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Candidates 1960

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# Candidates 1960

BEHIND THE HEADLINES
IN THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE

Edited and with an Introduction by
ERIC SEVAREID

BASIC BOOKS, Inc. • New York

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 59-13749
MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

First Printing, September, 1959
Second Printing, October, 1959
Third Printing, December, 1959
Fourth Printing, January, 1960
Fifth Printing, February, 1960

# FOREWORD

Must the average, intelligent voter wake up on Election Day wondering how he can possibly bring himself to choose between two candidates both of whom he considers inadequate to the presidential task, wondering how and why the nominations were made, and cursing all politicians for putting him in such a miserable position? If he does, he has allowed himself to be lulled into submission by the tactics and techniques of the professional politicians, who, for their own purposes, have played a double game with him. On the one hand, they have made him feel that his part in the election cannot begin until after the national conventions, when they exert tremendous pressure to enlist him in their party and their local campaign. On the other hand, they have for months before the conventions worked unobtrusively and with uncanny astuteness to size up the political "facts of life" of this election year.

American political bosses are held in low esteem by a large part of the voting public, and whatever small measure of admiration they enjoy is given grudgingly. They are thought of as crude and inelegant, unconcerned with big issues, and flabby in their principles. But whatever else they may be, the political bosses are not stupid, a fact attested by their capacity for survival through the Roosevelt "revolution," the Truman Fair Deal, and the Age of Eisenhower. They may not understand the great social changes of their era, but they have an instinct for understanding public behavior that by its accuracy often embarrasses

the political scientist, the sociologist, and even the professional poll-taker. The local boss is not really a gambler; he likes to bet on sure things. He cannot afford, in the rough-and-tumble of American politics, to be wrong very often. So he tries hard to avoid guessing about what is likely to happen at a national convention.

This book is an attempt to alert the intelligent voter, before the political publicists have, subtly or overtly, been able to color his judgment. The crucial months lie between the Fall of 1959 and the opening of the conventions. This is the formative period in which public thinking is being molded. It is the time when the professional politician is not only looking over the hopefuls; he is listening closely to what people are saying about them. In short, he wants to know: What is the public's image of the man? This, then, is the period during which the voter can have his greatest influence—if he has the facts.

Eric Sevareid and nine other Washington correspondents tell their stories as trained professionals, with no axes to grind. In chapters on the candidates, they recite the story of how each man got where he is today in sufficient detail for the voter to decide for himself the answers to two important questions: "Do I like this man?" "What might he do in a time of crisis if he were elected President of the United States?"

With their divergence of experience and background, it was clear from the outset that the authors of this book were unlikely to agree among themselves in their appraisals of the candidates —especially the other fellow's candidate. It will soon be apparent that, as a group, they have no single choice for President. In their treatment of issues and their choice of emphasis there are also broad areas of disagreement. Because the writers were given the widest latitude of expression, you should not be surprised if, in one chapter, you find Senator Blank described as a prince among men, while elsewhere he is pictured as a so-and-so. This lack of monolithic unity may baffle the readers (if there are any) in the totalitarian states, but Americans will readily understand it.

We are not so immodest as to think that inclusion in this book, or omission from it, means that a presidential aspirant has been

accepted, or rejected, by those elusive, not easily identified men of power and influence who have so much to say about American politics. Through inadvertence, we may have omitted some man who may yet come from far behind to win his party's nomination. But all of us, especially Mr. Sylvester, have tried to anticipate, nearly a year ahead of time, what might develop. It was always necessary to remember that a rapidly changing world situation, with the possibility of great crises abroad or upsets in the domestic economy, could seriously alter the preconvention picture. Guessing can be hazardous, especially when it must be done so far in advance.

Some will wonder why there is no chapter on Senator Estes Kefauver, the Tennessee Democrat, who played such a prominent role at the last two Democratic conventions. There are many references to him throughout the book, but no full treatment. The decision to omit Kefauver was not easy. But, when he decided to take himself out of the key New Hampshire primary, it seemed to mean that he had taken himself out of the running for President at this time.

Some may be curious to know why there are two chapters on Vice-President Nixon. This, it seemed, was a matter of fairness to the candidate. Nixon himself recognizes that of all the presidential possibilities he is the most controversial. Asking any one correspondent to try to tell the Nixon story, with all its ramifications, in a few thousand words, seemed unfair, and so Messrs. Holeman and Potter, both of whom know the Vice-President personally and intimately, were invited to write their impressions. Neither man approaches the subject as a strict partisan, and neither is oblivious to Nixon's qualities or his defects. But they do see him from entirely different perspectives.

Some of the hopefuls may not like what has been said about them in this book. Others may be highly pleased. We have not the slightest doubt that the detached treatment given the candidates and the publication of this volume so far in advance of the campaign will make life difficult for those political managers who try to tell the voters that their candidate has angelic qualities while his rivals are all devils. This book does not make life

easier, either, for the press agent who wants only part of his candidate's background known. But these are political persuaders who operate on the theory that what you don't know won't hurt you. As reporters, we operate on the theory that it will.

ROBERT G. SPIVACK

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# Candidates 1960

# 1

# THE IDEAL CANDIDATE

ERIC SEVAREID

"The process of election affords a moral certainty, that the office of President will never fall to the lot of any man who is not in an eminent degree endowed with the requisite qualifications."

—Alexander Hamilton, *Federalist Papers* No. 68

Warren G. Harding: "Am I a big enough man for the race?"

Harry M. Daugherty: "Don't make me laugh! The day of giants in the Presidential chair is past. Our so called Great Presidents were all made by the conditions of war under which they administered the office. Greatness in the Presidential chair is largely an illusion of the people."

—Conversation as reported in *The Inside Story of the Harding Tragedy* by Harry M. Daugherty in collaboration with Thomas Dixon (The Churchill Co., 1932)

History decides whether a man was a great President, a good President, an indifferent or a bad President. History cannot make up her mind sometimes, as in the case of James

K. Polk, but not often. And the judgment of history is that the American people have picked more indifferent and bad Presidents than good and great Presidents. As Carl Sandburg puts it in one of his poems, "The people choose and the people's choice more often than not is one more washout."

In the process of election as laid down by Hamilton and the other "Founding Fathers" (a term bequeathed us by Harding—perhaps his only lasting contribution), the people, of course, were to play but an indirect role. Their betters, functioning as an electoral college, were to make the final decision every four years. The system was changed as it had to be changed, because the American Revolution was a political quarrel only in its origins and became in its effects a true social revolution. And it is idle for us to speculate whether continuance of the original electoral system would have guaranteed the continuance of great men as Chief Executives.

We cannot know what might have been, just as the American people, on the record, have never known what would be if they had chosen this man and not that one. It is astonishing how Presidents in office have defied popular, preelection notions of what they were as human beings and how they would behave as the people's principal trustee. Noah Brooks of the *Tribune* exclaimed, "He's the greatest man since Saint Paul" when Lincoln finished his Cooper Union speech early in 1860; but very few Americans, even among the "well informed," understood then that Brooks was closer to the truth than all those who regarded Lincoln as an ignorant country bumpkin. Was not Calvin Coolidge the steady, wise governor who had handled the Boston police strike with such firm statesmanship? How many then understood that his steadiness was merely lack of imagination and his wisdom the deceptive impression conveyed by a tight-lipped man who kept his mouth closed because he had nothing to say? Millions regarded Harry Truman as weak when he took office, and personal strength was his greatest quality; Franklin Roosevelt was an "amiable country gentleman" wishing to please everyone, before his election, and then demonstrated an almost devilish glee in

outraging whole classes, most particularly the "gentleman" class, country or city.

Rarely has the private quality of a man been the deciding factor in his election to the White House. Other things have usually played a far more decisive role: the economic condition of the society or the unpopularity of the "ins"; or a state of war in the world; or personal appearance, voice, manner—the package rather than its contents. How explain the national choice of Harding over Cox, Coolidge over Davis, Hoover over Al Smith, or, to reach further back, Grant over Horatio Seymour, who was without much question the finest political thinker of his time? How explain these incredible choices save in the hard, unhappy fact that the people were badly informed about the personalities before them, or were bad analysts of the information they had, or both?

Therein lies a purpose of this volume of personality sketches. In our quadrennial politics, unlike religion, few are called and only two are chosen. These pages deal with the few persons, the very few out of the seventy million of technically eligible Americans, who are "available" for the nomination in the true political sense of the word. If you become familiar with the career of these few men you are ninety-nine per cent certain to be familiar with the career up to now of the next President of the United States.

It has been the constant experience of the past, under our habits of journalism, that if the people wait to be informed about a prospective President until after the nominations, they have waited too long. In the frenzied atmosphere of the period between the conventions and election, a clear-eyed objectivity, by either the writer or the reader of politics, is a state of intellectual nirvana that few among us attain. Nearly every speech, billboard, photograph, broadcast announcement, handbill, slogan, and editorial about a nominee is touched with the emotional tints of sunrise (by his proponents) or sunset (by his opponents). Once the conventions are over the campaign is on to the death and reason is all but buried, as truth between nations goes underground when they come to war.

The outrageous press distortions of the nineteenth cen-

tury, when candidates were pictured as saints and magical Merlins about to spread brotherhood over the earth with a wave and a word, or as liars and lechers and common criminals—this kind of insensate political journalism is happily gone, perhaps forever. But it is extraordinary, even in our present day, what otherwise sensible human beings will say and write about a man within reach of America's supreme temporal office. Or about his political party. The Democratic claim that it is "the party of the people" is surely as breath-taking a claim as was Mr. Dewey's broad insinuation (in this he was the originator, *not* Mr. Nixon) that the Democrats were the party of traitors.

In the campaign of 1956 it seemed to me the press was fair (broadcast journalism *has* to be so, under the law) but in the 1952 campaign a great many Republican papers, with a preponderance of the national readership, simply cheated in their allotments of news column space. This violent throwback to an earlier time when the moral rules were ignored was so evident that even members of that cautious fraternity of journalism, Sigma Delta Chi, suggested that an investigation be made to forestall any repetition. At any rate it was a virtual impossibility for readers to find a thorough and perceptive analysis of General Eisenhower, who was the sure winner from the beginning, in terms of his emotional and intellectual nature and the stock of his pertinent knowledge. This reporter, for example, had been led to believe by writers who knew the General better than I that he was a man with a pride in language, who took infinite pains with his writing and speech. I repeated and helped to perpetuate this minor myth. Surely there is nothing Mr. Eisenhower is less concerned about than matching word to thought.

A few of us tried to make people understand that by reason of his small-town, old-fashioned upbringing Mr. Eisenhower had a primitive view of our system, equating national necessities with parochial folklore: i.e., saving is good, debt is bad, the best government is the smallest government, the rich must somehow excel in virtue. We tried to explain that he shared the traditional view of society that is (or, at least,

was) taught to military youth, a view that sees American life as a fixed mosaic, with labor in its place and management in its, industry, agriculture, intellectuals in their proper and appointed spheres, all to be protected and none to be championed or suppressed. One does not learn, under such training, to understand society as a pulsing, dynamic contest of forces, constantly affected and altered by the power of new ideas and new conditions. By the time the few of us had learned this of the Republican nominee the campaign was on in full fury. Minds were made up. Those who were for him would pay no attention, just as those who were for Mr. Stevenson would pay no attention to our discovery and announcement that he was a man with unresolved inner doubts about his capacity for the presidency. These doubts came from a much more sensitive understanding of the presidency than his opponent possessed, but they were there and that was a major fact to be understood, we thought, by every voter.

All such explanation about a candidate falls upon unheeding ears once the nominations are made and the fight is on. It is often argued that in terms of understanding a public personality, the advent of television has brought a fundamental change for the better, that if people see and hear the man as well as read about him, some sixth sense, some built-in barometer of judgment that "the people" are supposed to possess, will guide them to the truth. This I doubt. In the normal circumstance television is working for the man who appears on it. He is prepared; he is on his best, most effective behavior. He *uses* it. Television's exposure will reveal the true nature of a man only if the exposure is prolonged, coupled with conditions of high pressure, the circumstances under which the little screen finally did reveal the true character of Senator McCarthy, in the Senate hearings. Otherwise it can be quite misleading. It taught millions to believe, for example, that candidate Kefauver was a warm lover of humanity of all classes, athletically eager to shake its each and every hand; and that candidate Stevenson was slow and diffident with the palm, somewhat uncomfortable in the crowd. What it could not

show was the truth—that Kefauver rarely sees or hears the person whose hand he is shaking, while Stevenson scrutinizes the person, listens carefully to his remarks, and answers him with a pertinent thought. It is Kefauver who is self-absorbed, Stevenson who is not, yet millions watching them on television in the primaries of 1956 were misled into reversing their true roles and natures.

It remains true today, with the current crop of prospective nominees, that their real natures are most imperfectly understood even by the closest readers and viewers. In this book a group of Washington political writers have tried to describe the presidential "hopefuls" in dimensions that are rarely plumbed in the daily journalism of politics. I have long been struck by the fact that sports writers and Hollywood gossipists lay bare the inner minds and hearts of their heroes and heroines more frequently and more completely than we political writers do with the celebrated characters who perform upon the far more important stage that we are assigned to watch.

What is it that makes a man eligible for a presidential nomination? Not necessarily and not very often the qualities that make him eligible for the presidency. Our history before and since he wrote has largely borne out Lord Bryce's bleak observation that the parties prefer the safe man to the brilliant man. "To a party," said Bryce, "it is more important that its nominee should be a good candidate than that he should turn out a good President. A nearer danger is a greater danger." Meaning that to a political party in July, one crucial day in November appears far more important than the four years that begin in January.

The time-honored rules of eligibility or "availability" for a party nomination are several. Sidney Hyman, the historian, has conveniently listed nine. The first is the desirability of prior public service in some form or other. The only exceptions that come to mind are the nominations of Horace Greeley, the editor, in 1872 and Wendell Willkie, the utilities executive, in 1940. The second rule has been that a governorship is the preferred position from which to run. The third is that the nominee ought to come from a state that is

not only very large, but one that could swing its electoral vote to either party. The fourth is that the nominee should be from the North. The fifth is that he should not be deeply identified with any one particular interest in our society, with neither labor nor management, for example. The sixth is the "rule of a happy family life." The seventh is that he should come from a small town instead of a great megalopolis, the eighth that he should be of Anglo-Saxon stock, and the ninth, that he should be Protestant. (The necessities of the male gender and the white skin are assumed.)

For many years, professional politicians have regarded these nine qualities as the requirements for ideal "availability." Yet of the leading contenders in both parties described in these chapters, not one of them can meet all of these qualifications. Professional politicians are often behind the times in their estimations of national sentiments and any "pro" or "pol" today who regards *all* of the above qualifications as important is, I think, out of touch with the mass of the people. Several points in the list of nine can surely be eliminated in safety if the candidate's other qualities are right and sure. Although a Jew will not make it—indeed, none is in the running—Catholicism, by every current test, is by no means the bar it once was. Single blessedness is not likely to be a handicap in itself; there was no measureable evidence that divorce seriously reduced Mr. Stevenson's vote—or, in fact, that of Cox in his race against Harding in 1920. (Nearly half of American marriages end in divorce today.) Identification with a city can hardly be much of a handicap in an era when most Americans are themselves so identified.

And I would argue that service as a state governor is no longer important in the sense that, because it is an executive post, it is better training for the chief executiveship than training in the Congress. It is important in the sense that a governor does not make enemies on a national scale as does a member of Congress, because he does not have an indelible record of voting on national issues. It is important in the sense that most governors run the party's state organization and can command the allegiance of their convention dele-

gations, at least until the "favorite son" stage of the balloting is past. But a governorship is not important as training for the highest office.

For the presidency has greatly altered. The vast proliferation of federal agencies and projects has not made the President more and more an administrator; it has made him less and less an administrator. Administration of such a vast structure on anything but a purely *pro forma* basis has become quite impossible for any one man. Only the most important policy decisions and the most important appointments or reorganizations involving the departments and agencies come within his purview. The great requirements for the modern presidency do not really include executive ability.

(Indeed, if the administrative-experience qualification *were* important, one could argue that Senator Humphrey had quite as saturating an administrative experience during four years as mayor of Minneapolis as most state governors have had. One could make the same argument on behalf of Senator Symington who was Secretary of the Air Force under Truman.)

What many citizens do not understand is that a hard-working senator or representative with the right committee assignments becomes, over the years, as much of an authority on the workings of executive departments as is a President—and often a better authority. Senator Russell and Representative Vinson, both of Georgia, probably know as much about the Department of Defense as any Secretary of Defense we have had in recent years; Senator Humphrey understands the disarmament problem as well as anyone in State or Defense; Senators Johnson and Symington know the problems of the armed services and space exploration; a considerable number of men on Capitol Hill understand the federal budget as well as the Secretary of the Treasury. Furthermore, members of Congress have a knowledge of many executive agencies on a level of practical realism that the Chief Executive rarely achieves; they know whether these agencies do their job properly or not—because they must constantly fight their constituents' problems through the agencies.

I have not mentioned the tremendous area of foreign affairs, but it must be obvious to anyone that only the rarest individual in a governor's mansion can possess anything like the grasp of world problems that men such as Senators Kennedy and Humphrey have had to acquire by sheer necessity. And I would include Mr. Stevenson and Vice-President Nixon here because of their travels and exceptional efforts in this realm.

Perhaps a case can be made for the impression that the cycle of history is swinging us back toward the period of our constitutional origins when Washington itself was considered the natural source ground for Presidents. Then the country, in its politically organized confines, was small in relation to its continental potential. The criteria of leadership had more to do with intellectual comprehension of complexities than with personal closeness to or folk instinct for the people's needs and feelings. If Washington was often isolated from the people and their feelings it was even more true that the people were isolated from Washington and the facts. Not until approximately Jackson's time under the impact of the expanding frontier and its clamorous popular demands did the criteria begin to change, and the State House began to rival Capitol Hill as a stage for personal political eminence.

Now the whole country is small again, this time in relation to the world potential, the needs and the dangers of which are the framework of our government's most vital daily business. Once again the people are more isolated from Washington and the facts than is Washington isolated from the people and their feelings. The Congress has become a natural source ground for the presidency; and the fact that all but two—Stevenson and Rockefeller—of the leading candidates for nomination are identified with the Congress is not entirely due to the "unavailability" of most of the present governors. The whole world is now our political stage and millions of people sense, however dimly, that in comparison with senators, the governors are little more than minor voices in the wings.

But the American electorate is not going to give its majority vote to a man *because* he is a senator and not a gov-

ernor. It will give it to the man who comes the closer to satisfying that mysterious complex of emotional and intellectual desires and instincts that activate the pencil finger inside the polling booth on election day. One vote amongst sixty millions is not much of a force under the laws of cause and effect, but I have never known an American who did not cast his vote in the feeling that somehow or other his one vote might make all the difference, that *he* was choosing the President.

His current conscious impression of the party's candidates as human beings will govern his choice, more than any imagining of his man in the White House, grappling with only dimly perceived problems of the future. The future will test the next President, but the present is the testing time for the two men who will be given the chance to be President. Neither convention will ask with Harding, "Is he big enough for the race?" It will only ask, "Is he fast enough to win the race?"

The requirements for winning the race are by no means always identical with the requirements for discharging the office, once it is won. Wisdom is essential in a President; the appearance of wisdom will do for a candidate. No group of ordinary voters is going to have the opportunity to closet themselves with either candidate, cross-examine him on all essential issues, and demand and get the truth of his physical health and his private morals. They will have to read him as he runs.

This is the age of appearances, when the wrapping seems more important than the contents. I do not believe this is because we are basically a more superficial people than we were, but because we are a busier and more distracted people, forced to take many more things at their face value. Wrappings can be seen at a glance, while contents require digging, and that requires time. Our political campaigns are the longest in the world, much too long in many respects, but still too short for the full unfolding of a public man's private nature. But it is not only time that is the enemy of full understanding—it is also the candidate's use of the time. For in our day political men talk almost exclusively in terms

of the "themes and issues," as if one's relation to them were the total substance of himself. Rarely does he talk of himself in any candid, self-scrutinizing way. He would no more think of doing this than he would of reverting to the former practice of characterizing his opponent in such terms.

He must appear positive on virtually every subject, though not dogmatic. He must seem both strong and gentle. He must seem appalled by his opponent's ideas, but unforgiving and humorless only toward Communists and crooks. He will not be specific as to what he would change, in foreign or agricultural or military policies, yet he must leave no doubt in our minds that he would change virtually everything—unless, of course, he is the candidate for the party already in power, in which case he must let us know that while he is for the administration's record one hundred per cent he will make up for those sins of commission or omission forced upon the administration by its political enemies.

He must appear to be knowledgeable at all times, but at all times eager to learn from us, the people. If he is of poor and humble origin, he must appear at ease with the rich and powerful; if he is of rich and powerful origin he must make it clear that his heart has always been with the humble and the poor. He must appear, in other words, to be the universal man, for we are a complex federation, we Americans, of different ethnic strains, economic conditions and geographical identifications, and to *all* of us he must somehow appeal. What American voters really want in their hearts is a man with whom they can personally identify, yet one who is a little better than they. One who is of them, but yet above them. (Physical distance helps. One of the last groups to accept Harry Truman as a competent President was his own Missouri neighbors.)

Eisenhower was the ideal candidate in virtually all these respects. He appeared to be gentle, yet his war record indicated strength; his origins were humble but his broad shoulders were well rubbed by the rich and the powerful. He was rarely specific as to what he would do, to change the course of inflation or the Korean War or the mounting

of agricultural surpluses, yet his *tone* implied the firmest intentions of the most drastic alterations. That magic called the "common touch" was there, in spite of his walks with kings. Who in the crowds could doubt that the infectious grin revealed a warm and loving and outgoing nature? (And who in the crowd could know that Eisenhower possessed not a single truly intimate friend, not one "friend of the heart," as the French would put it? Who could then know that the aides and associates passionately devoted to the General were devoted because he had made *them* feel powerful by abdicating so many of his own duties to their judgments?)

But the General "identified" in all those mysterious chemistries that produce a sense of communion between human beings. To men he appeared manly and natural, a boon companion on any fishing trip, yet possessed of the military honors that nearly all males, in their heart of hearts, would rather have than anything in life. To women—well, Clare Booth Luce said that "to older women, he was like a son; to middle-aged women, a husband; to young women, a father." She added that Mr. Stevenson, on the contrary, "seemed like a brother-in-law." Who could doubt the outcome of such a contest? Very few political reporters did, from the second week of the 1952 campaign, yet very few of the same reporters doubted that the brother-in-law possessed a far deeper comprehension of our times than the son-husband-father. Stevenson charmed the intellect; Eisenhower charmed the heart. All American voters have hearts, but not all have intellects; it was an uneven match from the beginning.

*Charm.* Is this elusive, magical radiation of human personality now in a category by itself for political "availability"? Should it be added to Mr. Hyman's nine rules of eligibility? Is it really true, in this age of television, "togetherness," easy jobs, easy religion, and easy education that the easy smile is the tie that truly binds, the common denominator of national acceptance? One could almost believe so, in the fall of 1956. Personality won. Party did not keep pace—Mr. Eisenhower's party colleagues lost very

badly—and Policy seemed to have no meaning to the people. Personality won by smilingly proclaiming that all was peace and prosperity, without once bothering to discuss the hard and fateful issues, while world explosions, in Hungary and Suez most obviously, were even then burning away on a very short fuse.

With this evidence before them, with today's evidence that a Senator Kennedy can lead the hounds in almost every opinion poll, there are entirely responsible political thinkers inclined to believe that the presence of "charm" can make up for the absence of almost everything else. I do not mean to say that Senator Kennedy has no other qualities; but it remains quite true that his actual works, his practical experience, or his noteworthy utterances total, today, nothing like those of a Stevenson or a Nixon or a Symington or a Johnson or a Humphrey, or, for that matter, a Rockefeller. Kennedy's candidacy for the nomination, then, will prove a fascinating test of this new era—if it *is* new in these respects—and of the charm-school theory of high politics. Charm may have been Mr. Eisenhower's most readily apparent characteristic, but it was charm plus. Plus world fame, plus the glamour of world war success in 1952 and the great aura of the presidency in 1956.

I know thoughtful observers who believe that Senator Kennedy's charm is inextricably connected with his youth; that 1960, therefore, will be not only his first real try at the nomination but his last. I am not entirely so persuaded. The charm of youth alone—or almost alone—brings fantastic rewards in this nation of "fans." But I am not at all sure the presidency is one of these rewards. The act of entering a voting booth is not the same as the act of entering a movie theater for any citizen save the most spiritually errant and empty. In spite of the almost frivolous frittering away of the presidential power in recent years there remains a residue of majesty about the office and a sense of this is still buried somewhere in almost every American's awareness.

In any case, we shall know very much more about "charm" when, in the specific case of Senator Kennedy, it begins the trial heats of practical acceptance in the winter and spring

of 1960. For he, like Senator Humphrey, cannot have the nomination in the summer unless he fights for it, hard and unabashedly. These open presidential preference primaries in a few of our states are preposterous booby traps which can kill off a candidacy but rarely ensure a nomination. Not only must the candidate suffer a grueling physical endurance test; not only must he make himself a quick-study expert on local problems, often unimportant, but he runs a new and special hazard that the daily necessities of the mass news media have introduced.

Adlai Stevenson knows all about this. In 1956, the stubbornly determined Senator Kefauver forced the "titular head" of the Democratic party into the primaries, in Minnesota, Florida, and California most notably. Stevenson, who is at his best when he has time for reflection and composition, had to make speeches many times a day, long before the conventions were due. He also had to speak every day about the particular issues of the locality he was in—whether dairy prices in Minnesota or the fruit fly problem in Florida or the irrigation question in California. This could be, of course, to his advantage if his words on these matters were confined to the states concerned. But the mass news media —the wire agencies, the radio and television broadcasts— have insatiable appetites. Hour after hour, day after day, these little local gestures and speeches of the candidate were drummed into the eyes and ears of *all* the citizens, wherever they lived. That is what happened to the "Stevenson image." It was simply worn away under this Chinese torture test. The country got fed up. There was nothing Stevenson could do about it. His overexposure, of course, was intensified because his opposition, President Eisenhower, could avoid the primaries.

In the spring of 1960, Senators Kennedy and Humphrey, if not others, will have to run the same type of gauntlet. One or the other will be ruined in his nomination chances; but even the victor in the primary preliminaries will find his public "image" altered in some manner and degree. This suggests why experienced politicians with something to lose as well as to gain detest the preferential primaries; in

sum, they are negative and destructive institutions. The national conventions themselves, in what appears to the onlooker to be their methodical madness, have manifold faults. Their intrinsic nature has, at times, been responsible for presenting the country with no more than a choice of two evils; but they have not been responsible for the country's choosing the worst of the two in November, as so frequently has happened. These are not the appropriate pages for a discussion of our formal institutions for political choice. All one can say here is that the various proposals for drastic alteration, from Woodrow Wilson's suggestion of universal primaries with abolition of the conventions, to Senator Smather's proposal to do away with the conventions, find doubtful merit in the minds of political scientists who have projected their consequences. The conventions, like the seniority system in congressional committees, will be with us a long time, chiefly because the suggested alternatives seem worse.

But the conventions themselves have been clearly changing under the impact of mass literacy, the mass media of communications, and the modern arts of mass persuasion. It would be a virtual impossibility in our time to "rig" in advance a national convention. It is a virtual impossibility during a convention, for any small clique of "back-room boys" to arrange a presidential nomination. Even the normal and legitimate—but now slightly old-fashioned—technique, the technique Senator Taft used in 1952, of getting many advance commitments from state and local leaders, even this has severe limitations. Nearly every delegate these days, because of mass and intimate communications, feels he knows the candidates personally, and private arrangements are easily blown away under the hot breath of popular passions for or against a man.

The Eisenhower candidacy for the nomination was not "made in Madison Avenue," in spite of the persuaders, hidden and otherwise, working for him with all the new arts of public persuasion. They refined it, they focused it, they "merchandised" it, but they had a highly acceptable commodity to work with. And it was only the *coup de grâce*

when a group of psychological warriors, some of whom had learned their art in SHAEF during the war, inspired a snowstorm of telegrams from leading citizens in the cities and towns of every key state, telegrams addressed to the individual convention delegates from each locality. Taft's hoary methods of wheeling and dealing with local machine leaders could not stand up against this kind of attack.

And again, one week later, it was a wave of popular feeling in the hall that drafted Governor Stevenson for the Democrats, one of the very few true drafts in our history. But political writers are loath to abandon their folklore, as are baseball writers their meaningless statistics, and the nonsense that President Truman "decided on Stevenson" when he reached Chicago and thus tipped the scale is still believed by many.

Advance commitments blow down rather easily. If Senator Kennedy, let us say, arrives at the Los Angeles convention with three hundred delegates, some committed to him, some having indicated a preference for him, he would certainly be hard to stop. But not for statistical reasons, though this is nearly half the total required. He would be hard to stop for psychological reasons, because of the bandwagon atmosphere the achievement of that many pledges and quasi-pledges would have built up. It is probably true that individual delegates are more independent than they used to be, but all of them still want to be with the winner and with him early. (From 1933 on, James A. Farley kept a list of Democrats who had been FR-BC—"For Roosevelt Before Chicago.")

All conventions of either party call up the old vision of the party itself, invoke the great spirits of its past and pretend to believe, for one moment of frenzied togetherness, that their nominee will win because of the party; and the nominee will echo this refrain in his solo during the mutual incantation. But in their hearts both he and they will know that in November the people will vote much more for the personality than for the party. Less and less do our people feel party identification because less and less are the people dissimilar in their backgrounds and education and ways of

living; class lines have been dissolving; the old immigrant groups have been absorbed; and the parties become fundamentally more alike as the boundaries between doctrines blur and fade.

Each convention will choose the *man* it believes can win. *How* he wins will be pretty much up to him. If he suits, in his nature, the national atmospherics he will probably win, whether his campaign is shrewd or bumbling. There is good reason for believing that the autumn campaign *changes* very few votes, but even this maxim could be proved quite fallible. Certainly campaigns can *bring out* many votes and this can change the result. Every high-school senior is familiar with the campaign phrase, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," and why the defeated candidate later said he was beaten by an ass in the shape of a preacher. The story of the unlucky Hughes' alleged upstaging of Hiram Johnson with the consequent loss of California and the electoral majority is familiar. And as one of the reporters sure that Dewey would win in 1948 until the vast crowds President Truman began to draw in the last ten days of that contest produced unexpressed doubt in my breast, I am persuaded that campaigns can and do make a difference.

(During that same ten-day period I was sitting with Adlai Stevenson, candidate for governor, in a Chicago apartment. He was saying, "Douglas we have about written off; we figure I will win by a very small margin. But something may be happening. Farmers downstate are upset about the crop storage problem and seem to be drifting our way, though this may mean nothing much." Douglas won the senatorship by a big margin; Stevenson won the governorship by the greatest majority in Illinois' history. Campaigns are not always sound and fury, signifying nothing.)

Each candidate will say many times during the campaign that he intends to be the President of *all* the people. Legally, he would have to be; but if he completed the thought and said he meant by this that he would so act as to please all the people, the people would immediately distrust him. He will not even try to please all the people during his campaign because that would be equally ruinous. What he will

do is to try to avoid displeasing as many vaguely defined groups of people as possible while trying in a positive manner to please as many sharply defined groups as possible. He will promise literally to get the unemployed back to work while suggesting, but only suggesting, that this will be done without further inflation or higher taxes. This is not to practice dishonesty; it is to practice politics, which is, after all, the art of the possible, not the art of the perfect or the finished. The voters will look, listen, and then they will vote for whom they regard as the better man. Almost every voter will have a specific explanation as to why he voted for X or against Y. Millions will offer explanations that make no sense to those who really understand X and Y. ("I didn't like the fact that Stevenson was connected with Alger Hiss" or "a military man would get us into war.")

Woodrow Wilson once said that the purpose of liberal education is to enable one to know a good man when he sees him. Universal free education has worked well enough so that Americans never elect or even nominate a truly bad man. In spite of the adulation of many, Senator McCarthy would never have come within miles of a presidential nomination. But whether we are educated enough to know the *better* man is a different question. Choices can be very hard to make.

The only rule of thumb I have been able to come to for myself is the "rule of the men and the boys." My observation about politics in many countries is that its practitioners fall into these two groups. The boys in politics are those individuals who want position in order to *be* something; the men are those who want position in order to *do* something.

And it is my own personal conviction that the United States has now arrived at a point in the world story when it is utterly imperative that we elect one of the men. I believe this so deeply that I would now much rather take the risk of choosing a man who often acts wrongly than a boy who will not act at all. Most mistaken actions can be corrected; for action begets counteraction and, in any case, the people can only "know what they want" when alter-

natives are not only presented to them but tried. We do not need a presiding officer; we do terribly need a constitutional leader. Our worst danger at this stage is not that of making mistakes, it is of continuing a political state of blandness, continuing to dull the sharp edges of issues, not by the practical compromise which must often happen, but by compromise as an article of faith. Leadership does not consist of endlessly trying to conciliate "the other fellow," of feeling all possible pulses before making the first timid steps in any direction. Only by boldly taking the steps and accepting the consequences are effective policy or the people's deepest desires discovered.

History will not wait for us; it threatens to by-pass us even now. It is rushing on. We are caught in the tides not only of a scientific revolution but of political and social revolutions which we ourselves, not the Communists, inspired in this world generations ago. Even semiprimitive societies in darkest Africa have caught the tides, are taking us at our word—not our present words, uttered hour by dreary hour over the Voice of America, but our old words, the words of Jefferson and Thomas Paine. Millions of people are seeing visions, the same visions we saw so long ago that now we seem to regard them as nightmares.

William Faulkner asks, "What happened to the American dream?" He answers, in part, "We dozed, and it abandoned us. And in that vacuum now there sound no longer the strong loud voices not merely unafraid but not even aware that fear existed, speaking in mutual unification of one mutual hope and will. Because now what we hear is a cacophony of terror and conciliation and compromise babbling only the mouth-sounds, the loud and empty words which we have emasculated of all meaning whatever—freedom, democracy, patriotism—with which, awakened at last, we try in desperation to hide from ourselves that loss."

Truly there is a quiet desperation among those Americans sensitively aware of what is happening in the world today and of what is not happening in America. A great nation cannot stand still; it either moves forward or it moves backward. It is my belief that we are losing touch with the

world, indeed with ourselves. Not only do we not know what we want any more, we do not know what we are. Like old women touching their beads, we endlessly count and recount our "blessings" in the form of our "gross national product," our "per capita income," and our production units, whether babies or block-long automobiles; and we call to the gods of "economy," "prudence," and "the middle way," trying to believe that this shall save us, knowing in our hearts that it will not.

We have no national gods in America. Even the one we name on our coins was not there until it was stamped on by an Episcopalian Secretary of the Treasury during the Civil War. We have never had a Fuehrer and want none; we have no king, no Delphic oracle, no Platonic academy of the all-wise. We have only the President of the United States. We cannot be led by our political institutions, admirably organized as they are. Government, as Wilson wrote four years before his election, "is not a machine but a living thing. It falls, not under the [Newtonian] theory of the universe, but under the theory of organic life. It is accountable to Darwin, not to Newton."

The presidency is the only truly national office we have. And, as Wilson said, if the President "rightly interpret the national thought and boldly insist upon it, he is irresistible; and the country never feels the zest of action so much as when its President is of such insight and calibre. Its instinct is for unified action, and it craves a single leader. It is for this reason that it will often prefer to choose a man rather than a party. A President whom it trusts cannot only lead it, but form it to his own views."

This is what the American people now deeply want, and need—to be "formed" to the views, the faith, the working vision of a great man, who is great because he understands the present and anticipates the future, because he is one with the people yet above them, because he has the capacity to call up their best instincts, not merely to comfort their expediencies, and because he can stand to the world in their image and as the living symbol of the America they once knew in their schoolbooks and felt in their hearts and have not yet entirely abandoned.

This must come back to us, this leadership, or the marvelous story of the American spirit in the world may soon unwind to a tattered and meaningless end. It is impossible for me to understand how anyone saturated in the history of this land cannot feel this need. And it is strange but true that human nature never changes: we have acted as if opinion polls and committees and the mechanics of organization could find the way for us, and yet, again and again, we are thrown back to the simple, ancient truth that only a man—*one* man—can lead us.

This book has been put together by Washington journalists. By profession and habit they deal in the sometimes meaningless realm of the factual. They do not let themselves talk with one another very often on any other level. But most of them are men of the strongest faiths. I know, because they are my friends, that many of them walk among the marble stones of Washington these days, wondering where they are, haunted by a sense that the white and gray piles are uninhabited save by the immortal ghosts of the great who once were there. Sometimes they feel lost, like a child seized with the sensation that this is not his family, that he was born to a happier home and must somehow find it again.

Leadership of a great and vigorous people is not a process of calculation or organization. Government is not a "business." The true function of the Chief Executive has little to do with "administration." If these things were not so we would elect businessmen as Presidents and we have never done that. On the level of the presidency there is no such thing as political "science." Leadership is an art, not a science or a business, and what our people need and instinctively want is an artist. They have need, now, of a very great artist; for the immense canvas of our national life, our mirror to ourselves and our world, is frayed and obscured with a thousand tiny cracks. The American portrait is growing dim, and only the boldest strokes from the boldest hand will restore the original in its strong and vivid colors.

PART I

# The Republican Candidates

# 2

# MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING

## Nelson A. Rockefeller

DON IRWIN

Two slabs of honeydew melon, one patently green, the other lusciously ripe, were among the many odd links in the chain that pulled Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller to his smashing victory in New York's gubernatorial election.

The melon crossed Rockefeller's wide-ranging trail nearly two years before the election, at a Republican fund-raising luncheon in New York—a type of political function to which Rockefellers have always been welcome guests. The last diners to approach the buffet and the two melon slices were Rockefeller and a hard-boiled Republican county chairman. Rockefeller reached the sideboard first and handed the ripe slice without hesitation to his companion.

The gesture was a conditioned reflex for Rockefeller, whose courtesy is so uniform that a sign of irritation gets his staff in a dither. But the chairman was impressed. In the summer of 1958, for a lot of reasons that began with the melon, he returned the favor by handing his big,

heavily courted bloc of delegates over to Rockefeller in time to help him clinch the Republican nomination before the party's convention.

That nomination brought on the political earthquake that shook New York State on November 5, 1958. When Rockefeller won going away in a heavily Democratic year, it was news in every state organization. The impact could open the gateway to the White House to a man many politicians would once have hesitated to run for town selectman. The tremors also could subside without permanent effect.

The core of the disturbance is a volatile compound of dedication, warmth, charm, and drive which worked magic at the polls for Rockefeller in his first bid for elective office. Its ingredients were shaped by an inheritance as unique as Rockefeller's name and fortune; by a career that has blended government, the arts, and business; and by a temperament that is at once resilient, sanguine, and basically ambitious.

During a campaign celebrated from coast to coast as the "Battle of the Millionaires," Rockefeller's prime assets were a friendly grin, an acquaintance with a wide range of state problems, and expert cooperation from knowing advisers and an adept, loyal staff. He swamped the Democratic Governor, Averell Harriman, by 573,034 votes—10 per cent of the total cast—but most voters knew little more about him than that they liked the vital, friendly image on their TV screens.

Two months after the new Governor's inauguration, those same voters were protesting mightily against the $277,000,000 tax increase which Rockefeller proposed to an unhappy Republican legislature as the only alternative to a drastic slash in state services. Some even booed him at a New York ceremony. The long-range effects of the tax fight that opened his administration may yet determine Rockefeller's political future.

His political past is spectacularly short for a man whom some rate as a first-magnitude star in a Republican firmament where Vice-President Richard M. Nixon once appeared

to shine alone. But his personal history was interwoven with public affairs for 18 years before his election, and his gifts in some political areas are conceded even by his critics.

Born to unimaginable wealth, but raised to resist rich men's vices, Rockefeller is improbably youthful in looks and reactions for a five-time grandfather who was 50 at the time of his election. Even in repose, he gives an impression of restless energy. His hair, which is on the long side, is wavy and still brown. There is humor behind his piercing, hooded gray-blue eyes and in the set of his wide, expressive mouth. His chin, with which he has frequently led, is big and solid.

A shade over five feet ten inches tall and heavily built, Rockefeller keeps his weight below 185 pounds by morning setting-up exercises. He uses saccharine from a little gold pillbox to sweeten the coffee he drinks black and in quantities. He does not smoke and drinks only wine. His finely tailored clothes are a shade on the sharp side, but he wears them hard and they are often mussed. He goes hatless when possible, and in calmer, less formal days liked to drive himself in his Thunderbird.

Rockefeller talks with his square, strong-looking hands, mobile eyebrows, and pleasant baritone voice, which carries just a trace of an upper-crust nasal twang. He is a good listener and obviously enjoys conversation, but hates to waste time on ceremonial vacuities. He schooled himself during the campaign to deliver a prepared speech with competence, but is most effective when talking extemporaneously. Informality, presence, and a lot of experience make him a skilled chairman, with a capacity for leading and coaxing the most unlikely people into agreement.

Rockefeller put his mark on the commodious Victorian Executive Mansion where New York governors have lived since 1874 by importing a few dozen abstract paintings, but there are five other dwellings arranged more to his taste, which favors informality and both modern and primitive art. The most imposing is a 23-room triplex penthouse apartment at Sixty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, New

York City. It has been his town house since 1933. The warmest is a Dutch Colonial house on the family estate at Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown, N.Y., that is still home to the five grown Rockefeller children. The least-used these days is a much-modernized former farmhouse on fashionable Foxhall Road in Washington where he made his base when he held three federal jobs. The most remote are his vacation hideaway at Seal Harbor, Me., and his modern hacienda in the spectacular foothills of the Venezuelan Andes.

The houses symbolize Rockefeller's status as one of the six third-generation heirs to the largest, most-hated, most-used fortune ever amassed in the United States. Because of it, he had to enter politics through a side door that once looked as narrow as the Biblical needle's eye. In so doing, he defied a truism that elective office, especially in the Republican party, is barred to heavy-calibre millionaires.

Two of Rockefeller's favorite words are "challenge" and "opportunity." The 1958 New York election provided him with both. The challenge was evident enough in the initial doubts which most Republican professionals cast on his candidacy. The opportunity lay in the fact that Averell Harriman was governor of New York and a Democrat. The Harriman railroad millions never equaled the $1,500,000,000-plus which the first John D. Rockefeller is believed to have amassed through Standard Oil. But the Democratic Governor's inheritance was large enough to rule the "money issue" out of the campaign.

Rockefeller has questioned—but has refused to correct—widely published speculation that his personal share of the family estate totals between one and two hundred million dollars. He will say only that the estimate is "quite inaccurate," but concedes that the family is "quite fortunate in having adequate financial resources."

Whatever the total may be, the legendary fortune piled up by the dynasty's founder in the bad old days of the Standard Oil Trust has profoundly influenced the lives of all its possessors. The principle of regular philanthropy was established by old John D. even before Teddy Roosevelt forced the breakup of Standard Oil in his crusade against

"malefactors of great wealth." It was systematized by the younger John D.—known to associates as "Junior"—who has devoted his long life to the wise administration of the imposing list of philanthropies that is headed by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Family ties and traditions are strong in the Rockefeller clan. Grandfather Rockefeller lived his private life by a strict Baptist code. He presided at daily Bible readings and stuck by a pledge not to drink, smoke, or swear. His principles dominated the upbringing of his only son and were passed on to John D. Jr.'s six children. In order of seniority, they are a daughter, Abby, now the wife of Jean Mauzé, a banker, John D., III, Nelson, Laurance, Winthrop, and David.

A guiding precept of old John D. was that "wilful waste makes woeful want." Whether he was spending for business, charity, or personal comfort, he got his money's worth. He dinned the idea into John D., Jr., who raised his children, according to Nelson, "to regard waste as almost a sin." New York's new governor gives hundreds of thousands purposefully and generously, often anonymously. But he still watches the pennies. A New York politician recalls a short Manhattan cab ride with Rockefeller in which the coming gubernatorial race was the all-absorbing topic of conversation. To keep the continuity, the politician paid the 40-cent fare with a dollar bill and started to leave the cab, still talking.

"Wait a minute," said Rockefeller, coming to a full stop. "You forgot your change."

Family headquarters in Nelson Rockefeller's youth was the iron-fenced, wooded 3,000-acre estate at Pocantico Hills. The somewhat starchy atmosphere was leavened by the lively, understanding personality of his mother, the former Abby Aldrich. She was the daughter of former Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, the Rhode Island Republican who was known as the "boss of the U. S. Senate" and the business community's powerful voice in the chamber. Abby Aldrich brought with her an interest in the arts and humanities that survived and grew in her children.

New direction came in 1913 when Nelson was five years old, from one of the ugly incidents of American industrial

history. It was the so-called Ludlow Massacre at the Rockefeller-owned Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. When the United Mine Workers led 9,000 employees in a strike, the ruggedly nonunion management fought back with armed militiamen. The situation exploded into a fire fight that killed eleven children, nine men and two women. The incident aroused the nation and it shocked John D., Jr., into paying his first visit to the Colorado property. The upshot was an agreement granting the workers an eight-hour day and wage minimums and pledging no discrimination against the union. Of more long-range importance were Rockefeller statements that industrial paternalism is "antagonistic to democracy" and that it was "proper and advantageous" for labor to organize.

Nelson's father has called the Colorado strike "one of the most important things that ever happened to the Rockefeller family." Its effects on the family's social conscience were broadening. One of the first was a decision not to enter the three younger boys in the succession of fashionable preparatory schools in which Abby and John D., III, were already enrolled. Instead, they were sent with children from a broad cross section of New York to the coeducational Lincoln School, a pioneer salient of progressive education partly financed by Rockefeller grants.

Young Nelson went to Lincoln at the age of nine after an upbringing as simple as its gilt-edged setting would permit. He had been born on July 8, 1908, in a rented house at Bar Harbor, Me., near his present summer home at Seal Harbor. Winter quarters was a town house which stood then on Fifty-fourth Street, just west of Fifth Avenue, with weekends at Pocantico Hills. Summers were passed at Rockefeller outposts in Maine and Wyoming or in European travel.

The boys had private use of lavish athletic equipment at Pocantico Hills but they were started on a 25-cent weekly allowance. In a tradition that began with Grandfather Rockefeller and has descended to the Governor's children and grandchildren, they were required to assign 10 per cent of their incomes to charity and 10 per cent to savings.

The use of every cent was recorded in ledgers. Friends report that young Nelson improved his cash position by shining shoes, raising rabbits (with breeding stock from the Rockefeller laboratories), and catching flies at 10 cents a hundred. They tell how the boys earned an extra $5 a week between them handling reservations, tickets, and baggage when the family toured Europe during Nelson's teens.

Rated by friends as the son who adjusted best to what he has called an "overpowering" responsibility to "add value and meaning" to family traditions, Rockefeller began early to steer his own course. He passed up the better-upholstered Ivy League colleges for Dartmouth, insulated by distance from the deb parties and fleshpots of New York and Boston. He turned out to be a conscientious student and good mixer who neither flaunted nor buried the family background. Rockefeller entered Dartmouth in the fall of 1925 on an all-expense allowance of $1,500 a year, enough in those days to pay for an education without frills. In the sweater and corduroys that were Dartmouth's uniform, he made do with a bicycle until he finally financed what a professor recalls as a "very disreputable" jalopy. Classmates are still bemused by the recollection of putting up a quarter to get Nels Rockefeller into the movies.

By being his own energetic self to the point where some fellow students were not sure *what* Rockefeller family he belonged to, Rockefeller became an important man on the campus. He followed, in part, the standard route: varsity soccer fullback for three years, membership in Psi Upsilon and the Outing Club, election as vice-president of his Sophomore class, and, in his Senior year, election to Palaeopilus, the Senior executive committee of the Undergraduate Council, Dartmouth's highest honor.

But at the same time, Rockefeller made Phi Beta Kappa and organized an association called The Arts that actually gave literature, painting, and music a measure of social acceptance on Dartmouth's rough-and-ready campus. He was editor-in-chief of the *Dartmouth Pictorial* and a crack amateur photographer, and is still a strong believer in the effectiveness of pictures as an information medium. He

unabashedly taught a little girls' Sunday-school class and did mission work in Labrador with Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

Rockefeller was adept enough at campus politics and interested enough in public affairs to prompt his father to have a talk with Ernest Martin Hopkins, then Dartmouth's president, and tell him that he had advised Nelson that "he must never run for public office—his name would be a disadvantage."

Economics was Rockefeller's major subject and the field of a still-remembered Senior honors paper. Dartmouth officials cannot locate the paper, but they recall it as a skillful defense of old John D. Rockefeller against the indiscriminate charges of economic freebooting then in academic vogue.

More recently, Rockefeller has told interviewers that his grandfather established "the idea that corporate wealth can do what individual businesses cannot" and thereby helped make modern America possible. He has held that although capital in the last century went where it could make the most profit, it now "must go where it can render the most service."

Rockefeller forsook economics for the arts in his Senior year. Interested since boyhood in drawing and music, he found a chance to cultivate these bents when good grades placed him among a handful of honor students invited to study as they chose during their Senior year. Rockefeller delved into architecture, painting, sculpture, and music with results that influenced his own future—and substantially furthered the careers of scores of Rockefeller-assisted artists. He credits the Senior fellowship with changing his whole attitude toward education. In an article for the June, 1930, issue of the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine*, he wrote: "It is no longer the old game of just doing enough work to pass exams and get good marks. . . . I have been working for the personal joy and satisfaction derived from it. There are new fields to be explored, past histories to unfold, paintings new and old to see and music to hear."

At his father's request, Rockefeller agreed not to drink or smoke until he was 21. The pledge still affects his habits. He says it helped him through the "silly time" on smoking

and left him with no desire to take it up. He confines his drinking to a glass of sherry or Dubonnet-on-the rocks before dinner. He pours cheerfully for guests with a nondrinker's heavy hand. Fulfillment of the pledge to his father brought Nelson a $2,500 cash present upon graduation from Dartmouth on June 17, 1930.

Six days later, he married the former Mary Todhunter Clark, an open-hearted, outspoken Philadelphia postdebutante who was a year his senior. Her large, cheery family had summered across the cove from the Rockefeller place on Mount Desert Island, Me. Tall as her husband and athletically slim, the blonde "Tod" had been a frequent sailing and tennis companion.

In 29 years of marriage, Tod Rockefeller has shown a gift for furthering her husband's career without being swamped by it. She has been a gracious hostess at gatherings of widely assorted governmental, academic, artistic, and business types, who have varied with her husband's current interest. She has, when possible, been his traveling companion on many different journeys. She has also been a conscientious and devoted mother who raised all five of her children without the aid of governesses. Where her husband's principal outside interest has been art, hers has been health and hospital work.

Tod Rockefeller was born with an assured position, the second of eight children of Percy H. Clark, a Philadelphia lawyer. She is a cousin of Joseph S. Clark, the Democratic senator from Pennsylvania, and is proud of the connection. Politically, she has veered toward independence. She registered with New York State's Liberal party in the 1950 state elections out of impatience with the noncommittal platforms of both major parties. She was back in the Republican fold before her husband got into the political picture, but the fact of her deviation was noted and lamented by G.O.P. purists. (Rockefeller has never broken his Republican ties, but his varied circle of friends includes several influential leaders of the Liberal party. Among them are David Dubinsky, president of the Ladies Garment Workers, and A. A. Berle, Jr., former Assistant Secretary of State.

He met all three while pursuing various Rockefeller projects, none of which included partisan politics.)

Personal publicity was something both Rockefellers avoided for years, but, in Albany, the new Governor's wife has made a hit. She is a frequent visitor at the legislature's Monday night sessions (which are usually pretty good shows) and is on hand for all her husband's formal appearances. The Albany ladies noted with approval that she dresses simply in classic clothes accented by a little good jewelry. They began to feel neighborly when she took to lunching with her friends in local restaurants, and flocked in unprecedented numbers to the periodic "at homes" expected of governors' ladies.

At a press conference less than a week after she had moved into the Executive Mansion, Mrs. Rockefeller showed a poised blend of personal directness and political vagueness. When the inevitable political question came up, she replied that she was not ready to say who would be a good presidential candidate in 1960 and asked the reporter, "Would you?" Asked how tall she was, she replied five feet ten and a half inches, then took off her shoes and stood beside a more standard-sized woman reporter to prove it.

Tod Rockefeller met her future husband while she was still a student at Foxcroft School. By the time of her marriage she had studied for two years at the Sorbonne in Paris and had developed substantially wider interests than those usually associated with Philadelphia debutantes.

The Clark-Rockefeller wedding drew 1,500 guests and was reported in detail as a highlight of the 1930 Philadelphia season. After it, the young couple set off on a year-long round-the-world trip, their way eased by Rockefeller letters of introduction to the great of every land and their expenses amply met with Rockefeller funds. When the tour ended in the depression summer of 1931, Tod settled down amid modern furniture and primitive art in an apartment on East Sixty-seventh Street and Nelson embarked on two jobs. One was a clerkship in the foreign department of the Chase National Bank, whose board chairman happened to be his uncle, Winthrop Aldrich. He worked there morn-

ings, piling up a bricks-and-mortar knowledge of foreign trade that has been of value in scores of later ventures.

In the afternoon job, Rockefeller found his first business challenge. He was assigned to represent the family in the rental office of the vast new Rockefeller Center project then planned for 13 mid-Manhattan acres at an estimated cost of 125,000,000 depression dollars. The challenge was real enough. Fifteen new buildings with 5,000,000 square feet of floor space were ultimately to rise there; and the trend of business occupancies throughout the city was steadily down.

Rockefeller responded with a flair for salesmanship which some trace to his grandfather's father, William Rockefeller, a dashing fellow who peddled a patent cancer cure in upstate New York before the Civil War. Rockefeller backed up his persuasive blend of charm and enthusiasm with attractive business inducements: offers of below-market rentals and proposals to buy up existing leases if new tenants would desert their old offices for space in the Center. The technique rented 300,000 square feet of floor space. But its success roused a storm of protest among competing New York realtors which erupted in 1934 in a $10,000,000 damage suit for unfair competition. The tension abated after Rockefeller set up a subleasing office that unearthed new tenants for the aggrieved landlords. The suit was dropped.

Rockefeller was made a director of the Center in 1931. After 1938, he alternated as its president and board chairman, and at one point held both offices at once. He resigned his Center posts after his election. In 1931, Rockefeller joined the board of the Museum of Modern Art, of which his mother was a founder and leading sponsor, and eight years later became its president and guiding influence.

With more concern for art than for politics, Rockefeller arranged in 1933 to commission the late Diego Rivera to do a prominent mural for the R.C.A. Building in the Center. The immensely talented Mexican Marxist had drawn rave notices with an exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. At the Center, he produced an ambitious series of panels on American life of the era. They included one showing a May

Day demonstration, complete with red banners and marching workers led by a man who was unmistakably V. I. Lenin. The Rockefeller office protested, but Rivera refused to change a line of it. Friends say Rockefeller defended Rivera's freedom of expression—but vainly. Amid journalistic glee, the work came down (at a cost of $21,500)—while Rockefeller was on a European mission.

The Nelson Rockefellers began in those New York years to raise a closely grouped family of three sons and two daughters. The children, who call their father "the chief," were held to the fundamentals of the no-nonsense code which their father had inherited from his father. As a parent, Rockefeller kept the allowances tight and the discipline firm and unemotional. As he noted when the legislature was considering a highly controversial bill to permit corporal punishment if necessary to enforce discipline in New York City schools, Rockefeller children were spanked when the occasion required. He later vetoed the bill, however.

His children's varied choice of colleges reflects Rockefeller's belief in leaving room for individual expression. No two attended the same school. Rodman, born in 1932, followed his father to Dartmouth. He now works for the Rockefeller-backed American Overseas Finance Corporation and has two children of his own. The elder daughter, now Ann Rockefeller Pierson, is two years younger. She went to Wellesley, married an Episcopal minister, and also has two children. Steven, born in 1936, graduated with multiple honors from Princeton in 1958 and entered the Army as his father moved into Albany. Youngest are the only twins in the entire tribe, Michael and Mary, born in 1938. They are studying at Harvard and Vassar.

Rockefeller oscillated for four years between London and Paris tours for the Chase Bank, work at Rockefeller Center and the Museum of Modern Art, and a successful sideline as a broker in business ideas. The pattern was broadened in 1935 by a tour of South America which started primarily as a field trip for the Museum. Traveling with his wife and

three friends, Rockefeller saw what looked like business opportunities amid extreme contrasts of wealth and poverty. He was characteristically irked when his lame Spanish proved a barrier to better understanding, and he boned up on the language when he returned to New York.

Rockefeller's interest shifted south. He became a director of the Creole Petroleum Corporation, an immensely successful subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey with large Venezuelan holdings. In 1937, he arranged another, better-organized South American trip, on which he sowed family good will and made a personal hit wherever he stopped. He also saw and remembered the contrast between life in the insulated, paternalistic Creole compounds and the primitive living standards of the Venezuelans who worked around them.

Following a pattern he uses to this day, Rockefeller backed his judgment with the counsel of qualified advisers who also happened to be good friends. They were Wallace K. Harrison, one of the architects of Rockefeller Center who later designed two houses for the Nelson Rockefellers, Jay Crane, treasurer of Standard Oil of New Jersey, and Joseph Rovensky, a Chase Bank director.

Their collective reaction to what they saw later put Rockefeller into public life. More immediately, it speeded a recognition by Creole of its responsibility for the living conditions of its native employees. The reform began through the formation of the first of many Rockefeller-backed development companies to build inexpensive, sanitary housing. Struck by the picturesqueness of Caracas, Rockefeller also helped promote a modern hotel for the Venezuelan capital.

The fact-finders were worried by more than Creole's employee relations. They observed Nazi penetration of business and commerce throughout the continent. At the same time, they were disturbed by conflicts in the Latin-American countries between diplomats and businessmen representing the United States. They found ample evidence that President Roosevelt's "Good Neighbor" policy was not fulfilling the promise of its name.

Hemispheric relations in a world drifting toward World War II were worsening in the months that followed Rockefeller's return to New York. He kept chewing on the problem with his three traveling companions. Their informal discussion group was broadened to take in Beardsley Ruml, a Dartmouth alumnus who had worked on various Rockefeller projects before he went on to become treasurer of the R. H. Macy department store and the father-of-record of pay-as-you-go tax collections.

The upshot of the talks was a 1,000-word paper written by Ruml in 1940 as a summary of the group's views. By then, the Nazi Reich's military triumphs in Europe had heightened German prestige—and penetration—in Latin America. The group urged strong countermeasures to integrate the economic life of the western world. The most radical was a proposal that the campaign be waged through a new agency distinct from the necessarily punctilious State Department.

To get action, Rockefeller and Ruml went straight to the White House and handed the paper to the late Harry Hopkins, Roosevelt's incisive alter ego, who was then a White House resident. Hopkins passed it to F.D.R. with a recommendation that the proposed new agency be created and that the 32-year-old Rockefeller be named to head it at $1 a year.

As originally set up in August, 1940, under a plan drawn by the late James V. Forrestal, then an anonymous White House assistant, the agency's powers were less impressive than its title: The Office of Co-ordinator of Commercial and Cultural Relations Between the American Republics. Rockefeller told a contemporary interviewer that he was "optimistic about everything," including Latin-American relations. But the co-ordinator had only advisory authority.

Rockefeller did what he could through tact and extensive contacts to help Latin Americans stabilize economies that were scrambled by the European war. He wangled priorities through the War Production Board and concessions through the State and Commerce Departments. He set up cultural exchanges and worked at an information service.

But his principal early assignment was a secret detail from Hopkins: preparation of a blacklist of German-infiltrated Latin-American firms which were kicking back priceless dollars to the Reich. The list stayed secret until the tense summer of 1941, after passage of the Lend-Lease Act ended all semblance of American neutrality. Distribution of the list to U.S. firms in the Latin-American trade is credited with cutting the Nazis off from a major source of foreign exchange.

In a parallel later operation, the Rockefeller office arranged an $8,000,000 loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to buy out German-held interests—and end potentially dangerous Nazi influences in the strategic Latin-American airways network.

In August, 1941, with all-out war an immediate probability, Roosevelt issued an executive order that whittled Rockefeller's title down to Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs and gave him substantial administrative authority in the Latin-American trade and propaganda fields. Directed now to "execute programs," rather than persuade, Rockefeller moved fast to the front rank of the wartime agency chiefs. He attracted brains and used them well. He worked smoothly with other agencies, whose cooperation he needed, and cheerfully yielded jurisdiction in cases where he thought it would help get a job done. He even let some good men go to other offices—and had them as friends in a pinch.

The Co-ordinator's office in the Commerce Department was headquarters for 500-odd highly varied specialists, some working out of Washington, others on the scene in South America. One section concentrated on priorities and purchases for economic warfare. Others dealt in round-the-clock press and radio propaganda which gradually supplanted German-processed news in Latin America. There were public health, educational, and cultural projects. There was even a system of labor attachés, an innovation for the time.

Like others that were to follow it, Rockefeller's wartime shop was marked by an unbureaucratic blend of informality

and hard work in a pattern set by the Co-ordinator. His Washington houses—first a rented one in Georgetown and then the farmhouse on Foxhall Road—were night and week-end annexes for the office. One or two staff members were usually in residence; others wandered in for off-hours conferences.

Critics have called the office atmosphere "inbred and overcongenial"; friends felt that Rockefeller's brand of leadership by cooperation and example built loyalty that extended well beyond the call of duty. He called in old friends for his top jobs. Harrison and Rovensky were assistant co-ordinators. The director of communications was Sylvester L. ("Pat") Weaver, a Dartmouth classmate who later headed NBC and eventually reappeared to direct the immensely effective television operation during the gubernatorial campaign. An important new recruit was Francis A. Jamieson, the astute, soft-spoken former chief of the Associated Press Bureau at Trenton, N. J. Unknown to Rockefeller before the war, Jamieson quickly won his chief's esteem by his low-keyed candor and good sense. In 1946, he became public relations adviser to the Rockefeller family. He is now in the inner circle of Albany policy-makers.

In December, 1944, F.D.R. named Rockefeller Assistant Secretary of State in charge of relations with the Latin Republics. The hierarchies of the other wartime agencies were impressed but a little baffled. A good man with ideas himself, he encouraged—and lavishly credited—suggestions from subordinates. He was so cooperative, even courtly, in interagency dealings that he appeared to lack personal ambition in the power-grabbing context understood by officialdom. Yet his methods opened doors quite as effectively as the standard brand of bureaucratic "weight-throwing."

During his eight-month stint in the State Department Rockefeller took part in the Mexico City conferences that approved the Act of Chapultapec, which authorized the first hemispheric mutual defense pact. To the distress of some, the participating governments included the recently pro-Axis Perón dictatorship of Argentina.

In San Francisco later that summer for the founding

session of the United Nations, Rockefeller worked adeptly against substantial opposition to achieve Argentina's admission to the UN. He took the position that long-term gains in hemispheric solidarity would more than counterbalance short-term embarrassments from the truculent Perón regime. With the influential support of the late Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Rockefeller went on to press successfully for a provision within the UN charter authorizing creation of regional defense pacts. His goal was validation of the intent expressed at Mexico City. Actually, the charter language later became the legal foundation for the formation of NATO.

Rockefeller resigned from the department in August, 1945, to work on some ideas on inter-American relations which he felt he could best develop as a private citizen. Rockefeller's goal was to help the republics to the south to develop their own economics in a way that would cement inter-American relations—and show a modest profit on the side. His ideas projected Roosevelt's good neighborliness into a privately financed formula that foreshadowed Truman's still-unenunciated Point Four program.

The first effort, known as the American International Association for Economic and Social Development (AIA), was launched in Venezuela and Brazil in July, 1946, after a year of painstaking preparation. Financed half by interested American corporations and individuals (including the Rockefeller brothers) and half by local governments, AIA has concentrated on rehabilitation and modernization of farm economies through well-placed loans, education, and technical assistance.

The companion project, the International Basic Economy Corporation (IBEC), got under way in January, 1947, as a revolving fund to encourage capital investment in Latin America. It began in Venezuela with $4,750,000 in Rockefeller brothers money (mostly Nelson's) and $15,000,000 in oil company pledges. Its initial activities were in food production, marketing, and importation. Ice plants, pasteurizing plants, and a chain of supermarkets sprang up with backing from IBEC loans. The corporation now has

20-odd subsidiaries spotted through Latin America with varied ventures that include fisheries, housing, and coffee production. Its 1957 balance sheet showed a profit of $1,214,891.

Both programs, like other Rockefeller projects, have their power center in a handsome suite on the fifty-sixth floor at 30 Rockefeller Plaza. John D., Jr., and all his sons except Winthrop have space there behind a door labeled simply "Rockefeller, Office of the Messrs." From these offices, furnished to their individual—and highly distinctive—tastes, the family watches over a spectrum of philanthropies, studies, and ventures that extends to every continent.

The two family activities of prime interest to Nelson Rockefeller until New York's affairs soaked up his full energies were the Rockefeller Brothers Fund and Rockefeller Brothers, Inc. The fund is reserved for public service spending in areas outside the scope of the more hidebound Rockefeller Foundation. Best known of its recent activities is a continuing series of studies on emerging national problems which the fund began to publish early in 1958. The corporation is a risk-capital pool for a wide range of ventures which, like AIA and IBEC, are believed to show promise.

By November, 1950, the pioneer Latin-American operations were drawing enough thoughtful attention for former President Truman to name Rockefeller as head of a 14-member advisory board to steer the new Point Four Program of technical assistance to underdeveloped areas of the non-Communist world. The assignment aroused Rockefeller's enthusiasm.

"We must make democracy a dynamic force which will be felt throughout the world as a force working in the interests of the people," he said, in words that still summarize his thinking on the subject.

"We can't continue to live in comparative comfort and prosperity in a world of privation and poverty from a security point of view—and I don't think the American people really want to from a moral point of view."

Rockefeller resigned in 1951 upon submission of his board's report to Truman. Made public later by the White

House under the title *Partners in Progress*, it drew wide attention as a philosophical foundation for the technical assistance program. But some critics held that it overplayed the potential role of private enterprise by paying insufficient attention to details of the new government program which was the group's basic assignment.

Rockefeller resigned with the avowed intention of "again concentrating on the role of private initiative in this field of international cooperation." But a bare two years later, he was back in the house on Foxhall Road working for another national administration, this time for a Republican President.

During the wartime years Rockefeller had turned down Democratic urgings that he switch parties and consider running for public office. He was referred to examples of other heirs to substantial wealth—including F.D.R. and Harriman —who had found bases in the Democratic party at a time when Republicans were keeping their own "fat cats" as far out of public view as possible.

Rockefeller's uniform answer to such overtures had been that he was a Republican by inheritance and conviction and was not changing allegiances. He had taken pains to point out his Republican background to Roosevelt before he accepted his first government post and was advised by F.D.R. not to worry about it. Rockefeller, who is not the worrying kind anyway, followed the Democratic President's suggestion—and continued to make large, regular contributions to Republican war chests. He later worked as a volunteer in the first Eisenhower campaign.

Explaining his ability to operate in either party climate, Rockefeller told an interviewer shortly before he declared his 1958 candidacy: "I'm not one to believe one party wears horns and the other is exclusively composed of angels, but I do think the Republicans have peculiar talents for organization."

These "peculiar talents" were Rockefeller's concern in his first assignment under a Republican President. Three weeks after Dwight D. Eisenhower was first elected on November 4, 1952, he named Rockefeller to a special team to

study simplification of the government's executive branch. The new President's first executive order regularized the operation as the Advisory Committee on Governmental Organization. Rockefeller was chairman of the unsalaried group. Its other members were Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, the President's brother, and Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, later Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

Following generally along trails blazed by the Hoover Commission, the committee worked with a permanent staff to produce 13 reorganization plans within its first three months, ten of which were submitted to Congress and allowed to become law. In the next five years, it developed 14 additional plans and initiated broad studies in such fields as water resources, transportation, and telecommunications. Rockefeller resigned from the committee following his election as governor.

The biggest early project—on which Rockefeller had begun work even before Eisenhower's inauguration—was blueprinting the new Department of Health, Education and Welfare as a kind of administrative holding company and Cabinet-level mouthpiece for a welter of agencies in the three fields.

When the new department went into action, in June, 1953, the President appointed Rockefeller Undersecretary at $17,500 a year. Washington wits quipped that the department's cumbersome name should be cut down to "Health and Wealth." Rockefeller ignored the gibe and rapidly won a name as a tactful trouble shooter and executive officer for the first Secretary, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby.

