a solemn duty to see that the people get their money's worth. Unless the dollar which is taken from the taxpayers and spent in Washington goes back to the people with interest, either in money, or in security, I say that, generally speaking, the taxpayer back at home knows better how to spend his own money than does some bureaucrat in Washington."

His philosophy of letting the power of the state rest with the state appealed primarily to those who advocated California's ownership of the tidelands.

"I was defeated in 1950, and have no intention to carry a vendetta against Mr. Nixon for the rest of my life," Helen Douglas told me. She was returning from an extensive trip abroad, and had observed that Europeans follow the impassioned bickerings of American politicians with bewilderment.

"I was once a member of Congress," she said, "and I realize now more than I did when I was in office how much harm might result to the country from our perennial habit of tearing down each other during elections." She believes that whatever she might say about Nixon would sound biased, and therefore she has established a firm policy not to discuss her political bout for publication. She denied the assertion that she provided her campaign files for a recent Nixon biography.

"The chairman of the Democratic National Committee and the most prominent man in my own party are constantly urging me to make speeches about his campaign tactics," she said, "but I refuse. The man might become President of the United States and I see no point in reopening old wounds. The record stands and should speak for itself."

The "old wounds" she referred to cause one to visualize a grim onslaught on human decency, when in actuality that fight for the junior Senatorial seat in California was no worse than the standard brick-throwing of other political campaigns.

The campaign had its lighter and more amusing moments. The contenders even appeared on the same program. Mrs. Douglas says it took place only once—at the San Francisco Press Club. She spoke first to the largely Democratic audience, and finished her speech with the battle cry of all campaigns—a cry directed at the electorate's pocketbook.

Then came Nixon's turn. In his brief talk he pointed out that he sympathized deeply with Mrs. Douglas' problem of raising money and that he was confronted with the same difficulty. He assured the audience, however, that he was making good headway in that direction, and, with that, he drew a letter from his pocket and read from it:

. . . I am enclosing a small contribution to your campaign for the Senate. I only wish it could be ten times as much. Best wishes to you and Mrs. Nixon.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Mrs. Douglas and the crowd were perplexed. If, as many believe, Nixon has real talent for political timing, he demonstrated it on that occasion. He waited until the excitement died down. Then he continued, in deadpan fashion: "I, too, was amazed with this contribution—amazed, that is, until I saw the postmark: Oyster Bay, New York." Few in the audience had known that there was and is another Eleanor Roosevelt, a delightful little lady who was married to Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

What only months before had appeared to Nixon as a reckless gamble turned out a major success. During his two years in the Senate he was considered a conservative, close to the philosophy of the late Robert A. Taft on domestic issues, but at the same time he was a strong advocate of bipartisan foreign policy. Again, as fate would have it, the junior senator from California took his seat directly behind Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., who was to have a hand in convincing Eisenhower that Nixon would make an ideal running mate.

The Nixon Fund

IN THE 1952 Presidential campaign, General Eisenhower's special train, the "Look Ahead, Neighbor," was zooming through the nation and blurting out its pointed slogan: "Clean up the mess in Washington." The emphasis was not so much on the political blunders of the Democratic administration as on alleged corruption and scandals by top-flight officials with close ties to the White House. The Republicans compared the Truman administration with the stables of Augeas; they claimed the corruption had not been cleaned up since Franklin D. Roosevelt introduced the New Deal.

In the midst of this cacophony, on September 18, the *New York Post* came out with a smashing, front-page headline: "Secret Nixon Fund! Rich Men's Trust Fund Keeps Nixon in Style Far Beyond His Salary!" The news story under the heading launched a smear campaign almost unprecedented in American politics. It accused the Vice Presidential candidate of taking money from wealthy Californians whose interests he was supposed to foster in Washington. His reply, delivered in a talk from NBC's El Capitan theater in Hollywood on September 23, is still vividly remembered as the "Checkers speech."

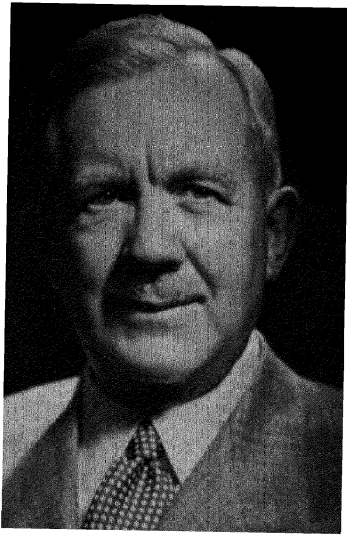
Anti-Nixon reporters, and particularly Drew Pearson, fre-

quently mentioned a "wealthy cheese man in California" who, allegedly, contributed the largest part of the fund. In a tape-recorded interview, Danish-born Thomas R. Knudsen, president of the Knudsen Milk and Cheese Company, revealed for the first time his participation in the fund and how his friendship with Nixon began.

In 1946 he and his wife attended a well-publicized debate between Nixon and Jerry Voorhis in the Monrovia High School. Voorhis, an able speaker, opened the argument. His father had given generously to the community, had established a fine institute there, and had built a school and part of a university. This, of course, added greatly to Voorhis' popularity. "We liked his speech," Knudsen said, "and we were ready to leave as soon as he finished, for we doubted that anybody could challenge him successfully. Then Nixon took the platform. After his opening statement my wife and I were stopped in our tracks: we were fascinated by his forceful manner and brilliant logic. He swayed the audience, and won the debate." From then on the Knudsens worked for Nixon's Congressional and Senatorial campaigns.

Soon after Nixon was elected Senator, a group of the men who had helped elect him became somewhat concerned about the young man in the highest lawmaking body of the United States. He had advanced so quickly that his supporters felt it might be difficult for him to keep his feet on the ground. They decided that the best way to keep him anchored to his constituency would be to invite him to come back to California and make speeches from time to time.

"We realized that he had been practicing law a very short time since he left the military service," said Knudsen. "We knew he had had no opportunity to accumulate any funds during his stay in Washington as a congressman, and for that reason it would be impossible for him to come out here at his own expense. It was suggested by attorneys Bernard Brennan and Dana



Thomas R. Knudsen, cheese manufacturer and big-game hunter.

CURTIS STUDIOS

C. Smith, two of the leaders in his campaign for the Senate, that we raise a fund to be used to cover traveling expenses whenever he was invited to come to California. That was the sole purpose of the fund."

Nixon's friends had committed a blunder; the contributions were registered under the "Nixon fund," and this was exploited by his opponents. Drew Pearson, becoming interested, got the names of the men who were active in collecting the fund, which amounted to no more than \$18,235.

"In listing the names of the contributors, Pearson gave reasons why certain men had given to the fund," Knudsen said. "He alleged that I had contributed because I expected Nixon to vote against eliminating the quota of Danish blue cheese. Frankly, Pearson was right in one respect: The Danish cheese quota was the only issue I ever talked about to Nixon. During one of his visits to California, shortly after becoming Senator, I brought up the matter of the quota and said I was hoping that it could be lifted. I argued that, if Denmark could sell its products in

the United States, it would need no aid from the United States."

When the time came to vote on the issue, the dairy organizations in California, and other states as well, sent Nixon letters and telegrams pointing out how it might hurt the dairy industry, including the farmers, if Denmark was allowed to ship unlimited quantities of blue cheese into this country. He did not vote to lift the quota. In other words, he did not follow Knudsen's stated request as Pearson had alleged.

"Though the Hiss case was the first time Richard was attacked as a public figure, it was that 'money business' which caused me and my family real grief," says Hannah Nixon. During the years she got used to the irresponsible and sometimes insulting barbs of the press, and became philosophical about it, but it seemed that the very mention of the "fund" made this infinitely patient woman restless. "I suppose I shouldn't mention any names," she says, "but there has been one writer especially who, either by innuendo or otherwise, has been so unfair that I made a vow that I would never read any more of what he wrote. He is a Quaker, too!"

During the campaign Hannah was in Washington, taking care of her grandchildren, Tricia and Julie. Those were pleasant days for her, as she felt very close to her young charges—pleasant, that is, until she saw the headlines on Thursday, September 18. "A NEW TEAPOT DOME!" a Democratic daily promised eagerly. Teapot Dome or not, even the Republican press admitted that the day's revelations were dynamite. Nixon, it was alleged, had received more than eighteen thousand dollars in contributions from a group of leading California businessmen to help defray his campaign expenses. Columnists hinted darkly that he had used this fund for personal purposes.

"I was completely shaken," says his mother. "What they were saying or intimating was very bad. There was just no foundation. As a Quaker I can't say I got angry, but I was terribly put out.

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I watched every moment on television and I felt I could hardly carry on. Just as during the Hiss case, I was more worried about Richard's health than about his political future."

Fortunately, her son's spirit did not waver, but several of General Eisenhower's advisers jumped to the conclusion that the Californian should be dropped from the ticket. They wanted his head even before the charges were substantiated. General Eisenhower took a let's-wait-and-see attitude, a position which caused considerable anguish to his running mate. In his suite at the Benson Hotel in Portland, Oregon, the Vice Presidential candidate sweated out the toughest battle of his stormy career.

"It was then that I heard that that columnist was coming out with some new 'revelations,'" Hannah continues. "I didn't know what to do. I refused to stand by and watch the destruction of my son. I wondered if it would be out of place for me to send a telegram to General Eisenhower. I consulted my conscience for long hours before I made my decision, but, as soon as my mind was made up, nobody, not even Richard, could have persuaded me not to send that telegram." She rapped the arm of her chair as she told me of the episode, and she snapped: "My mind was made up! I hurried up to my room and scratched down my message."

At the same time she wired her son in Portland. Congressman Pat Hillings was the first to read that telegram. He admits that he was embarrassed when he opened what turned out to be a family communication. The message, dated September 20, read: GIRLS ARE OKAY. THIS IS TO TELL YOU WE ARE THINKING OF YOU AND KNOW EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE. LOVE ALWAYS, MOTHER

"When I gave him that yellow paper," says Hillings, "he broke down and cried. I thought I had better leave the room and give him time to compose himself."

Murray Chotiner also remembers the scene clearly. "It looked like Dick's political Waterloo," he says. "I was on the telephone,

pleading with Arthur Summerfield, the Republican National Chairman, to have General Eisenhower issue some kind of statement expressing his confidence in his running mate. Frankly, at that point, I was more worried about Dick's state of mind than about the party. He was edgy and irritable."

Pat Hillings continues the story: "When I opened his door again, Dick was sitting in a huge leather chair, his arms stretched out, his hands dangling in that characteristic way of his. His brooding face and his posture reminded me of the statue in the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. I knew I was in the presence of total despair. This scene is so deeply etched in my memory that I will never forget it."

Aylett Cotton, the Burlingame, California, attorney, was one of those who hurried to Portland to stand by their friend when the "scandal" hit the front pages. "When my wife and I arrived at the hotel where the Nixon party was staying, it was surrounded by noisy pickets," he says. "It was the strangest picket line we had ever seen. The demonstrators wore dark glasses, and carried tin cups with signs reading, 'Nickels for poor Nixon.' I was somewhat amazed by his patience—by the way he controlled his temper in the face of such cheap heckling. But there was bitterness in his voice when we talked about the charges made against him. 'I sometimes wonder whether it is worth it,' he said."

Tom Bewley describes the gloomy scene before Nixon flew to Los Angeles. "I walked into his suite around nine o'clock on Sunday morning. We greeted each other, but for the time being neither of us could say a word. After a long spell I said: 'Dick, everything will come out all right. These accusations will boomerang and will get the campaign off the ground.' He looked up at me, but didn't say a word. He didn't have to. In about thirty minutes he left the hotel and went to the Portland Friends Church with Pat. When he returned he was a changed man. He

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grabbed my hand. 'I'm not worried any more,' he said."

Nixon knew from the minute the *New York Post* fired the accusation that it was a deliberate attempt to crucify him. And, if there was any doubt in his mind that his role in the Hiss case had not yet been forgotten, all he had to do was look at the placards on his campaign trail. One of them read: "No mink coats for Nixon—just cold cash." On the opposite side were the words: "Sh-h-h! Anyone who mentions \$18,000 is a Communist." He didn't ignore that sign. "That's right," he snapped at the youngsters, "there are no mink coats for Nixon and no mink coats for his wife. I'm proud of the fact that Pat Nixon wears a good Republican cloth coat, and she is going to continue to."

His gloom intensified until he decided to face his accusers and the American public directly. He knew of the questionable loyalty of political friends, and he realized he had to fight his own battle. He flew from Portland to Los Angeles and, as his chartered DC-6 touched the runway, a disillusioned Richard Nixon said: "This is the time you find out who your friends are." That night he fired his salvo.

"It was the toughest program I have ever directed," says Ted Rogers, who handled the technical phases of the TV address. "This was not only because of the importance of the principle involved, but rather because Nixon ignored practically all established rules of TV production. He told me he would like to be completely on his own. Camera angles, posing, and timing meant nothing to him. He was simply burning to go before the cameras and tell all. Since he wouldn't rehearse he was, without realizing it, still talking when the program went off the air."

The history-making speech went like this:

My Fellow Americans: I come before you tonight as a candidate for the Vice Presidency and as a man whose honesty and integrity have been questioned.

The usual political thing to do when charges are made against you is either to ignore them or deny them without giving details.

I believe we've had enough of that in the United States, particularly with the present Administration in Washington, D.C. To me the office of the Vice Presidency of the United States is a great office, and I feel that the people have got to have confidence in the integrity of the men who run for that office and who might obtain it.

I have a theory, too, that the best and only answer to a smear or to an honest misunderstanding of the facts is to tell the truth. And that's why I'm here tonight. I want to tell you my side of the case.

I am sure that you have read the charge and you've heard it that I, Senator Nixon, took eighteen thousand dollars from a group of my supporters.

Now, was that wrong? It isn't a question of whether it was legal or illegal; that isn't enough. The question is: Was it morally wrong?

I say it was morally wrong if any of that eighteen thousand dollars went to me for my personal use. I say it was morally wrong if it was secretly given and secretly handled. And I say it was morally wrong if any of the contributors got special favors for the contributions they made.

And now, to answer those three questions, let me say this:

Not one cent of the eighteen thousand dollars, or any other money of that type, ever went to me for my personal use. Every penny of it was used to pay for political expenses that I did not think should be charged to the taxpayers of the United States.

It was not a secret fund. As a matter of fact, when I was on "Meet the Press"—some of you may have seen it last Sunday—Peter Edson came up to me after the program and he said: "Dick, what about this fund we hear about?" And I said: "Well, there's no secret about it. Go out and see Dana Smith, who was the administrator of the fund." I gave him Smith's address, and I said: "You will find that the purpose of the fund simply was to defray political expenses that I did not feel should be charged to the government."

And, third, let me point out—and I want to make this particularly clear—that no contributor to this fund, no contributor to any of my campaigns, has ever received any consideration that he would not have received as an ordinary constituent.

I just don't believe in that way of doing things, and I can say that never, while I have been in the Senate of the United States,

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as far as the people that contributed to this fund are concerned, have I made a telephone call for them to an agency, nor have I gone down to an agency in their behalf. And the record will show that—the records which are in the hands of the Administration.

But, then, some of you will say, and rightly: "Well, what did you use the fund for, Senator? Why did you have to have it?"

Let me tell you how a senate office operates. First of all, a senator gets fifteen thousand dollars a year in salary. He gets enough money to pay for one trip a year—a round trip, that is—for himself and his family between his home and Washington, D.C.

And then he gets an allowance to handle the people that work in his office, to handle the mail. And the allowance for my state of California is enough to hire thirteen people.

And let me say, incidentally, that that allowance is not paid to the senator—it's paid directly to the individuals the senator puts on his payroll—and all of these people and all of these allowances are for strictly official business. Business, for example, when a constituent writes in and wants you to go down to the Veterans' Administration and get some information about his G.I. policy. Items of that type, for example.

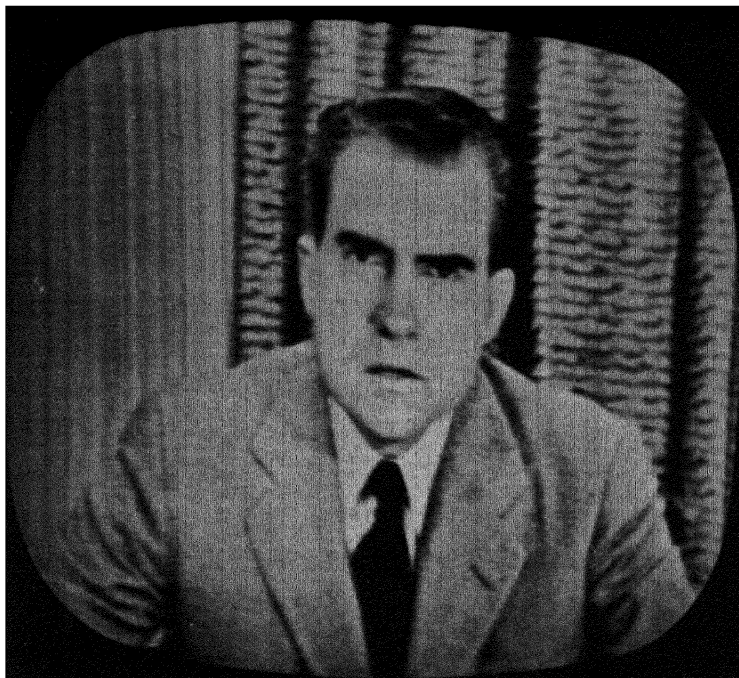
But there are other expenses which are not covered by the government. And I think I can best discuss those expenses by asking you some questions. Do you think that when I or any other senator makes a political speech, and has it printed, he should charge the printing of that speech and the mailing of that speech to the taxpayers?

Do you think, for example, that, when I or any other senator makes a trip to his home state to make a purely political speech, the cost of that trip should be charged to the taxpayers?

Do you think that, when a senator makes political broadcasts, radio or television, the expense of those broadcasts should be charged to the taxpayers?

Well, I know what your answer is. The same answer that audiences give me whenever I discuss this particular problem. The answer is "no." The taxpayers shouldn't be required to finance items which are not official business but which are primarily political business.

But then the question arises: "Well, how do you pay for these and how can you do it legally?"



UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

"Eisenhower is a great man. Believe me he's a great man. And a vote for Eisenhower is a vote for what's good for America." Grave and drawn, Nixon making his now famous television appearance during the fund controversy.



A few days after his dramatic speech Nixon gets acquainted with his children's dog Checkers.

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

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There are several ways that it can be done, and it is done legally in the United States Senate and in the Congress.

The first way is to be a rich man. I don't happen to be a rich man; so I couldn't use that.

Another way is to put your wife on the payroll. Let me say, incidentally, that my opponent, my opposite number for the Vice Presidency on the Democratic ticket, does have his wife on the payroll, and has had her on his payroll for the past ten years.

Now just let me say this: That's his business and I'm not critical of him for doing that. You will have to pass judgment on that particular point. But I have never done that for this reason: I found that there were so many deserving Washington stenographers and secretaries who needed the work that I just didn't feel it was right to put my wife on the payroll.

My wife's sitting over there. She's a wonderful stenographer. She used to teach stenography and she used to teach shorthand in high school. That was when I met her. And I can tell you that she's worked many hours at night and many hours on Saturdays and Sundays in my office and she's done a fine job. And I'm proud to say tonight that, in the six years I've been in the House and the Senate of the United States, Pat Nixon has never been on the government payroll.

There are other ways that these finances can be taken care of. Some who are lawyers—and I happen to be a lawyer—continue to practice law. But I haven't been able to do that. I'm so far away from California and I've been so busy with my Senatorial work that I have not engaged in any legal practice.

Also, as far as law practice is concerned, it seemed to me that the relationship between an attorney and the client was so personal that you couldn't possibly represent a man as an attorney and then have an unbiased view when he presented his case to you in the event that he had one before the government.

And so I felt that the best way to handle these necessary political expenses of getting my message to the American people and the speeches I made—the speeches I had printed—for the most part concerned this one message: exposing this Administration, the Communism in it, the corruption in it. The only way that I could do that was to accept the aid which people in my home state of California, who contributed to my campaign and who continued to make these

contributions after I was elected, were glad to make.

I am proud of the fact that not one of them has ever asked me for a special favor. I'm proud of the fact that not one of them has ever asked me to vote on a bill other than as my own conscience would dictate. And I am proud of the fact that the taxpayers by subterfuge or otherwise have never paid one dime for expenses which I thought were political and shouldn't be charged to the taxpayers.

Some of you may say: "Well, that's all right, Senator; that's your explanation, but have you got any proof?"

I'd like to tell you this evening that just about an hour ago we received an independent audit of this entire fund.

I suggested to Governor Sherman Adams, who is the chief of staff of the Dwight Eisenhower campaign, that an independent audit and legal report be obtained. And I have that audit here in my hand.

It's an audit made by Price, Waterhouse & Co., and the legal opinion is by Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher, lawyers in Los Angeles, the biggest law firm and one of the best ones in Los Angeles.

I'm proud to be able to report to you tonight that this audit and this legal opinion are being forwarded to General Eisenhower. And I'd like to read to you the opinion that was prepared by Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher and based on all the pertinent laws and statutes, together with the audit report prepared by the certified public accountants.

"It is our conclusion that Senator Nixon did not obtain any financial gain from the collection and disbursement of the fund by Dana Smith; that Senator Nixon did not violate any Federal or state law by reason of the operation of the fund, and that neither the portion of the fund paid by Dana Smith directly to third persons nor the portion paid to Senator Nixon to reimburse him for designated office expenses constituted income to the Senator which was either reportable or taxable as income under applicable tax laws. (Signed) Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher, by Alma H. Conway."

Now that, my friends, is not Nixon speaking, but that's an independent audit which was requested because I want the American people to know all the facts and I'm not afraid of having independent people go in and check the facts, and that is exactly what they did.

But then I realize that there are still some who may say, and

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rightly so—and let me say that I recognize that some will continue to smear regardless of what the truth may be—that there has been understandably some honest misunderstanding on this matter, and there are some who will say: “Well, maybe you were able to fake this thing. How can we believe what you say? After all, is there a possibility that you got some sums in cash? Is there a possibility that you feathered your own nest?”

And so now what I am going to do—and this is unprecedented in the history of American politics—is give to this television and radio audience a complete financial history: everything I’ve earned; everything I’ve spent; everything I owe. I want you to know the facts. I’ll have to start early.

I was born in 1913. Our family was one of moderate circumstances, and most of my early life was spent in a store out in East Whittier. It was a grocery store—one of those family enterprises. The only reason we were able to make it go was that my mother and dad had five boys and we all worked in the store.

I worked my way through college and to a great extent through law school. And then, in 1940, probably the best thing that ever happened to me happened. I married Pat. We had a rather difficult time after we were married—like so many of the young couples who may be listening to me. I practiced law; she continued to teach school. I went into the service.

My service record was not a particularly unusual one. I went to the South Pacific. I guess I’m entitled to a couple of battle stars. I got a couple of letters of commendation, but I was just there when the bombs were falling, and then I returned. I returned to the United States, and in 1946 I ran for Congress.

When we came out of the war—during the war Pat had worked as a stenographer and in a bank and as an economist for a government agency—the total of our savings from both my law practice, her teaching and all the time that I was in the war was a little less than ten thousand dollars. Every cent of that, incidentally, was in government bonds.

Well, that is where we started when I went into politics. Now, what have I earned since? Well, here it is—I jotted it down—let me read the notes. First of all, I’ve had my salary as a congressman and as a senator. Second, in this past six years I have received a total of sixteen hundred dollars from estates which were in my law firm at

the time I severed my connection with it.

I have not engaged in any legal practice and have not accepted any fees from business that came into the firm after I went into politics. I have made an average of approximately fifteen hundred dollars a year from nonpolitical speaking engagements and lectures. And then, fortunately, we've inherited a little money. Pat sold her interest in her father's estate for three thousand dollars and I inherited one thousand five hundred from my grandfather.

We live rather modestly. For four years we lived in an apartment in Park Fairfax, in Alexandria, Virginia. The rent was eighty dollars a month. And we saved for the time we could buy a house.

Now, that was what we took in. What did we do with this money? What do we have today to show for it? This will surprise you, because it is so little, I suppose, as standards generally go, for people in public life.

First of all, we've got a house in Washington which cost forty-one thousand dollars and on which we owe twenty thousand dollars. We have a house in Whittier which cost thirteen thousand dollars and on which we owe ten thousand dollars. My parents are living there at the present time.

I have just four thousand dollars in life insurance, plus my G.I. policy which I've never been able to convert and which will run out in two years. I have no life insurance whatever on Pat. I have no life insurance on our two youngsters, Patricia and Julie. I own a 1950 Oldsmobile car. We have our furniture. We have no stocks and bonds of any type. We have no interest of any kind, direct or indirect, in any business.

That's what we have. What do we owe? Well, in addition to the twenty-thousand-dollar mortgage on the house in Washington and the ten-thousand-dollar one on the house in Whittier, I owe forty-five hundred dollars to the Riggs bank in Washington, D.C., with interest at four and one-half per cent.

I owe thirty-five hundred dollars to my parents and the interest on that loan, which I pay regularly, because it's part of the savings they made through the years they were working so hard. I pay four per cent interest. And then I have a five-hundred-dollar loan which I have on my life insurance.

Well, that's about it. That's what we have and that's what we owe. It isn't very much, but Pat and I have the satisfaction that



Julie Nixon and her older sister Tricia with their famous cocker spaniel at the time of the "Checkers speech."

every dime that we've got is honestly ours. I should say this: Pat doesn't have a mink coat. But she does have a respectable Republican cloth coat. And I always tell her she'd look good in anything.

One other thing I probably should tell you, because if I don't "they'll" probably be saying this about me too: We did get something—a gift—after the election. A man down in Texas heard Pat mention on the radio the fact that our two youngsters would like to have a dog. And, believe it or not, the day before we left on this campaign trip we got a message from Union station in Baltimore saying they had a package for us. We went down to get it. You know what it was.

It was a little cocker spaniel dog in a crate that he sent all the way from Texas. Black-and-white spotted. And our little girl—Tricia, the six-year-old—named it Checkers. And you know the kids

love that dog and I just want to say right now that, regardless of what "they" say about it, we're going to keep it.

It isn't easy to come before a nationwide audience and air your life as I've done. But I want to say some things before I conclude—things that, I think, most of you will agree on. Mr. Mitchell, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, made the statement that if a man couldn't afford to be in the Senate he shouldn't run for the Senate.

I want to make my position clear. I don't agree with Mr. Mitchell when he says that only a rich man should serve his government in the Senate or in Congress.

I don't believe that represents the thinking of the Democratic party, and I know that it doesn't represent the thinking of the Republican party.

I believe it's fine that a man like Governor Stevenson, who inherited a fortune from his father, can run for President. But I also feel that it's essential, in this country of ours, that a man of modest means can also run for President. You remember what Abraham Lincoln said: "God must have loved the common people—he made so many of them."

Now I'm going to suggest some courses of conduct.

First of all, you have read in the papers about other funds. Now, Mr. Stevenson, apparently, had a couple—one of them in which a group of business people paid and helped to supplement the salaries of state employees. Here is where the money went directly into their pockets.

I think what Mr. Stevenson should do is come before the American people, as I have, and give the names of the people who have contributed to that fund, and give the names of the people who put this money into their pockets at the same time they were receiving money from their state government, and see what favors, if any, they gave out for that.

I don't condemn Mr. Stevenson for what he did. But, until the facts are in there, a doubt will be raised.

As far as Mr. Sparkman is concerned, I would suggest the same thing. He's had his wife on the payroll. I don't condemn him for that. But I think he should come before the American people and indicate what outside sources of income he has had.

I would suggest that under the circumstances both Mr. Sparkman

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and Mr. Stevenson should come before the American people, as I have, and make a complete statement as to their financial history. If they don't, it will be an admission that they have something to hide. And I think that you will agree with me.