Operating on a first-name basis with the departmental professionals, Rockefeller exerted a liberalizing influence that sometimes stretched policy toward the outer limits of "modern Republican" doctrine. Associates give him prime credit for developing two important administration program bills and boosting them into law. One brought social security coverage to 10,000,000 more Americans and broadened benefits generally. The other extended the scope of the federal vocational rehabilitation program. Staff members of the department boggled a bit when they found there was to be

a Rockefeller at the policy-making level. But their qualms eased when they found he was neither a dilettante nor a stuffed shirt but an approachable fellow whose long participation in family philanthropies had attuned him philosophically and practically to the department's work. He made development of a significant legislative program his top-priority project.

Rockefeller's talent for chairmanship helped shape the departmental program. His flair for salesmanship helped the bills along the legislative path. He had to sell them first within the administration, then to the Republican-controlled 83rd Congress. The new Undersecretary waged a concerted campaign on Capitol Hill for the department's bills. When members sought information, he undertook to supply it in their offices. When they presented problems, he coaxed them at informal lunches at the department or at small, excellent dinners on Foxhall Road. On the Hill and in the department, Rockefeller is given a major share of the credit for getting the social security and vocational rehabilitation bills past congressional budget-watchers.

The congressmen balked, however, at a Rockefeller-backed proposal for federal reinsurance of private health insurance plans, possibly because it met no enthusiasm from the American Medical Association. They also cold-shouldered an ambitious program of federal aid to school construction which Rockefeller helped launch.

Sources close to Rockefeller say he left HEW after 18 months because he had a chance to develop an overriding interest in world affairs. There is also a Washington rumor that he left because of difficulties with his boss—but if there were differences, they were patched up well enough for Mrs. Hobby to serve later on a study panel headed by Rockefeller.

At any rate, Rockefeller embarked in January, 1955, on a touchy job as Special Assistant to the President for Foreign Affairs. The assignment made him a combination idea man, trouble shooter, and contact for the President in the broad area of Cold War strategy. He was invited to meetings of the Cabinet and the top-secret National Security Council.

He was a voting member of the second-level Operations Co-ordinating Board, which is assigned to see that NSC directives are carried out. He had status, but the lines of his jurisdiction and authority were often fuzzy.

Ideas were the raw material of the Rockefeller organization. He soaked them up from everywhere, developed them in a never-ending round of conferences with his staff and with the high-placed officials who were his friends all over town. Some he discarded. Some he sold in one form or another. More foundered on the resistance of the regularly constituted agencies and departments, especially the State Department. No amount of Rockefeller tact could hide the fact that he was operating on the borders of the State's Department's preserve. Ironically, in the light of later political events, Rockefeller's staunchest top-echelon ally in most of these foreign policy set-tos was Vice-President Nixon.

The Rockefeller operation was primarily responsible for the decision to use the plan for mutual Soviet-American inspection of defense installations which President Eisenhower unveiled dramatically at the Geneva Summit conference in July, 1955. The "Open Skies" plan was designed as a two-edged weapon. If accepted, it might have been a step toward eventual control of atomic weapons. Its failure helped the world to gauge the sincerity of Russian disarmament talk.

Rockefeller was the promoter-developer, not the author, of the mutual inspection plan, which was nearly a decade old in some of its aspects. He urged its use in 1955 because he felt there was a dearth of new ideas in the American proposals being readied for the Summit meeting. It was built up in that context at the first of two Rockefeller-sponsored huddles on Cold War problems. These meetings were sizable overnight conferences of diplomatic, military, and economic experts from government and private life which Rockefeller arranged to be held in the seclusion of the Marine Barracks at Quantico, Va. The Quantico panels churned up ideas for a final report, which Rockefeller submitted late in December of 1955. Several of the report's

proposals have since crept into policy in one form or another. Among them was a prototype of the development loan fund program espoused by the administration in 1957.

Down to the end, Rockefeller maintained the same kind of unswerving loyalty toward the President that he received from his own staff. His only public explanation for his decision to leave the White House was a desire to devote more time to his private interests. Actually, he was well aware that he had outworn his welcome in the gadfly role in which he had been cast. And he had learned the hard way the limitations and frustrations of appointive office. A liberal critic has argued that Rockefeller was frustrated mainly by other appointees, also able operators, who were closer to the mainstream of old-line Republican philosophy, and that his basic trouble was with his party, not his post. There is no sign that Rockefeller shares this view.

"All the really important decisions are taken, in the end, by elected officials, rather than appointive officials," he said later in a sentence that spoke volumes about the thinking behind his decision to run for elective office. There is little doubt that the White House experience provided the challenge that touched off that decision. The opportunity did not arise for two years. In the interim, he kept occupied with unfinished business.

Rockefeller left the White House with a strong conviction that fulfillment of the American world mission is imperiled by widespread failure to comprehend the dimensions and the importance of that mission. He felt that the Quantico panel plan could be used to advantage to explore current problems and point paths to their solution. With backing from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, he organized panels of distinguished experts to survey what he saw as the big problems: military security, education, economic growth.

Rockefeller was over-all chairman and participated actively in drafting the final panel reports, which were published early in 1958 and drew a uniformly good response. After publication of the military report, recommending substantial changes in organization of the defense establishment, Rockefeller was named to a special Pentagon com-

mittee to study the problem. The subsequent administration reorganization plan paralleled the panel report in many details.

Rockefeller staff members bridle at suggestions that the Special Studies project was either conceived or timed to foster its chairman's campaign for the gubernatorial nomination. They show less conviction in denying that the governorship had a bearing on another project—his abortive bid to keep the errant Brooklyn Dodgers in New York.

With or without political motivation, the Dodger episode was in character for Rockefeller, who has remained an upper-level civic booster for New York since his Rockefeller Center days. He was at least an enthusiastic supporter of the late Mayor F. H. La Guardia's effort to salute the hemisphere by attaching the name Avenue of the Americas to gritty old Sixth Avenue (which is the western boundary of Rockefeller Center). Later, he was the prime mover in a high-pressure deal that kept the UN in New York. The diplomats were prepared to move because no adequate permanent site was available when frenzied negotiations by Rockefeller helped turned up the present East River location. His father bought the $8,500,000 parcel for the UN.

Rockefeller, whose sports are sailing and tennis, had shown no special interest in the Dodgers—or baseball, for that matter—until the press reported in August, 1957, that both the Giants and the Dodgers were heading for the West Coast. Rockefeller apparently felt that his king-sized city deserved at least two major-league clubs. He proposed a complex deal that would have given the team a long-term, low-interest loan for a new Brooklyn site. The owners were interested, but not enough to stay. Rockefeller got credit for a good try from the man in the street.

And by that time, credit with the man in the street was becoming important to Rockefeller. The interest in elective office which some aides sensed even before he left the White House was coming to bear on the New York governorship. A Democratic millionaire had won it in 1954 by a scant 11,125 votes. In 1956, Rockefeller began quietly discussing his own chances for 1958.

An interested listener was L. Judson Morhouse, New York's young, energetic, and unorthodox Republican state chairman. Hand-picked at the age of 40 by former Governor Thomas E. Dewey, Morhouse was installed just before the disappointing 1954 campaign ended 12 years of Republican rule in Albany. He was tagged at first as Dewey's man, but began early to move out on his own. He started from the premise that the G.O.P. can carry New York with vigorous organization and attractive candidates. Eisenhower's record 1,589,000 plurality in 1956 helped prove his point. He was searching for a man with the pulling power to put the state ticket over in 1958.

The tall, crew-cut chairman found his man without knowing it on a New York sidewalk late in 1955. He was leaving a Republican finance meeting at the Knickerbocker Club and was looking for a taxi. He was joined by Rockefeller, who had quite logically been asked to attend. (A Senate committee has reported that Rockefeller gave a total of $29,600 to a hatful of Republican candidates and committees in the 1956 campaign, and that Mrs. Rockefeller contributed another $6,000. Altogether, the entire Rockefeller family was reported to have given $152,600 to various Republican causes in the second Eisenhower campaign.)

While Rockefeller and Morhouse waited, their conversation turned from campaign finance to the party's future. It was a favorite subject with both, and their goals were not far apart, although they worked at different levels. The talk lasted half an hour while taxis were forgotten. The 1958 campaign was never mentioned, but the conversation set both men thinking.

Morhouse wanted to see more. In July, 1956, he helped get Rockefeller named to a special commission to determine whether a state constitutional convention should be called. Rockefeller was one of ten members picked by the Republican legislative leaders. Five were named by Governor Harriman, who was also to appoint the chairman. Misgauging the political winds, Harriman selected Rockefeller in the reported belief that he would be a good figurehead, with nothing to gain from the chairmanship.

In the end, the constitutional commission served several

useful purposes for Rockefeller. Its extensive hearings enabled him to move around the state and helped to establish his identity on the New York scene. By its nature, the job was a cram course in the mechanics of state government, and Rockefeller was an apt pupil. And the assignment gave him a chance to look over the technicians on the commission's able staff. He later recruited two of them as his close associates in the campaign and in Albany: George L. Hinman, his first executive assistant, and William J. Ronan, his secretary.

Rockefeller's occasional gift for statesmanlike evasion served him in good stead when the commission reached a showdown on the fundamental question of whether or not to recommend a convention. Democrats were for it, Republicans opposed. Despite strong pressure from the Governor, Rockefeller took and held the position that he was to be an impartial chairman and remain neutral. The commission's Republican majority rejected a convention and Rockefeller made some friends in the G.O.P.

Morhouse had been watching, and he liked what he saw. But, before he took the politically perilous step of aligning himself with a single candidate, the state chairman wanted evidence to back up his hunch. He began early in 1958 with a series of secret polls. They showed two things: that any Republican candidate would have an uphill fight in that recession year, and that Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller's name was better known in the state than that of any G.O.P. eligibles except the unavailable Dewey—including both political pros who were publicly in front for the nomination: Leonard W. Hall, former Republican national chairman, and Walter J. Mahoney, majority leader and strong man of the state senate.

The results provided Morhouse with a persuasive talking point to use in an extended series of quiet conferences with Rockefeller—who had used polls extensively in Washington to test the acceptability of various policies at home and abroad. And they gave the chairman an argument to use in advising local political leaders not to jump too fast on either the Hall or the Mahoney bandwagons.

Rockefeller's interest was mounting, to the distress of some family advisers who looked at unemployment figures and counseled that 1958 was not going to be a Republican year. His reaction to such advice showed in a comment after he had become an open candidate. "It never is the year," Rockefeller said. "You've got to work. I don't think much of this silver platter stuff."

His first requirements were a political base and an entree to the county leaders who are the backbone of the organization in upstate New York—where Republican nominations are decided, and where Republican candidates must run well if they are to win state elections. He found both in Westchester County. Rockefeller had been a member of the county board of health since 1933 and had, as usual, made some influential friends. Among them was the late Herbert C. Gerlach, then the county chairman. The decision to make a serious try for the nomination was reached early in 1958 after a series of talks with Morhouse and Gerlach.

Morhouse, who travels strenuously in line of political duty, soon discovered that more than a delaying action was needed to keep the door open for Rockefeller. Upstate Republican chairmen represent conservative, middle-class organizations. They had heard talk of Rockefeller's candidacy all right, but they were concerned that he might be "too liberal" on the one hand and too much a symbol of inherited wealth on the other.

It was thus essential to get the prospective candidate on first-name terms within the organization. Gerlach introduced Rockefeller to Malcolm Wilson, leader of Westchester's Assembly delegation. Morhouse spent a long evening in a New York hotel room persuading Wilson—who had serious political ambitions of his own—that it would not be to his disadvantage to join forces with Rockefeller. The upshot was an agreement that Wilson was to act as Rockefeller's political chaperon on an unpublicized tour of upstate G.O.P. strongholds.

They made an odd but effective team. Wilson, then 44, had earned a record as an astute conservative during 20 years as a member of Westchester's Assembly delegation.

In contrast to Rockefeller, he was known as a strong party man.

There was concern among the "modern Republicans" who made up Rockefeller's principal early backing that the conservative Wilson, already an old pro, would end up dominating Rockefeller's political thinking. It worked out the other way. Running for lieutenant governor on the same ticket with Rockefeller, it was Wilson who gave way on issues dear to upstate Republicans, notably a proposal that New York require a year's residence for relief recipients. In Albany, Wilson has emerged as Rockefeller's close adviser and trusted lieutenant in charge of guiding program bills through the cross currents of the legislature he knows so well.

Wilson had the credentials for bushwacking upstate. Rockefeller had the personality. The results began to show early in May, when Broome County's influential Republican chairman, William H. Hill, declared unexpectedly for Rockefeller. On May 22, the Westchester organization gave Rockefeller its unanimous public endorsement.

Rockefeller's response—that he was "not a candidate at this time"—was sufficiently equivocal to jar Len Hall into an open declaration, designed to force early delegate commitments to Hall. At the state committee's annual $100-a-plate dinner on June 5, Dewey, by all odds the most influential Republican in the state at that time, went to studious lengths to avoid any favoritism among the candidates.

Morhouse decided that the time for caution was past. In order to nominate the only man he thought had a chance of winning, he had to move fast to head off commitments by any large blocs of delegates. He began circulating the heavily pro-Rockefeller findings of his accumulating series of polls so openly that his activities seeped through to the press. The Hall and Mahoney camps protested that the chairman was playing favorites. Morhouse replied that he was only "pointing out to party leaders the results of private polls indicating the comparative public appeal of potential nominees." He added, with emphasis, that he had a responsibility "to help in the selection of a winning

ticket"—and proceeded to carry the word on a strenuous tour that took in 37 counties.

Rockefeller declared himself on June 30 with a pledge to wage an "aggressive campaign" if nominated. He set the pattern forthwith by embarking with Wilson on a six-week tour in a green Buick sedan that eventually carried him into 55 of New York's 62 counties. Their chauffeur and handyman was Rockefeller's 22-year-old son, Steven. Mrs. Rockefeller appeared at frequent intervals for folksy luncheon and supper meetings.

A trickle of delegate commitments from upstate counties began in the second week of July. A week later, Rockefeller was out in front with commitments from 319 of the 593 delegates required for nomination. A week before the convention met on August 25 at Rochester, realistic Len Hall withdrew and Senator Mahoney quickly followed suit. Rockefeller flew to Seal Harbor for a quick rest. The nomination was in the bag.

"I'd like to think I was drafted," Rockefeller told a reporter after the delegates had approved his name with the usual hoop-la, "but to tell you the truth, I have never worked so hard for anything as I did to get that nomination."

One reason he got it without the party-splitting floor fight which Morhouse had worked hard to avoid was that many Republicans thought privately that the 1958 Democratic tide was too strong to withstand; if Rockefeller wanted to run for the exercise, they reasoned, let him kill himself off and clear the way for a more regular Republican in the next election.

This view showed through in the ticket-making. Wilson had hitched his wagon to Rockefeller and his nomination for lieutenant governor was a certainty. But there was trouble in finding a qualified man to take the nomination for United States senator. Neither Hall nor Mahoney wanted it. Joseph F. Carlino, majority leader of the Assembly, turned down an overture. Rockefeller and his convention advisers—Morhouse, Wilson, and Dewey—turned to Kenneth B. Keating, a promising, six-term congressman from Rochester.

Keating has told friends that he went to the convention as no more than a delegate, determined to hold on to his safe House seat and the comfortable seniority that went with it. His mind was changed by a now-improbable team: Rockefeller and Nixon.

As Keating recalls it, Rockefeller began putting on pressure at a series of private conferences as soon as he was nominated. The crucial one came the next morning, with the Senate nomination only hours away. Rockefeller said he had spoken by telephone with Nixon, whom Keating had known in the House, and that the Vice-President would like to talk with the Congressman. Rockefeller placed another call, reaching Nixon at the White House, where he had been meeting with the President. Nixon urged Keating to run for the good of the party and said the President shared his views "completely." Keating capitulated.

The tireless Morhouse pollsters reported at convention time that an earlier 60 per cent voter preference for Harriman had shrunk to 42 per cent, with 39 per cent for Rockefeller and 19 per cent uncommitted. Recalling the lesson of the two Eisenhower landslides, the Rockefeller strategists pitched hard for New York's big independent vote, minimizing partisanship and stressing personality. Thus Rockefeller was cast in role in which he was free to play himself. He did it with a tireless gusto that has made the "Battle of the Millionaires" a classic.

A basic job in both camps was to show that inherited wealth was no barrier to the understanding of the people's problems. Stripped to their custom-made shirt sleeves, "Rocky" and "Ave" played street corners, clambakes, and picnics, ate blintzes, pizzas, and chitlins. Both vibrated with sincerity, but the Rockefeller smile was broader and readier, his manner more natural than the habitually austere Harriman's. The tireless bounce in his performance pointed up the 17-year difference in their ages.

Both major candidates made heavy cash contributions to a campaign which newspapermen believe was substantially more expensive than the leaky reporting provisions of the state law would suggest. Harriman was ahead on personal

spending with $18,460 in listed contributions against Rockefeller's $12,333. (The state law forbids any candidate to contribute more than $20,000 to his own campaign.) The far-flung Rockefeller tribe was credited with a total of $78,000 in gifts to a wide range of campaign committees. Major groups supporting Rockefeller and Keating listed better than $1,800,000 in expenditures, of which 40 per cent went for radio and TV time. The reported Democratic spending exceeded $1,100,000.

Among the many former colleagues who rallied to the Rockefeller cause was "Pat" Weaver, who had recently resigned as president of NBC. He conceived a method of wholesaling Rockefeller's success as a street-corner barnstormer. Camera and sound crews were assigned to follow the candidate. The best filmed interviews were edited into television spots, which many considered more effective than his set speeches.

The TV spots helped convey to millions the essentially individual impact of the Rockefeller personality. It includes what one pro has called a "gee I like you" smile, but it also projects sincerity and sympathetic understanding. Rockefeller can talk for minutes or even seconds with a total stranger and leave that stranger with the conviction that no subject other than *his* problems crossed Rockefeller's always-busy mind as they spoke.

Harriman had started the campaign under a political handicap that Rockefeller never let him forget—a convention fight over the Democratic Senate nomination in which the Governor was publicly worsted by Carmine De Sapio, boss of Tammany Hall. It invited Republican charges that Harriman was not his own boss, and it was so exploited.

Rockefeller kept Harriman off balance by holding his fight to state issues and ignoring the Democrat's dares to go global. His work on the constitutional commission had given him a good basic background for tackling questions like the shrinkage of industry in upstate cities and the growing transportation snarl downstate. He drew ammunition from a score of expert studies prepared at his direction. The state-issue gambit helped dissociate Rockefeller from

the ill-starred national Republican effort to depict Democrats as radical wastrels. He was openly courting wayward Democrats. By staying as nearly nonpartisan as he could, he enhanced his appeal to independents.

Harriman cooperated handily. He called in Truman and Adlai Stevenson as reinforcements. He dipped into the Fair Deal lexicon for solutions and slogans. He attempted to score points on Rockefeller by attacking the Eisenhower administration. Against the image of independence created by Rockefeller, the impact was doctrinaire and partisan.

Rockefeller's muted partisanship put him in an awkward position when Eisenhower and Nixon made traditional campaign visits to New York. When the President appeared for a nonpolitical Columbus Day speech, Rockefeller met his plane and conferred with the Chief Executive in an atmosphere that reflected cordiality. But he told reporters that the President's "heavy schedule" would prevent a major campaign address in New York. Later, he even dissociated himself from some of the stronger epithets the President had applied to Democrats in speeches elsewhere. Two weeks before election, Eisenhower did visit the city again to encourage three rallies of party workers. But once again there was no major campaign speech there. And there was no Eisenhower attack on Democratic "radicals."

A visit by Nixon on October 23 led to one of the most-publicized and least-explained incidents of the campaign. Nixon was to speak at a Long Island meeting and appear on television with Keating in New York (he announced that prior engagements would keep Rockefeller from taking part). There is a story from a Nixon friend that suggestions were made that Nixon help the state committee pare costs by staying off TV. Rockefeller aides vigorously deny this report.

Nixon's television talk turned out to be a high-level address so temperate that it might have been written in the Rockefeller office. The Vice-President spoke alone, however. Keating missed the appearance when fog held up a plane that was rushing him down from Buffalo. Keating, who was not entirely convinced by arguments that Rocke-

feller would carry in all the rest of the ticket, most emphatically wanted the Vice-President's help. He appeared with Nixon at a series of meetings that followed the telecast.

Rockefeller's failure to do the same roused an overnight rash of press speculation that the gubernatorial candidate was snubbing the Vice-President. Reportedly at Rockefeller's instance—although none directly concerned will discuss it—the two men breakfasted privately on October 24 in Nixon's hotel suite.

Leaving the breakfast, Rockefeller told reporters that stories that he had been avoiding the Vice-President were "a lot of bunk" and "absolute fabrication." Then, in a pattern that was to be repeated at many later news conferences, the questioning shifted to the 1960 campaign. A reporter relayed a Harriman suggestion that a Nixon-Rockefeller pact was in process, with Rockefeller to give Nixon support and "respectability" in seeking the 1960 nomination. To this insinuation of a deal, Rockefeller replied with some warmth that "absolutely none" had been made.

When a questioner suggested that Rockefeller might be available to run for Vice-President with Nixon at the head of the ticket, he retorted that the idea was "absolute fantasy." Mindful of the Rockefeller trend that was already in the wind, the reporters raised the question of his availability to head the ticket himself.

"I have no interest in the presidential nomination," Rockefeller replied in words that have not changed essentially since. "I have every expectation to serve out a four-year term as Governor. . . . To tell you the honest truth, I have no other plans."

By mid-October, evidence was abundant that Rockefeller was going to be elected governor. People swarmed wherever he went. One group of autograph hounds even forced him to take refuge atop a truck. The family philanthropies, rather than the family fortune, made the impact in the slums. Rockefeller gifts to Negro causes were remembered in Harlem, his Latin-American activities and his fluency in Spanish made him friends in Puerto Rican East Harlem. Over and over as he toured the teeming tenement

sections, he heard variants of the same refrain: "Do something for us poor people."

Rockefeller had made it clear in the campaign that this was his intention. He promised to strive to make jobs by attracting new industry and by checking the seepage of New York factories to low-cost industrial areas. He proposed to initiate a system of health insurance against catastrophic illness. He discussed a plan to provide benefits for men laid off through automation. He pledged continuance of the war-born system of rent controls that covers a majority of New York apartments. He made clear his determination to cut back on no basic state services.

Throughout the campaign, Rockefeller avoided the traditional candidate's hints about tax reduction. In early October, he charged that Harriman credit policies were building "the most serious financial crisis in a generation" and warned that return of the Democrats would bring on a deficit of between $100,000,000 and $200,000,000.

The basic fact, as Rockefeller later reminded the legislature, was that state revenues had failed during the Harriman administration to rise as fast as state spending, the bulk of which is mandated to localities under fixed-formula state aid programs. Harriman had bridged the gap principally by borrowing for capital projects. Like a majority of the other states in a period of increased obligations and recession-clipped revenues, New York was heading into a fiscal jam.

By the end of Rockefeller's strenuous postelection vacation in Latin America, the state budget had become the overriding problem for the new administration. It was evident that the existing level of state services could not be maintained without more borrowing or new taxes. Rockefeller was committed to continued services, philosophically and on the record. As a businessman and public official, he was opposed to increasing the dead-weight drain which debt service puts on a government budget. By mid-December, he made it known that he saw no alternative to a state tax increase in excess of $200,000,000.

The tax decision was grounded on hard-boiled politics

as well as on Rockefeller's concept of fiscal necessity. The longer the money squeeze continued, the more extreme would be the eventual remedies required. The impressive election returns were still fresh, but time would inevitably dim their charm for the Republican-controlled legislature. All Senate and Assembly seats come before the voters in 1960, and the farther the action came from election day, the less unpalatable it would be. A tax rise in 1959 would be a political headache; a year later, it would be a major affliction. And, cynics noted, the new Governor would look a lot better by 1960 if his administration were solvent.

After the Governor's inauguration on New Year's Day, a characteristic Rockefeller conference system promptly took root in the Executive Chamber on the second floor of the turreted granite Capitol. There is a daily morning staff meeting in the sixty-by-forty-foot red-walled official Governor's office known as the Red Room. (Rockefeller does his paper work and often lunches on a sandwich, coffee, and ice cream in a more standard-sized office which adjoins it.) Any substantial problem that comes up is likely to engender a meeting of its own, and the cycle of group-thought sometimes carries over into the evening, when Rockefeller is likely to adjourn the last conference to the Mansion.

Conferences help to sharpen Rockefeller's thinking and to build a sense of participation among the others involved. He invites conflicting views, but seldom lets them shake him from a firmly held opinion. One close associate feels that he is "sometimes still inclined to field issues too fast."

Youth, technical qualifications, and a predominantly "modern Republican" viewpoint are the hallmarks of the Rockefeller staff. It was organized by George Hinman, the scholarly Binghamton lawyer Rockefeller picked up on the constitutional commission and used as head speech-writer in the campaign. On leave from his law office, Hinman worked without salary to line up 50-odd top officials. A few are independents and a few are top-flight Democratic holdovers. But most are Rockefeller-style Republicans. Notably missing are representatives of the G.O.P.'s Old Guard.

Rockefeller's executive officer is the other constitutional

commission alumnus, Bill Ronan. The 46-year-old economist, former dean of the Graduate School of Public Administration at New York University, has manifold duties as secretary to the Governor. In addition, he heads a new commission to review and simplify the state's administrative functions.

Probably closest to the Governor of all his starting staff was his counsel, Roswell B. Perkins, at 32 the youngest member of a young official family. An affable giant who graduated from Harvard Law School at 22, Perkins met Rockefeller when both were at HEW. He came to Albany with the understanding that he was to return to his New York law firm after the first year's legislation was well established.

Rockefeller is always cross-checking ideas with his legislative lieutenant, Wilson, and with Jamieson, who during the session spent part of every week in Albany with the title of Special Assistant, although he continues to draw his salary entirely from the Rockefeller family. The Governor keeps contact, too, with John Lockwood, the family lawyer. Another old friend and frequent adviser is Oscar Reubhausen, a young lawyer who has specialized in the developing field of atomic energy. He now heads a new office to foster atomic projects within the state.

The Governor's fiscal stand became official a week after his inauguration in his annual message to the legislature. He predicted a $230,000,000 budget shortage and warned of tax requests to come. Within a week, he asked for a two-cent gasoline tax increase expected to yield $59,000,000, and promptly got it. His budget message on February 9 incorporated the gasoline levy into a $277,000,000 tax package which the Governor proposed to balance a record $2,041,000,000 budget and put some money aside to start the state toward pay-as-you-go finance. The big bite was a $150,000,000 jump in state income taxes that involved withholding, lowered exemptions, and four new surtax brackets which raised the graduated scale from a previous high of 6 per cent to a top of 10 per cent on taxable income over $15,000.

The reaction was prompt, vigorous, and widespread. Minority Democrats charged the Governor with everything from "soaking the poor" to understating the yield of his tax program, but steered away from proposing spending cuts. An uncomfortably large number of insurgents cut loose from the Republican majority to blast both the tax and spending programs. The Republican revolt had serious implications for the new Governor's fiscal program—and for his prospects of achieving any kind of creditable Albany record. It was encouraged by a deluge of letters that ran better than 10 to 1 against a tax rise.

Rockefeller kept his humor through the crisis. When two letters that praised his tax stand were screened out of an otherwise hostile first wave of mail, he quipped to reporters that he planned to frame them.

He took his case to the people with a series of television talks, illustrated with the charts he loves so well. He lobbied in person as the host at a series of dinners at the Mansion for businessmen, civic and labor leaders, educators, legislators, and Republican county chairmen. And Rockefeller cultivated the legislators themselves, as individuals, not as party men. One of the phenomena of the new regime was the sporadic appearance of the Governor on the Capitol's third floor, the traditionally inviolate preserve of the legislative branch. He called not only on Republican leaders, but on their opposition. By one such informal visit, he established a friendly personal relationship with Senator Joseph Zaretzki, the affable Senate minority leader whose public function is to belabor the Governor's programs. Rockefeller kept the process up despite a burst of unbelieving profanity that greeted him when he telephoned another Democratic leader he had never met to say this was Nelson Rockefeller speaking and how about lunch?

The most unpalatable feature of the complicated tax package was a proposal to cut income tax exemptions to $600 per person from a previous figure of $1,000 for individuals and $2,500 for married couples. It bore hardest on the upper brackets, but its political poison lay in the inevitable fact that it would subject upwards of 300,000 bottom-bracket

workers—and voters—for the first time to state income taxes under the Governor's evasion-proof pay-as-you-go collection system.

Rebellion smoldered among Republicans in both houses. It was most acute in the 150-seat Assembly, where defections threatened to leave the majority leadership without a majority—and with no prospect of Democratic aid.

Rockefeller had served notice at the start that he saw no room for compromise. But after three contentious weeks during which the April 15 tax deadline drew closer, he met with majority leaders of both houses and hammered out a revision that eased the impact of the changed exemptions by permitting lower-bracket taxpayers a credit to cancel part of the bite. Much of the lost revenue was recouped by excluding 1958 capital gains taxes from a general one-year forgiveness which the Governor had proposed to prevent double taxation when the witholding system took effect. Finally, Rockefeller agreed to cut spending by $40,000,000, leaving the budget just a shade over $2,000,000,000. Republican leaders insisted on slashing $10,000,000 out of the $15,000,000 in added state aid for which Rockefeller had asked for Democratic New York City.

All but two Republican senators accepted the compromise, in which the bulk of the tax program and most of the budget escaped unscathed. But 22 rebel assemblymen still balked at the unaltered exemption level. Rockefeller redoubled the personal diplomacy that was his principal weapon in the budget fight. While Republican leaders practiced their own brand of persuasion and pressure, the Governor met individually and collectively with all the insurgents in an end-to-end series of interviews that left him uncharacteristically gray and limp. At the end of its fourth week, the revolt collapsed.

The tax package which set up the largest revenue boost in the history of the state was enacted by Republican votes without substantial change from the original Rockefeller proposal. As the principal preoccupation of the 66-day session, it marked a thumping victory for the new Governor and at least a partial answer to those critics, including some admirers of Mr. Nixon, who had questioned whether Rocke-

seriously (and some at City Hall did not, either) the Mayo suggested raising the 3 per cent city sales tax to 4 per cen Business interests howled. There was talk of a city pay roll tax. Everybody howled. Finally, with the Governor' blessing, the legislature authorized a cluster of new cit levies with an expected yield of $115,500,000. Notably miss ing were two Wagner proposals to tax bank checks an sales on the New York Stock Exchange. Rockefeller main tained that both would drive business out of the city. Th minority differed and hinted darkly that the Governor wa serving his friends in the financial community. A possibl Democratic campaign issue appeared in the making.

With their tax budget up and their share of state ai proportionately lower than it had been for years, city official protested with some justification that Rockefeller was goin along with the old Albany practice of short-changing th city in allocating state revenues. In a discussion of this row Rockefeller noted that *his* tax proposals had had no hel from the city Democrats. "This did not create a warm friendly atmosphere for consideration of the city's tax prob lems," Rockefeller observed with a degree of understatement

Republicans in the legislature had the Governor's con currence when they voted to create a nine-member commis sion to study the over-all governmental operation in th city. The purported goal was to contribute both to efficien government in the city and to Albany's understanding c the big town's Brobdingnagian problems. But some Repub licans sounded as if they wanted a fishing expedition t land some mismanagement-and-corruption issues for 196( This did not appear to be Rockefeller's idea. He told news conference that what he wanted was more informatio that could help fill "a need for an assumption of greate responsibility by the state in helping and working with th city." The commission, he said firmly, will engage in n "witch hunt."

Rockefeller's insistence on high-level persuasion as hi only weapon in the tax fight was not universally observec Legislative leaders applied the standard inducements c reward and punishment. At least one county chairman use

another, more elusive argument. Its essence was: "We may have a presidential candidate on our hands; let's not do anything to embarrass him."

This exhilarating theme echoed in one form or another through most of official Albany during the early months of the Rockefeller administration. It figured in the calculations of the Democratic leaders. It certainly helped keep ambitious high-ranking Republicans on the reservation through the politically unpalatable tax fight. It was even the subject of discreet speculation among the hands in the Executive Chamber.

Rockefeller himself suited his actions to his few carefully chosen words on the subject. He attended and enjoyed virtually any Albany function that fitted into his schedule. But he tactfully regretted any and all invitations that even hinted at a national role. (By the end of the legislative session, he had turned down over 400 out-of-state speaking engagements.) He rejected bids, courted by most governors, to speak before the National Press Club in Washington. He kept himself in an exclusive circle of public officials who remain unavailable for national television interviews. He was available to Albany correspondents at most of his public appearances and at his generally sprightly press conferences. But he refused repeated requests from national political writers for background interviews during the legislative session.

A shift in this pattern piqued informed interest after the session adjourned. A dozen or so Washington correspondents, whose requests for interviews had been denied weeks before, were quietly advised that the Governor now had time on his hands and was available for background interviews. The upshot was some quiet speculation that Rockefeller was quite evidently anxious not to lose touch with the national picture, and a rash of published columns and think-pieces followed. They arrived by a variety of routes at the same conclusion: that Rockefeller is speaking literal truth when he says he is interested in being Governor—he is fascinated by the job. But this does not mean disinterest in the White House.

The Governor left his callers with the strong impression that he will be aggressively available in the spring of 1960—if events "break" right for him. His apparent decision to let events decide is not as fatalistic as it sounds. Some are beyond his control, notably the constitutional succession which could (as every Republican politician is acutely aware) put Nixon in the White House overnight and thereby cut off any possibility of competition. Other events can be shaped into opportunities. There are examples in developing events:

Item: The only politically pointed out-of-state event on Rockefeller's 1959 schedule is the annual Governors' Conference, meeting in August in Puerto Rico. Rockefeller has long been interested in the island's economic development, but he may have other concerns. His aides expect that the affair will afford him an opportunity to perform in fast national company, and they believe he will make the most of it.

Item: By the end of the 1959 legislative session, Rockefeller had set in motion 21 studies of state problems covering a range of subjects from tax revision and education to mental health and cultural opportunities. If the study groups are up to the usual Rockefeller caliber, the Governor's 1960 legislative program can hardly fail to put him in the public eye at a politically opportune time.

Item: In numerous veto messages at the 1959 legislative session, Rockefeller took pains to conciliate the sponsors of rejected measures (most of whom, in the nature of things in Albany, were Republicans). He repeatedly sketched in tactful terms conditions under which vetoed proposals could be made acceptable. The technique can cement political ties within the state at a time when good relations with all Republicans may be at a premium.

There is no sign of visceral tension as Rockefeller waits for "events" to shape his 1960 decision. He gives the impression of a man preoccupied and delighted with the complexities of steering the somewhat barnacled government of the big, rich, old Empire State. In every challenge, he sees new opportunities to modernize and improve.

Rockefeller shows a readiness to question shibboleths laid down in earlier times and under other circumstances. He was ready, for example, to support a measure of tax abatement for the railroads that carry commuters into New York City. Fully aware that railroads had been type cast for nearly a century as political devils, he was more concerned with a basic problem: the erosion of passenger service on which New York commuters depend. Fiscal studies showed that the roads were in no condition to continue, much less improve, that service without some form of relief. His search for new solutions entails political risks in the event of failure; it can also be the raw material of political success.

The Governor's guiding principle is that "insoluble" problems can be solved, given intelligent analysis, if he has the capacity to make decisions and the courage to hold to the decisions once they are made. That, Rockefeller told a friend without a trace of self-consciousness, is "what they're paying me for."

In the context of his relationship to Nixon, these attitudes suggest that Rockefeller's shaping of "events" will be confined for many months to Albany and that he will stay with that job until and unless "events" produce a substantial and genuine demand for his candidacy.

Despite his aloofness nationally, and partly because of it, Rockefeller may be in a position to ride a blitz of the type that forced the Willkie and Eisenhower nominations. He was his party's only spectacular winner in a disastrous Republican year. He commands the Albany Capitol, a powerhouse of convention and electoral votes which has graduated five twentieth-century presidential candidates. These facts alone, by traditional definition, make him a White House possibility.

But in 1959, the definition was still too broad, and the Rockefeller people knew it. Rockefeller was an attractive new face and a vigorous new force on the national Republican scene, but he still had to prove himself to the G.O.P. professionals, who have not forgotten how he played down the Republican label in his gubernatorial campaign.

By convention time in 1960, Rockefeller will have served

less than 20 months in first-rank office, while Nixon will be rounding out 14 years in the Washington limelight. The tax fight that opened Rockefeller's administration evidenced political courage that attracted national attention. But it left some scars in New York and it hardly raised Rockefeller's stock with the tax-conscious professionals who usually decide nominations. Whether it helps or hurts his national image will probably depend on the uses to which the added funds are put in the relatively short time remaining before the 1960 preconvention campaign starts to pick up steam.

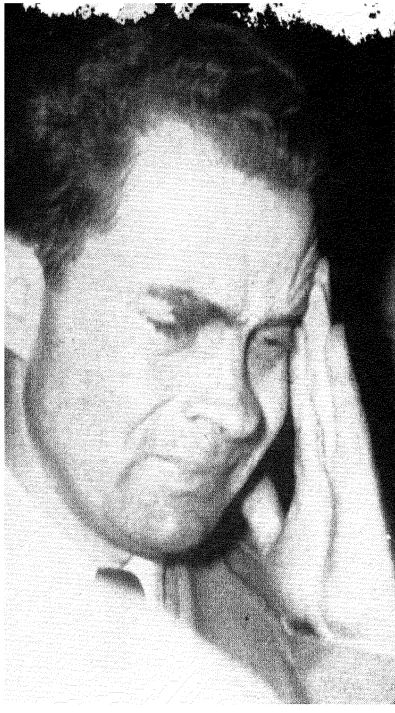
Rockefeller's role in the 1960 sweepstakes may well be shaped by a negative factor: residual anti-Nixon feeling in some party circles. It runs strongest among the "modern" types who originally sparked the Willkie and Eisenhower "crusades." There is "Nixon can't win" talk among some of them now. If it takes hold, chances are that Rockefeller will be boomed as the man who "can win." If this happens, he may find it difficult to stay out of the race, whatever his personal schedule may be.

The Albany consensus at the end of the 1959 legislature was that Rockefeller had risen to the challenge of his first session far more effectively than his critics had expected and as well as most of his friends had hoped. The prospect of a broader opportunity in 1960 was the subject of mounting press speculation. It did not escape him.

Nor is it likely that Rockefeller and the men around him have failed to note that it may be years before the national picture is any brighter for the New Yorker. The candidate, Republican or Democrat, who is elected in 1960 will have an excellent chance of renomination and, by the form sheets, a better-than-equal chance of re-election in 1964. Eight years is a long time to wait for a man of Rockefeller's sanguine nature. And, as he showed in New York in 1958, he is not one to back away from opportunity—when and if it knocks.



New York Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller strolled gaily down Fifth Ave. the morning after his election in 1958.



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United Press International Photo

*Above left:* In 1952, during his first campaign for the vice-presidency, Richard M. Nixon was in trouble over his political expense fund. He wept when Eisenhower vindicated him and retained him on the ticket.

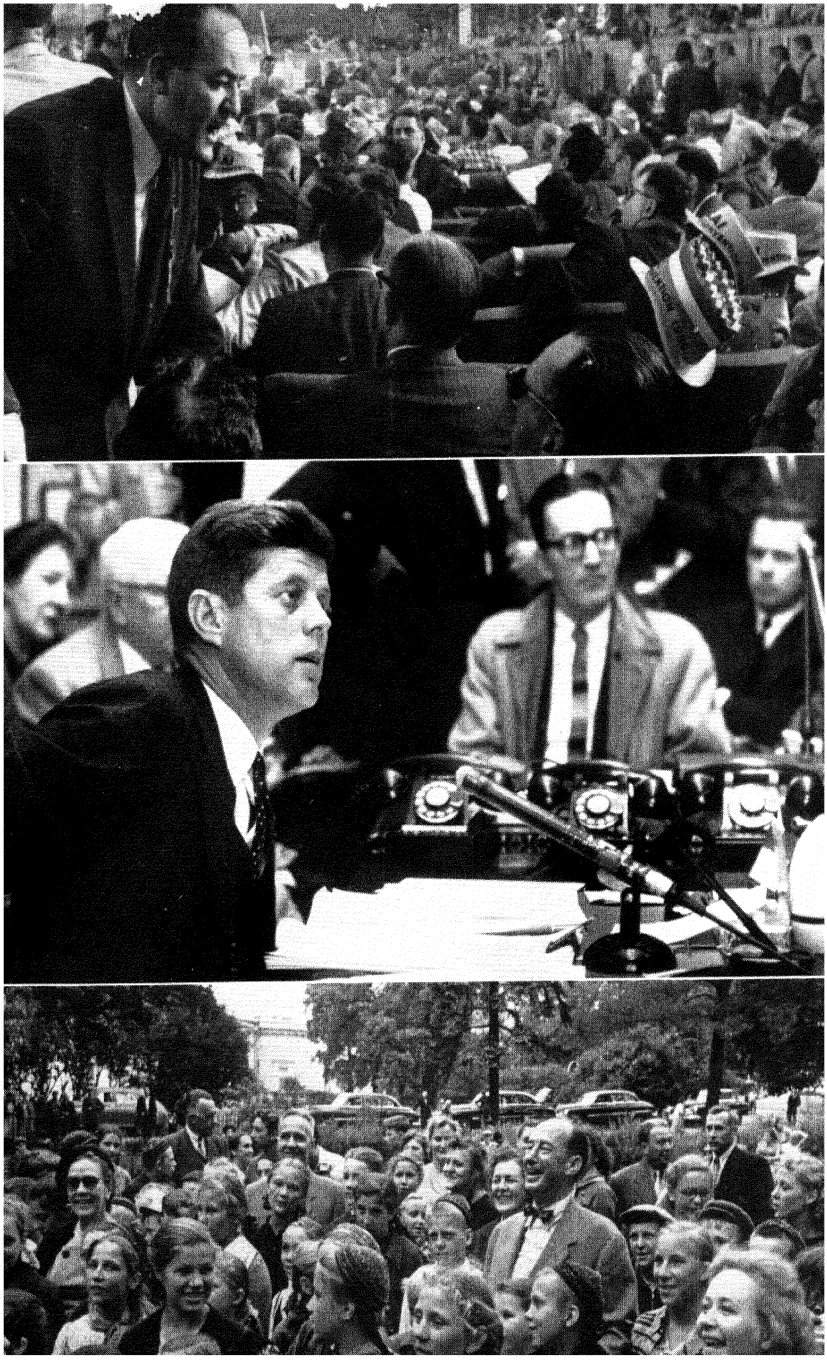
*Above right:* Nelson A. Rockefeller, back from a postelection vacation in the fall of 1958, reiterated his statement that he had no plans to seek the presidency in 1960.

*Opposite*
*Top:* Vice-President Nixon's trip to Latin America in the spring of 1958 was marred with violence and ill-will. On his return he spoke with vehemence about the problems between the U.S. and Latin republics.

*Bottom:* Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey blamed the failure of the Eisenhower administration's leadership when the controversial school construction bill was defeated in 1956.

ıternational Photo

United Press International Photo



United Press International Photo



United Press International Photo

Wide World Photo

*Above:* At a session of the Senate Rackets Investigating Committee, early in 1958, Sen. John F. Kennedy listened attentively to testimony.

*Opposite*
*Top:* At the 1956 Democratic National Convention, Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey was one of the leading contenders for the vice-presidential nomination, but lost out to Estes Kefauver.

*Middle:* Sen. John F. Kennedy opened the 1959 drive for anti-racketeering labor legislation with a revised version of the reform bill he had sponsored the previous year.

*Bottom:* In Leningrad, during his trip to the USSR in 1958, Democratic party leader Adlai Stevenson was surrounded by milling crowds of Russian youngsters at the city pioneer camp.



A man who takes great care in matching the word to the thought, Adlai Stevenson prepares his own speeches with consummate skill. Here he is shown writing his acceptance address after having been acclaimed as the Democratic party's 1956 presidential nominee.




Wide World Photo

*Above:* During the 1956 investigation of the armed services missiles program, Stuart Symington, left, then Chairman of a Senate Armed Services subcommittee, reviewed army models with Lt. Gen. James Gavin, Army Chief of Research and Development.

*Below:* Late in 1957 Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson announced a "searching inquiry" of U.S. satellite and missile programs to "determine ways and means to strengthen the security of the U.S."



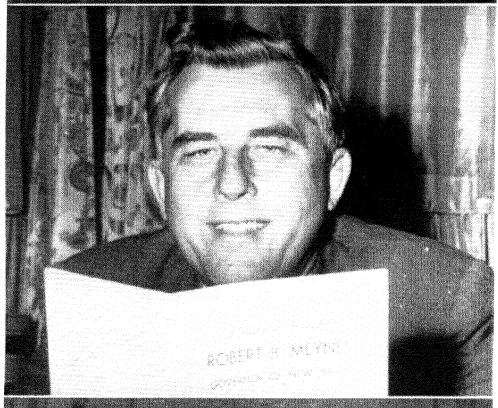
United Press International Photo

United Press International Photo



On his return as a delegate to the Geneva Atomic Test Suspension Conference in late 1958, Sen. Albert Gore prepared to report to the President.

Wide World Photo




New Jersey Gov. Robert B. Meyner, shown reviewing his 5th annual message to the state legislature.

United Press International Photo



Gov. G. Mennen Williams of Michigan testifying before a Senate Judiciary subcommittee.



Henry Cabot Lodge, Representative to the UN, preparing for Middle East debate in July, 1958.

# 3

# POLITICAL PITCHMAN

## Richard M. Nixon

PHILIP POTTER

Vice-President Richard Milhous Nixon, 46, has read the lives of Caesar, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, Gladstone, and Disraeli. He has pumped Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth for facts on Theodore Roosevelt's handling of the presidency. He has even learned to play golf.

But the "best prepared" vice-president in history, as his adherents call him, has found that boning up on great men's lives—and even indulging in their hobbies—does not necessarily guarantee public acceptance of a man who wants to be President. Professors cherish the studious. Hard work has advanced men to the top in many careers. In politicians, however, people look for more than industry. It is art they want.

Nixon is the scientific pitchman of politics, who coldly tries to figure what will sell, packages his products neatly, and then goes out to peddle them. As a boy he was a carnival barker for a wheel of fortune at Prescott, Arizona,

with hams as prizes for the lucky. He still uses the pitchman's techniques.

"I'm going to do something now that's unusual, but I think appropriate for an audience of this kind," he tells a political rally at Wilmington; or, somewhere else, "this is my proposition."

He can give his pitch a soft twist for college students, change it subtly for men and women in a sedate New England town, and change it again for the "hard" sell which brings Republicans at a midwestern rally to their feet with cheers. He handles hecklers with the barker's skilled ease. "Now, I'm glad you asked me that. . . . If you just give me a chance to talk, I am sure I can convince you."

Polls early this year suggest that people prefer a less professional type—a Kennedy with tousled hair, a Rockefeller with colorful and friendly personality. Nixon may have met the criteria once, as the celebrated young investigator of Alger Hiss. Now that image is dim. He is "old hat," as an aide once said in explanation of small audiences in California. Kennedy, as long in politics but less tarnished with the grime of political warfare, is a "new face," as is Rockefeller.

Nixon might have been wiser in 1956 if he had responded differently to a suggestion President Eisenhower made to him: that he let someone else run for the vice-presidency and get a record as an administrator, perhaps as Secretary of Defense. The Vice-President himself had long been under pressure from his wife, Pat, to get out of politics. In 1954, when his speeches in the congressional campaign had Democrats clamoring for his scalp, he told Murray Chotiner, his campaign adviser, he was not going to run again in 1956. However, Eisenhower's heart trouble in the fall of 1955 and his ileitis in the spring of 1956 changed the situation and possibly Nixon's mind. Now he may be sorry.

Nixon in 1952 attached great importance to polls indicating that General Eisenhower would be a "sure" winner as G.O.P. presidential nominee and accepted their verdict that Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio was unlikely to win. He

quietly joined the Eisenhower bandwagon. Now he finds himself tagged with the "can't win" label.

The Vice-President is a man whose hard work has been accompanied by good luck during most of his political career. As a former barker for a wheel of fortune—he was also a good poker player in the wartime Navy—Nixon could not have expected his good fortune to last forever, but he must have hoped it would see him into the White House. There is a chance, of course, that Eisenhower will not live out his second term. Unless his death changes the outlook, however, Nixon seems only an even money bet to break a national tradition. No two-term vice-president has ever been elected President.

Nixon capsuled a self-analysis in an interview he gave Stewart Alsop in mid-1958 for a *Saturday Evening Post* article:

"I'm kind of a fatalist about politics. . . . Political positions have always come to me because I was there, and it was the right time and the right place—that's how I got into politics in the first place. And you can't run for the presidency, you can't push for it—look at Bob Taft or Harold Stassen. It depends on what the times call for.

"If the time comes when the Republican party and the voters are looking for an outwardly warm, easygoing, gregarious type, then they will not want the sort of man I am."

This was a candid self-portrait. His career is a triumph of will, and being a public figure does not come naturally. Nixon is essentially an introvert, shy and ill at ease with individuals, if not with crowds. He is bookish, preferring to study documents rather than get oral briefings.

His wife attests to his shyness: "The studious type when he was a boy," she says. "He has to know a person well before he can be at ease with him, or relax," says a woman staff member of long tenure. A congressman closely associated with Nixon says: "He's conscientious, intelligent and perceptive, but he's too intense."

A law partner recalled that he had never lunched with Nixon. His young assistant was always too busy. Friends say Nixon has been too preoccupied with work, throughout

school and since, to form many close human relationships. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Drown and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Arbuthnot are old California friends. There are few others on terms of any intimacy. William P. Rogers, Attorney General, probably is closest to Nixon of anyone in Washington. But the Rogers and Nixon families see each other rarely except at official functions. Rogers has said that neither do much "dropping-in."

The Vice-President is easily embarrassed. "He blushed like a rose," a former staff member related, "when he walked into an office shower for one of the girls and saw lingerie on display." At Duke University Nixon was considered prudish by classmates. The law school had a pool open to faculty and married graduate students. Most undergraduates made use of it, signing in with a girl friend as "Mr. and Mrs." Nixon would have none of it. More than one Duke classmate put him down as least likely to succeed in politics.

Nixon never learned to dance well until it became a diplomatic requirement. Paradoxically, he was elected student body president at Whittier College on a platform pledge to work for relaxation of a ban on dancing at the Quaker institution. He worked out with the faculty what he calls a "Quaker compromise." The agreement allowed students to dance—at a hall off the campus.

The Vice-President's mind is pragmatic, unsubtle. "It's a 2 plus 2 equals 4 mind," says a California congressman who came to Washington after working as a Nixon campaign aide. Not very imaginative, Nixon frequently resorts to Trumanisms to make a point. His perverse admiration for Truman is not reciprocated.

Nixon is normally cautious. "Nixon doesn't like to get boxed in or get obligated and contrives to have a third person in the room when he suspects a caller is going to ask for something," says a congressional friend from California.

"My mysterious predecessor," says Senator Kuchel (R-Calif.), in obvious commentary on Nixon's reluctance to take others into his confidence. Nixon attributes this to his job. "In my job you can't enjoy the luxury of intimate per-

sonal friendships. You can't confide absolutely in anyone about your personal plans, your personal feelings."

But the evidence is otherwise. One notes the remoteness and withdrawn quality when it can have no bearing on his work such as during a Sunday lull in the 1956 campaign, when the Nixon party was staying at a hotel in St. Petersburg, Florida. Male and female staff members and newsmen were in the pool, splashing away the exhaustion of an arduous week's campaigning with the Vice-President. He suddenly appeared at the edge in trunks and bathrobe and asked factually, "How deep is it?" Jack Sherwood, head of the Secret Service detail, replied, "Eight and a half feet."

The Nixon staff swam to the sides of the pool and clustered there as he dove in, swam about a bit, climbed out, picked up his robe and towel, and disappeared. There was no banter.

There has been a rapid turnover among Nixon's top male assistants since he came to Washington, five having come and gone. Some complain that he has little talent for delegation, preferring to do everything for himself.

His most faithful assistant is his personal secretary, Miss Rose Mary Woods, who is much impressed by her boss's industry. She is devoted to his interests and intolerant of any who do not share her belief in the Nixon destiny. Males on the staff tend to resent her "petticoat rule."

Miss Woods has participated in most of the troubles and triumphs of the Nixon career. She has gone on campaign and foreign trips, sometimes sharing wardrobes with Mrs. Nixon. Nixon regards her as indispensable. In recompense for her loyalty, she has had an unparalleled opportunity to meet the great and near great. She is often among guests at Nixon social affairs, and she and Mrs. Nixon get along well.

Nixon can be impulsive. When, in 1937, Jack Drown suggested he go down to a Whittier little theater tryout and see a "gorgeous redhead," Nixon, who had had little time for girls in the past, did so. The girl was Patricia Ryan, daughter of a onetime Nevada miner turned California farmer. Left orphaned in her teens, she had worked for a

while in New York City, then had come back to California to graduate from the University of Southern California and take a job as teacher of business law and related subjects at Whittier High School. She had played occasional bit parts in Hollywood.

Nixon, friends say, proposed the first night. Pat did not accept and kept him dangling for three years, meanwhile having dates with other men, with Nixon sometimes driving her to Los Angeles to keep them.

His father, Francis Anthony Nixon, had wooed and won his bride in four months. Frank Nixon was a Scotch-Irish Methodist, who had been left motherless at an early age, got little schooling, and drifted west from Ohio to California, working at odd jobs as he went along.

In Whittier, a quiet Quaker town named for the Quaker poet, he met Hannah Milhous, of Irish-English Quaker parentage, daughter of an orchardist of some substance in the community. The marriage apparently did not have the hearty approval of her family, although Frank Nixon turned Quaker. There followed more roaming, the establishment of a lemon grove at Yorba Linda, where Richard Nixon was born, its failure when the lemon market broke, and finally the acquisition of a filling station outside Whittier and its expansion to include shelves of groceries.

The business prospered, but illnesses beset the family. A boy of seven died. Harold, oldest of five boys, contracted tuberculosis and was taken by his mother to Prescott, Arizona. There she made ends meet by taking in other tuberculosis patients. All, including her son, died. It was while visiting his mother and brother there for two summers that Nixon learned the barker's trade, working for a Frontier Days Rodeo.

At home he worked hard at school, rose early to go to the market for fruits and vegetables, and took care of that part of the family business. He became a champion debater. Somehow, he found time to learn violin well enough to play in the Fullerton High School orchestra. He also studied piano. Nixon jokes in his campaign talks about Truman's

piano playing, but he himself still gets most of his relaxation tinkling the keys.

He tried out for college football, but was too light to make the varsity. Nixon claims he has "no health problems," but he suffers from hay fever, has high blood pressure, and must watch his cholesterol count. He has a nervous stomach. On campaigns he is on a strict diet. He has oatmeal at breakfast and, before speeches, only buttermilk and a swiss cheese on rye. "I hate it, but it digests easily," he says.

The household was under Quaker discipline. There were mid-week and Sunday services. Nixon's father was an argumentative man. Nixon counseled his brothers not to get into a debate with their parent. He claims he got his own militancy and competitive instincts from his father. His mother and maternal grandmother were gentle, but firm. They wanted him to excel in all he undertook. "My mother was a remarkable woman," Nixon says. He never mentions her in campaign speeches, but his father figures in a favorite routine designed to discredit Democratic concern for the "little man."

"By some standards it might be said that my father didn't amount to much," Nixon begins. "He was a streetcar conductor in Ohio, worked on a wheat ranch in Montana, was an oil field worker, a carpenter, ran a lemon ranch that failed and lived out his years as a small grocer. But if anybody had called him a 'little man,' he would have blown his stack."

Frank Nixon died in 1956, living long enough to see his son renominated. There obviously is much of the father in the son.

Nixon's best campaign gag, always good for a closing laugh, comes as he introduces his wife Pat, who sits through an oft-heard speech, demure, ankles crossed and attentive, her eyes never straying from the speaker.

"I'm controversial," Nixon announces. "Everybody loves Pat." Controversial men, in American politics, have often been by-passed when Presidents were picked. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and Taft are all examples.

The political wars have left many scars on Nixon, not all of Democratic origin. None of his home state's leading Republicans of the past decade bear him good will. Earl Warren, as California governor, refused to endorse Nixon's candidacy for the Senate in 1950 against Helen Gahagan Douglas, for which he was repaid in good measure in 1952 when Nixon made it clear that his state's "favorite son" was not his choice for G.O.P. presidential nominee. A member of the California delegation pledged to Warren until released by the Governor, Nixon openly intrigued for Eisenhower.

Later, Senator Knowland, Governor Knight, and Nixon engaged in intraparty warfare. Each, for example, controlled a third of their state's delegation at the 1956 convention. Knight opposed a second term for Nixon. The Knowland-Nixon forces combined against the Governor and committed the delegation to Nixon under the unit rule.

Last year disunity reached a new high. Knowland, bitten by the presidential bug, decided the governorship would be a better springboard than the Senate. He filed for that post, with support of the Nixon forces. Knight resentfully ran for the Senate. Nixon sought to guard his own interests by running a protégé, Representative Patrick Hillings, successor to Nixon in the House, for Attorney General. All three Republicans went crashing down to defeat, Nixon's man losing by the largest margin, 1,200,000 votes behind Democrat Stanley Mosk. Nixon is trying now to pick up the pieces of a shattered California G.O.P. before convention time in 1960. It is no secret that Senator Kuchel, only remaining state-wide Republican officeholder, would like to challenge Nixon's leadership. He is no Nixonite.

The Vice-President has bitter enemies elsewhere in Republican ranks. Harold E. Stassen has thrice sponsored "dump Nixon" moves. Representative Joe Martin of Massachusetts blames Nixon for his loss last January of the G.O.P. House leadership. The Vice-President walks a narrow tightrope between Old Guard and Modern Republicans. He wonders where Thomas E. Dewey, New York kingmaker,

will eventually line up in the 1960 convention. Nixon aides are openly fearful that Dewey will be for Rockefeller.

Attorney General Rogers, who entered politics as an assistant to Dewey when the latter was New York district attorney, now has minimized Nixon's role in his career, suggesting that he (Rogers) is not debtor but creditor in their relationship. Specifically, he has denied reports from Nixon quarters that he owes his appointment to the Vice-President. Nixon is well aware that it was Dewey, in 1948, who hung the "can't win" tag on Senator Taft and for the second time deprived "Mr. Republican" of the G.O.P. presidential nomination. Wendell Willkie beat Taft in 1940. Eisenhower did so in 1952.

Nixon, like Taft, has been a thoroughly orthodox exponent of free enterprise. He knows, however, that right thinking does not mean the automatic support of businessmen. "Businessmen like to bet on winners," is one of Nixon's favorite aphorisms. He had little success last fall raising money for the congressional campaign. Businessmen, he explained, concluded it was going to be a bad year for Republicans and held on to their wallets. Representative Clarence Brown (R-Ohio), veteran Taft lieutenant and Nixon stalwart, claims the big money in the party will take its cue from Eisenhower. He feels that the way was paved for the nomination of someone other than Nixon when Leonard Hall was removed as G.O.P. national committee chairman. Hall worked with Old Guard Republicans to stop the "dump Nixon" move in 1956.

Nixon obviously is not counting on the President's support in 1960. Asked which Republican President came closest to meeting his own tests as to what type of man was "good for the country," Nixon gave never a thought to the present incumbent of the White House. He mentioned Woodrow Wilson as having done a good job in his first term, but said he would pick Theodore Roosevelt in this century.

"I would say in the twentieth century Theodore Roosevelt is the fellow I would pick out as one who met the challenges of his time the way I would like to see the Republi-

can party meet its national and international responsibilities," Nixon said.

"He didn't worship the modern doctrine the New York public relations firms are trying to sell both the Democratic and Republican party today, that the way to be a leader is to be noncontroversial.

"He was not one who worshipped public opinion and felt it necessary to take a poll as to what the people may want. He accepted the idea that it is the responsibility of a real leader not to follow, but to lead public opinion. . . . He was an idealist with sense, just what we need now."

It was Roosevelt who called John D. Rockefeller and other tycoons of the time "malefactors of great wealth." Nixon, no doubt, considers John D.'s grandson a chip off the old block. He got a rough going over from Nelson Rockefeller in New York City during the 1958 campaign.

He and Rockefeller had been friendly in the early years of Eisenhower's administration, when Rockefeller served as adviser to the President and as Under Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. Arthur S. Flemming, present HEW secretary and former ODM administrator, said Nixon supported Rockefeller's program for federal aid to education, just as this year Nixon gave "tremendous help" to Flemming in persuading the administration to recommend a school construction program tailored to fit a tight budget. In Congress Nixon had fought federal school aid.

In the spring of 1958, Nixon told reporters, Rockefeller asked him to use his influence to get Representative Kenneth Keating to leave a "safe" House seat and go on the ticket as candidate for senator to succeed the retiring Senator Ives, also a Republican. Nixon says that Keating agreed to make the Senate race on condition the Vice-President come into New York and make a statewide telecast for him. This did not fit in with the strategy of Rockefeller and his managers, led by L. Judson Morhouse, G.O.P. state chairman who was appointed to that post by Governor Dewey in 1954. The Rockefeller camp wanted Keating, popular in upper New York State, to get out the vote in that normally Republican territory so that the gubernatorial can-

didate could concentrate on New York City, the stronghold of Democrats and liberals. The Rockefeller people wanted the support, or at least the neutrality, of the New York *Post*, a liberal newspaper which rates Nixon much as Adlai Stevenson once did—"a white-collar McCarthy." When Nixon insisted on fulfilling his pledge to Keating the Rockefeller forces decided that the gubernatorial candidate should ostracize him.

For almost the full time (Oct. 22–24) Nixon was in New York City, Rockefeller stayed away from the Vice-President's suite in the Waldorf Towers. Nixon, in his state-wide telecast, however, told New Yorkers Rockefeller would be an able, effective, and dedicated governor. His private view, associates say, is that his potential rival is short on brains.

The telecast caused abandonment of the leper treatment given Nixon. Telephone calls were made and Rockefeller arranged to breakfast with the Vice-President before the latter's plane took off for Wisconsin.

Rockefeller left the Nixon suite after the breakfast cocky and confident, with the inherited poise of the well-born man. Asked if Nixon's New York visit had helped or hurt him, he smilingly replied that the Vice-President had come to help Keating. In response to other questions, he implied that if he were elected governor he might be available for another job in 1960.

Nixon was pensive, almost glum, and for once uncommunicative with the press. What did they have for breakfast? Well, both spurned the sugar buns on the tray. "I ate oatmeal. Nelson had eggs," Nixon said. "I'm watching my cholesterol count. He isn't." One felt that in this round between the two prospective rivals for the G.O.P. presidential nomination Nixon had come off second best. The self-confidence of a hitherto successful politician suddenly seemed to evaporate.

On the plane to Wisconsin later, this reporter asked Nixon whether he had been affronted by Rockefeller's two-day avoidance of him.

"I'm not a sensitive fellow. I lost my sensitivity years

ago," the Vice-President replied. It was a politician's answer. He had been hurt and dared not show it.

Nixon admits to a hot temper, inherited, he says, from his father. But the Vice-President, often as tense as a coiled spring, tries to maintain an iron control over himself. The worst thing a politician can do, he says, is to allow his temper to show, except deliberately. "That's something I learned as a kid debater," he explains. In private he allows himself the luxury of "blowing his stack," as he calls his own and his father's temper displays.

Aides report that such tantrums have followed every crisis —in Los Angeles in 1952 after his "Checkers" speech, when Eisenhower failed to assure him immediately that he would stay on the ticket; at Caracas, Venezuela, upon reaching his quarters in the American embassy following his ordeal with Communist-led street mobs who smashed the windows of his car and seemed bent on bodily harm; in Ithaca, New York, in 1956, after a tough session with college editors on a telecast quiz show.

In Minneapolis, two days after the breakfast with Rockefeller, Nixon "blew his stack" in public, his cumulative troubles and sense of impending election disaster overcoming his iron control. He was inwardly seething over the injury done him by Rockefeller, troubled as to whether Dewey was behind it, distressed by unfavorable polls in the congressional campaign, and plagued by the way things were going in California. He also had hay fever.

Representative Hillings, on whose behalf Nixon had made two electioneering trips to California, had reflected on the Vice-President's ability to pick subordinates by a bumbling statement that Nixon would "assume the mantle of leadership" of the G.O.P. the day after the November 4 election.

Helen Knowland had wrecked what unity was left in the California G.O.P. by calling her husband's running mate, Governor Knight, a man with a "macaroni spine." Knight had avoided challenging Knowland for the gubernatorial nomination, but felt he had been pressured into switching to the Senate race. He declined to endorse Knowland for governor and took a position against the right-to-work law

Knowland espoused. Nixon, on his own trips to California, ducked this issue on the ground that he was a national figure and this was a state issue. He said neither he nor Eisenhower wanted to influence voters in the states.

Nixon was asked at his Minneapolis news conference about Hillings' prediction that the Vice-President was going to take over the G.O.P. for the balance of Eisenhower's term. He repudiated his lieutenant, saying he had not been consulted. A question about Mrs. Knowland's outburst brought a dissertation on the difficulties of public life, which, Nixon said, bore most heavily on wives. The press, the Vice-President said, was unaware of the hardships suffered by public figures and their families. He was not complaining for himself, he said, but it was "difficult when your 10-year-old daughter [Julie] comes home from school and says her classmates are teasing her about a cartoon in the morning paper." The allusion was to a Herblock cartoon published a few days earlier in the Washington *Post,* depicting a mud-slinging Nixon in the gutter and captioned "I would act differently if I were in the top job." (Nixon has, on occasion, canceled subscriptions to the *Post* because of Herblock cartoons.)

There was one last question. The Vice-President's attention was called to a newspaper dispatch to the effect that President Eisenhower had refused to see a civil-rights group which wanted his support for proposed legislation. Would Nixon "spell out" his position on the proposals? He began an answer calmly, saying a news conference was not the place for a detailed presentation of his views on civil rights. Then he suddenly "blew his stack."

"I won't stand here in front of this fine group of newspapermen and take an insinuation that I have not discussed civil rights," shouted the Vice-President, lips trembling and face livid. He peremptorily ended the conference.

It was obvious that the civil-rights question, one he normally would have fielded with ease, was not responsible for the explosion. It was the way things were going, and the political implications for his future. Here was a man of tremendous ambition, dogged will, and great industry who,

with what he concedes was "great" good luck, had almost made the pinnacle toward which he had been climbing all of his life, only to see it recede. It did not help that a newcomer and novice in politics was hot on his heels.

Nixon had never, after high-school days, lost an election in which he was a contestant. He was president of his Freshman class at Whittier College, student body president in his Senior year, championship debater from the fifth grade on. He was graduated second at Whittier, third in his class at Duke University Law School, where he was chosen for *Law Review* and made the Order of the Coif for the nation's top 10 per cent of law-school graduates.

He had failed to get the connection with a Wall Street law firm he sought during his last year at Duke. The FBI had not granted his application for a job. But these rejections had proved boons in the end.

Nixon had returned home to Whittier in 1937, entered the law firm of old family friends, been appointed deputy city attorney, got his feet wet in politics by making two speeches for Wendell Willkie in 1940, gone into the OPA in Washington when the war broke out, left it for the Navy a few months later, served creditably as a South Pacific air transport officer, and come home to be offered the G.O.P. nomination for congressman from California's 12th district. It had been both the "right place" and "right time" for Nixon. California was heavily Democratic in registration, but much of the population had recently immigrated from southwestern states and had no particular allegiance to California Democratic organizations. Among older inhabitants party meant less than in almost any other state because of peculiar laws that Governor (later Senator) Hiram Johnson, independent Republican of the Teddy Roosevelt progressive wing, had put through to weaken party organizations and keep power in his own hands.

The people of southern California are perhaps the most gullible in the United States. They flock in and out of cults of every description, pick up one fad after another. It is the haven of flamboyant promoters. It has the flossiest, most

neon-lit used-car lots, gasoline stations, and cemeteries in the country.

Murray Chotiner, Los Angeles lawyer and backstage Republican campaign adviser to Governor Earl Warren and later to Senator Knowland, knew well how to operate in this environment when Nixon hired him to help out in the 1946 election. With professional adroitness Chotiner provided the content for Nixon's package in what was to become the prototype of Nixon campaigns. Nixon, champion debater and college actor, knew all the tricks of oratory and audience appeal. He had a mellow baritone voice, could smile like a movie star, and knew the gestures and body movements that would keep an audience attentive.

The opposition was not much. Representative Jerry Voorhis, five-term Democratic congressman, was himself the survivor of a dying fad. He had been a disciple of Upton Sinclair, creator of EPIC, a movement to "End Poverty in California," who had narrowly missed being elected governor in 1934. Nixon's later opponent, Helen Gahagan Douglas, was a movie actress turned politician, a dewy-eyed disciple of Henry Wallace.

Chotiner scorned the "noncontroversialisms" which Nixon now finds inexcusable in Madison Avenue ad men. The Los Angeles lawyer was a "deflate the opposition" man. Conducting a campaign workshop in 1955 for 48 Republican state chairmen who wanted to know the secret of Nixon's political success, Chotiner advised that campaigns be started a year early. It took that long, he said, to deflate the opposition before a candidate opened his own campaign, with accent on the positive. Candidates, Chotiner said, should answer all attacks with counterattacks. They should stick to generalities, because to be specific is to give an opponent openings.

Under Chotiner's skilled direction, Nixon floored Voorhis in a series of five debates, quoting excerpts from old Voorhis speeches and a book on money the onetime "Christian Socialist" had written years before. Voorhis had set himself up for the challenge to debate by sending the Nixons a pamphlet on baby care after the birth of their first child,

Patricia, now 12. On it he had written: "Congratulations. I'm looking forward to meeting you soon in public."

The Chotiner-Nixon pitch was to depict Voorhis as pink. "Vote for Nixon and stick a pin in PAC," was the Nixon campaign slogan. The California CIO Political Action Committee (PAC) had been infiltrated by Communists. But it had not endorsed Voorhis, who himself had served on the House Un-American Activities Committe and earned Communist hostility by sponsoring an alien registration act. He was labeled anti-Communist by the California *People's World*, the state's Communist organ, which decried Voorhis' opposition to united fronts with the Reds.

Voorhis never caught up with the Nixon attacks. The year was a bad one for Democrats. In 1946 the public released its pent-up irritation with war casualties, taxes, and rationing. It elected Republicans everywhere. The Democrats lost Congress for the first time in 16 years. The G.O.P. captured every doubtful seat in California. Nixon won his by 15,000 votes.

On entering the House with the "Class of '46," Nixon struck quickly for recognition. As at Whittier College, where he organized the "have-not" Orthogonians and seized control of campus politics from the socially elect Franklins, the young Californian in 1946 formed with other G.O.P. freshmen the Marching and Chowder Society. It was a forum for the legislative education of its members and a means whereby their joint views could be impressed on the G.O.P. leadership of the House, not normally receptive to suggestions from freshmen.

The 33-year-old Californian was put on the House Labor Committee headed by Representative Fred Hartley (R-N.J.), who was set on emasculating the Wagner Labor Act of the New Deal. Nixon chose to follow the more moderate leadership of Senator Taft, who was to write most of the Taft-Hartley Act and have Nixon's staunch support.

Nixon also was offered assignment to the House Un-American Activities Committee.

"They wanted a lawyer on the committee," Nixon told reporters in 1952. "I had thought the committee was pretty

much a publicity medium for members. I was skeptical. . . . Up to that time I had thought of Communists as just a lot of crackpots, people with beards and a glint in their eyes." It was a common view at the time, although Nixon was not to concede this when, in 1952, he accused Adlai Stevenson of "Acheson color blindness—a form of pinkeye," and, in 1954, told an audience: "Isn't it wonderful, finally, to have a Secretary of State who is not taken in by the Communists."

Nixon was to get a rapid education in Communist tactics. The first witness he heard as a committee member was Gerhart Eisler, later deported to East Germany where he became a Red gauleiter. Eisler shouted insults at committeemen and refused to take the oath.

The Californian soon was made chairman of a legislative subcommittee, and with Representative (now Senator) Karl Mundt (R-S.D.) drafted the Mundt-Nixon bill to compel registration of Communist front organizations, the first legislation to come out of the Un-American Activities Committee in its ten years of existence. It was not enacted, but parts of it were incorporated in the Subversive Activities Control Act of 1950.

Nixon played a key role in the investigation of Alger Hiss. He had both luck and competent outside advice. Rogers, then counsel for the Senate Investigations Subcommittee, who met Nixon at this time, studied transcripts of Hiss's August 5, 1948, testimony contradicting Whittaker Chambers' assertion that he and Hiss had been fellow Communists. Rogers felt Hiss was lying, as did Bert Andrews, New York *Herald-Tribune* correspondent, who was also consulted.

The luck lay in the fact that Chambers, when being sued for libel by Hiss weeks later, remembered and produced documents corroborating his charges. They were turned over to the Justice Department, and it was these, rather than the "Pumpkin Papers" Chambers later turned over to House investigators, that resulted in Hiss's indictment and conviction for perjury.

Nixon also had shown transcripts of the August hearing

to John Foster Dulles, then a New York City attorney. As head of the board of trustees for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace he had hired Hiss in 1946 as president of that institution. Dulles told Nixon to pursue his investigation, but voted with other trustees to keep Hiss, who got a leave of absence until his resignation in 1949. He was convicted in January, 1950.

Nixon, in his 1952 campaign, strongly condemned Adlai Stevenson, who had worked in the State Department with Hiss, for responding to defense counsel's request by giving a deposition that Hiss's reputation was "good." Dulles' association with Hiss was never censured by his fellow Republican.

On the strength of his creditable role in the Hiss case Nixon was easily re-elected to the House in 1948. In 1950 he left his "safe" House seat in a gamble for a six-year Senate term, thinking at first his opponent would be Sheridan Downey, two-term Democratic conservative. Instead Downey retired because of ill health and Mrs. Douglas got the Democratic nomination. Downey forces turned on her with vitriolic attacks, alleging that she was a fellow traveler. Nixon picked up this line in waging his own ruthless campaign against Mrs. Douglas, who gave almost tit for tat.

Chotiner had found that "color" could be used effectively in campaigns. He and Nixon got up a "pink" sheet, noting that Mrs. Douglas, while in the House, had voted 354 times with Representative Vito Marcantonio, American Labor Party congressman from New York City who intoned the Communist party line. Many were votes on which Republicans as well as Democrats were recorded the same way, but this was not mentioned. Mrs. Douglas retaliated by calling Nixon "the man in the brown suit," implying Nazism and anti-Semitism, a charge which the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith found without any substantiation.

Much of Nixon's support in the 1950 primary came from Stassen's California following. Nixon and Stassen had met in the South Pacific where both were naval officers, Nixon in charge of an air transport unit on Bougaineville, and Stassen flag lieutenant for Admiral Halsey.

In 1946, when first nominated for congressman, Nixon had turned to Stassen for help. He had a picture made with the former Minnesota governor and circulated it widely in his district. It was the Stassen association that had brought Nixon in touch with Senator Joseph McCarthy (R-Wis.), who had come to Washington as a Stassen disciple. Both had worked for Stassen in his 1948 try for the G.O.P. presidential nomination. Nixon associates say that had Stassen ever read a telegram Nixon sent him before the Stassen-Dewey debate in Oregon that killed the Minnesotan's chances, Stassen could have won. The argument was over the Mundt-Nixon bill, on which Dewey was better informed than Stassen.

In his 1950 Senate race Nixon's principal fund-raiser was Dana C. Smith, a Stassen man. It was the $18,000 fund he raised for Nixon's political expenses after the latter became Senator that was almost to be Nixon's undoing.

Senator McCarthy became a Nixon disciple in "anti-communism." One of the Nixon techniques he borrowed was that of holding one-man hearings and leaking to newsmen his own version of testimony. It was Nixon who came to McCarthy's aid with "names" when the Wisconsin Senator was floundering around in early 1950 in a belated attempt to document wild charges that the State Department had a number of "known" Communists on the payroll.

Although repelled by McCarthy's free and easy way with facts and figures, Nixon shared a common Republican view that the Wisconsin Senator was making political hay. He was destined to change his mind later, when McCarthy leveled his attacks on the Eisenhower regime.

On coming to the Senate in 1950 Nixon left the anti-Communist field to McCarthy and concentrated on "corruption." McCarthy made this possible by removing a critic, Senator Margaret Chase Smith (R-Maine), from the Senate Investigations Subcommittee and giving Nixon the post. Nixon played a role in RFC investigations which resulted in resignations of both the Democratic and Republican national committee chairmen, William M. Boyle, Jr., and Guy G. Gabrielson.

As a political celebrity Nixon was one of those that General Eisenhower listed after his nomination as acceptable running mates. Dewey and Herbert Brownell, Jr., a Dewey lieutenant, settled on Nixon. They had already decided that the campaign would be based on the so-called "K1 C3" formula, with Democrats being attacked on the Korean war, communism, corruption, and controls.

Nixon had gone to Europe in May, 1951, as delegate to a World Health Organization conference and had stopped in Paris to see the General. He told New York reporters on his return that Eisenhower would be a good candidate and said Eisenhower should choose his party. The General did not make his preference known until the following January, when Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. (R-Mass.) entered his name in the New Hampshire primary.

Nixon already had slipped out of the Stassen orbit. He attended a strategy huddle the still-hopeful Stassen called in June, 1951, but Nixon's interests lay elsewhere. He attributes Stassen's later attempts to "dump" him to "conflict in ambitions." Taft, likewise, was cast aside for the war hero, as was Warren. Taft held no grudges, but Warren and his followers considered Nixon's activities for Eisenhower a "stab in the back."

It was a Warren man who tipped off newsmen about Nixon's political expense fund. Stassen launched the first of his "dump Nixon" moves, while Taft defended the young Californian. Nixon weathered the storm with his famous telecast detailing his financial position, explaining that the $18,000 was for political and not personal use, and telling about his wife's "respectable Republican cloth coat" and the dog, Checkers, which was a gift from a Texas admirer and was not going to be sent back. The dog routine was admittedly a plagiarism of F.D.R.'s famous line: "Now they attack my little dog Fala."

The fund episode was a crucial one in the Nixon-Eisenhower relationship, which, a Nixon aide says, has gone through four phases, with the Vice-President's attitude changing from "hero worship, to resentment, to hero worship, to disenchantment."

After the fund crisis broke, Eisenhower was undecided whether Nixon should be kept on the ticket. He wanted his running mate to be "clean as a hound's tooth." Nixon, even before the "Checkers" telecast, thought he had given an adequate explanation in a series of news statements and speeches. He resisted a summons to come to Eisenhower for further questioning.

"If he thinks I'm going to get down on my knees and crawl to him, he's got another thought coming," Nixon blurted to newsmen.

The telecast a few days later convinced the Republican National Committee and other key Republicans, if not Eisenhower and some of his close advisers, that Nixon would not be a severe drag on the ticket. He got the "my boy" welcome from the General when he finally showed up at Wheeling, West Virginia, for the meeting Eisenhower had demanded. Nixon wept on Knowland's shoulder. As a college actor Nixon had learned how to make tears flow by swallowing an imagined lump in his throat.

It had been a narrow escape. Only an hour before he had appeared on the nation's television screens, Nixon got a telephone call from Dewey, who said he had consulted big contributors to party funds and the consensus was that Nixon should withdraw. After the speech, and before the public responded with the opinions he solicited, the pessimistic Nixon wailed to Pat that he felt he had failed. He dictated a telegram of resignation to Rose Mary Woods, his secretary, and told her to send it to Eisenhower. Chotiner followed her into the hall and tore it up.

One of the first post-speech wires was from Stassen. "You were magnificent," he telegraphed. Stassen, in a similar move after the failure of his second "dump Nixon" move in 1956, was to get up before the G.O.P. convention and second Nixon's renomination for Vice-President.

Resentment against Eisenhower lingered on in Nixon for a while. His ire vanished when the President drew him close into the official family, giving him ceremonial and other responsibilities which had gone to few other vice-presidents in such measure, although Barkley also sat with the Cabinet

and was a statutory member of the National Security Council.

Nixon, identifying with Eisenhower, became more serious about golf, soon was shooting almost as well as the President with a score in the low 80's. The President likes to join pals on the links. A friend who played with Nixon said "golf to him is not companionship and banter, but fresh air and exercise."

The Vice-President had a brief period of depression in 1954, when he carried the brunt of a losing congressional campaign and became a target for Democratic thunder. "His name is mud," Speaker Rayburn cried as Nixon re-echoed his 1952 charges that Democrats were soft on communism.

But Eisenhower's illnesses apparently ended his desire to quit. Sedate conduct by the Vice-President at this time, symbolized by his refusal at Cabinet and National Security Council sessions to move into the Chief Executive's vacant chair, earned him praise from Cabinet members, presidential commendation, and a good press. There was a spate of news columns and magazine articles acclaiming the "new Nixon."

Pat was asked by reporters during the 1956 campaign whether she had observed this "new Nixon." "Not at any time," she replied. "He's the same. He'd never change."

During that campaign, however, Nixon couched his attacks on Democrats in the mildest terms and concentrated on evoking across the country the image of a benevolent "father" and filial "son." His most applauded routine was what accompanying reporters dubbed the "weight-lifting theme." Eisenhower, parents in the audiences were told, was one who could be "held up" to children as a man of "faith in God, faith in America" who had restored "dignity and respect" to the presidency. He was also depicted as the leader who "got us out of one war and kept us out of others without loss of principle or territory" (Communist conquest of North Vietnam in 1954 notwithstanding), and as a President who had done so much for the economy that all workers could look forward to a four-day week in the "not

distant future" while automation turned out television sets and other consumer goods in plentiful array. Recession was still around the corner.

The second period of Nixon "hero worship" for Eisenhower reached its peak in the 1956 election returns, which gave the President a record margin of victory.

"Disenchantment" soon followed. Nixon, close associates report, feels the President is playing too much golf, seeing too many wealthy businessmen and too few Republican politicians. He feels that Eisenhower has let himself be outmaneuvered by those Texas slickers, Speaker Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson, Senate Democratic Leader.

The Vice-President's friends say it took the combined efforts of Nixon, Rogers, Arthur S. Flemming, HEW secretary, and James Mitchell, labor secretary, early in 1959, to convince the President that he should top Senator Johnson's civil-rights package with more comprehensive administration recommendations. Eisenhower, they say, had been half-dissuaded by Augusta golfing companions and Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson, a Texan and friend of the Democratic leaders, from sending to Congress anything but a bill to extend the civil-rights commission. Anderson warned that a tough bill would alienate southern conservatives and jeopardize the President's tight budget.

Other Eisenhower deficiencies, as Nixon is reported to see them, include the President's failure to oust more Democrats and put more Republicans in office. A political pragmatist, Nixon would make some Cabinet changes. He has no quarrel with Ezra Benson's farm program, but thinks Benson a "symbol" of farm discontent who ought to be replaced.

Eisenhower's semantic efforts to recast the party in the image of "modern Republicanism" is another Nixon "gripe" of the moment. He feels it has alienated faithful Old Guardsmen. The word "conservative" was good enough for Taft and is good enough for him, Nixon suggests. He usually couples it with "progressive" when applying it to himself.

Nixon friends claim he is all that Eisenhower is not and would be a better man for both the party and the country.

"Ike sits on top of a pyramid. Dick would be in the center of a circle," says a congressional lieutenant of the Vice-President, explaining how his chief would run the presidency.

*The Inside Story,* a book on the Eisenhower administration by Robert J. Donovan, who had access to Cabinet minutes, indicates, however, that Nixon's role in the administration has been limited largely to giving advice on politics and public relations. It was chiefly on his advice that every effort was made to get along with McCarthy, a strategy of questionable wisdom, since by the time a showdown came the Wisconsin Senator had eroded employee morale in a number of government agencies and made the government look ridiculous in a number of instances. One recalls particularly the book burnings in the United States Information Agency's overseas libraries and McCarthy's foray into foreign policy as negotiator with Greek ship owners, whose trade with the Communist Far East he sought to halt.

When Stassen hit at this "undermining" of executive prerogatives, Nixon arranged a luncheon between McCarthy and Dulles, who cut the ground from under Stassen with a statement that McCarthy's activities were in the "national interest," although he asked the Wisconsin Senator to discontinue them.

Nixon also promoted the "numbers game," an attempt to exploit actions taken under an Eisenhower executive order setting up a new federal employee security system. At one point Nixon displayed irritation "because the number of security risks reported (in the USIA) was very small in comparison with the size of the agency." Nixon claimed in the 1954 campaign that the Eisenhower administration had thrown out "thousands" of "Communists, fellow travelers, and security risks" inherited from the Truman regime.

A Senate investigation, however, showed that the Eisenhower administration itself had hired 40 per cent of the employees it listed as risks; that 90 per cent of the cases counted in the security statistics actually were separated through routine civil service procedure and not under the Eisenhower order; and that about 5 per cent of the "ousted"

employees still were on the federal payroll, having merely switched jobs.

Nixon's real contribution to the administration has been the maintenance of liaison with Republican organizations throughout the country, accomplished by both personal contact and constant correspondence. His acceptance of this responsibility is not unrelated to his own ambitions: he hopes to have the support of these groups in his bid for the presidential nomination.

The Vice-President probably would have made a good G.O.P. national committee chairman. He likes to manage campaigns. He tends to view each as an automobile manufacturer views the coming buying year. His aim is to gauge the temper of the public with a view to coming up with a "salable product." Tactics dominate his thinking. He is always at ease discussing them, while questions about his philosophy catch him often with little to say.

At Whittier, in 1956, a young reporter asked: "Can you tell us what Dick Nixon really stands for?"

"My beliefs," the Vice-President replied, "are very close, as it turned out, to the philosophy of the Eisenhower administration on both foreign and domestic policy." This year it is the philosophy of Theodore Roosevelt he likes. He once liked polls, too, constantly using them to gauge public opinion in his California constituency.

He not only cleaves to Alexander Hamilton, the Republican "patron saint," but claims an even closer "affinity" with Thomas Jefferson, father of the Democratic party, telling reporters he thinks their differences "have been greatly exaggerated."

Nixon has no difficulty defining his tactics. During the telecast quiz at Cornell University in 1956, Douglas Eldridge, of the Columbia University *Spectator*, noted that both friends and foes of the Vice-President appeared to have detected a change in his campaign methods since 1952 and asked whether it were true and why. Nixon replied that in 1952 he had been faced with the problem of giving people "reasons to vote against" the regime in power, while in 1956

his problem was "exactly the opposite," that of giving reasons to keep the Eisenhower regime in power.

"In presenting a constructive case as I must now," he said, "I must show that the progress of the last four years and the peace we have is worth fighting for. If there has been any change, it is because in 1952 I was obligated to point out why we needed a change. Now it is my duty to point out that we've had the best four years of our lives and should vote to keep the administration that gave it to us."

It is because of his renown as a tactician that the Republican National Committee sends him out early in a campaign to test the political weather; to probe, as he once put it, "weak spots and strong spots," and to "delineate" issues.

Having given much thought and study to the basic issues of a future campaign, Nixon devotes a great deal of effort into working out phraseology that will get the Republican side across. Then he tries it out on audiences as he goes along, noting carefully what brings applause and what does not, what gets a laugh where he wants one and what does not. The effective phrases are kept, the others ruthlessly culled, and by the time a given campaign reaches what he calls the "payoff" stage just before election, he has his basic speech shaped up and delivers it to audiences with practiced gestures, the right pauses for applause, and all the other trappings.

He eliminates, among other things, statements that can kick back. On his first trip to the West Coast in the fall of 1958, Nixon, explaining why Republican foreign policy of "strength and firmness" in dealing with Communists was better than the "weak" policy of the last Democratic administration, said the most vocal critics of present policy thought former Secretary of State Dean Acheson was buying peace in Korea when he announced in January, 1950, that the United States would "not defend Korea." When a reporter wrote that Acheson had made no such announcement but had merely defined for the United States an island defense line in the Pacific which left out the Korean peninsula, Nixon made a correction. His texts thereafter had

Acheson announcing that "Korea was outside the defense zone of the United States."

In both cases the next line was the same: "Yet six months after he [Acheson] made that announcement, American boys were dying in defense of Korea."

Nixon's corrected line was about as inaccurate as his first. The reference was to Acheson's speech of January 12, 1950, when, in defining our Pacific commitments, Acheson stated that the "defensive perimeter runs along the Aleutians to Japan and then goes to the Ryukyus . . . from the Ryukyus to the Philippine Islands. . . . In the north, we have direct responsibility in Japan and we have direct opportunity to act. *The same thing to a lesser degree is true in Korea* [author's italics]."

Acheson noted that military occupation had ended in South Korea, which had been set up as a sovereign state under United Nations auspices. He noted that there was pending in Congress a bill authorizing $60,000,000 in economic and military assistance for the country and appealed for its passage.

"The idea that . . . we should stop halfway through the achievement of the establishment of this country," the Secretary added, "seems to me the most utter defeatism and utter madness in our interests in Asia."

Nixon and a majority of Republicans voted against the bill, which was defeated on January 19, 1950, by a one-vote margin, 192 to 191.

It could be argued that this vote, as much as anything Acheson said, convinced the Communists they would have easy pickings in South Korea, although the House three weeks later reversed itself and passed a Korean aid measure, when provisions for support of Chiang Kai-shek's Formosan regime were added. Nixon was "paired for" this bill, meaning that he and an opponent of the measure canceled each other out, neither actually voting.

Nixon is a "heads I win, tails you lose" politician, who, during the Truman regime, could scoff at the Democratic contention that the search for Reds should be left to the

FBI, yet a short time later, with Republicans running the government, tell a college audience that McCarthy-type investigations were no longer needed because J. Edgar Hoover had the situation well in hand. He has all the ambivalence of a college debater, who can make as forceful an argument on one side as on the other. As a speaker he is not literary, but blunt and unsubtle, his aggressive words delivered with the earnest fervor of a preacher, which his mother wanted him to be.

"I would have made a good one," he says.

His speeches are his own. He has tried ghost writers but found none who can match him in constructing simple, declarative sentences. Christian Herter, Jr., tried it and found life too complex to be wrapped up in declaratives. Nixon still tries to improve his speeches. He told reporters he admired the compressed style of writing in the New York *Daily News* and would like to copy it.

It would be difficult to improve his practiced delivery. There are not only words, but motion. I have watched sweater-clad coeds almost swoon as Nixon, doing a restrained "rock 'n' roll" at the podium, delivered a homily to collegiates about the obligations of the "well educated" to participate in politics, both as party workers and voters. Both parties, he always claims, need an accent on youth, possibly a defense of his own unripe age.

In his campaign in 1958 Nixon dropped Stevenson from his repertoire, spoke of Truman as a "gallant warrior" whose fighting campaign of 1948 should inspire the G.O.P. to do likewise, but kept Acheson as a prime target.

He told his party that it could "blitz" the opposition by hammering mercilessly at Democrats as apostles of appeasement and radicalism. Nixon led the "blitz" with ill success. Of 19 senatorial candidates whose states he visited to bestow blessings, only five were winners. He spoke in seven states where Republicans lost governorships and for several other Republicans who failed in efforts to unseat Democratic governors. He also spoke for three of the four Republicans who captured statehouses from the Democrats, but the most notable of these was Rockefeller, who declined

to join in calling Democrats "radicals" and "wild spenders." He had some spending plans of his own.

The Vice-President's campaign was ill starred from the start. He began it by tarnishing the image of "statesmen" he had carefully fostered, reverting to old 1952-1954 language in accusing a State Department underling of "deliberate sabotage" for having made available to the press information that mail was running heavily against the administration position in the Formosa Straits crisis. The State Department absolved the man of any such intent. Nixon now says, "My statement had no implication the man was a Communist or subversive."

The Vice-President not only writes his own scripts, but stage manages his appearances. He tells television cameramen "the best angle" for their shots. He is almost too mechanically perfect in his own role. At Toledo, Ohio, in 1956, the Nixon party changed from a four-motored plane to two two-motored craft for a side trip to Defiance, where the field was small. For the morning arrival in Toledo there had been a large crowd of banner-waving Young Republicans. When the party got back from Defiance late in the day, however, the field was deserted. Nixon's plane landed, and he strode, frowning in concentration, to his four-motored airliner, mounted the ramp to the door and then, in pure reflex action, turned to wave and flash his smile at the nonexistent crowd.

He knows where he has drawn good crowds in the past and tends to favor such places over new ones when making up his schedules. He crams his mind with data on principal industries, sizes of auditoriums, the make-up and character of G.O.P. organizations with which he will have to deal. He keeps a card index of acquaintances around the country and lets them know when he is coming through on campaign trips. He maintains contact with Duke University alumni.

His campaign trips are triumphs of organization. A modern soldier could well study their logistics. There are a dozen advance men, usually young political hopefuls who want to learn from the scientist of politics. One thing they

learn is never to hire too big a hall. The Vice-President prefers standees to empty seats.

The press is handled with brisk efficiency, totally unlike the slovenliness of Kefauver or the literary hesitancy of Adlai Stevenson, who clings to his copy until the last minute, constantly revising. Nixon's releases are always in reporters' hands in time to make their deadlines. "Now around 4 o'clock I'll get you something that will serve as an overnight lead," a wire-service man is told. Nixon never fails to do it.

Salesmanship is his approach to the great game of politics. He uses sales terms. At Philadelphia last fall, solicited by newsmen for his opinion of Arthur T. McGonigle, Reading pretzel manufacturer and novice in politics, who was running for governor, Nixon replied:

"The experts say McGonigle is behind. But he has proved effective in a fresh, salable way. His chances are better than I thought before I came here. If he can get properly financed it will be a horse race." The lingo is that of the fruit and vegetable stand. McGonigle is still fresh. Pittsburgh's veteran Democratic mayor and Pennsylvania political boss, quite wilted, won that horse race.

Nixon's attempt to freshen up his party has been going on for a long time. It is no accident that most of the Republican congressmen from southern California, where the Nixon machine dictates the selection of nominees, were young men in their 20's and early 30's when picked. The Vice-President made 17 college addresses in the 1956 campaign and several in 1958. Asked why he concentrates on collegiates, Nixon explained that although they do not vote he is looking for future political timber. Besides, he added, the youths are "opinion makers" and influence their parents. He did not mention that most would be of voting age in 1960.

His college appearances were not all happy occasions. The college editors who quizzed him at Cornell, primarily on his congressional voting record, angered him. As they continued throwing questions after the show went off the air, he whispered to an aide: "Get me away from these

little monsters." He went to his room and "blew his stack."

They did not like him either. "He's appalling," said a girl editor. Charles McKendrick, editor of the Notre Dame paper, said: "Most of the fellows didn't see him as holder of high office, but as a guy they were playing a game with. Sometimes he answered, sometimes he evaded. I was depressed about it all."

Nixon is unhappily conscious of statistics showing that although population has grown rapidly, Republican registrations have not kept pace. A minority party man with majority party ambitions, he is trying hard to broaden the Republican base. He would like to recast the party in the image of the Democratic party, which can find room for Mississippi's Senator Eastland and Illinois' Senator Douglas, one an arch-segregationist, the other an exponent of the most drastic civil-rights measures. He does not want a Republican party made up only of orthodox conservatives. Heterodoxy, he feels, can be at home in the G.O.P.

"We need room in the Republican party for conservatives and liberals," Nixon told a breakfast audience in Philadelphia. "In a two-party system it must be that way and it's healthy that way. I've no patience with those who want a party believing in the same thing. That's nonsense in a free country."

It was good sportsmanship, Nixon told the group, for Stassen to put his shoulder to the wheel for McGonigle after taking a primary licking from the pretzel manufacturer. Stassen repaid this gesture later by leaving Nixon's name off the list of those he thought eligible for the 1960 G.O.P. presidential nomination.

In Eau Claire, Wisconsin, last fall an Old Guard Republican asked: "Are we going to be a giveaway party or not?"

"We are conservative in use of people's money, liberal on the problems of the people," Nixon replied. "I realize that's contradictory in some respects, but in general we favor dependence on individual enterprise and letting it work up to achieve social progress, rather than starting with the government and working down. We feel government economy is a virtue."

Truman put the dilemma bluntly, saying, "Nixon can't make up his mind whether to go after businessmen for their money, or the workers for their votes."

Nixon has been for foreign aid, but not all the way. He voted against the murderous cuts sponsored by many of his isolationist G.O.P. colleagues, but did vote for smaller slashes.

He ascribes his internationalist beliefs to his Quaker upbringing. He was confirmed in them by his 1947 trip to Europe as a member of the Herter Committee. One of its most indefatigable members, he ranged far while on the trip. I myself first met him at Phlorina, on the Greek-Yugoslav border. He was there with Representative Teague (D-Tex.) to interview teenagers captured by the Greek army from the Communist guerilla bands infesting the border area. Most of the committee's other members had stayed in Athens, inspecting the Acropolis. Nixon came home to argue for the Marshall Plan.

He also attributes to Quakerism his position on civil rights, accompanying this moral argument by the pragmatic one that racialism at home damages us abroad. He has been generally consistent on the issue, but has taken some positions explainable by political motivation. In the House he was against Truman's proposed compulsory FEPC, explaining that Representative Brooks Hays (D-Ark.) had convinced him it would worsen race relations in the South. Nixon then favored a voluntary commission, with no enforcement powers.

A few years later, however, as Vice-President, he vigorously opposed administration capitulation on the jury trial amendment to the 1957 voting rights bill, a face-saving device for southerners, put in to avoid a filibuster. Nixon also fought to keep in the measure a provision giving the Attorney General power to enforce desegregation through federal court actions, heedless then of arguments that the use of compulsion would breed violence in the South.

Nixon was then thinking of the civil-rights issue in terms of presidential elections. He sought to capitalize on the Su-

preme Court desegregation decision by emphasizing that it was written by a "Republican chief justice."

Like the great body of Republicans in Congress, Nixon long ago accepted the major social and economic legislation of the New Deal, but has resisted federal ventures into new fields, except in the most tentative way and at the least possible cost to the federal treasury. The new school construction bill which the HEW produced with his backing is such a measure. Nixon, when in Congress, was to the right of Taft on public housing, which he always voted against, as well as on federal school aid and federal health measures. He went along with the G.O.P. House leadership on heavy slashes in Truman budgets for reclamation projects, soil conservation payments, and TVA financing. He voted to give the tidelands to the states, in favor of exempting rail rate fixing from the antitrust laws, and against regulation of independent natural gas producers. On fiscal policy he usually voted with the "trickle down" school of orthodox Republicans.

Nixon is often called a "bridge" between Old Guard and liberal wings of his party. Neither, apparently, is quite sure where he would stand if in the White House, although when he has been in trouble it has been the Old Guard that has rallied to his side. Nixon, probably, is not quite sure himself whether he would turn left or right. He would have his finger up in the wind.

He wants to be liked. He met with British newsmen just before going to London in November, 1958, to dedicate a memorial to American war dead. Nixon wanted to try out on the group some of the things he planned to say. He called their attention to the view from his Capitol office which overlooks the Mall with its Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial.

"It inspires me when I am writing speeches," he said.

Someone indicated skepticism.

"Well, it's supposed to," Nixon amended.

The London *News Chronicle* correspondent wrote:

"He [Nixon] frowns with himself when he feels he has said something jarring, perhaps slightly inaccurate. A Tru-

man, a Stevenson, a Churchill or Macmillan would not care. They had long since come to terms with life before office beckoned. They are so clearly operating from a long held set of beliefs that the past has become a shield. Not so Nixon. He gives the impression of constantly feeling on trial. Clearly, he is a man who cannot afford to be wrong."

Senator Kerr (D-Okla.) has posed one of the problems facing Nixon as the 1960 convention approaches: "He's got to stay close enough to Eisenhower to win the nomination, and far enough away to win the election."

If Nixon gets over the first of these hurdles, on the strength of his organization support, his fight will have just begun.

A superb political pitchman, he needs a good product to sell. He had Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956. This time he will have only himself.

# 4

# THE CURIOUS QUAKER

## Richard M. Nixon

FRANK HOLEMAN

Richard Milhous Nixon is far more complex than either his friends or his enemies suspect. He has depths, strengths—and weaknesses—of which the general public is not aware.

Many of his fellow Americans have a badly distorted image of this unusual man. Much of this is due to the almost unprecedented swiftness of Nixon's rise on the national scene. He became a partisan symbol, an issue, a rallying cry, before the public came to know him as a human being. And because of his own nature, Nixon himself has done little to supply this knowledge. His enemies insist they do not want to know him any better. His friends are confident they know him well enough. But a detached observer will soon find many apparent contradictions in Nixon—clues to an interesting and little understood personality.

He probably stands closer to the most powerful job in the world than any other man. Yet he has no real power

to advance his own cause because of the constitutional limitations on the office of vice-president. He actually labors under more handicaps than any other aspirant for the presidency, because at all times he must carefully subordinate himself to the incumbent.

Nixon is without doubt the most controversial figure in American politics today. Yet he was born and raised a devout Quaker, taught to love peace and to hate strife. He is a tough, relentless antagonist in a political campaign. Yet he is basically shy and finds it difficult to meet strangers.

He was one of the first public officials in America to wake up to the real nature of the international Communist conspiracy. Yet today he advocates a great exchange of visitors with nations behind the Iron Curtain, as well as with the newly independent countries and our old allies. He is proud to be known as an "economic conservative" in domestic affairs. Yet inside President Eisenhower's Cabinet he has consistently fought for greater federal aid to depressed areas, more urban redevelopment, and higher military-scientific spending.

He is constantly assailed as an opportunist. Yet his record shows unwavering support of foreign aid, civil-rights legislation, and tax reform that is not palatable to large groups in either major political party. Without doubt he has stooped to some of the lowest campaign oratory of recent years. Yet he has also delivered some of the most thoughtful and statesmanlike speeches of our time on mankind's struggle for bread and freedom.

He has often said, "I am a realist in politics, if nothing else." Yet he embraced a party which was a minority in his congressional district, in his state, and—at that time—in the nation at large.

For seven years he has dwelled in the vice-presidency, normally one of the most stultifying offices in the American political system. Yet each year his stature in the Republican party and in world affairs has grown.

The better one knows any man, of course, the easier it is to understand such "contradictions." Then one realizes that they are not really contradictions at all, but flow naturally

from the various wellsprings of his inheritance, upbringing, and experience.

Allow me to make a personal digression here. I am a reporter in the Washington bureau of a metropolitan newspaper. I have covered Nixon at home and abroad, off and on, since 1947. I have seen him under stress and at ease, although I am not one of his intimates. I am familiar with all the charges against him.

I am a Democrat, but I like Nixon, the man. I am convinced that he is one of the most abused and least understood men in America. My purpose in writing this chapter is to present to the open-minded reader the Nixon I know, the able politician and many-sided human being. Perhaps I have seen Nixon and his family at closer quarters than some of my colleagues who emphatically disagree with me about him.

Only a handful of Washington reporters, for example, followed Nixon from the 1956 Republican national convention in San Francisco to his home town of Whittier, Calif. We had a rare opportunity to get acquainted with the entire family, in its natural environment, under trying circumstances. The Vice-President's father, Francis Anthony Nixon, 77, lay critically ill. A gruff, hearty bear of a man, he had suffered from bleeding ulcers for a long while and finally took to his bed upstairs in the comfortable two-story family home in a sunny little grove of lemon and orange trees on La Mirada Ave., east of Whittier.

One Sunday afternoon a Secret Service agent called us into the Nixon home. Inside we found the Vice-President, his mother—a spry little lady with sparkling black eyes and a ski nose—and two other sons, Donald and Edward. Ed was in his Navy ensign's uniform.

"Mother asked me if she couldn't do something for you fellows who have to sit out there in the hot sun all day," the Vice-President told us. "I said, yes, she could invite you in for ice cream and coffee. She got up at four o'clock this morning to bake the pies." While we ate the delicious hot apple pie, topped with vanilla ice cream, the Nixon sons recalled how, when they were small, their mother used to

bake the same kind of pies. She sold them for a quarter in Nixon's Market, the combination grocery and filling station Frank operated on Whittier Boulevard, three miles east of downtown. Sometimes she got an order for a dollar cake on weekends. The cash went for the boys' education. Frank Nixon kept solvent but he never made much money. He was always extending too much credit.

We heard later that some people thought Hannah Milhous married beneath herself when she wed Frank, a streetcar motorman. Her own father, Franklin Milhous, was one of the pillars of the Quaker community of Whittier, and a well-to-do fruit grower. But Hannah stuck to her choice. Her cheerful religion and industry carried the family through many a crisis. She still lapses into the Quaker "thee" when talking with her sisters.

On September 4, 1956, Frank Nixon died. He was buried in the Milhous family plot in Rose Hills Memorial Park.

Many people say Nixon would do anything to gain sympathy and votes. But, when his father died, he would not let a picture of his grieving family be taken even though it might be useful in a political campaign. This was strictly personal sorrow. Actually Nixon has managed to keep a great deal of his personal life private. Though he has many friends in the U.S. and in many foreign countries, he has few intimates. Most of those, such as Helene and Jack Drown, a magazine distributor of Rolling Hills, Calif., are people who knew him long before he became Vice-President.

It would have been easy for a man in Nixon's position to surround himself with rich cronies in Washington. The city has many wealthy residents eager to hobnob with the famous and powerful, glad to pay for the privilege with entertainment and flattery. But very few people can say they have been to Nixon's home more than once. Even fewer have any idea what life is really like at 4803 Forest Lane, NW, the $75,000 stone chateau Nixon bought in 1957, complete with a $50,000 mortgage held by a local bank. The Nixons' personal and public lives are kept completely separate. The neighbors in fashionable American University Park are startled occasionally to meet Nixon's tall, red-haired wife,

the former Thelma Patricia Ryan, known universally as "Pat," shopping in the Safeway supermarket on Wisconsin Ave.

Sometimes, of course, personal matters do get into the papers. There was a stir about the family in the Washington newspapers in 1958 when it was revealed that Nixon's two daughters, Patricia ('Tricia), born February 21, 1946, in Whittier, and Julie, born July 5, 1948, in Washington, had been quietly transferred from an integrated public school to Sidwell Friends School, a fashionable private institution. This move, some people said, betrayed a lack of sincerity in Nixon's support of civil-rights legislation, particularly since earlier a good deal had been made of the fact that the girls were enrolled in an integrated school.

But there are aspects to this story other than what the critics implied. The other side of the story is that Nixon felt the two high-spirited youngsters, separated so much from their traveling parents, and apt to get spoiled anyway, should have as much individual attention at school as possible. Sidwell Friends' classes naturally were smaller. As a matter of fact, there is more real integration in the new school than the old one.

It has often been said there are "two" Nixons. In a way that is true. When an old friend visits Nixon on a weekend at home with his family, he finds a genial householder and lovingly patient parent, far different from the fire-breathing orator on the political stump. Pat may be in the kitchen, helping the Negro maid, Susie Johnson, prepare dinner. Susie's husband, James, may be cleaning upstairs or trimming the shrubbery. Susie and James are the only full-time help around the house. The kids will be playing wherever they choose, very likely with Checkers, the world's most renowned black and white spotted cocker spaniel, whom they adore. Yes, Checkers is still around, little bothered by the notoriety she acquired in Nixon's famous televised "fund" speech on September 23, 1952, defending his use for political purposes of the $18,235 fund raised for him by Pasadena lawyer Dana Smith.

For relaxation, Nixon plays records on the family hi-fi set

and reads, preferably books on history. He likes classical music but varies it with lighter fare for the other members of the family.

Although generally of a cheerful disposition, Nixon is subject to black spells of depression. These moods may last for an hour, or even days, when he feels "circumstances" are against him. Although he rarely shows it in public, he also has a temper that can make him do rash things under extreme provocation. At one point in the "fund" hullabaloo he became so angry and discouraged that he dictated a telegram resigning from the ticket. It could have ended his political career. Fortunately, his 1952 campaign manager, politically wise Murray Chotiner, tore up the telegram before it reached Western Union.

Nixon is extremely sensitive to criticism, but he tries never to show it publicly. He agrees with former President Harry S. Truman that "if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen." But a particularly anti-Nixon cartoon by Herblock, the Pulitzer prize-winning cartoonist of the Washington *Post*, is enough to ruin an average day. The *Post* is not delivered to the Nixon home. He sees it only at the office.

In 1954 Nixon became so discouraged about things that he made up his mind not to run again. That was the year of the sensational Army-McCarthy hearings, with Nixon caught in the middle, behind the scenes. It was also the year he took on the whole Democratic party in a fight to keep Republicans in control of Congress—and lost. But on September 24, 1955, President Eisenhower suffered his heart attack in Denver, Colo., throwing a new light on the vice-presidency. And, soon afterward, the G.O.P. voters of New Hampshire gave Nixon a tremendous write-in vote in the state's presidential primary, which perked up his spirits.

His boyhood chums in Whittier remember Nixon as shy, and today his close associates insist that he is still basically reserved. It is real work for him to play up to strangers, they say, although he has met hundreds of thousands in the United States and over fifty other countries. Since 1952 he has traveled well over a quarter of a million miles on campaign swings and good-will tours. The quick set smile he

flashes on and off so fast might well be a defense mechanism covering his shyness, instead of a sign of insincerity as his foes charge.

Of course, any suggestion that Nixon is really a shrinking violet stuns and enrages high-ranking Democrats who have suffered from his blows—fair or foul—since 1946. His record explains their skepticism.

In that year, didn't this "shy" little Quaker boot five-term Democrat Jerry Voorhis out of Congress and grab his seat, by selling the voters the idea that the liberal Voorhis was a tool of left-wing labor leaders, if not actually a Communist? (Incidentally, 1946 was the year Republicans swept the country with their "had enough?" campaign against wartime controls and the meat shortage.)

As a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee Nixon went after former State Department aide Alger Hiss relentlessly until Hiss finally was sent to jail for perjury.

In 1950, he beat Democratic Fair Deal Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas with the same red issue—or "red herring"—in one of the bitterest campaigns ever fought in the state.

In 1954, as Vice-President, he seemed to brand the whole Democratic party as the "war party" and the "party of treason," with Harry Truman and Dean Acheson as the main conspirators or dupes. In passing, he blamed the Democrats also for the loss of mainland China, American casualties in Korea, and rampant corruption in Washington. Although Nixon did not actually call the Democrats Communists or traitors in so many words, the audiences knew what he was talking about. He, too, knew the effect of his words. And certainly Truman, Acheson, and party stalwarts such as House Speaker Sam Rayburn knew what it added up to. But politics does get pretty rough at campaign time. The Democrats and all their friends fought back mightily.

They certainly were not "shy" when they called Nixon a liar, a mudslinger, a red-baiter, a witch-hunter, a phony, an opportunist, a man with no principles, a McCarthyite, a reactionary, and warned that he would be a menace to

constitutional freedoms if he ever got in the White House. Putting it as mildly as possible, in a quiet moment between political salvos, one high Democrat said: "We feel that Nixon has exceeded the bounds of fair assault and battery in political campaigns. It's one thing for us to call the Republicans the tools of big business and for them to call us the tools of the big labor unions. But it's something else again for Nixon to call us traitors. Harry Truman has said some wild things in campaigns, indulged in demagogy, if you like, but he didn't go as far as Nixon."

It must be admitted Nixon is a rough campaigner. To be fair to Nixon as well as his critics, however, one must remember this: He was one of the first persons in high office to become aware of the real menace of Communist subversion in postwar United States. The job of alerting the country was a difficult one, to say the least.

It is common knowledge now that the Russians had an effective underground espionage apparatus in this country. This came to light with the trials and execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg as atomic spies, the confession of Klaus Fuchs, the conviction of Canadian Alan Nunn May, the Canadian Royal Commission's lengthy report on Soviet espionage, and the flight of Gerhardt Eisler to East Germany, leaving $50,000 bail behind. We now have an elaborate loyalty-checking program for government employes to guard against this generally recognized menace.

But in 1948, when Nixon sounded the alarm, he was accused of "witch hunting" and "character assassination." The reaction of the Democratic administration was to belittle his charges and protect his targets by moving them about from one agency to another or to the United Nations.

When he and the House committee first went after Gerhardt Eisler, public meetings were held in Washington to protest the "violation" of Eisler's rights. And when Alger Hiss was finally indicted in December, 1948, for perjury about a spy ring of the '30's, two justices of the Supreme Court—Felix Frankfurter and Stanley Reed—appeared as good-character witnesses. Former Secretary of State Dean

Acheson refused to turn his back on Hiss. President Truman branded the House investigation a "red herring."

Finally in 1950, following Fuchs's confession in Britain, the Democratic-controlled Department of Justice launched the series of espionage prosecutions. It could delay no longer.

It took drastic measures for a freshman congressman of the minority party to accomplish what Nixon finally did. He raised such a public storm that the party in power for 20 years had to start cleaning house.

Truman did not appreciate the outside help and has never forgiven Nixon. Yet, strange as it may seem, Nixon has genuine admiration for Truman. "I admire Mr. Truman's courage," Nixon told G.O.P. rallies in the 1958 congressional campaign. "He's a fighter. He fights for what he believes in, no matter what the odds."

In their early political campaigns, both Nixon and Truman were underdogs. But they barked, bit, and clawed their way to victory time after time. In the process each became a master of the art, game, and business of politics.

It is fashionable in some circles to sneer at politics as a dirty, ruthless business for "jack leg" lawyers, but both Nixon and Truman regard it as a high calling, worthy of anybody. A statesman, according to Truman, is only "a retired politician." Nixon says, "The function of a politician is, after all, to make a free society work."

Truman in office was a fighting liberal, most people would agree. Nixon describes himself as an economic conservative at home and as a liberal, meaning an internationalist, in foreign affairs. On certain domestic issues, such as civil rights, he also can be classed as a liberal. In two sessions of Congress he has tried, by rendering favorable advisory parliamentary decisions, to help Senate liberals amend Rule 22 to cut off filibusters.

As an "economic conservative," Nixon believes in letting private enterprise achieve the nation's long-range goals of economic betterment by its own expansion, with a minimum of government interference or assistance. This "minimum" varies with the times, and Nixon, as an intensely practical politician, recognizes this. The portents of the Democratic

landslide in 1958 and of the generally rising Democratic voter registrations across the country have not been lost on him.

"I believe that those of us who are economic conservatives, if we are to survive politically, if we are to gain the majority support of the American people, must cast our conservatism in progressive terms," Nixon told the Los Angeles Press Club in February, 1959.

"We should oppose the nonconservative policies, those policies which look to government for the solution of all problems, those policies which do not follow fiscally responsible programs. We should oppose them not because their goals for better housing and better standards of living are too high, but actually because they are too low.

"We oppose them because those programs will not work, and we should make it clear to the American people that the reason we are conservative is that history tells us that this is the way to progress. And that if we continue to be conservative, if we continue to have faith in the private enterprise system in this country, if we continue to supplement that system only where private enterprise can't or won't do the job—supplement it then with government action—this is the way to progress."

This flexibility of Nixon's, this readiness to cast his conservatism in new terms from time to time, is assailed by his foes as lack of any positive convictions at all, and as obvious proof that he is nothing more than a raw opportunist. But Nixon's friends say it boils down to this: Nixon is a practical conservative. On economic policy, he is always as conservative as he believes a national political figure can be—and survive. If he did not have genuinely conservative convictions, they argue, why would he keep battling upstream so hard? What an easy time he could have going the other way, calling for more public housing, schools, highways, airports; outpromising the Democrats with his natural gift for rabble-rousing! It would not be impossible for a Republican to do that. Certainly not a California Republican.

Nixon, in the White House, faced with a big depression, might outspend Franklin Roosevelt in his frantic efforts to

save the country and the party. Although he was our first vice-president born in the twentieth century (January 9, 1913, at Yorba Linda, Calif.), Nixon vividly recalls the depression of the '30's. He saw how his own family strained to keep him in college, and he saw bags of groceries going out of Nixon's Market to people who could not pay for them, but had to eat. He is no mossback, content to draw back in his shell and pray for prosperity.

In 1958 Nixon led the fight inside the Cabinet for vigorous action to combat the recession: more help for unemployed workers and depressed areas, and a tax cut. He won on some points, lost on others. Usually Nixon is a strong team man who makes his argument in private, then abides by the group decision. But he thought a tax cut was so imperative then that he spoke out publicly for it, although knowing Eisenhower was against it.

"We should consider the economic effects of downward adjustments in business taxes," Nixon told the Harvard Business School Association in Boston on September 6, 1958.

> There are strong reasons to believe that the stimulating effects of even a small cut in the corporate tax rate of fifty-two per cent would lead to more rather than less revenue.
>
> Consideration should also be given to a complete overhauling of the present hodgepodge of excise taxes. If the taxes on liquor and cigarettes are left as they are, a general manufacturers' excise tax of approximately one and one-half per cent would bring in as much revenue as is presently obtained from all other excise taxes.
>
> In the area of personal income the almost confiscatory rates in the highest brackets stifle and prevent risk-taking and encourage tax avoidance devices. The small loss of revenue caused by some reduction in these rates would inevitably be offset by the new investment and business expansion which would result.

Here, two months before a critical election, Nixon was

virtually arguing for what the Democrats were sure to brand a "rich man's tax cut" and a national sales tax of one and a half per cent.

"I realize that for someone in political life even to suggest consideration of such proposals as these must seem somewhat foolhardy," said Nixon, the realist.

But he went on doggedly: "Prosperity for the American people is inseparable from prosperity for American business. We cannot raise the floor of security unless we raise the ceiling of opportunity. The best way for the American people to improve their living standards is through policies that promote maximum business growth."

Nixon even said that under some circumstances deficit spending—that bugaboo of Eisenhower's—is justified.

"We must not allow the fear of a temporary budget deficit to put us in a strait jacket which will keep us from doing what we ought to do to insure economic growth," he declared. "Our goal should be to fashion a tax structure which will create more jobs, more income and more genuine security."

Reading such words a Washington newspaperman almost immediately will ask: "Who wrote it?" But that was not a ghost-written speech. Nixon writes every word of his major addresses, to the despair of his staff. The process may take as long as five days, off and on. During that time Nixon will talk to experts on the subject, pick the brains of his own assistants, then settle down with a long tablet of yellow ruled paper. Laboriously, he will begin scribbling, one draft after another, until he is satisfied. Then he will call in Rose Mary Woods, his capable, faithful, very red-headed secretary who has been with him since 1950, and start dictating. This typed draft also may be changed again, right up to the time of delivery.

Some of these speeches, dealing with the rise of nationalism in the world, competition between East and West, the challenge of Soviet Russia, America's responsibility to its allies, have enduring quality. They rank among the most thoughtful comments being made anywhere on modern political trends and world problems. Even Nikita Khrush-

chev was favorably impressed with one: Nixon's address before the English-speaking Union in London's Guildhall on November 26, 1958, entitled "A Strategy of Victory for Peace and Freedom." Said Nixon:

> Let it never be said that because of our failure to present adequately the aims and ideals of freedom others chose the often irreversible path of dictatorship.
>
> Let us speak less of the threat of communism and more of the promise of freedom.
>
> Let us adopt as our primary objective not the defeat of communism but the victory of plenty over want, of health over disease, of freedom over tyranny.
>
> With such a goal we shall give the lie to those who proclaim that we are witnessing the twilight of a dying western civilization. Rather we shall see the onset of a glorious dawn of a new world based on the immortal ideals for which men have sacrificed their lives through the ages.

While in London, Nixon also had a successful series of talks with British government officials, members of the press, and other influential persons. The burning topic of the day was Quemoy and Matsu, and U.S. support of Nationalist Chinese forces on the little off-shore islands, at the risk of war. American policy was under bitter attack in many quarters in Britain. Nixon did not announce any change in the policy but he was able to explain it better than anybody had up to that time. He convinced many important people that the United States was not as inflexible as they feared. Yet everywhere he preached the doctrine that the best way to avoid war was to stand firm—a policy that the same incident later proved to be correct. U.S. Ambassador John H. (Jock) Whitney was amazed and delighted at the new climate of opinion Nixon was able to create in London in only a few days. It made Whitney's job in succeeding weeks easier and more pleasant.

Unfortunately for newspaper headline writers, Nixon is

not a great hand at coining phrases that will catch the eye. He has little sense of humor. Some of his most significant speeches, to nonpartisan audiences, have got little space in the daily press. Many, like the Guildhall speech, have been reprinted later in pamphlet form, however. They wear exceedingly well, showing scholarship and originality. Any other man who wrote such careful, stimulating essays would be called an egghead.

In political campaign speeches, to be sure, Nixon takes another tack. He tries to dramatize the issues, as he sees them, for the mass of the voters. He appeals to instinct and emotion as well as to reason.

While he is tackling a problem, Nixon can call on people in all government agencies for information and advice. But he often goes far beyond them, talking to former officials, friends in private business, anybody he considers informed and stimulating. In effect, Nixon has a panel of experts in almost every field—economics, foreign affairs, science, defense, communism. They do not all necessarily agree with him. He likes to match wits. The names of some of the people he talks with at times—sociologists and scientists—would make some good Republican hackles rise.

Why is Nixon a Republican? Nixon came by his party affiliation the way most Americans get theirs. He inherited it. His father, Frank, who was born in McArthur, Ohio, was converted by none other than William McKinley himself. In 1892, when Frank was 13, William McKinley, running for governor of Ohio, came to McArthur, his last stop before entering the White House over the protesting form of William Jennings Bryan. The Nixons at that time were Methodists and Democrats, but Frank was drafted into the welcoming ceremonies for McKinley because he owned a beautiful horse.

"I had a fine filly, the prettiest horse in town," Frank recalled years later. "Because of her, the committee asked me to ride in the parade directly behind William McKinley's carriage. When we got up to the stand, he hopped out and

came around and spoke to me and ran his hand on her neck and said, 'I never did see such a fine, pretty horse.'

"He wanted to know if I was a Republican and if I'd always vote Republican, and I said I would."

McKinley made a Republican out of Frank, but the convert did not stay tied to McKinley's staunch conservatism. He had more admiration for McKinley's vice-president, Theodore Roosevelt, and a great respect for the elder Robert LaFollette of Wisconsin. The Nixon family suspects Frank even broke down in 1932 and voted for Roosevelt but "trust-busting" Teddy and Fighting Bob were his real heroes.

Adversity and misfortune plagued the Nixon family wherever it went. But this did not break Frank Nixon's spirit. It merely made him sterner, more opinionated, a harder taskmaster for the boys, more determined than ever that his sons should excel at everything they undertook.

"I guess I got my competitive instinct from him," the Vice-President told *Saturday Evening Post* writer Stewart Alsop years later. "My mother is the complete opposite. My mother is the gentlest, most considerate woman—I suppose everybody thinks that about his mother, but it's true.

"She would never turn a tramp away from the door. That was one of the things she and my dad used to argue about. My father thought they ought to be made to work before helping them out. But mother ran the house like a charitable operation."

Alsop concluded that "Nixon's mother apparently acted as the carrot, and his father as the stick in spurring on the boy to try to be 'good, not just at one thing, but at everything.'" In any event, Dick acquired a habit of hard work which he never has been able to break.

The vice-presidency can be a lazy man's paradise. It pays $33,000 a year, and there is a $10,000 expense account. Neither is tax-free, but a resourceful man with an eye for the main chance could save a tidy sum in four years, not to mention eight.

A nominee for vice-president is supposed to work hard during the presidential campaign, taking part of the load off his running mate. But once the election is won, the

law requires him to do very little. Frequently the President does not even want to see him around. Only seven of our 36 vice-presidents have succeeded to the top job by reason of the incumbent President's death.

The constitution says the vice-president shall preside over the Senate, breaking tie votes. And the "powers and duties" of the presidency shall "devolve" on him "in case of the removal of the President from Office, or of his death, resignation or inability" to serve. A recent law also makes the Vice-President a member of the National Security Council, the super-Cabinet group which coordinates military, diplomatic, and economic policy.

In practice, the vice-president can turn over the Senate gavel to any senator willing to sit in the high chair and listen to the drone of speeches. He has to be present only on opening day, when close votes are expected, or when a controversial parliamentary ruling must be made. He has a professional Senate parliamentarian to advise him.

Since the National Security Council normally meets only once a week the Vice-President has plenty of time to loaf, if he wants to do so. He can supplement his income by writing or lecturing. Several, including the beloved Alben Barkley, did so without criticism. But Nixon does not. He does not wish to be called the "veep" either, leaving that to Barkley's memory.

With Eisenhower's blessing, Nixon has spent what would be his spare time learning as much as possible about the government, doing special chores for the President at home and abroad, and fighting for votes for the Republican party. By executive order, Mr. Eisenhower has made him chairman of the President's Committee on Government Contracts, which quietly works to end racial bias among government contractors and their employees. Early in 1959, the President named Nixon head of a Cabinet committee on the cause and cure (if any) of inflation, thus giving him a rostrum from which to discuss the issues of the day at any time he chooses.

Most people agree that Nixon has been our busiest vice-president, although they differ on whether this is good or

bad. He has made a full-time, important job out of the office our first vice-president, John Adams, called "the most insignificant that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived."

Who are the people who occupy his days? Those who see the Vice-President in his office may be congressmen or important constituents (who want to pose for a picture with the Vice-President), publishers, prominent industrialists, youth groups, or visiting foreign dignitaries.

One afternoon in January, 1959, Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan dropped in. They talked for three hours, like two traveling salesmen on a day off, comparing their wares and hashing over experiences on the road. They had covered some of the same territory and called on some of the same important people in years past. Afterward Nixon told friends the Armenian from the Kremlin was by far the ablest Communist leader he had met up to that time. He said Mikoyan was flexible, willing to admit faults in Russian policy, but tough and shrewd in his arguments. Oddly enough, Mikoyan came away with virtually the same impression of Nixon, according to what he is reported to have told associates.

Nixon was one of the first administration leaders to face up to the challenge of Russia's Sputnik I. On October 15, 1957, while some officials were still saying the Red satellite was merely a flying "basketball," Nixon told the International Industrial Development Conference in San Francisco:

"We could make no greater mistake than to brush off this event as a scientific stunt of more significance to the man in the moon than to men on earth. We have had a grim and timely reminder of a truth we must never overlook—that the Soviet Union has developed a scientific and industrial capacity of great magnitude."

He called for stepped-up defenses and "a spectacular increase of investment by American and other businessmen directed especially to the developing nations of the world" to meet the threat of a new economic cold war, potentially more devastating than the sputniks.

Nixon believes that emerging nations of the world want

higher living standards—with freedom. But he thinks they will sacrifice freedom, if necessary. He wants the West, by example and aid, to prove that "free men in the long run will outplan and outproduce a slave economy."

A vice-president has no constitutional responsibility in the area of foreign policy. But since Nixon is interested in it, he has characteristically made it his business, in so far as possible. In fact much of his stature as a public figure is due to his trips abroad, including his stormy journey through South America in the spring of 1958.

"I was the lightning rod," Nixon told friends after the violent demonstrations against him in Lima, Peru, and Caracas, Venezuela. "It's lucky the storm hit me before it became too destructive to do anything about."

The first rocks were thrown in Lima, Peru, where the Communists had been whipping up anti-American feeling for two weeks. Aides advised him not to make a scheduled visit to San Marcos University, the oldest university in the Western Hemisphere, because the Reds were waiting for him, at the head of a frenzied mob. But Nixon went anyway. He found the gates barred by 2,000 milling, shouting Peruvians. They spat on him and threw stones as he walked through the throng, pleading to be heard. One stone grazed his neck. One broke Secret Service Agent John Sherwood's tooth.

"All right, you cowards!" Nixon shouted, shaking his fist. Then he drove to Catholic University, a few blocks away.

"Due to the fact that a small minority seemed to object to my visiting a neighboring university, I decided I would come here," Nixon declared. "The mark of a great university is the free expression of views." A couple of students cut another microphone into the system at one point, and drowned out Nixon, charging he was acting like a dictator and that the United States supported Latin American dictatorships.

"I understand the inference that I was taking a dictatorial attitude," Nixon said, when he got the microphone back. "But I say that those who blocked the gates at San Marcos took the dictatorial attitude by blocking the kind of free

discussion we are having here." As for our policy toward dictators, Nixon said the United States refuses to intervene in internal affairs under the Montevideo Pact, but always welcomes such democratic regimes as those which had recently been restored in Argentina, Venezuela, Colombia, and Peru.

In Ecuador and Colombia, the Nixons received an orderly reception. Local authorities had taken especial measures to control crowds and Red rowdies bent on causing trouble.

The big blowup came at Caracas, Venezuela. There was a near riot of protest at the airport. Then local police allowed a noon-hour traffic jam to halt Nixon's motorcade on the outskirts of the Caracas working district. A violent mob closed in, bombarding Nixon's car with heavy rocks, jagged cans, eggs, and tomatoes and beating the windows to smithereens with clubs.

In the car with Nixon was the Venezuelan foreign minister, Oscar Garcia-Velutini. Pat and Señora Garcia-Velutini followed in another car. The rioters pelted both cars, but their main target was Nixon. For several electric minutes they seemed about to drag the Vice-President of the United States from his car and wreak their fury on his person, while local police watched indifferently.

"In the most magnificent display of courage and restraint this reporter has ever witnessed, a handful of U.S. Secret Service guards assigned to Nixon shooed the surging savage crowd away with open hands, never once using fists or drawing guns," reported Robert T. Hartmann of the Los Angeles *Times*.

Nixon was unhurt. His interpreter, Col. Vernon Walters, got a mouthful of glass, and Agent Sherwood was scratched. Señor Garcia-Velutini got a shower of glass in his eyes and had to be hospitalized.

Back in Washington, President Eisenhower became so alarmed and angry he ordered marines and paratroopers flown to United States bases in the Caribbean to rescue the Nixons, if necessary. They did not have to go to Caracas, however.

How was such a violent demonstration possible? Venezuelans had just ousted a hated dictator, Perez Jiminez.

He and his secret police chief, Pedro Estrada, had fled to the United States (on visas requested by the new military junta).

Later, in a historic speech at the National Press Club, Nixon said that the Communists undoubtedly played a leading role in the demonstrations, but that the majority of the rioters were angry at the United States for reasons of their own. They accused our government of supporting dictators and blamed many of their economic troubles on lack of aid from Uncle Sam, who thought nothing of pouring billions into Europe, but would not stabilize the price of tin or coffee.

Nixon called for a reorganization of our South American information program, which had obviously failed to explain United States policy satisfactorily. And then he proposed a radical change in our traditional attitude toward Latin American dictators. We should give a warm *abrazo* (embrace) to democratic leaders in the future, he said, and only a cool formal handshake to dictators. Months later, President Eisenhower's brother, Milton, made another fact-finding trip to Latin America and endorsed Nixon's recommendation. The White House said it would be followed.

Nixon became interested in foreign affairs in 1947, when, as a freshman member of Congress, he was appointed to the Herter Committee to survey Europe's postwar economic needs. The report of the committee, headed by the then Congressman Christian Herter, paved the way for bipartisan approval of the Marshall Plan of massive foreign aid. Nixon and Herter became fast friends, an alliance that was to stand Nixon in good stead years later when Harold Stassen tried to persuade the 1956 G.O.P. convention to dump Nixon in favor of Herter. (Incidentally, Nixon had admired Stassen in the early days, when the Governor was a young Republican Galahad riding out of Minnesota to save the party by giving it new life and organization.)

Nixon also discovered Rose Woods, a lovely young lady from Sebring, Ohio, on the staff of the Herter Committee.

What does she think of the boss? She tells the following story.

"All the congressmen had to turn their expense accounts in to me. Most of the accounts were merely a few notes with a 'you fix this up' comment. Then one came in neatly typed up, with every form filled out and signed properly, and although the man who signed it was one of two congressmen who had traveled farther than any other committee member, this was by far the smallest expense account. It was signed 'Richard M. Nixon.' "

After Nixon was elected to the Senate he looked up Miss Woods and offered her a job. She thought it over for a month and then accepted. She is still glad.

President Eisenhower was responsible for sending Nixon and his wife abroad as "superambassadors" in 1953. It happened at a meeting of the National Security Council. The late Secretary of State Dulles had just come back from a trip through the Middle East. The President remarked that such trips helped clear up minor points of irritation in foreign countries. Then he turned to Nixon and asked if he and Pat would mind making a trip for him through the Far East, where a vice-president's rank would be most impressive. The Nixons jumped at the chance.

The trip, begun in October, 1953, turned into a two-month round-the-world excursion, and people got their first impression of Nixon, the fearless champion of enlightened capitalism, shaming the Red scoundrels in faraway places and winning them over to democracy.

Some cynics insist that these much-headlined fireworks do more for Nixon personally than they do for the United States. They even accuse him of deliberately walking into trouble so he can appear to advantage climbing out. Nixon is not averse to good publicity. But fairness demands that two offsetting facts be taken into account: First, Nixon works day and night on every foreign trip, whether any headlines are being produced or not. Second, when he comes home, he continues to strive for internationalist goals, which are not always popular in all segments of the Republican party.

Those who have seen Nixon and his wife on a good-will

trip still marvel at his capacity and endurance. Their hearts must be in the job to be able to stand the backbreaking work, annoyances, and risks that they do. Their 20,000-mile trip through Africa in 1957, for example, produced hardly a ripple of headlines after the four-day visit in Accra, March 3-6, for Ghana's independence celebration. Afterwards the Nixons went to seven other countries in Africa, and took a side trip to Rome over St. Patrick's Day.

In Rome, the Nixons had a well-publicized audience with Pope Pius XII, which would not be unpopular with Catholic voters in the United States. But while in Rome, the Vice-President also called—quietly—on the widow of former Premier Alcide de Gasperi, who certainly could not help him in any way. He was paying his respects to an old friend, whom he had met years earlier and admired as a staunch anti-Communist with vision.

In each big capital Nixon visits, the pattern is the same. First there is a colorful welcome at the airport, with flags flying, rifles shining, bands playing the "Star Spangled Banner" and the local anthem. Then comes a long, slow motorcade into the city along streets jammed with curious people, sometimes cheering and waving tiny American flags obligingly distributed by the local government. Invariably Nixon stops the motorcade several times, leaps out of his car, and shakes hands with some startled, grimy laborers, clerks, or housewives.

This may be political corn in the United States but it is daringly new and different in many of the places Nixon visits. The laboring people have never seen anyone of any importance, including their own politicians, close up. They are accustomed to being pushed around. Yet here is the No. 2 man from the powerful United States shaking their hands and saying, "Hi!" The effect on the crowd is magical. Faces, even those of stoic jungle dwellers, burst into smiles. Cheering begins. By the time the motorcade has arrived at the palace, or president's house, or the United States embassy, or Grand Hotel, the success of Nixon's visit is assured —from the public's point of view. This is people-to-people salesmanship.

Once unpacked, the Nixons plunge into a round of meetings, dinners, inspection tours, shopping tours, wreath-laying, and sightseeing that lasts from 8:00 A.M. to midnight. It carries them all over the capital, and usually into the back country as well, where an overwhelmed native chief in full regalia may throw his arms around Nixon while flash bulbs pop away. Long after the reporters and photographers have thrown in the towel, however, and repaired to some friendly bar for first aid, Nixon will be nibbling at sheep's eyes, or some other local delicacy, at the home of a foreign minister or leading merchant, still talking business and meeting the heads of government.

At some point during the visit Nixon also meets the local press in a free-for-all question-and-answer period. This gets pretty lively, with bright-eyed reporters from highly partisan papers eagerly firing one question after another, many of them loaded. But Nixon is at his best in just such a situation. He surprises his man with a smile and a quick retort.

Before Nixon visits almost anywhere abroad the local Communists have warned that he is coming as a spokesman for American imperialism. After they meet him, even left-wingers in government, education, labor unions, and the press find it hard to reconcile Nixon in the flesh with Moscow's vicious caricature of him and Uncle Sam. Some he wins over immediately. Others he causes to wonder, to question whether all that Moscow says about Nixon and the United States is true. He plants a seed of doubt that later may flourish and bear fruit in real friendship for the United States.

And he plants in fertile ground: in the minds of tomorrow's leaders. This mingling with students, labor leaders, opposition politicians, and so forth has sometimes been criticized as "meddling" in another country's affairs. Nixon's blunt advice to old-school diplomats is, in effect, "Get out and meddle a little yourselves." The Russians do. Nixon would like a large number of the promising young people in foreign countries to visit the United States for a while and see for themselves what our system of government and free enterprise delivers. On this point he is far more liberal

than many Democrats. He wants Communist leaders to see the United States at first hand, confident that our way of life will be more attractive than anything a totalitarian state can bring about.

Nixon has more than our creature comforts in mind. Ruthless dictatorships can build apartment houses, refrigerators and cars—in time. But dictatorships, he knows, can never let men say what they think, go where they will, and do the kind of work they like best. Although he realizes that economic progress is important, Nixon thinks we make a big mistake if we claim it is the best thing democracy has to offer new nations. The best thing is still freedom itself. The word "revolution" does not frighten him, either. He is confident that for millions around the world, the American revolution is still more vital than the Russian revolution.

This is not armchair theorizing, for Nixon has had a chance to talk with the leaders of many nations, old and new, about their day-to-day problems. He knows what men around the globe want from government, and what governments can do for them.

By January 1, 1959, Nixon and his wife had been around the world twice, visited 53 countries and the Panama Canal Zone, traveling 138,174 miles by air and 6,495 miles by auto. He had visited every principal region of the world except Northern Europe, the Soviet Union, and Red China (Mikoyan has said the Soviets would be glad to have him drop in).

Nixon has done his share of foreign missionary work, but he thinks it is important for an American politician to keep in touch with his own people, too. Every two years he has also traveled widely throughout the United States, making campaign speeches for the President, himself, and scores of other G.O.P. candidates for federal, state, and local offices.