Because, remember, a man who's to be President and a man who's to be Vice President must have the confidence of all the people. That's why I'm doing what I'm doing, and that's what I suggest that Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Sparkman, since they are under attack, should be doing.

I know that this is not the last of the smears. In spite of my explanation tonight, other smears will be made; others have been made in the past. And the purpose of the smears, I know, is this: to silence me, to make me let up.

Well, they just don't know whom they are dealing with. I remember that in the dark days of the Hiss case some of the same columnists, some of the same radio commentators, who are attacking me now and misrepresenting my position, were violently opposing me when I was after Alger Hiss.

But I continued the fight because I knew I was right. I can say to this great television and radio audience that I have no apologies to the American people for my part in putting Alger Hiss where he is today. And I intend to continue the fight.

I don't believe I ought to quit; I'm not a quitter. And Pat's not a quitter. After all, her name was Patricia Ryan and she was born on St. Patrick's Day, and you know the Irish never quit.

But the decision, my friends, is not mine. I would do nothing that would harm the possibility of Dwight Eisenhower becoming President of the United States. For that reason I am submitting to the Republican National Committee tonight, through this broadcast, the decision which it is theirs to make.

Let them decide whether my position on the ticket will help or hurt. And I am going to ask you to help them decide. Wire and write the Republican National Committee whether you think I should stay on or I should get off. Whatever their decision is, I will abide by it.

But let me say this last word. Regardless of what happens, I'm going to continue this fight. I'm going to campaign up and down America until we drive the crooks and the Communists and those who defend them out of Washington. And, remember, Eisenhower

is a great man. Believe me, he's a great man. And a vote for Eisenhower is a vote for what's good for America.

The mere words did not convey the agony on Nixon's face. The breaks in his voice and his wife's frozen stillness linger in memory. Exhausted, the harassed candidate turned to Chotiner, spread his hands in despair, and said: "I was an utter flop." It is possible that the man who worshipped Lincoln remembered what his idol said after finishing the Gettysburg Address: "My speech won't scour. It is a flat failure." In any event, the political impact of the "Checkers speech" was devastating. It fulfilled its purpose. A hundred thousand telegrams poured in, and the telephone lines were jammed. The wires and the phone calls said only one thing: Nixon should stay in the race. But perhaps the greatest emotional response was felt by a little woman who was baby-sitting in Washington, D.C.

"How could I ever forget that evening?" Hannah asks. "At the point when he gave that itemized account of his personal expenditures, I didn't think I could take it. But I drew courage from my faith. That carried me through."

The world knows the rest of the story. After his television address in Los Angeles, Nixon flew to meet General Eisenhower in Wheeling, West Virginia. As Eisenhower stepped from his plane, he embraced Nixon and said: "Dick is my boy!" That night the general read a telegram on the air. It said:

DEAR GENERAL: I AM TRUSTING THAT THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH MAY COME OUT CONCERNING THIS ATTACK ON RICHARD. WHEN IT DOES, I AM SURE YOU WILL BE GUIDED ARIGHT IN YOUR DECISION TO PLACE IMPLICIT FAITH IN HIS INTEGRITY AND HONESTY. BEST OF WISHES FROM ONE WHO HAS KNOWN RICHARD LONGER THAN ANYONE, HIS MOTHER.

HANNAH NIXON

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The crisis was ended. "It certainly was a relief to me to know I wasn't presuming," says Hannah. "I wasn't out of place after all."

Had she kept the draft of her history-making message? She smiled enigmatically in answer to my question. "Now you will have a respect for my peculiar filing system. I kept that piece of scrap paper on which I scribbled my telegram." She walked over to the corner end table, pulled out the drawer, removed several little boxes, and found the well-worn paper. "First I threw it in the waste basket, but next morning one of the secretaries from the office telephoned to inquire what I did with the draft, and when I told her that I disposed of it she sounded a bit worried and asked me to recover it. The girls in the office are careful about documents relating to Richard and apparently they wanted to have it for their records. But I decided to keep it."

Hannah's friend and "penny-a-year secretary," Evelyn Dorn, admitted later that, while she furnished the private family correspondence for this biography without worry, Hannah was quite hesitant to let the original draft of her telegram out of her hand.

Campaigns usually leave no stone unturned, and the personal gifts to top Washington officials always lead the roster of accusations. The Truman administration had its mink coats and freezers, and the Eisenhower administration has had its vicuñas. What gifts were showered on the Nixons by their wealthy California friends?

"I like to hunt," says Thomas Knudsen. "Once I bagged a tiger in India and thought I would offer the skin to President Eisenhower. I mentioned it to his assistant secretary, Anne Wheaton. Shortly after that I received a letter from the President thanking me for the thought, but explaining that he could find no place for it, even in Gettysburg. When Nixon was visiting California in 1958, I asked him whether he would like to have the

I am trusting that the
absolute truth may come out
concerning this attack on
Richard when it does. I am
sure you will be guided
aright in your decision
to place implicit faith
in his integrity and honesty.
Best of wishes from
one who has known
Richard longer than
any one ~~has~~ his mother
Hannah Nixon

Hannah presumed, and Eisenhower was so touched he gave it to the nation. The rough draft of Hannah Nixon's message to the Presidential candidate at the time of the attack on her son.

skin. He said he would, and it hangs on a wall in his daughters' bedroom. I also sent him an elephant carved in ivory. After all, it is the symbol of the party, and not even Drew Pearson can find anything corrupt in that."

It is perhaps one of Nixon's misfortunes that, while not one accusation impugning his personal honesty has been proved, the suspicion of some sort of wrongdoing lingers on. In 1952 millions of Americans, regardless of their party affiliations, handed down a not-guilty verdict after hearing his speech. But some people

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are even now confused about the merit of the evidence he offered in his defense.

The perennial observation, "I just don't trust him," is still heard occasionally and, for the second time, the opposition has sought to find something objectionable in his private life. There have been rumors of his "lavish" houses and of the wealth he allegedly has accumulated in California and Washington.

In the 1952 Presidential campaign the Democratic National Committee circulated stories regarding the "Nixon estates, conservatively valued at a quarter of a million dollars." (The family home, says Hannah, was bought for less than twenty-five thousand dollars.)

In one of his most sharply worded statements, using the word "lie" three times, Nixon exploded: "A statement issued by the Democratic National Committee last night said my relatives and I were the owners of property conservatively valued at a quarter of a million dollars. That is a lie. I have not discussed the property belonging to my mother and my father, because I think that is their personal affair. Neither Stevenson nor Sparkman has discussed the property of his relatives. The property belonging to my parents represents savings from a lifetime of hard work. I did not contribute in any way to its purchase. The statements regarding property of my brother—Don owning this property—is a lie. He rents the property. I have contributed nothing to him or his business at any time and have no interest therein. The committee's statement is a deliberate lie. It is a last-minute, desperate, cowardly move on the part of the opposition, attacking my honor and my integrity, and dishonoring my seventy-five-year-old father and mother."

Chapter 16

The Vice President

IN THIS country the Horatio Alger career has become commonplace. But if we slow down and contemplate—a vanishing mental process in America—careers such as Richard Nixon's, we are bound to receive a pleasant jolt and a renewed faith in our heritage. The sudden rise of a young attorney to the Vice Presidency is still a source of amazement. In connection with his story-book career, Pulitzer-prize author Margaret L. Coit has recalled a vignette of political history:

“I was on the Republican Town Committee in the little town of West Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1952. That meant I had to go to the state convention in Worcester to help nominate ‘the ticket.’ I went with Mert Spencer, the chairman, in a milk truck. We learned that Senator Henry Cabot Lodge had brought the keynote speaker. Nobody knew who he was. But everybody knew that Lodge was all-out for Eisenhower, and this made for bad feeling. The little towns were almost solidly for Taft.

“The speaker was introduced. He was dark and erect, a still youthful Navy veteran of World War II. He gave us a wonderful speech. It was exciting; it got us all enthused. I couldn't put it out of my mind. I still remember it as one of the best speeches I ever heard.

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"So that night, back in West Newbury, I wrote the *Worcester Telegram* and said I wanted a copy of the paper that contained the keynote speech. The paper came. It contained a full, blow-by-blow account of the convention, the renomination of Senator Lodge, the nomination of Christian Herter as governor, every minor campaign 'plug' and fight on the floor. At the very end, one line read: 'Richard Nixon, junior senator from California, also spoke.' Two weeks later, Nixon was the Republican nominee for the Vice Presidency."

Two years later, Margaret Coit met Nixon at a Republican party get-together in Washington. She was struck with how young and pretty his wife looked, and with his weariness. His face was almost gray with fatigue and raked with deep lines. He was at that time working a double pace in his attempt to be a helpmeet to Eisenhower and to make the office of the Vice Presidency a meaningful job.

But he was not all work and no play. The two met again the same day, with simultaneous recognition. It was at a cocktail party in the Georgetown home of the junior senator from Massachusetts, Democrat John F. Kennedy. The Vice President grinned as his wry humor came to the fore. "I won't tell on you if you don't tell on me," he said to Miss Coit.

Legend has it that, prior to the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1920, one of Senator Warren G. Harding's henchmen predicted that the convention would be deadlocked and that, around midnight, a few of the party bigwigs would sit down in a smoke-filled room and nominate Harding.

The mysterious forces, the kingmakers of party politics, are a nebulous lot. It is hard to determine with certainty who tips the scales in favor of the victorious candidate. Biographies and the many magazine articles dealing with the selection of Nixon as General Eisenhower's running mate in 1952 credit Thomas E. Dewey and Herbert Brownell, Jr. with being the chief archi-

fects of the ticket. But Mrs. Norman Chandler has thrown new light upon the selection of Nixon.

"I met Mr. Nixon first here in the Times building after his victorious Senatorial campaign," the public-spirited Buff Chandler said to me. "He was being interviewed by reporters for television networks. The media were new then and I was very much impressed by Mr. Nixon's alertness of mind, his keenness, the ability to express himself under pressure. So often I saw candidates who were so confused or fatigued, or so elated by their success, that their comments were rambling. But Nixon was unruffled and right to the point, and that impressed me. From then on I became his convert."

The Chandlers were ready to leave for the 1952 Republican convention in Chicago. In the *Times'* editorial office the brass were guessing—just like millions of others all over the nation—as to who would be the Vice Presidential nominee. Everyone felt that Eisenhower would be elected against Stevenson if his running mate was a man with a great appeal to the people.

"They finally turned to me, the only woman there," said Mrs. Chandler, "and asked what I thought. I said: 'If I could pick my team, it would be Eisenhower and Nixon.' They laughed. Bill Henry, an old hand in Washington politics, looked at me perplexed, and our political editor, Kyle Palmer, exclaimed: 'How naïve can you women get? You always think you can sense things, but that's the funniest thing I ever heard. It's ridiculous!'"

But, once her mind is made up, Buff is no person to budge. In Chicago she went into a huddle with John S. Knight of the Knight newspapers. He was trying to pick her brains about politics—particularly about politics in California. She told him what, in her opinion, should be the team. "Like everybody else, Mr. Knight was surprised by my views regarding Senator Nixon's potentialities," she said. "'Do you think that makes sense?' he asked. I answered: 'Yes, I think it does.'"

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The next issue of *Time* magazine published Knight's views about the ticket. Simultaneously, in his own papers, he disclosed that the nominee for the Vice Presidency would be Nixon. He didn't say who tipped him off, but he admitted editorially that he never thought of Nixon as Vice Presidential timber until he talked with Mrs. Chandler.

"Sometimes I have fun looking back and thinking I was the one who threw Nixon's name into the ring," she has reminisced.

"I was at Donald's house, watching the convention on television, when Richard was introduced as the nominee," said Hannah. Did she cry at the sight of her son standing beside Eisenhower with hands clasped in the exuberance of warriors? "No," she replied. "Richard and Pat and Mr. Eisenhower smiled, and so I smiled back at them."

She was smiling at the man who would become the second youngest Vice President in the history of the United States. Her son was forty when he was inaugurated. The record for youth goes to John C. Breckinridge, who was thirty-six when he started serving under President James Buchanan. But, while Breckinridge will be remembered as the only Vice President who became a pirate and died on foreign soil, history will record that Nixon was the first one to give that office new dimensions.

On March 18, 1949, the beloved "Veep," Alben W. Barkley, was fondling a silk flag with the Great Seal of the United States encircled by thirteen blue stars. It had just been brought into his office. "It's my flag," he said to me. "First Vice Presidential flag we ever had. I'm rather proud of it." Then, living up to his reputation of joking at his own expense, he added: "After that, what this office needs is some authority."

This was not the first and probably not the last ironic remark about the insignificance of the Vice Presidential office as far as constitutional power was concerned. The occupants never cease to lament over their mere ceremonial functions. They feel uncom-



Nixon grants me an interview in the Vice President's formal office which is graced with a magnificent crystal chandelier from France.

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fortable in the role caricatured in the character of Alexander Throttlebottom in the musical satire, *Of Thee I Sing*. One of them, John C. Calhoun, resigned in disgust.

The first Vice President, John Adams, assessed the office as "the most insignificant that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived," and for 150 years it was regarded as nothing more than a political sinecure. Indiana's Tom Marshall, Vice President under Wilson, the man who said, "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar," is reputed to have cracked: "No' one would ever take the trouble to shoot a Vice President." But of all the bon mots there is one which best describes the function of the office: "There goes the Vice President with nothing on his mind but the state of the President's health."

It was Franklin D. Roosevelt who relieved the Vice President from the weird occupation of listening to the heartbeat of the President. He gave both John Nance Garner and Henry A. Wallace key positions in his administration and invited them to sit in at the sessions of his cabinet. But the distaste for the job remained.

When, in 1944, Truman's name was first mentioned at the Chicago convention as a candidate for second place on the Democratic ticket, he was reluctant to part with his job as a senator. "Look at all the Vice Presidents in history," he is said to have protested. "Where are they? They were about as useful as a cow's fifth teat."

He frankly admitted that he was appallingly uninformed when Franklin D. Roosevelt's death thrust him (Truman) into the Presidency. Top-echelon senators and congressmen had been briefed by the White House that the United States was building an atomic bomb, but the man who later was to order its usage learned about these momentous plans only after he had become the Chief Executive.

Learning from his own bitter experiences, Truman delegated

real authority to his Vice President, Alben Barkley. However, the jovial Kentuckian continued with the ceremonial functions of the office, crowning beauty queens, opening exhibitions, greeting foreign dignitaries, and spending little time at the rudder of the government.

From the first, Nixon has taken his duties seriously. This is partly because of the seriousness of his own nature, but also because of President Eisenhower's view of the Vice Presidential office. With his concept of the staff system and his high respect for Nixon's abilities, the President expressed his philosophy at a news conference in May, 1954: "I personally believe the Vice President of the United States should never be a nonentity. I believe he should be used. I believe he should have a very useful job. And I think that ours has worked as hard as any man I know in the whole Executive Department."

Bob DiGiorgio, a San Francisco citrus dealer, relates this story: At a stag dinner in the White House one of the guests, Palmer Hoyt, publisher of the *Denver Post*, was questioning Mr. Eisenhower about the explosive situation in Indochina. The President started to give his views when he spotted the Vice President. "Dick," he called out, "please tell them how we feel about this problem."

In a letter to Herman L. Perry, April 5, 1954, former President Herbert Hoover wrote: "There is no doubt that Vice President Nixon has carved out a new and most distinguished service for Vice Presidents." Hoover's statement is all the more significant since the former President had advised Senator Nixon not to relinquish a promising Congressional career for the Vice Presidency. Even so, it is obvious that in this election year of 1960 Nixon, who built up the office to its present dimensions, is no longer satisfied with his job.

He became the first Vice President to preside over meetings of the cabinet and the National Security Council. This took

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place not only when the President was detained because of illness. Frequently, when other duties called for his presence, Mr. Eisenhower would excuse himself by turning to the youngest member in the room and saying: "Please, Dick, take over."

For five and a half years Maxwell M. Rabb of Boston sat in at the cabinet and the council sessions and was able to observe at close range the top officials in the midst of their deliberations. The Bostonian, who has the distinction of having been the first secretary of the cabinet, saw Nixon, in periods of great tension and crisis, participating in or presiding over the meetings of the nation's highest advisory bodies.

"One of my memorable experiences with the Vice President was at the time of the President's illness in 1955," he says. "Nixon opened the council meeting by saying: 'Gentlemen, as we all know, it is the custom of the cabinet to open with a silent prayer. While this has not been the practice of the security council, may I propose a moment of silent prayer of thanksgiving for the marvelous record of recovery the President has made up to this hour.'

"The Vice President is more of a listener than a talker. I have watched him listen with intense concentration to the words of the President and to members of the cabinet. He rarely spoke up, and consequently, when he did speak, there was silence on the part of the others present. He delivered his comments quietly, but his conclusions had firmness and conviction. He didn't hesitate to step on some pet ideas of his colleagues, though he tempered this with a gentle persuasion."

Rabb says Nixon has made his most vital contributions to the cabinet in four areas: Congressional affairs, the analysis of nations he has visited, human rights, and politics. "Time after time I have observed the Vice President move into a debate and clarify a thorny issue by reaching into the depths of his personal experiences," the Bostonian told me.

Though it works quietly, one of the President's most important organizations is his Committee on Government Contracts. The Vice President is the chairman of this group, composed of outstanding industrial and labor leaders and such public officials as Secretary of Labor Mitchell and Attorney General Rogers.

The function of the committee is to combat discrimination in companies which have been awarded government contracts. Without coercion, and relying entirely upon persuasion, the Vice President has made vast strides in bringing about increased cooperation and lessened tension. To carry out his responsibilities, he negotiates with the governmental departments and agencies, labor unions, and human rights groups.

"The smallest detail commands his attention," Rabb says. "I remember vividly a subcommittee meeting we had with officials of the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Company in the Mayflower Hotel. The Vice President spent two and one-half hours in a successful effort to interest the company in developing an approach which would eliminate racial discrimination in its activities in the District of Columbia."

As Nixon is a "working Vice President," he battles with the various crises of the day, in many instances acting as a lightning rod for the Administration. Even before his Latin American trip, official Washington learned of his courage.

"Time after time I have seen him face a disagreeable function without a whimper," recalls Rabb. "There was the incident when he accepted the speaking role for the Administration at the National Labor Convention in St. Louis in 1953. It took a strong man to carry out that assignment. Secretary of Labor Durkin, who had come from the ranks of labor, had broken with the Administration, and feeling was running high among his former colleagues as a result.

"I flew out with the Vice President. On the plane I watched

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him work, as he does on all his speeches, writing in longhand on the large ruled yellow pad. We could feel the tension, and when he arrived at the hall the atmosphere was frigid. His courage and his friendly manner soon broke the ice and the reception his speech received was a fine tribute to a man who faced the challenge of a difficult and delicate situation."

During the President's illness, while Nixon presided over the cabinet meetings, he sat in his customary chair, leaving the President's chair empty. At the end of one of the meetings the Secretary of State, the late John Foster Dulles, rose and commented: "I must say that a real vote of thanks is due the Vice President for the way he has handled himself during this period and for the way in which he has conducted this meeting."

**Friendship
in
Politics**

IN THE spring of 1954 Thomas E. Dewey told Nixon: "Dick, when the zest goes out of politics, that is the time to retire." Soon after that, Dewey entered a lucrative law practice.

As usually happens in mid-term of any administration, there was a feeling of letdown in the Republican party at the time. The drive and enthusiasm that held it together in the Presidential campaign had melted away. Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's nightmarish public hearings on Capitol Hill had split the party, and dissensions within the ranks caused more headaches for the leadership. President Eisenhower was passive. The hearings continued unhampered, with danger signals blinking, but without a firm stand against the senator who had become the party's number-one problem child. One of Mr. Eisenhower's strongest assets is his ability to hold his temper under trying circumstances. But his closest associates realized that the man who once directed the greatest military armada the world has ever known had to muster all of his strength to control one man—himself. It is a matter of history that, while the President came out quite late in slapping down McCarthy publicly, the White House was unbending in its personal antipathy to the Senator from Wisconsin.



Nixon autographed this picture for his friend John Krehbiel.

Nixon got to know McCarthy in 1947 and saw more of him in the campaign of 1950. A bond developed between the two men in their uncompromising attitude toward Communism and subversion. Nixon maintained his friendship with him, and co-operated with him politically until he realized that the Wisconsin man was drunk with power and seemed to be ready to bolt the party.

It became Nixon's thankless job to act as intermediary between the President and the rambunctious colleague. He negotiated the peace between Secretary of State Dulles and McCarthy when the latter made his private agreement with Greek shipowners not to carry goods to Communist China. Nixon persuaded McCarthy to withdraw a letter in which he demanded that the President clarify his position on trade with China. With

McCarthy's consent, Nixon telephoned the White House and had the letter intercepted before it reached the President's desk. Nixon achieved other concessions from McCarthy, but during the Army-Stevens row the friendship between the two deteriorated, and the Vice President found himself in the miserable role of the unsuccessful middleman.

Murray Chotiner, Nixon's one-time political lieutenant, had his share of hostility too. The fire was directed at him, but it was obvious that the real target was Nixon. Chotiner faced the time-honored accusation of "influence peddling," and a Congressional committee investigated the charge. "The committee could find no evidence of impropriety in my law practice," he says. "As a matter of fact, the case was dismissed without issuing a formal report of their findings." The charge was, of course, politically inspired, but in the hypersensitive game of politics Chotiner became a liability to Nixon.

On a photograph presented to Chotiner after the investigation, the Vice President expressed his sentiments in these words: "With deep appreciation for his counsel and friendship through the years and with every good wish for success and happiness in days ahead."

Chotiner will not now comment on the question of whether he was a liability. But the Vice President was not hesitant when the delicate question was put to him. He said: "I still consider Murray the best political campaign manager and he is still my friend."

Being a thoroughly disciplined man, and sufficiently astute not to tear down political fences, even if they are insignificant, Nixon commented with caution about "friends" in politics. He will never forget the fall of 1952, when the "Dump Nixon" cry of his "friends" on the General's Campaign Special was echoing in his Portland hotel suite. But, as a realist, he seemed to be reluctant to cast doubts publicly about his political friends, al-

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though he must have been aware of the fact that, should his barometer indicate a minor drop in popularity, the bandwagon friends would lose no time seeking brighter pastures.

One of his old friends, Ray Arbuthnot in La Verne, California, was asked whether he would like to see Nixon in the White House. His answer was accompanied by a rather worried look. "I really wish that this would never happen. One hears frequently that the Presidency is a man-killing job, and I would prefer to see him happy and alive."

The Vice President listened reflectively as Arbuthnot's statement was relayed to him. Whether such a hope was what he wanted to hear, he wouldn't say. But it was easy to detect signs of satisfaction on his stern face. Such friends as the man from La Verne are rare.

Even some of those who expressed their preference for Nixon, before Nelson A. Rockefeller withdrew from the race for the G.O.P. nomination for the Presidency, felt that there was an undefinable defect in the Vice President's personality. "I don't respond to him emotionally as I would, for example, to the President," said Justin Dart, president of the Rexall Drug Company. "Don't get me wrong. I like Dick—he could be very friendly—but the sparks don't fly around him in terms of political magnetism. His real handicap was, from the very start, that he had to compete with Eisenhower's radiant personality and charm."

With Nixon the highest ranking member of the President's official family—although with executive power only when such authority was delegated to him by the President—it has seemed incongruous to many Washington columnists and politicians that no intimate relationship has developed between Eisenhower and Nixon during their more than seven years of close association. When the President seeks to get away from the hot seat of government, he plays and relaxes with men such as Bill

Robinson, chairman of the board of Coca-Cola; George E. Allen, his neighbor at Gettysburg; and Cliff Roberts, his investment banker. In spite of the fact that Nixon was "his boy," and though the President has always been generous in his public statements about him, it has been noticed that only on rare occasions would the Vice President show up on the golf links at Burning Tree or at Gettysburg.

When Prime Minister Macmillan visited Washington early in 1959, political circles and the press took notice of the fact that Nixon was excluded from the week-end consultations at Camp David. The President himself was called on the carpet with regard to his "snubbing" of the Vice President. At his press conference on March 25, Edward T. Folliard of the *Washington Post and Times-Herald* asked the President to comment on the rumors about the reasons for Nixon's absence from the mountain retreat which was once F. D. Roosevelt's "Shangri-la." A verbatim account of the incident follows:

Folliard—It was suggested that he was absent because you want to appear neutral in the prospective battle between Mr. Nixon and Governor Rockefeller. Would you care to comment? (Laughter.)

The President—You are making a rather unusual premise there. This is all between Mr. Nixon and Mr. Rockefeller. (Laughter.) No, I'll tell you: This was actually—it was not the—we thought about asking Mr. Nixon. He is busy. He has got here some other things he is talking about and thinking about when we were up at Camp David. And then I myself undertook to get him in, we did have quite a long meeting, to keep him fully acquainted with every single idea that we discussed. And I have no idea of tempering my actions or my own thinking according to the possibilities of a political contest that may come about in some future time. (Laughter.)

In his column under the heading, "Among Those Who Were Absent at Camp David," Arthur Krock echoed Folliard's feelings, and encouraged the belief that the President was determined to maintain a strict neutrality between the two men then re-

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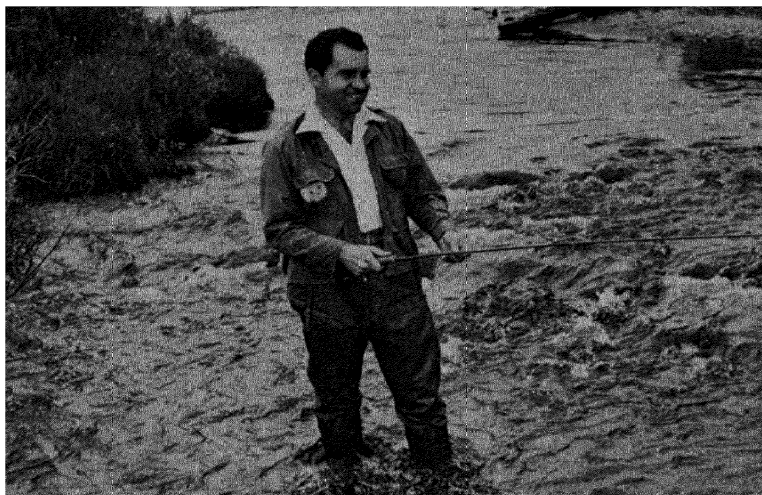
garded as likely contestants for the Presidential nomination. The assumption that the friendship between Eisenhower and Nixon was strained didn't die out.

In October, 1959, *Newsweek* magazine went further. It reported that a "split" has developed between the President and Nixon over the handling of Nikita Khrushchev. The disclosure stirred such excitement that the White House, through the acting press secretary, Anne Wheaton, felt compelled to issue a denial. Soon after the White House statement, the President called in the Vice President for a long conference and briefing before he took off for a short vacation in Augusta.

It is true that the Vice President doesn't belong to the group of intimate cronies who surround the loneliest man in the country, the President of the United States. Because of his restrained and serious nature, Nixon would hardly mesh with a man such as George Allen, who is blessed with the faculty for entertaining Eisenhower, Truman, and Roosevelt with equal competence. The Vice President never cultivated a "kitchen cabinet," and discouraged one when it was about to take shape. It is quite obvious, however, that Eisenhower exerts a powerful influence on Nixon. This influence has extended beyond the expected bailiwick of governmental thinking, and occasionally has filtered down to the leisure-time activities of golf and fishing.

Max Rabb was closely associated with Nixon during the convention of 1952, and bears witness to at least one occasion when Eisenhower's friendship with Nixon was not limited to official business.

"After the nomination had been made, Dick called me to his suite at the Drake Hotel in Chicago," Rabb says. "He seemed to be troubled. Eisenhower had invited him to spend a little time at his fishing camp in Colorado. Dick confided to me that he was fearful that he could not keep pace with the President in fishing and golf, which were alien sports to him. He told



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At Fraser, Colorado, Eisenhower's fishing camp, outdoorsman Nixon relaxes.

me he had not indulged in those sports and he never could come to like them.