Although he is obviously the most controversial figure in the party, he is also its most sought-after speaker, next to the President. Why? Grassroots party leaders believe he will draw a bigger crowd, generate more enthusiasm, and loosen more purse strings than anybody else. The record shows that he can make Republicans proud and fighting mad. He hits harder than almost any other Republican.

He does not believe in trying to create a "new image" of the Republican party, with the help of advertising men from Madison Avenue. He likes the old one. He wants the party to apply its original principles of thrift, equality, and laissez-faire to today's problems.

Even detractors agree that in seven years as Vice-President, Nixon has made himself a world figure and gathered formidable strength in the councils of the Republican party. And, most remarkable of all, he has accomplished this feat with no real authority, no power to act, no patronage, no personal wealth, no state machine, no disciplined Republican legislature to implement his ideas. He has done it with words: harsh words, soft words, angry words, beguiling words, sometimes words of double meaning; words hurled with indignation or offered with a smile; words written in thousands of personal notes; words whispered behind a hand or sonorously proclaimed to a hushed Senate. Lacking power, he has had to rely on persuasion. He believes persuasion is the essence of government in our society. It is what makes free men do things. And Nixon, who thinks and sometimes broods, is also very much a man of action. But first come the ideas, then the talk, and last the action.

Dick Nixon began persuading people when he was in the fifth grade at Whittier Elementary School.

In succeeding years, Nixon collected many prizes for public speaking and debating. His trade-mark was a strong array of facts, carefully gathered, sorted, and presented. He had the patience, enthusiasm, and brains for it. And at home he received encouragement from his grandmother Almira Milhous, a refined Quaker lady interested in poetry, Abraham Lincoln, and Ghandi, and from his argumentative father and his gentle mother. Hannah Nixon hoped her son would become a preacher, but at an early age he determined to be a lawyer instead. He read a newspaper article about the Teapot Dome scandal when he was nine years old and told his mother, "You know what I'm going to be when I grow up? I'm going to be a lawyer who can't be bribed."

Nixon, the orator and bookworm, was popular with his fellow students. He was elected president of the student body in high school, college, and law school. Scholastically, he finished third or better in each school. While he was in law school, his family sent him $35 a month from Whittier. During summer vacations he earned 35¢ an hour in the law library as a researcher for professors. The money came from the National Youth Administration, a New Deal recovery agency. It's no wonder that the struggling young would-be barrister dreamed of Wall Street practice with its retainers and fees in six figures. He thought he was as well qualified as any other beginner, better qualified than many. His grades were exceptional (he finished third in his class in 1937), he was president of the Duke Bar Association during his Senior year, and author of an article in the *Journal of Law and Contemporary Problems* on "Changing Rule of Liability in Automobile Litigation."

Near graduation time, he went to New York to look around. He knocked on the door of Sullivan and Cromwell and several other big New York firms but nothing came of it. He also tried the FBI. When the FBI did not snap up his talents either, he decided to go back to Whittier and practice law. By this time he had missed part of the customary "cram" course for the California bar, and was afraid he would fail the state examination. But he took it anyway, passed, and was admitted on November 9, 1937.

In Whittier he joined the firm of Wingert and Bewley in the Bank of America Building. The firm soon became Bewley, Knoop and Nixon. (Nixon resigned after his star rose in Washington.)

"He had courtroom psychology," Tom Bewley recalls. "He could talk so that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, or he could take hold of a cantankerous witness and shake him like a dog."

Nixon soon became assistant city attorney (to Bewley), a trustee of Whittier College, which position he still holds, and an amateur actor in the town's "little theatre" group.

That was how he met Pat, in 1937, at the first rehearsal of "The Dark Tower" by George S. Kaufman and Alexander

Woollcott. He was to be the leading man and she the leading lady in the mystery. Romantic legend has it that Dick took one look at Pat that first night and said confidently, "Some day I'm going to marry you," and never dated any other girl afterward.

In any event, on June 21, 1940, they were married at Riverside Inn by a Quaker minister. Pat, who had been raised as a Methodist, became a Quaker. They are still members of the little East Whittier church. In Washington they attend Westmoreland Congregational Church.

The marriage seems to have been a 50-50 partnership from the beginning. They pooled their savings to buy the wedding ring and pay for a two-week honeymoon in Mexico City. Pat kept on teaching while Dick practiced law. She worked all the time he was away during World War II, and after the war they used half of their joint $10,000 savings as down payment on a house in Whittier. The other half paid for his first congressional campaign.

They do not parade their affection in public, but close friends are sometimes embarrassed by the warmth of it in their home. Pat accompanies Dick on almost all campaign and good-will trips, leaving the children under strict supervision. In 1958 little 'Tricia and Julie pleaded so hard to go to Alaska with them that they gave in, in the interest of education, only to find out later that what the girls really had wanted was a ride on a dog sled over the snow. They got it at Fairbanks.

Some observers believe that Mrs. Nixon, after all these trips, is almost as adroit a politician as her hsuband. She never lets it show. Frequently she maneuvers Nixon into a good pose for photographers. Whatever he forgets, she remembers. But she forgot once, and the incident made international news. She forgot to pack his tuxedo when they went to Britain in the fall of 1958 to dedicate a chapel to American war dead in Westminster Abbey. Nixon met Queen Elizabeth in a tuxedo quickly borrowed from his friend James Bassett, a Los Angeles newspaper editor. Bassett, a salty, shrewd, good-humored fellow, had handled Nixon's

public relations in the 1952 campaign. But this news break was not part of any plan to attract attention.

Mrs. Nixon still has the "respectable Republican cloth coat" made famous, along with Checkers, in the "fund" speech. But now she also has three fur pieces.

What did Nixon do in the war years? Shortly after Pearl Harbor, Nixon went to Washington to work as a lawyer in the Office of Emergency Management and in the Office of Price Administration, primarily on tire-rationing problems. On June 15, 1942, he was commissioned in the Navy as a lieutenant, j.g. He was called to active duty in August.

After six months in Ottumwa, Iowa, Nixon was sent to the Pacific as an operations officer with the South Pacific Combat Air Transport Command (SCAT). This was the Navy outfit that ferried high-priority men and supplies up and down the islands in overloaded bucket-seat, twin-engine transports that defied every law of probability.

Considering his strict upbringing, it is strange that Nixon is a good card player. It was at the poker table, on Bougainville, Green Island, and Vella Lavella, that he knocked some sense into the boys' heads about taking unnecessary risks. He rarely lost his temper, and it was even rarer for him to lose at poker.

After 14 months in the South Pacific, he was rotated back to Alameda Naval Air Station, Calif., then shipped on to Washington for legal training in Navy contract termination procedures. The work took him to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

One day in 1945 he looked out a window about 30 stories high on Church St., and glimpsed General Dwight D. Eisenhower for the first time. The Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe had just come home, and New York was giving him its biggest, warmest, wildest welcome.

"My only glimpse of him was in that characteristic gesture of his—you know—where he had his hands up, and I could see that he was smiling," Nixon recalled long afterward.

In September, 1945, Nixon was working in Baltimore

when he received the telegram that changed his life. It came from Herman Perry, a Whittier banker, now dead, and asked Nixon to call Perry long distance, collect.

Republicans of the twelfth congressional district (now the twenty-fifth) were desperate for a promising candidate to run against the long-entrenched New Dealer Voorhis. They had organized a committee of 100 interested citizens and told the newspapers they would interview all comers and pick the best. The idea received wide publicity.

Since prudent men rarely leave such things wholly to chance, a small group of insiders, led by Frank Jorgensen, a vice-president of Metropolitan Life, quietly set about to find a first-rate candidate. They approached the late Walter Dexter, former president of Whittier College, who had become State Superintendent of Education. The group could not guarantee Dexter a comparable job if Voorhis should beat him, so Dexter declined. But he suggested that they look up young Dick Nixon, who had gone to Whittier during Dexter's regime. Nixon, said Dexter, had the makings of a fine candidate. He had been a champion debater, a successful campus politician, and now he had a good war record. Also he was only 32 years old, so he could afford to gamble on beating Voorhis.

Jorgensen and his friends were interested. They called on Dick's parents, who were delighted at the idea of their son being in Congress. It was decided that banker Perry was the man to approach him.

"Are you a Republican and are you available?" Perry asked Dick when he called in answer to the telegram.

"I guess I'm a Republican," Nixon reportedly replied. "I voted for Dewey in 1944." He also was available. The Navy was to release him as a lieutenant commander in January, 1946.

"Fly out here right away," Perry urged.

Nixon arrived for the fourth and final meeting of the committee of 100. He talked for the ten minutes allowed all prospective candidates. (Several had turned up, including a mayor, a smog expert, and a rabid segregationist.)

"I will wage a fighting, rocking, socking campaign,"

promised Nixon in one of the understatements of all time. He was an underdog so he had to carry the fight to Voorhis. He attacked the "idealistic" Democrat's vigorous support of the New Deal, and tried to put him in the same bed with the CIO-Political Action Committee, which was an anathema to many conservatives in that period.

In the spring primaries Voorhis was still far ahead. His total vote, in both party heats under California's unique cross-filing practice, was 7,000 more than Nixon's. Then the resourceful Quaker lawyer hit on a scheme that allowed him to display all his talents to their best advantage. He challenged Voorhis to a series of public debates. Nixon had a perfect excuse. Voorhis had mailed Pat and him a copy of the popular government manual, *Infant Care,* when their first baby, 'Tricia, was born, as he did to all new parents in the district.

"Congratulations," Voorhis had written the Nixons. "I look forward to meeting you soon in public." He did. Unfortunately for the thoughtful Congressman it was too soon and too public.

The two squared off in five debates, before audiences much larger than Nixon could ever have drawn alone. Each was bigger than the one before, as word spread of the fireworks. Nixon, the persuader, was in top form, flustering his opponent with obviously wild charges, waving documentary "proof" under his nose, blaming the "left-wing Democrats" and Voorhis personally for most of the ills the country was heir to after World War II.

Although Voorhis had not actually been endorsed by the CIO-PAC, he had been endorsed by the National Citizens PAC, which was just as good for Nixon's purposes. With such tactics, Nixon overcame Voorhis' lead long before November and finally beat him in the general election by nearly 20,000 votes—67,684 to 49,431.

Nixon went to Washington as a member of the 80th Congress, the one Truman berated as the "do nothing" Congress. It was anything but that for the youthful Congressman. As a member of the House Education and Labor Committee, he helped write the Taft-Hartley labor law.

And as a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee, he found the man and the issue that were to rocket him to fame—Alger Hiss and secret Communist influence in high places.

Whittaker Chambers, a confessed ex-Communist, testified before the committee that Hiss, a former high official of the State Department, had been a secret member of the same underground espionage apparatus. Chambers said Hiss gave him secret documents to be microfilmed for the Russians. Hiss indignantly denied the whole story.

Nixon refused to let the contradiction stand. He arranged a confrontation and insisted on more hearings. Before he was through, Hiss sued Chambers for libel on a television program, and Chambers produced his documentary evidence, the famous "pumpkin papers," microfilmed copies of 42 documents he claimed Hiss furnished him. The little rolls of film were found hidden in a Hubbard squash on Chambers' farm outside Westminster, Md., when committee investigators arrived with a subpoena. Eventually, on January 21, 1950, after two spectacular trials, Hiss was convicted in New York City on two counts of perjury before a federal grand jury investigating Soviet espionage. He was sentenced to five years in prison.

By this time Nixon was becoming nationally famous as an exposer of Communist infiltration in government, education, labor unions, and even the movie industry in his home state. He had easily won a second term in the House and decided to make his bid for the Senate against, first, the incumbent Sheridan Downey, and finally, when Downey stepped aside, Representative Helen Gahaghan Douglas. An idle bystander listening to Nixon in that bitter 1950 campaign easily might have got the impression that Mrs. Douglas, Harry Truman, Dean Acheson, and many other Democrats were all somehow tied in the spy ring with Hiss. Of course, Nixon never actually said so in just those words. He won the election by 680,947 votes.

Nixon feels that, as a general rule, the personality of an opponent should not be brought into a political campaign unless it is inextricably tied to the issues—the most effective

way of making the issues understood is discussion of that personality. Feelings are important in a close campaign, and discussing personalities often seems to him the most effective way to interest, inform, and excite the voters. It is only human nature to be more interested in men than in issues. Nixon asks no immunity for himself from this kind of political battle royal and gets none. His own voting record, his speeches, "fund," jowls, heavy stubble of beard, and ski-nose have been thoroughly exploited by enemy orators, cartoonists, and propagandists.

The most common charge made against Nixon is that he is an opportunist, plain and simple, that he will say almost anything, or create almost any impression, to achieve his own end. Yet Nixon's record since 1947 on basic issues —foreign policy, economics, defense, civil rights, loyalty— shows amazing consistency. He has shifted a little here and there, to take advantage of strong winds or avoid uncharted obstacles, but he is still headed in the same general direction he was during that first term in Congress. This does not mean that Nixon has not grown or learned anything in all those years. He has learned a great deal about new problems and the way to handle people. But his basic objectives remain almost unchanged.

The most dramatic shift in campaign tactics came in 1956, when Nixon suddenly began to avoid personalities and content himself with praising the record of the Eisenhower administration. The Vice-President became known as the "New Nixon," traveling the "high road" with the President, instead of the "low road" of previous years, which had been characterized by name-calling and tough talk.

The change in tactics became the subject of wide comment. What happened was simply this: Nixon decided that after four years in power the Republicans had to defend their record and not keep on attacking the Democrats'. So he adopted the "positive" line. The President, who had privately cheered Nixon on in some of the earlier forays, acquiesced. Eisenhower has always let Nixon map out his own political strategy, acknowledging his vice-president's greater experience in that type of warfare.

After the Republican debacle in the congressional elections of 1958, there was much newspaper speculation that Nixon would proceed to "take over the party" and furnish the leadership which many felt Eisenhower was loath to provide. The Vice-President emphatically denied any such intention, however, as the new Congress met in January, 1959. Instead, he said, Eisenhower was going to assert more vigorous leadership in the last two years of his term than ever before. There would be more television appearances, speeches, and press conferences.

The prediction of more Eisenhower activity was quickly borne out. The President, who had been skipping weekly press conferences regularly, met reporters for nine weeks in a row. He also scheduled more speeches than he had in the months before.

It would be almost impossible for any potential presidential candidate to dictate to the national committee of either party, and almost surely fatal to his chances of nomination if he tried to. Committee members are usually the real leaders of the party in the several states, important in their own right and not beholden to Washington. They are in the habit of picking their own candidates and battling for the final choice at the party's convention.

In 1952 a coterie of powerful eastern Republicans led by New York Governor Thomas E. Dewey hit on a master plan for electing a G.O.P. president. They wanted to nominate a big hero to defend America from its foreign dangers —General Eisenhower—for President, and a little hero to defend the country from within for Vice-President. Dick Nixon fitted that role perfectly.

To look him over, they invited Nixon to address the annual dinner of the New York Republican State Committee at the Waldorf-Astoria on May 8, 1952. He made a rousing speech, warning that the Republicans should put up a candidate who would attract Democratic votes in the big industrial states. He said the steel seizure and government corruption should be the big campaign issues.

Dewey was pleased with the impression Nixon made on

the audience of 2,500, which included many influential persons not directly connected with the G.O.P. state committee. Afterward, he told Nixon, in effect, that he had been chosen. Nixon didn't realize how significant that conversation was until a few months later at the G.O.P. convention in Chicago.

He went to the convention as a delegate pledged to California's favorite son, Governor Earl Warren, but privately made it clear to both Warren and his chief lieutenant, Senator William F. Knowland, that he was really for Eisenhower. He hoped California's delegation would swing to Eisenhower at the most opportune moment, when its big block of votes would give him victory over his chief rival, Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio. Nixon's friends therefore insist that there was no "stab in the back" of Warren in order to win a spot on the ticket. There has been no love lost, however, between Nixon and Warren, whom Eisenhower named Chief Justice of the United States the following year. Warren was not partisan enough in California to suit Nixon, and Nixon was a little too obstreperous to suit Warren.

After Eisenhower was nominated, Dewey asked him his choice for vice-president. The General, a novice at politics, said he understood the choice was up to the convention. Dewey assured him it was customary for the presidential candidate to choose his running mate and to let the convention agree with him. Eisenhower then named several Republicans he had met in his travels who would be acceptable. How about Nixon? asked Dewey. Yes, he would be acceptable too, the General agreed. The people who had engineered Eisenhower's nomination wanted Nixon. They got him.

The big and little heroes had a great time of it, marching up and down the country righteously denouncing the Democrats for "corruption, communism, and Korea," until mid-September when the New York *Post* started the furor over Dana Smith's $18,235 "fund" for Senator Nixon.

Peter Edson, the NEA columnist, learned of the fund first. He asked Nixon about it, and Nixon told him he could

get all the facts from Smith. Before Edson's account reached editors by mail, however, the New York *Post* splashed its own story across the front page. Other papers clamored for details on the fund. It caused so much commotion that in a few days Dewey telephoned Nixon, then on the campaign trail, and reluctantly advised him to resign from the ticket. Instead of this, however, arrangements were made for Nixon to tell his side of the case to the country in a nation-wide television program from Los Angeles. The reaction was to determine his future.

The dramatic broadcast was scoffed at by many as a "teary soap opera." But it is the only speech of the entire 1952 campaign, from either side, that the public remembers. And it was tremendously effective. Nixon insisted that not one penny of the fund had gone into his own pocket, and that it had all been used to defray political expenses he had not felt should be charged to the taxpayers: extra trips to California, copies of speeches to be mailed, postage, and things like that. He explained exactly what his financial condition was. The family had just been given Checkers by a kindly stranger in Texas, he said. The children, he vowed, were going to keep Checkers, no matter what else happened. Nixon asked the public to let their sentiments be known to the Republican National Committee in Washington. He would abide by the committee's decision.

The reaction in favor of Nixon was phenomenal. In all, nearly two million telephone calls, telegrams, and letters poured in, demanding his retention on the ticket. As he left the TV studio in Los Angeles after the broadcast, however, Nixon was depressed. He thought he had failed. Speaking only from notes, he had run overtime and the network had cut him off in the middle of a sentence: "And, remember, folks, Eisenhower is a great man, believe me, he is a great man. . . ."

A few minutes later a telegram came from Eisenhower. It indicated that the General still wanted more time to think over the situation. This was the last thing Nixon wanted to hear at that moment. In a black, despairing rage he gave a telegram to Rose Woods, resigning as the party's nominee

for vice-president. Murray Chotiner quietly followed her out of the hotel room, grabbed the telegram, and tore it up. Miss Woods insists she was not going to send the wire anyway. Chotiner said nothing about it to Nixon until later. (Chotiner, one of the pleasantest and most successful political tacticians of recent years, got into difficulty with Senate investigators later. He was accused of using his connection with the Vice-President to impress some clients and regulatory agencies. The charge was not pressed, but Nixon had to drop him as a campaign manager, suffering a great loss.) Nixon and Chotiner are still friends but they do not meet often.

Nixon learned a great deal from the furor over the Dana Smith fund, which was promptly closed out. He has since refused to take a dime from anybody for speaking, writing, or doing anything else. He will not make a call for anybody in difficulties with the government. He will not even discuss it. His only income is his government salary. He owns no securities.

He spends nearly every penny he makes on his family, house, and congressional pension fund, into which he pays $218.75 a month. At the age of 60, he will be entitled to a pension of $15,000 a year.

His own standard of living has risen swiftly. When he was a congressman, he and Pat rented an $80-a-month garden-type apartment in pleasant middle-class Parkfairfax, a Metropolitan Life development across the Potomac River from Washington in Alexandria, Va. As a senator, he bought a $41,000 white brick home at 4801 Tilden St., in the fashionable Spring Valley section of northwest Washington. near Senator Estes Kefauver, his opponent in 1956. In his second term as Vice-President, he bought the $75,000 home on Forest Lane, with its $50,000 mortgage. Friends say he is worried about how he is going to send his daughters to college. But he has several lucrative job offers if he loses out in politics.

In office, Nixon has put his talents of persuasion to work as a "trouble shooter" and peacemaker for Eisenhower. He helped to prevent a bitter G.O.P. family fight over Ohio

Senator John Bricker's proposed constitutional amendment to limit the President's treaty-making powers, which did not get through the Senate anyway. He worked out a jurisdictional agreement between the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and the House Un-American Activities Committee, when the Republicans were in command. And he staved off the collision between the White House and Red-hunting Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin as long as possible.

Before McCarthy died, he fell out with Nixon, according to the latter's friends. McCarthy thought Nixon was to blame for the Senate's censure of his tactics. The Vice-President had told McCarthy he agreed with his objectives but that his methods were wrong.

Nixon is willing to compromise, on occasion, to take half a loaf rather than nothing at all, when it means passing a bill or getting something done at a Cabinet meeting. But he prefers to fight for issues he deems important. He is not by nature a compromiser. He considers himself a realist. He will compromise only on minor matters of detail, or in situations in which it is better to get something than to lose out in a useless fight. He will never compromise on basic principle.

He has a familiar yardstick which he applies to every proposal, no matter how laudable the aims: "Will it work?" If it runs counter to human nature or to the realities of the political situation, Nixon discards it. This does not imply lack of courage. The reporters and photographers who accompanied him on the South American trip were greatly impressed with his courage in the face of the mobs hurling stones, beating on his car, eager to drag him out.

"If I had to go into battle, he's the guy I would want in charge," said Earl Mazo of the New York *Herald Tribune,* who later wrote a book about Nixon. "The worse a crisis gets, the cooler he is."

Yet in his political wars Nixon is a great risk-taker, a plunger, ready to "go for broke." Although at the outset it did not look as if he had much of a chance to beat Jerry Voorhis in 1946, he and his wife sank $5,000 of their hard-

earned savings into the campaign. The Senate race looked even tougher. But he decided to make it in 1950. Just when his foes think they have Nixon all figured out and hemmed in, he breaks out in a new place. He does something unexpected that stirs up people and changes the odds all over again.

The Vice-President's relations with Eisenhower have been friendly but formal. He has not been a golf or bridge-playing crony. But the President has great respect for the Vice-President's office, and has never raged at him, as he has at others behind closed doors in the White House. In fact, privately he has cheered Nixon on during his "hell-for-leather" campaigning, while he was taking "the high road," avoiding personalities. Occasionally Nixon has been used to launch trial balloons, to test sentiment, on proposals too rash for the President himself to propose to the nation. Nixon's famous "off-the-record" speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, before the 1954 truce in Indochina, warning that it might be necessary to land troops there, was said to be in that category.

There is no doubt that Nixon, if in charge of foreign policy, would be more adventurous than Eisenhower, would take more risks. The United States would make imaginative new proposals on outstanding world problems—instead of reacting day to day to Russian moves. Nixon would probe the Communists' desire for peaceful coexistence from point to point, in much the same way they have been probing the West's military strength. He would also do something very quickly to solve the problem of Arab refugees in the Middle East, which he feels must be settled before there can be any real long-term peace in the area.

We might well see a new era of personal presidential diplomacy, reminiscent of Teddy Roosevelt. Nixon admires T.R. as a liberal Republican who could get things done, as a man who could fight for principle yet compromise when necessary. For that reason, he ranks Roosevelt over Bob LaFollette, the idol of many liberals.

When the President had his heart attack in Denver on September 24, 1955, Nixon was called upon to preside reg-

ularly at meetings of the Cabinet and National Security Council. There was talk for about 12 hours of "delegation of powers" to Nixon, but this proved unnecessary. Subsequently, however, the President and Nixon worked out an agreement, which was put in writing, that the Vice-President would assume the "duties and the powers" of the presidency in the event of Eisenhower's future incapacity, but not the "office" itself. Some Democrats challenged the constitutionality of such a pact.

Nixon's own general health appears to be excellent, although he suffers from hay fever and is allergic to wool. He drives himself so hard on trips that he frequently catches cold. He keeps his weight between 170 and 180 on an athletic five-foot ten and a half-inch frame. He does not smoke and drinks only socially.

Long before the 1956 convention, Eisenhower and Nixon had a discussion about the latter's future. The President pointed out that the vice-presidency is not the best springboard to the White House. He suggested that Nixon might prefer a Cabinet post where he could show his administrative ability and make news. It was clear that, if he did not seek renomination, Nixon could have any post in the Cabinet except State. Herbert Hoover had ensured his own nomination in 1928 by doing an excellent job as Secretary of Commerce. The President left the decision to Nixon. For days, Nixon mulled over his choice. Then he decided to run again for the vice-presidential nomination, which he won easily in spite of all Harold Stassen could do.

Nixon carries out his daily work under severe space handicaps. He has a formal office off the floor of the Senate, but does most of his thinking in another stately old pink-walled room in the central section of the Capitol, a few corridors away. The office is hard to find, but from it there is a magnificent view of the Mall and the Washington Monument. Unfortunately, there is no waiting room for callers, and no cubbyhole for his secretary. It is just one big room with a fireplace, brass pokers, Nixon's desk, telephones, a conference table, a few chairs, and souvenirs of his world trips,

including a full suit of Samurai armor displayed on a window ledge.

Rose Woods and Air Force Major Don Hughes, his military aide who doubles as appointment secretary, work three floors below in a tiny basement suite, T 2-4-6. Bob Finch, the administrative assistant, and the bulk of the staff of 16 work in a third office, Suite 361 of the Senate office building.

What would Nixon, who has accomplished so much by persuasion, do if he ever got real power?

"We would expect to see a lot of executive energy," said one top Democrat. That is a very reasonable expectation.

There is a great deal of fatalism in Nixon's personal philosophy of history. He believes that the times call for men —not the other way around. In the final analysis, all a man in his position can do is to keep his ears open, he says.

"I'm a kind of a fatalist about politics anyway," Nixon told Stewart Alsop. "Political positions have always come to me because I was there, and it was the right time and the right place—that's how I got into politics in the first place. And you can't run for the presidency, you can't push for it—look at Bob Taft or Harold Stassen. It depends on what the times call for. If the time comes when the Republican party and the voters are looking for an outwardly warm, easygoing, gregarious type, then they will not want the sort of man I am. But these are serious times, and they may not call for that kind of personality. Anyway, as I say, you've got to be what you are, and you can't pretend to be something different."

If the times do call for Nixon, he will be ready, willing, and able. He has the training, brains, and courage to be a good Republican President. He has the heart and faith to be a great one, if events require it.

PART II

# The Democratic Candidates

# 5

# NEVER STOP RUNNING

## Hubert H. Humphrey

CHARLES W. BAILEY, II

Just before midnight on December 1, 1958, an American traveler burst into his room in Moscow's National Hotel and startled his dozing wife with an excited account of an interview he had concluded only a few minutes earlier.

He had a right to be excited. The interview, prolonged and extraordinary, had taken place in the Kremlin, and the other man involved had been Nikita S. Khrushchev. As his wife listened, a familiar thought crossed her mind: "Here we go again." It was not the first time she had seen her husband poised for a loud plunge into publicity.

This time, however, the splash was to be bigger than usual. A great many Americans who had never heard of him before would learn to recognize the name and face of Hubert Horatio Humphrey, Jr., United States Senator from Minnesota, within a very few weeks of that night in Moscow.

Suddenly they would come to know him—thanks to newspapers, magazines, radio, television, and that politician's

dream, a four-color portrait on the cover of *Life*—simply as The Man Who Spent Eight Hours with Khrushchev. With the same abruptness, for reasons that were quite clear if not entirely logical, he also would become A Leading Contender for 1960.

So sudden an elevation might have left another man at least momentarily stunned. But if Hubert Humphrey, who at the age of 48 has spent 16 years carefully removing any bushels that might obscure his well-tended political flame, was startled by anything but his good luck, he gave no sign of it.

There were others who were less than dumbfounded by Humphrey's Moscow coup. They could be found, in quantity, in both Washington and Minnesota—two places where he had been well known long before he met Nikita Khrushchev. Many of the two-hundred-odd reporters who crowded into a press conference the day he returned to Washington came primarily to observe the latest flowering of one of their most colorful political flora; and the seven hundred Minneapolitans who turned out for a civic "welcome" luncheon a couple of days later were, to some extent, indulging in a reminiscent sniff at one of the briskest breezes ever to blow through their municipal halls.

Humphrey, in fact, had been known in many places before his long talk with Khrushchev. Yet the exclusively political nature of his interests and activities had left him a relative stranger to the mass of Americans who take little interest in "politics" but whose response to the flash-card techniques of public-opinion polls has become so important a determinant of presidential nominees. Thus the stroke of good luck that propelled Humphrey into the Kremlin for a long winter's night was needed to push him into the small, spotlighted circle of presidential candidates; but he was already a familiar figure in several less conspicuous but politically important areas.

He was known, for example, at almost every level of the Democratic party in almost every state of the Union; known as an officeholder, of course, but—more importantly for presidential purposes—known also as a controversial figure in

party councils, as a campaigner of boundless energy, as an oratorical star. He was known, naturally, in the Senate, where rests much of the life force of the party between presidential elections; known there as a tireless talker on all subjects, as a formidable man in debate, as a capable, calculating, and finally a reasonable political person. He was known to farm organizations, which regardless of their views share a high regard for his ability; depending on these views, they see him either as a loyal supporter or as a dangerous enemy. He was known to organized labor as a friend and ally, a supporter of economic theories and social welfare programs of the more advanced liberal variety. He was known, surprisingly, to many businessmen (particularly in his own state) as a reasonable and energetic man who could be counted on to offer every possible assistance in Washington. He was known to the so-called minority groups as a vocal champion of their causes and, to those of them concerned with legislation, as a forceful and detached seeker after the possible portion, rather than merely as an advocate of the desirable but unattainable whole.

It is not too much of an exaggeration to say that since the age of three, when he is said to have wandered away from home to join a brass band parading through Wallace, S.D., in celebration of a Norwegian holiday, Humphrey has been running, arguing, or at least planning for something—although the objective has not always been, and perhaps is not now, precisely clear either to Humphrey or to those defending the particular rampart which he happens to be storming.

"I did not come to the Senate to become the greatest living expert on the boll weevil," he told a reporter who wondered aloud at his scatter-gun approach to public life. Indeed, it sometimes seems that Humphrey is physically incapable of devoting himself single-mindedly to any one subject for very long; there is too much bubbling up inside him that requires expression—preferably instant, vigorous, oral, and public. His main purpose in going to Russia, for example, was to talk with Soviet leaders; but he also found time while there to write several articles, appear on the

Moscow television, attend diplomatic receptions, go sightseeing, buy a fur hat, and attend a church, where he joined the pastor at the door to shake hands with "literally hundreds" of Russians after the services.

A lot of people like Humphrey very much. Another sizable group dislikes him very much. Indeed, Humphrey's greatest asset as an ambitious public man may be the fact that few, if any, of those who have encountered him have been bored. From Minneapolis, where a newspaperman noted that "the one thing City Hall never suffered under Humphrey was a dull moment," to Moscow, where the world's top Communist devoted eight hours to private conversation with him, he has rarely granted himself the luxury of so much as a pause for breath.

This *modus operandi,* of course, carries with it the corollary danger that such a self-propelled, self-fueling, perpetual-motion machine may be dismissed as nothing more than a producer of sound and fury. This judgment has been rendered repeatedly on Humphrey. It should be added, however, that those who have delivered this verdict have more often than not looked up to find the accused, unrepentant, gone on to bigger things—having paused only long enough to rearrange the courtroom furniture, replace the bailiffs with a crew of his own choosing, and perhaps rewrite the pertinent statutes as well.

Humphrey could, if he chose, call a fairly long list of witnesses in his defense. Eleanor Roosevelt, that durable Delphic oracle of the liberal Democrats, credits him with possession of the "spark of greatness" which she regards as an indispensable ingredient of the presidential character. Reinhold Niebuhr has written that Humphrey "knows more about foreign policy than any of the other 'front runners,'" and has praised his "tough and flexible approach to our global problems." At the other end of the political spectrum, there have been statements and gestures of regard from such impeccable conservatives as the late Senators George of Georgia and Millikin of Colorado. There is the undisputed fact—worth more, perhaps, in this assessment than a volume of praise—of his gradual rise into the small group that man-

ages the business of the Senate. There is the record of private consultation and intensive toil with Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson—again a record that is far more meaningful than the lavish praise that Johnson is wont to heap on any party colleague. There is the fact that he has earned the respect, if not the affection, of the Senate's Southern Democrats, who find his civil-rights views utterly unpalatable but who have found him an able ally in many other matters. Finally, there have been a number of admiring comments—most of them made in private—from Republicans who have discovered Humphrey to be a thoroughly knowledgeable, if rarely sympathetic, adversary. One who did say it publicly was Richard Nixon, who last winter summed up Humphrey this way: "He has a good mind, he's fast on his feet, a fine organizer and a terrific worker. . . . [he] has probably gained more in the respect of his colleagues than any senator I've known."

It has been said that Humphrey does not talk so much in 1959 as he did in 1949, when he managed to shatter, at least temporarily, the time-honored tradition that freshman senators say nothing. It might be more accurate to say that although he has become more careful in choosing both his subjects and his audiences, he has effected no basic change in a character that seems to require full and frequent self-expression on an almost unlimited range of topics. A couple of years ago, commenting on a younger political associate, Humphrey noted sadly that "he can't pass an alley without going in to see if there's a fight he can get into"; in his more reflective moments, the Senator has admitted that he himself suffers from somewhat the same disease. "You people always write that I talk on every subject," he told a reporter this year. "I do—I *like* every subject. I can't help it—it's just glands!"

The difference between the Humphrey of 1949 and the Humphrey of today is partly a matter of increased political knowledge. His ten years in the Senate have given him ample opportunity to learn how to get things done, as opposed to merely getting things talked about, and he has been an apt pupil. His basic position on civil-rights legis-

lation, for example, has not changed perceptibly since he led the 1948 Democratic convention fight for a "tough" platform plank; but his leadership in the Senate's continuing struggle on the subject is now based on an understanding of probability—of what can be done, at what pace it can be done, and by what means it can best be done without inflicting unnecessary strains on the complicated political arrangements that hold his party together on myriad other matters.

Yet the image of Humphrey as a mere talker remains. Remaking it, if he can, will be a primary requirement if he hopes to win the presidential nomination. The job will not be made easier by the fact that the image is at most only fractionally true and is one that not only reveals little of the man but also obscures much of what the politician has accomplished.

A good place to start a political examination of Humphrey would be 1956. This was, in a way, a watershed year for him; he was deeply involved, for the first and perhaps the last time, in both national and strictly local operations. The result of this dual preoccupation was a complex and revealing combination of success and failure.

Entering the middle two years of his second term in 1956, Humphrey had three principal items of business on his mind: the renomination of Adlai Stevenson; the passage of legislation to obliterate the Eisenhower administration's farm program and replace it with a policy cast in the mold of the Democratic high-price-support platform; and the re-election of a Minnesota state administration which he had sponsored, nurtured, and finally led into office in 1954.

The first item was to be furthered by bringing to the Chicago convention a solid Stevenson delegation, pledged in advance by popular vote in the state's presidential primary election. Humphrey declared for Adlai in late 1955 and set out to produce a primary triumph of suitable magnitude. His principal partner in this effort was Orville Freeman, the young first-term governor who was Humphrey's prize political protégé.

Humphrey also got busy early on the matter of farm legislation. He had been a frequent and vigorous critic of Agriculture Secretary Ezra T. Benson since 1953; now he devoted an increasing amount of time to impressing on congressional leaders the importance of passing a farm bill that would not only reverse the Benson policies but would also bear an unmistakably Democratic trade-mark.

At this point Estes Kefauver took a hand. He not only announced his candidacy for the presidential nomination but also ignored every warning in the political form book and entered the Minnesota primary. He picked up local support from an unusual *ad hoc* combination: farm people who distrusted Stevenson's refusal to pledge allegiance to high price supports as a cure-all; the diminishing but still vocal group of Minnesota Democrats who had no role in Humphrey's program; and a shadowy but quite real group of Republicans who were always glad to undertake any enterprise that might conceivably embarrass their favorite *bête noire,* Hubert Humphrey.

The primary contest developed into a classic cold-weather endurance test between Kefauver and Stevenson. Humphrey, increasingly involved in the farm fight in Washington, had to fly home for weekend campaigning whenever he could. This commuting handicapped his efforts at both ends; Kefauver's campaign picked up momentum at the same time that the Democrats lost a series of early tests in the Senate on the price-support issue.

The climax came on the last weekend before the vote. In Minnesota, the party regulars, running terrified by now, warmed the long-distance wires with pleas for Humphrey to get home for a final burst of electioneering; in Washington, Humphrey was trying to work out with a few Senate colleagues a last-try maneuver that might restore party harmony on the farm issue and at the same time offset the earlier defeats suffered by the high-price support forces.

He decided to stay in Washington, and over the weekend devised with several other Democratic senators a complex proposal which did get the Democrats together on Mon-

day and which, written into the farm bill, effectively negated earlier administration victories on price supports.

A cynic could add that staying in Washington also kept Humphrey from being that much more involved personally in Stevenson's defeat. The fact that he did not participate in the last flourish of speechmaking, however, did little to lessen the damaging impact of the defeat for Humphrey. As he pointed out, his name was on the ballot (as a Stevenson-pledged delegate), and thus he personally was defeated by the rag-tag-and-bobtail Kefauver crew—his first election loss since 1943. He had clearly staked out the grounds for a fight in his own back yard, had volunteered for the test, and had been beaten by almost 60,000 votes.

This combination of events, including a touchy and complex legislative fight and a bitter personal defeat, should have left Humphrey somewhat flattened. But when he called Stevenson in Chicago the morning after, he opened with these words: "Hello, Adlai. I think the Republicans took an awful licking in Minnesota yesterday." He went on to assure Stevenson (then being counted out by a sizable portion of the press) that he would stick with him and "you'll win."

Humphrey's next call went to Freeman. To the Governor he suggested that they both lie low for a while until they could work out a course of action. To a reporter who had listened as he made the calls and asked, "What are *you* going to do now?" he replied—using the third-person form in which he habitually refers to himself—"Humphrey is going to keep his mouth shut for a while. Then we're going to clean out those people"—meaning the Minnesota Democrats who had bucked him. "It may take two years, we may have to have a showdown fight, but we'll do it."

The effort began that spring, about the time that Congress finally sent to the President the high-price-support farm bill that Humphrey had hoped for. (The President vetoed it and then proceeded to execute a successful political hedge by raising the price supports on his own.) Humphrey flew out to Minnesota several times for private meetings aimed at patching up the party for the campaign ahead;

but, in a heroic feat of self-denial, he kept a curb on his own tongue. He even passed up the party's big spring dinner, pleading a press of Senate business but explaining privately that "if I went out there and people started arguing, we'd have a fist fight before we got through."

By convention time the surface scars were healed (although the pro-Kefauver majority in the Minnesota delegation managed to put a knife into Humphrey during his ill-advised try for the vice-presidential nomination in Chicago). The fall campaign put Freeman back into office with a good majority despite Stevenson's loss in Minnesota, the Democrats increased the liberal majority in the nominally nonpartisan state legislature and re-elected their five congressmen, and Humphrey found time not only to direct the state campaign but also to make a number of speeches in such far-off places as California. There has been no significant intraparty feuding in Minnesota since then, and the insurgents have disappeared.

Thus, though 1956 left some marks on Humphrey, the scars are well healed now, and if the old wounds still pain a little on rainy days, they may at least serve to remind the Senator of lessons learned the hard way. Of particular pertinence, perhaps, were the lessons on the subject of presidential nominating politics.

He should understand now, as he patently did not in 1956, that what sounds to eagerly receptive ears like an ironbound personal pledge may turn out to be neither ironbound nor a pledge. Humphrey had to learn this lesson the hard way, and the story of his education reveals much of the impulsiveness which he must now so carefully avoid.

In the late spring of 1956—long enough after the Minnesota primary so that a man with Humphrey's incurable optimism could once again look on things and find them good—the Senator, as vice-chairman of the Senate Democratic Campaign Committee, helped organize a testimonial dinner for retiring Senator George. In typical Senate fashion, the affair (actually a fund-raising device) turned into a love feast of massive proportions, with all hands praising

everyone in sight—including those who had arranged the dinner.

By the end of the evening, Humphrey was enveloped in a glow of brotherly love and lavish praise. He was thus scarcely in a mood to view with the necessary skepticism and detachment a lengthy after-hours conversation he had that night with Adlai Stevenson.

The talk was of vice-presidential candidates. After a number of men had been discussed, Stevenson said: "What about you, Hubert?" All those present agree that Humphrey was surprised at this question; but accounts of the conversation from here on vary. From the distance of three years—and after many recountings of the incident—Humphrey recalls that Stevenson said he would be delighted to have the Minnesotan as a running mate, suggested that he "make noises like a candidate; . . . that will make it easier for me," and promised to give Humphrey warning if he should later find it impossible to give him the nod.

Humphrey went home happily at 5:00 A.M. One suspects that he was convinced at the time that Stevenson had flatly committed himself to Hubert as a running mate. And he was positive that he would be given ample warning if anything changed.

As the Chicago convention began, Humphrey, who had "made some noises" with great confidence in the interim, had a wonderful time. He had been disappointed when he was not named keynote speaker, but this did not seem critical in view of his newer hopes. He called on Stevenson the second night of the convention, and the two men had a friendly chat while Adlai lay in bed resting. The next day, the Humphreys attended a Stevenson reception where all seemed sweetness and light.

Humphrey's cheerful outlook may have prevented him from noting some danger signals. There always seemed to be more cheese and coffee in the "Humphrey Hospitality Headquarters" than were needed. Staff members in touch with opposite numbers in Stevenson's entourage were not encouraged by what they heard. There was a growing feeling—actually put into words by some Stevenson aides—

that somehow Kefauver had to be given at least a chance to fight for the vice-presidential nomination, because he had given way to Adlai for the top spot. But apparently Humphrey's usually sensitive political antennae had been put out of commission by an overcharge of optimism.

Thus it came as a shock for Humphrey, watching television, to hear Stevenson's announcement that he was calling on the convention itself to select his running mate in an "open" contest. Suddenly, the fact that Humphrey had not appeared on the speaker's rostrum became a serious handicap. Suddenly his lack of a real organization was crippling. With the script thus torn up, some of his close followers urged him not to get involved in such an ill-matched contest. But the Senator's combative juices were already flowing too fast for him to pull out.

Humphrey, who had gone to Chicago ready to accept a nomination but utterly unprepared to fight for one, never had a chance. Estes Kefauver's troops, repulsed in their assault on the top spot but still organized and equipped for a floor fight, knocked the Minnesotan out of the scramble for second place with hardly a scuffle. The cruelest cut of all was administered by Humphrey's home-state delegation —led and largely manned by Kefauver people—when its chairman announced on the first ballot that Minnesota was voting for Humphrey at the personal request of Kefauver. As the anti-Kefauver forces swung to Jack Kennedy, Humphrey was forgotten.

For the Senator, sitting in a tiny cubicle off the amphitheater stage with Kefauver, watching the performance through a curtain, it was a bad moment. He had broken tradition by openly seeking the vice-presidential nomination, and he had been personally humiliated for his pains.

But some lessons were learned in the debacle. When Humphrey returned from Moscow in December, 1958, riding the crest of a glorious wave of publicity, he went to work at once on a new campaign structure—but this time he began with the foundation. Within two weeks arrangements were under way for a "small" private luncheon in New York City, where a liberal Democrat must go to find

the kind of money needed for a presidential campaign. On January 26, behind the doors of a private dining room at "21," nearly sixty of the "fat cats" of Democratic liberalism sat down to steak, fruit tarts, and a 22-minute talk by Humphrey—who stuck to the subject of his Moscow visit and refrained from talking about anything so vulgar as his own future.

No promises were sought and none, so far as can be determined, were made. Both the Senator and the guests were looking each other over, albeit with an amiability that sprang from parallel views and well-tended friendship on both sides. But one of the two official hosts for the luncheon was a man named Lansdell K. Christie, a mining magnate, who was the largest single Democratic contributor—to the tune of over $70,000—in 1956. Scattered through the room was a generous sprinkling of men and women who had given between $1,000 and $60,000 to the party in 1956. Significantly, they were "Stevenson people"—meaning, for Humphrey's purposes, people who might be looking for a new boy in 1960 if their old favorite finally faded—or was erased—from the picture.

The mutual attraction between Humphrey and the Stevensonites was logical enough. If Adlai were out of the running, these angels would seek a replacement with similar beliefs; Humphrey met this requirement. Averell Harriman, another who might have passed this test, had disappeared under the Rockefeller landslide two months earlier. "Soapy" Williams of Michigan, though a winner in November, 1958, had made a disappointing showing and seemed no longer to be a front-rank contender. Suddenly, there was Humphrey in the Kremlin, in the press, in the forefront of party gossip, on the rise in the Gallup standings.

Six months before the Moscow visit, both Christie and his co-host at the January luncheon, New York stockbroker Ralph Samuel, had talked to Humphrey about the 1960 race. In the spring of 1958, they had come to Washington to lunch with Humphrey in the office of Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania. The talk had been presidential:

Humphrey, apparently, had played the reluctant dragon for the two Stevenson angels.

Humphrey and Christie got together again in October, when the Senator left the Minnesota campaign to attend a Harriman dinner in New York. He breakfasted with Christie, who again wanted to know about 1960. Humphrey went off for the day; he had a hard time keeping his mind on his business, for he knew that Christie was to talk again with Stevenson during the day about the 1960 situation. Late in the afternoon, the mining executive called him. Stevenson, although not quite closing the door, had been distinctly negative, and Christie wondered if he could squire Humphrey down to the dinner and introduce him around. The Senator was delighted. Having hastily switched ties in a cab, he arrived in tandem with the party's biggest contributor.

Despite these apparently favorable omens, Humphrey and his staff—perhaps remembering the collapse of that "sure thing" in 1956—are making valiant efforts to keep at least one foot on the ground this time. Humphrey may once again fall victim to his own compulsive optimism before the call of the states at Los Angeles. But his preliminary maneuvering, at least, looks a good deal sharper than the 1956 effort. One of the first maneuvers in 1959 was the enlistment of James Rowe as his principal early-season strategist. Rowe was once F.D.R.'s executive assistant and more recently an occasional consultant to Lyndon Johnson.

Humphrey always has had a pretty fair batting average on return engagements. He got his college degree on the second try, was elected mayor of Minneapolis after one defeat, and put the Democrats into the Minnesota Statehouse the second time he had a ticket of his own choosing.

The last of these second-round successes occurred in 1954 and it marked a sort of coming of age for a political party that Humphrey had built largely to his own specifications. Minnesota's non-Republicans had long suffered from a split personality, fostered by the depression years' blooming of the Farmer-Labor Party that had put Floyd B.

Olson into the governor's office three times running. After Olson's sudden death from cancer the uneasy coalition fell apart. First Harold Stassen, then Edward J. Thye, and finally Luther Youngdahl rode into the Statehouse at the controls of what seemed to have become one of the nation's most durable Republican machines. The state legislature, nominally nonpartisan, was thoroughly taken over; in some sessions in the 'forties, more than 100 of the 131 members caucused with the "conservative," or Republican-in-all-but-name, faction.

Humphrey was on hand through all this. He first stepped onto the Minnesota scene just before the 1929 crash, when his father put him out of the family Model A at the end of a long line of entering Freshmen at the University of Minnesota. Hubert, Jr., who had been a big frog in a very small pond at Doland, S.D., recalls to this day the entire text of his father's farewell address: "Good-bye. Good luck. Grow up."

That first foray into the big city lasted only a year before the depression hit his father's drugstore so hard that Hubert had to quit school. He came back in early 1931 for one semester—fortified by a $50 Christmas present and the promise of free room and board from a friendly landlady—but he had to give up again. He did not enroll again at the University until 1937, by which time he was 26 years old, a licensed pharmacist, and married.

The intervening six years in South Dakota were not exactly gay. Humphrey's father left Doland in 1931, five years after the last local bank had closed its doors, and moved to Huron on the theory that "if we are going to go broke we might as well do it in a big town." The new Humphrey store was the seventh pharmacy in a town of 9,000 persons. The other six were not happy over the addition, especially when the Humphreys refused to join in the established price-fixing agreement and instead priced their wares well below the agreed-on uniform rates of their competitors. This helped bring in some business, but there just was not much cash in Huron. For a long time the daily gross take was never above $20.

But at least bad business meant plenty of time for learning, albeit of an informal variety. Hubert, Jr., listened to Hubert, Sr., and what he heard did much to shape his political philosophy. The two sat up late every night and talked politics, often taking Woodrow Wilson (one of the elder Humphrey's idols) as their text. They read to each other. They listened to the radio. They argued with each other and with anyone who happened to come into the store. Talking and reading, listening and arguing were free. Young Humphrey followed his father into local Democratic politics; his post as county chairman of the Young Democrats got him close enough to shake hands with Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1936 during the President's tour of the dust bowl.

Much of Humphrey's political philosophy was shaped by his years in Huron. The six-year exile from the campus also left its imprint on his economic ideas—not only in the form of a distrust of "Wall Street" and all that the term stands for in the agrarian lexicon, but also in an almost evangelistic fervor in behalf of "small business." Those businessmen's groups which detest Humphrey's advocacy of high farm prices and labor unionism find themselves cheering his support of fair trade practices and pricing laws—a crusade that he carries on from his post as chairman of a Senate small-business subcommittee on retailing and fair trade.

By 1937, things were improved enough in Huron so that Humphrey—married a year earlier—could go back to school in Minneapolis. This time no calamity intervened to delay further the acquisition of a diploma. Humphrey worked nights in a drugstore, his wife Muriel worked as a clerk, they had their first child, and a younger student named Orville Freeman used to come to their apartment and babysit for them. In June, 1939, Humphrey became a bachelor of arts, *magna cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa. That fall, the family went south to Louisiana State University, where Humphrey added a master's degree. (His thesis subject: "The Philosophy of the New Deal.")

The next few years saw Humphrey in and out of a number of jobs, none of them particularly elevated. He was a teaching fellow at the University of Minnesota for a year. As the nation went to war he became first the state director of war production training and re-employment, then state chief of the Minnesota war service program, then assistant director of the war manpower commission in Minnesota. In 1943, he became a professor at Macalester College in St. Paul, where he taught political science to students in an Air Corps training detachment.

The Air Corps teaching job was as close as he ever came to being in the service—a fact that has cropped up sporadically in Humphrey's political campaigns since. He tried to enlist in the Navy's reserve officer program in 1943 but was twice rejected because eye tests showed him to be color-blind. He was not called by the draft early in the war, presumably because of his growing family (the second child and first son was born in mid-1942). When his number was called in 1944, Humphrey went to the Minnesota induction center at Fort Snelling. After five days there—during which his picture was printed in the newspapers with a newly issued uniform hanging over his arm—he was sent home, classified 1-A, but for limited service only because his physical examination showed a double hernia and some minor lung calcification. Humphrey recalls his effort to persuade the colonel in command to accept him despite these findings as one of his least successful attempts at oral persuasion. The conference ended, he says, with a crisp suggestion that he would be notified if the Army had any use for him, and would he please get his posterior out of there right away. He was never called.

Humphrey had taken to talking politics in the evenings with some of his friends at the University of Minnesota. In early 1943, one of these nocturnal discussions produced the idea that Humphrey should run for mayor of Minneapolis.

He went down to City Hall the next morning, paid the $10 filing fee, and spent the 19 days remaining before the primary trying to make his name at least vaguely familiar

to the voters. He wound up second in the wide-open non-party primary; but in the run-off he lost by 4,900 votes.

The experience certainly was valuable. Perhaps the lesson that was brought home most forcefully was that politics costs money. On the morning after the election he had $77 in cash and about $1,300 in campaign debts. He discovered to his surprise—when a printing company sued him—that he was going to have to pay a number of bills that he had assumed would be handled by groups that had supported him. To pay them off he kept his teaching post and took on any other work he could find. He did a five-nights-a-week radio news commentary, worked eight hours every Sunday in a drugstore, became the janitor of the apartment building where he lived, and gave over 100 lectures—some of them for a fee.

But the radio show and the lectures were not the only things that kept Humphrey's name in the public ear. He also plunged into the reorganization of the state's Democrats, acting as chairman of the 1944 convention that united the Democratic and Farmer-Labor parties into the present "D.F.L." That fall, as campaign manager of the new party, he worked in the successful effort to deliver Minnesota for the fourth time to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Finally, in 1945—in another successful second try, with a much-improved organization built around his University friends and organized labor—he was elected mayor of Minneapolis by 31,000 votes. Taking along one-time baby-sitter Freeman, just out of the Marines, as his administrative assistant, Humphrey invaded City Hall.

Like many places where he has hung his hat, it has not been the same since. When he went into office, the few powers given the mayor by the city charter were rusty from disuse. When he left, he had not only used them all with an energy no previous mayor had displayed; he had also shown his successors how to do a lot of things that the framers of the weak-mayor charter had never even dreamed of.

The single real authority of the mayor in Minneapolis is law enforcement; he can name the chief of police and,

if he wants to, keep an eye on him. Humphrey did both and in the process performed perhaps the most important job of his tenure.

Minneapolis in 1945 was wide open and vice-ridden. The police department was rotten. Organized labor, which had helped elect Humphrey, suggested that the new police chief should be an alderman named Albert G. Bastis. Humphrey, in his first display of political "muscle," refused to appoint him—perhaps skeptical that a politician whose ward contained many of the city's saloons was the man to clean up the department. Instead, Humphrey appointed a citizens' committee on law enforcement and asked it to recommend a chief. He filled the committee with community leaders, including a number of Republican businessmen who soon became—and still are—his fast friends. The committee picked a man, Humphrey installed him, and the days of the "open town" were over.

Humphrey the officeholder talked as much as, if not more than, Humphrey the candidate. He went all over the state to "sell Minneapolis"—and its mayor—at hundreds of county fairs and civic celebrations. He went up to the city council chamber, where mayors were rarely expected to be seen, much less heard, and told the aldermen what they ought to do. They did not care for it particularly, and he could not force them to do anything, but as often as not they found themselves doing it anyway. In such fashion Humphrey persuaded the council to adopt a city fair-employment-practices ordinance, the nation's first, which has worked well—largely through a conciliation procedure —ever since.

It should not be assumed that Humphrey's years as mayor were all sweetness and light. Concrete evidence that there were nonadmirers came when someone (never identified but thought to be connected with unhappy gambling operators) took three shots at him one night as he dug in his pocket for the key to his front door. Despite the fact that he was a "labor-endorsed" mayor, he had some rows with union leaders, especially the relatively small number of hard-core Communists who exercised considerable control

over the political operations of Minneapolis labor. There were also some fights with labor on the subject of law enforcement. (As for the racketeering elements in the city's unions, Humphrey remembered them well enough years later to be able to offer his cooperation to Republican Senator Charles Tobey when the latter was preparing for Minneapolis hearings in 1953.)

The Communists were forced out of Minneapolis—and Minnesota—politics within a couple of years, and much of the credit for the expulsion is Humphrey's. Re-elected in 1947 by almost 60,000 votes, he turned his attention to the left-wingers and Communists, who by 1946 had taken over almost every position of power in the newly united Democratic-Farmer-Labor party. (In the labor area, he got important help from Philip Murray of the CIO, whom he had visited on a one-night trip to Washington during his re-election campaign.) Early strategy meetings were held in Humphrey's office; at one, he met for the first time a young St. Paul economics teacher named Eugene McCarthy.

The purge itself took place in 1948, with the critical struggles occurring in the precinct caucuses of the D.F.L. The battle was won by the deceptively easy-sounding tactic of getting enough people to each precinct meeting to vote out the handful of left-wingers who had been able to dominate the party machinery by the simple device of turning up when no one else did. McCarthy recalls, for example, the caucus in his own precinct, where a half-dozen left-wingers were stunned to find the hall invaded by a couple of dozen students, teachers, and other political neophytes who simply outvoted them. By the time the process had been repeated up through county conventions to the statewide level, the fight was over. The ousted left-wingers held a rump convention and filed their own slate of "democratic" electors, but they were thrown off the ballot by the courts.

In the wake of the upheaval, the D.F.L. in September, 1948, nominated a slate of candidates headed by senatorial candidate Hubert Humphrey, who meanwhile had attracted his first national notice by leading a noisy uprising at the Democratic convention in Philadelphia. Humphrey's suc-

cessful advocacy of a militant civil-rights platform drove the South from the convention and put the states' rights extremists on the ballot in Dixie. It also got the young midwesterner, in his first convention appearance, "up out of the water" so that he could be seen by a national audience. The attention he got in the national press did not hurt him a bit with the voters at home, either; after beating the bushes in all but two of Minnesota's 87 counties, he defeated incumbent Republican Joseph H. Ball by 234,000 votes.

This was the first in a series of electoral and psychological pastings administered by Humphrey & Co. to a fading Minnesota Republican party in the next decade. That 1948 campaign also put into the House of Representatives Gene McCarthy, who wound up the elephant shoot ten years later by taking the other Minnesota Senate seat away from Ed Thye.

In the early rounds, however, there was little apparent progress. Humphrey and his cohorts had their hands full holding onto what they had won in 1948, without worrying about picking up more jobs. In 1950, Luther Youngdahl, the immensely popular G.O.P. governor, won a third term and pulled the rest of the state ticket in with him. By 1951 it was clear to political observers—including those in Humphrey's office—that Youngdahl was not only the obvious but probably the only possible opponent for Humphrey in 1954. It was also clear that he had at least a 50-50 chance of unseating the Democratic Senator.

Here Humphrey got perhaps the biggest break of his career. He knew and liked Youngdahl (the two had a number of mutual friends) and at least twice they had discussed the Governor's deep desire to serve as a federal judge—he had sat on state courts for 16 years before his election—though there seemed little hope, as a practical political matter, that Humphrey could do much to help Youngdahl.

But in the early summer of 1951—with his last chat with Youngdahl, a few months earlier, still fresh in his mind—Humphrey woke up one morning to read in the newspapers of the death of T. Alan Goldsborough, a judge of the fed-

eral district court for the District of Columbia. He called the White House at once and urgently requested an appointment with President Truman. He got it and put his proposition to Truman. The President remembered Youngdahl—the Republican Governor had turned up at a 1950 Democratic rally in St. Paul to welcome him (and, incidentally, to pre-empt eight minutes of Democratic television time in so doing). What was more, Truman remarked, Youngdahl had been the only governor in either party to write him in support of his firing of General Douglas MacArthur as Korean commander. Truman also figured that naming Youngdahl would avoid an intraparty row over the vacant judgeship. He told Humphrey he would name Youngdahl if the Governor would take the job and take it quickly.

Humphrey hustled back to his office and put in a call for Youngdahl. He reached him first in northern Minnesota, on a party line where they could not get down to business. He told Youngdahl to call him back as soon as he got to a private phone. When he did, Humphrey made his proposition. Youngdahl said yes without hesitation and agreed to fly to Washington the night of July 4 as soon as he finished his holiday speechmaking. On the morning of July 5, Humphrey took Youngdahl into the White House by a side door. They came out a few minutes later through the main lobby, where Humphrey introduced Youngdahl to the press as the new federal judge for the District of Columbia.

The reporters were surprised. But their surprise was nothing to the shock and outrage of Minnesota Republicans, who had always believed Humphrey capable of such adulterous political wooing but who had never dreamed that their Luther could be seduced. It was hard to tell, in the first few days, whether they were madder at Humphrey or Youngdahl. The man who was going to beat Humphrey was gone, leaving behind him as new governor and titular head of the party Lt. Gov. C. Elmer Anderson, a sad-eyed magazine dealer from Brainerd whose only previous political achievement of any consequence was being thrown off the G.O.P. ticket by Harold Stassen in 1942.

The results of the Youngdahl "steal" were not immediately apparent, for the Eisenhower landslide in 1952 was of sufficient magnitude to pull even the colorless Anderson into office over Orville Freeman, who was making his first try for the governorship that year. But everything fitted into place in 1954. Humphrey won re-election by a comfortable margin, Freeman unseated Anderson, and the Democrats won every state office but one. Their drive carried into the capital a state legislature in which the "liberals" (for which read "Democrats") had a majority for the first time in 16 years.

Now the swing was on. In 1956, Freeman won again, the liberals picking up more seats in the legislature. In 1958, it was Freeman who led the ticket and helped elect McCarthy to the Senate, just as Humphrey had helped pull Freeman into office four years earlier.

As playing manager of this successful Democratic team, Humphrey has not escaped having an occasional beanball thrown at his head. But he usually has managed to make the Republicans sorry they ever tried to knock him down in the first place. In 1954, for example, Humphrey faced a re-election campaign which he knew would determine whether or not he was to have a political future. He did his best to be ready—not only by helping take his most dangerous potential opponent out of the race but also by visiting Minnesota almost every weekend during 1953. When Congress adjourned, he hit the county-fair and civic-festival circuit, traveling over 15,000 miles and visiting 175 Minnesota communities.

But the opposition was working, too. Minnesota Republicans, though deprived of their prize candidate, groomed popular State Treasurer Val Bjornson, a proven vote-getter who had the happy qualification, for Minnesota's Scandinavian-slanted politics, of being able to speak not only Swedish but Norwegian and Danish as well. The Senate Republican campaign committee in Washington labeled Humphrey as "target No. 1" for 1954 and promised plentiful help.

A few months later, stories began going around to the

effect that Sen. Joseph McCarthy, then in the fiery flame-out of his career, was on the trail of a compromise income-tax settlement in which Frank Griswold, a Minneapolis traffic-signal manufacturer, was allowed to settle a $500,000 claim for about $200,000. The settlement, it was said, was made after Freeman had been hired as an attorney by Griswold. It was also said that Humphrey had spent a summer living on Griswold's farm.

When a Minnesota Republican candidate finally mentioned the incident in a radio speech, Humphrey was questioned by a Minneapolis newsman about it. After an initial burst of indignation, Humphrey simmered down, flatly denied any intercession by himself or anyone in his office on Griswold's behalf, and said he did not even know of the case until it was settled. He agreed that he had lived on Griswold's farm for several months in 1950—but added that he had a canceled $500 check bearing a notation that it was paid for rent of the place, plus a photostatic copy of the deposit slip made out by Griswold when he put the money in the farm's bank account. The tax case was discussed no more in the 1954 campaign.

The recitation of political history makes it clear that Humphrey has been successful in advancing himself and his party in Minnesota. But it does not tell a great deal about who—or what—he is.

He is a Phi Beta Kappa who keeps a pinball machine in the basement rumpus room of his house. He is an ambitious national figure who likes to see his name in the New York *Times*—and a bread-and-butter local politico who is instantly aware when his name does not appear in the Minneapolis *Morning Tribune*. He revels in the fact that chance acquaintances in Minnesota call him "Hubert"—but likes his office associates to address him as "Senator." He wears a black homburg hat—and a pants-pocket key chain whose links spell out "H-U-M-P-H-R-E-Y." He loves to seek out exotic foreign-cuisine restaurants—where he almost invariably demands a steak and usually wants a chocolate sundae for dessert. He can propose a multimillion-

dollar program on the Senate floor—and return to his office to ask an aide why a certain name has been appearing with unusual frequency on the long-distance telephone log. He is a stickler for office organization—but his own schedule is often a shambles by noon (it is a rare week when his staff does not completely lose track of him two or three times). He is a public champion of small business and organized labor—and has no more luck in a private altercation with a building contractor or a bunch of bricklayers than you or I. He yearns for quiet relaxation with his wife and children—but cannot bear to turn down an invitation to make a speech. He is a sponsor of highway safety legislation—and a driver who has petrified newsmen riding with him during a campaign. He has made his full share of speeches about the evil influence of General Motors in the Eisenhower administration—and he owns a Cadillac sedan and a Pontiac station wagon.

All of which, obviously, means only that Hubert Humphrey carries in his hyperthyroid person a full set of the contradictions that plague us all. If one were to guess about his private—as opposed to public—yearnings, one might speculate that he is aware (though perhaps not consciously so) that there was little in his background to help him move in the circles of inherited wealth, social pretension, and cultural sophistication which hold such power in the high-level workings of the nation and the Western world. He is, perhaps, more at ease—and more effective—dealing with the President of Egypt or the First Minister of Russia than sitting at a small dinner next to the President of Harvard or the Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A friendly newspaperman, trying to pin down this feeling, put it this way in 1958: "Humphrey also suffers in some degree from a vague sense of inferiority . . . which afflicts many sons of the middle west when they encounter the greater wealth and presumedly greater sophistication and culture of the Atlantic seaboard." Or, in plainer words, the man from South Dakota sometimes still feels a little bit like the country boy whose father dropped him at the

end of that long line of college students in Minneapolis 30 years ago.

Such feeling might account, for instance, for the way Humphrey handled himself on his first campaign swing into the far west in the spring of 1958. Whenever local party figures gathered in a hotel room for the traditional "reception," the Senator would propel himself into the midst of the group at top velocity, pumping hands, greeting one and all, emitting joyful whoops when confronted with a former Minnesotan—in short, practising the "hard sell." It did not quite fit the accepted picture of the presidential candidate whose poise and reserve hold him a little bit aloof from the crowd, who waits for the chosen local politico to be brought to him for formal introduction and a few words of confidential conversation. Some of the accompanying newsmen wondered if Humphrey was perhaps not altogether sure that the locals *would* come to him if he waited for them to do so.

If Humphrey's meditations are occasionally assailed by this kind of doubt, his public face bears no mark of any such hesitancy. Just before his re-election in 1954, the mailing list for his newsletter hit a high of almost 76,000 names. (The list, trimmed after the campaign, stood at about 20,000 in early 1959.) When Humphrey puts out a press release these days, it is not slipped quietly to a few hometown reporters. In the perhaps unlikely event that he should decide to send a given news release to everyone on his carefully classified list, some 1,600 copies would have to be run off.

A similar generosity has marked Humphrey's offerings of advice to other Democrats around the country. A mimeographed brochure succinctly entitled "The Humphrey Story," describing the Senator's successful 1954 campaign, found its way into the hands of every candidate and county chairman in 1958. An introductory note said it was "made available for whatever help and guidance it may offer to other Democratic candidates." In addition, over 200 Democratic candidates received a sampling of Humphrey's foreign policy speeches and statements. A Humphrey aide

said the Senator did this in an attempt to "help set the tone of the campaign." (He did not specify whether it was the 1958 campaign or the 1960 one which Humphrey had in mind.)

Physically, Humphrey is a healthy enough specimen. The hernias detected by the Army doctors have been repaired; neither the lung calcification nor the color blindness has ever troubled him. His day runs from early-morning breakfast meetings to late-evening office work; but though his staff is in a perpetually fatigued and somewhat run-down state, Humphrey seems to thrive on it. He likes to tell sagging small-hours companions that he has never been to bed before midnight—except for brief periods of illness —since his twelfth birthday.

He tends to be overweight, particularly since he quit smoking two years ago; his struggles with his waistline are not aided by his tendency to sit down for a cup of coffee and wind up putting away a wedge of cheese, a handful of crackers, and a piece of pie. His energy appears, to the layman at least, prodigious; this is just as well, since the Humphrey program usually calls for juggling so many balls at once that only a strong body could take it. The flow of his bodily juices rises in direct proportion to the size and animal heat of his audience; Humphrey surveying a hall full of bloodthirsty Democrats is Humphrey at his physical peak, ready to tell the world the reason why in a few thousand well-chosen words.

His Senate colleagues, many of them accomplished talkers in their own right, seem to take a particular, if not a constant, delight in hearing him. A man like Senator Russell Long of Louisiana (who incidentally first met Humphrey when the Minnesotan was at L.S.U. getting his master's degree) can often be seen in his seat during a Humphrey performance, chuckling happily as he listens apparently entranced to a speech which may well reflect beliefs totally alien to his own. The same near-hypnosis has even been observed in the leathery face of old Senator Carl Hayden, although the Arizona Democrat is proud of his own reputation as the least talkative of all senators.

It is difficult to get a precise senatorial consensus on Humphrey. The conservative southerners who manage the place proclaim almost to a man their affection, admiration, and respect for him. One suspects that in many cases there is genuine admiration (of a professional sort) and respect (based in part on an uneasy feeling that this is a man who cannot always be managed), but that the professions of affection are sometimes a trifle strained.

One writer used these words in 1949 to describe the initial impression made by Humphrey on the elders of the Senate:

> Here, intense, brilliant and staccato, was a new voice, the voice of an ideological liberal, child of the depression and the dust bowl, apostle of the New Deal and the millenium, scourge to reaction.
>
> Here, said the veterans, right here in the hallowed Senate chamber, was what Roosevelt had raised up for them. And there might be others behind him knocking at the door for entrance. . . .

Time has undoubtedly tempered this opinion in most of those who held it in 1949. But one senses that the caveat remains, albeit softened, in the minds of some of the deeply conservative senators who will have much to say—if only in a negative way—about the 1960 Democratic nominee.

Humphrey has provided some pleasant surprises for the southern senators since he arrived in their midst a decade ago. For one thing, he has refrained from passing moral judgments on those who disagree with him—a self-restraint which has not characterized all civil-rights exponents in the Senate. Also contributing to a Humphrey-Dixie thaw has been his private manner, warm and friendly but never "pushy," in personal relations with Senate elders. A final factor in raising senatorial opinions has been Humphrey's willingness to work as well as talk—and to work hard, not only on well-publicized causes but also on such dull chores as handing all the legislation needed to implement recom-

mendations of the Hoover Commission. The degree of southern affection for Humphrey remains, necessarily, a matter of opinion; senators do not customarily make public their private judgments on a colleague. Definitely not a matter of opinion, however, but a provable fact, is Humphrey's success at finding for himself a sizable place in the Senate's operating machinery. He has become, particularly since 1955, one of Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's principal consultants and wheel horses.

Humphrey's increased role in Senate affairs dates roughly from the time Johnson took over as Democratic leader in the Republican-controlled 83rd Congress. Johnson was looking for a northerner whose flawless liberal credentials could be matched with a practical mind and a willingness to take part in an occasional horsetrade to get the Senate's business done. In Humphrey, the Texan found his man; the Minnesotan was an early recipient of the intensive Johnsonian persuasion that has since become institutionalized as "the treatment."

His *rapprochement* with Johnson has not been an unmixed blessing for Humphrey. Although it is not precisely clear whether the new alliance was the reason, Humphrey began in 1954 to take some positions that antagonized the extreme liberals, many of whom had been among his earliest supporters. He sponsored a bill to make membership in the Communist party a crime. It was one of those pieces of legislation that are sure of passage the minute they are offered on the Senate floor—and like so many of this kind, it seemed to critics to be very bad legislation, perhaps unconstitutional (it has not yet been tested in court), hiding behind a screen of sham patriotism. There was a strong suspicion in the press gallery that the whole thing was a maneuver to take the "soft-on-communism" issue out of the 1954 congressional elections. To this charge Humphrey is now willing to plead *nolo contendere*. "It wasn't one of the things Humphrey is proudest of," he says. "It grew out of my frustration and anger over the way the Republicans were using the Communist issue. I just decided to do something about it. It got the issue out of congressional com-

mittees and into the courts. And it saved the life of at least two Democratic senators."

Humphrey began to change his tactics on civil rights—the flaming advocacy of which was once almost his political trade-mark—about the same time. Serving with John Battle of Virginia on a special party committee, he helped write a bare-minimum party loyalty provision that was designed (successfully) to prevent another southern walkout at the 1956 convention. In January, 1955, the northerners who had tried without success to tighten the Senate's anti-filibuster rules two years earlier did not try again—at least partly because Humphrey argued vigorously against it and refused to take part in any fight. In July, 1956, he declined to get involved in a last-minute attempt by Senators Lehman and Douglas to bring a house-passed civil-rights bill onto the Senate floor. At the Chicago convention, Humphrey again dealt himself out of a civil-rights fight, refusing to get involved in the unsuccessful struggle for a "tough"—and probably divisive—civil-rights platform.

Humphrey has, since 1956, returned to a leading position in the civil-rights fight in the Senate, carrying a heavy load in the 1957 debate and taking a full part in the 1957 and 1959 efforts to change the antifilibuster rule. He has been a good deal less of a "front man" on the issue, however, than in the salad days of 1948 and 1949. Some see this as a further indication that Humphrey has backed down the hill up which he had so noisily charged at the Philadelphia convention, that he is subordinating conviction to ambition. Others argue with equal fervor that the change proves only that Humphrey has learned the wisdom of doing things gradually in order to get them done at all. Both groups agree that Lyndon Johnson's influence has played a part in Humphrey's adoption of new tactics.

His willingness to take part in a leadership operation that is primarily under southern control has had some results pleasing to the liberal chroniclers. In 1955 he managed to get the Senate to adopt, unanimously, a resolution setting up an intensive study of the much-abused federal loyalty-security program and of the "numbers game" which had

aroused so much Democratic ire. His co-sponsor was Senator John Stennis, a Mississippian of undoubted conservatism. Humphrey's assignment by Johnson to the Democratic steering committee in 1955 enabled him to plead with some success the cause of the northerners in the matter of committee assignments—something that is nearer, if not necessarily dearer, to the hearts of Humphrey's liberal colleagues in the Senate than any piece of civil-rights legislation.

Humphrey's improved understanding of the Senate and his more favored position in it have been of substantial personal benefit, of course. He has been able to use the facilities of this deliberative and often nay-saying legislative body for the active, positive, and definitely nonlegislative efforts which he personally prefers.

The most important of these efforts—and one that shows well the limitations imposed by senatorial status on a man with Humphrey's visceral urge to *do* things rather than *suggest* them—has been in the field of international relations. It is especially important to Humphrey, for on his work and his repute in this area must rest most of his hopes for the 1960 nomination.

The center of the Senate's power in these affairs is its Committee on Foreign Relations; Humphrey managed to be named to it before his first term had run. He has done his homework on this job as he has on few others, with the result that he has been able to provide some of the most searching and insistent questioning heard in the committee room in recent years. (The same extra measure of care and work has gone into Humphrey's major statements on foreign policy. Although he is sometimes less than meticulous in preparing talks on other subjects, he has given his speeches and articles in this field a great deal of personal attention.)

Service on the foreign relations committee has opened the way to a whole series of assignments and opportunities for Humphrey. He has been a delegate to the General Assembly of the United Nations, to the World Health Organization, to UNESCO; he has been officially attached to the American negotiating team in the Geneva disarmament

talks; and, as a subcommittee chairman he has, of course, been able to go abroad and meet the people who run most of the rest of the world.

Humphrey's trips overseas have demonstrated as clearly as anything else he has done his ability to make the most of a situation. On his first long tour, in the spring of 1957, the Senator—chairman of the Middle East Subcommittee of "foreign relations"—managed to have long talks with both President Nasser of Egypt and Prime Minister Ben-Gurion of Israel. He conferred with other Arab leaders on a criss-cross tour of the area, then went on to Turkey and Greece before returning home via Italy, Spain, and our military headquarters in southern Europe. All along the route, Humphrey kept on eye on another pet project of his—the overseas disposal of American farm surpluses. This secondary study provided Humphrey with so much material that he was able later to conduct an exhaustive examination of the food-disposal program through the medium of an agriculture subcommittee which he also chairs.

The now well-publicized 1958 trip was another multi-purpose undertaking. Humphrey went first to Paris, where he served as a UNESCO delegate. Then he visited Geneva, serving as an official observer on the U.S. delegation at East-West talks on nuclear test suspension. At this point, new Soviet threats against Berlin suggested that a visit there would be interesting; he promptly flew in to confer —and be photographed with—Mayor Willy Brandt. Back on schedule, he donned a third "hat" and headed for Moscow as chairman of a government operations subcommittee studying international health programs and problems (a project set up and financed by a Humphrey resolution). Once in Russia, the Humphrey luck took over to add a new dimension to the tour.

Perhaps the most satisfying—and useful—results of membership on the Committee on Foreign Relations for Humphrey have been his appointments as a U. S. delegate to the United Nations General Assembly (1956-1957) and as chairman of the Senate's special Subcommittee on Disarmament (1957-1959). In both jobs he worked hard and

enthusiastically; in both he managed to tailor his operations to the requirements of United States policy without muffling the often disagreeing voice of Hubert Humphrey.

He was well liked by foreign diplomats whom he met while serving as a UN delegate. Almost a year later, in the fall of 1957, Humphrey—in Minnesota after a long session of Congress—got a telephone call from the Syrian foreign minister, then at the UN. Would the Senator come to New York and talk to him? No one in the U. S. mission seemed to have time. The Senator would, and did, and proceeded not only to listen to the worried Arab, but also to offer some pointed advice to the State Department on the virtues of being available for conversation with pro-Western diplomats from the troubled Middle East.

Indeed, Humphrey's conversations with officials of other nations are almost always followed by a flurry of strongly worded memoranda from the Senator to the State Department. The fact that he has the prestige of a senator without the responsibility for policy decision has allowed Humphrey to be considerably more sympathetic to some of his foreign contacts than the State Department's regular representatives can be; this perhaps accounts for the fact that he is better liked by some foreign officials (Khrushchev, to judge by his later blasts, not included) than by the laborers in Mr. Herter's vineyard.

Humphrey's penchant for such one-man diplomacy and his disregard for protocol are no late-blooming flowers. In 1951, upset over the cool reception being given Ernst Reuter, then Lord Mayor of West Berlin, he by-passed the State Department to appeal directly to President Truman for some sort of top-level recognition of the German. He got Reuter a 45-minute audience with Mr. Truman—with Humphrey going along as escort. In 1950, when even more of a junior in the Senate, he made a similarly successful appeal to obtain a White House appointment for the head of American Protestant missions in India.

Although this breezy approach to international relations has caused some shudders among the professional diplomats, it should be pointed out that Humphrey has never

crossed the delicate line that separates what an energetic legislator may properly do from what no nonresponsible official may ever do. He has also been careful, particularly in recent years, to tell the State Department both what he planned to do and what he learned while doing it on these irregular diplomatic sorties.

Humphrey has demonstrated a similar mixture of energy and responsibility as chairman of the Subcommittee on Disarmament. The panel's assignment did not seem, at first, to be one in which much interest could be generated, particularly in view of the administration's coolness toward the subject of disarmament. But Humphrey, not at all daunted, conducted studies, held hearings, published reports, held more hearings—and also kept up a continual public and private prodding operation to prevent the whole business from being smothered by official inattention. The very fact that prolonged negotiation was continued with the Soviets was due in part to Humphrey's refusal to give up the idea that some way might be found to reduce the arms burden and the dangers that go with it.

Humphrey's increasing activity in the foreign-policy field has enhanced his standing as a public figure of some importance. But it has not brought him undiluted satisfaction —simply because of the kind of person he is. He is in the habit, when struck by what seems to him a good idea, of wanting to put it into effect immediately. As a senator he can urge, to the limit of his considerable persuasiveness, but he cannot effectuate. It is perhaps not so much that the executive branch is currently Republican but that Humphrey is not in it that leads to periodic angry frustration on his part.

If there are frustrations on the job, at least Humphrey is spared the not-uncommon one of the politician whose wife does not care about his work. Muriel Humphrey came to Washington at 36 with four small children and a long blond bob. Now the children are eleven years older and the hair is short and gray (and done in bangs, which Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower once praised as "nice and well be-

haved"). But the Senator's quiet wife is still an invaluable balance wheel for her exuberant husband.

Muriel Buck met Humphrey at a college dance. After that she began to come into the drugstore in Huron during Humphrey's depression exile from the Minnesota campus; by the time Hubert got to Washington on a 1935 vacation, he was including some rather large thoughts in his letters to her:

"Maybe I am foolish to have such vain hopes and plans, but, Bucky, I can see how someday, if you and I just apply ourselves and make up our minds to work for bigger things, we can some day live here in Washington and probably be in government politics or service.

"I intend to set my aim at Congress—don't laugh at me, Muriel. Maybe it sounds rather egotistical and beyond reason, but I do know others have succeeded. Why haven't I a chance? You'll help me, I know; together we can do things. . . .

"Washington, D.C. thrills me to my very fingertips. I simply revel and beam with delight in being in this realm of politics and government. . . ."

There was not much time for revelry when they married in September, 1936. When Hubert went back to college a year later, Muriel wore her shoes thin hunting for a job before she was hired as a $55-a-month clerk. They lived the first year in one room equipped with a hotplate. The second year, they had a top-floor apartment in a three-story frame house that also held another married couple and 14 impecunious bachelor students. (Muriel's father, after his first look at the attic apartment, donated a long piece of rope so the Humphreys would at least have a fire escape.) When they went south to L.S.U., their money ran out in mid-year. Muriel thereupon took to making several dozen sandwiches every morning; her husband took them to school and peddled them at a nickel apiece to his fellow students. The resulting revenue—about $1.00 a day—provided grocery money for the Humphreys and their year-old daughter.

Three more children—all boys—came along between their return to Minneapolis and the move to Washington. Hubert

H., III, mercifully tagged "Skipper," was born in June, 1942; Robert in March, 1945, and Douglas in February, 1948, just ahead of the first Senate race.

One of Muriel's useful talents is an ability to get Humphrey away from his job, mentally as well as physically. They had such a good time on one weekend while he was mayor that a committee of preachers waited on His Honor shortly afterwards to question him solemnly on reports that he had been seen drinking beer in a northern Minnesota resort and dancing energetically with a blonde in slacks. Humphrey confessed it all—and sent the pastors away red-faced by letting them in on the identity of his companion.

Muriel was a quick success in Washington. While her husband sometimes bruised his elders, she charmed them—and their wives—with both a quiet, pleasant manner and an intelligent interest in politics. The fact that she took much more than the required minimal part in the eternal round of Democratic party affairs did not hurt a bit, either.

She was one of the stars of Humphrey's re-election campaign in 1954, operating principally through the medium of something called the "Humphrey coffee party." This low-pressure device, operated on a high-pressure schedule that put Muriel in dozens of Minnesota front parlors every week, helped considerably in running up Humphrey's 162,000-vote victory margin. In 1956 and 1958—on behalf of other candidates—she was again the chief cook and bottle washer for flying squads of political wives.

The fact that many of Muriel Humphrey's contributions to her husband's career have been a little outside the main stream of his work does not mean, however, that she is without influence in his personal and political decisions. Sometimes the matter at hand has been relatively minor—as when she informed him, pleasantly but firmly, that if he did not support an antibillboard amendment to a highway bill there would be no dinner that evening. Sometimes the matter has been much more important. In both cases, however, her advice has apparently weighed heavily with her husband. He in turn has sought it; she was the first to hear —at 6:00 A.M., wakened out of a sound sleep—of Stevenson's

"promise" to Humphrey on the vice-presidential nomination in 1956. Her advice to him, after hearing him out and thinking it over, was to go ahead. Whatever personal reservations she had were apparently shrugged off with the old family war cry: "Here we go again."

Humphrey is certainly "going" now—faster, and perhaps farther, than ever before. There was no point—not even the moment when he realized what the Khrushchev talk could mean to him—at which he made a conscious decision to become a candidate. There was no day when he decided to start running. But there he was, under full steam, by early 1959. Once, early in the run, startled by an early-morning snap question as to why he thought he should be President, he replied: "My God, I don't. I think I should be back in Huron running the drugstore." But he will not go back to Huron; and somehow his candidacy for the nation's highest office seems to him merely the ultimate logical extension of over two decades of political travel.

The road has led from the Beadle County, S.D., Young Democrats to the United States Senate. If the signs now seem to Humphrey to point toward 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, he will not hesitate perceptibly before following them. And—for once—he may not even stop to argue.

# 6

## PULITZER PRIZE ENTRY

## John F. Kennedy

FLETCHER KNEBEL

A lean gentleman of 42, with a fetching smile and an electric thatch of chestnut hair, takes his post at the speaker's rostrum. The peas, roast chicken, and slightly congealed mashed potatoes have been hurdled. Chairs scratch on the banquet hall floor. Waiters scurry toward the kitchen under the threat of impending oratory. The speaker names the dinner chairman, inhabitants of the head table, "and other distinguished guests."

"I am here to express my gratitude," he begins, "to the Democrats of Missouri [or Tennessee or Minnesota or Pennsylvania]. If I'd gotten your vote for vice-president at Chicago, I would have beaten Estes Kefauver—and my political career would now be over."

Laughter cascades. Palms thump on palms. John Fitzgerald Kennedy grins. The junior Senator from Massachusetts, member of the Harvard Board of Overseers, darling of the 1957-1959 public opinion polls, scion of a wealthy, political family, World War II naval hero, aspirant for the

presidency of the United States, is off on another successful political dissertation. Since the Democratic national convention of August, 1956, which blasted him into national view as suddenly as though he had leapt from the wrong launching pad at Cape Canaveral or scored the losing touchdown in the Rose Bowl, Senator Kennedy has given more than 1,000 such speeches. He has been far and away the most sought-after Democratic orator of the era.

Like most humor, his favorite opening gambit is spiced with truth. If he had beaten Senator Kefauver for the 1956 vice-presidential nomination, the ticket of Adlai Stevenson and Kennedy would doubtless have been buried as deeply by Eisenhower-Nixon as was Stevenson-Kefauver. From the tomb Kennedy might have arisen. Franklin D. Roosevelt became the 1932 Democratic presidential nominee after a rout as the vice-presidential candidate with James M. Cox in 1920. The odds, however, are against it. Defeated vice-presidents may work harder than the elected variety, but customarily they do so in more obscurity.

Luckily Kennedy lost. Since his current political stature was nurtured by the modern phenomenon of daytime television drama, it behooves a voter who wants to understand Kennedy to understand what happened at the Chicago stockyards amphitheater in August, 1956.

Jack Kennedy, who had just turned 39 and did not look 35, came to Chicago as a man known to the politicians but not to the public. He had just seized leadership of his party in Massachusetts by a bold, shrewd gamble. He now offered the state delegation to Adlai Stevenson and not to Kennedy's rival, John W. McCormack, the wheel-horse Democratic leader of the House of Representatives and winner of a "favorite son" vote in Massachusetts. Governor Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut was backing Kennedy for vice-president, as was Governor Dennis Roberts of Rhode Island.

Kennedy had received attention in the press that spring. *Look* magazine had revealed a Democratic survey showing that a Roman Catholic, such as Kennedy, would help rather than hinder a national ticket. The glamor of his youth,

handsome features, and authorship—a Pulitzer Prize for a group of Senate biographies called *Profiles in Courage*—made him a natural for Sunday feature sections. When interviewed on the TV panel programs, he modestly noted that he had little chance of being nominated for vice-president because he had opposed high, rigid farm price supports, then almost a Wassermann test for Democratic party virtue.

Thus he was talked about as a possible Stevenson running mate, along with a half-dozen other Democrats. It was taken for granted that Stevenson would choose his fellow victim personally, and widely assumed that the man would be Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee. Kefauver had renounced presidential ambitions after collecting 200 delegates in the primaries, most of whom promptly decamped to Stevenson.

Kennedy took up sleeping quarters in the Drake Hotel, tactfully distant from the downtown smoke-filled rooms of decision. Sharing the suite was Representative Torbert H. (Torby) Macdonald (D-Mass.), Kennedy's roommate at Harvard College for three years and once captain of the Harvard football team. Other strategists were Robert F. (Bobby) Kennedy, younger brother of the Senator and chief counsel of the Senate rackets investigating committee; the Senator's office assistants, Theodore C. (Ted) Sorensen and Timothy J. (Ted) Reardon; and R. Sargent Shriver, a brother-in-law and assistant manager of the Kennedy family-owned Merchandise Mart in Chicago. A trio of Kennedy's beauty-blessed sisters passed out Kennedy buttons. Joseph P. Kennedy, the blunt and sometimes wrathful former ambassador to Great Britain, chief of the Kennedy clan, had, in a rare display of self-effacement, exiled himself to Europe for the duration of his son's vice-presidential efforts.

This was not much of an organization, but it was not the fashion to overorganize for the vice-presidency, since the No. 1 candidate always picked his own man anyway.

Kennedy enjoyed a moment of glory as narrator of a

convention film entitled "Pursuit of Happiness." The fact that happiness still eluded the nation after numerous Democratic administrations apparently struck neither Kennedy nor the convention as a confession of party inadequacy. At 1:00 P.M., Wednesday, August 15, Kennedy was summoned into Stevenson's presence.

Stevenson told Kennedy that he might want him to make the nominating speech for him. He was not sure. If the South were humbled in the civil-rights fight, he would prefer a southerner to nominate him as a gesture of harmony. However, said Stevenson, he would send a nominating speech to Kennedy just in case. Adlai further remarked that the convention might interpret such a speech as a signal that Kennedy had no chance for the vice-presidency. Kennedy quickly agreed that this appeared to be an advance consolation prize. Well, said Stevenson, his mind was not made up at all and Kennedy was very much in the running.

At 2:00 A.M. William McC. Blair, Jr., Stevenson's assistant, called Kennedy: "You're it. Go to it." A civil-rights compromise had been sealed. A southern orator was unneeded. Forthwith came a speech from Stevenson's writers laboring under Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Harvard historian of causes, lost and otherwise. Kennedy skimmed through it. "It's hopeless," he told Ted Sorensen. They discarded the free literature and set to work on a new speech. They thought and typed until 6:00 A.M.

At 11:30 A.M., after a few hours' sleep, Kennedy rehearsed the speech in a cab en route to the amphitheater. It was hot off the mimeograph machine with one page missing. Boston *Globe* reporter Tom Winship, riding in the taxi, observed Kennedy clenching his fists and whispering to himself: "Go!" Such peremptory self-commands are not unusual with the Kennedys, all of whom have been enjoined since childhood to do nothing half-heartedly. Besides, the Senator lacked sleep.

That night, in the political surprise of a year with few unforeseen developments, Stevenson declined to annoint a running mate. Instead he threw the vice-presidency up for grabs as a bone is tossed to a litter of astonished puppies.

At midnight Kennedy's tiny organization of brothers, sisters, in-laws, and old college friends burst into activity and gave it the old heave-ho until dawn. There was a frantic search to find at least one friend in every state delegation. Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago mustered Illinois. Kennedy called on old friends in the Virginia crew, Harry Byrd, Jr., son of the Senator, and Bill Battle, son of a former governor. John M. Bailey, Connecticut Democratic chairman, called on Carmine DeSapio, Tammany boss, asking for New York's vote after a complimentary ballot for Mayor Robert Wagner. A sample of the amateur zeal at Kennedy headquarters: Nobody knew anyone in the Nevada delegation. Then it was recalled that Peter Lawford, the actor and husband of Patricia Kennedy, knew Wilbur Clark, operator of Las Vegas' Desert Inn and a Nevada delegate. Lawford was called in Los Angeles. At 3:00 A.M. Lawford called Clark back in Chicago. On the second ballot that afternoon, Kennedy got 13 of Nevada's 14 votes.

On Friday afternoon Kennedy sprawled on a bed in his shorts in Room 104 of the Stockyards Inn, only a few yards from the convention hall. Enterprising Tom Winship recorded events there for *Globe* readers. They turned on the TV set, watched the balloting for vice-president in the wildest second-place brawl ever staged by the Democrats. After the first ballot showed Kefauver leading and Kennedy second, a network announcer said Senator Hubert Humphrey, a trailing candidate, was on his way to consult Kefauver.

"Well," said Kennedy, massaging his ankles, a favorite gesture. "I'd like to talk to Humphrey too."

Ted Sorensen went in search of the Minnesota Senator. Under the convention platform, he met Representative (later Senator) Eugene J. McCarthy of Minnesota, Humphrey's floor manager. Ted announced his mission.

"Not a chance," said Catholic McCarthy of Catholic Kennedy, with a wry smile. "Up in Minnesota we're Protestants and farmers." This allusion to Kennedy's two major apparent handicaps—his religion and his vote against high farm price supports—was not being made by other delegates. As the second ballot got under way, Kennedy's vote soared.

Torby Macdonald slammed into Kennedy's room. By this time the candidate was in the tub, where he often repairs for meditation and nerve replenishment. "Sam Rayburn just swung Texas to you," shouted Macdonald. Kennedy strode forth, wrapped in a towel. The TV showed Lyndon Johnson, the Senate leader, announcing that Texas voted "for that fighting sailor who wears the scars of battle, Jack Kennedy." Ted Sorensen reached over and shook Kennedy's hand. "Congratulations, Jack. That's it." Kennedy shook his head. "Wait a while," he said.

The wait brought defeat. Kennedy climbed ahead of Kefauver to 648 votes, only 38 short of the nomination. Then Senator Albert Gore withdrew from the race and threw Tennessee's 32 votes from Gore to Kefauver. Banners and state standards waved wildly. Oklahoma, Minnesota, and Missouri, in rapid order, switched from minor candidates to Kefauver. Kennedy dressed hurriedly. By the time the Virgin Islands announced candidly that it was switching to Kefauver "for the sake of expediency," Kennedy was on the platform. He asked a unanimous vote for Kefauver.

He had no regrets. He telephoned his father in Europe. "We did our best," he said. "I had fun and I didn't make a fool of myself." That night the Kennedy team had a merry dinner. Nobody was disheartened. Already telegrams were pouring in from the TV public. It was apparent that defeat had brightened a new national political star.

Today Jack Kennedy regards the feverish episode as a stroke of luck. He realizes that the miracle of television, coupled with America's traditional affection for the defeated sportsman, gave him a break that few men in politics get. Out of the hard realism with which he views himself, he fashioned his favorite opening joke at Democratic rallies. Having gained the break, he knows as a politician that it would be folly to throw it away. That is one reason he intends to fight for the 1960 Democratic presidential nomination with every weapon he has. The other reason is that he has confidence in himself and believes he could make his party a winning candidate and his nation a good President.

When a man in politics finds himself within shooting distance of the presidency, he naturally devotes considerable thought to the nature of the office. In Kennedy's ruminations on the subject, he has been struck by the tremendous scope and power of the White House. Some presidents have exercised this potential for leadership to the utmost. Others, such as President Eisenhower, have taken a narrower view of the obligations and duties of office. Kennedy believes that the more restricted view of the President as a sort of umpire has been outmoded by the rush of world events.

"A free society," he says, "is at a disadvantage in competing against an organized, monolithic state such as Russia. We prize our individualism and rightly so, but we need a cohesive force. In America that force is the presidency. The President of the United States has an obligation to develop the public's interest in our destiny to the highest level of vigor that can be sustained.

"President Eisenhower is a good man, but he has failed to recognize that it is the President and the White House office which must be the core and the catalyst of that drive."

Kennedy holds that what he regards as Eisenhower's failure is rooted in Eisenhower's lack of appetite for politics.

"Franklin Roosevelt," says Kennedy, "would phone a senator at two o'clock in the morning. No hour was too late, no chore too hard, if it helped accomplish his objective. A President must 'play politics' in the best meaning of the phrase. He must be trained for it and he must love it." In a sense, Kennedy has trained for politics, if not for the presidency, all his life.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy was born in Brookline, Mass., on May 29, 1917. His father, already a bank president on the scent of millions of dollars, was a Harvard graduate, but not yet recognized by Boston society. His mother, an Irish beauty named Rose Fitzgerald, was the daughter of John F. (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston. The Mayor, who sang "Sweet Adeline" in campaigns, believed in a "bigger, better, busier Boston." Kennedy's paternal grandfather, Patrick J. Kennedy, had operated a saloon,

run a Boston ward for the Democrats, and served in the Massachusetts Senate.

While young Jack grew, his father grew money. The elder Kennedy became a shipbuilding yard manager in World War I, joined an investment banking house, and eventually made millions from real estate, New England movies, imports of Scotch, rum, and gin, a Florida race track, and the Merchandise Mart in Chicago. Much of the empire flourished on $15,000,000 which Joe Kennedy made by selling short during the 1929 stock market crash.

He established trust funds of roughly one million dollars for each of his nine children. It has been widely printed that the purpose of these was to free the Kennedy brood from mundane labors, so it could devote itself to public service. There is no doubt that this was one of the purposes, as set out in legal language, but trusts also serve as a retreat in case of unfortunate speculation. As a plunger who might lose, Joe Kennedy did not want his offspring to suffer.

When F.D.R. and the New Deal came to Washington, Joe Kennedy followed as chairman of the new Securities and Exchange Commission, chairman of the Maritime Commission, and finally, from 1937 to 1940, as ambassador to Great Britain. At that point, Roosevelt and Kennedy split. Kennedy was cool to a third term for Roosevelt and sang an isolationist tune as our entry into World War II neared. Relations between the political families of Roosevelt and Kennedy have varied from tepid to icy ever since.

Young Jack, as one of the Kennedy clan, was incited by his father to a life of constant competition. The children competed against all comers, fostering rivalries among themselves to keep the fires stoked. No languid efforts suited the father. It had to be the old college try every day and on every project. At the dinner table, questions on politics, government, and international affairs raked the children like quills from a porcupine.

When Joe Kennedy was away, which was often, Rose Kennedy took over the reins with a gentler hand. The competition was kept alive, but not flayed onward. The combination, the children attest, was ideal: just enough combative

father to keep them alert and on the ready and just enough kindly mother to keep them from getting the shakes. Those who observe the Kennedy swarm in adult life can only conclude that the parental recipe should be patented. The total mélange is one of ardor, hard work, frolic, intellectual curiosity, and an unflagging will to achieve. Those who prefer the pallid life should shun the Kennedys. In the family "leisure" hours, if it is not word games or charades, it is beach romps, touch football, debate, or competitive painting.

Jack moved from a Boston private school to New York public schools, to Choate Preparatory School, and to Harvard. At the age of 11 he moved with the family to Bronxville, N.Y., nearer his father's Manhattan financial enterprises. Except for four years at Harvard, Kennedy's adult connection with Massachusetts has been more spiritual and political than physical. He has, in fact, lived in a good many places in the Western world.

At Harvard he was two years behind his brother, the late Joseph P., Jr. Joe was a great, healthy hunk of boy who radiated charm and the aura of the incipient political career that his grandfather, father, and he had selected for him. Jack respected and liked Joe as only one member of the Kennedy squadron can respect and like another. Joe announced that he was going to be President of the United States and no one, least of all Jack, laughed at him.

Every Sunday noon Joe and Jack journeyed from Harvard Yard to the home of their grandfather, Honey Fitz, for dinner. There they talked politics. Both boys majored in government. Together they won the Intercollegiate Sailboating championship off Cape Cod.

Jack went out for Freshman football but hurt his back. He was too light for varsity football, even the Ivy League variety of that game. He strove manfully at Junior varsity football. Turning to swimming, he made the team as a backstroker, edging out Richard Tregaskis, who later wrote *Guadalcanal Diary*. The week before a meet against Yale, Jack was laid up with the flu in Stillman Infirmary. His roommate, Torby Macdonald, sneaked him out one night to practice in the pool. "Idiot stuff," says Macdonald, look-

ing back on it. And Kennedy's flirtation with pneumonia proved useless anyway, for Tregaskis took over and swam against Yale.

Torbert Hart Macdonald, today a Democratic congressman from Massachusetts, was and is Jack Kennedy's best friend. They show up to help each other at crucial points in their careers. The mutual aid society operates with the easy intimacy known only to boyhood friends. Macdonald bristles now and then when he is tagged as Kennedy's protégé, but he does not blame Jack. "I had to live under my father's name for 30 years," Kennedy tells him. "I outgrew it and I guess you can outgrow mine." Macdonald's father earned only a modest salary as athletic director of Malden (Mass.) High School, but the disparity in their means never troubled the boys. "Jack never gave a hoot who had money and who didn't," says Macdonald. (This aloof attitude toward currency can be annoying to Kennedy's friends at times. He will suggest an expensive restaurant and then arrive, unintentionally, without pocket money.)

Jack was a fine student. For six months he left Harvard to work in his father's office in the London embassy. On a trip to Berlin, Jack heard the American chargé d'affaires predict that Germany would go to war within a week. He was asked to report it to his father. Jack did—and Germany did. For his Senior thesis, Kennedy wrote a description of England's unpreparedness for war. Arthur Krock, Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* and a friend of the family, was asked to look over the young man's theme. Krock, impressed, urged Jack to expand it into a book. Kennedy did so, under the title *Why England Slept.* It sold 85,000 copies in the United States and England. Kennedy donated the English profits to help rebuild bombed Plymouth and bought a car with the American proceeds.

"In all our bull sessions," says Macdonald, "we assumed that Jack would be a writer and that I'd be a lawyer. If anyone had said he'd become a senator from Massachusetts and that I'd be a congressman, we would have laughed him out of the room."

Jack was "punched" for Harvard's Spee Club. Spee, ac-

cording to those familiar with the social ratings of college organizations, was "high upper middle," not the top rank but very respectable. By this time, his family was approved by Boston society. With the ascension of Joe Kennedy to the Court of St. James, times had changed since the days when the newspapers referred to Joe Kennedy as Irish and, according to John Fenton of the New York *Times*, Kennedy exploded: "I was born here. My children were born here. What the hell do I have to do to be called an American?"

In the summer of Jack's graduation *cum laude* from Harvard, brother Joe made news by going to the 1940 Democratic convention and voting for James A. Farley for President instead of F.D.R. Joe reasoned that he had been pledged as a Farley delegate and should not desert the Postmaster General in time of need merely because Mr. Roosevelt wanted a third term. Joe's vote, revealed in a poll of the Massachusetts delegation, provided another chip of ice in the cool expanse which eventually divided the Kennedy and Roosevelt families.

Jack went to the London School of Economics, studying under Socialist Harold Laski as brother Joe had done before him. Jack intended to enter Yale Law School in the fall of 1941, but the looming entry of America in World War II thwarted the plan. He tried to enlist in the Army, but was rejected because of a weak back—the old football injury. He did exercises to strengthen the spine and was accepted as a Navy seaman. He applied for PT boat duty and won a commission. The prospect of scooting about the Pacific in a torpedo boat held certain fascinations and Jack persuaded Torby Macdonald to get into PT's. "Many's the night I cussed him for it in New Guinea too," recalls Macdonald. Bright and gleaming in their naval uniforms, the young men went off to war.

At 2:30 A.M. on moonless August 2, 1943, 26-year-old Lt. (j.g.) John F. Kennedy, USNR, was at the wheel of PT 109, one of 14 motor torpedo boats ordered into Blackett Strait in the Solomon Islands. Mission: to intercept Japanese naval forces trying to prevent American transports from supplying Allied bases. It was pitch black and anxiety nagged Ken-

nedy. His section had four boats. The lead craft, PT 159, was the only one with radar. It became separated, leaving the other three boats eyeless. The man in Kennedy's forward machine-gun turret yelled: "Ship at two o'clock."

Out of the ink loomed the onrushing bow of a Japanese destroyer. The "Amagiri," skippered by Commander Kohei Hanami of the Japanese Navy, bore down at 40 knots. Kennedy swung hard right to bring the torpedoes to bear, but the PT was sluggish. It was operating on only one engine to cut down noise. Hanami, who wrote to Kennedy after the war upon reading a reference to the event, did not have time to fire either. He crashed into PT 109 at top speed, just forward of the starboard torpedo tube, shearing the boat in two. Commander Hanami did not stop. He concluded the torpedo boat had sunk with all hands lost.

Actually, only two of the 13 crew members were killed. The other 11 men lived through a week of torture. Kennedy landed on his back on the deck, watching the destroyer cleave his craft only a few yards from his feet. Machinist Mate Patrick H. McMahon, the engineer, was the only man below decks. He fought his way into the water, only to be seared by flaming gasoline on the surface.

One-half of the PT remained afloat, but it took three hours to round up all hands from the water. Kennedy dived in and towed McMahon, too burned to manage, back to the boat. That alone required an hour as the wreck drifted away almost as fast as Kennedy could swim toward it. Skipper Kennedy went back into the sea for two more men.

In the morning they found themselves surrounded by islands, but only one was known to be without Japanese on it. "At 1400," says the Navy intelligence report written on August 22, 1943, "Lt. Kennedy took the badly burned McMahon in tow and set out for land, intending to lead the way and scout the island in advance of the other survivors." Kennedy, clad only in scivvies, clamped his teeth on a strap of McMahon's life jacket and swam breast stroke. The others did as best they could, some hanging to a spar and kicking it forward. The island was three miles distant. It took them five hours to make it.

It was five days before Kennedy or his men had anything solid to eat, but during those days Kennedy swam to three islands, trying to make contact with American forces. Again he towed McMahon—for three hours. Rain, chills, fever, illusions, and near madness gripped the PT crew. Once they found coconuts, but Kennedy and McMahon drank the milk too swiftly and vomited themselves faint. At another time Kennedy drifted all night, half crazed, in a current that carried him back to the point from which he had started.

On the fifth day, Kennedy made a final effort with Ensign George (Barney) Ross to swim to an island called Nauru. That took an hour. There they found a box of Japanese hardtack and candy. They also found friendly natives. On a coconut shell Kennedy scratched a message with his knife: "Eleven alive native knows posit and reefs Nauru Island Kennedy." He made the natives understand they should take it to Rendova, the PT boat base. The natives paddled off in a canoe.

On the sixth day Ross and Kennedy again almost died when they capsized in a dugout trying to make a passage from which Kennedy hoped to sight patrolling PT boats. They foundered on a reef and were cut cruelly. They were found by natives bringing word from a New Zealand infantry patrol.

"That afternoon," says the Navy intelligence report, "Kennedy, hidden under ferns in the native boat, was taken to the coastwatcher, arriving about 1600. There it was arranged that PT boats would rendezvous with him in Ferguson Passage that evening at 2230. Accordingly he was taken to the rendezvous point and finally managed to make contact with the PT's at 2315. He climbed aboard the PT and directed it to the rest of the survivors. The rescue was effected without mishap and the Rendova base was reached at 0530, August 8, seven days after the ramming of the PT 109 in Blackett Strait."

The old football back, after its second injury, began to pain Kennedy badly. He was hospitalized for four weeks on Tulagi, with malaria an added woe. Out of the hospital, he was given command of a gunboat, but the back would not

heal. They shipped him out of the war, back to Chelsea Naval Hospital at Boston. There surgeons replaced a vertebra with a metal disc. He spent a year recuperating after being decorated by the Navy and the Marine Corps for bravery.

In the summer of 1944 he left the hospital on leave to loll in the sun at his father's Cape Cod vacation home. On an August night, two Navy chaplains drove up to the house, bringing a message that made a profound change in Kennedy's life. Brother Joe, at the age of 29, had been killed on a mission over the English Channel on August 12.

Joe, too, had become a naval officer and had been sent to flight school and then into heavy patrol bombers. He served in England for a year, flying the Navy's version of the double-tailed B-24 on antisubmarine patrol. He had completed his quota of missions, but had volunteered for a secret flight. New strategy had been devised to destroy hitherto invulnerable submarine pens on the Belgian coast. The bomb-proof pens were to be assaulted from the coast at water level by flying an explosive-laden plane head-on. Under the plan a crew would fly the plane close to the pens, then parachute into the sea. Two other planes would guide the ammunition plane to the pens by radio control. Joe never got to the bail-out point. His plane, crammed with explosives, blew up in the air, cause unknown.

Joe was mourned by a host of friends in addition to the Kennedy family, but Jack and his father took the loss especially hard. The elder Kennedy had dreamed of a brilliant political career for Joe. To Jack, it seemed that part of himself had been lost.

Jack's back mended slowly. That fall he was released from the hospital. He edited a book, privately printed, called *As We Remember Joe,* a collection of tributes. For a few months he did little but read voraciously, going through six or seven books a week. He read some fiction, but chiefly tomes on government and the war. Jack, dissatisfied with his reading speed, later took a night course in company with some Bromo-Seltzer salesmen in Baltimore to accelerate his reading.

In 1945 he went to work as a newspaperman for International News Service, helping to cover such events as the formation of the United Nations at San Francisco, President Harry Truman's participation in the Potsdam conference, and other headline stories.

In the spring of 1946, a congressional election year, Kennedy took the plunge into politics. He ran for Congress from the 11th Massachusetts district, comprising Cambridge, part of Somerville, and four Boston wards, three of which were dominated by voters of Irish and Italian heritage. A legend, constantly repeated in articles about Kennedy, has become attached to this initial adventure. The elder Kennedy, it goes, was insistent that one of his sons become a ranking politician. After Joe's death, the mantle passed to Jack, the next in line. Much as Jack disliked this burden, as one writer quoted the paternal source, he accepted his father's call to duty.

Jack Kennedy does not remember it that way. "It was the other way around," he says. "We all like politics, but Joe seemed a natural to run for office. Obviously, you can't have a whole mess of Kennedys asking for votes. So when Joe was denied his chance, I wanted to run and was glad I could."

Before entering the Democratic primary against ten foes, the 29-year-old war veteran consulted his father and his grandfather, Honey Fitz. Neither gentlemen could wait for Jack to get started. Grandpa had been elected to the city council at 28 and thought 29 a wonderful age to start luring the voters. Around Jack clustered college, Navy, and family buddies, including Torby Macdonald and George Taylor, a Negro who had been a valet for brother Joe and who carried a card identifying himself as a "gentleman's gentleman."

Candidate Kennedy campaigned as a liberal Democrat on national issues, favoring the usual run of federal aid programs and benefits popularized by the New Deal. To this he added, however, a pledge to maintain integrity and virtue in public office. This was not quite as banal as it sounds. Such qualities had fallen into disrepute in the

Democratic party under the regime of James Michael Curley, mayor, governor, and congressman over almost half a century.

Kennedy's back still hurt. Sometimes he used crutches or dragged a leg when the round of political rallies ran late. He rented a bachelor's apartment at 122 Bowdoin Street, which still serves as his Boston address and headquarters. He also opened a two-room suite a few doors down the hall from his grandfather's quarters at the Hotel Bellevue. And when the votes were counted, Jack Kennedy's name led all the rest. Old Honey Fitz danced a jig on a table top and sang "Sweet Adeline" at the victory celebration. With the primary won, the November election presented no obstacle. The 11th Massachusetts was and is a Democratic district.

One of the many youthful amateurs assisting in the campaign was Ted Reardon, brother Joe's roommate for three years at Harvard. Kennedy asked him to go to Washington as his assistant.

"But Jack," protested Reardon, "I don't know anything about Washington."

"Neither do I," replied Kennedy. "We'll learn."

Mr. Reardon went to Washington. He is still there as administrative assistant to Senator Kennedy.

The young Congressman's record was for the most part that of an unspectacular northern Democrat. With few exceptions his votes represented the kind of liberalism with which neither President Truman nor the House Democratic leaders could quarrel. On most House roll calls, only a Harvard accent, a handsome face, and a slightly bookish air distinguished him from scores of Democrats from the big city machines of the north.

He had flashes of independence, however, that annoyed his elders. A petition confronted him during his freshman year in the House. It urged President Truman to bestow clemency on Mayor Curley of Boston. Curley had been confined to the Danbury, Conn., federal prison for 6 to 18 months upon conviction of mail fraud in war contracts. Hardly had the cell doors clanged shut than Massachusetts Democrats moved to release him. House Democratic Leader

McCormack sponsored the petition, and every Massachusetts Democratic congressman signed it except Kennedy. McCormack fumed. There began a feud that has lasted, with varying degrees of surface politeness, to this day. President Truman sided against Kennedy. He commuted Curley's sentence to the five months served and the Mayor strode to freedom, relieved of the hardships connected with running a big city from a jail.

For a year young veteran Kennedy engaged in a running fight with the leadership of the American Legion. He considered the leaders too conservative and criticized them for failing to support an effective postwar housing bill.

One day he took the House floor against an oversized veterans pension bill supported by the Legion. "The leadership of the American Legion hasn't had a constructive thought since 1918," he declared. Such heresy against the elite of the supposedly all-powerful veterans lobbies appalled many of his fellow congressmen. In fact, it even worried Kennedy. He had spoken his mind, but the belief—since proved a myth—was strong that a politician could not buck the veterans groups and survive.

"Well, Ted," he said to Reardon, as he walked back to his office, "we're gone."

Faced with the sudden specter of unemployment, Reardon demanded details. Kennedy was a bit uncertain whether he had accused the Legion "leadership" or the Legion itself of being bereft of ideas. Reardon checked the transcript and was relieved to find "leadership" in it. The storm broke as expected, but eventually blew over. Some Massachusetts veterans groups even applauded faintly.

Northern Democrats fought the Taft-Hartley Law of 1947, which labor leaders loved to decry as a "slave labor" bill. Although Kennedy voted against the measure, he was unimpressed by this clanking of chains. He wrote a separate minority report from the labor committee which foreshadowed his activity on the Senate committee investigating Teamsters Union hoodlums a decade later.

"If repressive and vindictive labor legislation is enacted at the behest of management," he wrote, "a tide of left-wing

reaction will develop which may well destroy our existing business system. At the same time, if labor continues to insist on special privileges and unfair advantage in its relations with management, I have grave doubts as to the future of the trade union movement."

Kennedy still suffered attacks of malaria during this period and his face had a slightly yellowish cast. His back bothered him too, but he declined to curb the strenuous life in which all Kennedys revel. He sailed, swam, and played touch football. He read the intellectual fare of the day as well as the legislative reports, sprawled in a chair or jackknifed with one leg thrown over the arm. Kennedy never merely sits in a chair; he bivouacs in it.

As a bachelor congressman, Kennedy did little roistering. Part of the time he lived with his sister, Eunice, before her marriage to Sargent Shriver, and part of the time he shared his brother Bob's Georgetown house. Bob, then a Justice Department agent, used the house on weekends, Jack during the week.

Kennedy never drank much. He fiddles with cocktails and wine as though they were not quite real. His smoking is confined to an after-dinner cigar. But this lack of affinity for alcohol and nicotine did not interfere with evenings out. He attended the Washington politico-social parties and squired a few girls.

As an extra man he was a hostess's dream, 160 pounds, six feet tall, with aggressive hair that started out well combed and ended looking boyishly rumpled, gray-green eyes, lean, hard, full of egghead conversation and blithe spirits. Things were very far from serious, however, until 1951, and even then the change was certainly not precipitous. The young lady was Jacqueline Lee Bouvier, daughter of John V. Bouvier, III, a Manhattan man of finance. She lived in a Virginia mansion with her mother and stepfather, the Hugh D. Auchinclosses. Kennedy met her at a dinner party in June. She was 22, dark, slim, beautiful—and an Inquiring Photographer for the now defunct Washington *Times-Herald.* Kennedy leaned across the dinner table and asked her for a date.

She was not without money, but Kennedy's own trust fund insulated him. He loved Miss Bouvier for herself alone. They had much in common. They both read books and she sketched. Their school backgrounds made them intellectual equals—she had taken a year at the Sorbonne. They were both Catholics. They sealed their mutual interest by exchanging favorite novels.

The courtship was episodic. Kennedy had determined to become a senator from Massachusetts. For two years he had been a member of the House of Representatives "Tuesday–Thursday Club." To accommodate members who have business elsewhere, most key House votes are cast on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. On the other four days of the week the congressmen from the eastern seaboard scatter to other pursuits, chiefly political. Kennedy flew to Massachusetts on almost every one of these long weekends. Pausing but briefly in his own district, he toured the state, orating in hamlets, cities, parks, and arenas.

Jacqueline saw him only about one night a week during this period. Then, when the campaign of 1952 began, she saw him even less. Their love persisted, however, and Jack and Jackie, as she is now called, were married at the Newport, R.I., summer home of the Auchinclosses, on September 12, 1953. She was 24 and he was 36. Archbishop (later Cardinal) Richard J. Cushing performed the marriage mass at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church. Two thousand people showed up for the ceremony and all agreed the wedding festivities cost enough to start a fair-sized country bank. Jacqueline was promptly initiated into the Kennedy clan. While still a bride she broke her ankle—playing touch football.

Jacqueline lost a baby in 1956, but now the Jack Kennedys have a two-year-old daughter, Caroline. She is blue-eyed and blonde and will someday be the toast of the stag line. Apparently it is illegal for a Kennedy offspring to start life with a plain face.

Jackie travels with her husband on some political tours, sketching amusing incidents. She got into the political routine quickly. Interviewed on the TV show, "Home," she

contended that she occasionally pressed her husband's pants. This must have been a campaign chore, for at home a maid, houseboy, cook, and nursemaid would seem to provide ample manpower to smooth out pants wrinkles.

When the balance of Kennedy's presidential assets and liabilities is struck, it is uncertain in which column Jacqueline belongs. She is an obvious asset to the eyes and well-being of her husband, but an old political maxim says that the candidate's wife should not be too young or too attractive. Women tend to be jealous of both. A kind of middle-aged neutrality is preferred. Whether or not this is true, if Kennedy is elected President the First Lady will be 31 when she enters the White House and possessed of a supple grace and beauty. Admirers wager she will be able to go a full two terms without dieting.

The Kennedys now live in a narrow, three-story brick house, which is adorned with doorway carriage lamps, trademark of Washington's Georgetown area. They also have a summer home next to his father's Cape Cod property. With the rest of the family, they can use an apartment suite in New York or father's Palm Beach residence. Jack's Boston apartment is strictly old-shoe stuff.

The Senator's capital, with that of the rest of the family, is handled through an office at 230 Park Avenue, New York City. Auditing, investments, and tax returns are supervised. Kennedy gets the annual income, estimated at between $50,000 and $75,000 a year. In addition he has his $22,500 Senate salary. Kennedy, with other members of the family, gives liberally to the Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., Foundation. Through it they have donated almost $6,000,000 to welfare work, chiefly for Catholic charities.

Long before he met Jacqueline in 1951, Kennedy had eyed the Senate seat occupied by the Boston patrician, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., grandson of a famous senator of the same name. Lodge and Kennedy resembled each other in several ways. Lodge was handsome, wealthy, and a member of a Boston family with a political tradition. He also had worked briefly as a newspaperman. There were two

chief differences. Lodge was a Republican, Kennedy a Democrat. The Kennedys might be of Boston society; the Lodges were Boston society.

Kennedy did not hold with the prevalent theory that Lodge was invincible for re-election in 1952. The Republican Senator was busily engaged in late 1951 and the early 1952 in coaxing a not unwilling Dwight D. Eisenhower into a convention fight against Senator Robert A. Taft. By this time Kennedy had tilled the Massachusetts voter soil for many months. When the campaign year opened, Kennedy had spoken in about 300 cities and towns and knew thousands of people by their first names. He was nominated with ease by the Democrats and launched his campaign for the Senate in May, 1952. His brother Bob, then only 27, took over as manager. Torby Macdonald headed the labor division.

The entire Kennedy family pitched in with its usual high-spirited energy. There had been nine children originally, but two had been killed, Joe and Kathleen, the Marquess of Hartington, who died in a plane crash in 1948. The remaining seven bustled about Kennedy headquarters. The four sisters organized Kennedy-for-Senator teas, and finally 40 women created a cup-and-saucer network across the state. On the surface the teas were delightfully informal affairs, but the name of each woman who attended went into the campaign log book. Several days later she received a letter, urging her to get 10 more votes for Kennedy.

His nominating petitions contained 140,000 signatures. Each of the signers was asked by letter to supply the names of 10 other people and these in turn were written to. At its peak the Kennedy campaign boasted eight paid workers and 45,000 volunteers. Letter-writing, telephones, advertising, and TV-radio time ran up a huge bill. Six Kennedy committees reported spending $350,000 in the campaign, but the total cost far exceeded that.

One financial aspect of the campaign, revealed six years later before a House investigating committee, caused a flurry of gossip in the political community. John Fox, owner of the Boston *Post* (now defunct), had supported Lodge,

but then switched editorial backing to Kennedy. He testified in 1958 that he felt Lodge "had been soft on Communism" and that he made the switch "without any knowledge of anybody in the Kennedy family." Fox said that the night after the endorsement, Joe Kennedy called on him. Later, after the election, Kennedy loaned Fox $500,000.

Joseph P. Kennedy's New York office issued a statement on June 27, 1958, declaring that no loan was discussed before the endorsement. "The loan, as mentioned," said the statement, "was made after the election as a purely commercial transaction—for sixty days, with full collateral, at full interest, and was fully repaid on time—and was simply one of many commercial transactions in which this office has participated."

Coming back from the Republican convention, where he had helped nominate Eisenhower, Lodge found himself in trouble. Kennedy fever was mounting, fed by thousands of gallons of tea and miles of 3-cent stamps. In addition to the big Democratic vote in Boston, Kennedy had the backing of organized labor and was proving less than repugnant to old-line Republicans. Lodge leaped to the ramparts, but it was too late. In the last weeks, even Mrs. Rose Kennedy came home from Europe and campaigned by limousine for son Jack.

The issues were not exactly earth-shaking. Lodge accused Kennedy of absenteeism from the House. Kennedy accused Lodge of absenteeism from the Senate. Both charges were true. Kennedy had been home campaigning for Kennedy, and Lodge had been off campaigning for Eisenhower. Kennedy also pledged to do more for Massachusetts. Lodge retorted he would do most for Massachusetts.

Both candidates carefully avoided mention of the late Republican Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin, whose loose and sensational accusations of Communist infiltration in government had stirred the country into ugly turmoil. McCarthyism was rampant in Massachusetts, with a particularly strong hold on Catholic voters. It is probable that if either candidate had taken a bold stand against McCarthy, he would have been overwhelmingly defeated.

Some may dispute this assessment, but the fact is that neither Lodge nor Kennedy spoke out against McCarthy, although neither man could stomach his methods.

Republican Eisenhower swept Massachusetts by 210,000 votes, but Kennedy breasted the Eisenhower tide and defeated Lodge by 70,000 votes, or about one vote per gallon of tea consumed by Jack's female followers. Democratic politicians around the country, noting the results, tagged Kennedy as a comer.

Jack Kennedy entered the Senate at the age of 35, just old enough to qualify for the presidency under the Constitution, but about as far from the White House as any other freshman senator. The prospect was, indeed, so remote that Kennedy never gave it more than a fleeting thought. Unlike Brother Joe, he had never vowed as a boy to be President.

The Democrats hired Bob Kennedy as minority counsel of the Senate Permanent Investigating Committee, then run by Senator McCarthy in a pyrotechnical style unseen before or since. In no time at all, Bob was at loggerheads with Roy Cohn, McCarthy's ebullient and arrogant young counsel. The younger Kennedy was less distressed by the abuse of witnesses than he was by the sheer incompetency of the performance.

"Under McCarthy and Cohn the committee paid no attention to facts," says Bob Kennedy, "and less to evidence. I told McCarthy one afternoon that if he kept on like that, he would be buried politically and he was."

Bob Kennedy quit the committee. Threatening and defamatory letters descended on him from McCarthy fanatics. Meanwhile, Jack Kennedy was having his own troubles with McCarthy. He supported Dr. James Conant for ambassador to West Germany and Charles Bohlen as ambassador to Russia while both men were under attack from McCarthy. He voted against two McCarthy friends, Robert E. Lee for the Federal Communications Commission and Scott McLeod as ambassador to Ireland. The first vote enraged McCarthy and he never talked to Kennedy again.

Kennedy, however, never took the Senate floor, as some senators did, to denounce McCarthy. At this lack of positive

opposition to McCarthy, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt voices dismay. She will have no part of Kennedy for President. The widow of the four-term President says that White House decisions should not be in the hands of "someone who understands what courage is and admires it, but has not quite the independence to have it."

Kennedy's opponents are happy to find that, for them, the Old Testament wish that "mine adversary had written a book" has been granted. His *Profiles in Courage* ran on the best seller lists throughout 1956. Having judged courage, he now is judged by courage. Kennedy supporters complain that Mrs. Roosevelt weighs him on scales she does not apply to his rivals. Although their logic may be valid, it will find few listeners. One can only say that by writing the book, Kennedy asked for it. Public curiosity about his own political courage will dog him all the days of his life.

There is far more to the Roosevelt-Kennedy quarrel than the dispute over the late Senator McCarthy. The feud approaches the epic, with roots in the old wrangle between F.D.R. and Joe Kennedy, Sr. In December, 1958, Mrs. Roosevelt charged on a TV program that Senator Kennedy's father, informers had told her, "has been spending oodles of money all over the country" to gain the presidency for Jack "and probably has a paid representative in every state by now." A swift but icicle-hung correspondence ensued between Kennedy and Mrs. Roosevelt. On December 11 he asked her to name a single paid representative in a single state. On December 18 she replied that she had heard his father quoted as saying that he would spend any amount to make his son "the first Catholic President" and that such preparations were common knowledge. On December 29 Kennedy replied that allegations were not facts and that she was guilty of spreading unsupported rumors. On January 6, 1959, Mrs. Roosevelt quoted this letter in her newspaper column. On January 10 Kennedy retorted that giving space to a denial did not constitute a commitment by herself as to the truth or falseness of the accusation. On January 20 Mrs. Roosevelt replied that she had heard the charges from casual people in casual conversation and that

anyway her opposition to him was not based on them. On January 22, in a frigidly polite letter, Kennedy said, in effect, "Let's drop it."

Mrs. Roosevelt once stated flatly that she was not opposed to Kennedy because he was a Catholic. At any rate, Mrs. Roosevelt will not vote for Kennedy at the 1960 convention, nor will those who follow her advice.

*Profiles in Courage* was written at the home of Kennedy's father in Palm Beach, Fla., where the Senator was recuperating from second and third operations on his spine. The pain had become unbearable in 1954. He went from doctor to doctor, to become convinced that only major surgery could halt the suffering. He also learned that the chances of success were at best 50-50. Faced with a choice between the risk to life and the pain, Kennedy gladly took the risk.

He entered the Hospital for Special Surgery in Manhattan in the fall of 1954. A double fusion of spinal discs was performed. Just before Christmas, bundled in blankets on a stretcher, he was flown to Florida. He seemed to improve, but in February the pain reappeared. Back he went to the hospital, this time for a bone graft. More recuperation in Florida. At last he returned to the Senate on May 23, 1955.

The back now appears to be healed. At least it has given him no trouble for almost four years. Recently he discarded a protective corset he had been forced to wear, but he still sleeps on a board to brace his back.

During Kennedy's seven-month absence from the Senate, that body voted to censure Senator McCarthy. Kennedy did not vote on the issue. For months he declined to say how he would have voted. In 1956, on a TV panel show, after much parrying of reporters' questions, Kennedy finally said that he believed the Senate's decision on McCarthy was "reasonable." Later he said he would have voted for it. A compilation by his office staff of his attitudes and moves on the issue states: "When the censure first came to the floor in the summer of 1954, Kennedy was prepared to vote for it and had a speech ready outlining his reasons. When it was referred to a special committee, he hoped the

report would be made and final action taken before his scheduled back operation."

Kennedy's Senate record has been heavily "liberal" as that word is interpreted by northern Democrats. He voted "right" on 15 of 16 votes regarded as key issues by the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education. He was not recorded on the sixteenth vote. In contrast, Senator Leverett Saltonstall, his Massachusetts Republican colleague, was reported as voting "right" only three times and "wrong" 11 times on organized labor's report card. In labor's key issues from 1947 to 1956, Kennedy voted right 10 times, wrong once. Saltonstall, to continue the comparison, voted "right" only three times and "wrong" 16.

This would seem to indicate that Kennedy is labor's boy. Such is not the case. With the labor leaders, it's all or nothing, and Kennedy has played a prominent role on the McClellan labor rackets investigating committee which flushed an unending series of arrogant hoodlums from the Teamsters Union. Kennedy also insisted on exposing businessmen who connived with labor racketeers, but this does not appease some labor leaders.

The rackets investigation gave Washington its big Kennedy brother act, with tousle-haired Bob impaling such labor barons as Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa on his persistent questions and Jack coming to his aid with exploratory leads. Senator Kennedy could have ducked service on the committee. Two other Democrats, Senators Henry M. Jackson (Wash.) and Stuart Symington (Mo.) passed up an opportunity to be members.

When Kennedy offered a labor reform bill in 1958, AFL-CIO President George Meany was hostile, expressing the hope that labor might be delivered from its friends. A Massachusetts labor organ asked editorially, "Who are labor's friends?" When Kennedy offered his bill again in 1959, the union leaders were kinder. It behooved them to be, for the Eisenhower administration was urging a tougher bill. Kennedy found himself being criticized by the Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers as too lenient toward labor while being eyed with suspicion

by labor itself. If Kennedy gets more than a handful of labor delegates at the 1960 convention, it will be a surprise.

There have been notable exceptions to Kennedy's customary votes with northern Democrats. He left his party in 1956 on the farm issue, opposing high price supports. The move helped to lose him the vice-presidential nomination at Chicago. Two years later, in a speech in Des Moines, Iowa, he recanted. He said he had been "led down the primrose path" by Agriculture Secretary Ezra T. Benson. Foes said he reversed his field for the sake of political advantage. Kennedy, however, maintained that neither party has solved the burden of mounting surpluses and that both must seek new approaches. He suggests production payments, or the so-called "modified Brannan plan," as one possible avenue.

On the civil-rights bill of 1957, giving the nation its first new racial legislation since reconstruction days, Kennedy voted twice with the South and once with the North. He voted with the South to send the proposal to the Senate Judiciary Commitee, dominated by Chairman James O. Eastland of Mississippi, archfoe of civil-rights measures. Then he voted with the North in favor of Section III, which would have given the Attorney General wide power on the racial front. Finally, he voted with Dixie for a provision requiring jury trials in criminal contempt cases. Kennedy said that each vote was based on his best judgment. Skeptics believed he had an eye on both Yankee and Dixie delegations to the 1960 convention.

That fall, however, he went to the heart of the southland to speak up for the detested Supreme Court. Due to orate in Jackson, Miss., he arrived in town to be faced with a challenge by the Republican state chairman that he declare himself on the integration issue.

"I have no hesitancy," he told his white audience that night, "in telling the Republican chairman the same thing I said in my own city of Boston, that I accept the Supreme Court decision as the supreme law of the land. I know that we do not all agree on that issue, but I think most of us do

agree on the necessity to uphold law and order in every part of the land."

A hush followed this utterance. Then Kennedy attacked: "And now I challenge the Republican chairman to tell where he stands on Eisenhower and Nixon." The young Democrats gave a roar of approval.

Kennedy created a minor foreign policy sensation in 1957 by a Senate speech which called on the U. S. government to use its good offices to work toward independence for Algeria and halt its support of French repressive measures in the lengthy North African conflict. French leaders lashed back angrily. The American press was divided. Some newspapers took him to task as a meddler, others praised his courage. His father, who disagrees with Jack on most foreign policy questions, called from Europe to tell him he was right. Luckily, Kennedy did not have to refashion the map of North Africa himself. Charles de Gaulle, returning to power with some ideas of his own, took him off the hook.

He had voiced a similar attitude toward Indochina four years earlier. He went to Indochina after briefing himself thoroughly. Jacqueline, who reads and speaks French, translated French documents for him. He called for the independence of Indochina and an end to French colonialism there. The loss of half the area to Communism only confirmed his belief. Kennedy thinks that America has been seduced from its historic attitude of anticolonialism by a policy of expediency that will prove harmful in the long run. Some experts dismiss this as naive in the face of Communist strategy, but Kennedy holds that the jury of history is still out.

It seems that most senators manage to equip their careers with a "gimmick," which reaps a harvest of publicity without brushing the thorny issues of pocketbook or survival. Kennedy's gimmick was chairmanship of a committee to pick the five outstanding senators of all time. Historians, states, and newspapers dived into a lively dispute. Under the rules, the five senators had to be dead. This only increased the excitement, since none of them could talk back if maligned by the disputants. After much fanfare, which

firmly associated Kennedy with historical good works, the committee decided on Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Robert M. LaFollette, and Robert A. Taft.

Kennedy, however, has solid legislative achievements to his credit in addition to his labor reform program. He sponsored an aid bill for India, fought to employ American economic aid to drive a wedge between Russia and its satellites, helped write a measure to revise the nation's accounting practices, sought to expand unemployment compensation and increase minimum wages. Some of his major Senate speeches have been significant, including one in August, 1958, in which he warned that Russian advances in missile production were shifting the world balance of power toward the Communists.

A peculiar fact about Kennedy as a presidential candidate stands out. The very qualities, characteristics, and circumstances that attract national attention, and thus must be regarded as assets, are at the same time liabilities. People like his youth, freshness, and good looks, but are not sure they want that much youth, freshness, and good looks in the White House. Thousands read his *Profiles in Courage,* but its chapters subject him to closer scrutiny on that score than any of his rivals. Senate Leader Johnson once repeated a current joke which questioned whether Kennedy had more profile than courage. Yet no one, for example, measures Johnson's record by courage. He is judged by other criteria of leadership. In yet another area, people love to read about Kennedy's wealth and family, but at the same time critics contend that he has too much inherited money and too much father.

Nothing symbolizes this delicate balance of asset and liability so well as Kennedy's religion. The fact of his Catholicism has brought him reams of newspaper and magazine copy that would not have mentioned him had he been a "devout" Protestant. The idea of a Catholic as a presidential candidate is interesting because the last and only one ever nominated by a major party, Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York, lost by a wide margin to Herbert Hoover in 1928. That there are patches of anti-Catholicism

in the country, no one questions. If nominated, Kennedy certainly would lose votes because he is a Catholic. But statistics of recent elections also indicate that he would gain from Catholics, Jews, and others restive because of long Protestant monopoly of the White House.

The 1958 election carried seven Catholic Democrats into governorships, two of them for the second time. Eight Catholic Democrats, four of them freshmen, were elected to the Senate. The big states of California, Pennsylvania, and Ohio have Catholic governors. Kennedy himself amassed a towering 869,000-vote majority in his election to a second Senate term. This was the largest ever gained by any candidate for any office in the history of Massachusetts. Although the state has a high percentage of Catholics, Kennedy got 90 per cent of the vote in a Boston Jewish ward, 85 per cent in a sample Negro ward, 60 per cent in a farm area, and 52 per cent in the Protestant, Republican town of Needham.

Anti-Catholic feeling is supposed to run strongest in the South and Midwest, but Kennedy in 1956 drew support from southern delegations for vice-president. As for the Midwest, Senator Eugene J. McCarthy, a Catholic, beat an incumbent Lutheran senator in Minnesota last fall. In Iowa, a poll of county Democratic chairmen in 1958 showed more of them (33) favoring Kennedy for President than any other candidate. If a Catholic were a sure bet to lose Iowa, few county chairmen would be for him.

Debaters who wish to argue that the Catholic hierarchy controls Catholic politicians find Kennedy a poor example. He attended non-Catholic schools from primary grades through college. He favored aid to Yugoslavia and Red satellite countries and backed Dr. Conant's ambassadorial appointment, all of which were opposed by Catholic organizations or members of the hierarchy. Kennedy has spoken out in flat opposition to federal aid to parochial schools. That such aid is unconstitutional he believes quite obvious from various court decisions.

Nevertheless, Kennedy faces obstacles. Some Protestants will demand that he amplify his views on separation of

Church and State. He long ago decided to do so. He plans a full statement of his beliefs. His words may convince many Protestant doubters, but others either will not believe him or will choose to oppose him on religious grounds anyway. As for statistics indicating that a Catholic would run as well or better for the presidency, some Democratic leaders at the 1960 convention will remain unswayed. They will argue simply that it would be foolhardy to take on a candidate who has one more thing about him to be explained.

Thanks in part to the Catholic question, Kennedy knows that he must battle for the nomination next summer. He discussed the outlook one day as he sat in his office—where autographed pictures, so dear to politicians, vie for wall space with a mounted sailfish he caught off Acapulco in 1953. Nervous energy kept his body in constant motion. He chewed on a prong of his spectacles, frequently whipped out his shirttail to wipe off the lenses. During the talk, a New York *Times* reporter called about his labor bill, Mike Wallace called about a TV appearance, and a big county chairman telephoned to discuss convention delegates.

"The nomination won't be handed to anybody," said Kennedy. "I may not win, but if I'm beaten, the winner will know that he's been through the fight of his life."

Once having decided, Kennedy is not an easy man to shake. Behind the glamor of the All-American Boy façade, there is steel in Kennedy's character. It is more than Irish stubbornness. It is a will to win that has been honed on rivalry since he was old enough to wrestle his brother Joe.

His ventures in Massachusetts politics, carrying him to undisputed state leadership of the party, prove the point. United States senators seldom control state organizations. Senator Humphrey, top dog of Minnesota's Democratic-Farmer-Labor party, is an exception. In the vast majority of states the state leader is the governor, a big city boss, or the state chairman. When Kennedy went to the Senate, he had neither the intention nor the desire to play a leading role in the state party. Events shaped another course.

In 1954 Representative Foster Furcolo ran against Republican Senator Leverett Saltonstall for Saltonstall's Senate

seat. Kennedy and Saltonstall were close friends despite their party labels. They worked closely together on state problems. And, since Furcolo had not supported him in 1952, Kennedy had little enthusiasm for a battle in Furcolo's behalf. In addition, he was about to enter the hospital for his back operation. Nevertheless, as a Democrat, he agreed to make a pre-hospital TV campaign appearance with Furcolo at which he would endorse the Democratic ticket. On the afternoon of October 7 he met with Furcolo. They reached agreement on the text of Kennedy's speech that night. It included a brief but definite endorsement of Furcolo. Kennedy arrived at the TV studio 90 minutes before camera time, according to the schedule, to go over the show once more. Kennedy was on crutches and in considerable pain. The minutes passed. Furcolo did not appear. Fifteen minutes before show time Furcolo bustled in, equipped with a new draft of a statement he wanted Kennedy to make. Praise for Furcolo was considerably more generous than in the original text. Kennedy blew up.

"You've got a hell of a gall, Foster," he barked, "to come in here at the last minute and hand me a thing like that."

The studio atmosphere was icy until the telecast began. Kennedy endorsed the Democratic slate, but pointedly refrained from mentioning Furcolo by name. Newspapers bannered the insult. In November Furcolo lost to Saltonstall.