"What a difference the years have made! Today he is an accomplished golfer. His occasional breaking of ninety on the golf course shows that this sport is one of his joys. This shows that the man learns fast."

Nobody doubts that Nixon can master virtually anything he puts his mind to. He can learn the game of golf as fast as Bobby Jones, and probably faster than Eisenhower. He can and does make friends, but he has to work at it, just as he worked in college until he reached top grades. It has been Eisenhower's good fortune that all he has to do to win friends is show his cherubic smile and wave his hands. It may have been Nixon's misfortune that, like so many other things, as a politician he had to make friends the hard way. Furthermore, the friends he made when he did something dramatic, such as the Latin Ameri-

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can trip, soon became apathetic. A chart of his popularity, as reflected in the polls, went up sharply when he captured the public imagination, and then dropped just as sharply when he stepped out of the limelight.

But since his Russian trip the barometer of regard for Nixon is holding at a steady high level. Bob King, formerly the Vice President's administrative assistant, pointed out that Nixon never really got chummy with anyone. "There is a distinct reserve in the Boss. [In spite of his relative youth, even elder members of his office staff call him "Boss."] During my close association with him—and that goes back to the days when we met in San Francisco after he came out of the Navy—I soon learned that, while the Boss has innate kindness and great interest in people, he has a tendency to escape from trivialities."

George W. Miliias, Republican State Chairman of California, remarked of Nixon's tremendous memory: "Amazingly, he can recall, even after ten years, the names of people and their jobs in the party when he meets them again face to face."

His interest in people was strikingly demonstrated during the his trip to Austria in the aftermath of the Hungarian uprising in 1956. He shook hands with everybody within his reach. He hugged and kissed the babies with obvious delight. Nobody could then challenge the sincerity of his outpouring friendliness; after all, he was not running for office in Austria.

Whether Nixon makes friends easily must be examined in the light of the fact that friendship has an entirely different meaning in politics from what one experiences in other phases of life. Political friendship—by political yardstick—means that friends, including the inner circle, swarm around the man while he is on top. Yet one must apply fairly good field glasses to recognize a solitary faithful around the big man in his downfall.

In a letter to me, Sumner Welles once aptly summed up the status of the defeated politician: "There is nothing so dead in

the United States as an ex-official." And, while Nixon is the second highest official in the United States, and presently wields great political power, one can easily recognize those whose hearts full of "friendship" for him beat in precise ratio with his chances for the Presidency.

A noted Hungarian statesman and wit, Vilmos Vazsonyi, liked to tell the story of the mailman who for years dropped in for a tête-à-tête with Julia, the cook. One day Julia was fired and the mistress of the house learned with considerable surprise that the same mailman was whispering sweet things into the ears of the new cook, Mary. She demanded an explanation for the rather rapid change of affection. The mailman minced no words. "Well, to be perfectly honest, Madame," he said, "I really never was in love with Julia, just as I'm not in love with Mary. My true love is—" and here he sniffed the alluring aroma of the kitchen—"for the juicy steaks and pies."

As much as anybody else in America, Nixon has seen these political mailmen parading in and out the kitchen of power and basking in the prestige of the Vice Presidency. Smart politician that he is, does he condone opportunists?

"In politics one should accept the good with the bad," he said philosophically. And, as far as his enemies are concerned, the man who is thought of by some as a vindictive and provocative person warned that the term, "political enemies," was somewhat harsh and not consonant with reality. He believed that the word, "critics," would more adequately describe those who fought him savagely throughout his career.

Dr. Paul Smith, president of Whittier College, pointed to a rather startling passage in *The Growth of the American Republic*, by Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager—a passage which, he believes, applies to Nixon's travails: "John Quincy Adams never understood why he was spurned by the country he loved with silent passion, and rejected by the

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people he had served so faithfully. In the four sad months between the election and the end of his term, there kept running through his head the refrain of an old song he had first heard at the court of Versailles: '*O, Richard, O, mon Roi, L'univers t'abandonne.*' (O, Richard, O, my king, the world has abandoned you.) Yet the noblest portion of his long career was still ahead." The name of Richard in the old song makes the analogy even more striking.

Does he feel he is unjustly abused in public life? The Vice President's face showed no emotional changes, and he responded without displaying either pleasure or embarrassment.

"Well, I think everybody in public life at one time or another believes that he is criticized unjustly by people who are his political opponents, and sometimes by the press.

"On the other hand, I have always resisted what is often an occupational hazard among people in public life: the so-called martyr complex. One can't have progress in democracy without having sharp conflict of opinion. Whenever I'm criticized unjustly, all I have to do is to turn back into history and read what was said about George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry Truman.

"I don't believe in holding grudges in political life. I have always based my campaigns on issues and refrained from injecting remarks concerning personal characteristics. As a matter of fact, the people in the Senate today I like extremely well—from a personal standpoint—are those who disagree with me and who are as far apart from me on most issues as the poles.

"In the heat of a contest, I sometimes have strong feelings about individuals who don't stand up when the going is toughest. I get mad when the other side makes attacks that I feel are not justified. But then my mother's tolerance comes into play and I realize that my opponents probably have the same feelings



The Boss's Aides: Rose Mary Woods, executive secretary; Robert H. Finch, administrative assistant; Major James "Don" Hughes, the appointment secretary; and Herbert G. Klein, the "Hagerty" of the Vice President's office.



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about me. I try not to hold a grudge and, as a result, I have made good friends of persons who have hit me pretty hard."

When he said that, he couldn't have been thinking of the man from Independence who has hit him harder than anybody else. Harry Truman would hardly ever "make friends" with Richard Nixon. The former President's friendship with General Eisenhower became chilled to the point of hostility, but they exchanged restrained formal greetings at the funeral of General George C. Marshall. It is unlikely that Truman could force himself even to such cold formality of etiquette with Nixon. Of course, while friendship existed between Truman and Eisenhower during Truman's Presidency, there has never been such relationship between Truman and Nixon.

Without knowing the stubborn core of Truman's nature, it would be hard to understand his immovable dislike for the Vice President. The hostility started with Nixon's speech on October 18, 1952, in Utica, New York, where he blasted the Democrats and asserted: "I charge that the buried record will show that Mr. Truman and his associates, either through stupidity or political expedience, were primarily responsible for the unimpeded growth of the Communist conspiracy within the United States. I further charge that Mr. Truman, Dean Acheson, and other Administration officials for political reasons covered up this Communist conspiracy and attempted to halt its exposure."

This was a pretty sharp charge, but Nixon was out swinging and apparently possessed little restraint at the time. He topped his attacks in 1954 when he charged that Truman, Adlai Stevenson, and Acheson were "traitors to the high principles in which many of the nation's Democrats believed." By the strict legal meaning of this statement, it would be difficult to construe that Nixon actually accused Truman of treason, and yet the mere inference of the charge delivered a massive blow to the former President.

Stevenson dismissed it with the quip that Nixon represented "McCarthyism in a white collar," and he hasn't mentioned the incident since. But not so Truman. Even after years of bitterness and passion and partisan hatreds, and unsurpassed as he is in his verbal outbursts, he remains a sensitive and romantic figure who is agitated by the slightest criticism. This time he felt he had been hit below the belt. From that day on Truman developed a strong resentment toward Nixon.

At the celebration of the Festival of the Americas in August, 1955, in Los Angeles, the Vice President was the principal speaker. Then he and Pat attended a reception at the house of Truman's friend, Ed Pauley. Soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. Truman visited the Pauleys. "When the former President went upstairs to the guest room, he suddenly stopped at the landing," Pauley relates. "'Are these the steps you were photographed on with Nixon?' he asked. When I said that they were, his face darkened. 'I had a very peculiar feeling when I saw you photographed with that man,' he said. 'You know, he once called me a traitor.'" Pauley tried to calm him by saying that Nixon never really accused him of treason, but Truman brushed him off. "I can read English, can't I?" he snapped.

After that incident Pauley met Nixon at the Senate Office Building. "I was heading for the House when I ran into the Vice President," he says. "I told him of the exchange I had had with Truman. Nixon felt very badly about it. He assured me that the newspapers had misquoted him and that he has kindly feelings toward Truman, and he asked me to tell Truman how deeply sorry he was. I relayed the apology to Truman, but the mere mention of Nixon's name makes his blood boil."

It appears that Nixon's tolerance is as strong as Truman's stubbornness. In 1959 he referred to Truman as a "gallant warrior" and remarked pointedly that the "only party of treason in the United States is the Communist party," obviously trying to



Attorney General William P. Rogers, Nixon's close friend in and out of politics, speaks "on the record" in one of my taped interviews.

eradicate the ugly word of "traitor." "No one in his right mind would ever question Truman's loyalty to his country," he told me. His mother and his wife have shown genuine embarrassment that such an accusation should still poison the atmosphere between the two politicians. Hannah Nixon spoke with such respect of Truman that she expressed a fear that her sentiment might be "misinterpreted."

In his library in Independence, Missouri, the former President listened with mobile face as the feelings of the Nixons were relayed to him, but, Truman being Truman, he isn't easily swayed. Some call it stubbornness; some say it is a reflection of his rough-hewn character, which won't give an inch when his

loyalty to his country is allegedly challenged. He has read a good deal of history. He knows it was Thomas Jefferson who tried to hang the accusation of treason on his Vice President, Aaron Burr, and, though he is a Jeffersonian, that sticks in his mind. Apparently he will never forget Nixon's allegations.

Among those who have an equally strong animosity for Nixon are House Speaker Sam Rayburn and Herblock, the cartoonist for the *Washington Post and Times-Herald*. The impact of the cartoonist's pen probably has caused as much anguish for the Vice President as have Truman's intemperate outbursts. The Nixon household does not subscribe to the *Post* so that the children won't see their father portrayed occasionally as a gorilla, or as an underworld character with a stubby unshaven face, popping up from a manhole and ready to embark on a sinister mission.

Why should an intelligent man such as Herblock nourish a violent dislike for Nixon? "I've no personal grudge against him," he protested, while doodling on his desk. "I'm opposed to his policies, and cartooning is my way of expressing my likes and dislikes." When I suggested he give a "closer shave" to the Vice President in his next cartoon, he said with a chuckle, "I might put fewer stubs on his face, but then I would double his jowl."

Was he really irritated by the Herblock caricatures? I asked Nixon. "Yes, I'm not exactly amused to see myself pictured as a lowbrow moron," he answered. "He is a capable artist, and certainly he is entitled to express his views. As a matter of fact, some time after the Hiss case another artist drew a highly insulting sketch of me, and it was placed on exhibit in San Francisco. The director of the exhibition removed it because he thought it was too offensive. I intervened with the officials and asked that the cartoon be left on display."

The current of emotion always runs strong around Nixon. He is both hated and admired; nobody is indifferent toward

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him. Foreigners are usually puzzled by the differences in the evaluations of him.

A devout Catholic whom I interviewed—Mrs. Paul Fretz of Hillsborough, California—would compare him, without reservation, with Abraham Lincoln. Alphonso Bell, Republican county chairman in Los Angeles, seemed to be dead serious when he said Nixon would make “our greatest President.” On the other hand, a New York literary figure said: “The day he is elected President I’ll leave the country and take up residence in Switzerland.”

“I can’t think of anyone who makes more sense politically than Richard Nixon,” said Alice Roosevelt Longworth. “He is by far the best man the Republican party has to offer for the Presidency.”

Mrs. Longworth, daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt, has long been known for her outspoken views on politics and politicians and for her forceful criticism. As I listened to her views in her memory-laden living room in Washington, it became obvious to me that this genuine dissenter found no fault with the Vice President. As a matter of fact, her voice was filled with affection as she said, “He and Pat are the only couple here in Washington whose invitations I always accept.” How did this respect and admiration develop? “It’s simple,” she answered. “In his over-all political philosophy, Nixon reminds me of my father. While on the surface they seemed to be worlds apart, I believe he and Bob Taft have represented the same principles my father held.”

Back in La Habra, Hannah Nixon was pleased to hear that a woman with such talent for appraisal and such strong convictions should cherish her son’s friendship. “Once, when Richard and Pat were abroad, I went to a party at Alice Longworth’s with Tricia and Julie,” she said. “I know Richard is very fond of her.”

**They
Were
Quakers**

SIGMUND FREUD, father of curative psychiatry, based his life and scientific research on the resurrection of buried memories by the process of "free association." Yet he never questioned the character-shaping influence of environment and the impact of parental guidance.

"Oh, they are Quakers," one often hears as an indication of a positive kind of mental bent or mores, ethics, and philosophy. Quakers like to be known as "Seekers of Truth." They believe there is an "Inner Light" present in every man, and that light establishes a direct communication between a "Seeker" and God. Because of their conservative and sometimes almost puritanical ways, they are a people of forthright honesty, and thus usually enjoy the benefit of preconceived respect and trust by most of their fellow-men.

The home of a Quaker—as compared with the homes of members of other denominations—is an unusual environment. From his boyhood Richard Nixon absorbed that way of life, with its strict philosophy concerning virtues and sins. This kind of home background may even inadvertently pave the way to success. Edgar, one of the more vocal members of the Eisenhower clan, says his brothers "fled from home because the sever-

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ity of the family rituals was too much to take." It would be hard to determine to what extent the pressure of their home worship influenced the Eisenhower boys in their desire to seek a career.

In contrast to that of the Mennonites—or River Brethren, the sect to which the Eisenhowers belonged—the tolerance of the Quaker faith would never force anybody to abide by its tenets. Consequently, the religious atmosphere of the parental home agreed with Richard, just as it did with his brothers. There was no conflict in his worldly philosophy when he decided to bear arms in the defense of his country, although this violated one of the cardinal beliefs of Quakerism.

"My joining the service resulted from my conviction that the fate of all mankind was involved in the last war, and not only that of religion," he told me. He was quick to emphasize, however, that he never ignored the religious principles taught by his parents and grandparents. "You know my mother is a birth-right Quaker, and I'm quite conscious of that," he said.

That simple statement has considerable significance, if only because it concerns the Vice President, a man who gives more than lip service to his religion. Of course, not every Quaker is a paragon of virtue, but the Friends' plainness of speech and dress, their frugality and lack of pretension suggest forthright honesty. And, since tolerance and compassion are the cornerstone of Quakerism, a Friend who practices his faith can be regarded as a humanitarian.

In their quietly reverent way, Hannah and Frank Nixon did what they could to make their religion a solace and a source of strength to their sons. "There is little outward manifestation in Quakers," Hannah says. "To us, worship requires no churches, no ministers, no sacraments, not even services. A good Friend does not wear his religion on his sleeve. It is a difficult faith to grasp and hold, but it is rewarding to those who embrace it."



Members of the family and friends gather at Hannah's for a party during one of Nixon's trips to California. Don is at the left next to two boys, Hannah at the extreme right, second row, and the Vice President is close by his mother.

Hannah and Frank were careful never to make religion a burden. "We used to let the boys read a text or scripture lesson each morning after breakfast, as it was the custom in my parents' home," she says. "But Mr. Nixon had reasons not to press religion on his boys too hard. His family were Methodists. His mother, Sally Ann Wadsworth, died early in life. When my husband was seven years old, his fine stepmother came into the family. She insisted on long sessions of prayers even before they went to work, and again in the evening, when they were tired. The memory of those strenuous prayers lingered on even

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in my husband's later years. He often told me: 'I don't want to be found guilty of making the boys go through what I went through when it comes to religion.' The only thing he insisted on was that they go regularly to Sunday school and church."

Evidently, the Nixons' formula for making the faith important to their sons worked, for, even now, his religion is a prime motivating force in the Vice President. Still, Hannah vigorously denies the story that she tried to force him to enter the Quaker ministry.

"That's one of those tales the reporters made up," she says. "Apparently they thought it added color to their stories. Mr. Nixon and I believed we should never interfere with the boys' inclinations for religion. When Richard was very young, I noticed his sharp mind and quick grasp of things beyond the usual intellectual capacity of a boy his age. I followed his mental progress with keen interest. I remember I asked him once if he would like to study for the ministry. He didn't exactly respond favorably; so I dropped the issue.

"I know one thing, though: I never mentioned the Quaker ministry specifically. That would be in defiance of our faith, which discourages dogma in favor of counseling or, in Quaker terms, advice. Whatever denomination he might have chosen would have been all right with me, because he would have been in the service of God.

"He is still an intensely religious man, but he shuns even the restrained rituals of his faith. I am sure other Quakers understand my son. They know why he has become the center of so many controversies. Quakers are gentle and tolerant people, but they are also stubborn in defending their opinions and high-minded in pursuing their ideals. Practical politicians could hardly subscribe to such an uncompromising attitude. But, because Richard is a Quaker, I am convinced that politics have not changed the beliefs that guided him as a boy in college."

In his office behind the Senate chamber, the Vice President agreed with his mother's opinion. "Obviously, any man's religion has a considerable effect on his approach to all problems. In my case, there isn't any question that my Quaker background, in which I was thoroughly indoctrinated in my early years, has had a very great effect on my outlook on life.

"One of the reasons for my great interest in international affairs is the emphasis on peace and mutual understanding drilled into us at home, in school, and particularly in church in my early years.

"One of the reasons for my interest in the problems of millions of people in the less developed areas of the world is the traditional Quaker attitude of concern for less fortunate people, not only in our own country but in other lands as well.

"My background is primarily responsible for my strong convictions on civil rights. Our family was always free from prejudice, whether racial or religious. All through my early years, and also at Whittier College, this whole problem of civil rights was not simply a legal issue but, above all, a great moral issue.

"I could give you many more examples, but I think these three best serve to show the importance to me of my Quaker background."

The Rev. Harold Walker of First Friends Church in Whittier says: "Hannah Nixon is a Quaker saint—patient, loving, quiet, unassuming, understanding. She has given everything of herself to her children and to many others as well. I have never heard her complain. I have never heard her criticize anyone. Her poise in handling the most difficult situations has been a wonderful lesson to me.

"Her life has been hard. She has not only had her work in her home and her grocery store, but she has had the psychological and emotional strain of exceptional family problems. Still, she has been able to tap deep spiritual resources, through the

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services of her church and through her own quiet religious life, to enable her to carry on through every adverse circumstance."

Calling a woman a saint in this age of guided missiles and hydrogen bombs is not done casually. Neither can the principles that have guided Hannah's life be taken casually. She is not one to moralize. "Advice is a waste of words," she says. So the only way to find out what she stands for is to look at what she has done, and at the nature of the son she reared.

One might wonder whether the clannishness of the Friends might not affect the objectivity of a Quaker minister. Therefore, it seemed advisable to sound out the opinion of a clergyman of another denomination.

"I would consider Richard Nixon an unusually religious man," said John F. Cronin, a Catholic priest who has known the Vice President fairly well for more than a dozen years, and who is credited with briefing the young congressman about subversion and the activities of Alger Hiss.

"He is unusual in the sense that he expresses his convictions quite differently from most men in public life. He is reluctant to publicize his church-going. Even during campaigns he tends to slip away from photographers and attend a service quietly and unobserved."

Father Cronin believes Nixon's attitude stems in part from his love of privacy. He does not doubt Nixon's reverence for God and the moral law.

"His well-publicized habit of speaking to the so-called common people in his foreign trips is no gimmick dreamed up by a public relations adviser," said the priest. "It comes from his profound respect for people everywhere. Likewise, it is no accident that he is a fighter for racial justice."

The Friends' quiet meditation should not be confused with timidity. They express their likes and dislikes without fear if and when the situation warrants. Tom Bewley tells this story:

"A young Quaker preacher came to preach his first sermon to the congregation. He spoke only a few minutes when the congregation started to cough and seemed to lose interest in the sermon. The preacher sat down abruptly, and then got up from his chair and walked toward the exit with dignity. As he reached the door, an old lady reproached him: 'If thee had gone up those steps like thee came down, thee would have come down like thee went up.'"

"Theirs has been a religious household where spiritual and cultural values are dominant," Edward Elson, minister of the National Presbyterian Church in Washington, says of the Nixons. Dr. Elson, who is frequently seen escorting President Eisenhower after service in the historic church, has been a neighbor of the Nixons ever since they went to Washington. Pat is a graduate of the same university in which he took his post-graduate training. Mary Faith Elson and Tricia Nixon were classmates until recently.

"The Nixons' religion is not ostentatious," says Dr. Elson. "Their faith is exemplified in a model family life. Despite the demands of his office, the sanctity of the home has been preserved. They have lived by the simplicities which have developed the finest American characters. The girls have been regular Sunday-school students. Their parents have demonstrated a positive and emphatic Christian faith, which has been communicated to the children.

"I admire Mr. Nixon for providing time for his daughters. Some years ago, when the Girl Scout troop was planning a Father's Day picnic, I reluctantly told Mary that I couldn't find time to accompany her. A day or two later she confronted me at the supper table with the news that he was going to be with Patricia at the picnic. 'If the Vice President can arrange to go to the picnic with his daughter, why can't the pastor of the National Presbyterian Church go with me?' she persisted. Some-

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what smitten in conscience by this paternal example, I passed up an important church event and had a wonderful afternoon with the Girl Scouts and their fathers.

"It is a common practice for the busy Nixon family to find their way together to sporting events, a few days at the beach, a family picnic, or a holiday away from public gaze. The children keep friendship with boys and girls of all stations and religions. It is obvious that this spirit of love and tolerance was developed by careful training and teaching by their parents. Apparently their faith embraces all mankind."

Nevertheless, in the avalanche of criticism against Nixon, one of the loud charges is that he is anti-labor, anti-Jewish, and anti-Negro. He maintains that he doesn't have to defend himself against such accusations.

"The first time the issue of anti-Semitism was raised against me was in the 1950 Senatorial campaign," he says. "This was one of the lowest types of attacks. It was repudiated by the Anti-Defamation League. The Communists always attempt to stir up minority groups, and my anti-Communist record was apparently a good incentive for their attacks. The anti-Negro and anti-labor charges originate from the same sources. Everybody who knows me, my family, and my friends will dismiss these charges with disgust."

His brother Don was also disgusted: "Aside from the fact that our parents taught us tolerance, it should be noted that we were raised in the grocery and produce business, and we did a great deal of business with Jews. I can say that we have almost as many Jewish as Christian friends."

When, in 1954, Hugh Scott of Philadelphia was running for re-election to Congress, Nixon urged Secretary of State John Foster Dulles to issue a pro-Israel statement which Scott could use in his strongly Jewish district. Observers believe that, since the Administration was accused of being anti-Israel, Dulles' state-

ment contributed heavily to Scott's victory. Nixon's action was and is considered sound politics.

Aylett Cotton, California attorney, recalls that a San Francisco official indicated his desire to assist Nixon in a recent campaign. Since this official hadn't appeared at the Nixon rallies, Cotton called upon him. He learned that the man, a Catholic, didn't feel that he could openly endorse Nixon. But he suggested that Cotton pay a visit to a sisterhood of nuns who might offer their prayers for Nixon's victory.

"Next day I reported to Dick, with considerable disappointment, the outcome of my visit. To my surprise, his face lit up. 'But that's wonderful!' he exclaimed. 'Thank the man in my name for the suggestion. I'll talk with the sisters.' He added: 'You know, I'm no cynic.'"

As early as 1946, when Nixon embarked on his political career, he formulated his views on racial discrimination before a Quaker meeting, and he hasn't defected since. "We must be vigilant against the doctrines of the Bilbos and the Talmadges and the Gerald L. K. Smiths, who are just as dangerous to the preservation of the American way of life on the one hand as are the Communists on the other." He told the meeting that, when he was a member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, attempts were made to inject racial or religious issues into the effort to unmask Communist activities.

"I know the Communists in this country come from no particular group, race, or creed," he said. "To make this claim is to weaken the united front which we must develop against our common enemy. Every time there is an instance of discrimination in the United States, it gives the Communists a weapon which they can use against us. This is a problem which cannot be solved by law alone. It is one which must be met primarily through co-operative effort by men of good will."

As chairman of the Presidential committee on government

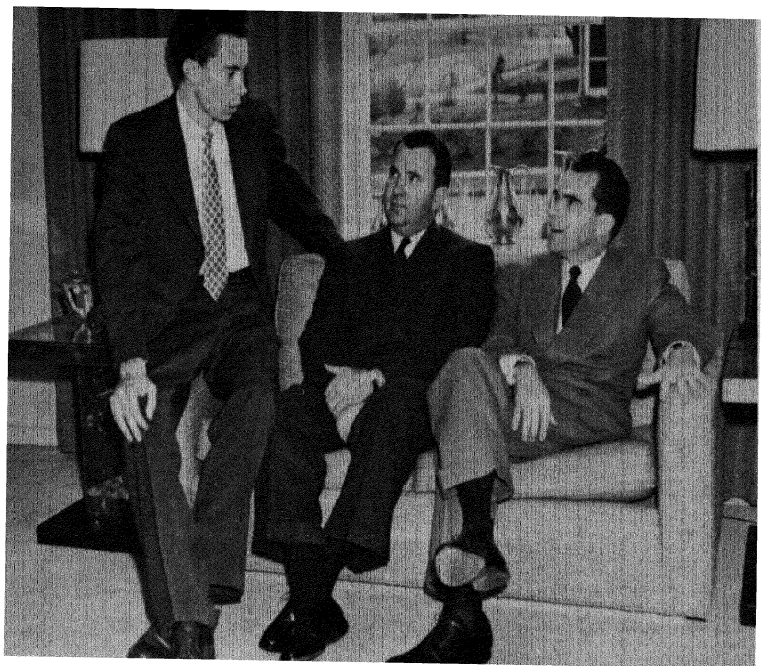
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contracts—a committee whose ultimate objective was to eliminate discrimination by government contractors—he played a vital role in easing racial bias in America. His administrative assistant for more than three years, Robert L. King, recalls an episode from that period. “The committee produced a special film on racial discrimination,” he says. “The film was concerned with the grave problems of the Negro. It showed graphically the many bars which, because of the color of their skin, normal, intelligent citizens face, when seeking employment. The film was somewhat emotional and when the lights went up I noticed that the Boss had tears in his eyes.”

Because of his reserved nature, Nixon doesn't like to boast of his achievements, but apparently he was so impressed with the results of the contract committee that, on September 14, 1955, at the dinner of the Anti-Defamation League in New York, he took a measure of pride in saying: “In the past three years greater progress has been made toward the objective of providing equality of opportunity for all Americans regardless of race, creed, or color than in any similar period since 1865.”

His work on the Congressional subcommittee which helped draft the Taft-Hartley labor law earned for him the reputation of being anti-labor and anti-union. The sentiment against him ran the highest in the wake of the resignation of the labor leader, Martin Durkin, as Secretary of Labor. When, in 1953, Nixon appeared before the American Federation of Labor convention in St. Louis, he was soundly booed by the audience. While this hostile feeling was directed primarily against the Administration, the labor leaders saw in Nixon a strong advocate of curbing the uncontrolled power of the unions. In the chilly atmosphere he almost reached the emotionalism of his famous television speech when he defended himself against the accusations in the “fund” case. He said:

“A man's background affects his beliefs—all of you know that



F. CLYDE WILKINSON

The three Nixon boys: Eddie, Don, and Dick.

—and, like most Americans, probably like most of you, mine, of course, as is the President's, is a background of a working family. My father at various times while I was growing up was a streetcar motorman, a carpenter, an oil-field worker. He was a pretty good amateur plumber, too, and I might say that in addition he was a country grocer. Those of you who know anything about that business know that that is also a working position. And the problems you have during the time you are growing up as a member of a working family are the ones that stay with you all of your life. They are the ones that are of real concern to you, regardless of what position you may eventually attain.

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"What counts in the final analysis of government isn't the theory; it is the effect of a legislative program, what it does to people. Is it good for them, or is it bad for them? No administration will win an election in the United States or will deserve to win unless its program benefits sixty million people who work for a living in this country."

He has come a long way in his relationship with union leaders. In the 1959 steel strike union and management leaders sought his intervention. The steel workers' chief, David McDonald, an old friend of the Vice President, and Charles White, head of Republic Steel, apparently realized that in Nixon they had a respected and impartial mediator—quite an accolade for the man who was one of the sponsors of the Taft-Hartley Act.

Nixon's role in the settlement became a target for wide speculation, and at least a dozen versions circulated in the capital and all over the nation. In January of this year Nixon made this report on his part in settling the strike:

"The first question the Secretary and I undertook to explore was whether the President's expressed desire for a settlement could be realized without some new mediation action on our part. . . . We, therefore, asked Mr. Blough and other top management representatives and Mr. McDonald and other representatives of the union whether they wished us to attempt to mediate the dispute. While both sides indicated that they did not feel there was too much hope that they could reach a negotiated settlement, they agreed that such a procedure was worth trying and that they would co-operate to the extent possible. This was the origin of the meetings which took place in my home in which Secretary Mitchell, Mr. Blough, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Goldberg, and I participated.

"At the beginning of these negotiations, the possibilities of settlement seemed hopeless. The companies' offer was for a wage-benefit package which the companies estimated would add

thirty-one cents to their costs over a period of thirty months. In addition, the companies asked for revision of the contract so that management would have more control over local work practices which they felt was essential for increased efficiency.

"The union completely opposed any changes in the work practices provision of the contract. On the economic side, Mr. McDonald at our first meeting bluntly stated, 'I cannot settle with the steel companies for less than the amount that I received from Can and Aluminum without a strike.' I think it is important at this point to recall that our negotiations began the week that he had completed his negotiation of the Aluminum contract. And the companies' computation of what McDonald contended was the Can and Aluminum pattern was an increased wage-benefit cost of fifty-two cents for thirty months.

"In other words, at the beginning of the negotiations, the companies were offering a thirty-one cent increase over thirty months as against fifty-two cents demanded by the union, and the parties were in complete disagreement on the local work practices issue. During our first few meetings we made very little progress. At a meeting in my home two days before Christmas, the negotiations reached a point where both sides refused to move any further in the direction of an agreement and there seemed to be a hopeless deadlock.

"It was at that point that the Secretary and I talked to Mr. Blough and Mr. McDonald separately and asked whether they thought it might be useful if we were to consult individually with each party and recommend an amount in between their two positions which each would be completely free to accept or reject if he saw fit.

"Both agreed that this course of action might be helpful, and after two days of intense negotiations and discussions and consultation with the President, we recommended the figure of forty-one cents which both the union and management volun-

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tarily accepted. As far as the work practices issue was concerned, the best that we were able to get the union to agree to was to set up a study commission with a neutral chairman."

As soon as the steel strike was settled, the Democratic party, and those opposed to Nixon, embarked on a bold but nebulous attack asserting that the Vice President had extracted a promise from the major steel companies not to raise prices until the end of the year—after the November elections. Herblock's caustic pen, which sometimes appears as a radar for anti-Nixon sentiment, again tore into the Vice President with gusto. His cartoon showed Nixon standing in front of a huge calendar with hands resting chummily on a character representing the steel industry. Nixon pointed at the circled month of November and said: "We've got to take the long view."

Objective Democrats, however, were ready to admit that the advantages in the settlement were far bigger than the risk of a possible price boost later on. This assessment of the settlement of the six-month-old steel strike would be quite unanimous were it not for the election year. Political strategists realized that Nixon's participation in the labor-management dispute could greatly enhance his standing before the electorate, particularly with the uncommitted liberals who sympathize with labor. Since industrial analysts considered the settlement a victory for the unions and a sound thrashing for the steel industry, the fear that Nixon would gain popularity where it was the least expected—with the labor unions—gave goose pimples to Democratic strategists.

From historical evaluation Nixon's participation in the settlement of the steel strike, no matter how vital it was to American economy, won't rate as one of his more momentous performances. (Although even an arch critic, Murray Kempton of the *New York Post*, admitted that it was "not his first act of statesmanship.") Viewing it, however, in contrast to the traditional

ceremonial function of the office of Vice President, Richard Nixon's role in putting the fire back in the cooled furnaces of the American steel industry seems significant.

Herb Klein, the Vice President's press secretary, recalls: "After his highly important meeting at the Waldorf Towers with twelve top people from the steel industry, Mr. Nixon, Secretary of Labor Mitchell, and I took a midnight walk to look at the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Plaza. We then took a taxicab to Times Square. As we walked around the Square, a colored boy looked at us in disbelief. And then when the Vice President was fifty feet beyond, shouted, 'Hey, Dick!' as if to verify what he had seen. The Boss turned around and waved."

The anti-Negro charge against Nixon has also lessened to a remarkable degree. In private conferences Negro leaders have become impressed with his principles regarding racial and religious tolerance.

Like other Quakers, Nixon believes in the equality of all mankind—in the tenet of human brotherhood.

It should be understood that, though they are strongly opposed to warfare, the Friends will fight for their principles. Someone has said: "The gentle Quakers are like kittens, all furry—but with claws." For three hundred years they have battled against war, have refused to bow to despotic authority, and have suffered in silence when persecuted for standing by their beliefs. They erect no spires or cathedrals for the glory of God. They have no quarrel with other religious groups; they recognize the right of everybody to worship God as he pleases.

**Mission
to
Vienna**

BECAUSE it was a more recent affair, and because assassination attempts were made against his life, the people of America and the world are likely to remember Nixon's Latin American trip in 1958—and, even more significantly, his visit to the Soviet Union—as the most momentous of his extensive foreign journeys. This is not necessarily true.

In December, 1956, in the wake of the Hungarian uprising against Communism, he visited the refugee camps in Austria. The public knows little of the impact of that visit, and much less of the emotional reaction it had on the Vice President.

I accompanied him on his odyssey into the makeshift barracks of the victims of tyranny. Because of my Hungarian origin, I was able to observe at close range the refugees' reaction toward him. Furthermore, I had an opportunity to assess his mood when he was by himself, secluded from the press and the prying eyes of television. It seemed to me then—and in retrospect I still believe—that his three-day pre-Christmas trip to Austria was the most exciting and most meaningful diplomatic mission so far in his career. I have reason—and indeed evidence—to believe that he shares this opinion.

Neither he nor the Administration anticipated difficulties on

the Latin American trip, the principal purpose of which was to represent President Eisenhower at the inauguration of the new president of Argentina. The mistaken feeling of official Washington was reflected in his homecoming speech at Washington's National Airport upon his return May 25, 1958: "Before I left," he quipped, "one of my good friends said: 'Well, you are fortunate to get away from the Senate for a nice vacation for eighteen days.'"

His trip to Austria, on the other hand, was in the midst of world tension resulting from the heroic uprising of the Hungarian people against Communism and Russian occupation. When the trip was decided upon, the revolt had not been snuffed out completely, and thousands of refugees were still making desperate efforts to reach Austria, which offered haven to the homeless.

Prior to the trip, I conferred at the White House with Kevin McCann, the President's administrative assistant, and Maxwell M. Rabb, cabinet secretary in charge of the Hungarian refugee problem. Both indicated their concern about the outcome of the mission. Ironically enough, the rebellious Hungarians and the Communists shared a common platform in one respect. Both were furious against the United States. The Communists were incensed over what they believed to be America's hand in encouraging the rebellion; the Freedom Fighters were enraged by the United States' refusal to check the brutal Soviet repression with military intervention.

My sisters and brothers (with whom I was later reunited in Vienna after eleven years of separation) told me that the Communist radio in Hungary blasted not only America but the Vice President particularly, asserting that the sole purpose of his visit was to provoke a border incident and thus launch a war. The Communists warned of another Sarajevo, where the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand triggered the First World



While in Vienna with the Vice President, this bullet-scarred portrait of the author, retrieved from his ruined family home in Budapest, was brought to him by Tanja Rahman, wife of the Indian Ambassador in Budapest.

War in 1914. "Is warmonger Nixon, and one of his companions, the former Hungarian, Bela Kornitzer, anxious to incite a similar incident on the Austro-Hungarian border and thus open the gates to a holocaust?" the radio queried.

Incidentally, the assassination of the Vice President could have been easily accomplished when he courageously decided on a nonscheduled predawn trip to Andau's "Freedom Bridge" across the muddy little Einser Canal. The Russian and Hungarian border guards were within shooting range there.

Although I am fairly well acquainted with official Washington, I had to travel to foreign soil to get to know Nixon. I observed him under explosive and precarious situations when not only the Communists but even spokesmen at the United Nations' Special Assembly expressed fears that the Hungarian revolt might push the world into the third world war. The emotion-packed trip to the refugee camps—where there was no lure for

winning votes—offered an excellent insight into little-known facets of his personality.

In one of my interviews with his wife, she took exception to the belief that he is incapable of showing warmth in public. She maintained that, though in a small group he appears to be reserved and rather shy, his mental reserve melts away in the midst of crowds. The refugee camps, comprising more than one hundred thousand distraught people, were ideal testing grounds for his attitude toward crowds.

But first let us examine how the Hungarians reacted toward him. In camps where my origin was not known, I was able to register the true feeling of the refugees concerning him and his visit. At Camp Roeder, near Salzburg, some of them took a dim view of the inspection tour. With Congressman Bob Wilson of San Diego, I was standing near a group from the city of Miskolc when a woman expressed her views in a rather acid tone. "The whole thing is a clever publicity stunt," she said. "We are not interested in hand-shaking and speeches. We want immediate permission to migrate to America." This was not the only critical comment on the tour. The critical voices, however, were energetically drowned out by those who were sincerely impressed by Nixon's visit and his personality. Almost everybody recognized the obvious difference between his democratic, down-to-earth informality and the deadpan stiffness and autocratic mannerisms of Communist bigwigs. The consensus was: "It is incredible that the Vice President of the United States should mingle with plain people like us."

"Even if the tour was conceived as propaganda to dramatize America's interest in the fate of the persecuted, we should be grateful to him," said a medical student who was hoping to go to the University of California. "We were considered dirt in Hungary. No government official took any interest in us in Budapest, and we were praying to avoid any contacts with Commu-

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nist officials. They only meant trouble for us. And here the second highest official of the United States is taking time to listen to our problems and is trying to help us—strangers to him.”

She did not remain a stranger to him for long. He was heading toward us and I introduced her. When he learned of her aspirations, he said: “Well, I am a Californian, and I know you will be happy there.” He shook her hand warmly, and she beamed.

Much of the American press criticized the Administration for the role the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe played in encouraging the rebellion. This was known to the Vice President, and yet, instead of evading discussions of that explosive subject, he invariably queried the refugees as to whether the Voice of America really had a decisive part in fomenting the revolt.

The answer was always in the affirmative, causing much embarrassment to Llewellyn Thompson, then the United States Ambassador to Austria and now Ambassador to the Soviet Union. Nixon, regarded as an intransigent party man, seemed to be little concerned that the truth might embarrass the Administration. Having lived under the iron rule of a dictatorship, the Hungarians were astonished that such touchy political questions could be discussed with the Vice President.

A group of Technological University of Budapest students, who were among the first to spearhead the revolution, overheard me speaking Hungarian with a journalist, and swarmed around me. “May we say whatever we want?” they asked in excitement. Suspecting that I had only a vague knowledge of political conditions in Hungary, one studious-looking bespectacled young man stepped forward and with visible anxiety observed: “We probably antagonized the United States government by boldly expressing our opinion about its policy toward us. You know, we didn’t dare express our opinion to even a traffic cop in Budapest, but here we actually lectured the Vice President about his coun-

try's moral obligations, and, it seemed to us, he agreed with our views."

In Vienna, in the presence of Gregory Esgate, director of the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration, I was talking with a coal miner, from the city of Pecs, who had been wounded in a street fight against the local AVH (the secret police). Nixon approached us and shook the miner's hand with friendly informality. After the Vice President had left us, I asked the man from Pecs to tell me of his most memorable experience in the revolution. Without hesitation he pointed with his bandaged hand in the direction of Nixon, and replied in a hushed voice: "His visit with us here in Vienna."

The camp at Traiskirchen, which housed the refugees, was a nineteenth-century military training school near Vienna. It was left in ruins by Soviet occupation troops. There, during the first weeks of their stay, the refugees slept on the straw-covered floor until the Austrian government was able to renovate the buildings and put in double-decked bunks, adequate bedding, and glass in the windows. A festive air filled the barracks as Nixon and his party arrived to inspect this, the largest camp, and to obtain firsthand information about the revolution.

After the tour was completed, the distinguished guest was invited to attend a Christmas play. The huge, ornate-ceilinged auditorium was packed. The low stage was improvised, and, even while we were seated, stagehands were still busy with the props. In the center of the stage a tall Austrian fir tree, sparsely decorated with candles and a few strands of tinsel, provided the Christmas atmosphere.

The stage setting was touchingly amateurish and modest. Paper stars of Bethlehem, angel wings of paper, and hand-painted cardboard props dominated the scene; yet everything was of a pure golden quality. The American and Hungarian flags—the latter hung with black crepe—added to the solemnity of the un-

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usual occasion when the Vice President attended a play performed by Hungarian patriots on free Austrian soil.

Tanned, healthy-looking, and youthful, Nixon sat in the front row with his entourage from Washington, Ambassador Thompson, and others, and awaited the curtain call. The curtain—two white sheets—was opened by two Hungarian ministers. The scene of the Nativity occupied center stage. Children in native costumes, with angel wings and halos, toddled out. Suddenly a woman's frantic voice broke the silence: "*Jaj, Jaj, Juliskam, az Istenert ne vegyed ki Jezust a bolcsobol!*" (No, no, Julie, for Heaven's sake leave Jesus in the crib!) The woman had merely tried to remind her daughter to stick to the script and not take the Holy Child from His place. Julie must have been a real rebel, for even the two ministers were unable to keep her from trying to take the show into her own hands.

The excitement over, the show got rolling at last. After ten years I again heard the ancient Hungarian carol, "*Mennyből az Angyal lejött Hozzátok Pásztorok*" ("The Angel of Heaven Came Down to You, O Shepherds"), and "*Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht.*" The singing of carols was forbidden by the Communists. The Nativity story in this simple setting rang with more sincerity than has many a professional performance. The tidings, "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men" were not a mere manifestation of faith, but also an indictment of the Red tyrants. The primitive presentation of the ancient Christmas legend and the aura of tragedy surrounding the players and the audience created a religious atmosphere that captivated even those who had never witnessed a Christmas play.

As for myself, instead of concentrating on the play, I watched the audience, the stateless crowd of more than a thousand Hungarians. I was thinking of a passage in Cardinal Mindszenty's radio address, given, in his short-lived liberation, to the people of his country: "We are a small nation; nevertheless we have

one notable distinction: No nation on earth suffered more in its span of history than did we Hungarians." Hungary's story has added new martyrs to the legion of heroes and persecuted of other days. But it also has undraped sentiments of human sympathy that sprang in the wake of the martyrs' Calvary, with signposts reading: Andau, Eisenstadt, Neusiedl, and Traiskirchen.

My thoughts were interrupted by a commotion on the ever-explosive stage. The non-professional performers had again thrown the director into a frenzy. At this point the script called for bell ringing by an angel. The minister-director gave the cue

Jane Thompson, but noted with horror that the "angel" was had met an iron jaw on the wooden handle of the bell and ignoring her part. Looking upward as if hoping for a solution from Providence, the perspiring minister exclaimed: "My God, the Vice President will think we are a lot of cannibals!" He grabbed the bell, rang it, and the play continued.

The religious atmosphere of the performance was dissipated by a band of Gypsies who began to fiddle their haunting melodies. This strange music inevitably echoes the sorrows and joys of Hungarians. Nixon was visibly moved. Later, to reciprocate for the entertainment, he sat down at a battered piano in one corner of the stage and played "Jingle Bells." Three-year-old Jutka Ecker sat starry-eyed at his feet, and, when he presented her with a doll, she hugged him and planted a kiss on his cheek. The father of two little girls, he made an awkward effort to restrain his emotion.

After the impromptu play he waved his hat and said in well-rehearsed but heavily accented Hungarian: "*Boldog Karácsonyi Ünnepeket Kivánok*" (I wish you all a Merry Christmas). A thunderous "*Eljen*" (Long live) burst out from the appreciative Magyars. Nixon's few words had touched on sentiments that no oratorical brilliance could have accomplished.

A girl about six years old was tugging at my trousers as we

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left the auditorium. Pointing to Nixon, she asked: "Is that nice man in the blue suit the king of America?" She seemed disappointed when I explained his status. A few minutes later I was about to enter my car when she rushed to me breathlessly. "But," she asked, "does he have an automobile?" My firm assurance that Mr. Nixon owned a car re-established the little girl's faith in the prosperity of the country she hoped one day to see.

The Vice President and the press which accompanied him were faced with the formidable obstacle of not being able to speak Hungarian. They had to resort to interpreters whose knowledge of English was shaky—to say the least. I was free when official interpreters produced their own version of Freedom Fighters' replies to his statements and questions. At the airport in Munich an Air Force sergeant acted as interpreter. An American of Hungarian descent, he spoke Hungarian abominably, and made a mockery of Nixon's spirited speech to the refugees.

The Vice President had memorized the greeting, "Merry Christmas" (*Boldog Karácsony*), but in the hubbub of his departure for home he forgot the Hungarian words. He turned to the sergeant, who responded with a miserably garbled version which sounded Chinese to me. This was an insignificant incident in the highly successful mission. But the refugees did not understand the gist of the speech delivered on behalf of the American people.

At irritating periods when inadequate translation created embarrassment and misunderstanding, Nixon's assistants urged me to step in and assume the function of interpreter. But one look at the barrage of newsreel cameras and newsmen made me realize the potential danger to the remaining members of my family in Budapest if I exposed myself to the spotlight.

During his three days in Vienna, Nixon stayed at the Embassy Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Thompson. A career diplo-

mat, Thompson speaks Russian fluently and served in Moscow as second secretary and consul from 1940 to 1943. Thus, in the midst of Russian aggression in Hungary, Nixon was able to gather firsthand information about Russian philosophy, political thinking, and diplomatic methods.

To learn the feminine point of view about the Vice President's mission and about him personally, I talked with Mrs. Thompson in the elegant house on Weidlichgasse in Schoenbrunn. This part of the old city is still full of legends and memories of the reign of Emperor Franz Joseph.

Jane Thompson is attractive and alert, and I sensed that I had met an intelligent observer.

"It seems that the Hungarian refugees, many of whom are young, are greatly impressed by the fact that a man so young should hold the second highest office in America," she said. "These people, who lived under dictatorship, expected to find the Vice President an august dignitary. They are delighted to find him so informal. Incidentally, his visit came as a surprise to me. I thought that a visit by a VIP must be pending, because my husband asked me not to invite visiting American teachers to the house. But I didn't dream it would be the Vice President.

"What impresses me most is his complete dedication to the job at hand. As you know, Vienna, even decades after the golden days of the Hapsburgs, is still the most socially conscious capital of Europe. Etiquette and gaiety still rule, and many glittering receptions were planned by officials and social groups in honor of Mr. Nixon. We soon learned, however, that he would not take part in these formal events. With the exception of a reception by our own Embassy, he has spent his time in the camps and with the various officials.

"'It would be frivolous to indulge in entertainment here when the neighbor country is in agony,' he said. He asked that we cancel the white-tie dinners and morning-coat receptions. I might

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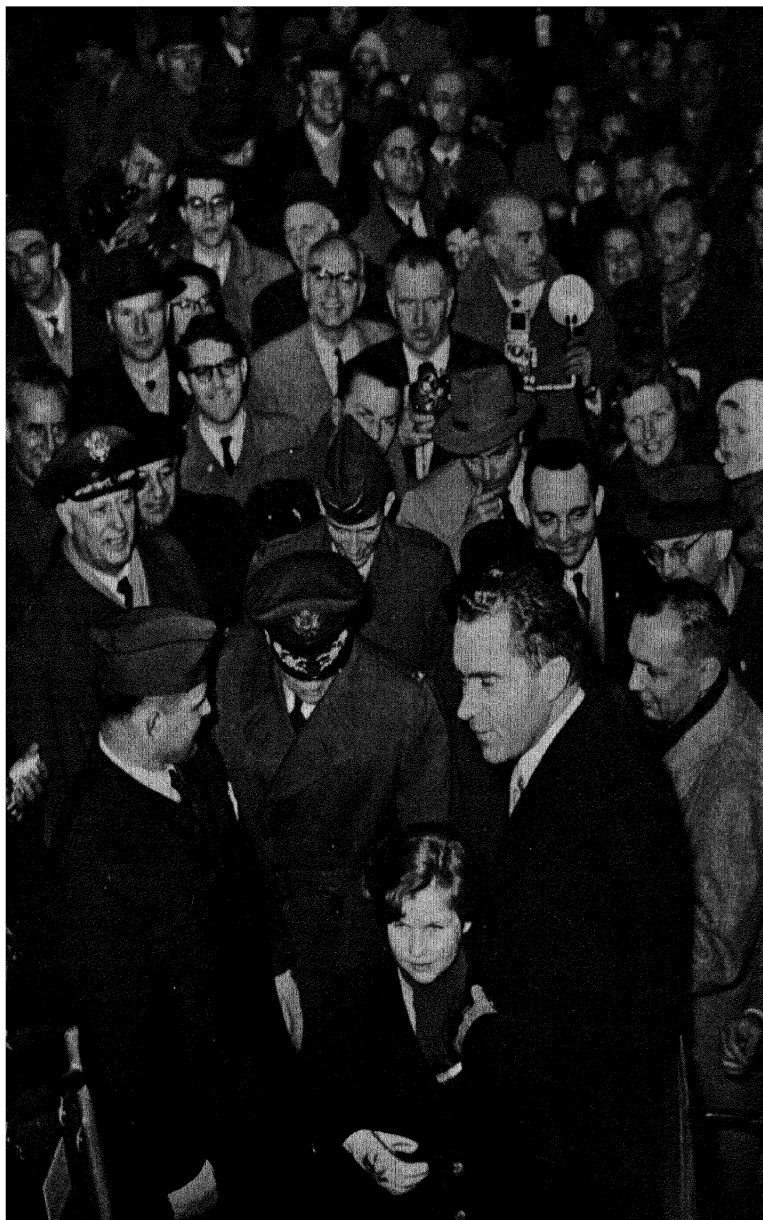
add that our children took to him instantly—and children more than the adults sense whether or not somebody likes them. He impresses me, not as an astute politician, but as a great family man.”

It should be noted that the Austrian people, too, opened their hearts to the refugees and in many instances offered financial assistance to the needy. Beautiful Miss Vienna, Emmy Hallgass Ruckenbauer, donated her one-month modeling fee and several dresses from her wardrobe. The ties which once bound Hungary to Austria seemed stronger in those tragic days than during the golden days of the dual reign of the Monarchy.

On December 21 the train carrying Nixon and his party pulled out from Vienna's Westbahnhof and headed west. This was the first leg of his return trip to America. The following day, after an overnight stay in Salzburg, he inspected the processing and living arrangements at Camp Roeder and then boarded a German train at Freilassing. We were heading for Munich. Riding on this train was an emotional experience. It was once Marshal Hermann Goering's, and it had all the luxuriousness in which the ill-famed boss of the Luftwaffe liked to indulge. When, more than a decade ago, I lived through the air battles of the Nazi and Russian air forces over Budapest, I had no idea that some day I would travel, in the company of the Vice President of the United States and as a guest of the government of Bavaria, on the private train of Hermann Goering.

On arrival at the railroad station in Munich we were faced with a spectacle I can hardly forget. Nixon inspected the military honor guard, which stood with a stiffness that seems to be an inborn trait of Germans in uniform.

As we passed the motionless ranks, my memories carried me to the Nazi occupation of Hungary in World War II. “This is not the first time I have passed by a German military unit,” I remarked to Bob King. “The only difference was that twelve



Vice President Nixon visited Vienna and Munich during the 1956 Hungarian revolution. Here he wishes godspeed to a Hungarian child departing for the United States. To Nixon's right is Congressman Bob Wilson, and the author is close by with a Secret Service man behind him.

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years ago in Budapest I moved considerably faster. Those Germans were not lined up as an honor guard; they were henchmen of the Gestapo and were after me."

The presence of the Vice President in the capital of Bavaria, once Hitler's stronghold, was a poignant reminder that the democracies had won their battle over Nazism.

It was on this trip that I was able to observe for the first time Nixon's prodigious capacity for work. Aside from his administrative assistant, Bob King, he leaned heavily upon a dedicated member of his staff, Loie Gaunt, who, except for a couple of hours' rest at night, worked on reports and took dictation for nearly twenty-four hours. Nixon has never employed ghost writers, and he drafts his own speeches in longhand.

In Munich's Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten he entered one of the sitting rooms where I was chatting with the staff around midnight. He apologized for the intrusion and handed Loie his long yellow pad for immediate typing. "It's a few minutes' job," he said apologetically. He was in shirt sleeves, and started pacing the room, oblivious to our presence. Then, as a second thought before returning to his room, he began dictating letters and speeches for the following day.

After the dictation was completed, he sank into a chair and talked about the grave problems of the Austrian government in housing the refugees. It was about 3:00 A.M. when he bade us good night. We couldn't help thinking of bureaucratic Washington, where civil service stops at 4:30 P.M. Nixon's office hours seemed to expand with his energy and mood.

The extraordinary circumstances of the trip, the presence of the anguished refugees, put both the distinguished visitor and his official hosts on edge. How did the traditionally easy-going Austrians feel about the "controversial" Vice President?

For the answer I visited the vice chancellor, Dr. Adolph Schaerf, now president of Austria. The interview took place in

one of Europe's famous governmental buildings, the Bundeskanzleramt, in Vienna's Ballhausplatz, where in 1814 the rulers of Europe, under the leadership of Austria's chancellor, Prince Wenzel Metternich, sealed the fate of Napoleon.

The then sixty-seven-year-old statesman met Nixon at Schwechat Airport in Vienna December 19, and subsequently conferred with him on the problems of the refugees.

At a reception given in honor of the Vice President by the American Ambassador, Dr. Schaerf observed: "I think it is a credit to the United States that a relatively young man should hold such an important position. Upon his arrival here Mr. Nixon showed a warm interest in the welfare of the Hungarian children. His concern for the youngsters was interpreted by everyone at the airport as a sign of deep attachment to family and gentleness at heart. In addition, Mr. Nixon proved to be a prodigious and conscientious worker. His unexpected night visit to the Austro-Hungarian border was a great surprise to everyone." Dr. Schaerf gave this opinion of Nixon's "looks"—which seem to concern many Americans: "He is an attractive person, and, frankly, I had taken him for much younger than he actually was."

Julius Raab, the second chancellor of the Second Republic of Austria, is the prototype of the Austrian burger. He takes his after-luncheon coffee in one of Vienna's most *burgerliche Kaffehauser*, the Landtmann, within walking distance of the chancellery. He spent many hours with Nixon, discussing the grave situation of the refugees. But, being a Viennese, he recalls the light moments first:

"At the final conference the Vice President arrived immediately from his night visit at the border. That night he slept two and a half hours, at the most. When I asked him when did he find time for sleep, he replied that he lives by a strict schedule. He sleeps every Tuesday."

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The foreign minister of Austria, Leopold Figl, is considered by many as one of the more astute statesmen in world diplomacy. The huge white French doors in the Ballhausplatz, with their high-placed brass handles, brought back memories. I told Herr Figl of my experiences with the late Chancellor Dollfuss, whom I interviewed in 1933. Dollfuss, murdered by the Nazis, was a pint-sized figure who had to stand on his toes to reach the door handle. A smile appeared on Figl's vibrant face. "In those days of Nazi influence the reaching for a door handle in the Bundeskanzleramt was not a small accomplishment," he quipped.