In 1956 Kennedy decided that the Massachusetts delegation to the national convention should back Adlai Stevenson. The ruling powers of the party had other ideas. They ran House Democratic Leader McCormack for "favorite son," thus leaving the state free to maneuver against Stevenson at the convention. The state organization was dominated by McCormack, State Chairman William H. Burke, Jr., and former Mayor Curley, and their write-in campaign for McCormack won handily in the April presidential primary. Stevenson forces were trounced. Then Burke went too far. He declared that Stevenson supporters would do better at Princeton University, listening to a lecture by Alger Hiss. This allusion to Hiss, who had served a prison term for

perjury in connection with charges that he had transmitted State Department documents to the Communists, had the oblique effect of tarring Kennedy as a Communist sympathizer at best or a traitor at worst.

Kennedy decided to fight. Eighty state committeemen had been elected. They would meet in Boston on May 19 to elect a chairman. It was a foregone conclusion that they would re-elect Burke as state chairman, the same Burke who had presided over the 1940 Massachusetts delegation when young Joe Kennedy had voted for Jim Farley over Burke's opposition.

Kennedy declared that Burke was unfit to hold the party reins and that he would battle to oust him. McCormack rallied to Burke's side, although Kennedy was careful to say that he had no quarrel with McCormack. This fooled nobody. A Kennedy victory in ousting Burke would be a McCormack defeat.

The Senator toured the state, visiting each of the 80 committeemen. Such an approach was unprecedented. Kennedy went to homes and places of business, had talks ranging from a few minutes to several hours. Former Governor Paul Dever lined up with Kennedy. Others rallied to him, including Americans for Democratic Action, State Senate Democratic Leader John Powers, Congressman Edward P. Boland, and Torby Macdonald.

The Kennedy-Dever combine put up John M. Lynch, former mayor of Somerville, for state chairman against Burke. The three-hour meeting of decision was rowdy and the air heavy with invective. When the votes were counted, Lynch won, 47 to 31. The Massachusetts Democratic party had a new leader—John F. Kennedy.

His leadership has its humorous facets. In his 1958 campaign, old party foes bent over backward to be nice to him, knowing that he was about to roll up a huge majority under any circumstances. A Columbus Day celebration in the Italian section of Boston was to feature as speakers both Kennedy and Furcolo. Father Joe Kennedy, active at headquarters, drove early along the parade route. He noted an abundance of Furcolo signs and a paucity of Kennedy plac-

ards. He telephoned Furcolo and demanded the ratio be equalized. Furcolo's men promptly plastered the route with Jack's picture. A few minutes later Senator Kennedy crossed the area by car. He called Furcolo.

"It looks like a barber pole down there," he complained. "I don't want all those Kennedy signs. It's ridiculous." Furcolo happily explained that Joe Kennedy ordered them. "I'm running my campaign," said Jack, "not my father." The signs came down. Such is politics in a big city—and a big family.

Late in 1958 McCormack and Furcolo probed tentatively in another test of Kennedy strength. They decided to install Theodore (Ted) Glynn as the state's Democratic national committeeman. Kennedy was already backing Boston Mayor John B. Hynes. Since it was found that Kennedy had the votes, the issue never broke into the open. Hynes is the national committeeman.

All of these interparty skirmishes and battles have drawn Kennedy's political antennae to a fine point. It is not enough in the game of politics to be ready and able to fight. One must anticipate, plan, maneuver, always stay one step ahead of potential foes. "Never look behind," as Pitcher Satchel Paige once advised. "Somebody might be gaining on you." Kennedy's political success is based on two foundations—shrewd planning and votes.

Of these, votes are primary. Obviously, he never could have assumed control of the party in his state if he were not popular with the voters. Once he flags badly, old rivals will be at his throat like a wolf pack, eager to bring him down and even old scores. Today his foes respect his big majorities, the magic of his name. So impressive is the impact of the Kennedy name that a certain John F. Kennedy, one-time worker in a razor-blade factory and no kin of Senator Kennedy, has won three terms as state treasurer.

Kennedy's gamble for the Democratic presidential nomination follows his pattern in Massachusetts. He has toured the nation for three years, spoken in every state. He knows the first name of every man with even a remote chance of leading a delegation to the convention. Once the delegates

are selected, Kennedy will try to meet each one personally, if possible. He will enter some primaries and avoid others where a Kennedy victory might embarrass a probable favorite son. The strategy of a nomination battle calls for the utmost in subtle persuasion combined with the boldest of vote thrusts.

"Nobody will win this nomination," says Brother Bob Kennedy, "who sits in a big easy chair and waits for lightning to strike. This is a fighting year and Jack's the best fighter in the party."

In effect Senator Kennedy has whispered to himself, "Go!" The fight will be long and hectic. John Fitzgerald Kennedy is determined to become the next President of the United States. He is a very difficult man to dissuade.

# 7

# "UNEASY POLITICIAN"

## Adlai E. Stevenson

MARY MCGRORY

Not even his most adhesive admirers claim that Adlai Stevenson is a great candidate. They insist, nonetheless, that he would make a great President.

Inside the White House, their argument goes, reassured by victory, buoyed up by popular support, freed from the distasteful necessity of selling himself, he would come into his own. In the sanctuary of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, his compulsive handwringing would be hidden from view; only the final decisions would be visible. Free to exercise his talents for administration, negotiation, and original thought, he would become, they say, a notable Chief Executive.

The Stevensonians are a little like a mother with a marriageable daughter who can cook and sew and be kind, but who cannot master those little gambits of courtship that lead to the triumphant strains from Lohengrin. That mother's best hope is probably an arranged marriage. The political processes of a democracy do not allow for such a

sensible solution. So all the Stevenson people can look forward to is a deadlock at the Los Angeles convention, and—should their hero emerge victorious—some kind of miracle on the campaign trail.

Two landslide defeats at the polls should, by all standards, have wiped Stevenson off the political landscape. This is not the case at all, however. So durable have his personality and his ideas proved that instead of being a has-been, Stevenson is a palpable presence, against whose stature all hopefuls must measure their own.

Curiously enough, there is comparatively little argument about Stevenson's capabilities as an officeholder. The oft-heard charge of "indecisiveness" comes not from his governorship of Illinois; it comes out of his two losing campaigns for the presidency. The soundness, indeed the brilliance, of his administration in Springfield has not been seriously challenged. And his conduct in the awkward and ambiguous role of titular head of the Democratic party between engagements as its standard-bearer has established him as a man with a sense of honor as well as a sense of humor. Even those who say "never again" with the most fervor do not deny his eloquence, his high-mindedness, or his often prophetic knowledge of our troubled times.

Stevenson's critics close in on the manner rather than the man, on his "failure to communicate," his air of condescension, his "witticisms"—on his performance, in short, as a politician. To call Stevenson a politician at all is merely to indicate broadly his quondam occupation. Few men have made such a point of being nonpolitical, or, for that matter, nonpolitic. At a gathering in Louisville in 1952, he called himself "an uneasy politician," and who will quarrel with the description? Even in the hurly-burly of the rally, Stevenson is much more the gentleman than the candidate. "So good of you to come," he will murmur to some perspiring, lapel-grasping ward committeeman at the height of the din.

Adlai Ewing Stevenson, age 59, came to politics late in life and started at the top. The heir of a distinguished Illinois political family, he was a moderately successful lawyer who had done several tours of duty with the United Nations

for the State Department. In 1948, at the age of 48, hankering for a seat in the Senate, he was persuaded to run for governor. A correct suburbanite, he was not considered an especially promising candidate. His first political patron, Colonel Jacob M. Arvey, boss of the Cook County Democratic machine, says he bet on him, but admits he did not bet much. But the man in the Brooks Brothers suit, speaking in the accents of the Ivy League, did formidable battle against the incumbent, Dwight M. Green, and the scandal-ridden Republican machine. He came home with the heaviest plurality in the history of Illinois, 572,000 votes.

In the state capitol, he displayed a marked gift for luring first-class men into public service. He presided over a reform administration that was so distinguished that by 1952 he had become, willy-nilly, a focus of presidential speculation. On January 20 of that year, President Harry S. Truman summoned him to the White House and offered him the Democratic nomination. Stevenson, he reports, was "flabbergasted." He declined. But his subsequent public appearances and graceful speeches brought him inevitably closer to the prize he seemed to dread. He kept insisting that he was not a candidate—that he wanted to run again in Illinois. But, on the grounds that it would appear "presumptuous," he never said he would refuse a draft. He threatened, laughingly, to shoot himself if that happened. Finally, in July of 1952 in Chicago, through forces set in motion by a coalition of amateurs and professionals obviously not doing his bidding, he was nominated. Groaning audibly every step of the way, he came to the platform and made the finest political speech heard in this country since the time of Woodrow Wilson.

Pitted against Dwight D. Eisenhower, another reluctant candidate but one who had the advantage of being a world-famous hero, Stevenson lost in November by over six million votes. Four years later, having been convinced that he must eagerly seek what he had once spurned, he conducted a strenuous primary campaign and won the Democratic nomination. Again his opponent was Eisenhower, who this time

had the added advantage of incumbency. The final count in 1956 was 35.5 million votes for Eisenhower, 26 million for Stevenson.

These overwhelming defeats have naturally made Stevenson fair game for the second-guessers, who are still at it today. A great body of amateur political psychologists has grown up around him, with diagnoses ranging from "too intellectual" to "my sister says she just can't warm up to him." In the final analysis, however, when the last anecdote of hands not shaken and speeches not finished on television has been feelingly recounted, all agree that not even the most radical change in Stevenson's deportment on the stump would have made much difference. Against the tidal wave of Eisenhower's popularity, Stevenson was as a man bailing out the rowboat with a teacup.

Stevenson fans embrace this theory, of course. But they are totally unmoved by the previous counts in the indictment. The very things that set his detractor's teeth on edge they regard as evidence of an unswerving integrity and of the value Stevenson puts on the great office he failed to win. Even his spectacular disclaimers of his fitness for office they find admirable. Only an idiot or a fraud, they say, would approach the loftiest post in the Western world without grave misgivings.

They would agree, however, that Stevenson's public statements as to his own inadequacy were excessive in the oriental quality of their self-abasement. Stevenson's intimates say, however, that they were taken too seriously, and that they were social rather than political in tone. When he declared, as he did to sharply indrawn breaths, to the Illinois delegation in Chicago in 1952, "I do not dream myself fit for the job—temperamentally, mentally or physically," the remark should have been construed in the context of the drawing room rather than of the political arena. Later that year in Boston, musing on the various conceptions of candidates, Stevenson said about one, in what might easily have been taken as a reference to himself, that "he is possibly just a soft-headed imbecile who didn't want the nom-

ination and won't accept any mortgages to get the election, either."

Such self-denigrating hyperbole probably should be interpreted against the English form, which insists it is bad manners to say "thank you" to a compliment. One must indicate that the object of praise is hardly worthy of notice. Stevenson, according to his friends, regards self-denunciation as a "disarming" gambit. Although it may be appropriate in Lake Forest, the fashionable Chicago suburb where he socializes, it undoubtedly caused great consternation in the back room, among the boys brought up in the less subtle doctrine of the infallibility of the candidate.

The well-bred Stevenson carries gentility to lengths unheard of in politics anyway. In New Orleans in 1952, he paid an effusive tribute to the city, "a jambalaya containing all that makes for the body's pleasure, the mind's delight, the spirit's repose." Then he said, "If you will forgive me my bad manners, I shall talk at once about things of mutual concern." There may be other recorded instances of a politician apologizing for discussing politics at a political rally, but they do not spring immediately to mind.

This exceptional niceness has been known to have an inhibiting effect on audiences. In 1952, at the Kasson, Minn., plowing contest, friendly farmers gathered around to have a look at the man who was being offered to them as a successor to Harry Truman. "Give 'em," began one. He paused. "Er, heck," he finished.

Colonel Arvey, his first patron, explains it this way: "The Governor has an air that is not natural due to his education and training. It keeps him from communicating the warmth I know is in him." Interestingly enough, the hard-bitten, shrewd little boss does not regard Stevenson as an "egghead," although he applies the term to some Stevenson people.

"An egghead," he says, "is someone who thinks because he wrote a speech or gave a little money, he can look down on the people who do the work year in and year out." The term was popularized by Joseph and Stewart Alsop in their newspaper column. Minimally, it means a high-domed ama-

teur in politics. Stevenson does not mind being called one, since he is unabashedly against everything anti-intellectual.

It might be noted that the possession of a fine mind, which Stevenson unquestionably has, has not always been considered a catastrophe in American politics. In 1912, and again in 1916, Woodrow Wilson, a former president of Princeton, Stevenson's alma mater, successfully sought the presidency. But the times were kinder to him. In 1912 Theodore Roosevelt, the Bull Moose candidate, split the Republican vote, and in 1916 Wilson's opposition, Charles Evans Hughes, was also exceptionally brainy, so the disadvantage of intellect was canceled out. Wilson, incidentally, expressed a political philosophy that runs directly counter to Stevenson's. He once wrote, "One feels no sacrifice of pride necessary in courting the favor of an assembly of men such as he would have to make in seeking to please one man."

Stevenson is notably cordial and outgoing with individuals. But whenever he sees a crowd his prominent blue eyes take on a hunted look, and he nervously tugs his ear. His predecessor, Harry Truman, by contrast, seemed always very much at home in heavy turnouts. And Franklin D. Roosevelt, watching a film of a campaign in the White House, told a visitor, "That's what I miss here, the crowds."

By all accounts, Stevenson will go to any lengths to please certain people—his boys, his friends, even strangers. His long-time friend, George W. Ball, a Washington lawyer, remembers Stevenson during the war, as assistant to Navy Secretary Frank Knox, collecting voluminous messages from the servicemen for home delivery. Back in this country, he went to great trouble to see that they all got through. Once, charged by a badly wounded colonel to tell his wife that he had had an amputation, Stevenson went to Alabama to give the colonel's lady the news in person. The week before the 1956 campaign, a staff aide, John Brademas, now a congressman from Indiana, received a warm personal letter from Stevenson wishing him luck in his own campaign. Enclosed was a Greek coin from the time of Alexander. Brademas, who is of Greek extraction and who

knew better than anyone how preoccupied Stevenson had been, was much touched.

Stevenson's refusal to carry these attentions over into his public life is the despair of people who feel that in politics, as in love, the little things mean a lot. On the other hand, it is cited as further evidence of the purity of his intentions. If Stevenson ever heard of the famous statement of accommodation made by Henry of Navarre, who was later King Henry IV of France, "Paris is worth a mass," he gives no indication of it.

Stevenson deplores the personality cults that grow up around politicians, and he thinks that there is far too much idolatry of the most common clay during a campaign. Unlike other politicians, he seems steadily aware of a life away from the arena, and he is always mindful of creature comforts which other candidates willingly forego. He will not ride on the back of an open car—he says the sun bothers his eyes. Nor will he allow himself to be escorted down the middle aisle at a televised rally. He prefers to be brought in from the wings.

Until his late start in politics, Stevenson led a sheltered life. In the preface to *To Be a Politician* by Stimson Bullitt, David Riesman wrote, "Those who enter politics late in life and start in high office are led by ignorance into errors which are avoided by those who realize the nature and significance of the work done by people down the line." Thus, Stevenson's diffidence strikes many professional politicians as sheer perversity. He has never, for instance, formed the habit of calling up county chairmen from the airport as he passes through their domains. His excuse: "He'll be having his dinner," or, "Why should he want to hear from me?" The true professional would never think of such things.

Stevenson plainly regards the time-honored practices of politics as merely time-consuming. To take one of a sheaf of examples: It is the custom for local politicians to board the candidate's train for a little pow-wow about common problems. When they got aboard the Stevenson Special, however, the politicians had to be content with the ministrations of the staff. The candidate was in his compartment

with his text. Stevenson's executive assistant in both campaigns, William McC. Blair, finally worked out a system whereby the locals would be greeted by and photographed with the man just as they were leaving the train. Stevenson would wish them luck and shake their hands. Then he would step out on the back platform and, to a group composed often of elderly idlers, housewives in aprons and pin-curls, and babies in carriages, he would embark, in his clipped accents, on one of his chiseled phrases.

There were ruffled feelings among the pros. The word went back: "He likes the company of his intellectual and social equals." In fairness it should be pointed out that Stevenson was equally inaccessible to his amateur well-wishers. Paul Ziffren, a national committeeman from California and a captain of Stevenson volunteers in both campaigns, had this report:

"Out here, they had no hope of jobs or money. They were in it for love. They just wanted to touch the body of the man they worked so hard for. But when he came, they couldn't see him." Ziffren tried to explain to the downcast doorbell-ringers in the lobby. "If he spends the time with you, how can he write those speeches which thrill you so much?"

"He cares more for his language than he does for us," was the rejoinder.

Ziffren is one of many people who have tried to tell Stevenson that it is not necessary to make the Gettysburg Address at every street corner—particularly when the corner is not wired for sound.

Stevenson's resistance to the rituals argues as strongly as anything else his lack of zest for the game. If he sees politics as a sport at all—and this is doubtful—it is as tennis or cricket or some other such gentlemanly contest where one is constantly praising one's opponent. He has referred to both campaigns as "a dialogue of democracy," a rather academic concept of what can be more like all-in wrestling. He thinks that what a man says is all-important, forgetting that the way he says it has some bearing, too. In old and cynical localities, the total performance is scored, with mal-

ice and relish, by connoisseurs. And, while it is deplorable, the fact is that in such areas gamesmanship is quite as much applauded as statesmanship.

The idea of politics as fun has not taken root in Stevenson. His sister, Elizabeth Stevenson Ives, in her biography, *My Brother Adlai,* presumably spoke for the family when she wrote, "We Americans seem to expect a candidate to be a saint, superman and buffoon." The hoopla and the byplay he has learned to tolerate, but not enjoy. One only has to see Stevenson put on one of those "funny" hats that are so often presented to a campaigner to understand what a strain the vaudeville aspects impose on him. Crediting his audiences with a desire for the truth comparable to his own, he assumes that every word of every speech is weighed and conned.

In Brooklyn, in 1954, lending a hand to the candidacy of Averell Harriman for governor of New York, Stevenson was interrupted by the entrance of the man he was talking about, surrounded by a small army of New York's finest. Stevenson, blinded by the television lights, was plainly nettled by the uproar. When he finally discerned that the intruder was Harriman, he said, "Hello," and then, "Shall I go on?" Any other politician would have joined the applause, whoever it was for.

But what baffled and alienated the rank and file most was his insistence, in both campaigns, on the possibility of his own defeat. Even before he was nominated the first time, Stevenson told a Democratic gathering in April, 1952:

"Perhaps it isn't the thing to say to a partisan meeting, but who wins this fall is less important than what wins—what ideas, what concept of the world of tomorrow, what quality of perception, leadership, and courage. Rather we lose this election than mislead the people by representing as simple what is infinitely complex, or by representing as safe what is infinitely precarious. For there are no painless solutions to war, inflation, communism, imperialism, hunger, fear, intolerance, and all the hard, stubborn problems that beset us."

Two months later, having accepted the nomination, and

compared his agony about the outcome to that of Christ's sufferings in the Garden of Gethsemane, he again mentioned the possibility of defeat, and even its desirability under certain conditions.

"I hope and pray," he said to Democrats about to go forth into battle, "that we Democrats, win or lose, can campaign not as a crusade to exterminate the opposing party, as our opponent seems to prefer, but as a great opportunity to educate and elevate a people whose destiny is leadership, not alone of a rich, prosperous, contented country as in the past, but of a world in ferment. . . . Better we lose the election than mislead the people; better we lose than misgovern the people."

In the finest speech of his 1956 campaign, in Cincinnati, Ohio, Stevenson sounded another chord on the same theme: "I ask your support, not in the name of complacency but in the name of anxiety. . . . I don't know whether that is the way to win at politics. But it is the only way I want to win. For if you entrust me the responsibility of power, I do not want to assume that power under any false pretenses, nor do I want you to labor under any misapprehensions."

To professional politicians, this harping on failure, this setting of conditions for victory, was both unlucky and unwholesome. Harry Truman, disenchanted in his discovery of 1952, said publicly four years later that Stevenson was too defeatist to win. And there were those who thought that Stevenson, both times, lost not only gracefully but gratefully.

But even this image of Stevenson as the prophet of his own doom is blurred. According to Kenneth S. Davis' immensely detailed biography, *A Prophet in His Own Country*, Stevenson in an election-night staff pool wrote down his own estimate as 381 electoral votes, which would have comprised a smashing victory. The element of self-doubt in his speeches was counterweighted by a boldness that has not been matched in the political life of our time. Stevenson never hesitated for a moment to tell people where he stood. He stated unpopular views, especially in 1952, with a swagger that startled the electorate. To pampered bloc,

to aggrieved locale, he said insistently not what they wanted to hear but what he thought they ought to know. He trod with special joy on the corns of the special interests who, had they voted as one, could have done him the most good. Stevenson made such a point of telling each large group about the mote in its own eye that it became a joke among his staff. "If you want to get him to put something in, just tell him it will hurt him."

Stevenson started this unorthodox practice in Chicago four days before his nomination in 1952. Greeting the convention delegates, who were not unmindful that mink coat and deep-freeze scandals had set the Republicans to rubbing their hands over campaign fodder about "corruption," he said, "Where we have erred, let there be no denial; where we have wronged the public trust, let there be no excuses. Self-criticism is the secret weapon of democracy, and candor and confession are good for the soul."

Naturally, there were those present who felt that such criticism could always be left to the other side. And there were those who felt that they were on the threshold of a new era of political oratory, or even of politics itself, when hypocrisy and humbug would slink off into the shadows. In any case, it was strange music to Democratic ears, and from the overture to the finale, in 1952, Stevenson sang no other song.

In New Orleans, for instance, he offered no balm for wounded feelings over the Supreme Court decision granting offshore oil to the federal government. "I believe it is the duty of the President to conserve the national assets, the national domain, be it dollars in the treasury or forests in Oregon," said the candidate unsympathetically.

In Portland, Ore., to editors who are accustomed to hearing homilies about the press as a glorious institution of democracy, Stevenson pointed out not only the obvious fact that most newspapers were supporting his rival, but also that they "had committed themselves to General Eisenhower long before they knew what the candidate stood for, or what his party platform would be, or who his opponent was, or what would be the issues of the campaign."

In a way, he had nothing to lose there. But when he went before the American Legion in New York in August, he might conceivably have made a few friends, despite the luster of the veteran opposing him. But Stevenson went about it the hard way. "Consider the groups who seek to identify their special interests with the general welfare," he told the petted legionnaires before him. "I find it sobering to think that their pressure might one day be focused on me. I have resisted them before, and I hope the Almighty will give me strength to do so again and again. And I should tell you—my fellow Legionnaires—as I would tell other organized groups, that I intend to resist pressures from veterans, too, if I think their demands are excessive or in conflict with the public interest, which must always be the paramount interest.

A labor group at a Labor Day rally in Detroit did no better. "Contrary to the impressions fostered by some of the press, you are not my captive, and I am not your captive. On the contrary, I might as well make it clear right now that I intend to do exactly what I think right and best for all—for all of us, business, labor, agriculture, alike. And I have no doubt that you will do exactly what you think best at the election."

In 1952, in Richmond, once the capital of the Confederacy, he spoke of civil rights.

In the Northwest, Stevenson made no campaign promises to build dams and power projects. If there is such a term as campaign threat, it would better fit what he told the citizenry: "We must be eagle-eyed and we must be tight-fisted about these expenditures, and the blessings of the local interest are not enough to justify a public project. It must pass a harder test it seems to me, of comparison—would this money be better spent on rehabilitating eroded farm land in the South, of exhausted range land in the West rather than reclaiming a desert? And it must pass still another, more immediate test—is the coming fiscal year the one in which to start this investment of public funds at all?"

This passage illustrates, too, the fact that Stevenson's liberalism, despite an ardent backing in progressive circles,

is an attitude of mind rather than a down-the-line endorsement of the New Deal program. Harry Truman is, of course, an instinctive, if not intellectual New Dealer; Averell Harriman is wedded to the philosophy of F.D.R. Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, who bases many of his hopes on his ability to lure Stevensonians from Adlai, advocates something like a New Deal for the whole world. But Stevenson is far more obsessed with the Democratic future than with the Democratic past. His speeches are full of "tomorrow" rather than "yesterday."

Eric Sevareid has summed up Stevenson's political thinking in these terms: "He seems disturbed about the quality of American life, when most politicians measure it only in quantity. How much of the present prosperity and stability is false, enjoyed at the expense of the farmers? Why, in prosperous times, must we let public education fall into shocking disrepair? What will our traditional competitive system look like if the present flood of business mergers goes on, if small businesses fail at the present rate? What happens to individual courage, imagination, free criticism, variety of thought, if what he calls the coalescing of big business, big press and big government continues? He seems to fear a cementing up of the true source springs of America's greatness in these trends."

Stevenson has always said that government should be as local in character as possible. And anyone knowing his almost Calvinistic sense of personal responsibility accepts without demur his oft-repeated statement that the whole character and tone of government depends on individual citizens, not only those who serve but those who vote. In both of his campaigns he lost no opportunity to remind the electorate that they had duties and obligations as heavy as his own.

Stevenson was no easier on the country at large than he was on the special interest groups. His message was not so much that life can be beautiful as it was that life is hard. "I promise no easy solutions," he said, "no relief from burdens and anxieties, for to do this would be not only dishonest; it would be to attack the foundations of our greatness."

A week before the 1952 election, General Eisenhower promised that if elected he would go to Korea to seek an early and honorable solution to the war there. Weeks before, Stevenson had told his staff that his first order of postelection business would be to make a trip to the Far East, which would, of course, include Korea. He had decided against a public announcement of his intention, however, on the grounds that it might cruelly raise false hopes. Instead, in a speech in Minnesota, he gave this Spartan comfort: "How long can we keep on fighting in Korea, paying high taxes, helping others to help themselves? There is only one answer: We can keep it up as long as we have to, and we will."

Throughout, Stevenson carried candor to what some found an exhilarating and others an alarming degree. Certainly, none of his speeches followed the familiar paths to the climactic, "And if I am elected. . . ." They were not so much exhortations to vote Democratic as they were a plea to do the right thing. They were "a call to greatness," to use the term he later gave a series of lectures he delivered at Harvard in 1955.

Americans, more than any other nation, like to be told that they are young and fair and fortune's darlings. Stevenson told them instead that, in a world menaced by imperialistic communism and other manifestations of original sin, they are just as vulnerable as anyone else and that they are, in the calendar of history, getting middle-aged, like their century.

Stevenson said these things with uncommon felicity. The tone of his speeches, in spite of their forebodings and their sharp reminders of what he called "the stark reality of responsibility," was not somber or negative. It was, in fact, radiantly affirmative. He spoke with a poet's fervor of the beauties of America, and with a patriot's pride of her majestic destiny. And his oratory glinted with humor, much of it at his own expense.

In both campaigns Stevenson had speech-witers. In 1952, a phalanx of literati rallied to his side, among them Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith, John Fischer, Ber-

nard De Voto, and John Hersey. Mr. Schlesinger, the biographer of Jackson and Franklin Roosevelt, helped him again in 1956. So did Stevenson's articulate law partner, W. Willard Wirtz. But if one reads his subsequent speeches and writings, one will see that it had been no ghost, but Stevenson, who had put the final shaping hand on the text. A complex man, he writes in complex sentences, sometimes with triple subjects or triple predicates. He favors a string of adjectives, all carefully graded and shaded. In passages of exposition, Stevenson proceeds sentence by sentence to the heart of the matter, achieving something like the suspense of good narrative.

Stevenson handles words with the delicate consideration that other politicians reserve for county chairmen. Once, speaking of reporters, he mentioned their "friendly but implacable surveillance." Any reporter will recognize the phrase as flawless.

Stevenson's elegant periods were unfurled in 1952 against the drums and trumpets of the Eisenhower "crusade" against Korea, corruption, and communism, against the clarion call for change. There were also intermittent low growls from the late red-hunting Senator from Wisconsin, Joseph R. McCarthy, who offered to come on Stevenson's campaign train and make a good American of him "with a club."

President Eisenhower said at one point just after his nomination, "I may not be eloquent, but goldurnit, I am sincere." Stevenson, on the other hand, was proudly and consciously eloquent. He made no secret of having read many books. He quoted from Aristotle, Shaw, Walt Whitman, and the London *Times Literary Supplement.* Did he talk over people's heads? Who would admit it? He certainly put words in their mouths they do not use—"kinsman" and "townsman," for instance. And he once said, "We Americans just naturally talk like this: 'No Government can tell me what to think. No Government can tell me what to do, unless it can prove that the common good is served by such interference.'" Very few Americans, of course, unless they happen to be Adlai Stevenson, "just naturally talk" like that. Even so, Stewart Alsop wrote in 1952, "It is odd when

you think of it, that Stevenson, the little-known politician, is somehow managing to sound a good deal of the time like a great world leader, while Eisenhower, the authentic world leader, is often made to sound like a politician."

Stevenson's campaign speeches brought him international acclaim. They have also insured his literary, if not political, immortality. Thirty-five thousand copies of his *Major Campaign Speeches of 1952* were sold for $3.50, and nine hundred copies were sold in a $10.00 de luxe edition. But they cost him dear. His agony in preparing them is the primary source of the charge of indecisiveness. Stevenson simply cannot bear to give up the text to the mimeograph machines. His parting from his prose is so anguished and prolonged as to make Romeo's farewell to Juliet seem like an abrupt "See you around" by comparison. To many people a familiar picture of Stevenson is that of a worried figure sitting on a stage hunched over a manuscript, writing in words, crossing out words, frowning. He told his son's Marine Commissioning class that the candidate's whole concern is "to find the right words, the true, faithful, explicit words which will make the issues plain and his position on those issues clear."

Stevenson carried the search to such lengths that, by 1956, even the public was arguing the question, "How could he make the great decisions of the White House if he cannot choose between words?" The answer is that Stevenson is obsessed with utterance and has been all his life. Although he suffers while writing, he derives enormous satisfaction from a thing well said. His excuse is that as a child he had an abhorrence of speaking in public that amounted to an impediment and that the only confidence he achieves is through a word-perfect mastery of what he is going to say.

What pains Stevenson's associates about all this is that Stevenson speaks ad lib with so wonderful a flow and effect that his devotion to a text seems wholly unwarranted. They recall that in 1949 at the graveside of his cherished friend, Lloyd Lewis, the biographer of Lincoln, he was unexpectedly called upon to say a few words. Those "few words" are among the loveliest he ever spoke:

"I have been asked to share in these farewells to a friend.

I think it is a good day for this meeting. It is April now and all life is being renewed on the bank of this river that he loved so well. I think we will all be happy that it happened on this day, here by the river with the spring sky so clear and the west wind so warm and fresh. I think we will all be the better for this day and this meeting together. He was my neighbor. He was the neighbor of many of you. He was a very good neighbor: quick in time of misfortune, always present in times of mirth and happiness—and need. I think it will always be April in our memory of him. It will always be a bright, fresh day, full of the infinite variety and promise of new life."

In campaigns Stevenson broods endlessly over substance but remains indifferent to form. He scorns to learn the simple lessons of effective television delivery. Eisenhower, over a four-year period, perfected his technique to a high Madison Avenue gloss. Stevenson would never so much as go to a television studio for a voice test. Nor can he ever be persuaded to take a nap or a walk during the hour before going on the air. Like the poet Browning, he is eternally questing for "one word more." The opening rally of the 1956 campaign in Harrisburg brought a traumatic experience with the teleprompter, a device that President Eisenhower used with the greatest of ease. Stevenson, however, fell among technicians who put fierce lights between him and the prompting boards, with the result that he looked from one to another like a frantic spectator at a tennis match.

In any case, Stevenson's delivery is extremely uneven. Within two days during that campaign, Stevenson demonstrated the extremes of his form. On October 16, in Flint, Mich., before a labor rally that would presumably welcome strong meat, he tore into Vice-President Nixon, "a man of many masks." All Stevenson's references to Nixon in both campaigns were scathing, and there was no reason to believe that he did not subscribe wholeheartedly to every item in this full-dress indictment. But Stevenson read his manuscripts in a way that almost begged his audience not to believe its harsh judgment. Coughing nervously, pausing frequently, he got through it as if performing the most dis-

tasteful task of his life. His staff, gloomy anyway, was ready to write off the whole campaign.

Yet two days later in Cincinnati, Stevenson reached the peak of 1956. Just ten days before the attack on Suez by Israeli, British, and French forces, he unleashed an impassioned attack on the Eisenhower foreign policy. He had long wanted to speak on foreign policy, but had been warned by his aides that there was "no political mileage" in it against an opponent who claimed as his achievements "peace, prosperity and progress." That night, Stevenson decided to have his say. And he spoke with a conviction and a force that lifted his hearers out of themselves. Before the Democratic minority in Senator Taft's home town, in a little white and gold music hall, Stevenson was suddenly transformed into a leader.

In the grip of his subject, Stevenson exhibited no self-conscious mannerisms. His 3,800 hearers were plainly with him as he told them that that the Eisenhower foreign policy was "erratic, naive, clumsy, sterile and timid." The communication between him and them was complete. They sat in utter silence as he carefully outlined his own program. They were obviously moved by his feeling statement of his own political philosophy. When it was over, they rose up and roared their acclaim. Then they surged up over the stage, knocking over chairs and plants in their eagerness to get next to such a champion. Even the press photographers, the most notoriously unresponsive audience in the world, came forward to greet him.

It was a night of triumph for Stevenson. And from the point of view of mass communications, it was a fiasco. Characteristically, Stevenson had worked on the speech all day, had torn up a draft at noon. The final text was ready for the mimeograph machines as he mounted the platform in the music hall. It was being handed out, page by page, in the hotel-room to overwrought reporters. The big eastern morning dailies had by this time missed their first-edition deadlines. The ardent locals had scraped up money for television. Stevenson had not timed his speech. Eleven minutes before the end, technicians began signaling him

to wind up. Stevenson waved them away. Only the people before him heard his moving peroration. Was it worth it for Stevenson to say exactly what he wanted to before the 3,800 souls before him, rather than to bring an approximation to many thousands more? Stevenson obviously thought so.

He regards it as nothing less than a moral obligation to share his thinking processes with the people who will be called upon to pass judgment on him at the polls. He believes he should reveal his whole mind to the electorate, and does not feel that the demands of electronics should be allowed to interfere with the process. At the same time, he insists on calling his soul his own. He has stubbornly refused to merchandise his own emotions. In 1952, the night after he had been nominated, he went in great secrecy to the house of Lincoln in Springfield. Stevenson grew up in Lincoln country and all his life heard Lincoln stories that were part of the family folklore. He regards the Great Emancipator as something of a saint. He sat for an hour in the old parlor and left as quietly as he came. To reporters, hearing of the incident, he forbade any mention in the press. Such personal reticence among politicians who routinely ransack their own feelings in the hope of finding one that will cause a sympathetic quiver of public approval is, of course, not common. But Stevenson could no more weep in public than he could use bad grammar, and would gladly forego any advantage to be gained by such measures.

In any case, to return to his second campaign, when the Suez crisis broke on October 29, it was Eisenhower rather than Stevenson who was the political beneficiary. Stevenson estimates that the stampede for the familiar soldier-hero cost him between four and five million votes. Even so, of course, he would not have won.

Stevenson's campaign conduct was perhaps an example to the young, but not, in its organization, to the young politico. In campaigns he seemed to have the same problems, quite apart from his rival. In 1952, striving to keep the Democrats together while showing sympathy for the desire for change after 20 years, he found in Harry Truman a

rather dubious ally. Although feeling rejected, Truman wanted to do his bit. He would call up Democratic headquarters and announce, "I'm going out and cut the General down to size." Stevenson, who was referring to "my great opponent," would gulp but say nothing.

Truman complained in his memoirs that Stevenson seemed to be trying to disavow him. It did not help matters when Stevenson replaced Truman's friend, Frank McKinney, as Democratic national committee chairman with his strong-minded Chicago friend, lawyer Stephen A. Mitchell. For campaign manager, Stevenson chose Wilson Wyatt, former National Housing Administrator. He operated out of a cramped headquarters in Springfield, while Mitchell held forth in Washington. Between the divided command there were frequent crossed wires. The organization was staffed with earnest amateurs with college degrees. After the debacle, reports drifted back from the provinces: "Too many supercilious young men in three-button suits."

A thrill of hope went through the ranks in 1955 when Stevenson imported an unblushing professional, James A. Finnegan, president of the Philadelphia City Council. Here indeed was the perfect liaison between the clubhouse and the country club. Finnegan, who died in March, 1957, was a mild Irishman with bright blue eyes, a rosy complexion, and high cheekbones. He brought to the Stevenson camp a long experience in handling high-strung bluebloods (he piloted Richardson Dilworth and Joseph S. Clark, now Senator from Pennsylvania, into office), the old-shoe charm that marks the best of the Celt in politics, and an appreciation and understanding of the candidate. Finnegan referred to Stevenson as "the tiger," ostensibly in deference to his Princeton degree, but actually in the wistful hope that, before it was over, Stevenson might display the fighting qualities of the beast.

But it was immediately apparent that Stevenson saw in Finnegan not an avenue to the organization but a bulwark against it. On the staff chart, Finnegan was sequestered from the speech-writers, who reported directly to the candidate. Unlike other campaign managers, Finnegan could not

get the candidate's ear at will. Finnegan was to have been made national chairman but, as things fell out, the divided command came into being again. After the convention, House Speaker Sam Rayburn intervened on behalf of the incumbent, Paul A. Butler, and he stayed on.

Stevenson himself feels that the great disaster of 1956 was that he allowed himself to be persuaded to enter the presidential primaries. He was told he must exhibit the fighting spirit so conspicuously lacking in the previous effort, and must also demonstrate a physical stamina the President could not match.

By March of 1956, due to the two major illnesses of the President (a heart attack and an ileitis operation), the Democratic nomination was considered to be worth something. Estes Kefauver was on its trail, and so, it seemed, was Governor Averell Harriman of New York. Although it went against the grain, Stevenson decided to enter a select primary or two. The battleground was carefully chosen. Well-heeled, well-chaperoned by the whole Democratic organization, Stevenson went through Minnesota, talking with as much enthusiasm as he could for rigid farm price supports. Right after him, without any powerful friends and not much more than his coffee money, plodded Estes Kefauver, the handshaking Senator from Tennessee who was, as things fell out, to become Stevenson's running mate. The Senator captured 26 out of 30 Minnesota delegates.

Stevenson was thus committed to "the humiliating experience" of campaigning like a candidate for deputy sheriff in primaries all over the country. He came to the general election utterly exhausted, having used up all his energies and ideas.

Stevenson has since said that against the huge complacency of a fat and smiling country, he felt like a man trying to punch holes in a fog. Surely he did not take the strong and challenging positions of 1952. People complained of the "new" Stevenson who was, in point of fact, merely a tired version of the old. He stepped out of character on the night before election in Boston. Having heretofore only lightly touched on the issue of Eisenhower's health, he

brutally predicted that the President would not live to complete his term and declared that a vote for Eisenhower was in truth a vote for Nixon.

Hoping to draw the administration out, he went against a major political axiom that forbids the formulation of controversial questions in a compaign and dictates the discussion of those at hand. He knows better now, but Stevenson brought up the revision of the military draft and the cessation of H-bomb tests in the middle of the race. In a Los Angeles speech, he made cryptic reference to the possibility of "ending the draft." Later he explained that he had in mind merely the fashioning of a more professional corps, but not before editorial writers all over the nation had viewed his suggestion with alarm. Ironically enough, his basic idea was endorsed by a special commission appointed by Eisenhower and headed by Ralph Cordiner, president of General Electric. The Cordiner Report in 1957 advocated a rate of army pay based on professional skill rather than seniority.

The other unpopular issue, which caused bitter protest among other Democratic candidates, was Stevenson's proposal that the United States take the lead in stopping H-bomb tests. It would end the nuclear deadlock and protect future generations from the effects of deadly fallout, he said. We could resume at once if other powers failed to follow our example, something easily ascertained. Eisenhower dismissed the subject as "a theoretical gesture" and Nixon called it "catastrophic nonsense." Since then, the subject of strontium-90 and its effect on the health of the world has become the subject of intense public concern and of furious debate between Congress and the Atomic Energy Commission. Negotiations at Geneva on a nuclear test ban are still in progress. But prescience is no asset to a candidate in the heat of the fight.

Only one nice thing happened to Stevenson in the 1956 campaign. Two days before the election, his first grandchild, and namesake, was born to his son, Adlai Stevenson, Jr. Stevenson flew to Boston to see him, announced he looked

like a badger. In his concession speech, Stevenson said, "If I have lost an election, I have won a grandchild."

Thus ended what might be the last chapter and still could be merely the initiation of one who was born, if not bred, to politics. Stevenson's family, which had been five generations in Illinois, gave illustrious public servants to both parties on both sides. His favorite forebear, Jesse W. Fell, was a founder of the Republican party in Illinois, a proposer of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and an intimate friend of Lincoln, whom he persuaded to write the famous three-page campaign biography. On his father's side, there was Adlai E. Stevenson, Vice-President under Grover Cleveland, a Democrat in every pore, who wiped out 40,000 Republican postmasters at a stroke, thus earning the sobriquet of "the headsman." Stevenson often says he was "a compromise from the beginning," having taken his father's politics (Democratic) and his mother's religion (Unitarian).

Adlai Stevenson was born in Los Angeles on February 5, 1900, and brought home to Bloomington at the age of three. His father managed 49 family farms. It was a high-minded household, where Adlai and his older sister were read to from the classics and constantly exhorted to higher virtues by a doting, exacting mother. One tragedy blighted this sunny childhood. When he was 12, Adlai, handling a gun he thought was unloaded, shot and killed a 15-year-old cousin. The subject was never referred to in the family.

Young Adlai, like other boys of his station, was dispatched east to private school—Choate in Wallingford, Conn. At Princeton, where he worked on the *Daily Princetonian*, he was named the "man who thinks he is the biggest politician." To his undying mortification, his mother insisted on coming to live in a house on the Princeton campus. Stevenson made no distinguished record at Harvard Law School. He left to do a brief turn as a foreign correspondent for the family paper, the Bloomington *Pantagraph*, and received his law degree from Northwestern University in 1926. He spent most of his summers in Europe. Amiable and presentable, he joined an unexceptional Chicago law firm. In 1929, he married the most beautiful and glittering

debutante of her year, Ellen Borden, heiress to the Borden oil fortunes. They had three sons, Adlai, Jr., Borden, and John Fell.

In the way of young men of his class, Stevenson took up good causes. He became active in the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations and acquired a reputation as a fine speaker. In 1933, he spent a year with the Agricultural Adjustment Administration in Washington.

With the war, Stevenson's career took on the purpose and direction it had hitherto lacked. A long-delayed maturity began. As special assistant to Roosevelt's Republican Secretary of the Navy, Frank B. Knox, Stevenson's vague ideas about public service began to crystallize. With Knox he traveled all over the world. He headed a Foreign Economic Administration mission to war-torn Italy, produced a report that set the tone for all future handling of devastated areas.

This service ended with Knox's death in 1944, and Stevenson returned to his home in Libertyville. Two months later, he was back in Washington as special assistant to Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., and, later, James F. Byrnes. He went to the founders' meeting of the UN at San Francisco and to London, where he took over as chief of the UN preparatory commission. He showed tact and firmness in dealing with the Russians at the conference table. He warned in 1945 that "there will be years of difficulties and misgivings and even contention, which only firmness, patience and organized reason in the forum of the world can solve."

Back again in 1947, he began to talk of a political career with his friends. He felt that his travels and diplomatic experience fitted him for the Senate. But Colonel Arvey had a candidate in Paul Douglas and offered his imprimatur to Stevenson for governor. Stevenson searched his soul right up to the deadline imposed by Arvey and finally decided to enter the race.

Stevenson's great victory cost him his wife. Mrs. Stevenson, who had helped persuade him to run for the job, conspicuously did not enjoy the reflected glory which falls on

the Governor's lady. They were divorced in 1949. This second personal tragedy did Stevenson incalculable harm in politics. Not only was there no counterpart to the smiling Mamie Eisenhower, but Mrs. Stevenson, who writes poetry and has always had a need for self-expression, made the most wounding statements imaginable in the public press about her former husband.

In 1949, having, in a sense, nothing else to do, Stevenson buried his private woes in the governorship, bringing to the work all the intensity and perfectionism of his nature. He worked a 20-hour day. He used all his persuasive powers to charm able men into his cabinet. He set about cleaning up the state. For a start, he took the state police out of politics and put them on the merit system. He completely overhauled the state welfare service, and instituted state aid for schools. He brought Chicago's mental hospitals from the bottom of the national list to the top. In a midway analysis of the administration, Edwin A. Lahey wrote in the Chicago *Daily News* in 1950 that Stevenson "knows the sprawling organization the way a country storekeeper knows where the last stray card of safety pins is stored." Having watched Stevenson's rather conscience-stricken operations, Lahey wrote, "he is a man who is undecisive up to the critical point of decision. Stevenson's whole career as governor has been marked by this kind of resolute action behind a façade of simulated indecision."

Stiffened by the oath of office, Stevenson was not the victim of his own good manners. He fired one aide, who was also friend, who was involved in a race-track deal; another who figured in horse-meat scandals which rocked the state. He stood up to the politicians and ran their incompetent friends off the public payroll. "The Governor is as strong as pig-iron," said his Senate leader, William J. Conners, from Chicago's river wards.

Stevenson, "frugal," as his friend and biographer John Bartlow Martin says, "as only the rich can afford to be," scrutinized every set of specifications that came over his desk. Once, reports Kenneth S. Davis, an aide came upon him studying a list of pipe insulation.

"Why do that?" he asked. "You don't know anything about insulation."

"That's why," said Stevenson.

Stevenson vetoed 10 per cent of the bills that came to him. His veto messages were notable not only for their sparkle and pith but for their expression of his convictions about a wide range of subjects from loyalty oaths (he was against them) to the age-old struggle between dogs and cats (he thinks nothing can be done about it).

When the call came from the White House in 1952, Stevenson was gratified by the recognition of his achievement, although he really did not want to run for the presidency and certainly did not wish to take the nomination from the hands of Harry Truman. At the same time, as circumstances began to crowd him, he felt that to say emphatically that he would not serve would be a betrayal of his principles regarding the individual's obligation to serve his government. Neither then, nor four years later, did he feel he could wait for a more propitious moment.

Despite the returns, Stevenson believes that for a man who never rang a doorbell he has done fairly well in public life. He says today he is not a candidate for the presidency —and the other contenders have been more than willing to take him at his word—but he said that before. He will certainly never again enter a presidential primary. But he would just as certainly, if he runs true to form, accept a draft. He is as aware as anyone that many Democrats surveying the queue of hopefuls are saying he is head and shoulders above all the others. But he knows, too, that the record of Henry Clay and William Jennings Bryan, the only other two-time losers to make a third try, is not very heartening.

But, although he is back in Chicago practicing law, he is by no means right back where he started 11 years ago. He is still the thinking man's candidate. Although he is charged with a failure to "communicate," he has definitely come through to a large segment of the population as a man who cares, if not about them, at least about the things they care about.

The difficulties of maintaining dignity and prestige without portfolio Stevenson has negotiated with rare grace. He has been available but not ubiquitous. Between 1952 and 1956—and since—Stevenson has traveled all over the world and been warmly greeted by people who matter everywhere. In 1954, he delivered the Godkin lectures at Harvard, casting in even more elevated terms his concern for the future and the need for a foreign policy at once more humanitarian and realistic. Since *Major Campaign Speeches* became a best-seller, he has published four more books. The latest, *Friends and Enemies,* a report on his tour of Soviet Russia, incisively states his oft-heard but little-heeded warning of Red gains in the field of political and economic warfare.

Since 1953, in fact, he has directed a large part of his energies and time to acquainting himself with world problems at first hand. And now, of course, foreign policy has become the overriding concern he said it was in 1956. Briefly, in 1957, in a mutually half-hearted gesture toward bipartisanship, he did a rather inconclusive tour of duty with the State Department, working pleasantly along with his campaign target, the late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

Since its founding in 1956, he has served on the Democratic Advisory Council, the policy-making arm of the Democratic national committee, which attempts, not very successfully, to prod the Democratic Congress into more liberal action. Stevenson is still strong in the party also because, although never partisan enough to suit the zealots, he has worked like a wheel horse for the cause. After the 1952 disaster, Stevenson applied himself to paying off the campaign debt. Speaking from coast to coast at $100-a-plate dinners, he almost singlehandedly wiped out the $800,000 deficit. It was a feat, said John Mason Brown, "as revealing about his drawing power as his probity." In 1954, he stumped the country for other candidates, making a total of 80 speeches. In 1958, he did his bit again. He has never indulged in the recriminations and personalities which so often preoccupy the defeated candidate eager for vindication. Up to now, he has not written his memoirs.

Stevenson today is a more portly figure than when he first came to public notice. Although he still plays a fast game of tennis and can hunt all day in the fields and woods around his Libertyville farm, his waistline has steadily expanded. He resists caricature. Long study has not solved the problems of caricaturists who cannot find in his oval face, large, bright blue eyes, slightly askew nose (broken in childhood fights) one feature that, properly exaggerated, makes the speaking likeness.

Stevenson still displays that incredible detachment about himself that is rare in any man and practically unheard of in the politician. He is still very much a private man, having acquired none of those automatic responses and conditioned reflexes that make some public men seem like turtles —all the strength in their shells. Politely, he will listen to complaints about his failure to observe the political pleasantries; he will even write them down the better to consider them. Whether this is the automatic method of the scholar or an indication that he might be ready to mend his ways, it cannot be said. Only Stevenson can say whether he would rather be himself than President; and currently he has no message for those who stubbornly see no reason why, under better auspices, he could not be both.

Does it matter still that he does not project the paternal image that was popularly said to have contributed so much to Eisenhower's success? Stevenson is a most devoted father to his three sons, who are all now in their twenties, and he speaks of them with fondness and insight. He follows their fortunes with doting concern, although he has tried to abstain from the "eternal hovering" which marked his mother's deportment to him. He sees most at the moment of his eldest son and namesake, Adlai, Jr., who practices law in Chicago and who, with his wife and two children, spends his weekends on Stevenson's Libertyville farm.

What do the Stevensonians see in him? It is hard to say exactly for he is not easy to describe. He is at once solitary and convivial, thoughtful and oblivious, urbane and idealistic, troubled and merry, profound and gay, eloquent and reserved, polite and nonconformist, torn yet all of a piece.

A political personality like this is something of an acquired taste, but those who have become used to its sharp and subtle flavor find others a little flat or obvious by contrast.

The big-city politicians, who are the most set against his renomination, admit in their calmer moments that, in justice, Stevenson, having borne the heat of the Eisenhower day, is the man who most deserves another crack at it.

Although he is a confirmed, unwavering moderate, he remains the true love of the liberals who, up to this writing, have shown no disposition to commit their affections elsewhere. He is the darling of the intellectuals. And such an expert as William S. White has said that "there is a great deal more of the South in him than the country at large ever supposes." The insurgent West treasures him for the breadth of his ideas and the sweep of his prose. Every mail delivery to his Chicago law firm brings between 50 and 75 letters, some urging him to run again, some praising a speech or statement, some thanking him for his "wise approach." He receives about 100 speaking invitations a week. In January, 1959, he filled Washington's bleak Constitution Hall to its 4,000 capacity, held a sophisticated audience spellbound for an hour while he made jocose references to his political defeats, quoted from the classics, derided conformity and complacency, read a passage from La Bruyère in the original French, and wound up apologizing for keeping everyone so long. No other politician, it seems safe to say, would have done it just that way.

Will Stevenson go down as the great prose poet of twentieth-century American politics? Or as the prophet who suffered the usual fate of his kind? Would he be content to become Secretary of State? Or will he once again seek the office he wants as much as any man, although he thinks it is unseemly to admit it? There will be no answer to these questions until one put to a Democratic gathering by a troubled western liberal is answered:

"Why," he asked, "shouldn't we put up the best man we've got?"

# 8

# THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE

## Stuart Symington

EDWARD P. MORGAN

On a gray January day in 1952, after an excellent lunch with a group of important Democrats at the St. Louis Noonday Club, the host, a prominent lawyer named Jacob Lashly, turned to the guest of honor, a long, lean, uncommonly handsome gentleman recently back from Washington, and said: "Symington, I don't think the world is in the fix you think it is in. But if it is, you have no right to go back to the pleasure of making money. We want you to run for the U.S. Senate."

The Missouri electorate was searching at that time, as was the rest of the country, for a way out of the Korean War, for respite from the unsettling Cold War, for relief from taxes, for security from bombs and Bolsheviks. But it appeared about as ready to embrace an Amherst-born,

a candidate for *any* elective office as the monks of Shangri-La would have been moved to make Symington's friend and idol, Bob Hope, their reigning lama. Symington, sensing these dim prospects, recently reminded by some plump business offers of the pleasures of making money he had once well enjoyed, and worn by nearly seven controversial, combative years in Washington, answered with a gracious (though—as it turned out—not final) "No thanks."

Why not final? Something was bothering him. He did not quite know what. Part of it was Moscow's growing menace; he had resigned as Air Force Secretary in protest over pre-Korean defense budget cuts. But that was not all. Symington had moved through the capital's moil—from a haggle over confirmation of his first post as Surplus Property Administrator, through a stinging rebuke from congressional investigators for his brief conduct of that job, through the incredible bitterness of the Armed Services unification fight, to the passing directorship of the National Securities Resources Board, and finally into the thankless assignment as "clean-up man" of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Not only had he survived; he had in his pocket the D.S.M., a medal for "distinguished service to the United States of America in positions of great responsibility," personally bestowed on him by another Missourian named Harry S. Truman. The bids to return to business promised truly phenomenal profits via capital gains. There had even been an intriguing pitch from the sports world: how would he like to become the czar of baseball?

From the tender age of 24, when he landed the presidency of a clay products company with, it is true, the help of half a dozen rich uncles, Stuart Symington had shown an astoundingly voracious appetite for business. While accumulating one respectable fortune, he married another for love —the lovely Evelyn Wadsworth, daughter of James Wadsworth, the patrician Republican statesman from Geneseo, New York. More often than not, in the competitive American tradition, when a man sets his sights on a million dollars and he gets it, he goes charging after more, until he acquires much power, an ulcer, or both. (Symington was in a state of what he called "semiretirement" at the age of only 37

when he was persuaded, with the help of a handsome stock option, to try his hand at revitalizing the moribund, strike-ridden Emerson Electric Manufacturing Company in St. Louis.)

But now, at this juncture of 1952, approaching the age plateau of 51, Symington did not feel the same excitement at the prospect of new adventures in business as he had before going to Washington. Moreover, his old friend, Clark Clifford, felt that he should enter the senatorial race. Former chief White House counsel, confidant, strategist, and speech-writer, he was now a successful lawyer in Washington, and was on the lookout for Democratic talent that might help perpetuate the Truman surprise that so embarrassed the Chicago *Tribune*, Thomas E. Dewey, and other American institutions including Walter Lippmann in November, 1948. Clifford, himself a native midwesterner, ex-law partner of Jacob Lashly, had been increasingly impressed from the beginnings of their friendship in St. Louis in the late 1930's with Symington's natural attractiveness, versatility, and promise. Clifford's course with Symington was to stress, subtly, the enriching, intangible values of public service over the crasser, more taxable rewards of the market place. Besides, it might take just such an unorthodox type as this to dislodge Missouri's senior senator, one James Kem, a staunch Republican whose views of the world at large seemed still anchored to the grounded ark on Mount Ararat.

So it was that Symington's decision to run for public office for the first time in his life was reached by the pressure of accumulating circumstances. After a rest on Jamaica's Montego Bay, he counseled with his father-in-law (earlier a senator, then a representative), who thought Symington would win if he ran. The clincher came when the anti-Pendergast mayor of Kansas City, William "Bill" Kemp, said he would not seek the nomination if Symington did, thus assuring him important western Missouri support.

His mind made up, Symington went hopefully to seek the endorsement of President Truman. He returned empty-handed and, temporarily, crestfallen. Truman had already promised his support to the state's attorney general, J. E.

"Buck" Taylor, another Pendergast man. Some sweet poetic justice came from this disappointment, however: Bess Truman and daughter Margaret let Symington know they were both going to vote for him.

His chances at the start, nevertheless, could hardly have looked dimmer. Although, from the Pentagon and other executive cockpits, he had tilted with Congress and successful lobbying was not alien to him, he had had utterly no experience soliciting votes. An urbane easterner who neither walked nor talked like a Missourian, he would be called a carpetbagger. He had negotiated—brilliantly—with a union leader who was a loudly and proudly avowed Communist. He had money and belonged to exclusive clubs. His wife had a richly proud Republican heritage. He associated with Republicans. He had even voted for Willkie in 1940, in opposition to the third term. His knowledge of Missouri's only billion-dollar industry, agriculture, went scarcely further than the lawns on his handsome five-acre home in suburban Creve Coeur, on the edge of St. Louis. He knew the capital, Jefferson City, better by flying over it than working in it. Beyond a reasonably wide business and social acquaintanceship in St. Louis and Kansas City, it is doubtful whether he knew a dozen people in Missouri's 114 counties. Finally, his speech-making resembled the failure of the first U.S. satellite—it flared up and fell over, a dud.

Stanley Redfield Fike, a young Missouri editor who agreed to join his campaign and who became his administrative assistant—the best, some testify, on all Capitol Hill—figured the odds then were about two to one against Symington. But a huge campaign fund (some said even a St. Louis Republican businessman or two contributed to it) and the indefatigable energy of the Symingtons gnawed at those odds.

For seven months, from April till November, Symington and his wife toiled at wooing away the skepticism of the "Show Me" state. Preceded on a sound truck by their younger son Jim with a guitar (Stuart, the elder, was at law school) they drove into town squares. In the throbbing summer heat Symington shook hands, told the citizens he

wanted to be their senator down in Washington and help them "get a dollar's worth of defense out of a dollar's worth of taxes." The Symingtons drove 27,000 miles and flew hundreds upon hundreds more, folded into a Piper Cub.

Symington whipped Taylor in the August primary by 187,746 votes. It had been a brutal campaign. The one against Kem, whom Symington decried as "the worst isolationist of them all," was worse. Kem elaborated on all Taylor's charges against Symington—exorbitant spender, playboy, carpetbagger—labeled him a "war profiteer," and tried to hang a jail record on him over a youthful exploit involving an automobile accident.

In the November election, another man who had never run for office before—a friend, in fact, of Symington—Dwight D. Eisenhower, barely managed to nudge Missouri into his triumphal column by a margin of less than 30,000 votes, while Symington was trouncing Kem by 150,351.

Missouri is often proudly called part of America's heartland, and geographically this is certainly so. Some Missourians think it would be accurate to call it a microcosm of the country. The Boot Heel corner in the southeast is cotton land. Little Dixie, a southern belt across the state, is settled by people whose ancestors were slaveholders in Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. A section of the Ozarks shoulders in from Arkansas. There are large and increasingly articulate blocs of Negro voters in Kansas City and St. Louis, and both of these lusty cities react to the winds blowing upon them from the West, the Northern Plains, and the industrial East. Symington, nevertheless, covered this vastly varying ground like a seasoned marathon runner, matching his stride to the requirements of the voting terrain. It was a singular feat.

Undoubtedly one of Symington's most spectacular assets, in the political arena as it had been in business, is his furious competitive drive. Clark Clifford has remarked of that campaign that, "despite the odds against him, I don't believe he ever let himself think he was going to be beaten. He is the world's greatest competitor and he despises to get licked, beyond description, whether in business, politics,

bridge or golf." Symington's drive and discipline have asserted themselves in other ways. In 1934 he decided to give up smoking. He was in Jamaica on a holiday. Every time he wanted a cigaret he would plunge into the sea. He broke the habit but he vowed he would never give up anything again. (He did though—alcohol, 25 years later, to keep his weight down.)

He reads a good deal, mostly nonfiction, some of it heavy fare. "Symington is not an intellectual," an associate has said, "but he reads a lot, to learn. He's not just a sponge soaking up data. He reacts. He feels somebody is telling him something. He has a habit of making notes on a book and discussing them with people." Once, after reading *The Ugly American* on a vacation, he introduced in the Senate a bill to establish a foreign service academy, a West Point for government civilians abroad.

In a long conversation he can be bewilderingly spotty, jumping impulsively from point to seemingly unrelated point. "In talking," former Atomic Energy Commissioner Eugene M. Zuckert has said, "he is an impressionistic painter. He develops conclusions from a series of pictures. You go away and think about it and it fits together."

With squinting blue eyes and a yellow-blond thatch of hair now turning to gray, Symington's six-foot-two-and-a-quarter-inch frame is impressively fitted together. "He walks like a panther," a lady once breathed to a Hearst feature writer. One of Washington's smartest hostesses (a Republican) has catalogued him thus: "Even though I might think he was a chump, I couldn't bear to have Stuart think *I* was a chump—he's too attractive." In superbly fitted dark suits, Symington has frequently been included on "best dressed men" rosters. For 20 years the same New York tailor has carefully shaped his left sleeves to avoid a corkscrew look over an arm that is permanently bent a little from a boyhood accident.

The Symingtons became a familiar couple in capital society, drove themselves unpretentiously in a black Oldsmobile convertible wherever they went together, which was many places—but not the golf course. "We have no togeth-

erness there," Mrs. Symington has stated with a wise smile. The red brick Georgetown house in which they have lived longest in Washington belongs to Mrs. Symington's mother and is full of choice family relics, from Italian Renaissance paintings to a rare life mask and original photograph of Lincoln.

In retrospect, the successful outcome of Symington's decision in 1952 can be seen as a high ridge in his career, separating one part of his life from another. Although he and his friend, that other political novice, General Eisenhower, both survived the ordeal of the polls their friendship did not. Instead of the occasional, pleasant evening of bridge with their wives—it was canasta when the General's wife got her choice—the President of the United States and the junior Senator from Missouri were to find themselves enlisted on opposite sides in the larger, grimmer game of politics. Whatever the historians may say of their principal battle over defense (feature writers like to stress the paradox that it was the ex-soldier who insisted the military was adequate, the ex-businessman who complained it was being weakened by budget cuts), this would be the main issue on which Stuart Symington would rise to national prominence.

Defense, to tell the truth, is not a happy issue, with all its heavy overtones of debt and world disturbance; politicians prefer the snug harbors of peace and lower taxes. So if Senator Symington is to be a friendly beacon beckoning storm-tossed Democrats to his cove of compromise at a typhonic presidential convention in Los Angeles, his beams will have to radiate his charm, his conservative background, and his liberal voting record, not the cold spectre of armaments and the chilling prospect of hard looks from the Internal Revenue Service. But, ironically, it will be the stand of a strong defense to which the Yale man from Missouri is going to become most uncompromisingly committed and on which, if he is nominated, he will be expected to try to strike the heaviest blows against the Republican record of President Eisenhower. And thus, in the strange way events sometimes move and merge, the two

men who decided independently to enter politics at the same time may find themselves contending over the same supreme if thankless prize, the presidency; one to grasp it, the other to fend him off in order to bestow it, hopefully, on a chosen heir.

Stuart Symington's life began in the uncompetitive surroundings of ivy-covered halls. The second of six children, he was born on the twenty-sixth of June, 1901, on the campus of Amherst College in Massachusetts, where his father, Dr. William Stuart Symington, was teaching romance languages. A "sweet, lovely man," as his son has since described him, the professor had taken his Ph.D. in French folklore. He was a placid soul but not without spirit—which led to the end of his career at Amherst.

One day a fussy janitor protested to Professor Symington that he must stop writing on wet blackboards; the chalk stuck. Symington threw him out of his classroom. The janitor, however, had been the first in several winters to succeed in coaxing a comfortable level of warmth from the Amherst furnaces. In the ensuing crisis the administration decided it would be easier to find another language teacher. The elder Symington took his family to New York, decided to study law, and went to night school, translating documents for export-import firms in the daytime. Returning to Baltimore, the family home town, he eventually became an esteemed county judge.

The family lived modestly, sometimes precariously. Stuart was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Of Scottish stock, the Symingtons had prospered in the ante-bellum South but the Civil War had severely blighted their fortunes. Stuart's grandfather, William Stuart Symington—for whom he was named—was a major on Pickett's staff and took part in the fateful charge at Gettysburg, but the war proved too much for him and in civilian life he quietly and alcoholicly went to pieces. Stuart's mother, a genteel but spirited Virginian, was an intensely religious Episcopalian and did a good deal of charitable and social work among Baltimore's poorer families, particularly the Negroes. When one of Stuart's six uncles, T. H. Symington, invented

an improved journal box to house railway car axles, it started the clan back on the road to prosperity.

On occasion, when finances were thin at home, Stuart was farmed out to relatives. He had an older sister, Louise, four younger brothers, Francis, Charles, McDuff, and James. McDuff was killed in a coasting accident as a little boy. Stuart himself had a narrow escape at the age of eight. He fell off a two-story house and crushed his left elbow. Left-handed, he learned to write ambidextrously. A silver disc was inserted in the elbow joint but despite two years of exercise with a foot-pedal machine he could never bend his arm quite normally again. Later he learned a strong game of left-handed tennis and taught himself right-handed golf.

He went through the normal gamut of boyhood jobs—selling bottled water, running errands, pushing a paper route. World War I caught him at school in Switzerland and it looked as if he might be marooned when another uncle, Captain Powers Symington, naval attaché in London, was able to expedite his passage home. In 1918, at the age of 17, he enlisted in the Army but got no nearer to Paris and Pershing than Plattsburg, New York, from where he was mustered out as one of the country's youngest second lieutenants a year later.

In the fall of 1919 he went to Yale. It required a loan to keep him there but he managed to become a fraternity man. Indeed, he joined the mother chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon, which some irreverent brothers have described as "one of the snootiest, snobbiest" Greek letter groups in the Ivy League. A popular fellow, Symington made the Yale tennis team, was an editor of the Yale *News,* and did a turn at dramatics. He failed to get his B.A. degree with the class of 1923 because of a deficiency in mathematics. (The sheepskin arrived approximately 23 years later after he had joined the Truman administration.)

In the summer intervals from Yale he did some cub reporting for the Baltimore *Sun.* He had a certain cocky obstreperousness. Ambition made him restless but it had not caught fire yet; he was more flashy than steady, even a little lazy now and then.

Once, home from Yale, he overheard a plant superin-

tendent telling his father that "that son of yours is a fine boy." And he was shocked and hurt to hear the ex-professor reply, "Oh, Stuart's all right—but wait till you see one of my other sons." Years later, after Louise had gone into a Baltimore dress shop, Francis and Charles had become businessmen, and James a farmer, Stuart, who had outstripped them all in material success, recalled the incident. "I guess," he said, "it made me realize I wasn't working hard enough."

During the Christmas holidays of 1921, Stuart went with his Yale roommate to a charity ball at the palatial old Wardman Park Hotel in Washington. In the course of the evening he met a striking blonde with unusually pale blue eyes. Her name was Evelyn Wadsworth, daughter of the Senator. They were both impressed.

Spring vacation came and Symington braved the traditional call to meet her family. The Wadsworths lived in a huge brick mansion on 16th and H Streets, facing the White House across Lafayette Park. Built in the French chateau manner, this had been the imposing home of Evelyn's grandfather, John Hay, the small, sharp, engaging personal secretary to Abraham Lincoln who had become McKinley's Secretary of State. Symington was not wholly unsophisticated but he had never seen a senator, *any* senator, and the servants of his Baltimorean experience were all colored. When the white butler answered the door, in formal dress, the nervous young man mistook him for Senator Wadsworth, self-consciously thrust out his hand, and introduced himself. Despite this disconcerting beginning, the family's approval allowed the romance to flower.

Symington had been thinking about following his father into the law. But after he fell in love he quickly jettisoned this idea; the prospect of a long-delayed marriage or a separation while he was plugging away at law school was too depressing. Besides, his uncles' railroad car equipment plant was, happily, at Rochester, New York, only 30 miles from Hartford House, the Wadsworth family estate outside Geneseo. Courting and odd jobs could be combined.

In addition to her beauty and bewitching charm, Evelyn Wadsworth had an impressive background. Her great-great-

uncle, General Jeremiah Wadsworth, a powerful, wealthy citizen of Hartford, Connecticut, had been George Washington's commissary general and personal friend. It was he who first acquired the rich, bountiful lands in New York's Genesee Valley which later became the family heritage. A great-uncle, William, had been a famous fighting general in the War of 1812. Two other Wadsworths, Eve's grandfather and great-grandfather, were Union officers in the Civil War. A great-great-grandfather, Reverdy Johnson, a Baltimore lawyer, had dramatically but unsuccessfully defended the woman who had been accused of plotting the assassination of Lincoln with John Wilkes Booth in her boarding house.