His face hardened as the discussion turned to the Nixon visit. "It seems that Mr. Nixon wanted to see for himself how the situation at the Austro-Hungarian border really was," he said. "All his talks and activities here bespoke his deep interest in the humanitarian aspects of the Hungarian tragedy. I was deeply impressed with his humaneness, seriousness, and sense of responsibility. He did not spare himself, and was active day and night, in order to be able to give President Eisenhower a comprehensive and objective report."

His eyes shone as he spoke of the Nixon visit. "Immediately upon his arrival at the airport, when the national anthems were played, Mr. Nixon turned around and shook hands with the commanding officer of the honorary guard and wished him and his men Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Then he saw a group of Hungarian refugees about to take off for the United States. He took the children in his arms, kissed them, and assured the parents that they would find hospitality and all necessary support in America. Later, on his visit to the chancellery, he shook hands with the doorkeepers and attendants, wishing them a Merry Christmas. His natural charm and friendliness made a great impression everywhere."

Like Nixon, the foreign minister came from a humble home.

Did the two find anything in common in regard to philosophy and upbringing? "Yes," he replied, "insofar as we both have pledged ourselves to the principles of Christian humanity and have been confirmed in this conviction by our upbringings. Supported by these principles, we try to fulfill our duties as human beings. Since we have not been spoiled by riches, our understanding of the needs of our fellow-men is probably greater, and our sense of responsibility in serving our people has been sharpened accordingly. In this sense, one can speak of a common philosophy."

In the opening part of this chapter reference was made to Nixon's secretly planned predawn visit to Andau—the no-man's land only two and a half kilometers from the Hungarian frontier. The tiny village was the main processing point for the refugees, and the idea that the Vice President should expose himself to the hazards of the dangerous border crossing presented problems to Austrian security authorities.

The man in charge of security, Ministerialrat Maximilian Pammer, chief of the state police—similar to our FBI—accompanied Nixon on the adventurous trip of inspection. Dr. Pammer frankly admitted to me that he had not been exactly happy about the excursion. "Of course, I did know about the Andau trip a little ahead of time," he said, "but the secret was kept in order to prevent a possible incident.

"On the day after Nixon's arrival, at three-thirty in the morning, three cars carrying fifteen persons sped to Andau. As you know, Mr. Nixon was accompanied by Deputy Attorney General William P. Rogers, his aide Robert L. King, and Congressman Bob Wilson of California. The party went straight to a farmhouse where the proprietor used tractor-drawn trailers to tour the frontier and pick up Hungarian refugees. The Vice President was told that trailer loads of refugees had just come in. We used a tractor-trailer to inspect the border, but on this

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last muddy stretch only his close associates accompanied the Vice President. There were no seats in the trailer, and so he knelt on some straw, covered by a few blankets. In the soft, uneven ground it would have been impossible to stand upright. In this position he traveled some four kilometers along the frontier between six and six-thirty.

"In the farmhouse Mr. Nixon met two Hungarians who had just crossed the border. The excitement of their adventurous escape through the frost-whipped marshland was still fresh. They trembled with cold, but their excitement—this time joyful, to be sure—visibly increased as they learned that the dark-haired young man in the little farmhouse was the Vice President.

"That scene was an unforgettable experience, but when the tour was completed, and we returned to Vienna without an incident, I felt a real relief. It was not easy to make security arrangements, because Mr. Nixon invariably upset our plans by shaking hands with people beyond the police lines. The fears of an attempted assassination, or a flare-up of temperament among disappointed refugees, had proved groundless."

The pre-Christmas "blitz-visit"—which will be remembered as one of the quickest but most important diplomatic inspection tours on record—impressed the refugees, the Austrian officials, and nearly everybody else whom Nixon contacted.

The spokesman of the chancellor's office on Ballhausplatz, Dr. Fritz Meznik, chief of the press in the chancellery, summed up to me the significance of the mission in these words: "The visit of Vice President Nixon has raised the prestige of the United States in the world and enhanced the confidence which Austria and, above all, the Hungarian refugees have in America."

The adventure in Andau had its light moments. William P. Rogers described an episode showing that some persons can find humor in a situation, even in the midst of despair.

"Two girls, one around nineteen, the other in her late twenties,

had just crossed the border," he reminisced. "The older was heading for South America; the younger hoped to get to the States and pave the way for her parents, whom she had left behind in Hungary. At Dick's invitation, the two shared the trip from the border to Andau on the hay wagon in which he and his small party journeyed to Andau. On the way back, the wagon went through terrific bumpings on the unpaved country roads and the older girl was overheard admonishing her friend for always looking for adventure. She accused her of fleeing Hungary just for the excitement. 'True, but can you think of greater excitement than having a hayride with the handsome Vice President of the United States?' the young girl chirped."

More than three years have passed since "Operation Mercy" was finished. One may ponder in retrospect whether the mission tipped the scales of world opinion favorably toward the United States. Perhaps, by the yardstick of history, a period of a few years is too short a time for calm and objective consideration. But one may safely conclude that, during his visits to the Austrian and German refugee camps, Nixon warmed the hearts of those homeless people and threw a ray of hope across the frontier to darkened Hungary.

Chapter 20

The Family

THE LUSTER of a famous name sometimes casts only a shadow over those lucky or unlucky enough to be close kin. A classic example of the depressing and awkward situations that a relative occasionally creates was much in evidence when I interviewed the son of the late Albert Einstein. Dr. Hans Albert Einstein, associate professor of civil engineering at the University of California, knows of the feeling of a son whose father became immortal in his own lifetime.

The talented young Dr. Einstein has had countless embarrassing experiences with telephone operators, post-office clerks, and traffic officers. He has received a parking ticket from a policeman who, suspicious of his name, refused to believe him and wrote out the ticket as a lesson to a "wise guy." He has had people look him squarely in the eye and say bluntly, "Impossible. Einstein has no son." In addition, several times a week he has to walk through the university library, where a bust of Albert Einstein stands between those of Dante and Copernicus. When he was asked to pose for a photograph beside it, he agreed reluctantly, but asked: "Do you know what it is to have your father a statute?"

Fortunately, the Nixon-Milhous clan has taken the reflected

glory of Richard pretty well in its stride. None so far has changed his pace, his way of life, or sought to win special favor in Washington. On the surface life seems unchanged, but the close observer can detect signs of strain.

Don has had bitter experiences as a result of his brother's prominence. He once had a supermarket, but he was forced to sell it. Norman Chandler believes that were it not for the labor unions' animosity toward the Vice President, Don Nixon would still be in business. "Even my little girl and my boys suffer occasionally because of their famous uncle," Don told me. "More than once they have come home from school crying because their classmates, children of Democratic parents, heckled them about him."

There are, of course, great temptations in the life of men with celebrated kin. "A man wanted to present me with a uranium mine," Don says. "Another recent proposition was that I accept a directorship on the board of a large corporation. I don't know anything about the product and function of that corporation, and it was obvious that the position was offered on Dick's account. I found these propositions humiliating."

He now works for the Carnation Milk Company in Los Angeles, but hopes to go back into a business of his own. He and his family live in a modest little house off Whittier Boulevard. While Hannah Nixon's house is adorned with many photographs and souvenirs of Richard, there is not a single photograph of him in Don's house. Affectionate brothers as they are, Don apparently subscribes to Nikita Khrushchev's aversion to the cult of personality.

Hannah's sisters differ in their opinion as to the soundness of a Nixon biography. The eldest, Edith Timberlake, is by nature a skeptic, and it came as no surprise when she expressed doubt that a book could change the already established public sentiments regarding her nephew. "Books about Richard," she said bluntly,



A family gathering in Washington: Don Nixon, his wife Clara Jean, Frank Nixon, Hannah Nixon, the Vice President, his wife Pat, and his youngest brother Eddie.

“are of no importance”—a statement that has done little to boost the morale of this biographer. “What is important is that he is doing a job to the best of his ability, and, if some folks can’t sense his honesty, no book will convince them. After all, his friends will still like him and his enemies will hate him.”

The second sister, Martha Gibbons, known as Mattie, has the same happy disposition as Hannah. “I have some boyhood letters from Dick and I would like to help out,” she said, “but, you know, this thing around him happened so fast, and nobody, except Hannah, paid much attention to his letters.”

Jane Beeson is one of the aunts who, with a little effort, could have changed the course of his career. A music teacher as well as her brother Griffith, she saw musical talent in him and at her suggestion Frank and Hannah sent the eleven-year-old boy to

the Sunnyside elementary school to perfect his studies in that line. Apparently she wasn't persuasive enough, for Richard took only a lukewarm interest in the subject.

In many interviews no member of the family volunteered an appraisal of him. It was obvious that they took a good deal of pride in him, and yet this personal feeling seemed to be locked in and almost camouflaged. Don frequently blushed when the subject revolved around his brother's eminence. Hannah said: "Don and Eddie are not in public life, but I'm mighty proud of them, just as I am of Richard."

Her remark brought to mind the time when newspapermen swarmed around the Eisenhower home in Abilene, Kansas, and asked how the mother felt about her famous son. She retorted nonchalantly: "Which one do you mean?"

"A mother is in a tough spot when asked to talk about one of her sons when her other ones are just as close to her," Hannah observed. "Take Eddie. He is always thoughtful of others, and in brains is not behind Richard."

When the Vice President attended Eddie's wedding to Gay Lynn Woods of New Orleans, newsmen asked him facetiously whether he would try to use his influence to obtain a promotion for his brother, an ensign. He replied: "He doesn't need my influence. He's got most of the brains in the family."

In one of my interviews with her, Hannah produced a letter which she "prizes highly." From the Pensacola Naval Air Station Eddie greeted his mother on her birthday. He wrote:

DEAR MOTHER,

It is still March 7, 1954, as this ink dries and though this will arrive a little late, I trust your remarkable intuition made you realize that on this special day your youngest son was certainly thinking of you, as usual. Perhaps I write the wrong things at such times, but you must understand that I am sometimes compelled by an intangible

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force to try to express in poor human words thoughts that well up in my heart—things that were put there by God and were perhaps not meant to be expressed but only to be understood by a mother who knows better than anyone the nature of her children's minds.

Therefore I shall limit further comment to that something which was born unto you and for which six particular beings of widely divergent ages have loved you and shall love you for all significant time.

EDDIE

As if she would like to store away the sentiments expressed by her youngest son in such an archaic style, she read the letter over and over. "I presume that the love of our children is our real compensation on this earth," she said. "I know I shouldn't say this, but I'm not only a proud mother but also a proud grandmother."

Newspaper clippings and photographs of her grandchildren are all over the place. Eddie's baby enjoys a high priority in her affection. Don's children are daily visitors. She likes to chat about the Vice President's daughters, fourteen-year-old Patricia and eleven-year-old Julie.

"The children are Richard's biggest pleasure," she says. "I was in Washington for Christmas in 1958. One evening Richard came home dead tired. He'd had a very busy day at his office and at the White House. Julie, who was ten then, slid down the banister to meet him.

"'Dad,' she said, 'something terrible has happened. Just awful!'

"'What is it, Julie?' he asked.

"'My doll has lost her hair and I can't find it,' she replied.

"Instead of pushing her aside, he went upstairs with her. He got down on his hands and knees, looked under her bed, and found the wig. When he came down, I asked him why he had gone to all that trouble. He told me that, by helping Julie with her little problem, he was able to forget the big things on his mind.

"He has a wonderful relationship with his girls. Of course, he doesn't have as much time for them as he would like. For reasons of state, he has to be out almost every night. He's only home for dinner five or six times a month, but when he is free they make the most of it. Sometimes he takes Tricia to the baseball games. She's just like her father: she loves baseball.

"When Richard and Pat arrived home from Russia, they found the girls had baked an angel-food cake for them. They had iced it themselves and decorated it with the words, 'Welcome Home, Mommy and Daddy.' They had also arranged a little play—Cinderella, it was—as a special surprise.

"Tricia and Julie are just as dear to me as they are to their parents. They write me all the time and they like to talk to me on the phone. Tricia always wants the last word, and it's usually: 'When are you coming to visit us?'

"I love them both equally, but sometimes they're a bit jealous of each other. When I'm in Washington, Julie will slip into my bedroom and say: 'I want to sleep with you tonight.' Patricia will overhear her and say: 'No. If you do, I will, too.'

"Julie has a little playhouse and she told me she wanted a tiny grand piano for it. Well, I hunted all over Washington for one, but I couldn't find what she wanted. I finally found one here in La Habra. It had only ten keys, but it was true to scale. She was so pleased. She writes me the nicest letters. There's one here."

She handed me a page covered in a childish hand. Direct and to the point, it began: "Thank you for the \$100. I love you very much."

The children's letters are adorned with primitive symbols and flowers and are sprinkled generously with crosses and circles beneath their signatures. Hannah picked up one with a huge red letterhead, "Tricia Nixon." The size of the type was almost as bold as would be found in a tabloid newspaper. "She insisted

TRICIA NIXON

Dear Nana

Thursday 26

It has just stopped raining
But I don't see the sun.

I have been playing on my
accordian. I have made
up my mind to play it.
I would have answered
your letter sooner but
the messes I ate
I would like full
incl to be
and I
cia
o o o o o o
x x x x x x
o o o o o o

three den
to Sus
cuss!

Dear Nana,
I would have answered
your letter sooner but
the messes I ate
I would like full
incl to be
and I
cia
o o o o o o
x x x x x x
o o o o o o

Miss Julie Nixon
4205 Forest Lane, N.W.
Washington, D.C.



WIDE WORLD

Grandmother Hannah, a great favorite of Patricia and Julie Nixon, is greeted at the airport by her grandchildren. When she is back in California they send her fond letters.

she must have her own 'personalized' letterhead," the grandmother explained.

Some of the epistles reported momentous events. This one was from Tricia:

DEAR NANA AND GRANPA,

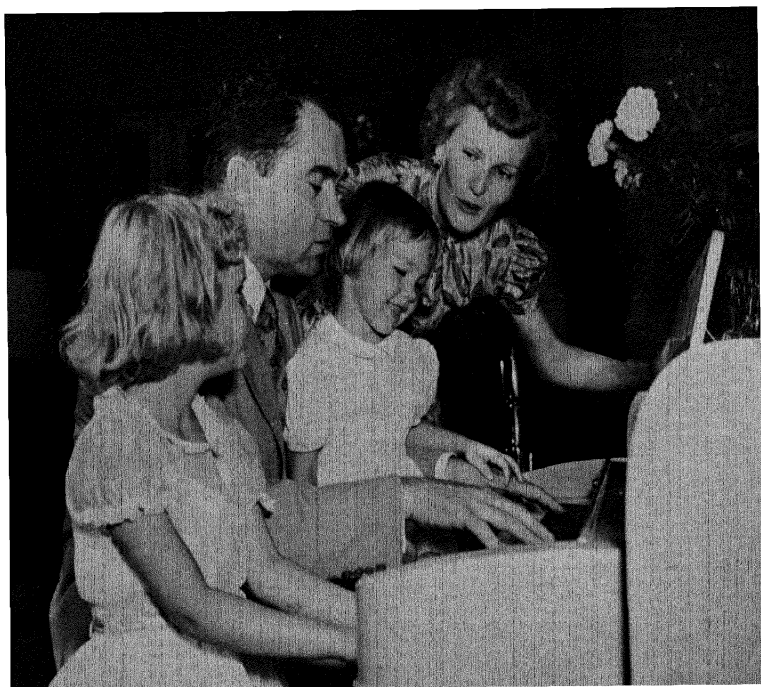
Thank you very much for the one hundred dollars. I'm going to put it in the bank and save it for college. Puff Ball my cat had baby kittens before I went to camp. Two are boys and two are girls. They are very cute. How is your cat? I am sending you a schedule of my activities at camp. I had a wonderful time there. I miss you very much.

Love to you and Granpa,
TRICIA

Presents of one hundred dollars each are a sharp contrast to those received by Nixon in his youth. When he was studying law at Duke, from time to time his grandmother would send him a fifty-dollar check. Those were depression days, and he would often send twenty-five back to his family, explaining that he didn't need the extra money.

Pat and Richard make a valiant effort to prevent their children from being spoiled by public interest. The girls were taught self-reliance and sometimes it seems that they learned their lessons too well. In 1957, when the Vice President flew to San Francisco to attend an economic conference sponsored by *Life*, *Time* and *Fortune*, there were two unscheduled passengers in his entourage: Tricia and Julie.

"A few minutes before we were about to leave the house," Pat explains, "both girls showed up with their little suitcases packed, and confronted me with a *fait accompli*: 'Mommy, we want to go with Daddy,' they said. 'We've never been able to go to San Francisco before, we don't see much of him, and we are going.' I was staying home that time, and the girls reasoned that their father was always accompanied by 'a lady' from the family—



UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

Informal family living and shared activities are the watchword in the Nixon home. The Vice President's early training in music helps him do his part.

meaning their mother—and so they would substitute for me as chaperons. With that reasoning they won handily.”

The parents feel that the girls are entitled to enjoy an undisturbed childhood, free from too much attention and flattery. Further, they believe that a normal home life is essential to the development of the two into well-adjusted adults. But this goal is not always easy for children of a celebrity.

The girls have become gradually aware of the importance of their father's position, but the Nixons never encourage them to expect special privileges in school or in the summer camps. Be-

cause of their background, both parents would consider social consciousness very much out of line.

I once relayed to the Vice President a story Jimmy Roosevelt had told me. Jimmy was fighting a classmate on the stately grounds of Hyde Park. He was knocked down, and in desperation threatened the other boy: "My old man will fix you." Hearing this, the etiquette-conscious grandmother, Sara Delano Roosevelt, reprimanded him: "James, don't you dare call your father 'Old Man.' Remember, he is the President of the United States." The Vice President was amused.

"A few years ago," he said, children all over the country would greet me, 'Hiya, Dick,' or even 'Hiya, Nixon.' I didn't see it as a sign of lack of respect, but rather as one of affection."

Though he is not a strict father, he is determined to perpetuate in his children the same tolerance he learned in his parental home. The girls are frequently reminded to respect their classmates, regardless of social position or race. Recently the Vice President enrolled his children in a denominational Friends school, in spite of the risk that such an act might result in adverse criticism. Their intellectual, emotional, and spiritual welfare is his foremost concern.

Chapter 21

Storm over Latin America

"You would have been very proud of Pat in South America," Richard Nixon wrote on September 15, 1958, to his former Latin teacher, Señora Marvin G. Holt, in Whittier. "I think the biggest mistake the Commies made was to direct their insults to her as well as to me. Many of my Latin friends here have told me since that a man is fair game, but that showing disrespect for a woman is about the worst offense a Latin can commit."

The Vice President's gallantry toward his lady is poignantly manifested in the way he sized up the riotous demonstrations which could have easily cost his life. It was obvious, however, that on the scale of diplomatic evaluation the demonstrations in Lima and Caracas weighed more heavily than as a mere breach of etiquette against a high official of the United States. It became obvious that South America has undergone a drastic social and economic revolution in the last decade, and that United States diplomacy has not yet recognized the change. Our State Department, and the people at large, came to the sudden realization that there must be serious flaws and blunders in our "good-neighbor policy," if a good-will tour by the Vice President could be used to stir up such violent antipathy in the host countries.

On a cold, rainy day, April 27, 1958, Nixon and his wife took

off from Washington's National Airport for an eighteen-day tour covering eight South American countries. The purpose of the trip, as it was officially announced by the White House, was to represent President Eisenhower at the inauguration of President-elect Arturo Frondizi of Argentina, the first freely elected chief executive of the post-Perón era. The radars of our diplomacy indicated smooth sailing for the thirteen-thousand-mile trip. Even those familiar with Latin American affairs anticipated nothing but the usual pleasantries which had been accorded to visiting diplomats and the President's brother, Milton Eisenhower.

The Vice President was accompanied by Samuel C. Waugh, president of the Export Import Bank; Roy R. Rubottom, Jr., assistant secretary of state for Inter-American Affairs; and Maurice Bernbaum, director of the State Department's Office of South American Affairs. Members of his official staff included William G. Key, administrative assistant; Marine Colonel Robert E. Cushman, Jr., his national security assistant; Rose Mary Woods, his executive secretary; and Air Force Major James D. Hughes, his military aide. The major, a much-decorated war hero, was recommended to the Vice President by Admiral Arthur W. Radford, formerly Chief of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and he now serves as appointment secretary.

At the first stop, Montevideo, Uruguay, a hostile cloud, no bigger than a fist, appeared in the balmy sky. It came in the cry of a student: "*Fuera Nixon!*" (Nixon go home!). But this protest was drowned out by the friendly crowd, which shouted: "*Viva Nixon!*"—"Viva Norte Americano!"

From Montevideo the Nixons flew across the Rio Plata to Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina. The Vice President was ten minutes late at the oath-taking ceremony of President Frondizi. The streets were so crowded with festive throngs that his car was held up as he was heading for the Congress Building on the

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Plaza Colon de Mayo. At a round-table discussion with students and faculty members of the University of Buenos Aires, American Ambassador Willard L. Beaulac and Rubottom lived through tense moments when Nixon frankly criticized American diplomatic methods and advocated "less diplomacy and more frankness" in our relations with the Latin Americans. But real excitement was still awaiting the man who used these sharp words.

From Buenos Aires he flew to Paraguay where, just as the proverbial calm before the storm, he was warmly received. Observers pointed out that the friendly reception in this little nation of Spanish-Indian blood might be attributed to the fact that Communists are outlawed in Paraguay, and Nixon's anti-Communist record was probably known to the people there.

In retrospect it is worthy of note that it was at his next stop, in La Paz, Bolivia, that he made a startling statement of strictly North American interest. At the Embassy luncheon for the press he responded to a question concerning his Presidential ambitions with almost exactly the same words he used in answering a similar question asked by me in 1959 in Washington. "I have a theory that those who seek the Presidency seldom win it," he said in La Paz. "This is one office in which circumstances, rather than a man's ambition, usually determine the result."

After their two-day visit in that rugged, landlocked country the Nixons took off from the 12,000-foot-high airport for Lima, Peru. Here, at the 407-year-old San Marcos University, the violent dislike for this country's policy broke out with savage fury. The visiting Vice President became a defenseless Yankee punching bag for the uncontrolled Peruvian student mob. The hands of the Communist party were clearly visible behind the outbreak of anti-Americanism. Leaflets demanding that "Nixon go home" were signed by the Peruvian Communist party. In that colorful land of the Incas there were serious economic deprivations which fanned the dislike for the United States. In the midst of an economic

boom, a slump in lead, zinc, and copper prices had created unrest and discontent, and the Peruvians were angered by our talks of higher tariffs or quotas on these raw materials.

In 1957 Peru's foreign trade deficit brought on inflation. When the United States released its surplus cotton, the prices on the world market tumbled and Peru's economy was impaired. The tension created by economic strains was further aggravated by the memory of this country's friendship for the former dictator, General Manuel A. Odriá. It was this last that particularly affected the intelligentsia who chose the San Marcos campus (where university autonomy forbids police to enter) for their anti-American demonstrations. His aides tried frantically to dissuade the Vice President from his scheduled visit to the university. Reliable information already in the hands of the authorities indicated that the students were determined for a showdown and would resort to violence. What happened, therefore, was not wholly unexpected.

It was entirely up to Nixon to make the decision and assume responsibility for consequences which could have set off a chain reaction in the entire Hemisphere. He faced the dilemma with the same calm and aplomb with which he has confronted many crucial issues during his stormy political career. He decided to go ahead with his schedule.

He first called on President Manuel Prado and lunched at the Government Palace. After this formal visit, he laid a wreath on the statue of José de San Martín, hero of Peru's fight for independence from Spain. A hissing, shouting crowd gathered around the Plaza San Martín, opposite the Hotel Bolívar, where the Nixons were staying. "Peru, yes—Nixon, no," and "Peru is not for sale," they screamed. The Vice President and his wife saw the waiting mob from their hotel suite. They were, of course, shocked by the violent mood of the crowd, composed mostly of college students. But Nixon stepped out from the hotel, deter-

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mined to carry out his plan, although this time his life seemed to be in real peril.

Pat Nixon, who watched from her hotel window the hostile demonstrators jeering and spitting at her husband, later confided to a friend: "I was so proud of Dick I could almost burst." His route was lined with cardboard signs saying: "Nixon Dog," "Grief to Peru: Viceroy Colonial Dictator Nixon Is Here," and the standard Communist slogan, "Death to Yankee Imperialism."

As he drew near the university, a shrieking, stone-throwing, spitting, hysterical mob surged around the gates, thus barring his entrance. They pressed closer and the situation turned critical. It seemed that the angry demonstrators were trying to drag the Vice President out of his car.

At this point Nixon leaped from the car and shouted at the crowd the words used ironically by persons confronting the imaginary men of Mars: "Take me to your leader!" The mob jeered and spat at him. A stone grazed his neck and shoulders. Another hit the mouth of John T. Sherwood, the chief of the Secret Service detail. Nixon tried to reason: "I came to talk to you. That is the democratic way." The mob answered with another shower of stones. For a second or so it appeared that he had lost his composure. He shook his fist and yelled: "You are cowards! Don't you want the truth?"

Were it not for the Secret Service detail, along with Major Hughes and Nixon's interpreter, Colonel Vernon Walters, he would have attempted to win over the mob with reasoning and logic, just as he had done with the voters when he made his first bid for Congress. But here the setting was not California and his opponent was not the urbane Jerry Voorhis.

When no break through the gates was possible, the Vice President proceeded to Catholic University, where he was applauded by the surprised students. He and his party entered the hall unannounced. The youngsters were in the midst of balloting for

their student president. "Nothing must interfere with free elections," he apologized. "I'll observe, and you finish, and then we'll try to answer some of your questions." They cheered him and swarmed about him.

Later, in the chapel, he borrowed the phrase Franklin D. Roosevelt used in the wake of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor. He said: "This day will live in infamy in the history of San Marcos University, not because of what the students did, but because a violently vocal minority denied freedom of expression, without which no institution of learning deserves the word 'great.'" Then, with the tolerance of his Quaker forebears, he summed up his feelings in these words: "This was not a Peruvian affront to me. When, for example, one demonstrator spat in my face, he was spitting on the good name of Peru, he was spitting on the memory of San Martín, Peru's greatest hero, he was spitting on men who through the years fought and died for the right of free expression."

American and world reaction to the episode was divided. Walter Lippmann called it a "fiasco and a diplomatic Pearl Harbor." Arthur Krock quoted a leading Democrat who condemned Nixon for "trying to argue United States democracy through an interpreter at a loss to his country's dignity and his own." But David Lawrence wrote: "What a cowardly thing it would be for the United States government to refuse to go ahead with a trip previously announced and to give as the reason that it couldn't expect—from friendly governments—protection or security for a visiting delegation!"

In his press conference before his departure from Lima, the Vice President assumed full responsibility for his visit to San Marcos. He did not yet know how public opinion would analyze his perilous encounter with the Peruvians. "I think the world saw today in a very small area a symbol of the world problem of international Communism," he said. "Those of us who sup-

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port freedom must never show cowardice."

En route to Quito, Ecuador, he received—through radio-telephone by Acting Secretary of State Christian A. Herter—this message from President Eisenhower:

DEAR DICK:

Your courage, patience, and calmness in the demonstration directed against you by radical agitators have brought you new respect and admiration in our country. I am certain that the vast majority of citizens, both in Peru and in the United States, deplore the incident caused by a few.

I note with satisfaction that the Peruvian government has already expressed to you its regret. Indeed, I feel that every participant in the mob will finally come to feel a sense of guilt and embarrassment because of his failure to show toward a friendly visitor the ordinary measure of courtesy and hospitality.

Give my love to Pat and warm regard to yourself.

As ever,
D. E.

Quito gave Nixon a fairly cordial welcome and it seemed particularly so in comparison with the turbulence that stormed around him in the sister republic. The press greeted him as an "ambassador of good will" and tactfully ignored the riots in Lima. The day of his arrival the government issued a special commemorative stamp bearing his picture. This message came from Nelson A. Rockefeller, Administration Adviser on Latin American Affairs: "Your courage and determination have inspired democratic forces throughout the Hemisphere. We all feel a great sense of pride in your action. Congratulations."

From Ecuador the party flew to Bogotá, Colombia. There Nixon may have sensed trouble ahead. He tried, by radio-telephone, to contact his mother in Whittier, to talk with her on Mother's Day. This attempt failed, as Hannah was enroute to San Francisco, and so he talked with his brother, Donald. He told Donald that he would "continue to meet people from all walks of

life, despite any danger that may be involved."

His allusion to danger sounded prophetic, but he knew an assassination attempt was to be made on the last leg of his trip. A confidential report from the head of the Secret Service, U. E. Baughman, in Washington, informed Nixon that Communists had hired a Venezuelan student to kill him. On the proverbial unlucky day of the thirteenth this prediction almost materialized.

The riot started as soon as his silver-and-white Air Force DC-6B touched down at Maiquetia Airport in Caracas. "The Star-Spangled Banner" and a nineteen-gun salute were drowned by the frantic howls of a well-organized mob. Those who maintain that spitting is not the habit of Latins could revise their knowledge of the Latin temper. These Latins spat in streams at the Vice President and his wife as the two proceeded along the troop-lined red carpet. The scene was brightened by Pat Nixon's urbane gesture: she reached out between the fixed bayonets of the honor guard to shake the hand of a girl who shouted invectives at her. Startled, the girl looked up in surprise and then blushing turned away.

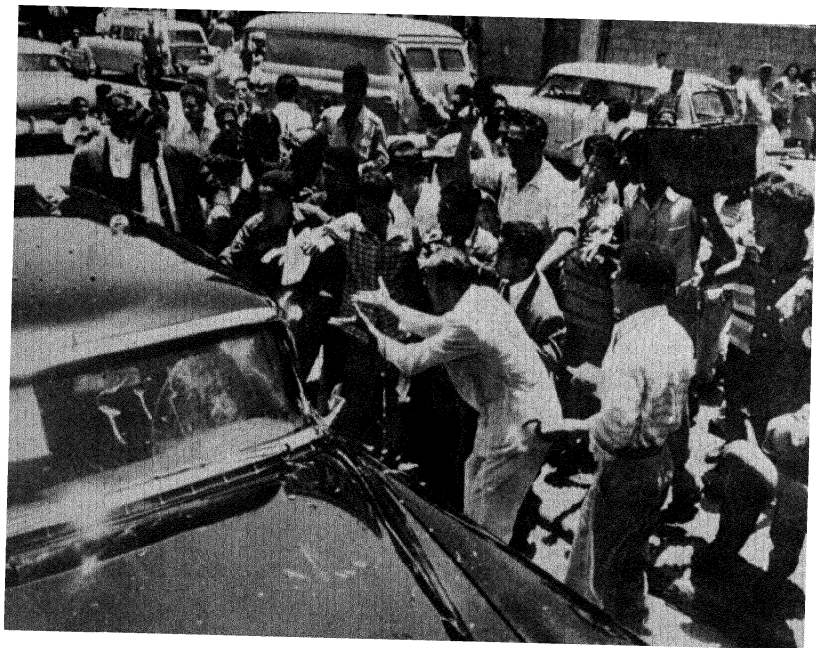
The main trouble was yet to come. On the way from the airport to the capital the motorcade was stalled in heavy traffic for twelve minutes. In what looked like a carefully planned ambush the mob of several hundred, surging forth from side streets, charged against Nixon's Cadillac with clubs, empty beer cans, and rocks. They ripped the American and Venezuelan flags from the car. The windows were shattered; the rioters reached for the door and tried to drag Nixon out of the auto.

Foreign Minister Oscar Garcia Ventuni, who sat with the Vice President, was injured in the eye. John Sherwood and the interpreter, Colonel Vernon Walters, were showered with glass splinters, but by the heroic resistance of the Secret Service detail, Nixon escaped injury.

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In the company of the wife of Garcia, Don Hughes, and two Secret Service men—Dale Grubb and Ernest Aragon—Pat was riding in a car immediately behind her husband's. She saw with horror how a crazed mob was trying to club him to death. The motorcycle police were tooting their horns, but that did little to protect the Vice President. By the skillful maneuvering of the Secret Service and with the help of the Vice President's aides and local police, a wedge was finally forced through the crowd. His car hurried through it, and Pat's car followed close behind. The scheduled stop to lay a wreath on the tomb of Simón Bolívar was omitted, and the motorcade headed straight for the Embassy.

An angry mob attacks Nixon's car in Caracas, Venezuela.



After the Nixons' autos had disappeared, the mob turned its anger against the last car, in which Rose Mary Woods and Robert Cushman were riding. Their windows were shattered, but the two escaped serious injuries.

Later, after the party was settled in the Embassy, it was learned that Eisenhower had ordered a thousand marines and paratroopers to Puerto Rico and Cuba, where they would be ready if needed. The Venezuelan government was now thoroughly alarmed. Even before the President ordered out the troops, it had ringed the Embassy with four hundred soldiers. The Nixons became virtual prisoners inside the extraterritorial haven. Because Nixon refused to leave the building until the Venezuelan government guaranteed safety to the official party, the five-man military junta, headed by Admiral Wolfgang Larrazabel, paid a courtesy call and offered apologies. The next morning President Eisenhower called the Vice President to tell him the whole country was proud of him.

Under heavy military guard, the Vice President's motorcade later sped through deserted streets to the airport. This time the junta kept the crowds which lined the streets at bay. Nobody could get even within shouting distance of the visitors. On May 15 Nixon's plane landed at Washington's National Airport, where an immense crowd, headed by the President, greeted him. Mr. Eisenhower had previously disclosed that, breaking protocol, he would be at the airport. "Because of my admiration for his calmness and fortitude and his courage in very trying circumstances, I should like to make some special gesture," he said.

On May 14, after a two hour flight from strife-torn Venezuela, the Nixons had landed in Puerto Rico at San Juan's airport. There they received a rousing reception by the people of this American Commonwealth. Luis Muñoz, governor of this only Hispanic country in harmonious association with the United States for over fifty years, entertained the Nixons at the Gov-

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ernor's Palace at dinner. The Vice President spent the night at the palace and took off homebound to Washington in the early morning.

The joy over the friendly reception given him by the people of Puerto Rico was reflected in the Vice President's reply to President Eisenhower's welcoming speech at Washington's National Airport: "I remember yesterday—late in the evening—as we drove through the streets of San Juan, Puerto Rico, with Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, that our car was stopped on a couple of occasions by the crowds in the streets. I remember that men and women put their hands to the windows of the car. We finally got out and walked with them and this is what they said: "Welcome home, Mr. Vice President—or Mr. Nixon—God bless the United States."

Almost two years later, as Nixon discussed those turbulent times, it was hard to realize that he had been almost lynched. I reminded him of the wisecrack that a Vice President is the best protected man in Washington, because not even a fanatical anarchist would waste a bullet on him. He smiled grimly.

I asked him if he could recall his feelings when he sat in his battered limousine, exposed to an unpredictable mob and facing possible death. The conversation, as it was recorded on tape, went like this:

Q. I believe that even a man with nerves of steel would probably buckle under in the face of threats on his life. How did you feel when you were confronted with the Caracas mob? Did you seek the protective arm of God? Did you pray, or were you resigned to your fate?

A. Well, things were moving so fast, both in Lima and Caracas, that my positive thoughts were almost exclusively in regard to action: What to do next? How do you get out of here?

Q. It has been said that Napoleon's admiring orderly rushed up to him on the field of battle and said: "Sire, your feet are trembling!" Bonaparte answered: "Yes, orderly, I am afraid." He peered through his spyglass. "If you were to see what I see, you would have run



PUERTO RICAN NEWS SERV

The day following the strife in Venezuela, Governor Luis Muñoz Marin and all of Puerto Rico welcome Dick and Pat with open arms.

away." Since fear seems to be relative, I would like to ask you: Were you frightened?

A. Yes, very much so. I was deeply concerned about the safety of Pat and that of the Secret Service and those in my company.

Q. You are quoted as saying in Caracas: "You don't think in terms of world politics or hemisphere problems when somebody is banging on your window." Is that correct?

A. Yes, I said that, if probably not exactly in those words. But getting back to your question as to whether I prayed in the midst of the siege: Well, I think we all probably utter a silent prayer when we are faced with a great challenge and danger, and I must say that I was never so close to physical danger as I was in Caracas. The attacks could have resulted not only in physical harm, but death. Yes, it was frightening and I prayed. Under the circumstances we really couldn't do anything more effective and more sensible.

Some political observers have said that, in the light of the indignities he suffered in Lima, his trip to Caracas was a pro-

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vocative venture. But he believed that the forcefulness of his personality could dispel the hostilities, and retreat seemed repulsive to him as a former Navy commander.

Instead of the traditional "high level diplomacy," which confines itself to the political and social elite, he advocated a "personal diplomacy," which takes into account the wishes and aspirations of the people. With faith in the human value of this approach to international problems, he was ready to implement that method on the streets of Lima and Caracas. The fact that his approach backfired didn't discourage him. In a speech before the National Press Club, following his return from South America, he said bluntly that the United States might lose the battle with international Communism if this country didn't change some of its old-fashioned diplomatic ways. He warned that diplomats, businessmen, and other Americans have to start fighting the Communists on their own ground around the world—in the universities, in labor unions, in the countryside, and in the city streets. "It would be a lot easier to conduct foreign policy by attending a whole round of cocktail parties and white-tie dinners." He said some of our ambassadors had tried to convince him that it was beneath the dignity of the Vice President to engage in debates with mere students and labor leaders. "But they couldn't be more wrong."

Disregarding the fact that students had stoned and spat upon him, he warned: "It is high time that we pay more attention to university students, to labor unions, and to the opinion-making people than we have in the past." He urged: "We should quit thinking of Latin America in terms of the siesta, rumba, and cha-cha-cha, and more in terms of a vital force in the free world, an area where great revolutionary changes are under way." He added: "The people there are concerned, as they should be, about poverty, misery, and disease. They are determined to do something about it. And the United States is, and should be,

proud to work with them as partners in moving toward democracy, toward freedom, toward economic progress."

He saw clearly that these outbursts were not all Communist-inspired, but were genuine demonstrations against an American policy which seems to tolerate, and in instances embrace, Latin American dictators. In the quest for alliances against Communism we had lately welcomed elements who, although opposed to Communism, were enemies of our democratic way of life. We "lifted the lamp beside the golden door," and not only to deposed Latin dictators. Nazi and Fascist murderers, disguised in the armor of "freedom fighters," have lately found haven here in the aftermath of the Hungarian revolt. The story has yet to be told to the American people: how certain elements, who saw a chance to feather their own nests and regain status by opposing Communism in Hungary, were no less anti-democratic than the Communists. This policy of indiscriminate welcome to all opponents of Communism may boomerang just as vehemently as events blew up in South America.

Aside from moral considerations, it might be sensible to take a hard look at this policy of brotherly tolerance, when swastikas are being splashed around in our own country, once hailed as the "arsenal of democracy." The spittle that struck Richard and Pat Nixon was meant for all the American people. The mob in the Latin countries served notice on the United States that the coddling of dictators, even more than the much criticized trade barriers, may yet have a disastrous effect on the relationship between the United States and its hitherto good neighbors.

The poverty-stricken Venezuelans reminded the American visitor that their former dictator, Marcos Perez Jimenez, was awarded the Legion of Merit by President Eisenhower, and their former secret-police chief, Pedro Estrada, found sanctuary in Miami. It must be remembered also that the former dictator of Cuba, Fulgencio Batista, presided in a reign of terror

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over the subjugated Cubans, but this received not a fraction of the publicity or the condemnation the press gave Fidel Castro's drastic clean-up later on.

"I was the lightning rod," the Vice President said after the demonstrations, "and it's lucky the storm hit me before it became too destructive to do anything about it." In the midst of the shouting, angry mob Nixon quickly spotted the eye of this diplomatic hurricane and publicly denounced ex-President Jimenez of Venezuela. He even hinted to the Caracas junta that the extradition of the dictator from Miami Beach is not entirely impossible.

Were it not for Nixon's calm and restraint, however, this demonstration could have washed away the very structure of our relationship with the Western Hemisphere. Those close to Nixon know that he was unhappy about Washington's militant action in ordering out the marines and paratroopers. In his on-the-spot statement in Caracas he expressed his complete confidence that the Venezuelan government could assure his safety without the presence of American bayonets, and he thus refuted the accusation of "Yanqui imperialism."

His conciliatory attitude, in the face of spitting and stoning, demonstrated not only his personal bravery but also his statesmanship. His tact and patience, and his willingness to concede errors, made the Latins realize that there is still hope for a more realistic and enlightened United States foreign policy for the Hemisphere.

If our diplomacy will recognize the danger signals which flashed menacingly during his Latin American trip, his stormy mission will give real meaning to our "good-neighbor policy" with the nations in our front yard.

On the lighter side, the effectiveness of Nixon's journey can be also gauged by the sally which spread swiftly in the wake of his return: "Jack Kennedy is demanding equal time in Peru and Venezuela."

Chapter 22

Mission to Moscow and Warsaw

WHEN, on July 22, 1959, a Boeing-707 U.S. Air Force jet carried Nixon to Moscow, the diplomats of the world cocked their ears toward that capital and agreed, almost unanimously, that his trip to the U.S.S.R. was epoch-making. Even Walter Lippmann conceded that the Vice President's trip "produced a diplomatic breakthrough." Whether these exchange visits of world figures—visits originated by Prime Minister Macmillan, who first broke the ice with Khrushchev—will bring lasting peace between the opposing ideologies is in the realm of crystal-ball gazers. In the face of the deadlocked Geneva Conference of the Big Four foreign ministers, and the devastating weapons, no one minimized the significance of the friendly overtures between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., culminating in President Eisenhower's scheduled return visit to the Soviet Union in June of 1960.

It is significant to note that, though Eisenhower's "great crusade" with which his Presidential campaign was launched lost its sweep before it gained real momentum, the "lame-duck" President, in the final year of his second term and after two serious illnesses, became recharged with explosive vitality. The "personal diplomacy" for which Nixon became America's chief scout gave meaning to the Eisenhower crusade. More significantly, while

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the slogan of the crusade in 1952 had the earmark of a campaign promise, pointing to "clean up the mess in Washington," the diplomatic exchange between the United States and the Soviet Union appears to be a genuine crusade for world peace.

Just as Stalin's death gave way to a more relaxed diplomacy, the passing of John Foster Dulles eased the stiffened attitude toward the U.S.S.R. which marked U.S. policy during the late secretary's tenure of office. It is ironic that the Nixon visit signaled a deliberate turnabout in the diplomatic strategy of the Eisenhower administration, for Dulles was a close personal friend of Nixon's. During Dulles' life it would have been hard to visualize Nixon, with his vehement record of anti-Communism, barnstorming the Soviet Union and using the television network to denounce the official mouthpiece of the Kremlin, *Pravda*, for distorting the truth.

I took a real double-take when the Vice President's mother handed me, in her house in La Habra, a picture postcard from Siberia, saying her son was having "a wonderful time." We are too well accustomed to think of the frozen, barren land of Siberia as a place of forced slave labor, and "good times" there by an American usually bring about the scrutiny of the Un-American Activities Committee. Only in diplomacy can one witness the incongruous spectacle of Nixon's good-will tour across the Soviet Union, from Moscow to Sverdlovsk in the Urals, as he saluted the people of Russia with "*mir i druzhba*" (peace and friendship). But probably nothing is so strong in Nixon's political make-up as realism.

The realization of Khrushchev's omnipotent power convinced the Vice President that we cannot sit back and adopt an ostrich policy while Russia makes imposing strides in space science and thus perfects its military potential. This realism was reflected in Nixon's speech before the American Legion Convention in Minneapolis, when he described Khrushchev as "a man who holds in

his hands the greatest power any one man has ever held in the history of civilization—who, by his decision alone, could press the button which could start a chain reaction which would destroy civilization as we know it.”

Nixon started his trail-blazing mission, billed as the opening of the United States Exhibition in Moscow, under adverse circumstances. The whole affair was reminiscent of Henry Wallace’s criticism of America’s foreign policy in 1946, while Secretary of State Byrnes was attending a meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in Paris—an episode which brought about Byrnes’ resignation.

When the Vice President arrived in Moscow he found Khrushchev in a sour and fighting mood. Before they had even met, Khrushchev made a public statement that he didn’t understand what Nixon’s aim was in coming. His antagonism was obvious. He was furious over the resolution—adopted unanimously by Congress on the eve of the Vice President’s departure for Moscow—for a week of prayer for the “enslaved nations.” A verbal outburst from the hot-tempered Premier was inevitable.

This ill-timed resolution gave him an opportunity to lash out against Nixon at the start of his visit, and to question the sincerity of America’s desire for peace. Aside from his thorough briefing by State Department experts in Russian affairs, Nixon is quite an authority on the intricacies of Soviet diplomacy and is well versed in Communist psychology. He knew that the Soviets, by the very nature of power politics, speak from a position of strength and respect adversaries who display firmness and determination. His Congressional experience in dealing with Communists, and his humble origin, made him superbly qualified for this diplomatic safari.

Averell Harriman, Roosevelt’s wartime personal ambassador to the Soviet Union, has observed that Stalin once quite amicably

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reminded him that, while he was convinced of Harriman's liberal philosophy, he could not believe that a son of a multimillionaire could fully understand or sympathize with the problems of the working man. When Nelson Rockefeller was still hot on the trail of the Republican Presidential nomination, I reminded the Vice President of the Harriman story and pointed out that, though our foreign policy must not be focused solely on American and Russian relations, the eventuality that Khrushchev might react to a millionaire President with the same reservations as Stalin had must not be taken lightly.

At the roast beef dinner Nixon gave in honor of Khrushchev at the American Embassy, the Spaso House, he didn't miss this fine point; he emphasized the great common denominator in the family background of Dwight D. Eisenhower and Nikita Sergeivich Khrushchev. Toasting the Premier, he said: "Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Eisenhower are alike in one respect. They are both men who had humble beginnings and came to the top. The Prime Minister was once a miner. The President worked his way through school, and among his jobs was the back-breaking one of carrying ice."

However, the personal clash—followed by a quick reconciliation—between the son of the Whittier grocer and the son of the Ukrainian miner proved eloquently that their origins were probably the only common ground which may have lessened the friction in their ideologies. Perhaps, too, Nixon's basic simplicity of manner appealed to the earthy Khrushchev. The man who for more than seven years has held the office regarded as the epitome of ceremonial functions shuns the glitter and formality of his high station. In all of his foreign trips most American ambassadors have found his informality, and his indifference to diplomatic protocol, rather trying.

"Shortly after arriving at the Spaso House, the Vice President asked Pat if she would like to take a walk with him through the

town," his press secretary, Herb Klein, relates. "I walked with them, and there was only one American Secret Service man, and one Embassy representative who acted as interpreter. This was one of the few times the Nixons have been able to go through a public area unnoticed. The Soviets seemed to notice only that Mrs. Nixon wore shoes with pointed toes. In a small store she gave two little children some candy. Their parents were amazed when the interpreter told them that the candy was given by the wife of the Vice President of the United States."

On July 24, at the opening of the exhibit in Sokolniki Park, Nixon and Khrushchev, discarding the suave diction of conventional diplomacy, engaged in a catch-as-catch-can conversation which ranged from the comparative merits of dishwashers, capitalism, the status of women, and free exchange of ideas, to the awesome possibilities of a nuclear war.

The man who showed his skill in debating in his college days and in his campaign against Congressman Jerry Voorhis was equal to the occasion. His rhetoric fared well when compared with that of the tough and quick-witted Premier. His firmness impressed the people who live under the iron discipline of the Party; his flattery was equally appreciated. The Russians present during the impromptu exchange looked aghast when at one point the Vice President interrupted the loquacious Premier by saying: "Hold on, now; let me finish—"

Apparently aware of the sensitivity and nationalistic pride of the hard-toiling Russians, Nixon complimented them on their amazing economic progress, but at the same time dismissed their naïve concept of present-day American capitalism. "The caricature of capitalism as a predatory, monopolist-dominated society is as hopelessly out of date as a wooden plow on one of your collective farms," he said.

Just as his dramatic television appeal to the nation in 1952 in connection with his campaign funds lives on in the minds of the

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people as the "Checkers speech," so is his exchange with Khrushchev recorded in the annals of world diplomacy as the "kitchen debate."

At the fair Khrushchev's fighting mood was obvious. He was critical of the United States ban on the shipment of strategic goods to the Soviet Union. "Americans have lost their ability to trade," he snapped. "Now you have grown older and you don't trade the way you used to. You need to be invigorated."

After a few calm words by the Vice President, Khrushchev's temper mellowed a little. "We want to live in peace and friendship with Americans," he said, "because we are the two most powerful countries and, if we live in friendship, other countries will also live in friendship. But if there is a country that is too war minded we can pull its ears a little and say: 'Don't you dare; fighting is not allowed now; this is a period of atomic armament; some foolish one could start a war and then even a wise one couldn't finish the war.' Therefore we are governed by this idea in our policy, internal and foreign. How long has America existed? Three hundred years?"

Nixon replied: "One hundred and eighty years." Undaunted, Khrushchev continued: "One hundred and eighty years? Well, then, we will say America has been in existence for one hundred and eighty years and this is the level she has reached. We have existed not quite forty-two years and in another seven years we will be on the same level as America."

At this point the ham actor in him broke through. "When we catch you up, in passing you by, we will wave to you." He fluttered his hands over his shoulders. "Then if you wish we can stop and say: 'Please follow up.' Plainly speaking, if you want capitalism you can live that way. That is your own affair and doesn't concern us. We can still feel sorry for you, but, since you don't understand us, live the way you do understand."

"We are all glad to be here at the exhibition with Vice Presi-

dent Nixon. I personally, and on behalf of my colleagues, express many thanks for the President's message. I have not as yet read it, but I know beforehand that it contains good wishes. I think you will be satisfied with your visit and if—I cannot go on without saying it—if you would not make such a decision, [referring to the United States government's proclamation of Captive Nations Week] which has not been thought out thoroughly, and which was approved by Congress, your trip would be excellent. But you have churned the water yourselves. Why this was necessary God only knows. What happened? What black cat crossed your path and confused you? But that is your affair; we do not interfere with your problems."

Here again he hammed it up; he embraced a Russian working man standing nearby. "Does this man look like a slave laborer?" Waving at others, Khrushchev shouted: "With men of such spirit, how can we lose?"

There was a momentary silence before Nixon took the floor. Pointing to an American worker at the exhibition, he exclaimed: "With men like that we are strong! But these men, Soviet and American, work together well for peace, even as they have worked together in building this exhibition. This is the way it should be. Your remarks are in the tradition of what we have come to expect—sweeping and extemporaneous. Later on we will both have an opportunity to speak, and consequently I will not comment on the various points that you raised, except to say that this color television is one of the most advanced developments in communication that we have. I can only say that, if this competition in which you plan to outstrip us is to do the best for both of our peoples and for peoples everywhere, there must be a free exchange of ideas. After all, you don't know everything—"

Khrushchev's face reddened as he interrupted by shouting: "If I don't know everything, you don't know anything about Com-

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munism except fear of it!" Trying to soothe him, Nixon answered in a conciliatory tone: "There are some instances where you may be ahead of us; for example, in the thrust of your rockets for the investigation of outer space. There may be some instances in which we are ahead of you—in color television, for instance."

The almost unbelievable colloquy, as recorded by the British wire service Reuters, went on:

Khrushchev: "No, we are up with you on this, too. We have bested you in one technique and also in the other."

Nixon: "You see, you never concede anything."

Khrushchev: "I do not give up."

Nixon: "Wait till you see the picture. Let's have far more communication and exchange in this very area that we speak of. We should hear you more on our television. You should hear us more on yours."

Khrushchev: "That's a good idea. Let's do it like this. You appear before our people. We will appear before your people. People will see and appreciate this."

Nixon: "There is not one day in the United States when we cannot read what you say. When Kozlov was speaking in California about peace, you were talking here in somewhat different terms. This was reported extensively in the American press. Never make a statement here if you don't want it to be read in the United States. I can promise you every word you say will be translated into English."

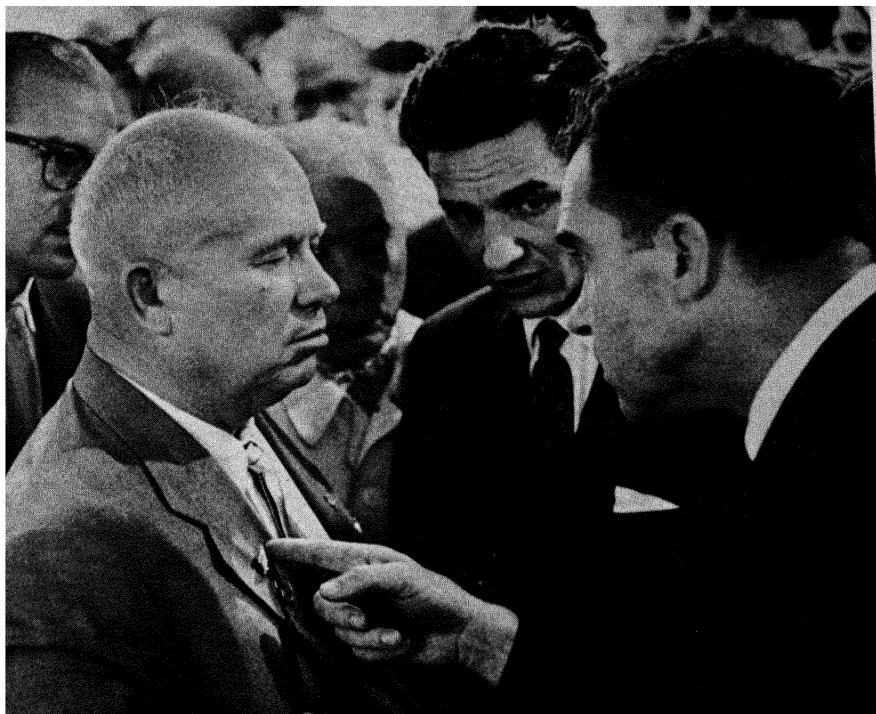
Khrushchev: "I doubt it. I want you to give your word that this speech of mine will be heard by the American people."

Nixon (shaking hands on it): "By the same token, everything I say will be translated and heard all over the Soviet Union?"

Khrushchev: "That's agreed."

Nixon: "You must not be afraid of ideas."

Khrushchev: "We are telling you not to be afraid of ideas."



ELLIOTT ERWITT

Richard Nixon makes his point with a belligerent Khrushchev!
At the United States Exhibition in Moscow, July 24, 1959.

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We have no reason to be afraid. We have already broken free from such a situation."

Nixon: "Well, then, let's have more exchange of them. We are all agreed on that. All right? All right?"

Khrushchev: "Fine. (Aside: Agree to what?) All right, I am in agreement. But I want to stress what I am in agreement with. I know I am dealing with a very good lawyer. I also want to uphold my own miner's flag so that the coal miners can say: 'Our man does not concede.'"

Nixon: "No question about that."

Khrushchev: "You are a lawyer for capitalism and I am a lawyer for communism. Let's compete."

Nixon: "The way you dominate the conversation you would made a good lawyer yourself. If you were in the United States Senate you would be accused of filibustering."

Nixon (halting Khrushchev at model kitchen in model house): "You had a very nice house in your exhibition in New York. My wife and I saw and enjoyed it very much. I want to show you this kitchen. It is like those of our houses in California."

Khrushchev (after Nixon called attention to a built-in, panel-controlled washing machine): "We have such things."

Nixon: "This is the newest model. This is the kind which is built in thousands of units for direct installation in the houses."

He added that Americans were interested in making life easier for their women. Khrushchev remarked that in the Soviet Union the men did not have "the capitalist attitude toward women."

Nixon: "I think this attitude toward women is universal. What we want to do is make easier the life of our housewives."