Evelyn Wadsworth had grown up on politics. She had hardly known a time when the Washington mansion or Hartford House was not filled with public figures or people who wanted to become such. Not only was her father a very wealthy man and a power in Congress, his father had represented the Genesee Valley in the House. Evelyn had two younger brothers, one of whom, James Jeremiah, was to become an ambassador, U. S. representative on the UN disarmament commission, and head of the American delegation to the Geneva atomic disarmament talks.

Evelyn Wadsworth, soon to be 21, and Stuart Symington, soon to be 23, were married in a glittering society wedding on March 1, 1924, a freakishly warm and sun-splashed day with the temperature in the 70's. From Hay House the wedding party simply trouped on foot directly across the street to the gilt-domed Episcopal church, St. John's. The bride herself stepped into a limousine which swept her to the church door in an impressive U-turn, a journey of approximately 85 feet.

After a honeymoon in New Orleans and Cuba, the couple moved into a two-room flat in Rochester where Symington had a job as a molder in the foundry of a Symington plant. The parent T. H. Symington Company (later Symington-Gould) controlled three other companies, making couplers, storage batteries, and car lighting equipment.

Mrs. Symington has looked back on that beginning in

some wonder, remembering it as a time when her husband often had to take two baths a day to remove the grime, when he studied mechanical and electrical engineering three nights a week, plus a course in metallurgy from The International Correspondence School. Interestingly enough, Symington's paragraph in *Who's Who* proudly lists ICS alongside Yale, but makes no reference to his impressive fraternity and club memberships.

Symington got both the rough and the smooth from his uncles. He was fired one day in 1925 when he said the coupler plant was not pouring iron correctly. He disliked his next job, at a drafting board. But then, with avuncular financial assistance, he bought the clay products plant and, still in his mid-twenties, became its president and made his first important money. He soon got to puttering around—as an executive—in the battery and car lighting companies, with condensers for radios, and with loudspeakers. It was a natural step to the manufacture of radios. A half-million-dollar loan from two uncles helped him acquire Colonial Radio Corporation. Colonial might not have weathered the depression, however, had it not landed a contract to make radios for one of the world's greatest retail stores, Sears, Roebuck.

By the mid-thirties, having sold Colonial opportunely, Symington was coming to be known as something of a "doctor" of ailing corporations. Moving his base of operations to New York, he made such a glowing success of the reorganization of Rustless Iron & Steel that the man who controlled it, an arch-conservative Republican named Charles Shipman Payson, was able to sell the company in 1937 for a corpulent figure.

Somewhat by accident, Evie Symington had now become a glowing success in an unaccustomed role. She had a soft, arresting contralto voice. Perhaps its haunting, husky quality had been accentuated by the workout she had given it as cheerleader in a succession of exclusive girls' schools in Washington. A French nurse had taught her French. One night in the spring of 1934 she put these talents together and sang French ballads and other popular songs at a

benefit for Bellevue Hospital's cardiac clinic, in a Broadway nightclub. The ovation from the audience was not surprising, since it consisted largely of her fellow charity workers and their husbands, but a proffered contract from the management was. After the consensus of family counsels indicated there would be no damage to the welfare of two young sons or undignified reflection on the public career of her father, she decided to give it a whirl.

Much of the "playboy" label that was attached to Symington in later political campaigns originated in this lighthearted four-year interval when he followed his wife around the supper clubs as a fan—and technician (his electronic experience was helpful in the fine points of microphone adjustment). However, when business opportunity pulled him to St. Louis in 1938, Mrs. Symington turned down a Hollywood offer as well as a reported $3,500-a-week contract renewal to stay on at the Waldorf, and followed him west with the two boys.

An interesting facet of Symington's make-up was beginning to emerge. His political orientation had not crystallized. Though some foundations of a liberal outlook were already there—in his mother's strong social consciousness, in his father's cultural leanings, in the largely Democratic background and atmosphere of Baltimore—Stuart's business associations (not to mention the consistent and considerable conservative influence of his father-in-law) were almost entirely Republican, many of them extreme right-wingers, from Sears, Roebuck's General Robert E. Wood on down. Yet despite—or perhaps in part because of—his brashness, his unorthodox approach, his impetuous and even sometimes arrogant manner, Symington and his vibrant personality made such an overwhelming impression on these men that several of them swore by him after some of his unheard-of business methods had aroused conservative cries of alarm, and even well after his record in the Senate had taken on a liberal dye which recurrent doubtful questioning failed (by the time of his re-election to a second term) to wash out.

As late as the spring of 1959, a self-confessed "black

Republican" put down on paper his impressions of a man who had both shocked and excited his business sensibilities 20 years before. Thomas Dunlap, who before he retired as head of Sears, Roebuck's huge hardware department had numerous and sometimes sharply argued dealings with Symington, wrote: "Stuart Symington is blessed with the faculty of getting along with people whether they be union leaders, workers, customers or what. He is a wise, understanding, great American." Symington himself has since reflected on this faculty. One fragment of his philosophy: "You can get away with murder with people as long as they know you are sincere." Another: "If you understand people, you can move along."

He had been moving along so well that, in effect, he was sitting still without an active job, enjoying the fruits of his labors, playing with the possibilities of some inventions and setting in his mind some impressions of a portentous 1937 pre-Munich trip to Europe, when the fascinating tangle of the Emerson Electric Manufacturing Company in St. Louis came to his attention in 1938. Emerson, which manufactured electric fans, was in desperate need of major resuscitation after a wilting sitdown strike that had lasted 53 days. Management, choosing to interpret the Wagner Labor Relations Act as unconstitutional, had refused to recognize the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, CIO. The union had organized the plant in 1936 under the furiously dynamic leadership of one William Sentner. Sentner, who insisted that nobody, including the Communist party, could push him around, made no bones of the fact that he was a Communist. That in itself was a nice problem, but a more immediate one for the stockholders was new management. Symington was approached by David Van Alstyne, Jr., of an underwriting firm. He was offered $24,000 a year, plus an option to buy 75,000 shares of stock. Symington checked the offer and the man with a mutual friend, James V. Forrestal, whose encouragement helped him decide affirmatively.

Symington prided himself on his instinctive ability to judge people. He fired many of Emerson's key officials and kept two old-timers, around whom he built as he reached

out for new business. One of his important accounts was his old stand-by, Sears, Roebuck.

He showed the union the books, refused its demands for a wage rise until profits could support it, offered a voluntary dues checkoff system instead. At Colonial in Rochester he had already dealt—successfully—with the union's international president, a stormy, aggressive figure even younger than himself, a man named James Carey. Ahead of many industrialists, Symington had decided that unions were an important fact of life, to be dealt with instead of battled. His conviction was to win him important labor support later in politics.

Symington's approach incensed St. Louis business leaders and fertilized Sentner's already well-cultivated, combative suspicions of management. To charges of having truck with Communists, Symington retorted that under the law he had no choice but to deal with the bona fide head of a recognized union, whether Communist or Kurdish chief. To Sentner's "What's the catch?" he replied there was none. "If I'm going to have a union, I'm going to have a good one."

Sentner's suspicions vaulted higher when Symington proposed a profit-sharing scheme. The split was a paltry $21,420 the first year. But after it climbed to $90,250 the second year and over a million the fifth year, Sentner told a public meeting of the union that he had been wrong, that Symington was a "right guy."

As war production increased job opportunities, Symington hired Negroes. Once a delegation of the NAACP called on him. It thought he was not integrating colored workers into the plant fast enough.

"We can't push too hard," Symington warned. "St. Louis is still Jim Crow even though it's a border town, and I've had some experience with border towns. I come from Baltimore."

One of the delegation started. "You acquainted with Mrs. Emily Symington?"

"Pretty well," the Emerson president replied. "She's my mother."

"Glory," the spokesman said. "We don't need to waste

our time here. Emily Symington's done more for our people in Baltimore than anybody."

Despite the doubts and hostility of plant and community, the Symington plan worked. Negro employes, properly trained, became leaders in productivity.

One sultry evening in the '40's, Symington was driving his wife out to a night ball game when a Cadillac, shiny but obviously second hand, and filled with Negroes, cut recklessly in front of them, forcing the Symingtons to the curb. The driver, who happened to work at Emerson, glanced back and in one stricken second recognized the boss. He stopped the Cadillac and approached, hat in hand, smiling.

"Mr. Symington," he said, "look what I got with my profit-sharing."

Symington never ignored the factor of luck—every successful businessman has been called lucky—but he had an ability to mix his hunches with sound sense. On a trip to Chicago once, mending his sales fences and looking for more business, he dropped in on his old friend Tom Dunlap, the Sears hardware man. Within minutes he wrote out a check for something like $80,000 for a plant in Cincinnati that manufactured arc welders, artificial flowers, and hand warmers. "I guess I'd better go to Cincinnati and take a look at the place," Symington said. "I'm not sure I know what arc welders are." They turned out to be a valuable, profitable complement to Emerson's war work.

"This deal wasn't so blind or foolhardy as it looked," Symington explained later. "I knew Dunlap was a sound businessman. I knew the thing was good if he had bought it. He was protecting his catalogue page (he needed arc welders) so I knew there was a market."

In 1941 Symington was on the watch for war contracts he thought Emerson could handle. David Van Alstyne, Jr., his original contact with Emerson, told him that the Army Air Corps was looking desperately for a gun turret as protective armament for its bombers. After a vigorous series of conferences with the Army and General William S. Knudsen, head of the Office of Production Management, and a breathless sequence which saw him in Washington,

St. Louis, New York, Buffalo, and Detroit in a span of hours, Symington found himself on a plane for England, sworn in as a special OPM observer, to find out all he could about the Royal Air Force's turrets. Symington and a consultant flew home with the data, clinched a huge defense contract, and started improvising the turrets. They "hogged them out" at first, built them by hand. The phone would ring and it would be the Air Corps' General "Hap" Arnold. "Can't I just have one?" he would beg.

Symington had a bunk in the shop. If he woke up at 3:00 A.M. he would get up and go to work. Sometimes it was 20 hours a day. But the plant hummed. Emerson was the only important factory in St. Louis that did not have any labor-management difficulties during the war.

The sociable Symingtons had become thoroughly "accepted" in St. Louis; they had satisfied the ultimate criterion of approval by joining the Country Club. Symington continued to set colleagues' teeth on edge at the Noonday Club with his progressive views on labor. The Chamber of Commerce made him a director, he became a vice-chairman of Paul Hoffman's Committee for Economic Development, and the mayor put him on an interracial committee. He also participated in a discussion group called the Serious Thinkers, formed by a liberal Episcopal bishop. Its main theme: shape of the postwar world. Sentner belonged to the group too.

Washington emerging from the war was a pandemonium. Men were needed to direct the transition to a peacetime economy. A St. Louis banker, John Snyder, soon to become Secretary of the Treasury, recommended Symington to President Truman for a nasty job: liquidation of war surplus. This was in the spring of 1945. Symington, however, was dubious over the booby-trap aspects of the Washington job of Surplus Property Administrator. Besides, he had been asked to become number two man at I.T.T. and reorganize the company. But Congressman Wadsworth, his father-in-law, told him tartly he ought to consider a request from the President of the United States a command.

Symington might later have wished that he had given

more of an ear to his misgivings. He sold his stock, put the money in trust, and arrived in Washington to face a sticky row in the Senate over his confirmation. Wyoming's Senator Joseph O'Mahoney, a free-swinging Democrat with active suspicions of big business, was sharply interested in the 1942 Justice Department civil prosecution of several men who had been involved with Symington in a parking meter venture in 1937. The accusation: Attempt to monopolize patents on parking meters in violation of the antitrust laws. Symington, who had pulled out of the enterprise in 1938 and taken his losses, explained later that one of the headaches of that business was graft. He and his associates had thought that if they could pool groups of patents they might be able to establish a uniform price, eliminating kickbacks. It was an ill-fated venture.

Finally, after threatening to throw up the nomination and go home, and after convincing the Senators he would *not* be inclined to deal leniently with monopolists, Symington was confirmed in July, 1945.

This was only the beginning of his woes. One of the minor unpleasantries was the title he acquired: "the $100,000,000 junk man." He knew the huge piles of war surplus were honeycombed with sources of temptation that could lead to great scandal. So he borrowed from J. Edgar Hoover an FBI man named Joseph Carroll whom he designated unofficially as the "vice-president in charge of catching crooks."

This canny precaution, however, did not save Symington from painful involvement in a full-dress congressional investigation of the disposal of surplus goods. On December 31, 1946, a House select committee issued a blistering report of its findings. One of the major targets of its criticism was Symington, although he had stayed hardly six months as administrator and was now in the War Department as Assistant Secretary for Air.

The report spoke of "slipshod operations, chaotic administrative conditions and unconscionable delays" in the sale of sites, and the "complete disorganization" of regional offices, with many apparent instances "of favoritism if not downright corruption." In his testimony before the committee,

Symington stressed that as administrator he had only set policy, that he had had nothing to do with disposal, which was the prime responsibility of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the Department of Commerce. He had not been responsible for the setup and could hardly be expected to pull order out of chaos in a matter of months.

But the committee's strongest quarrel with Symington was over a report he had submitted to Congress which, in the face of virtually all other expert recommendations, had urged the sale of the wartime Big Inch and Little Big Inch pipelines from Texas to the East for the transportation of oil and not for natural gas except as a last resort. There was an abundance of expert testimony indicating the use for gas would be vastly preferable from almost every angle and the sale for that purpose would return the government by far the most money.

Symington emphasized repeatedly to the committee that his report had not precluded sale of the pipelines for gas, that it did indeed give preference to oil but that this represented the considered judgment of his trusted subordinates. "You have to have confidence in your organization," he said. (Before the committee investigation started, Symington had repeatedly complained to Congress about "wrong" and "unsound" sections of the Surplus Property Act.) The pipelines were eventually sold to a Texas gas transmission company for more than $143,000,000, a figure many millions higher than other companies interested in transporting oil had offered.

Symington registered some marks on the positive side of the surplus property ledger, however, and the most spectacular of these involved aluminum. During the war the government had built several aluminum plants, but they all operated by sufferance of the Aluminum Company of America, which owned the patents and the aluminum oxide from which the metal is made. Symington persuaded the company to give the patents to the government for nothing and "really get credit for doing a good thing."

Stuart Symington will not be the only one historians will

credit for creation of a separate Air Force. Some of his more churlish critics have suggested that he sometimes behaved as if he personally had invented air power, he was so frantically and tiresomely insistent on its overriding importance. However, to the men who fought the battles of unification and the budget on his side, he was a master strategist, a manager who, against great odds, brought a team from the cellar to the top of the first division in a relatively short time. When he became Assistant Secretary of War for Air in 1946, the Air Force was a subsidiary of the Army, last in line for military appropriations. When he left the Pentagon in 1950, after having served three years as the first Secretary of the Air Force, it had become a separate service with virtually equal call on the federal budget. (Since then, of course, it has consistently had first call.)

Symington's basic thesis was simple. He was a "lead-from-strength" man. The tragic contrast between the England of 1937 and of 1941 had deeply impressed him. The world's most powerful weapon was the atomic bomb and the only country that had it was the United States. The only vehicle that could deliver it was an airplane, a bomber. Symington's passion for a 70-group Air Force followed naturally.

During this period, Symington badly frightened a lot of people including some of the most responsible journalists in Washington, into thinking he was a preventive-war man who would push the panic button on the thinnest pretext. The Navy did absolutely nothing to quiet these fears. There were, instead, guarded and unguarded statements from admirals reflecting the folly, if not the inhumanity, of concentrating on atomic weapons. A Symington aide of that hectic time, a World War II naval veteran, has since wondered how heavy the moralizing of the admirals would have been if the fleet had then had an atomic submarine and a Polaris nuclear missile within its grasp.

Though the cancellation of the supercarrier was not his doing, Symington has been credited with handling himself and his organization well in the face of the Navy's violent reflex from that disappointment: the incredible row it stirred up over the Air Force's alleged overinvestment in the

B-36 bomber. Even before this tempest broke in 1949, Symington had been keeping his eye on the changing future role of air power. Against the counsel of some advisers, he contrived to call in an independent, presidential commission study on the subject at the same time the 80th Congress was doing its own spadework on it. The advisors feared there would be nullifying contradictory conclusions, but the Thomas K. Finletter report and the Brewster-Hinshaw Special Congressional Committee findings on aviation policy neatly complemented each other—supporting a big Air Force.

Most labels have an adhesive quality and Symington probably would have to cope with the "preventive war" one indefinitely. When a reporter put the question to him squarely in the troubled spring of 1959, he replied: "I have never, ever, been for preventive war. I do not think any man has a right, either, to rule it out, unequivocally, under any and all circumstances."

Of course, the more Soviet strength zoomed, the more academic became the question: what could a preventive war prevent?

In these postwar years, Symington and his good friend, Jim Forrestal, found themselves almost constantly at odds. They collided over two big, interlocking issues. From the start Symington had been for unification of the Armed Services, with a strong, separate Air Force, and War Secretary Robert Patterson had assigned him to help monitor the defense act through Congress. As Secretary of the Navy, Forrestal opposed unification; he was afraid it would sink the Navy. In any case he viewed a Symington-sized Air Force as a threat. After he became the first Secretary of Defense and Symington's boss, however, Forrestal's views broadened and he pressed for improvements on the original unification legislation. But Symington's aviation demands continued to irritate him as unreasonable. In fact, each friend harassed the other and the going could be brutal when their opinions clashed. Both were strong-minded men. Forrestal was the more slowly decisive of the two and the personality differences between the brooding, deliberate introvert and

the pragmatic, impatient activist often heightened the tension. Still, they kept, in general, to the unwritten rules of fair play between gentlemen.

The Secretary of Defense was not the only man Symington nettled. He overturned a wasp's nest in his own shop when, over the heads of stung military brass, he brought in a civilian, an ex-New England newspaperman named Steve Leo, to be his personal public relations officer. Furthermore, he gave Leo line and staff responsibility so that his directives had the force of an order. Justification: a reporter's instead of a press agent's picture of what was going on. Generals, or majors trying to protect them, steamed and seethed, but Leo stayed the course and followed Symington when he resigned.

The Pentagon still echoes with stories of Symington high-handedness, some vinegared with age, no doubt. But there are as many testimonials for his brilliance in organizing a superior staff and then keeping it humming at top speed in an atmosphere of zest and purpose.

As a businessman trained in the orderly procedure of cost-accounting, Symington was appalled by the military's loose approach to expenditures. The lack of profit-and-loss guidelines seemed to obscure its concept of budget limitations. He supplied a checkrein. He became convinced then, and reiterated tirelessly later as a senator, that billions could be saved in the defense budget by true unification of the services—a goal that kept glimmering in the future. "He has an instinct for the jugular," his devoted associate Steve Leo once remarked. Another Symington staffer put it more delicately: "A tremendous ability to be selective on problems."

Reflecting on Symington's impatient drive, an Air Force general concluded that "sometimes he best handled his own temper by managing to make the other fellow mad first." There was a period, however, soon after he became Air Force Secretary, when his temper seemed to wear desperately thin. He began suffering throbbing headaches. An examination revealed high blood pressure. In March, 1947, Symington underwent a sympathectomy, a delicate, risky operation involving the severing of the sympathetic nerves

leading to the spine. Warned that he might be knocked out for six months, he was playing golf in June, back at his desk shortly afterwards. The operation was a complete success. Friends—and adversaries—soon noted a steadier beat to his tempo, a smoother, more even line to his temper.

It may well be that although Symington's affinity for air power was based on the logic of his experience, observation, and business judgment, his affinity for airmen had an emotional pulse. There was something mysterious and moving to him about these tough, reckless, boyish, hard-living men who had been shot at and survived, who knew another dimension, the sky. On one occasion, Symington and General Carl (Tooey) Spaatz, then Air Force Chief of Staff, were standing side by side at a burial service in Arlington National Cemetery for victims who died in an Air Force plane shot down by Yugoslavs in Tito's hostile days.

With sobbing wives and relatives, the whole scene almost overwhelmed Symington; but Spaatz, showing no emotion at all, kept whistling and humming softly throughout the service. When they got back to the Pentagon, Symington said to him, "You're a cold bastard."

The General's face turned white. "God damn you," he said. "My life has been one long succession of burying people, including my friends. Then maybe I get drunk." And he turned and walked away.

The Secretary and Spaatz then became fast friends. Symington also became close to General Hoyt Vandenberg, another Air Force Chief of Staff, and a World War II Pacific ace, an ex-newspaperman, Thomas Lanphier, Jr., who became a Symington Assistant Secretary of the Air Force and later emerged as a vice-president of Convair involved in the production of the Atlas missile. Talking about these men, Symington almost invariably referred, with sentimental awe, to Vandenberg's heroic battle with cancer and to the fact that Lanphier, who had shot down Yamamoto, the top Japanese admiral, was now engrossed in the rearing of five daughters.

Sentiment, however, did not dictate Symington's stand

on the military budget. When Louis Johnson, Forrestal's successor, slashed the Air Force to 48 groups in 1950 (Congress had already authorized 70, but President Truman refused to spend the money), Symington resigned in protest. What would have happened if Symington had got his way? Some of his supporters maintain, with the help of hindsight, that Korea might have been avoided because the Joint Chiefs would not then have been impelled to write the area off as indefensible. History, of course, will have to judge whether that was one of the many factors bearing on the delicate balance of crisis.

Despite their differences, the President respected the consistency of Symington's position and persuaded him to take another job, heading the National Securities Resources Board, an inventory and stockpile agency. The post had anomalous stature but Symington, who had made an unsuccessful pitch for the Atomic Energy Commission, was tempted because it gave him a seat on the National Security Council where, he thought, he still might be able to press his defense ideas. His staff quickly nicknamed him "Dr. Facts." One of his rules was: "You're going to be damned if you do and damned if you don't. So you'd better be pretty damned sure you do what you think is right."

At NSRB, Symington, over the anguished cries of the State Department, helped drive a harder bargain with India than seemed in the cards for manganese, a shortage of which was threatening a cutback in steel production in the midst of the Korean war effort. He refused to go along with the international cartel price on tin, withdrew the U. S. from the market, and saved, some estimate, half a billion dollars. His economy mobilization measures found less and less favor with the White House, however, and when General Electric's Charles E. Wilson came in to run the Office of Defense Mobilization, more or less eclipsing his powers, he quit.

By now—1951—the President was in difficulties over the RFC scandals and again Symington was tapped for a rough assignment. Stories of questionable loans and privilege for mink coats and other largesse were rampant, if overplayed.

As one lieutenant has recalled, "He sized up quickly the need to fire the worst offenders swiftly and publicly and elevate the decent people, of whom there were many, with equal speed, to bolster their morale"—and to quiet the clamors of the public and Congress.

There were other strains, though, not the least of which affected the RFC administrator's contacts with the White House; one of the figures he fired had been the wife of Mr. Truman's advisor on patronage. Early in 1952 Symington quit the government.

In less than a year, of course, he was back, in the unaccustomed category of representative of the people, an elected official. No stranger to Washington, Symington was a freshman senator in a painfully real sense, all the same. After his triumph against the Eisenhower tide in November, 1952, it suddenly dawned on jubilant Missouri Democrats that their man knew nothing about the state's most vital activity, agriculture. The worried head of the lively, progressive Missouri Farmers Association, Fred Heinkel, telephoned a leading Missouri congressman, another Democrat.

"We're in trouble," Heinkel said. "Symington probably thinks a co-op is something to put chickens in. Can you help educate him?"

The congressman, his own undone chores covering his desk, demurred. A couple of years later, Heinkel brought the subject up with the congressman again. "You know," he said, "that fellow Symington sure has done his homework. He's probably one of the best-informed men in the country on the farm problem now—certainly in Congress."

Some of the Senator's critics have complained that Symington, as a member of the Senate's Agriculture Committee, merely played it politically cozy on the farm issue, joining the partisan posse out after Ezra Taft Benson's neck but mounting no positive program of his own. However, after his sweeping re-election victory for a second term in 1958, Symington clarified and intensified his opposition to the Secretary of Agriculture on three major points: the "growing inflationary menace" of the government's stored

crop surplus, swelling toward $10,000,000,000; the "inconsistency" of removing acreage controls on corn without removing price supports, thereby, allegedly, encouraging more surplus; and "inefficient administration" in the department which, he charged, had increased the cost of running it by 900 per cent in six years. Correction of these points, Symington argued, was enough of an opposition program to start with.

His encounter with Joseph R. McCarthy, on whose investigating committee he had, uncomfortably, sat, left him with deep scars. Those in the wings during that sordid drama had somehow hoped that Symington, outraged at the abuse of the military, would dash out like a knight in shining armor at the Army-McCarthy hearings and unhorse the Senator from Wisconsin. They were encouraged, perhaps, by such Symington statements already on the record as his 1953 Commencement address at Radcliffe College. "In my opinion," he had said at a time when McCarthyism was still climbing toward its climax, "there is no place for one-man investigations or for peremptory summons to inquisition. We can and we must search out communism and fight it to its death—but we must do this with the weapons of democracy."

But the Symington who came through to the country on TV looked disarmed and dismayed before the wily, wicked onslaught of McCarthy. In one exchange Symington did manage to shout, "Why don't you see a psychiatrist?" And his warm, human defense of one beleaguered witness, an Army clerk named Annie Lee Moss, protesting attempts to convict her "by hearsay and innuendo," inspired editorial applause as far away as the Manchester *Guardian*. Postmortems have attributed Symington's diffidence to the fact that, untrained as a lawyer, he was at sea on investigative procedure, that McCarthy's wild unorthodoxy compounded the difficulty, and that, contemptuous of McCarthy's tactics, he was loath to mix with him on the latter's level.

After McCarthy died, Senator Symington signed a committee testimonial to his courage. Queried about this gesture to a man who had so ruthlessly abused him and his ideals,

he said he saw no purpose in hitting people when they were down or gone.

Symington's own reputation within the Senate was being shaped more by his single-minded pursuit of the defense issue than by any other activity. Ironically, his bear hug of the subject was squeezing from him—within the exclusive confines of that unique club—some of the popularity, prestige, and position which his colleagues had conceded him when he matriculated in January, 1953.

When he arrived, his impressive against-the-tide victory, his record of standing up to his own administration on principle (a certain "rightness" had seemed to attach to his Air Force budget fight), his charm, good manners, and genteel background all helped carry him to the very threshold of the Inner Club, as William S. White has called that elite invisible group with a somewhat southern accent, which under the aegis of Lyndon Johnson seems to influence to such an extent the destinies of the Senate.

Yet he never quite passed through the door into the Sanctum. His preoccupation with military matters would bore one colleague, make another jealous of his *expertise.* In new surroundings he missed the importance of many niceties which, outside, might be called "playing the game." "He hasn't yet got the 'sense' of the Senate," one veteran proclaimed. "His approach on defense," one key attaché of the Chamber put it, "reminds you of the brother-in-law who touches you for a loan, then keeps coming back for more." Though admiring his facility with facts, an Armed Services committee source once observed that "he sometimes seems prepared to lose a war in order to win a battle."

His relations with his leader have waxed to the heights of mutual admiration and waned to the hollows of mutual irritation and disdain. "If you're one of Lyndon Johnson's buddies," remarked a senator who was, "he's a guy who requires a lot of your time. He moves in his own way. Stu may want action just for action's sake and he can miss Lyndon's approach."

Symington's own approach startled and stunned the powerful Senate Democratic Steering Committee one day in January, 1959. Just before the committee sat down to make out committee assignments for the 86th Congress, the Senator popped up with an urgent request: a seat on Appropriations, which provides—or rejects—the money the executive branch (including the Pentagon) says it needs. Symington was willing if necessary to give up his spot on Armed Services or Agriculture to get it. The committee was aghast at this late and hasty request. Accommodations had been made so that he could be put on those two originally. Other senators had had their bids in for Appropriations for weeks or months. He was turned, or rather slapped, down. Symington explained that he had not known, until the last minute, that Missouri's senior senator, Thomas Hennings, Jr., with whom his contact was by no means intimate, was not going to request a berth on Appropriations himself. But he had jarred the delicate filaments of Senate procedure and protocol out of phase.

Yet it must be noted that being a successful member of the Senate and being a successful senator are not necessarily the same thing. Stuart Symington might miss the Senate's morning prayer, he might miss his allotted turn in the presiding officer's chair, but he would never miss a response, by return mail if possible, to a constituent's query (he often dictates 40 personal letters a day). He has run a tight, trim ship in his Senate office with an enviably competent, loyal crew of 13 staff members.

His care in keeping the home fences tightly mended helped him easily corral re-election in 1958. Though the turnout was lighter than expected, he won over a lady lawyer from Sedalia by the biggest percentage of votes ever registered in Missouri. There had to be more behind the victory than mere fence-mending. A lot of money went into the campaign. "Why do they need so much?" one party veteran asked. "He's going to win easy." But the word was that headquarters wanted to win big, presumably for reasons similar to those of Symington's Massachusetts colleague, Jack Kennedy.

In addition to his sensitive response to the individual and collective needs of Missourians, Symington had established an astonishingly consistent liberal national voting record. Though Lyndon Johnson had campaigned for him in Missouri in 1952 and shaken loose some Texas contributions to his war chest, Symington's first important vote in the Senate was against turning tidelands oil reserves over to the states. In 1957 and 1958, by the score card of that bogey of conservatives, Americans for Democratic Action, Symington had a perfect voting record on key issues—taxes, reciprocal trade, civil rights.

"He lives Republican and votes Democratic," a liberal Senate colleague has said. This interesting alleged schizophrenia has raised the question of sincerity versus expediency. Some of the "wouldest" of his would-be supporters have wondered if he were too good to be true. Why, for instance, would not a legislator with such a record be anathema—which he decidedly is not—to the South? The readiest answer to that: While he voted with the liberals—with an eye, obviously, to practicalities as well as ideals—he took care never to mount tirades against southerners.

In 1956 Symington never emerged from the shadows as more than a speculative candidate for the presidency. But in the winter of 1958-1959, the polls, like snow flurries, began to pile up in his favor. The authoritative *Congressional Quarterly* buttonholed nearly 40 per cent of the Democrats in both the Senate and House and found a majority of them considered Symington their party's "strongest possible candidate for President," if not their most popular colleague on Capitol Hill. He got almost twice as many votes as Jack Kennedy. (The Republicans picked Nixon over Rockefeller by more than four to one.) In February, 1959, *U. S. News and World Report,* in a national canvass of party leaders, found the Democratic race narrowing to four men: Symington, Adlai Stevenson, John F. Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson, in that order. Symington led, the survey said, as first choice in nine states with 318 convention votes (upwards of 700 will be needed to nominate) and as second or third choice in 16 states with 530 votes.

Polls, of course, do not make a President, but if his contenders were eliminated, he might cut a successful pattern of compromise through a deadlocked convention. He has committed himself but is not outspoken on divisive issues; he might be able to hold the North-South factions of the party together (Speaker Rayburn is said authoritatively to favor Symington after his first love, Lyndon Johnson); he has powerful friends and supporters within organized labor; farmers respect him; businessmen, while disturbed by some of his liberal leanings and outspoken labor-management views, nevertheless admire his successes and note approvingly that he had "met a payroll." Last, and increasingly important in an epoch of electronic, or picture-tube, politics, Symington has charm, distinction, good looks, wealth (a "borderline millionaire," he has been called), a lovely wife, and two handsome, successful sons with photogenic families of their own. Early in 1959 he was given the go-ahead, as chairman of a subcommittee of the Senate's new outer space committee, to investigate duplication in the government's satellite and missile programs. All this, inevitably, put his central theme, defense, under the most penetrating public scrutiny it had ever received. Almost a sure sign that the opposition was starting to take him seriously, the propaganda organs of the Republican National Committee began to attack him.

Symington's stand on military power has been both consistent and changing. He had been a "big bomber" man but at the same time had advocated a strong mobile striking force for limited, brushfire wars. Then his emphasis shifted to missiles. The more extreme Air Force strategists have not gone along with his enthusiasm for the submarine missile, Polaris, an increase in airlift capability for the Army, or a "small war" force.

His basic quarrel with the government has been that we have been or soon will be trailing the Russians in almost every important weapon and method of defense. Sometimes his stand has seemed impetuous, even theatrical. Immediately after Sputnik I hit its orbit, he urged the President to summon Congress in special session to review our whole

defense picture, in and out of space. Impetuous or not, it was not inconsistent. A year before, taking care to delay publication until after the 1956 presidential elections so he could not be accused of playing "politics," Symington, as head of an Armed Services subcommittee, had released a highly critical report of U. S. defenses. After long hearings, the committee majority had accused the administration of failing to act on available intelligence, of ignoring or underestimating Soviet military progress, of deceiving the public, and of placing financial considerations ahead of defense requirements, to the "serious damage" of national security.

To arguments that his demands would require a dangerously high budget and possibly bankrupt the country, the Senator produces two rebuttals: If more taxes are needed for legitimate defense we should pay them. The Rockefeller and Gaither reports prove that in an expanding economy we can afford the defense we need and, besides, what is the point of being "the richest man in the graveyard?" In addition, Symington has repeatedly held that from five to ten billion dollars a year could be saved in a "real" unification of the Armed Services through elimination of duplication, even triplification, of commands and weapons systems —especially missiles.

Was he, in trying to close the missile gap, ignoring the dollar gap which a struggling free government such as India faced and which, if we failed to help her close it, might hasten Communist domination of the rest of Asia —and Africa?

To that, Symington has replied, "I feel we can lose economically just as surely as we are losing militarily. I am for aid to India. We ought to cut out the phony military aid to countries that don't need it or where it doesn't do us good and increase economic aid to countries that do need it."

By the eve of the 1960 presidential engagement, Symington's contest with the Eisenhower regime had narrowed down to two basic points: conflicting intelligence and different evaluation of the same intelligence.

In early August, 1958, Symington emerged from a Central

Intelligence Agency briefing vastly troubled. What he had seen and heard there simply did not jibe with facts and assessments he had gathered inside and outside the government, including those from a wide number of alert industry sources such as Convair, where his onetime lieutenant, Tom Lanphier, was a key man in the Atlas intercontinental ballistic missile program. By Symington's data, the Russians were doing more with missiles than the CIA gave them credit for. But Symington had to fly back to Missouri to launch his re-election campaign. From St. Louis he telephoned Sherman Adams, asked to see the President and said he wanted to bring Lanphier with him. Two hours later Adams called the Senator back. "The President will see you Friday morning at 8:30," Adams said, "but come alone."

The Friday morning was August 29. Symington arrived and had a friendly, half-hour visit. He left with the General a letter specifying what he thought the Russians were doing, which, if true, would make what we were doing—or not doing—unsound. Mr. Eisenhower said he would not only look at the letter, he would study it. Later in the day he flew to Newport, R. I., to start his vacation.

Symington returned to the hustings but in a few weeks Defense Secretary McElroy called him. He wanted to discuss the letter. Obviously the White House had alerted him to it. The Senator thought such a meeting would be inappropriate since the chief responsibility for intelligence rested with CIA Director Allen Dulles. However, he agreed to see McElroy, but because of the Secretary's impending trip to the Orient and Symington's heavy campaign schedule they were not able to set a date.

In December, after a postelection vacation in Puerto Rico, Symington received a note from the White House. The President disagreed with his assessment and wanted him to see Allen Dulles again and discuss it. Symington did. They still differed markedly. In January, the Senator had a long briefing at the Pentagon with similar, even more controversial, results.

By this time the "balanced budget" for the fiscal year 1960 was coming out and Symington raised the serious

question of whether CIA intelligence reports could have been re-evaluated, "tailored downward," to justify restrictions on defense spending. The administration's retort was a curt "no" and a reminder that the Pentagon's over-all budget was actually somewhat higher than before.

But in an open Senate hearing on January 29, Symington elicited from McElroy the headliner statement that it was not the administration's intention to match the Russians "missile for missile" in ICBM's in the next couple of years. And McElroy subsequently was quoted as conceding the Soviets a three-to-one edge in ICBM's by 1962.

This was a baffling, scary debate, far above the layman's ken. Could a senator be better informed than a whole government intelligence system? Improbable. But for examples of lapses or wishful misinterpretation of data, one had only to go back to the autumn of 1949 when the Russians exploded an atomic bomb, three years ahead of the boldest western estimates, or to the autumn of 1950 when, despite mounting reports of large suspect truck movements, MacArthur concluded that the Communist Chinese were not going to move into the Korean war. A man who has dealt with some of the highest secrets in government once observed that "the top looks at intelligence the way it affects what it wants to do."

The relationship between Symington and the influential St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has ranged from decorous romance to something sharper than a lovers' quarrel. There never had been an overt accusation that Symington was involved in any conflict of interest. When he sold his Emerson stock to join the government in 1945, he rigidly specified the resulting trust fund should never buy aviation stocks of any kind and there had never been any deviation from this order. But in an editorial on February 4, 1959, the newspaper made the ugly charge, by implication, that what Symington wanted to do was to get the government to buy more missiles because his friend Tom Lanphier was making them.

Neither essayed a reply but an ex-associate of Symington in government suggested one. "You can only break down

this relationship if you show what's wrong with it," he said. "Guilt by association doesn't work here. Atlas is the only ICBM we've got right now. Minuteman [the solid fuel ICBM] won't be ready for years. Polaris is great, but where *is* it?"

"Atlas," Symington once said, "is a truck, not a Cadillac. But if you want to take your girl to the dance and you haven't got anything else you take her in the truck."

One of Symington's guiding stars is Winston Churchill. He virtually idolizes the doughty British hero-statesman and quotes him at length on military problems or relations with the Russians. Symington has struck a private parallel between Churchill's role before World War II and his own 20 years later, both of them warning of the need for military strength as deterrent and defense, their cries falling on deaf ears. "At times," Symington remarked to a friend after his re-election, "I seem to be about the only man in this town fighting for an adequate defense." On a senatorial inspection of foreign bases in 1954 Symington saw Churchill and came away, he said later, more impressed than ever with the Churchillian argument that the West must be strong and have "something practical to bargain with" and not be reduced to bickering and bluster. In 1948 Symington had tried to urge the White House to send General Eisenhower to see Stalin in hopes of striking some kind of settlement. Churchill and Symington discussed that, and the former gave him a book of his speeches, with a marked passage raising the question in 1948 of what would happen when the Russians got the atomic bomb. "You can judge for yourselves what will happen then by what is happening now," the speech ran (the Berlin blockade was on). "If these things are done in the green wood, what will be done in the dry?"

As 1960 approached, a priority problem for Symington's presidential handlers would be to make him a seasoned candidate, aged wisely in the wood of many issues, not merely one. There were, unsurprisingly, sharp differences of opinion on his capacity. "Symington," said an ex-congressman from the Midwest, "is one of the most agile men

I ever saw, a great maneuverer and full of charm. But I think he's powerful shallow." Still, some men do not show the blood of statesmanship until they are scratched. Snapped an experienced Kansas City partisan of the Senator, "If that Harry S. Truman could make a good President—and he did—Stuart Symington will make a hell of a lot better one."

"There are a lot of objections to Symington as a candidate," one of his closer advisers conceded even before the 1960 preliminaries were ready. "But the lovely distinction about them is that they can all be removed. That's not so with his competition. Jack Kennedy can't change his religion. Lyndon Johnson can't change his geography, Adlai Stevenson his defeats, or, I suspect, Hubert Humphrey his glibness."

"And what are Symington's faults? A one-man issue with a warlike image, or an impression that he's a 'nice fellow but what has he got?' and a relatively unconvincing appearance in public speaking. In a year from now [1959] that will all be changed.

"Perhaps he's no egghead but there are other ways to meet a problem with, for instance, a lively mind that is a synthesis of the pragmatic and of decisive action. He applies himself. His capacity to learn seems almost inexhaustible."

In the middle of the first century, B. C., there lived a Phrygian Stoic named Epictetus who said that the first business of a student of philosophy is to part with self-conceit, "for it is impossible for any one to begin to learn what he thinks that he already knows."

Taking only an activist's minor liberties with that thought, Symington, speaking to a group of business management experts in Cleveland in the spring of 1940, made the point that "you can never learn what you already know."

Nearly 20 years later he happened to remark to a visitor that he would never put one of those "Think" signs up in his office but that the other sentiment—and he quoted it again—suited him fine.

# 9

# THE SOUTH *COULD* RISE AGAIN

## Lyndon Johnson and Others

ROBERT L. RIGGS

For the first time in a century, the South is sending to a Democratic national convention a candidate who is justified in hoping he can win the presidential nomination.

Because of his political skills, his talent for persuading people, his adroitness as a leader of Democrats from every section, Lyndon B. Johnson has a chance to erase the ban that has been imposed upon the states of the Confederacy ever since they bolted the Charleston convention in 1860.

In the hundred years since the political skirmishing which preceded the firing of the guns at Fort Sumter, many a son of Dixie has desired the nomination as fiercely as does the Texan who has demonstrated that a Democratic majority leader of the Senate can become the strongest man in a government whose Chief Executive is a politically diffident Republican. But not since the Civil War has any man from

the South had so much reason as Johnson to believe he might win the prize.

There have been southerners of stature who brought to conventions the unbroken support of their section. Such a man was Georgia's Richard B. Russell. Many a northern conservative in 1952 would have been happy to see Senator Russell nominated, in the mistaken belief that by choosing him the party would have turned its back on the New Deal and Fair Deal. But the practical politicians knew they could not go into an election behind the leader of the filibustering enemies of civil rights and garner the votes in the northern cities.

There have been very few southerners who could win convention delegates in the North. Such a man was Estes Kefauver. But the attributes that made it possible for the Tennessee Senator to collect presidential primary votes in New Hampshire, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Oregon won him the unyielding enmity of the South. Before they would support "a traitor to our section," the southerners would give their convention votes to a northern friend of civil rights. In 1956, the Mississippi delegates showed how strongly they felt. They voted for the liberal pro-civil-rights John F. Kennedy for vice-presidential nominee. They preferred the Massachusetts Catholic rather than the Tennessee "deserter."

Not until Lyndon Johnson piled political miracle on top of political miracle has anyone taken seriously the suggestion that the century-old tabu of the South could be broken. A Lyndon Johnson who could persuade southerners not to resist too vigorously while he put through the 1957 civil-rights act could hope to pass another miracle by getting northern delegates to support him at Los Angeles. A Lyndon Johnson who could protect "his" southerners by holding northern moderates in line while he made only a token change in the antifilibuster rule could expect the men from Dixie to stand by him as they would not stand by Kefauver.

Johnson's great risk, of course, is that he has had so long a time in which to do his balancing act. It is not

enough that he has been able to work miracles during 1957, 1958, and 1959—he has to keep on working new ones until midsummer of 1960. But if he does keep up the pace, the South can win back its long-forfeited civil right to nominate one of its sons for a term in the White House, can regain a constitutional loss it has endured in three different phases since Appomattox.

The first phase covered the several decades following the surrender of 1865. The northern wing of Democrats, although welcoming back the southern branch, dared not give it a place of honor. In that era, party members in the North had enough burdens to bear when Union veterans, running as Republican candidates, waved the "bloody shirt" and denounced Democrats as Copperheads, as members of the party of rebellion, as allies of those who committed treason.

In that period of reconstruction at home and suspicion north of the Ohio, the South was welded sullenly into a one-party region. That condition brought on the second phase of the South's disenfranchisement from the White House. It became a region of political impotence so far as influence within its own party was concerned. National Democratic leaders felt no need to woo the southern vote by picking a nominee from that area.

Hence, during the last part of the nineteenth century and the first three decades of the twentieth, the South had only two ways in which to influence the choice of a presidential nominee. It could, having crushed its own Populist movement, combine with northern conservatives to prevent the nomination of another William Jennings Bryan. It also could exercise a veto upon candidates through use of the rule requiring a nominee to get the votes of two-thirds of the delegates, a device Andrew Jackson's friends initiated to thwart Old Hickory's enemies.

But although the South never lacked for men of attainment as well as ambition, it could not break the segregation rule which decreed that southerners should keep out of the White House. The chairman of Alabama's delegation could bawl out its 24 votes for Oscar W. Underwood dur-

ing most of Madison Square Garden's 103 ballots in 1924. But all he could accomplish was to entertain a radio audience experiencing a national convention for the first time. The North could make a deal in 1928 by picking Arkansas's Joe T. Robinson to run with Alfred E. Smith. But the southern leaders could not deliver the votes of their people. The maneuver not only failed dismally in the North, but split off several states in the dry, Protestant, Solid South, sending them into Herbert Hoover's column.

The end of this second phase of southern disenfranchisement was reached in 1932. But the national convention that ended it ushered in a new set of reasons why the North could not afford to accept a southerner at the head of the ticket. In that convention, a Texan, even as now, was a leading contender. Speaker John Nance Garner not only had the South behind him but also had the big delegation which William Gibbs McAdoo, Al Smith's 1924 convention opponent, had brought from California. Garner's lieutenants were the ones with whom the managers for Franklin D. Roosevelt had to deal in order to nominate the New York Governor. Their manipulations gave Garner second place on the ticket and seemed to promise that the South need no longer be the party's starved orphan, begging for crumbs.

The New Deal, however, which stemmed from the nomination of Roosevelt, crushed these hopes and produced a further period of southern political impotence, a period when it became the boast of national party leaders that they could win presidential elections with or without the electoral votes of Dixie.

In its efforts to enroll all the have-nots of the nation, the Democratic party of Franklin Roosevelt gathered in not only the poor whites of the South, but also the Negroes of the North. A race that had been faithful to the party of Abraham Lincoln wherever it got the right to vote transferred its mass support to the party of James A. Farley and F.D.R. In New York City, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, and Jersey City this switch in loyalty gave the

Democrats just the votes needed to carry Democratic candidates to state-wide victories.

But Jim Farley, Ed Flynn, Ed Kelly, Frank Hague, as well as Franklin Roosevelt and Henry Wallace, soon realized that the Democratic party could not have it both ways. It could not court the Negroes of the North while it refused to let those in the South vote. It could not expect Negroes of the North to attend Democratic fund-raising banquets while those of the South were not allowed inside hotel dining rooms. It could not pose as the champion of the common man on one side of the Ohio River while on the other it allowed Jim Crow to be as powerful as ever at the restaurant door, on streetcars and trains, in the public schools, at the voting booth.

That is why the Democratic party, through its national spokesmen, became in mid-New Deal, the supporter of antilynch legislation, of bills to force the South to give up its poll-tax restrictions on voters, of bills to establish a fair-employment-practices commission. That is the reason why Franklin Roosevelt had to say "no" to the ambitions of James F. Byrnes in 1944. The party managers knew in 1944 that they were picking a President when they chose Roosevelt's running mate. They did not dare choose a symbol of Jim Crow.

The irony of this continuing ban on southerners is that some of the men it has barred are just as liberal, just as much New Dealers and Fair Dealers, as are the people who had to say "no" to them. John Sparkman, Lister Hill, Richard Russell, as spokesmen for a have-not section, would hew just as closely to the Roosevelt-Truman line as would a Paul Douglas or a Hubert Humphrey in almost all fields of law-making save that of race relations. For this reason, many a southerner, despite his practical experience in politics, succumbs to the idea that he could be the one to break the barrier. The notion seizes them overnight.

Early in 1952 Senator Russell was laughing off suggestions that he seek the presidential nomination. When a delegation of Georgia citizens went to Washington to anoint him as their favorite-son candidate, Russell accepted the

designation with the explanation that he merely was providing a place for southern delegates to assemble while carrying on their usual negotiations. But inside a week the presidential bug had bitten him. He was rejecting any suggestion that he was only a stalking-horse candidate. Money was spent for a full campaign staff. Every picture that showed him battling beside Franklin Roosevelt for the New Deal was republished in an attempt to win support north of the Ohio.

With Estes Kefauver apparently finished by his defeats of 1952 and 1956, another Tennessee senator has had trouble fighting back the thought that he too has a constitutional right to seek the presidency. In his calmer moments, Albert Gore is able to laugh at himself and the idea that because Tennessee is not really Deep South, he does not fall under the Dixie ban. But in the middle of the night, during those moments halfway between waking and sleeping, the junior Senator is likely to dream that his home at Carthage, Tenn., has been moved 90 miles, and put down in the state of Missouri. If that dream could have been made to come true, for months Gore would have been waging a vigorous campaign for 1960, quite in contrast to the cautious approach taken by Stuart Symington, the Maryland native who has had the good fortune to have become a Missourian.

Gore could, as a matter of fact, serve more effectively as a link between North and South than his fellow-Tennessean. His record on civil rights is not quite so strong as Kefauver's. But, like Kefauver, he refused to sign the manifesto which the outraged Dixie senators and representatives circulated against the Supreme Court's school decision. He was one of the southern handful who stood with Lyndon Johnson on the 1957 civil-rights bill and the 1959 mild alteration of the antifilibuster rule.

Both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, where he served the district which sent Cordell Hull to Congress, Gore has been a spokesman for internationalism. Like Hull, he has kept away from the extremely liberal wing of his party. Yet, like all members from the area he serves,

whether Republican or Democratic, Gore is an unyielding supporter not only of the Tennessee Valley Authority, but of all public power projects. He stands ready to defend them against the charge of creeping socialism and to support the concept of public development of atomic energy for industrial use, rather than turn over entirely to private enterprise the benefits of a source of power discovered through billions spent in government research.

At 51, Gore has had 14 years' experience in the House and seven in the Senate. He won renomination to the Senate in 1958, without trying to hide his mild support of civil rights in the Senate, in a primary made bitter by angry words about school integration and "mongrelization" of the races. With his attitude on foreign policy and his stand on domestic issues, Gore would be dubbed a practicing liberal if he lived in Illinois or Oregon or Minnesota. He would be the ideal person upon whom the contending factions of the Democratic party could agree. Gore is qualified, from the standpoint of both geography and political philosophy, to be the transmission belt, the man through whom the North and South could speak to each other. But he knows that if Lyndon Johnson cannot make the grade, neither can he. The best he can hope for is that, should a northern liberal win first place on the ticket, a border-state senator who speaks the language of southern moderates and of northern New Dealers might get the vice-presidential nomination.

As a candidate, Gore has all the personal attributes that could be desired by those who have to write his campaign documents. He is an excellent and convincing speaker. He is handsome in a masculine way. His boyhood and youth were made to order for public life. A Baptist, he was born on a farm. He taught rural school after graduating from high school, then got a B.S. degree from State Teachers College at Murphreesboro in 1932. He then became county superintendent of schools for Smith County, of which Carthage is the county seat. While serving in that post, he drove 52 miles three times a week to attend the Y.M.C.A.

Law School at Nashville. That institution gave him his law degree in 1936.

Four years before that, Gore had entered the state-wide political field at 25. In 1932 he organized the Young Democrats of Tennessee. In 1934 he was chairman of the speakers bureau of the party organization. After the 1936 election he was made State Commissioner of Labor. In 1938 he won the congressional nomination in a field of six displaying banners declaring that Cordell Hull, who had been secretary of state for six years, was the man upon whom he would model his public life.

When Gore entered Congress, at a time when Republicans once more were winning some elections, the lines were sharply drawn between conservatives and New Dealers. On most fiscal policies, Gore took the "sound" position. His maiden speech in the House, delivered after a silence of seven months, was against the borrowing policy of the Federal Housing Administration. When the leaders of his own party refused to give him time to speak against their point of view, Gore got an allotment from the Republican side.

When World War II came, Gore was the congressional spokesman for the anti-inflation policies put forward by Bernard Baruch. He denounced the administration's stabilization plan as weak-kneed, piecemeal legislation. He wanted a mandatory over-all ceiling on the entire structure of prices, wages, rents, and profits. Although his proposal was beaten 218 to 63 in the House, he tried again without success to legislate a wage freeze, which called also for compulsory savings. Gore had been the first to leave Congress to enter the Army as a private after the attack on Pearl Harbor. He returned to his seat when President Roosevelt ordered the legislators back to the jobs to which they had been elected. But he left it again in December, 1944, to carry out a special War Department assignment, returning to Congress in the spring of 1945.

Gore and his wife Pauline have a daughter just past her teens and a son just beginning them. Mrs. Gore was a practicing lawyer in Tennessee when they married. She

often substitutes for him as a campaign speaker. The two Gores made an especially effective campaign team in 1952 when, after 12 years in the House, Gore challenged the veteran and powerful Kenneth D. McKellar for his Senate seat. To retire the influential chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, whose patronage roots went deep into Tennessee, Gore had to begin months before the primary election. With Congress in session and trouble brewing all around the world, Gore had to confine his Tennessee speaking engagements to weekends. Whenever he needed a replacement, Pauline took his assignment, and the voters seemed to like her as much as they did him. He beat McKellar. His renomination in 1958 came more easily, despite the bitterness of a campaign which sank to the level of drawing a line between those who are "nigger-lovers" and those who are not.

The rise of Gore as a possible presidential or vice-presidential nominee has coincided with the eclipse of Kefauver. The two men have had closely intertwined careers. When they both were in the House, they had a fairly intimate personal relationship, a bond that has been less close in the Senate. Kefauver was the first to dare to plunge into a state-wide race for the Senate. His success encouraged Gore to do the same, forsaking the relative security of a district race for the House.

It is possible to mark almost the minute when Kefauver's star on the national scene began its decline and Gore's started to rise. It was during that phase of the Chicago convention of 1956 when the Tennessee delegation, led by the ambitious Governor Frank Clement, forsook Kefauver and gave Gore their votes for the vice-presidential nomination. It was at the moment when it appeared that Senator Kennedy, supported by southerners who were hostile to Kefauver, would nose out Kefauver despite the delegate strength he had acquired in preferential primaries. But just when Clement appeared to have denied the prize to Kefauver, Gore arose in the Tennessee delegation and asked that all who had voted for him change their votes to Kefauver. That was done, and Kefauver got the nomina-

tion for second place. But when he and Stevenson met defeat in November, he probably decided to make no more attempts at the national prize. Since 1956, Kefauver's thoughts have been on winning re-election to the Senate in 1960, rather than on presidential primaries.

The best evidence that Kefauver has been preoccupied with the problem of returning to the Senate is provided by his vote in the Senate Judiciary Committee against confirmation of W. William White as head of the Civil Rights Division set up in the Department of Justice by the 1957 Civil Rights Act. Not content with joining four ardent segregationists on the committee in opposing White, Kefauver issued a bitter attack upon him, charging that it was his advice that had led President Eisenhower to send troops to Little Rock.

It was apparent that this was a Kefauver who no longer hoped to woo the liberals in the North, who no longer hoped to get support from the Negro voters in the big cities outside Dixie. He obviously has given up the struggle for the White House, a lonely one from the first. It is all very well for a politician to boast that he has no one with him but the people. But Kefauver has not had the support he has a right to expect from those about him. He not only has had the unyielding opposition of southern leaders, but he also has failed to hold any supporters among liberal senators outside Dixie. There was not a Senator, there were not a half-dozen members of the House, who were sympathetic toward Kefauver's aspirations in 1956. Paul Douglas, the Illinois liberal who gave him such emotional backing at Chicago in 1952, had eased out of his ranks. As he added delegates to his roll and gained prestige by his defeat of Stevenson in the Minnesota primary, his opponents only increased their determination to deny him the nomination. After California gave its delegates to Stevenson in the primary, Kefauver saw he could not overcome, by popular appeal, the opposition of the party leaders. So he threw in with Stevenson. By that move he won the vice-presidential nomination. But he knows that that is the last award a Democratic national convention is likely to

give him. The anti-Kefauver sentiment among his fellow senators is the product of far more than a conflict of ideology or the complaint that he has turned against his section. After all, Hubert Humphrey is on the friendliest of terms with some of the most die-hard southerners. Much of the antagonism to Kefauver is personal. He is accused of being a lone wolf who is glad to have a senator cooperate with him on a Kefauver project, but has no cooperation to give in return.

With Kefauver out of the running and Gore nursing no illusions, there still is no lack of volunteers who feel they are as well qualified as Johnson and Gore to be the candidate upon whom the two sections of the Democratic party can agree. Two of them are LeRoy Collins of Florida and Albert B. Chandler of Kentucky.

The youthful-appearing Governor of Florida, 51 years old at convention time, has raised his voice to beg the South to drag itself away from reveries of a glorious past that never was and become part of the contemporary national scene. Northern Democrats, however, have decided that Collins is a man who talks a lot about leading his people into compliance with the Supreme Court decision but who has accomplished less toward integration in Florida than has been achieved in Virginia against all the forces of massive resistance. In his personality, in his appearance, Collins represents the new Florida which has, except for its prejudices, far less resemblance to the South than it has to Yankeeland.

Collins is the Dixie version of the go-getter. His is the South of tourism, of industrialism, of improved methods of agriculture. And he is a suave, most persuasive salesman. He is the kind of conservative who is more concerned with the material progress of his section than with keeping alive the old tabus, the old hatreds, the old customs. When he speaks at conferences of governors, he indeed sounds like the voice of the New South, the arrival of which has been predicted for close to a century. But he did his part to try to get court orders that would prevent integration. When he lost his court battles, Collins did advocate cautious

steps toward compliance with the desegregation decision. But a Democratic convention which would, for sectional reasons, refuse Lyndon Johnson the prize would certainly not turn to Collins.

Of course, whenever the party's managers look at hillbilly Orval Faubus of Arkansas, Collins appears unusually good. He is a handsome man, six feet one inch, 195 pounds, with easy manners and a charming personality. He is no rabble-rouser. He was born in Tallahassee of Texas and Florida ancestry. He went to high school in Tallahassee, the Eastman School of Business, and Cumberland University Law School. His wife, who was Mary Call Derby, is a member of an old Florida family. Collins served in the Florida legislature, putting in 12 years as a state senator with time out for Navy service in World War II.

Albert B. Chandler has had his name on file for 19 years as one willing and able to bind up the wounds of North and South. The colorful governor of Kentucky is now more willing than ever. "Happy" Chandler has never stopped running for President since the day he was elected governor the first time in 1935. He was running during his five years in the Senate, his five years as commissioner of big league baseball, and his recent four years as governor of Kentucky. He had the Kentucky delegation with him at Chicago in 1956 and managed to garner three and a half votes from other delegations.

But Chandler will do well in 1960 if he is made a member of the Kentucky convention delegation. He lost control of the party when his candidate for governor was beaten in the May, 1959, primary by one supported by Chandler's long-time enemy, former Governor and former Senator Earle C. Clements. Kentucky politicians credit Chandler with having given enough help to Republican Thruston B. Morton to enable him to defeat Clements in 1956. Hence, even if Chandler is permitted to be a member of the convention delegation, his will be the only vote supporting him for the presidency. Although the delegates are to be uninstructed, those who follow the Clements lead can be expected to turn to Lyndon Johnson if the right moment arrives.

While these several candidates are available as a unifying force between North and South, it would be only logical if the extremists among the anti-integrationists should unite behind Governor Faubus. Heretofore the spokesmen for Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina have carried the banner for white supremacy in Democratic conventions. But by his actions at Central High School, Faubus has won the right to indorsement by the Deep South, even though he may be a source of embarrassment to moderate-minded men in Arkansas, which has many characteristics of a border state. Although the placing of Faubus' name before the convention would be an exercise in futility, it would give the unreconstructed southerners a chance to let off steam in front of the television cameras while preparing to accept the decisions made by their more moderate leaders.

But what the South accomplishes at the Los Angeles convention will be achieved by persuasion, not by threats. Its two most effective weapons, used in bygone days to intimidate northern allies, have been lost forever. They were powerful levers. First and most effective was the old two-thirds rule. Under the requirement that no man could win the presidential nomination without the vote of two-thirds of the convention delegates, the South, which could not name its own man, could keep the prize away from anyone anathema to its people. The second was the threat to bolt the party in the November election. With the Congress always staffed by a guard of Southern Democrats—no matter how victorious the Republicans may have been throughout the rest of the country—the delegates from Dixie could persuade the northerners that dire things would happen to the party if a few southern states deserted the Democratic cause.

First of these weapons to be destroyed was the two-thirds rule. It was abolished during the height of Roosevelt's political power in 1936. But it was not the New Dealers who provided most of the steam to get rid of it. Rather, it was the Missouri conservative, Senator Bennett Champ Clark, still bitter because the rule had kept his father from getting the nomination in 1912.

The second southern weapon, the threat to bolt, was spiked in 1948 and demolished ten years later. Harry S. Truman proved in 1948 that a Democrat can be elected to the presidency although four southern states give their electoral votes to a third party. But it was the result of the congressional elections of 1958 which demonstrated that the North is both able and willing to provide so many Democratic votes that virtually the entire South can go into the Republican column without affecting the result. So many northern states elected Democratic senators, Democratic House members, and Democratic governors in November, 1958, that if those state-wide victories had been counted for a Democratic nominee for President, he could have got the electoral votes needed to put him in the White House without making a single friendly gesture to the South.

What can a southerner who wants to be President say to those who control or influence delegations from New York, from Pennsylvania, from California, from Michigan? He can guarantee that his nomination will assure the Democrats they will carry the Solid South. But the northerner can reply that if ten states of the old Confederacy, from Texas to Virginia, bolted the party, they would take away from it only 117 electoral votes. In contrast, the 27 states of the North, the West, and the border which the Democrats carried in the congressional elections of 1958 would give the party 296 electoral votes, thirty more than needed to elect a President. So the question becomes, not how many states of his own section can the southerner carry, but how many votes can he get in the North?

Upon that problem in arithmetic rests the whole future of the presidential candidacy of Lyndon Baines Johnson. Never have northern party leaders been more eager to believe that a southerner could carry states in their section than they are in the case of the Texan. No man from the Deep South has striven more earnestly to look upon the Democratic party as a national institution than has Johnson. No southerner has shown a greater awareness that the Democratic party cannot survive upon the national scene if it is to be perverted into an instrument to keep alive the

"peculiar institutions" of Dixie—its insistence upon segregation of the races and a second-class position for Negroes.

If Johnson lacks the rabble-rousing qualities of South Carolina's Pitchfork Ben Tillman, he is as deeply convinced as was that colorful old Populist that the Democratic party cannot win national elections if it is to be identified as the voice of the top layer in our economic structure. He knows it cannot win elections if it drops the role of spokesman for the planter class only to substitute a similar role on behalf of the managers of giant corporations, financial institutions, and power companies.

But more important than Johnson's belief that the Democratic party cannot afford to wear the tag of economic and social conservatism is his conviction that it must shun the label of "white man's party." Even if he thought it reasonable to hope that the South could forever keep the Negro away from the voting booth, Johnson knows that so long as the section has a Jim Crow ballot, just that long will northern party leaders be afraid to support a southerner for the presidential nomination. So the ambitious southerner must be able to say to the northern managers of convention delegates that his own personal record shows that he has done what he could to get the vote for the Negro, done what he could to see that the Negro is not discriminated against in the schools, in the use of public facilities, in the chance to make a living.

But while wooing the North, the ambitious southerner has to placate the South. After all, he cannot hope to carry a hall full of delegates at a national convention after he has been defeated in his own bailiwick. Therefore Johnson always is faced with this problem: In going far enough to please the North, will he go so far that he will anger his own people? He had to give thought to that problem when fellow southerners in House and Senate passed around their "manifesto" denouncing the school decision. Johnson refused to sign it. But he put his refusal, not on the high ground that the manifesto was offensive to his sense of justice, but upon the more expedient basis that, as spokesman for the Democratic party in the Senate, he should not un-

necessarily take a position upon an issue which would cut his following into two parts.

As is usual when a public figure has to please opposing sides on a highly controversial and emotional issue, Johnson has been in danger of angering both South and North and pleasing neither. Veteran fighters for civil-rights legislation attacked him on the Senate floor in 1957 because they believed the civil-rights bill he pushed through Congress was too mild to accomplish anything and because they feared it would prevent the enactment of a truly effective measure.

But the emotions Johnson stirred up in the North in 1957 were mild compared to the storm he created in the South. Die-hards denounced him for betraying his people. Angry editors proclaimed that never would Dixie give him her delegates at the national convention. Southern emotions subsided, however, when Johnson, through the influence he wields with the more moderate northern liberals, protected the South in 1959 from assault by those who wanted to break the filibusters. By throwing his own support behind a slight, almost meaningless, easing of the filibuster rule, Johnson preserved for the South its right to talk to death any civil-rights bill about which it might be genuinely alarmed. Again he put his umbrella over the southerners by fostering another mild civil-rights bill in 1959. It was designed to head off both the slightly stronger measure offered by the Eisenhower administration and the more sweeping one introduced by Paul Douglas and his band of liberals.

Nothing indicates so accurately Washington's current appraisal of the Majority Leader as the fact that whenever the Senate makes a move the capital says, "Johnson did this," or "Johnson did that!" Who can remember when one legislator so dominated Congress? Of the powerful names produced by House and Senate, not even dictatorial old Uncle Joe Cannon, symbol of one-man rule in the House, had the reputation for getting his own way that Lyndon B. Johnson had won at the incredibly early age of 50. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, William Edgar Borah, James A. Reed,

Robert M. LaFollette, Arthur H. Vandenberg, and Robert A. Taft were giants who could influence the course of legislation. But neither they nor that master of legislative legerdemain Alben W. Barkley, who set a record for longtime service as party leader in the Senate, could produce the results Johnson has been able to achieve.

Several factors have contributed to his success. Some of them have been personal—the unbelievable energy and drive and unrelenting will to accomplish which make up the chemistry of Lyndon Johnson. But even the overpowering personality of Johnson would have been frustrated had there not existed during the years since 1952 a political situation such as the United States rarely faces. There has been in the White House a beloved, a revered, a dim and remote figure who has had no desire whatever for the assignment as President of the United States. Dwight D. Eisenhower had been persuaded that it was his duty to accept the Republican nomination. His duty he would do, but to the task of being the chief political figure of his nation he would give the most grudging minor portion of his energy. Far from craving the power that goes automatically with the office, President Eisenhower has been glad to pass it on to any who would take it.

Vice-President Richard M. Nixon would have been happy to accept the offer, but protocol has kept him from stepping on the President's toes. It is one of the laws of politics that when the occupant of the White House refuses to exercise power, someone in the legislative branch will do it. Had Johnson been less aggressive, it might have been his fellow Texan, Speaker Sam Rayburn, who picked up any authority the President tossed aside. But, except during the first two years of the Eisenhower administration, Johnson did not hang back.

In view of the extent to which the Johnson legend has grown, it is worth remembering that no one looked upon him with awe during the initial period of his leadership, the sessions of 1953 and 1954. In the first place, he achieved the post of party leader—minority leader it was then—almost by default. Bumbling Ernest McFarland, who had held the

leadership for two years, was defeated in Arizona by Republican Barry Goldwater. The Democrats had been buried nationally by the Eisenhower victory over Adlai E. Stevenson. For only the second time in more than two decades, the Republicans had a majority in the Senate, narrow though it was. The Democrats were huddled fearfully in the shadow of Eisenhower's prestige and popularity. The job of being leader of the opposition party during the administration of a President almost worshipped by the American people was not an especially desirable plum. Nor were there many eligible when one disqualified the members from Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and South Carolina, as well as those from New York and Minnesota.

Perhaps the logical man for the job was the acid-tongued, rough-and-ready debater from Oklahoma, the millionaire New Dealer, Robert S. Kerr. But Kerr, who had aspired to the presidential nomination in 1952, showed no eagerness for the job. When the brash, 44-year-old Johnson, who had served only four years in the Senate after ten years in the House, grabbed for the post, it was his chiefly because no one cared to compete with him for it.

The Republicans had a paper-thin majority that year in the Senate. Majority Leader Robert A. Taft, later succeeded by William F. Knowland, had a roster of 48 Republicans. Johnson had, on paper, 47 Democrats. Between the two stood Oregon's former Republican, Wayne Morse, who, after campaigning for Stevenson in 1952, was occupying for a brief period the place of Independent. But Morse, because he had been elected as a Republican, voted with that party in organizing the Chamber, instead of creating a 48–48 tie by joining the Democrats.

Those first two years of Johnson's leadership brought him no laurels, no reputation as a miracle-worker. But he was laying the groundwork for many of the accomplishments which would later win him acclaim as a sleight-of-hand artist. Actually, he got more brickbats than bouquets during those first two years. To partisan Democrats who wanted to make a party record, it seemed that Johnson was altogether too conscious of Eisenhower's landslide,

much too aware that the General had carried Texas. They felt that the Minority Leader was overzealous in his desire for "responsible" opposition, that he was more eager to cooperate with the Republican President than to advance his own party's standing.

Liberals, ignoring the fact that among the 47 Democratic senators they could muster no more than 12 or 14 votes, complained that Johnson was using his office to promote the interests of the oil and gas business in Texas and to forward the desires of the most conservative groups in the country. Most of all they complained about lack of leadership. They called him "Lying-down Lyndon." They charged, with considerable bitterness, that the failure of the Democrats to make a stand in the Senate was a result of Johnson's determination not to stir up enemies in Texas. They maintained that the welfare of the party throughout the nation was subordinated to the problem of getting Johnson through the Texas primary of 1954 without formidable opposition.