He explained that the house could be built for \$14,000 and that most veterans had bought houses for between \$10,000 and \$15,000.

Nixon: "Let me give you an example you can appreciate. Our steel workers, as you know, are on strike. But any steel worker could buy this house. He earns three dollars an hour. This house costs about one hundred dollars a month to buy on a contract running twenty-five to thirty years."

Khrushchev: "We have steel workers and we have peasants who also can afford to spend \$14,000 for a house."

He said American houses were built to last only twenty years, so that builders could sell new houses at the end of that period.

Khrushchev: "We build firmly. We build for our children and grandchildren."

The Vice President retorted that he thought American houses last more than twenty years, but, even so, after twenty years many Americans want a new home or a new kitchen, for the old one is then obsolete. The American system is designed to take advantage of new inventions and new techniques, he said.

Khrushchev: "This theory does not hold water."

He said some things never got out of date—furniture and furnishings, perhaps, but not houses. He said he did not think that what Americans had written about their houses was all strictly accurate.

Nixon (pointing to television screen): "We can see here what is happening in other parts of the home."

Khrushchev: "This is probably always out of order."

Nixon: "Da" (yes).

Khrushchev: "Don't you have a machine that puts food into the mouth and pushes it down? Many things you've shown us are interesting, but they are not needed in life. They have no useful purpose. They are merely gadgets. We have a saying: 'If you have bedbugs you have to catch one and pour boiling water into the ear.'"

Nixon: "We have another saying. It is: 'The way to kill a fly is to make it drink whisky.' But we have a better use for whisky."

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(Aside) I like to have this battle of wits with the chairman. He knows his business."

Khrushchev (manifesting a lack of interest in a data processing machine that answered questions about the United States): "I have heard of your engineers. I am well aware of what they can do. You know, for launching our missiles we need lots of calculating machines."

Nixon (hearing jazz music): "I don't like jazz music."

Khrushchev: "I don't like it either."

Nixon: "But my girls like it."

He put his arm on Khrushchev's shoulder and apologized for being "a poor host at the exposition" and for allowing a ceremonial visit to turn into a hot foreign-policy discussion.

Khrushchev (in a friendlier tone): "I always speak frankly."

He said he hoped he had not offended Mr. Nixon.

Nixon (alluding to his vulnerability to his relentless critics): "I've been insulted by experts. Everything we say is in good humor."

Khrushchev: "The Americans have created their own image of the Soviet man and think he is as you want him to be. But he is not as you think. You think the Russian people will be dumbfounded to see these things, but the fact is that newly built Russian houses have all this equipment right now. Moreover, all you have to do to get a house is to be born in the Soviet Union. You are entitled to housing. I was born in the Soviet Union. So I have a right to a house. In America, if you don't have a dollar, you have the right to choose between sleeping in a house or on the pavement. Yet you say that we are slaves of communism."

Nixon: "I appreciate that you are very articulate and energetic."

Khrushchev: "Energetic is not the same as wise."

Nixon: "If you were in our Senate, we would call you a filibusterer. You do all the talking and don't let anyone else talk. To us, diversity, the right to choose, the fact that we have one

thousand builders building one thousand different houses, is the most important thing. We don't have one decision made at the top by one government official. This is the difference."

Khrushchev: "On political problems we will never agree with you. For instance, Mikoyan likes very peppery soup. I do not. But this does not mean that we do not get along."

Nixon: "You can learn from us and we can learn from you. There must be a free exchange. Let the people choose the kind of house, the kind of soup, the kind of ideas they want."

Khrushchev shifted the talk back to washing machines.

Nixon: "We have many different manufacturers and many different kinds of washing machines, so that the housewives have a choice."

Khrushchev (noting Nixon gazing admiringly at young women modeling bathing suits and sports clothes): "You are for the girls, too?"

Nixon (indicating a floor sweeper that worked by itself, and other appliances): "You don't need a wife."

Khrushchev chuckled.

Nixon: "We do not claim to astonish the Russian people. We hope to show our diversity and our right to choose. We do not wish to have decisions made at the top by government officials who say that all homes should be built in the same way. Would it not be better to compete in the relative merits of washing machines than in the strength of rockets? Is this the kind of competition you want?"

Khrushchev: "Yes, that's the kind of competition we want. But your generals say: 'Let's compete in rockets. We are strong and we can beat you.' But in this respect we can also show you something."

Nixon: "To me, you are strong and we are strong. In some ways, you are stronger than we are. In others, we are stronger. We are both strong not only from the standpoint of weapons

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but from the standpoint of will and spirit. Neither should use that strength to put the other in a position where he in effect has an ultimatum. In this day and age that misses the point. With modern weapons it does not make any difference if war comes. We both have had it."

Khrushchev: "For the fourth time I have to say I cannot recognize my friend, Mr. Nixon. If all Americans agree with you, then why don't we agree? This is what we want."

Nixon: "Anyone who believes the American government does not reflect the people is not an accurate observer of the American scene. I hope the Prime Minister understands all the implications of what I have just said. Whether you place either one of the powerful nations or any other in a position so that they have no choice but to accept dictation or fight, then you are playing with the most destructive force in the world. This is very important in the present world context. It is very dangerous. When we sit down at a conference table it cannot all be one way. One side cannot put an ultimatum to another. It is impossible. But I shall talk to you about this later."

Khrushchev: "Who is raising an ultimatum?"

Nixon: "We will discuss that later."

Khrushchev: "If you have raised the question, why not go on with it now while the people are listening? We know something about politics, too. Let your correspondents compare watches and see who is filibustering. You put great emphasis on 'di~~k~~ta~~t~~' (dictation). Our country has never been guided by 'di~~k~~-ta~~t~~.' Di~~k~~ta~~t~~ is a foolish policy."

Nixon: "I am talking about it in the international sense."

Khrushchev (his face flushing with anger, he wagged his finger near Nixon's face): "It sounds to me like a threat. We, too, are giants. You want to threaten; we will answer threats with threats."

Nixon: "That's not my point. We will never engage in threats."

Khrushchev: "You wanted indirectly to threaten me. But we have the means to threaten, too."

Nixon (in a friendlier tone): "Who wants to threaten?"

Khrushchev: "You are talking about implications. I have not been. We have the means at our disposal. Ours are better than yours. It is you who want to compete. *Da, da, da.*"

Nixon: "We are well aware of that. To me, who is best is not material."

Khrushchev: "You raised the point. We want peace and friendship with all nations, especially with America."

Nixon: "We want peace, too, and I believe that you do also."

Khrushchev: "Yes, I believe that."

Nixon: "I see that you want to build a good life. But I don't think the cause of peace is helped by reminders that you have greater strength than we have, because that is a threat, too."

Khrushchev: "I was answering your words. You challenged me. Let's argue fairly."

Nixon: "My point was that in today's world it is immaterial which of the two great countries at any particular moment has the advantage. In war, these advantages are illusory. Can we agree on that?"

Khrushchev: "Not quite. Let's not beat around the bush."

Nixon (aside): "I like the way he talks."

Khrushchev: "We want to liquidate all bases from foreign lands. Until that happens we will speak different languages. One who is for putting an end to bases on foreign lands is for peace. One who is against it is for war. We have liquidated our bases, reduced our forces, and offered to make a peace treaty and eliminate the point of friction in Berlin. Until we settle that question we will talk different languages."

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Nixon: "Do you think it can be settled at Geneva?"

Khrushchev: "If we considered it otherwise, we would not have incurred the expense of sending our foreign minister to Geneva. Gromyko [Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko] is not an idler. He is a very good man."

Nixon: "We have great respect for Mr. Gromyko. Some people say he looks like me. I think he is better looking. I hope it [the Geneva conference] will be successful."

Khrushchev: "It does not depend on us."

Nixon: "It takes two to make an agreement. You cannot have it all your own way."

Khrushchev: "These are questions that have the same aim. To put an end to the vestiges of war, to make a peace treaty with Germany—that is what we want. It is very bad that we quarrel over the question of war and peace."

Nixon: "There is no question but that your people and the government of the United States are for peace. Anyone who thinks it is not for peace is not an accurate observer of America. In order to have peace, Mr. Prime Minister, even in an argument between friends, there must be sitting-down around a round table. There must be discussion. Each side must find areas where it looks at the other's point of view. The world looks to you today with regard to Geneva. I believe it would be a grave mistake and a blow to peace if it were allowed to fail."

Khrushchev: "This is our understanding, as well."

Nixon: "So this is something. The present position is a stalemate. Ways must be found to discuss it."

Khrushchev: "The two sides must seek ways of agreement."

In the evening, after formal speeches, Khrushchev and Nixon, in departing, stopped by a table laden with glasses of wine. Khrushchev proposed a toast to "the elimination of all military bases in foreign lands." Nixon sidestepped, suggested that instead they drink to peace.



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Khrushchev: "To the elimination of all military bases in foreign lands."

Nixon: "We will talk about that later. Let's drink to talking."

Khrushchev: "We stand for peace and the elimination of bases. Those are our words and they do not conflict with our deeds. If you are not willing to eliminate bases, then I won't drink this toast."

Nixon: "He doesn't like American wine."

Khrushchev: "I like American wine—not its policy."

Nixon: "I have always heard that the Prime Minister is a vigorous defender of his policy, not only officially but unofficially."

Khrushchev: "I defend the real policy, which is to assure peace. How can peace be assured when we are surrounded by military bases?"

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Nixon: "We will talk about that later. Let's drink to talking. As long as we are talking we are not fighting."

Khrushchev (indicating a waitress): "Let's drink to the ladies."

Nixon: "We can all drink to the ladies."

A Waiter: "A hundred years of life to Mr. Khrushchev."

Nixon: "I will drink to that. We may disagree, but we want you to be in good health."

Khrushchev: "We accept your hundred years' proposal. But when I reach ninety-nine we will discuss it further. Why should we be in haste?"

Nixon: "You mean that in ninety-nine years you will still be in power—no election?"

Khrushchev let this meaningful sally, concerning the fundamental rights of a free society, go by unnoticed. He sipped his wine, and then remarked that usually when foreign guests said good-by they mistakenly used the Russian words for "how-do-you-do." "They say just the opposite of what they want to say," he quipped.

Nixon: "I know a few things and when I see you again I'll know more. At least four words more—about bases."

Khrushchev (bidding farewell): "That's a very difficult thing to learn."

Many of us recall with nostalgia the excitement and fascination of county fairs, particularly those in our youth. No matter how thrilled Nixon might have been with fairs in Whittier in his teens, they were no match for the Moscow fair in which he played a leading role. Besides the politically significant and newsworthy incidents concerning Nixon and Khrushchev, there were such incredible social affairs as Westbrook Pegler's formal introduction to Khrushchev. The Vice President, who made the introduction on the fair grounds following the formal opening, later remarked:

"I have never seen two men who thought less of each other shake hands before."

Another phenomenon of the fair was Khrushchev's encounter with a voting-booth arrangement where visitors could choose their favorite display. This device and symbol of self-governing people was coldly ignored by the Premier in spite of Nixon's repeated efforts to kindle Khrushchev's interest in it.

Following the opening of the exhibition the Vice President and Mrs. Nixon, Ambassador and Mrs. Llewellyn Thompson, and the President's brother, Dr. Milton Eisenhower, were guests at a formal luncheon in the Kremlin. The guests were escorted through ornate halls lined with crimson carpeting. Before the luncheon light wine was served in a beautiful anteroom under glittering chandeliers, with priceless furnishings which had been used by the czars. The luncheon was rich, with many courses of food and champagne—the only tradition of the hated czars which the Communist bosses apparently found worthy to emulate.

Khrushchev was jovial as he toasted the President and his brother. But Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, the witty Armenian, was the life of the party. Those present gained the impression that Khrushchev had attempted to knock the Vice President down, but had developed a respect for the Vice President when he found him ready to stand up to the challenge.

In retrospect, it seems that, as one result of Nixon's showing, drastic changes took place in the status of the women of the key men of the Kremlin: they emerged from their relative obscurity. At the luncheon Mrs. Nixon and the Ambassador's wife, Jane Thompson, inquired of the Soviet leaders regarding the whereabouts of their wives. They were told that Mrs. Khrushchev had a sprained ankle. The following night, at a late dinner in Spaso House, Mrs. Khrushchev appeared minus a limp, thereby proving that "diplomatic illness" is still a handy tool for Communists and capitalists alike.



Nixon walks along the path with Premier Khrushchev and First Deputy Premier Kozlov (*left*) at Nikita's summer home called a dacha.

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

This incident signified a drastic innovation in the social etiquette of the Soviets. Mrs. Kozlov and Mrs. Mikoyan joined Mrs. Khrushchev at the famous six-hour dinner at the dacha. The Russian women were fascinated by Pat Nixon's friendly informality, and their hard-boiled husbands apparently realized that the Ballet Russe is not the only Russian attraction that appeals to the Western world. It is only an assumption, but it's not far fetched, that the wives of Russian officials won their suffrage during Nixon's visit to Moscow. Perhaps the feminine "victims" of capitalism had some advantages, after all. The subsequent visit of Mrs. Khrushchev to the United States gives this belief some credence.

After the dinner, Khrushchev insisted that the Nixons and the Thompsons spend the night at his dacha. Khrushchev him-

self was not there, but he arrived at noon the following day for what was to have been a luncheon.

Overlooking the Moskva River in the town of Usovo, a half-hour drive from the Kremlin, his two-story, cream-colored-stone country home is set in a forest of birch and pine trees. The luxurious dacha is about the size of the White House, without its executive office wings. His hideaway provides for luxury living, including pleasure boats, a beach, rose gardens, fountains, and a little summer house.

In this aristocratic setting, under trees planted in the lifetime of Catherine the Great, the Premier and the Vice President discussed for almost six hours the major issues affecting the United States and the Soviet Union. The discussions were exploratory in nature, and did not constitute negotiations. Their semi-official tone was emphasized by the fact that the women sat in at the dinner-table conferences. "It's the first time I've heard of any serious conversation at a dinner table," commented Mrs. Nixon.

Before the dinner, conversations of arriving guests were recorded by Ernest Barcella of United Press International, who served as United States pool correspondent. One conversation went in part like this:

Nixon: "What part of the country did you get your sport shirt from?"

Khrushchev: "The Ukraine."

Nixon: "I didn't know I was going to be in the country; that's why I didn't wear a sport shirt."

At this point Mr. and Mme. Frol R. Kozlov and Mr. and Mme. Anastas I. Mikoyan joined the group.

Khrushchev (jokingly): "Mr. Mikoyan terrorizes his wife. He is a real oppressor."

Nixon (jokingly): "I imagine she can handle him."

Khrushchev: "I was kidding."

Mrs. Nixon joined the group and was introduced all around.

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Khrushchev: "Shall we work out a program? Do you want to eat outside?"

Nixon: "That would be very nice. We should decide all questions like this."

Khrushchev (laughing): "We should have a summit conference here instead of being in Geneva many months, eating so many pies. We shouldn't stand in the sun. First, let's have pictures taken in front of the house, and then take a boat ride on the Moskva River so that you can see how our slaves live."

Nixon (chuckling): "Yes, the captives."

Khrushchev noticed Barcella, standing at his right and taking notes.

Khrushchev (to Nixon): "Who is he with?"

Nixon: "He is an American correspondent with UPI."

Khrushchev (to Barcella): "You take too many notes. Take correct notes."

Barcella: "I always take correct notes."

Khrushchev: "Some newsmen described our talk at the fair as if we were quarreling and offending each other. (Turning to Nixon) Were you offended?"

Nixon: "Never."

Khrushchev (to Barcella): "You can write down a refutation by Vice President Nixon on some reports that our kitchen talk was so quarrelsome that we insulted each other, while in fact we had a really friendly talk in which we talked without acrimony. That is a statement by Khrushchev which Mr. Nixon agreed to."

Nixon: "I agree to his translation. I think—this is not a lawyer's last word—"

Khrushchev (interrupting): "You must bear in mind that, when there is an advocate for capitalism, there is an advocate for communism."

Nixon: "Mr. Khrushchev and I have some real and honest

differences, but we are alike in this respect: We both came from humble families and both have a practice of speaking directly and not beating around the bush. We both believe that is the way to discuss, always frankly and directly but never belligerently."

Khrushchev: "I agree, and perhaps your correspondent can get in touch with ours so that we will have a similar version."

Nixon: "As I have told our press, I will not disclose private conversations I have with the head of a government, but I say this (referring to Khrushchev's talks): They have been direct, frank, and nonbelligerent. Right?"

They shook hands.

Khrushchev: "In other words, we know what we should say in kitchens and what we say in offices."

The group went out onto the porch for pictures.

Khrushchev: "Keep smiling; otherwise, they'll say we just had a quarrel."

The party, including Milton Eisenhower and Ambassador Thompson, walked through the grounds to the Moskva and boarded three outboard motorboats.

Khrushchev (as he and Nixon walked past a group of applauding bathers near the gate): "You see, we're not captives."

Nixon (a few moments later): "It's been a beautiful day. Good company. Friendly people. What more do you want?"

The boating party stopped eight times and shook the hands of swimmers near the beaches. The Vice President greeted them in Russian. When the boat pulled up for stops near the shore, crowds gathered around, and each time Khrushchev pointed to them and said: "Captive people." They replied: "No, no; peace and friendship." Khrushchev poked Nixon in the ribs and said: "Here are your captives. You can see how happy they are."

"I must admire you," the Vice President remarked at the end of the river journey. "This is the eighth time you've stopped.

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You never miss a chance to make propaganda."

"No, no," Khrushchev retorted: "I don't make propaganda. I tell the truth."

Although world opinion sized up the Nixon trip as turning a new leaf in American diplomacy, one of his American critics, the *New York Post*, observed that the "Vice President has carried his campaign for the Republican nomination to the streets of Moscow." Even the erudite James Reston of the *New York Times* injected a partisan note in his report from Moscow by writing: "It has provided Mr. Nixon with an excellent political platform even before the official opening of his campaign for the Presidency."

Khrushchev and his party take Nixon on a trip along the Moskva River, as Khrushchev quipped, "to meet the captive people."



Nixon was, of course, not the only politician (witness Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, whose re-election was credited to his visit to Moscow) accused of using the Kremlin as a sounding board for domestic politics. Senator Hubert Humphrey's marathon interview with Khrushchev in December, 1958, was also described—even by the Democratic press—as a prelude for his Presidential ambitions. Few observers conceded that the interview was sought to satisfy the senator's interest in learning the Premier's political mood.

But the perennial accusation that Nixon's actions are invariably motivated by political expediency appeared sparingly this time. Praise even came from the Democratic side of the Senate. Mike Mansfield of Montana said that in his opinion the Vice President was "making the best of a very difficult and delicate situation. He is rolling with the punches thrown at him by Khrushchev, and he is also sending back some good punches."

Those who know Nixon are convinced of the sincerity of his motives; yet the pattern of his methods is typical of the professional politician. He is subconsciously alert to public opinion, and plays his part with the aplomb of an actor who is never really off stage. From the moment he stepped onto Russian soil, at Moscow's Vnukovo Airport, his tour took on all the aspects of an election jaunt. As has been his habit on his many trips over the world, he shook hands with all Muscovites in his reach, tossing out one of his recently acquired Russian salutations, "*Da Zdravstvuyet Mir*" (Long Live Peace). His was one of the most elaborately covered diplomatic trips of the decade; there were one hundred newsmen in the traveling party at times.

The world learned of the kitchen debate. Yet little is known of the Vice President's behind-the-scene meetings with Khrushchev and other Russian officials. As a born politician and showman, Khrushchev also plays to the grandstand. The Nixons found that, in contrast to his rough mannerisms displayed in

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public, the fist-shaking, ebullient Premier acted with courtesy and tact in the Byzantine splendor of the Kremlin and turned out to be an amiable and thoughtful host at his dacha.

In the absence of reporters and cameramen, the two statesmen settled down to man-to-man talk which, considering the unusual character of the principals, was still not completely void of dramatics. Herb Klein, Nixon's "Hagerty," was present at most of the sessions from which reporters were barred. He has relayed his personal observations of events in the Kremlin, at Khrushchev's summer place, and on the action-packed journey across the Soviet Union. He has the impression that the Vice President's visit to Moscow was deliberately played down by the newspapers there. They even failed to publish the time of his arrival.

A trained campaigner, as soon as his plane touched ground Nixon noticed that he was getting a polite but calculatedly cool reception by his Russian hosts. His opposite number, First Deputy Premier Frol Kozlov, was on hand to greet him, as were Llewellyn Thompson and other ambassadors. But no national anthems were played, and the stiff military guard—which lines up to honor representatives of even obscure satellite countries—was absent.

Having lived behind the Iron Curtain, I know how "cheering and enthusiastic" crowds are produced by a simple order of the Communist party. It seemed obvious that here the chilly atmosphere was "arranged" as an answer to the "Captive Nations Week" proclamation. But it was decisively Nixon's amazing feat in personal diplomacy to change the unfriendly mood within less than twenty-four hours.

As his motorcade circled to the entrance of the terminal building, he noticed several hundred persons waiting to witness his arrival. He called the motorcade to a halt, jumped out of his car, and started pumping the hands of the Tovarishches just as if they were his California constituents. He surprised them by exclaim-

ing, "*Pagoda prekrasni!*" (What pleasant weather!). Ironically, he scored in Moscow with the personal magnetism which his American critics charge him with lacking. The thaw which developed in the United States-Soviet relations apparently also affected the American electorate's feeling toward the Vice President.

The debate marked a turning point not only in these international relations but in Nixon's political fortunes. Yet neither he nor his party at first recognized this. It was typical of his courage, however, that he insisted that the film be shown in the United States, regardless of any consequences to him. This was, of course, to force the Soviets' hand and compel them to carry the film on their own television systems so that the Russian people, for the first time, would see someone speaking plainly and sharply to Khrushchev.

The Premier seemingly appreciated Nixon's spunkiness too. He reversed a previous ruling and offered to let Nixon use the American jet for the trip to Leningrad, and he requested the Kozlovs to escort the Nixons.

The supposed spontaneous heckling Nixon received, when away from Moscow, has been exaggerated. The real hecklers had been posted at strategic points, and they peppered him with prepared questions on everything from captive nations to American missiles and overseas bases. These he turned to American advantage by answering calmly and fully, because this gave him more opportunity to present the American point of view. It was plain, too, that Pat Nixon was given inadequate information on the hospitals and schools she visited, and that the people had been carefully instructed to show no enthusiasm. Nevertheless, as Klein has observed, "The farther the Vice President got from Moscow, the warmer the reception grew." In Novosibirsk thousands stood outside a theater just to see him. At the opera, both in Leningrad and Novosibirsk, he was wildly cheered.

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He scored another personal triumph with his televised address to the Russian people. He arrived back in Moscow after a grueling, eighteen-hour-a-day schedule in Leningrad, Novosibirsk, and Sverdlovsk, and stayed up all that night to write the speech. His two secretaries worked with him, and Thompson sat in to offer suggestions.

The production itself entailed a whole set of problems. Despite promises, the channels had not yet been cleared on the morning of the telecast. John Daly, veteran newscaster, was in charge of the technical details. He found that the facilities in the studio were not comparable with those in the United States, and as the telecast went on, two of the three cameras failed to work. It was not sabotage, but it happened, and so Nixon could be shown at only one angle. Yet, despite his obvious weariness, he showed remarkable poise and composure.

His task was to be firm enough to impress the Soviets with American decisiveness, but not so tough that the President and other American officials would be handicapped in any possible future appearances on Soviet television. He trod this fine line so skillfully that Thompson and the whole Embassy staff were elated. At last they had found someone who would say to the Soviets what an ambassador in his official capacity could not say. Apparently Khrushchev thought so. In any event, Kozlov showed up unexpectedly at the airport the following afternoon. Ostensibly it was to say good-by; actually it was to deliver a twenty-minute farewell, in which he attempted to answer all the Vice President's charges.

On the return trip from Moscow to the United States the next stop was Warsaw, capital of Communist-ruled Poland.

Although the public feeling could be more openly expressed in Poland, Nixon had still to walk a tightrope there.

The schedule of his visit was not publicized by the Polish

press. But the populace knew his exact movements ahead of time and, whenever he appeared in a public place, crowds were waiting. They greeted him enthusiastically.

Information about his travels had been beamed into the country by Radio Free Europe. By the thousands, Poles took leave from their offices and factories so that they could greet him.

He visited the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and later proceeded to the site of the ghetto which the Nazis had created in their occupation of Poland.

The party, including Dr. Milton Eisenhower and Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, was surrounded by the press corps and a tremendous crowd which jammed the open space left by the uncleared ruins of what had once been main streets of Warsaw's Jewish quarters—Zamenhofa, Gensia, and Pawia, now named after the commander of the ghetto uprising, Mordechai Anilewicz.

When Nixon asked his guide from the Polish Foreign Ministry about details of life and death in the ghetto and received meager information, S. L. Shneiderman, correspondent of New York's *Jewish Daily Forward*, volunteered to explain the tragic story of the martyrdom of the country's 3,500,000 Jews.

Shneiderman, a native of Poland and an American citizen, is the author of *The Warsaw Heresy*, widely praised analysis of the present situation in Poland. He told Nixon that into this area the Germans had herded, and then walled-in, more than six hundred thousand Jews. After two years of systematic starvation and terror, the Germans began shipping the Jews to the extermination camps—Oswiecim, Majdanek, Treblinka, and others. Nixon could still see dilapidated barracks standing in the freight yard—the “Umschlagplatz”—from which the mass shipments had been made.

On the spot where the party was standing had been fought the most violent battles of the ghetto uprising, which started on the eve of Passover, April 19, 1943, and lasted for forty-two days.

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Here a miserable remnant of forty thousand Jews, with obsolete weapons and homemade explosives, rose against a powerful Nazi force with modern equipment, including tanks and planes. The ghetto fighters received no or little help from the outside world. Despite Nazi promises of leniency, they refused to surrender, but fought to the last. With sorrow clearly etched on his face and with head bowed, the Vice President placed gladioli at the foot of a monument to the underground fighters.

Facing the monument are the ruins of the Gensia Prison, in which the Germans conducted their first experiments on human beings with the poison gas developed for use in their death camps. When Shneiderman explained this, Nixon expressed a desire to enter the cells and see for himself. He also saw the prison yard where the Germans executed the last survivors of the uprising—survivors smoked out from the underground bunkers.

After he left the Gensia ruins he talked to the representatives of the press. In a voice filled with emotion he said the sufferings of the Polish nation and the fate of the Jews are a warning to the world against a resurgence of bigotry, racial hatred, and anti-Semitism. They should also, he said, strengthen the determination of the free world not to permit any more partitionings of Polish territory.

From the ghetto he went to the cemetery in the Palmiry Woods, where twenty thousand martyrs were executed by the Nazis.

Prominent on the Vice President's agenda was his official visit with Wladyslaw Gomulka, first secretary of the Polish United Workers (Communist) party. He found Gomulka as tough and shrewd as Khrushchev, and equally misinformed as to the nature of the West. Nixon said he believed his four-hour luncheon with the leader was of value.

There was a thorny problem as to whether a formal visit with the Roman Catholic Primate of Poland, Stefan Cardinal

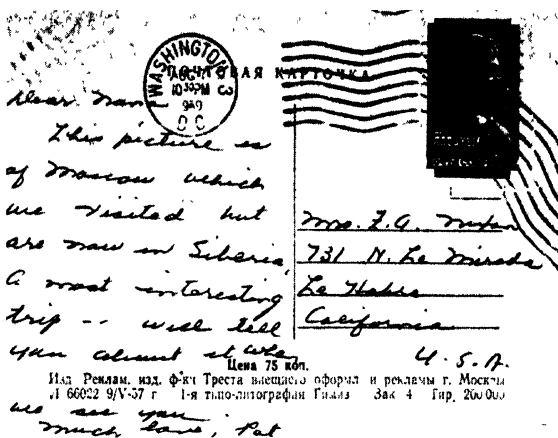


UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

The Vice President inspecting the ruins of the Warsaw ghetto where 70,000 Jews were exterminated. Following the tour he made a moving statement.

Wyszynski, might not aggravate the uneasy truce between the Church and State in the Communist country. The prelate, who had fought so long for the rights of the Church in Poland, is as much a symbol of Polish Catholicism as Wladyslaw Gomulka is a protagonist of world Communism.

With fine diplomatic finesse the dilemma was solved with the Vice President's trip to the St. John Cathedral, known in Warsaw as "the Cardinal's Church." It was known the Cardinal was out of the city. Later in the evening, at a reception in the



A card to Hannah from Siberia, but the scene is in Moscow.



Hannah chuckled. "I presume those folks in Washington think that Richard is merely kidding. But I know that he will go out to the game if he has a chance."

I asked her what quality in Richard was responsible for the success of his trip and his success in politics generally.

"People say the secret is his good timing," she replied, "and the way they say it indicates they feel timing is sort of guesswork. I think they're wrong. As far as I'm concerned, his secret is his

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ability to concentrate, study the subject he is dealing with, and make decisions based on a thorough knowledge of what he's doing. This trait was obvious as far back as grade school."

She refused to admit that he had done a remarkable job in Russia. The most she would say was: "I just didn't think it could be a flop."

Throughout our many visits together, she seldom permitted herself to show her pride in him. She was as cautious and guarded as the Vice President himself. "On the surface," she said, "it seemed" that the trip was successful. Only once did her pride in him break through. When she noted on the television screen someone trying futilely to poke a couple of sticks into his hands, she said: "People seldom dictate to Richard."

She dismissed any knowledge of politics. Then, by her comments, she revealed a knowledge of the ins and outs of the game—knowledge that would qualify her to be a Washington columnist. She noted that not a single Democratic leader appeared at the airport to welcome the Vice President home, and that already this new experiment in diplomacy was crossed with political connotations. She saw it as a "bad thing" when the news commentators remarked that Nixon had now jumped far ahead of Nelson Rockefeller in the Presidential popularity polls. She said this observation was uncalled for.

Perhaps more than anyone else, she could appreciate the grace and skill of her son's impromptu remarks at the airport in Washington. The tributes shown him and his wife in Russia, he commented, were the spontaneous expressions not only of a genuine friendship for the people of the United States but also the deep-seated desire for peace by a nation which had lost up to a quarter of its citizenry in war. It was significant, he said, that the first English word learned by the Russian children is "friendship."

Chapter 23

The Presidency

A HIGHLY charged silence filled the living room of Hannah Nixon's home. Usually animated, she was now carefully pondering my question: "Would you like to see Richard elected President?"

"You mean, taking everything into consideration?" she asked, fighting for time to formulate her reply. I nodded. She searched the faces of Donald and his wife. "To be perfectly honest," she said, "I would." She raised a finger to emphasize a point. "I felt that those stories about the President resigning in favor of Richard because of his ill health were in very poor taste, but I would like to see Richard elected—

"I shouldn't say this," she added, putting her finger rather nervously to her lips. It appeared as if such a lofty aspiration would be somewhat out of tune with her Quaker modesty.

"I never thought Mother would express her feelings with regard to the Presidency," the Vice President commented later on. Then, as if gaining impetus from his mother's views, he revealed to me his own aspirations concerning the highest office of the land.

"There is one thing solid and fundamental in politics, and that is the law of change," he said. "What's up today is down tomor-

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row. Public opinion shifts rapidly, and all a politician can do is to plug away and do the best he can. If it is in the stars that a certain person will be nominated and elected, that's the way it's going to be. In other words, I have a somewhat fatalistic attitude toward the Presidency."

This, coming from a practical, calculating, master politician, seemed hard to comprehend, but he pursued the subject by citing a few examples from history. He mused over the names of great men of the past: Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Bryan, La Follette, and Robert Taft, all of whom wanted too much to be President. Perhaps he was thinking of the "boy wonder" and perennial candidate, Harold E. Stassen, when he observed:

"A thorough study of past Presidential hopefuls convinced me that the Presidency has seldom gone to men who planned their campaign for the White House methodically. Men who wanted it the most, who tried the hardest, have failed. I believe that the Presidency, almost without exception, seeks the man. The people have a sense, an intuition, about a leader and, unless a man develops the qualifications that the people believe are needed, he isn't going to be selected."

As to how the people would express their feeling regarding his candidacy, he wasn't hesitant, yet he responded with restraint and tact. "I believe if they will want a certain type of a man with my background, I will have a good chance."

Does he, then, dismiss the popular notion that the candidates are chosen in the "smoke-filled rooms"?

He admitted that his conviction about fate's hand in the selection may sound naïve, but he maintained that great nations and great people have a certain destiny. Men sometimes affect the course of history, but in most instances destiny makes the man. He continued:

"The fact that throughout our country's history we have elected so many good men, both Republicans and Democrats, not only

proves the desirability of the democratic process but also indicates that ours is a nation of destiny, and that the man of the hour, and the times which seek his particular leadership, usually come together. What else would you call this, if not fate?"

Reminded that his predecessor, Alben Barkley, once told me that most Presidents have been mediocre, Nixon said there *is* a fallacy in the statements of contemporary historians who believe that only two or three Presidents were really outstanding men.

"A study of history," he said, "reveals that the men we think of as outstanding achieved that distinction because their times required great leadership. Had there been no Civil War, Lincoln would have been just a great man. The times would not have required the demonstrations of that greatness which all the world sees now.

"The same can be said of Woodrow Wilson. He had tremendous capabilities, and one of the largest vocabularies of his time. He had qualities of leadership, and a fine eloquence. But had he not been a war President, I doubt if the people of the world would have known and recognized him as the leader he was.

"Herbert Hoover is undoubtedly one of our greatest men, insofar as qualifications are concerned. Had he been President at another time in history, he might have been rated very highly. As it turned out, those who believe that most of our Presidents were mediocre are likely to rate Hoover as a mediocre one.

"I've made some strong criticisms of Mr. Truman, but I believe that, while in his domestic policy, and in some of his appointments, his leadership left much to be desired, his decision to use the A-bomb to end World War II, his leadership in establishing the Marshall Plan, and his policy in Korea had the elements of greatness and met the test of the times."

The Vice President spoke without reservation about the possibility of his entering the White House. He has been, of course, already exposed to such a possibility three times since 1955, when

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President Eisenhower was stricken with a heart attack, and he has been conditioned to that eventuality.

It is a noteworthy phenomenon in his stormy career that even his critics praised him for his attitude during Eisenhower's illnesses. The consensus was that he behaved with restraint, good taste, and propriety. This should be a source of satisfaction to him, inasmuch as those who say they dread the possibility of his becoming President have focused their cameras on him relentlessly and from awkward angles. He has become a target of a physical check-list instead of editorial criticism.

Probably no man ever looked more like a President than did Warren G. Harding. Now the people and the press are again concerned with that important criterion: whether the man perhaps destined for the White House has good looks and a good personality. Accustomed to the smiling, clean-shaven Eisenhower, White House staffers took a second look at Nixon—the jutting jaw line, the ski-jump nose, and the shadowy complexion which always appears unshaven. Reporters who trailed him during those crucial days when the President was fighting for his life under an oxygen tent in Denver looked quizzically for a grin, for a cocky command, which was anticipated and would have seemed natural from the man second in command. It is a frightening truth that Nixon's "looks" were more on trial during the President's illness than were his political philosophy and his qualifications for the Presidency. But Nixon was Nixon: he looked grim, and he looked tired.

The White House staff, particularly those who were considered close to Sherman Adams, had a hard time controlling their aversion to the man they considered a lone wolf, reluctant to identify himself with the inner circle. Such a hostile atmosphere, and the sheer impact of the drama which threw him suddenly into the limelight of world attention, could have profoundly affected and even broken a less sturdy personality.



DARCEY—WASHINGTON POST AND TIMES HERALD

The Vice President and his lady pause before the mirror as they leave for a formal Washington function.

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But Nixon bore up under the ordeal.

His friend, Attorney General Rogers, can attest to that. He was the only one, except Pat Nixon, with whom the Vice President shared the agonizing vigil of the night when it looked as if the Presidential mantle might fall upon him at any minute. Here, for the first time, Rogers tells of that night in September, 1955:

"It was Saturday. I was at the football game with Congressman Bob Wilson and others when I got a telephone message to go home immediately. Since Herb Brownell was out of the country, I was acting Attorney General at the time. I was afraid that some tragedy might have happened in my family. It was around 4:30 P.M. when I entered my home. The telephone rang. Ann Whitman, the President's private secretary, called from Denver. She told me the President was stricken and, since he was conscious, had instructed her to check with me as to whether I saw any legal constitutional problem because of the fact that he was temporarily incapacitated. I said I saw no legal problem to be concerned about at that moment.

"While I was talking to Ann the Vice President was trying to get me. As soon as I hung up, he was on the phone. He didn't know of my conversation with Ann, and he said Jim Hagerty had just informed him of the President's illness. His voice was hoarse and charged with emotion. 'It's terrible, it's terrible!' he said over and over. He asked me to come to his house at once.

"Since Hagerty released the news after he talked with Dick, the press was already camping around Dick's old Tilden Street home when I arrived. The newsmen asked me to make a statement and arrange a press conference with the Vice President, but Dick refused to give interviews or see photographers.

"As soon as I entered his living room I realized that, while he was trying to keep his composure, he was in semishock. His eyes were red and his face was drawn and pale. The first thing

he said after greeting me was: 'We must get the best doctors available and rush them to Denver.' He appeared to me like a son whose only concern was to help an ailing father. He called Mrs. Eisenhower, and he was almost constantly on the phone even while we ate the dinner Pat prepared in a hurry.

"His house was so exposed to the curiosity of the newsmen that he suggested he take refuge in my house in Maryland. We had to employ strategy to get out unnoticed. I had my wife drive over and park behind the house and, while the Nixon girls were used as decoys to engage the reporters and correspondents in small talk, the two of us slipped out through the back door. At my house we were joined by General Wilton 'Jerry' Persons, assistant to Sherman Adams, who was also out of the country—on vacation somewhere in Scotland.

"Next day the press reported that plans had been drawn that night at my house for the Vice President to take over the Presidency. Nothing was further from the truth. In our conferences we gave top priority to efforts to find the right doctors. Dick himself called Paul Dudley White, and Leonard Heaton of the Walter Reed Hospital, and talked four or five times with Howard Snyder, the President's personal physician, and Jim Hagerty.

"After we had consulted over the phone with the cabinet members, one decision was formulated: The Administration would continue its work, and since the vacuum created by the President's illness was temporary, business would go on as usual. The implication that the Vice President would take over even minor Presidential functions was not discussed at any time.

"Jerry Persons checked at the White House to see whether any important papers were ready for the President's signature, and found out that for several days there had been no paper of significance to be signed, and so that was the only administrative problem we had to discuss."

To demonstrate that there was no imminent crisis in the Ad-

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ministration, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey went ahead with their plans to visit Canada. Upon their departure they made a statement which had been discussed and approved by the Vice President. Nixon did not see the newspapermen until after church the following day at his home.

Had Nixon slept that night at the Rogers' house? "Hardly," said the Attorney General. "We retired around 3:30 A.M., but Dick couldn't have got much rest. I discovered in the morning that my son, Tony, had some friends in his room directly above Dick's, and they were engaged in a loud, nationwide amateur radio contest. Next morning Dick borrowed one of my shirts. And, come to think of it, he still has that shirt."

The careers of Nixon and Rogers run in striking parallel. They were born the same year. Both came from small towns—Rogers from Norfolk, New York, an upstate town with a population of about 1,500. They went to school the same year and won scholarships to college and law school. Rogers went to college at Colgate and studied law at Cornell. He practiced law briefly in New York, just as Nixon joined a law firm for a while in Whittier. They were at the same class at Quonset, before sea duty with the Navy.

They arrived in Washington at almost the same time. In 1947 Rogers became counsel to a Senate committee investigating wartime procurement scandals and influence peddling; Nixon was then a member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. It was during their committee work that Nixon sought Rogers' counsel in the Hiss case.

In the 1952 battle over the Presidential nomination, both supported Eisenhower. In the G.O.P. convention scrap over whether the Eisenhower or the Taft delegates from Texas, Louisiana, Florida, and Georgia should be seated, the Ike forces delegated Rogers to the credentials committee, of which Nixon

was a member. At these sessions Nixon told his friend that they had better not leave their next meeting in the hands of fate, and after the convention he asked Rogers to join him in the campaign. From then on their friendship was sealed. The Attorney General has remarked wryly: "Dick has the more important job and I have the bigger family." He has two boys and two girls.

Since then Rogers has been consulted on every major decision confronting the Vice President. The two relax together and exchange views which, because of their similar educational backgrounds, almost invariably jibe.

One could hardly expect outright criticism of Nixon from such an understanding friend, just as it would be futile to anticipate praise of the Vice President from Harry Truman. So I turned to Nixon himself. I wanted to find out how a man as severely criticized as he feels about the alleged shortcomings and faults which might be responsible for these attacks. The questions, as they were put to him and recorded on tape, were: "What, in your opinion, are your shortcomings? Can you name one trait or liability which might have had an adverse effect on your life?"

"I don't think any individual can judge his own assets and liabilities," he replied. "From my observations of others in political life, however, I can conclude that perhaps my major liability is—and this may sound incongruous—that I am essentially shyer than the usually extrovert politician ought to be. This seems to be an inborn trait which I cannot change or alter. I have a great liking for the plain people, but I feel ill at ease with the prominent. For example, on my trips abroad, I had no difficulty whatsoever in meeting thousands of people—farmers, workers and students—who apparently sense an affinity with me. This is perhaps because in my early years I grew up with the same kind of people. One of the assets of a politician is his quality of mingling with the great. Frankly, I'm a terrible

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'mixer,' and that is considered a major liability in politics."

Having analyzed his shortcomings, it seemed logical to explore the elements contributing to his success. Was it sheer luck, or talent? He believes it was a combination of a number of factors: an ability to concentrate, and careful judgment, plus willingness to consider others' suggestions. But he didn't rule out his good luck.

"First of all," he said, "I am a strong believer in examining all the facts before I make an important decision. Many of the mistakes which potential candidates for public office make could be avoided if they just did their homework. Frankly, most people are mentally and physically lazy. They believe you can get places by luck alone. They fail to do the hard, grinding work required to get all the facts before reaching a decision.

"Then, too, many people in political life—particularly as they go up the ladder—limit too narrowly the circle of persons with whom they talk. They prefer to listen to those who sing their praises. Now, I am just as human as the next fellow. I like to hear nice things, too. But it is essential to listen to constructive criticism. You should seek advice from all people—from those who disagree with you as well as those who agree. This doesn't mean that you have to abide by their opinions.

"This brings me to an interesting subject. More and more, politicians leave their decisions to so-called public relations experts. Now, I think these experts play an important part in American life, but I have consistently declined to let them advise me on political decisions—timing, if you will. My interest in them is solely on the technical side: whether we should use billboards, what radio time to buy, what kind of scenery we should use in a television broadcast. When it comes to the political side, I listen, but I seldom take their advice.

"There are times when all of the facts and all of my advisers indicate that I should follow a certain course of action. But at

the same time I have a sixth sense that this isn't the right time to do it. That sixth sense is based on reading millions of words of history and talking with literally thousands of people.

"Certainly, luck does play a part in success. The breaks can either go with you or against you. But you have to be prepared to take advantage of opportunities when they're presented. Many persons lack the drive and the daring, the courage, the boldness, or the rashness to take a chance when it's offered. In my case, I've never backed away from difficult assignments. I've taken lots of chances and I've been unusually lucky. But hard work and the willingness to take chances, to initiate drives, has to be combined with luck in order to win."

As an afterthought, he asked me: "Isn't it luck if one has a mother and a wife such as I have?"

At this writing (in the spring of 1960) the question of who would be the Republican Presidential nominee had been virtually settled. So the great imponderable was: Who would be the Democratic nominee? Pompous Washington observers frequently pontificate as to who has the Presidential oomph, when in reality no one can predict the outcome of the highly speculative political game, which is influenced by the prevailing domestic situation and by the state of international affairs. Destiny or fate often takes a hand.

Though the cocksureness of some columnists is a minor irritant, the spectacle of the Janus-faced opportunists is nauseating. These political carpetbaggers, with their amazing knack for jumping on the bandwagon the moment it starts moving, are more in evidence in Washington these days than are the cherry blossoms in springtime. But, while columnists are compelled to express their views on the shifting events of the national scene, many politicians are rather cagey in their public utterances regarding their favorite for the White House. It is probably easier to obtain the participation of a member of the D.A.R. for a



OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

September 15, 1958

Dear Señora:

You are often in our thoughts, and just last night Pat and I were discussing your most unfortunate accident, which certainly was a bad break for you - both physically and otherwise. But it simply bears out the old rule of life that adversity usually comes to those who can take it!

Pat and I will be starting on the campaign trail again on September 29. While our schedule will not be as intensive as in 1952, '54 or '56 we will be visiting over twenty states in an attempt to turn what looks at present like a very strong tide running against the Republicans. I think we have reached our low point and that we have begun to come up. The only question is whether or not the up-swing will come fast enough to avoid a substantial defeat in November. In any event, what happens this November is no indication of what can happen in 1960. That is the year that our Democratic friends will have to run nationally rather than sectionally, and present indications are that they are going to have considerable difficulty in developing a national platform on several key issues.

You would have been very proud of Pat in South America. I think the biggest mistake the Commies made was to direct their insults to her as well as to me. Many of my Latin friends have told me since that a man is fair game, but that showing disrespect for a woman is about the worst offense a Latin can commit.

I hope it will not be too long before you will be up and around again and when that day comes we both look forward to the time when you can take a trip to Washington and visit us here.

Pat joins me in sending our very best wishes,

Sincerely,



Richard Nixon

Mrs. Marvin G. Holt
Whittier Hospital
Whittier, California

Richard Nixon makes a prediction about the 1960 election to Señora Holt.

left-wing rally than to make a shifty politician speak up as to who is his candidate for the White House.

But this is not true of all politicians. Some time ago, before Nelson A. Rockefeller had become convinced that the great majority of the Republican voters favored Nixon and therefore had withdrawn from the race for the Presidential nomination, William Rogers was confronted, at the National Press Club, with one of those thorny questions which contribute to the rise in the blood pressure of men in public life: "In your opinion, how many votes will Nixon have on the first ballot at the 1960 Republican convention?" The witty Attorney General didn't lose his aplomb. This question, he answered, reminded him of a story:

"At Senate hearings on the nomination of John Marshall Harlan to the Supreme Court, a small man with a hearing aid kept trying to testify. Finally, at the end of the third and last day, he was led forward. 'Do you solemnly swear. . . ?' the committee chairman asked. No answer. The oath was read again, this time in a louder voice. Still no answer. As the chairman's exasperation became evident, the would-be witness shook his head and said: 'Senator, I've been here three days and my batteries are dead.'"

The inquisitive reporter got the point as Rogers added, "I just want to say that, as long as I hold this job, my batteries are going to be dead to questions like that." But the Attorney General's humorous refusal to express his views on the nomination chances of his friend started the rumor mills grinding. "Reliable" columnists speculated that his statement indicated that the warm friendship between him and the Vice President was cooling off. Some even hinted that his cautious attitude was a sure sign that he thought of himself as a potential dark horse, whose chances at a deadlocked convention might be as good as, if not better than, those of any other member of the party.

In his dignified paneled office in the Justice Department we

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discussed these widely circulated rumors. The question I put to him was not as leading as the one at the Press Club, but it was to the point: Would he, in a deadlocked convention, prefer Nixon to Rockefeller for the Presidency?

"My own feeling is that the Vice President will be the nominee," he replied, "and I hope he will be. His superb qualifications make him the logical candidate." He said he believed it would be dangerous to entrust the leadership of the United States and that of the free world to somebody whose talents in politics and diplomacy had not been tested. "In his relatively long political career, the Vice President has demonstrated clear thinking, good judgment, leadership, and courage—qualities which are prime requisites in the office of the President."

Rogers showed no reluctance in discussing Rockefeller's qualifications. "He is an able man and has an attractive personality," he said. "But he has yet to convince the people of America that he possesses the qualities necessary in the White House. In my opinion, the coming election won't be a popularity contest. The delegates to the Republican convention will in all probability vote for a man whose Congressional record stands out for everybody to see, and whose talent is not questioned even by his opponents."

"I believe that, unless something unforeseen happens, the Vice President will be the candidate, and that he will be elected," he added, apparently oblivious of his "batteries," which, only days before, had been dead at the Press Club.

In his expressed hope that the coming Presidential election will not be a personality contest, handsome and personable Rogers is probably conscious of the fact that his friend must somehow overcome the prevailing sentiment which expects of the President of the United States the same dramatic force and physical appeal which have endeared such dynamic figures as Billy Sunday and Billy Graham to the people. Nixon, who resents



The most recent photograph of Richard Nixon and his family.

being coached for television and cares little about the fixed ideas of TV producers as to how to improve his looks, offers little encouragement to his official family on that score.

What, then, are his chances? Can he be elected President, a feat accomplished previously by only one Vice President, the antislavery Democrat, Martin Van Buren, in 1832?

Many voters are not equipped with the political sagacity to pierce the fog of accusation, slander and praise, and come up with a sound decision. Their interest will be focused on whether the candidates' over-all policies square with the voters' own beliefs and interests. And, no less significantly, the candidates' physical

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images will flash before the voters as they cast their ballots.

The unreasoning aversion to Nixon's "looks" could again play a leading role at this turn in his career. Possibly this sounds like a superficial observation, but it can't be disregarded. His chances may be determined by whether the Democratic nominee is better looking, and a better glad-hander, than Nixon.

The history of the American Presidency has proved eloquently that the people are often swayed by a man of great charm and magnetism, and, when they mark their ballots, the winning smile of the candidate is a more important factor in shaping their decision than are ability and integrity. Will that be the case on November 8, 1960? The voters will provide the answer.

Chapter 24

Conclusion

THE LATE Philip Laszlo, celebrated English painter, told this story: An art student once produced a portrait which was praised as a great work of art. Shortly, however, the genius of the young artist declined; his works showed signs of mediocrity and, in his later years, he was a failure. Laszlo was asked for an explanation. "This young man once produced a masterpiece," he replied. "Even if all of his subsequent works failed, one must never forget that once in his life he reached perfection."

The crude game of politics does not practice such tolerance toward human failings. Politicians are frequently evaluated by public-opinion polls which reflect more the mood of the public than the actual values of the people under public probing.

Public opinion has never wavered more erratically than in the polls taken regarding Richard Nixon. Even at the height of his popularity, when it was conceded that he was the best Republican prospect for the White House, many people remembered that he formerly was characterized as a political in-fighter and opportunist dominated by vanity and pride.

Professional politicians are viewed with suspicion. Because of their traditional long-winded campaign oratory and promises of pie in the sky, their impassioned utterances are absorbed with

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

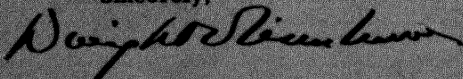
January 16, 1958

Dear Mrs. Nixon:

I can't tell you how much I appreciate your note regarding the State of the Union Message. Thank you greatly for taking the trouble to write me.

Mrs. Eisenhower and I hope that you are feeling entirely well once again and that 1958 will be a happy and satisfying year for you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Dwight D. Eisenhower". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Dwight" being particularly prominent.

Mrs. Frank Nixon
731 North LaMirada Avenue
La Habra
California

P.S.: Dick was with me at a meeting this morning. I can report that he is looking in the very best of health.

President Eisenhower's thank-you-note to Hannah Nixon. His postscript proves he knows the right medicine for a mother's heart.

guarded caution. Walter Lippmann, never a friend of Nixon, recently observed that, no matter what the Vice President does, "he is certain to be charged with caring not so much about the fate of the Poles in Poland as about the votes of the Polish-Americans in Illinois."

Just like a juggler, or the man on the trapeze, the politician must constantly sparkle and maintain his balance, for none can afford a slip. As this biography is being written, Nixon again rides high in the public-opinion polls. His verbal bout with Nikita Khrushchev at the United States Exhibition in 1959 reminded many people of a back-fence wrangle on wash day with the neighbors listening in. But the American people, with their love for the dramatic, became fascinated by Nixon's courage and repartee. It appears that he reached a zenith of his political talents by his command performance in front of the refrigerators in Moscow. And, if a verdict on his political potentialities could be pronounced today, he might enter the White House virtually unchallenged.

But a single successful performance—or a series of performances—carries little significance. Naturally, Nixon's friends are delighted that his abilities have finally been recognized by the majority of the American people. Yet these friends resent the implication that the projection of his superb talents during his encounter with Khrushchev came about as a result of a radical shift in his character and in his public image. Even while he was in Moscow, members of the press amused themselves with the popular guessing game of the "new" Nixon versus the "old." Authoritative columnists such as Roscoe Drummond took no part in the routine of labeling Nixon after his every successful political performance. Drummond once thought Nixon hadn't shed his old political skin, but he has since observed that Nixon has become a "wiser and more mature man than he was when he first ran for Congress and later for the Senate." This sugges-

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tion of change in character, a deepening maturity, casts no shadow upon Nixon; it merely acknowledges the normal process of growth with which nature endows even politicians. Politics is one of the toughest of games. If it is true that in his early campaigns he was too rough on his opponents, he is a wiser and mellower man today.

His critics like to claim that he is essentially vain and that, polls or no polls, he sees himself as a man of destiny. A congressman who prefers to remain anonymous told me he believes that humility is one human trait that can hardly be found in Richard Nixon. He added: "Nothing can arouse Dick's ire more than if one questions his honesty, but he can get really mad if one is skeptical about his political destiny."

Nixon does believe in his destiny. As we have seen, his streak of mysticism has led him always to follow his star. Not smoke-filled rooms, but fate, he has always believed, will determine his future. He will be President, he has said to me, if the public wants his type of man as President. But the American public moves and thinks in cycles, and it is questionable whether the Horatio Alger image still fires the popular imagination. For generations Europe's masses, looking toward the promised land, have seen the fulfillment of the American dream in the rise of the plain man of the people—whether he be an Abraham Lincoln or an Alfred E. Smith or a Harry Truman or a Richard Nixon.

But, allegedly, this is the age of the status seekers, and the public is seeking new gods. Today it is the poor little rich boy, the millionaire's son, with whom the striving and seeking public yearns to identify itself. Does this new hero-image then mean the end of the traditional American dream, the toppling of the torch from the Statue of Liberty?

It will be remembered that when Truman first walked into the White House he turned to the assembled newspapermen and said: "Boys, pray for me." But when he left the Presidency he

was supremely self-confident. Nixon has been confident from the beginning—again, perhaps, following his star.

After nearly two years of probing into the life of Nixon one is bound to have a crystallized opinion of the man. But whether he is proud or humble was not established with certainty until I ran into the letter referred to in the Introduction of this book. His belief that this biographer is convinced that, if “he amounts to anything at all,” it will be due to the quality of his mother and grandmother, reflects a hitherto little-known streak in him: humility.

That this quality has been concealed is perhaps because the fighting, tenacious, even controversial nature he inherited from his father is out in front for everyone to see in the popular picture of him. What he inherited from his mother—ability, patience, courage, compassion, even humility—are qualities lying far beneath the surface of his nature.

Abraham Lincoln once said: “All that I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother.” Richard Nixon could say the same.

He demonstrated his ability when he played a leading role in the settlement of the steel strike. He proved his physical courage when he refused to run from the Communist-inspired mobs in South America. He proved his moral courage when he stood up to Khrushchev and captured the world’s imagination by daring to talk him down.

Today the one great desire of the peoples of the world is for peace. Nixon knows what war is. From the lessons he learned from his wartime experiences, and from his Quaker forebears, he stands as a foremost advocate of international co-operation and understanding.

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