This caution arose from the fact that Johnson had come to the Senate by defeating former Governor Coke Stevenson in 1948 by the fragile margin of 87 votes in a primary that had had a total of 988,295. It had been a victory which fastened upon him the mocking label "Landslide Lyndon."

It is revealing that during that apparent "do-nothing" period of Johnson's leadership he was winning the firm loyalty of the senators he later was to mold into such an effective force. In 1954 some Democratic members who resented his cautious approach, who had had projects they had tried unsuccessfully to get him to support, were nevertheless developing an affectionate, almost blind devotion to him. (With the thought of provoking a little controversy, it was once suggested to a senator who had felt the rough side of Johnson's leadership hand that it was too bad the Democrats' only Senate program was to renominate a senator in Texas. It is amazing how indignant a response this aroused. There was indeed, the senator said, nothing more important to the Democratic party at that time than the renomination and re-election of Lyndon Johnson.)

That response illustrates the attitude of Senate Democrats in those lean days. It illustrates their feelings toward a leader who became the shepherd of a much larger flock grazing in greener pastures. With both his own re-election accomplished and a slim Democratic majority installed by the 1954 elections, Johnson permitted his party to be a little more aggressive in its opposition to the Eisenhower administration. In the process he brought into his camp several "extreme" liberals from the North.

That welding of northern and southern Senate members into a band of Johnson admirers is one of the Texan's major accomplishments. It is a far cry from the 1948 Hubert Humphrey, Mayor of Minneapolis, who with his civil-rights plank, drove the Mississippi delegation out of the convention hall in Philadelphia, to the Minnesota senator who sits in on the Democratic policy planning in the Senate. If this transition has been possible without Humphrey surrendering any of the ideas he held 12 years earlier it is because Johnson is obsessed by the necessity of keeping the race question from becoming a permanent barrier between the two geographical divisions of the Democratic party. A similar obsession is Johnson's conviction that northerners no more deserve to wear the label of liberal than do southerners—if you can ever establish a set of standards that are not distorted by the issue of race relations.

Johnson's remarkable success as a leader is thus demonstrable in both the realm of political philosophy and the realm of personal relations. He likes to work upon people as some men like to play golf or bridge. To get a man to change his mind, to induce a senator to reverse his vote, to persuade a newspaper correspondent to alter his opinion, give Johnson the same thrill of accomplishment, the same mental relaxation that Eisenhower derives from a successful day on fairways and greens.

The Johnson procedure for influencing a man is known in Washington as "the treatment." Scores have been subjected to it and most of them will testify that it is a wearing experience they would not want to undergo often. Perhaps the most effective aspect of the "treatment" is the Johnson tech-

nique of not trying to hide his purpose. When you enter the "treatment room" you have fair warning that he intends to sweat you as thoroughly as a third-degree team of hard-boiled detectives. You know you will be subjected to frowns, to reproaches, to sweet talk before he is through with you.

If you are a senator, you will hear about the advantages to be gained by being a "responsible" member of the Chamber, a "responsible" member of the party. There will be almost inaudible hints of how much richer are the rewards for those who follow the leader than for those who persist in scurrying into uncharted bypaths.

If you are a reporter, you will be astounded at his thorough knowledge of every word you have written about him, about his projects, about his lieutenants, even though it may have been published in a paper hundreds of miles from either Washington or Texas. Should he dwell upon the errors you have made in your stories, or point out the number of times you have cast suspicion upon his motives when they were of the purest, he will speak more in sorrow than in anger. And no matter how firmly convinced you may be of your own correct evaluation, he will cause you, for a moment at least, to feel you have dealt unjustly with a great and good public servant.

There is a final phase to the "treatment." It is known as "the laying on of hands." In that phase, Johnson places his arm around the person getting the "treatment," hugs him, caresses him, pats him much as one would pat a restive horse. This "laying on of hands" may happen on the Senate floor, in the corridor, or in his office. Usually it is effective in filling the "treatee" with a sense of shame that he had ever thought ill of Johnson. There are gifted mimics in Washington who have made themselves social successes by acting out, at dinner and cocktail parties, the various stages of the Johnson "treatment." But for all the snickers it arouses, the "treatment" continues to be the capital's most effective political weapon.

Before the congressional session which opened in January, 1959, the "treatment room" had been the relatively modest offices of the Majority Leader down the hall from the Senate

chamber. But when the new Senate Office Building was completed, Johnson moved into quarters more befitting the high estate he had achieved as the leader of such a lopsided majority. He took over and refurnished the cavelike area that previously had been allocated to the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia—two rooms which have an opening off the visitors' lobby adjoining the Senate chamber. Even to a Washington accustomed to the grandiose establishments of lobbyists and labor leaders, the new layout of the Majority Leader was a conversation piece for some time. Two huge, high-ceilinged rooms make up the working space for Johnson and three or four secretaries. The first room would be considered large by ordinary standards, but it is merely the place where three secretaries receive those who want to see the Texan. Adjoining it is a room that can only be described as vast. The visitor, upon entering, sees Johnson many yards away behind a huge desk. Wall-to-wall pastel green carpeting in both rooms muffles the sounds of typewriters and telephones. Draperies described as "nasty gold" cover the long windows. The telephones are green. It is an imperial setting and the visitor is put in a mood to react favorably to the "treatment" before it starts.

Behind his desk in his imperial suite, Johnson is the nerve center of the whole legislative process. As he talks with a visitor, he handles a steady stream of telephone calls. Every few minutes a secretary brings him a new message typed on a pink memo slip. Despite these constant interruptions, Johnson never loses track of the conversation he is conducting with the man before him. A sentence may be interrupted and not resumed until three memos and two telephone conversations have been disposed of. But Johnson picks up the discussion where he dropped it and goes on with it. All this orderly confusion leaves him outwardly unruffled, a display of administrative ability which helps account for his keen enjoyment in the exercise of authority.

With the growth of his power and of the Johnson legend, the Majority Leader has developed into a more vigorous floor fighter than he was during the early days of his leadership. At first he was content to be the backstage arranger

and to let others perform in the spotlight of the Senate chamber. But as his prestige has increased, Johnson has enjoyed more and more the challenge of in-fighting with the Republicans. In the 1959 session of Congress he has stepped up his pace in that field. He apparently has two purposes. One is to show by his physical and mental vigor that his heart attack in 1955 has not disqualified him for the presidency. The other is to make doubly sure that the country has more and more opportunities to identify him as the outstanding figure in the Democratic party.

In action on the floor, Johnson is as restless as a caged tiger. He makes a special effort to sit unmoved at his seat as the debate whirls around him. But he seldom is able to keep out of the argument for long. He has two contrasting approaches. The first, which is his favorite, is to pose as the innocent, inquiring senator who, because of his reasonableness, wants to obtain all the information he can. Should the debate wax hotter, he shifts into his second approach—sharp-tongued ridicule and biting sarcasm. While his opponents talk, Johnson prowls the Senate floor, hurrying back to his desk in time to rake the opposing speaker with needling questions. His almost-sneering attacks are directed against fellow Democrats as often as they are against Republicans. When the Democratic "do-gooders," Douglas of Illinois and Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, buck him, the Majority Leader has far less tolerance for them than he has for Republicans Leverett Saltonstall, Everett Dirksen, and Styles Bridges.

Johnson has indulged in more floor oratory since Dirksen became the Republican leader than he did when that spot was held by California's William F. Knowland. The plodding, humorless, literal-minded, guileless Knowland was so straightforward that it would have been almost criminal to resort to parliamentary tricks with him. But Dirksen, who is an accomplished floor-fighter and one of the last of the old-school orators, has aroused in Johnson a competitive impulse to outdo him in the Chamber's rough-and-tumble. In his contests with the Minority Leader, Johnson has made use of all the weapons of guile and of power

which have come to him as Democratic leader since 1953 and which have been augmented by his own growing prestige and the lopsided majority his party holds.

In view of the tight rein with which he drives his Democratic majority, it is a tribute to his powers of persuasion that his devoted followers range from the most experienced political veterans to the youngest of the crop of 15 freshmen sent to the Chamber by the 1958 election. Even the Republicans stand in awe of Johnson's abilities. When they chose Dirksen as their leader in preference to the Kentucky liberal, John Sherman Cooper, they made the point that Dirksen would be better equipped to "slug it out" with Johnson than would Cooper. There are some Democrats of the liberal persuasion who have not been so ready as Hubert Humphrey to enlist under the Johnson banner. One is Douglas; another is Clark. But for all the arm's-length attitude which Douglas maintains, Johnson turned over to him, however reluctantly, the assignment of conducting the Senate's own investigation into the nation's economic problems. And if Clark and Johnson have differed on civil rights, on changing the filibuster rule, or on the amount of money to be spent to restore the economic life of depressed areas, they have been able to stand together against the administration in the battle of the budget.

It is revealing that neither Douglas nor Clark rushed forward to seize the banner of revolt which Wisconsin's William Proxmire raised in February of 1959. Both mumbled assent to Proxmire's demand that the Majority Leader call more frequent caucuses. But if there was any hidden feeling of revolt against Johnson's leadership, the Proxmire outburst failed to bring it to the surface. To the contrary, so many senators of all shades of ideology were so quick with expressions of confidence in Johnson, uttered both privately and publicly, that his position was stronger after Proxmire made the assault than before. It brought into the open the suggestion that Johnson had kept the Wisconsin Senator off the Finance Committee (to which he believed his degree from the Harvard School of Business qualified him) and as rapidly disposed of it when it was pointed out that the

spot went to Eugene McCarthy, the former professor from Minnesota who had talked in favor of the same legislation Proxmire supported.

The Proxmire accusation was an echo of an earlier charge that Johnson intended to punish with bad committee assignments those who opposed his change in the filibuster rule during the first week of the session. The rumor was that the freshmen who voted as the leader wished would get the committees they wanted, while those who opposed him would get the leftovers. But a close examination of the assignments revealed that no discrimination was being practiced.

As a substitute for the caucus (which has never been useful to a party that does not vote as a unit), Johnson uses a system that he calls "touching all the bases." By that expression, he means that he or one of his lieutenants has talked to all senators concerned about a specific matter. To touch bases may involve a meeting with 20 members or an hour's session with one senator. But whichever it is, Johnson knows the sentiments of everybody concerned. This system was worked out by Johnson and former Senator Clements of Kentucky.

The Damon-and-Pythias status of the party leader and the Kentuckian is the most interesting of Johnson's personal relationships. It illustrates the hero worship he inspires in men older and more experienced in politics than he is. The two men were in the House together; they met again in the Senate when Clements went to the chamber in 1950 from the governor's mansion in Frankfort. Their formal association began in January, 1953, when Johnson was made minority leader and Clements assistant leader or whip. So closely have they worked together that it frequently becomes impossible, even for them, to distinguish between what Johnson and what Clements has done. This is particularly true of the move by which Johnson did away with the long-established custom of selecting committee members solely on the basis of seniority. In its place he instituted the practice of seeing that every new Democrat got a place on a major committee before a senior member got

places on two choice committees. So well has this method worked that rebellious younger Republicans forced their own leadership to follow suit. But neither Johnson nor Clements could tell you which of them thought up the change.

The two men complement each other. While Johnson is the overpowering personality, Clements is the arranger. The Kentuckian was especially helpful in the days before Johnson became a legend. Democratic senators who had been angered by Johnson usually found their way to Clements' office to receive more soothing treatment, to have wounds bandaged, and then to go away more inclined to do what Johnson asked.

After Clements' senatorial defeat, Johnson insisted that he stay on in Washington as executive director of the Democratic senatorial campaign committee. In addition to his assignment of helping elect Democrats to the Senate, he took up again many of the duties that ordinarily would have fallen to the new assistant leader. Their present relationship is significant in a discussion of the 1960 campaign because Clements is the field marshal of the preconvention efforts to win the presidential nomination for Johnson. If the Majority Leader should break the tabu against southerners, Clements would be either Democratic national chairman or official director of Johnson's campaign. And should Johnson go to the White House, Clements, whether he went to a Cabinet post or occupied a place such as Sherman Adams held, would be the lieutenant upon whom the new President would lean most heavily.

No one has contributed more to Johnson's training for the role of political transmission belt between North and South than has Clements. When the Deep South senators became impatient with the Majority Leader for flirting with civil rights and New Dealism, it was Clements, the border-stater, who could talk with them about the need for the Democratic party to face up to national issues if it wanted to be a national party. If northern liberals felt Johnson was giving them only the form of civil-rights legislation, and no substance, it was Clements who cautioned them not to

drag the Majority Leader too far away from his own people.

No one can solve this North-South problem for Johnson. He has to do it himself, and the record shows that the Texan has faced the problem as fully as anyone can. Whether the steps he has taken to meet it are feeble pretenses designed to prevent genuine measures, or whether they merely demonstrate the tentativeness that must accompany all first steps, may remain a matter of opinion. But no one could have stated the problem more clearly than Johnson when he offered his own version of a new civil-rights bill in January, 1959: "The civil-rights issue is one which divides our country. We can use it to continue to divide our country. Or we can reason together as prudent men charged with the heavy responsibility of finding a solution."

This is a long way from the traditional, standard Dixie doctrine that there is no genuine problem of civil rights in the South, that there would be no clamor on the subject if northern "agitators" were silent. Unlike the southerners who believe the way to solve the race problem is to deny its existence, Johnson is as vigorous as any northern liberal in calling for a solution—although the northerner may insist that his proposals do not go far enough. In introducing his bill, Johnson said: "The American people, I believe, want a solution. There are injustices to be corrected. There are inequities which must be abolished. There are unfairnesses which cannot be tolerated." To the southerners who have sworn Negroes will never vote in their areas, as well as to the northerners who contended that his 1957 civil-rights bill was weak, Johnson said: "I voted for the civil-rights bill because I believe that the right to vote is the most important instrument for securing justice. I was convinced that steps were needed to safeguard that right."

This is, of course, a way of telling the people of Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, and South Carolina that sooner or later they are going to have to let the Negroes vote. It also is a way of telling them that once the Negroes do obtain the vote, it will be only a short time before all the other civil rights, including desegregated schools and an end to other forms of Jim Crowism, are achieved.

Johnson's problem during the two congressional sessions preceding the 1960 convention has been to convince the North that his policy of giving civil rights piece by piece is better than a program that calls for everything all at once. Practical leaders north of the Ohio River, convinced their party cannot lose in 1960 unless they throw victory away, are not eager to adopt a presidential candidate who has too many marks against him. If they feel the Negro voters in their areas still look upon Johnson as an apologist for segregationists, they will oppose the Texan no matter how many liberal senators go to his support.

But if the party's managers in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, and Pittsburgh could be assured there would be no revolt among their Negro voters, it would be easy for them to welcome Johnson as the nominee. Professional politicians admire competent professionals. They have watched with increasing respect the performances Johnson has staged in the Senate since 1953. They would be willing to award him their highest prize, the presidential nomination, if they could be sure no political liability is attached to him.

The crumbling of Virginia's "massive resistance" under court orders, and the consequent loss of prestige by its author, Senator Harry Flood Byrd, has made Johnson's political path easier. Northerners who see the area surrounding the capital of the Confederacy admitting Negroes to white schools are likely to believe that southern resistance will soften. Southerners who see that die-hards such as Byrd cannot save them from integration may be more tolerant toward moderates of the Johnson school.

The other problem Johnson's candidacy presents to northern leaders—whether he is "liberal" enough on economic issues to carry the North—should offer little difficulty. Johnson's past words and record should be sufficient to qualify him at least for the title of "moderate" New Dealer. All things are relative, of course, but it is a fact that he was considered one of the few New Dealers in public life in Texas when he was in the House. He entered Congress wearing the brand of a protégé of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Northern mayors who have fought the long fight against efforts to exempt producers of natural gas from price regulation by the Federal Power Commission would have to make some adjustment in order to accept Johnson as a friend of the consumer. There would be some others who would hold against him his stand on the tidelands oil issue and still others who would resent the tax depletion allowances permitted the oil industry. But just as a senator from Wisconsin, whether liberal or conservative, can vote only one way on problems affecting milk and cheese, and remain in office, so there is only one way for Texans and Oklahomans to vote on issues concerning oil and gas without risking defeat.

Even in Texas there are Democrats who feel Johnson forfeited any claim to the title of liberal during the years he went to such lengths to avoid antagonizing President Eisenhower's admirers in his home state. There is a strong faction in Texas that looks upon the junior senator, Ralph Yarborough, as the spokesman for liberals. In that Yarborough group is Mrs. R. D. Randolph, the Democratic national committeewoman. Of liberal political views, Mrs. Randolph is one of those who believes that Johnson was too chummy with the "Shivercrats," the Texas Democrats who followed former Governor Allan Shivers in his support of the Eisenhower candidacy in 1952 because of the tidelands oil issue. Both Mrs. Randolph and the Texas national committeeman, Byron Skelton, line up with National Chairman Paul M. Butler on most issues. On the questions of liberalism at Los Angeles, however, it will be Johnson who will be under scrutiny rather than Senator Yarborough or any of his followers. Those who do the appraising there are likely to judge Johnson by what he has said and what he has done since the country began to lose its awe of Dwight D. Eisenhower in early 1957.

No northern liberal has preached better New Deal gospel than Lyndon Johnson after the new Congress assembled in January, 1959. No liberal has been so effective as was Johnson in giving respectability to the doctrine of spending. No New Dealer has been a more vigorous champion

of the view that the federal budget must not be balanced at the expense of vital welfare services. In fact, only one free of the taint of radicalism could have afforded to put the Democratic party solidly behind the doctrine of "an expanding economy" in words Johnson used to describe the difference between his party and the Republicans over the issue of the balanced budget: "Democrats believe the budget can be balanced if we take advantage of our opportunities to increase the wealth of the nation.

"Republicans believe the budget can be balanced if we turn our back on opportunities and resign ourselves to the status of a second-class nation—weak but thrifty."

In the conflict over ideological labels, Johnson is frequently annoyed because he is denied the accolade of New Dealer. He remembers he was elected to the House on a platform supporting Roosevelt's efforts to "pack" the Supreme Court. In 1937, even some of the most devoted New Dealers from areas far more liberal than Texas were shying away from the court plan. He remembers that when he got to the House it was Roosevelt, the No. 1 New Dealer, who told Chairman Carl Vinson to give the 29-year-old freshman a place on the Naval Affairs Committee. It was that committee which provided Johnson with a springboard to prominence.

While serving on Vinson's committee, Johnson wangled a place on a special House committee, similar to the one Harry S. Truman was leading in the Senate, which kept a check on the war effort. Because of that experience, he was able, during the Korean fighting, to set up a special investigating committee of his own in the Senate. From those committees, it was simple for him to advance to command of senators working on legislation dealing with outer space.

Regardless of what avenues were available to him, Johnson would have found his way to the front rank. His brashness and self-confidence enable him to win prizes simply because he does not hesitate to ask for them, just as he snatched the Senate leadership from less eager hands in a body of men not noted for diffidence. Not for him is the schoolboy maxim that it matters not whether you win or

lose but how you play the game. Playing the game has its satisfactions for Johnson. But victory is the thing that matters. For him there are no rewards in defeat. It is said that he felt so badly about losing a high-school debate that he crept away to weep. Since then, he has not had many losses to lament, and one way he has kept his defeats to a minimum has been to refrain from entering any contest that has seemed to offer no chance of victory.

In his public utterances, Johnson professes a disdain for ideological labels such as right-winger, left-winger, radical, liberal, or conservative. But he cherishes the thought that he is a genuine economic and political liberal, both by inheritance and by belief. He is proud that Grandfather Samuel E. Johnson was a Populist member of the Texas legislature when the best people regarded that group in much the same way that Communists came to be regarded in later years. He is proud that his father, also a member of the Texas legislature, was a bitter foe of the Ku Klux Klan. He is proud that his father rose in the legislature during World War I and fought successfully against the efforts to ban the teaching and speaking of German.

Johnson's door opens readily to Aubrey Williams, the Alabama left-winger whose views on economic questions and racial equality are such a trial to the Deep South. Johnson remembers Williams as the man who was his Washington boss when Johnson was in charge of the National Youth Administration in Texas. The same door is also open to C. B. ("Beanie") Baldwin, the left-winger who was one of the chief lieutenants for the Henry Wallace presidential campaign in 1948. The grandson of the Texas Populist is not uneasy when talking with Negroes on an intellectual level. The occasion of Aubrey Williams' visit to his office was to escort some thirty Negro ministers who wanted to present their side of the argument about the change in the filibuster rule. Johnson listened to them at length, then told them why he disagreed with them and why he would support the provision to which they objected.

On another occasion, he was responsible for the breaking of the race barrier at a leading hotel in Houston, Texas.

Someone had had the idea of holding a public "appreciation dinner" for Johnson. It was proposed to charge enough for tickets so that there would be sufficient funds left over to buy him a Cadillac. The Majority Leader said he did not need another car. He suggested that the extra money be divided among the four colleges in Houston, of which one is a school for Negroes. To swell the amount it would receive, Negro leaders began selling tickets to the dinner among members of their own race. The hotel had never received Negro diners before and word went out that the ban would be maintained. When he heard of it, Johnson announced that if any ticket-holders were denied admission, he would stay away from the dinner. The Negroes were admitted and Johnson made it a point to stop by their tables to speak to them.

While believing himself a real liberal, Johnson loses patience with those he calls "professional liberals." He fumes in private. "I am the best thing that ever happened to the liberal cause in the Senate. If I should die tomorrow, none of those bleeding hearts would be able to get their pet projects out of committee."

Johnson is more than willing to have others receive credit for liberal victories so long as he can have the satisfaction of achieving them. Three of the outstanding victories won for the liberal cause in the last five years were due to Johnson's ability to count noses. He makes it a rule never to embark upon lost causes. He applied that rule successfully to the censure of the late Joseph R. McCarthy in 1954. He used it in 1956 to block further efforts to pass the Bricker Amendment which would have taken from the President some of his constitutional power to make treaties. He used it again in 1958 to turn back those who wanted to pass a package of bills designed to show congressional displeasure with the Supreme Court for decisions ranging from desegregation to the length of time the police can hold and interrogate a man before taking him before a committing magistrate.

The McCarthy issue was one in which Johnson had to resist many pleas to swing into battle long before he was ready. Tolerant of political unorthodoxy, Johnson resented

McCarthy's use of the label "Communist." Himself a devoted and liberal Democrat, he was outraged at the willingness of many Republicans to let McCarthy pin the Communist label upon the Democratic party. But all through 1953, and through most of 1954, he withstood every attempt to get him to lead his 47-to-49 minority into a full-scale, hopeless battle with the Wisconsin Senator. Instead of leading a gallant and foredoomed charge upon the enemy, Johnson kept close watch on the status of McCarthy within the Republican party. He measured his ebbing influence during the long televised Senate committee hearings. Finally, late in 1954, when the Eisenhower administration and some of its Republican followers in the Senate showed they were ready to bear the brunt of a frontal attack upon McCarthy, Johnson deployed his Democrats behind them. As evidence of how well he counted his noses and how effectively he marshaled his people, not a single Democrat voted against the resolution to censure McCarthy. By contrast, the Republicans lost some of their most important names, including Senate Leader Knowland.

The final burial of the Bricker amendment in 1956 was one of Johnson's most devious and adroit operations because he had to outmaneuver not only the leading Republicans but also one of the most revered Democratic senators, the late Walter F. George. When Ohio's John W. Bricker introduced his amendment in 1953, the Eisenhower administration wanted it throttled. But the White House was handicapped by the fact that Secretary of State Dulles had made a speech, during the Truman administration, favoring such a constitutional restriction upon the President's treaty-making power. When the Republicans took over the White House and State Department, however, Dulles shifted into opposition to such restriction. Friends of the amendment had strong support within the isolationist wing of the Republican party and among Southern Democrats who feared some President sometime might sign a treaty forbidding segregation for Negroes. The most influential figure in the whole fight was not Bricker but George, ranking Democrat on the Foreign Relations Committee.

Under George's leadership the Senate had killed the original Bricker proposal. Then the Georgian produced a version of his own which was acceptable to Bricker. Minority Leader Johnson, who would not have dreamed at that stage of the game of opposing George, joined with other senators in supporting the revised amendment. Those who opposed whittling away at the presidential treaty power as provided by the Constitution rallied behind Missouri's Thomas C. Hennings. Unawed by the prestige of the 76-year-old George, Hennings slugged it out with him so vigorously that the amendment failed by one vote to get the two-thirds it needed. The tally, in February, 1954, was 60 to 31.

Although Johnson had voted with the Brickerites and the southerners, he never let the question come up again. In 1955, when Johnson had moved from minority leader to majority leader as a result of the 1954 elections, he kept the lid on the Bricker amendment. In 1956, the Judiciary Committee voted 11 to 2 in favor of a new version of the treaty restriction. But Johnson locked the measure in the Democratic policy committee, declaring he would keep it there unless and until President Eisenhower made public announcement that he wanted it approved. The President never did call for its approval, and Johnson kept it quietly buried.

The Majority Leader was far less devious in the death blows he dealt the anti-Supreme Court bills of 1958, which were killed by only a one-vote margin. Of all the things Johnson has done to arouse angry passions in the South, nothing has brought Dixie's denunciation upon him so strongly as did his blocking of the Court legislation. People who had little or no idea what was in the measure wanted the package passed because of their anger at the "Warren Court." Some were angry about the 1954 school desegreation decision. Others were convinced that the Court was trying to nullify every effort of Congress to hamper the Communist conspiracy or that the court was eager to turn loose murderers and rapists, especially if they were Negroes. This time Johnson's problem was made difficult by the fact that the Senate's two Republican leaders, Styles Bridges and Knowland, were heading the attack upon the Court, a ma-

jority of whose members had been appointed by a Republican President.

Some of the bills in the package were acceptable not only to most senators but also to members of the Court. Johnson tried to keep the entire package bottled up in committee until he could get an agreement from Knowland and Bridges to pass the bills to which there was no objection and fight over the controversial issues later. But the Republican leaders demanded the whole package. So again Johnson threw his chief constitutional battler, Hennings, into the front rank while he took up the counting of noses. When he was through counting, the anti-Court bills were defeated 41 to 40.

Of the 41 who defended the Warren Court, 27 were Democrats and only 14 were Republicans. If the liberals failed to take full note of Johnson's part in saving the Supreme Court from this rebuke, the unreconstructed southerners gave it full attention. Those who had shrugged off Johnson's part in enacting the 1957 civil-rights bill as a practice in political expendiency were shrill in their denunciation of his action in behalf of the Court, which they regard as the source of all their recent grief. From Nashville to Charleston, S. C., there were cries that never, never would this traitor to his section be Dixie's candidate for the presidential nomination. The clamor subsided a little when Johnson saved the South from the more drastic revision of the filibuster rule.

None of the southern denunciation of Johnson has affected his relations with the Dixie senators in his Democratic majority. Even so unyielding a southerner as Herman Talmadge, fighting every inch of the way to save Georgia from the "New Reconstruction," is happy to go on television panel programs and pour praise upon the Senate Leader.

Johnson got his nose-counting ability from his father, State Legislator Sam Ealy Johnson, who made it a point of pride to know how each Democrat in his sparsely settled area in the ranch section of West Texas would vote. He seldom missed.

Hence, it was a source of great humiliation to the elder Johnson when he fell one vote short of accuracy in a guber-

natorial primary between Joseph W. Bailey and Pat Neff. Neff, who won the race, was the pet of Texas Baptists and later became president of Baylor University, a Baptist institution. Sam Johnson, who was antiprohibition and anti-Klan and had inherited some of the unorthodox ideas of his Populist father, was supporting Bailey. Sam Johnson estimated Bailey would get 103 votes in his precinct and Neff 19. To his chagrin, the count showed Bailey one short at 102 and Neff one up at 20. All through dinner, Sam Johnson fumed about that unaccounted-for vote. When he had concluded that there simply was no explanation, Mrs. Johnson, who had been hopping up and down from table to kitchen, announced that she was the one who had betrayed the precinct leader. "When I got to the polls, I just couldn't vote against Brother Neff," Mrs. Johnson said.

A remarkable woman in her own right, Lyndon Johnson's mother, Rebekah Baines Johnson, came from a long line of Baptist ministers and educators. Her father was the second president of Baylor. Her grandfather was Sam Houston's minister and is credited with bringing him back into the fold after he had strayed far away.

Johnson regards his mother, who died in September, 1958, and his wife as the most influential people in his life. Lady Bird Johnson, who would become First Lady at the age of 48 if Lyndon Johnson were to enter the White House in January, 1961, was born Claudia Taylor, of Karnack, Texas. A nurse called her Lady Bird and she has used that name most of her life. Her husband and close friends shorten it to "Bird."

Mrs. Johnson is one of those rare individuals who has the good fortune to possess not only good looks but also brains, not only a pleasing personality but also financial wealth. Her grandfather was one of the largest landowners in Alabama. From inheritances left her by four different members of her family and her own shrewd management of those bequests, Mrs. Johnson has a net wealth of about one million dollars. She owns timberland and cotton land to the amount of some 4,000 acres valued at $100,000. She owns radio and television stations in Austin, Waco, and in the

Rio Grande Valley. In 1942, she paid $19,000 for the Johnson home in Washington. Any real estate man in the District of Columbia would laugh at a person who offered only double that amount today.

Mrs. Johnson got both an arts and science degree and a journalism degree at the University of Texas. The school wanted to make her valedictorian of her class, but she shied away from delivering the speech. So they marked her second. She has continued her studies despite her full life as the mother of two girls, the wife of one of the nation's leading public figures, and as active supervisor of her business enterprises. Each morning she dictates between 20 and 30 letters covering her commercial affairs. But she has found time also to take up the study of Russian.

Everybody in Lyndon Johnson's family has the initials L.B.J. The two daughters are named Lynda Bird and Lucy Baines, to match Lyndon B. and Lady Bird. His ranch in Texas, near Johnson City, is named the LBJ ranch. Visitors to that ranch note that it combines the Wild West with modern farming methods. It links the pioneer days of Indian attacks with the latest in swimming pools—the latter served by telephone connections which enable Johnson to sit on the water's edge and converse with Washington.

Deer still roam the ranch, but so do herds of fat beef cattle which would never be able to endure the trek that Johnson's grandfather used to follow as he herded his longhorns to Abilene. The stones that formed the two forts to protect the ranch house from Indian attack still stand. But the house itself, built mostly of wood in meandering style, has been modernized by Lady Bird.

Johnson is proud of his ranch, proud of his pioneer ancestry. But his is no nostalgic yearning for the South of Jefferson Davis. For all that members of his family fought under the Confederate flag, his imagination doesn't go back to darkies singing in cotton fields around the old family mansion. In fact, his people had no connection with that South. They were relatively poor pioneers scrabbling a living out of the ranch country of West Texas and the only Negroes in Johnson's community are those employed by him.

Yet, Johnson knows that although he is more western than southern, it is with the South that the rest of the country identifies him. For all that the race issue scarcely exists in his home community, it is the Negro question which could keep him from going to the White House.

As a man accustomed to counting his votes before embarking on an important step, Johnson tells himself and his friends that there is no chance for him to win the nomination, that it is foolish even to think about it. But at the same moment he puts himself in Franklin D. Roosevelt's shoes by saying that the Republicans are using the same tactics against him that they used against the New Deal President.

It is obvious that Roosevelt is Lyndon Johnson's political hero—regardless of details of social philosophy—and that he identifies himself more and more with the four-term President. It is Johnson's thesis that the Republican national leadership, through surveys it made, had decided that those who hated Franklin Roosevelt hated him for two reasons: because he was a "spender" and lowered the value of the American dollar, and because they thought he was arrogant, a power-grabber, a man who craved authority for the sheer joy of ordering people around. It is Johnson's further thesis that, with those two things in mind, the Republican leadership is attempting to destroy Johnson as a political power by fastening upon him the label of "spender" and by convincing the public that he, too, is arrogant and hungry for power. He believes their purpose is twofold, first to damage the Democratic party by creating hostility toward its Senate leader, and, second, to make him an unpopular candidate should the convention nominate him for the presidency.

For once, nose-counter Johnson is unable to withhold his fire until he is sure of victory. His instinct to embark on no lost causes impels him to stay out of a contest in which the odds are heavily against a man who bears the southern label. But the very drive, the very overriding ambition which has carried him to his present lofty spot are forcing him to push forward toward the highest political goal of all. As a consequence, his candidacy already has made such

a beginning that only a Johnson announcement removing himself completely from consideration would take him out of the running. It would be out of character for him to make the renunciation. And once a man such as Johnson moves only a little way down the road toward the presidency, it becomes increasingly difficult for him to believe the obstacles cannot be removed. The very existence of those obstacles only feeds the fire of his ambition to break the 100-year-old prohibition against a southerner.

Even the memory of his 1955 heart attack only spurs him on. Had it not been for the massive coronary thrombosis, which brought him within sight of death, he would have been a serious contender at the Chicago convention of 1956. But four years later, with the example of Dwight D. Eisenhower before the American people and with the prodigious record of achievement Johnson has set as majority leader since that attack, his illness offers only an additional reason for him to seek the nomination in 1960.

As a southerner, Johnson has the same emotional attitude toward the nomination as does a member of any other minority that has not been able to send a man to the White House. It would be a source of rich satisfaction to him if he could be the first from his section to break through the barrier established by the Civil War. Before his heart attack, some of his closest supporters talked about a 1956 ticket composed of Johnson the southerner and Senator Kennedy the Massachusetts Catholic. They believed that, from the standpoint of practical politics, it would have been a strong ticket, appealing to two minorities. Many of them still advocate such a ticket, especially since Kennedy is even better known to the voters than he was in 1956. Johnson's Texas friends have relieved him of the problem of having to choose between seeking re-election to the Senate and contending for the presidential nomination. The legislature has set the primary election date forward 11 weeks so Johnson can be safely renominated to the Senate before delegates gather in Los Angeles.

The Senate Leader is fond of quoting the words his father loved from the Prophet Isaiah: "Come, let us rea-

son together." His favorite adjectives are "prudent," "reasonable," and "responsible." His doctrine is that reasonable men who want to be responsible can, by prudent actions, achieve results without tearing each other apart.

Even though Johnson cannot escape the label of "southerner," and would not try to do so, his part of Texas bears little resemblance to the Deep South, the Old Cotton South of Mississippi, Georgia, and Alabama. His thinking is more nearly that of an Oklahoma senator or one from Montana, Idaho, or New Mexico, a fact which may explain why he has been able to break away from some of the bonds that bind other southern senators.

Johnson went to high school in Johnson City, then got a B.S. degree at Southwest Texas State Teachers College in San Marcos in 1930. After a year teaching school, he went to Washington in 1932 as a secretary to Representative Richard Kleberg. He spent a year in law school at Washington's Georgetown University, then went back to Texas as the New Deal's director of the National Youth Administration for that state. He left the Youth Administration to take his seat in Congress in 1937. His only major political defeat was suffered in 1941 when he sought to fill the Senate vacancy created by the death of Morris Sheppard. That picturesque figure in Texas politics W. Lee (Pass the Biscuits, Pappy) O'Daniel defeated him in the primary.

Between that defeat and his successful race for the Senate in 1948, Johnson acquired first-hand military experience which has served him well in his work on the Senate Armed Services Committee and on the special committees he has headed. Three days after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941, he entered the Navy and was commissioned a lieutenant commander. He served as an observer on bomber missions which went from Australia and New Zealand over South Pacific islands. Before President Roosevelt ordered all members of Congress back to their desks in Washington, Johnson had won the Silver Star.

With the exception of Robert A. Taft, no senator has been so widely acknowledged in recent years to be his party's

leading figure as has Johnson. If he has not been accorded the label "Mr. Democrat," as Taft was given the title "Mr. Republican," it might be because the public is convinced his geographical handicap eliminates him from competition for the top prize his party has to offer. But because a party that does not hold the White House must make its record in Congress, the leaders of the two houses have inevitably become identified in the public mind as the spokesmen for the Democrats. That is particularly true in the present Congress because the Democrats hold such top-heavy majorities. With Speaker Rayburn's age ruling him out of consideration for the presidency, Johnson automatically becomes the Democratic leader whom the country knows best.

It is a difficult spot. Every Washington correspondent, every radio and television commentator, every magazine analyst is watching Johnson more closely than he is the White House, more closely than any member of the Cabinet. Adlai E. Stevenson may, by all the old rules, be the titular head of the party, but Johnson is its operating head. How well he manipulates his 64 Democrats in their partisan struggles with the 34 Republicans in the next months will be as well covered as a football game between the New York Giants and the Baltimore Colts—and in much the same terms.

Like a quarterback, he will worry about the blocking his own side gives him. When he attempts to win territory in the North, will his southerners throw themselves in front of the foe or will they deliberately get in his way? Will Richard Russell and Herman Talmadge help him convince the North that Johnson is a national leader who thinks in terms of national problems? Or will they stumble in front of him with their insistence that preservation of "our southern way of life" is more important than abolishing the White House tabu? Will they demonstrate that the race issue is still as divisive a force for Democrats as it was when the South bolted the Charleston convention?

When he attempts to instill some enthusiasm for a national outlook into the minds of South Carolina's Strom

Thurmond and Mississippi's James Eastland, will Johnson be able to count on the cooperative silence of Paul Douglas? Or will the Illinois liberal sound the alarm that friends of civil rights are about to be betrayed?

In short, Lyndon Johnson's problem will be to continue to appear to the public as a bold, decisive leader while still managing to make compromises that do not blur that picture. He must be a New Dealer who does not frighten the mildly conservative or the moderate. He must be strong enough in his advocacy of the Negroes' right to vote, to attend previously all-white schools, and to bring about the end of Jim Crow to hold fast the vote in the cities of the North. But he must not go so far out in front that the South will declare it would rather have a Kennedy or a Humphrey or a G. Mennen Williams from Yankeeland than a "traitor" from Dixie. Hence, the very prominence of his position, which gives him his hope to be the southerner who might abolish the century-old ban, also provides him with his chief difficulties.

One thing does seem certain: were it not for the sectional handicap he bears, Lyndon Baines Johnson would go into the Los Angeles convention so far ahead of the other candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination that a roll call would be a formality. Nothing illustrates his preeminence so well as does the Washington joke that Lyndon Johnson, having already served two full four-year terms as chief executive of the United States, is forbidden by the Twenty-second Amendment to the Constitution to move into the White House to begin his third term.

PART III

# Dark Horses

# 10

# OF HORSES, DARK AND OTHERWISE

ARTHUR SYLVESTER

Only politicians, who claim to be practical men, could practice their calling with an outmoded terminology. Give them any sort of contest—whether for county coroner or President of the United States—and they discuss it in the language not of the motorized age but of horse-and-buggy days. "Grooming a candidate," "favorite," "runner-up," and above all "dark horse" reek of the stable and the track. Still, their continued use in space-age politics is understandable. The trickery, the crucial role of a sense of timing, the pitfalls besetting the front-runner, the drive in the stretch are as characteristic of political races today as they have ever been.

"Dark horse," a winning animal about which little was known before the race, or a little-known person who unexpectedly gets a political nomination, was originally a term of English racing slang, apparently deriving from an old

trick played by British jockeys. They would dye the coat of a well-known fast horse in order to enter him under another name. The usual color for this deception was black. Those privy to the chicanery would bet heavily on the dark horse and "clean up," to the surprise and chagrin of those who had put their money on the recognized favorites. (Authorities give little credence to the explanation that the first dark horse was a coal-black steed named Dusky Pete, owned by Sam Flynn of Tennessee, who was credited with winning heavily at local races by entering his speedy racer camouflaged as a nondescript nag.)

To James K. Polk of Tennessee goes the distinction, dubious though it may be, of being the first dark-horse candidate. He came out of nowhere at the Democratic convention in 1844 to be saddled as the nominee and go on to win the White House stakes. At first interested only in the vice-presidential nomination, he and his handlers made some tentative moves for the No. 1 spot when the favorite, Martin Van Buren, made public a letter opposing the annexation of Texas. In the context of the times, that was equivalent to opposing the extension of slavery, still an article of faith in the Democratic party and elsewhere. When the seventh ballot showed that Van Buren was through, Polk was trotted out of the smoke-filled rooms as a compromise candidate, a recognized second-rater. But he was talked up as a "pure, whole-hogged Democrat" who favored the annexation of Texas, had no enemies, and stood for nothing controversial. For that matter, he stood for very little, controversial or not. Despite the widespread estimate of Polk as weak and inferior to the Whig candidate, Henry Clay, he ran a close race to victory.

Eight years later the Demcorats saddled up another dark horse and rode him to power, the handsome but reluctant Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire. The leading candidates—Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, Michigan's Lewis Cass, William L. Marcy of New York, and James Buchanan of Pennsylvania—were so evenly matched in delegate strength and so divided by personal aversion that they could not close the opening through which a dark horse could successfully be

ridden. Pierce, who had resigned from the Senate (some say because of a weakness for alcohol), had no love for Washington and had passed the word to his friends to count him out of their reckonings. When a messenger brought the news of his nomination, Pierce would not believe it and his wife fainted. But they both recovered in time to conduct an uninspired but successful campaign and to serve an unexciting four years in the Executive Mansion.

Not all dark horses go on to take the big prize. One who did not was Governor Horatio Seymour of New York. Regarded as the strongest man the Democrats could put up, he and his running mate, General Francis P. Blair of Missouri, had no chance once the Republicans had nominated the popular war idol of the North, General Ulysses S. Grant.

More than 70 years later, the Republican party galloped to defeat with a modern dark horse, Wendell L. Willkie. In the early months of 1940, the race for the nomination appeared to be among Thomas E. Dewey of New York, Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, and Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan. Vandenberg lost ground after his defeat by Dewey in the April primaries in Wisconsin and Nebraska, leaving Dewey and Taft the chief contenders by convention time. Entering the field late, Willkie quickly gained some recognition as a potential dark horse. In May, however, a month before the delegates gathered in Philadelphia, John D. M. Hamilton, chairman of the Republican National Committee, told Jay Hayden, for many years political columnist for the Detroit *News* and long the chief of its Washington bureau, "It's going to be Willkie."

And so it was. Willkie arrived in Philadelphia with few pledged delegates but with growing support among the party rank and file. Dewey and Taft followed tradition and killed each other off in the balloting. The delegates swung to Willkie on the sixth ballot.

In the ensuing campaign, this vigorous and appealing new species of political animal galloped all over the country from early morning until late at night. But he had to carry a burden not of his own making—the party platform, which urged a stronger national defense while demanding

a slash in expenditures, opposed participation in foreign wars, and criticized concentration of power in the executive (by the party in power). Willkie tried to lighten the load by endorsing many of President Roosevelt's New Deal policies in his acceptance speech, but the dark horse was racing the champion on a track that had too many jumps for him and under skies that threatened war. Though the majority stayed with the favorite, Willkie ran the best race in terms of votes polled that a Republican had ever turned in. His popular total was 22,333,717, or 44.8 per cent against Roosevelt's 27,243,604 (54.7 per cent). But with only 82 electoral votes to the President's 449, Willkie finished far, far out of the money.

Among winning dark horses, the mediocre presidential records of the mediocre Polk and Pierce have inspired the thesis that a dark horse, or compromise candidate, is bound to be a second-rater. If he were outstanding, he would not be a dark horse, and if he were forceful and dynamic, he could not be a compromise. It is his dullness that first qualifies him as a candidate and subsequently disqualifies him as an historical figure. Willkie, however, was not a dull figure. Neither was he unknown. With today's concentrated exploitation of political news by press, radio, newsreels, and television, a horse that is "dark" in the sense of "secret," "hidden," "unknown" is an anachronism. The publicity under which political action unfolds is so bright that when we speak of a dark horse, we mean not the creature himself but his chances of nomination.

Against this historical background, 1960 would seem to be the year of opportunity for candidates in both parties whose present chances of nomination have not yet climbed to the level of odds—unless of course, one accepts the view that Vice-President Nixon is as good as nominated by the Republicans. The Republican national chairman, Senator Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky, is not one who does. As early as April 19, 1959, during a television interview, he told Senator Kenneth B. Keating, Republican of New York, that he expected a floor contest at the 1960 convention in Chicago. He left no doubt that Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York was the contestant he had in mind, al-

though at that time Rockefeller had slipped somewhat from his earlier rating as co-favorite with Nixon.

Should death remove President Eisenhower from the White House or should some presidential disability open the way for Nixon to become Chief Executive before the Republican convention, he will be assured of the nomination. In that event Governor Rockefeller and all the other G.O.P. hopefuls discussed in this chapter could truly devote themselves to the tasks which today they insist are their sole concern. However, should Nixon and Rockefeller arrive at the convention as the favorites of a party divided in its allegiance, it is quite possible that a modern dark horse will enter the race.

Such a development appears even more likely at the Democratic convention. In that sweepstakes the track is teeming with candidates convinced that if they can win this one they can go on to take the Grand Prize. It may be that one or another of the current hopefuls will have established an overwhelming lead by the time the delegates are called to order. Certainly the managers of the "front-runners" will attempt to sell that idea.

The outlook is reminiscent of 1952, when the delegates to the Chicago convention were confronted with not two but six candidates: Averell Harriman of New York, then Mutual Security administrator and subsequently Governor, Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, Vice-President Alben W. Barkley, Senator Robert S. Kerr of Oklahoma, and Adlai Stevenson. Senator Kefauver entered the hall with the greatest primary voting strength and the united opposition of his fellow southerners. He faded early.

The Stevenson forces came to the convention still uncertain whether they had a candidate. When speculation grew soon after January 1 about the possibility of choosing the Illinois Governor, he issued a formal statement at Springfield on January 2 saying he could run for no office except governor. But the more reluctant he grew the more determined became his personal and political friends to nominate him. Without any cooperation from him, unless his very reluctance (which certainly gave him the colora-

tion of a dark horse) worked as an asset, Stevenson's backers succeeded on the third ballot.

Clearing the way for him were the two controversial platform planks on civil rights and labor relations and the success of the moderates in having the convention adopt their concept of how the States Rights Democrats, who had walked out on Harry S. Truman in 1948, should be treated. Once the proposals of the extremists were rejected, the choice of the candidate became easy. Russell, Kefauver, and Harriman were eliminated forthwith. Barkley, opposed by labor, had withdrawn brokenheartedly; Kerr's candidacy had shown no substance. That left only Stevenson.

In 1960, with the field crowded again and delegate strength likely to be dispersed among the avowed aspirants and those who are merely "favorite sons," the opening for a dark horse will be wide. No one will be quicker to plunge into it than Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan. He fits none of the classic qualifications for a dark horse. He has been openly running for months and finding it hard running. He is controversial, dynamic, and possessed of a public image that many think dooms his nomination at the outset. Certainly there is no compromise in him, as the South has recognized since he strode onto the platform at Chicago in 1952 to join the late Senator Blair Moody of Michigan and young Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., of New York in an effort to make Dixie pay for its apostasy to Truman by imposing a "loyalty oath," pledging the delegates to see to it that the convention's nominee, whoever he might be, would be put on the ballots in their home states. One of Governor Williams' associates in that enterprise, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota, is at present in contention with him for the nomination. But whereas Humphrey has long since made his peace with the southerners, Williams has done nothing to erase the South's unpleasant image of him as a radical dedicated to their injury.

On the contrary, the 48-year-old Williams, now in an unprecedented sixth two-year term in a state Republicans once considered their private preserve, has exacerbated the

ill-feeling, particularly among the southern governors. Their hostility is increased by Williams' close association with Walter P. Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, and with the CIO in general. They echo the oft-heard charge that Williams is Reuther's stooge. He is not, nor is he anyone else's. But Williams and Reuther are united in their desire to remake government according to the dictates of their own philosophy.

By its use of the power of union organization to improve the wages of southern labor, the CIO has touched the sensitive pocketbook nerve of the businessmen to whose tune southern governors dance. Any doubt that these gentlemen consider Williams synonymous with the CIO was removed by their alliance with the conservative Republican governors at the annual Governors' Conference to deny Williams the presidency of the organization, which, on seniority alone, had been rightfully his. They can be counted on to use all their considerable power to deny him the presidential nomination.

Governor Williams is one of those who are convinced that a compromise on civil rights is too high a price for the Democratic party to pay to placate the South. Reuther is another. If the South were to walk out of the convention again both men would let it go. They interpret President Truman's election in 1948 in the face of the defection by the South as proof that the party is no longer dependent on Dixie for victory. What worries southern politicians is that the analysis may be correct.

So strongly did Williams believe that the civil-rights plank endorsed by Adlai Stevenson in 1956 was too weak that the Michigan Governor chided him for lack of vision in accepting it. Williams insisted that Stevenson's "moderation" platform would never stir a party which ought to be looking at new social frontiers. Of Stevenson's restrained proposals Williams said: "It is not enough to be going in the right direction when you are running from a bear. You've also got to cover a lot of ground in a hurry."

The convention paid little heed to Williams and chose

Stevenson as its nominee, his platform becoming the party's. Because of his labor alliance Williams was forced to go along. But in Michigan Williams campaigned on a "Declaration of Principles" adopted by his party in state convention. On civil rights and social reforms it went much further than did the national Democratic plank.

On election night, while Stevenson was being swamped by President Eisenhower, Williams was recording his fifth straight victory, a record unmatched by any governor, to which Williams has since added a sixth term. Eisenhower showed a 346,826-vote margin over Stevenson in Michigan while Williams defeated his Republican opponent by 290,-313 votes and carried his entire ticket with him.

In nearly every industrial state the results revealed that President Eisenhower had cut heavily into the Democratic preserve of organized labor. But in Michigan union voters backed Governor Williams solidly, doing the precinct work for him and endorsing his program to the last word. Nor did the Eisenhower magic, which attracted Negro votes away from the Democrats elsewhere, so much as dent Negro allegiance to Williams and his party in the Detroit area.

The disposition of northern Democratic liberals to encourage the South to take its constantly threatened walk has grown rather than abated since 1956. Typical of this attitude is Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois. He declared in Chicago on February 23, 1959, that "the Democratic party does not want or need racial or religious bigots. I would even be willing to pack a box lunch for them as they go out into the wilderness." His comment is reminiscent of the cynic's remark: "Abraham Lincoln set this country back 150 years; he should have let the South go."

It is not only in the South that Governor Williams is regarded as a hostage of the CIO. Although his press agents deny that the CIO elects Williams, he could not win without it. It is not only votes that the CIO produces; their locals contribute the finest political workers a candidate could ask for. Many of them have been delegates in contests in their own union; they are intelligent, disciplined precinct

workers constantly educated in the Democratic cause, who for $20 on election day turn out a vote that the Republicans, with all their fancy advertising, do not begin to touch.

Governor Williams will be completing an unprecedented twelfth year as governor when the 1960 convention convenes, and controversy about him will be swirling higher than ever. Some of it is about trivialities, some, about basic issues. Can you imagine a presidential candidate being called "Soapy"? you are asked, with derisive reference to the fact that in Michigan Williams has made an asset of the schoolboy nickname given him because of his membership in the Mennen family, makers of soaps and other toiletries. Can you imagine a presidential candidate committed to wearing none but green and white polka dot ties, a style of neckwear Williams has adopted as his lucky charm? You are assured that those ties could be as damaging as was Al Smith's brown derby, a mark of fashion when the New Yorker was growing up on the Lower East Side. At the same moment it is argued that Williams cannot at this late date abandon these identifications without inviting the charge of snobbery.

On a higher plane it is charged that Williams, as an advocate of the welfare state, is socialistically inclined and a traitor to his economic class (he comes from a wealthy background). It is charged he has never advocated any but "soak the rich" taxes and opponents insist the record bears this out. Simultaneously, his critics say that Williams' interest in the problems of the working man is phony. It is not, although he is acutely aware there are more votes among punch-press operators than among the vice-presidents. Nor is the charge true that Williams is a creation of the CIO. They allied with him after discerning and devoted friends had launched him on a political quest for which he had trained in college—the governorship of Michigan. He has long been conscious that this office could be a way station along the route to the highest office in the land.

The first son of Henry Phillips Williams and Elma Christina Rebecca Mennen, Williams was born into a Republican

family in Detroit on February 23, 1911, the heir to two fortunes. His mother, active in the Republican Women's Federation, was the daughter of a German immigrant, Gerhard Mennen, founder of what is now the Mennen Company. It is this family connection that gave him the nickname "Soapy" and not any tie with the J. B. Williams Company and its shaving cream. Just before Williams' birth his father had sold a successful pickle-processing company and turned to property management.

After seven grades in Detroit private schools the youth was sent to an eastern preparatory school, Salisbury, in Salisbury, Conn. In 1928 he was graduated with a 95 average, a record not equaled at the school before or since. When reminded of it in 1957 by Will Muller, Detroit *News* political writer and an authority on Williams, the Governor remarked: "I know I'm not brilliant. I just had to work twice as hard."

Critics call Williams phony because when he addresses nationality groups he speaks a few words in their native language. But languages have always been his interest. He completed two years of Greek, four of French, and five of English at Salisbury and continued his studies at college. His habit of always taking his family to the Episcopal chapel before each inauguration and of closing even the simplest speech with "Goodby and God bless you" causes a skeptical raising of eyebrows among the critical. But at Salisbury Williams was named prefect—assistant to the Episcopal clergyman—in his Sophomore year, an honor usually reserved for Seniors. He held it three years.

Williams chose to attend Princeton because it had a reputation for training leaders, and leadership skill was what he wanted. He has told friends that by the time he entered the university he was already dreaming of the governorship. He played intramural football, won a varsity letter in his Sophomore year stroking the crew, studied advanced Latin and French, earned a Phi Beta Kappa key, which he does not display before politicians, and graduated thirty-seventh in a class of 476 in 1933.

Williams does not often mention that he was twice elected

president of the Princeton Young Republicans and was a Republican during President Herbert Hoover's campaign for re-election (the Governor does not speak ill of Hoover, even before Democrats). Williams came out of Princeton with his honors and his Republicanism. During three years at the University of Michigan Law School he kept the first and shed the second. By the time he was graduated in 1936, tenth in his class with a degree of J.D. (*Jurum Doctor*), he had become a Democrat and fallen in love.

The girl was Nancy Quirk, whom he had met on a blind date. The daughter of a Michigan banker, she had money of her own. On meeting her, Williams knew he needed a job, a start on his career, and money of his own. He wrote Uncle William G. Mennen, head of the Mennen Company in New Jersey, for money to buy a diamond ring, and the voters provided him with the job opportunity by re-electing President Roosevelt in 1936 and sending Frank Murphy, his father's friend and lawyer, and Soapy's political idol, to Lansing as Governor.

Once Williams had passed his bar exams, which he did with ease, there was a job waiting in Washington. The new convert to the Democratic party was hired by the Social Security Board and, as one of its lawyers, helped to win the case testing the constitutionality of the Social Security Act in the Supreme Court. There followed 12 years of apprenticeship in office, with Nancy, who had become his bride in the spring of 1937, at his side. In 1938 Williams returned to Lansing as an assistant state attorney general, where he headed an investigation of milk prices.

Out of a job after Murphy was defeated, Williams and his wife set out on a European trip. He had made several as a youth with his mother, in addition to a foray into Russia by himself in 1933. While the Williamses were abroad Frank Murphy became United States Attorney General and cabled the young man to join him as a special assistant. When Congress created the Office of Price Administration Williams moved over to it as an attorney.

The war came, Williams volunteered for the Navy, and Nancy took their young son, Gerhard Mennen Williams III,

to her parents' home in Ypsilanti. She joined a group of women who drove trucks in convoy from war plants to staging areas. Often she left home unable to tell her parents her destination. Wearing combat stars and decorations, Williams returned from the Far Pacific a lieutenant commander.

He rejected his old OPA job in Washington to become deputy OPA director in Michigan. At that moment the Williams team started to form. His boss in the Detroit office was Lawrence L. Ferrell, later to become his northern Michigan campaign manager and then his executive secretary. Hicks G. Griffiths, chief of OPA's rent enforcement section in Washington, became Williams' law partner, campaign manager, and Democratic state chairman. His wife Martha, a lawyer and during the war a buyer for U.S. Ordnance, is 17th District Congresswoman today. She became the third partner in Griffiths, Williams, and Griffiths.

Williams was aboard a Washington-Detroit plane late in 1946 when he noticed that a young mother sitting in front of him was having trouble with two airsick children. He offered to hold one, and won a valuable friend. She was Mrs. Neil Staebler. Late that year, en route to an American Veterans Committee convention at Des Moines, Iowa, Williams struck up a lunch-counter conversation with a man going to the same meeting. He was Neil Staebler, father of the airsick youngsters. Within five years Staebler was Williams' choice for Democratic state chairman. Today the Democratic National Committee considers Staebler its expert on party organization.

The OPA went out of existence in 1946, and with it Williams went out of public office—but not for long. He had hardly sat down at his new law office desk when the Democratic chair on the three-member State Liquor Control Commission became vacant. By law the late Republican Governor Kim Sigler had to name a Democrat to fill the vacancy. He consulted Republican Secretary of State Fred M. Alger, Jr., who talked about the opening to Allen J. Nieber, then a reporter in the Lansing bureau of the Detroit *News*, assigned to cover Sigler.

"How about your neighbor, young Williams?" Nieber

suggested, half in jest. "You Gold Coasters should get along together." Alger broached the idea to Governor Sigler and the Republicans launched the man who was to be their political nemesis.

Williams began making speeches around the state and became a favorite of the retail liquor dealers. He saw quickly that the Democratic party had shrunk to a skeleton under the leadership of John R. Franco, Detroit wastepaper dealer. Franco wanted no part of Williams or the liberals around him. Lacking a vehicle or forum, they decided to create one. The group that put Williams into his first campaign for governor met in the Griffiths' recreation room on November 21, 1947, ate smothered chicken prepared by Martha Griffiths, and organized the Michigan Democratic Club. It became the parent of many such clubs and eventually put flesh and blood on the skeleton it had seized from Franco.

Through the formation of the first club and its offspring Williams' candidacy for governor was initiated. There was only one man with any labor affiliation present at that first meeting, John W. Gibson, later U.S. Assistant Secretary of Labor and subsequently a Washington, D.C., beer distributor. The CIO became a Williams supporter only after he was well on his way. It was not till the following spring that Williams first met August Scholle, state CIO president, and it is doubtful if he met UAW president Walter Reuther until after he had become the Democratic nominee.

It was not long before State Liquor Control Commission Chairman Harry Henderson heard that the wealthy young Democratic member from Grosse Point, the Gold Coast suburb of Detroit, was on the night political circuit at Democratic meetings. Henderson victimized himself and his party with a wonderful idea: encourage Williams to run for governor against Sigler, who would obviously slaughter the upstart. Unwittingly Williams helped the idea along by making a speech to Democrats in Flint which angered Henderson.

"Call him in and fire him," Henderson urged Governor Sigler. The latter called Williams to his office, suggested

Williams resign if he wanted to enter Democratic politics actively, and Williams did. Though neither knew it then, the Sigler-Williams battle for 1948 was joined.

"To think," Henderson told Will Muller in 1958, "I was the guy who wanted Sigler to needle Williams into running. Look at us now."

Such a look shows that, beginning with the ensuing contest in which he supplanted Sigler as governor, Williams went on to convert Lansing from a Republican haven to a G.O.P. desert. In 1959 there was not a Republican left in a top executive spot in the state, including the highway department and the education office. A Democratic majority had been imposed on the court system, including a 5-to-3 edge on the elected supreme court. The state's two Republican U. S. senators had been supplanted by Democrats, and the party had suffered losses in the House of Representatives. Governor Williams had not yet unlocked the G.O.P. grip on the state senate, but in 1958 he carried in enough Democratic assemblymen to deadlock it.

Who is the young man who did all this? Outwardly he is a self-assured six foot three inches of inexhaustible energy, square dancing his way around the state, the life of the party. But behind the constant boyish grin of a seemingly flashy politician is a basically shy man. This shyness is occasionally overcompensated by showy or "pushy" behavior, particularly outside Michigan. He is not clever at social small talk and insists on having his own way. His polka dot tie is the only deviation from essentially conservative dress. He does not drink or smoke but laps up chocolate malted milks. He dotes on his wife and family, and newsmen who write of them favorably usually get a letter of appreciation (but heaven help them if they involve the Williams family in political attacks on the Governor).

While his critics say he lacks the ability to generalize, his admirers insist that he has a better claim to the role of leading party egghead than Adlai Stevenson. They point to Adlai's "C" average in Princeton and Soapy's Phi Beta Kappa key. Although conceding Stevenson's gifts as an essayist, they call Williams a walking brain and consider

him better read, a better scholar, and possessed of a more precise mind than the twice-defeated Democratic candidate.

Republicans call Williams a "probate court millionaire," meaning that he has inherited much and has more coming. But reporters who have traveled with him say that if he ever had a million he still has it. One recalls seeing Soapy with money in his hand only twice, once when he bought a 50-cent program for a county fair queen, the other when he tried to pay for a round of drinks for a group of congressmen from whom he wanted help.

Williams and his family live in a large, old, rambling house they bought in Lansing. It looks comfortably lived-in from the furniture in the kitchen to the big bedrooms. The Governor himself takes telephone calls late at night. At governors' conferences the Williamses look like a typical American family on vacation, mom and the kids leading the group, pop bringing up the rear.

As Governor, Williams is the first professional chief executive Michigan has experienced, as well as the first labor governor. At Lansing they say his predecessors all regarded the job as time off from the business or profession by which they supported themselves. But after twelve years' training in government Williams went to the capital as a full-time career man. This has paid off. Impartial judges rate Williams the best administrator Michigan has ever had. He keeps a guiding hand on state machinery that would be too intricate, and complicated by too many political overtones, for the ordinary businessman to handle with success.

The men he has appointed to important jobs have won approval although he has not gone outside the party and has made heavy use of personnel from the labor organizations. His court appointments have generally been good and have been approved by the voters at the succeeding election. Republicans complain constantly that most of Williams' appointments are subject to union approval. There has been some, but not much, evidence of conflict between Williams and his CIO backers over appointments. A conspicuous example of his rare resistance to union pressure was the appointment of Thomas H. Quinby, son of a conservative

Grand Rapids family, to the $13,500 post of chairman of the Workmen's Compensation Commission. Senate Republicans responded to this by refusing confirmation because Quinby also became Michigan Democratic national committeeman.

Under Williams the state government has been operated without scandal. He has expanded services, and costs have expanded accordingly. He has drawn from colleges and universities young men with an interest in both government and politics and put them on his staff. The Republican legislature has fought him as the exponent of a new economic and social order rather than as the leader of the opposite party. He has acted as if the state were divided between the "haves" and "have-nots" and has recommended legislation and taxes on that basis.

Republicans turn on Williams the charge similar to the Democratic indictment of the Republican President, that he is a "part-time governor," spending a large part of his state-paid time—at $22,500 a year—campaigning, crowning festival queens, and traveling. The record, as informed observers know, refutes the allegation. For a union-supported official Williams works nonunion hours, 50 to 80 a week. His capacity for work and attention to detail are widely recognized. Time away from his office is made up at night or over weekends, or both, as his staff knows to its sorrow.

The G.O.P. legislators have said "no" blindly to almost everything Williams has proposed, but he has not tried to conciliate them. He has attempted to impose his will on the legislature by defeating its Republican members at the polls, and they have devoted themselves unsuccessfully to "getting" him. Republicans accuse Williams of not making a move that is not political. They call him a "spender" unwilling to make all the people underwrite his programs with tax dollars.

A report issued in 1958 by the State Revenue Department headed by a Democrat had this to say about the period 1947-1957: In 1947 state taxes collected totaled $284,300,000, compared to $748,700,000 ten years later. This resulted in a per capita tax rise of from $97.69 to $178.82.

"Adjusted to the purchasing power of the dollar," said

the report, "state taxes showed an increase of 60 per cent and local taxes 59 per cent for the period."

The number of state employees rose from 23,400 to 32,000 in the ten-year period. Michigan's population increased in the same period from 6,231,000 to 7,865,000. In 1948 the state was spending at the rate of $285,000,000 a year from the general fund. In January, 1959, Governor Williams presented a budget proposing to spend $423.9 million from the general fund. This represented a rise of $43.9 million from the year before. A deficit of $110 million by June, 1959, was forecast, and Williams called for $140 million in new taxes. Even as the budget was offered the state was undergoing a severe cash crisis, unable to meet its obligations to the two state universities. As a consequence their payrolls were threatened, and Governor Williams personally appealed to Michigan's 23 largest corporations to pay some $35 million taxes in advance to meet the cash demands on the empty state treasury.

The Michigan financial muddle is not the only dent in the Governor's presidential ambitions. Since 1957 he had been nurturing a Michigan-Minnesota coalition with youthful Democratic Governor Orville L. Freeman. But that died when Sentator Humphrey laid first claim to the allegiance of his state, and Governor Freeman started working early in 1959 for his nomination. Likewise, a budding coalition with Governor Averell Harriman of New York was frostbitten in November, 1958, by New York's voters who replaced him with Nelson Rockefeller.

Williams had backed the abortive Harriman presidential candidacy in 1956 for so long that Walter Reuther stepped in and insisted that the Michigan delegation switch to Adlai Stevenson as the only liberal alternative to the New York Governor. Reuther was convinced that Senator Lyndon Johnson could not be nominated but he warned Williams that the Texan might organize the conservative forces and claim credit for nominating Stevenson. Reuther wanted the liberals to be the determining factor.

Williams possesses extensive and impressive assets as a potential nominee. He has personality, determination, stam-

ina. He plans carefully. If there is a hand in Michigan he has not shaken it is not attached to a human arm. He is a deliberate but effective speaker whose resonant voice comes over impressively on television. He exudes sincerity and friendly masculinity and charms women voters. He has been writing for national magazines and making out-of-state speaking engagements with a view to political advantage, and has kept abreast of foreign affairs by travel abroad and by working with former Secretary of State Dean Acheson's foreign policy group, attached to the Democratic Advisory Council. And he has State Chairman Staebler, who occupies a strategic position in the party's national organization.

But his greatest convention strength comes from his CIO support. The unions will be heavily represented by trained and disciplined delegates. Though disaffected Republicans had put Williams in office the first time and many still give him their vote, it is the undeviating allegiance of the CIO voters, especially in populous Wayne County (Detroit), that has kept Williams in Lansing. There has been little to choose between the CIO legislative program and Williams', and if the UAW-CIO does not hold a promissory note against the Governor's future its members act as if they did.

But this alliance with the CIO holds dangers. Old-line Democratic leaders resent the CIO's voice and fear Reuther as an economic threat and political power. Republicans have charged for ten years that "Williams is the captive of the CIO and UAW President Walter P. Reuther." Denial has been drowned out by repetition, and the charge will be used to scare away conservative delegates for whom Reuther and Williams are an identical anathema. Moreover, the conservative leaders, who always control the convention machinery, stand as a formidable barrier between Williams and the nomination. An asset in Michigan, CIO identification with Williams has yet to demonstrate its value in obtaining the prized Democratic presidential nomination for him. Until the event proves otherwise, Governor Williams has, at best, dark-horse chances even though he is not one in the old-fashioned sense of the term.

Robert B. Meyner, now in his second four-year term as Governor of New Jersey, is the nearest thing in the Democratic stable to the classical definition of dark horse. Ever since his smashing re-election in 1957 in the wake of an avalanche of New Jersey votes for Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1956, his name has been mentioned when Democratic presidential candidates are discussed. But he has been spoken of more as a possibility than a likelihood, as a stand-by rather than a pace-setter.

In its issue of February 27, 1959, *U. S. News & World Report* reported that a survey of Democratic leaders in 48 states produced seven names as choices for presidential candidate. Meyner was seventh on the list, rated first choice in one state (New Jersey) with 36 convention votes, and second or third choice in two states with 78 votes. Among expressions in his favor was this from an eastern leader: "He is a new and attractive personality, worth considering as a dark horse"; and this from the Middle West: "Meyner put in a balanced budget, and that is a help to him in our state."

Acute, wily, and possessing a highly developed sense of the political realities, 51-year-old Meyner has been content to leave the risk of front-running to the senators, notably Kennedy of Massachusetts, Texas' Johnson, Minnesota's Humphrey, and Stuart Symington of Missouri. His position in their shadow is partly by choice and partly involuntary and his decision to "lie back now the better to press forward later" is a conscious technique.

The reason the 1957 victory projected Governor Meyner into the national scene was plain to see. He had won by a margin of 203,000 votes a year after President Eisenhower had defeated Adlai Stevenson, whom Meyner had supported, by 750,000 votes. New Jersey's plurality was the largest given Eisenhower by any state. In an election where the registered vote totaled less than 2,800,000, the Governor's victory represented an amazing vote switch. He carried into office with him the first Democratic assembly in 20 years. And he not only held but increased the Republican

support he had attracted in his first campaign. A year later he furthered his prestige by supporting former Representative Harrison A. Williams, Jr., in a three-man contest for the U. S. senatorial nomination and saw him go on to win the Republican-held seat in November.

But to all questions about the White House in 1960 Meyner had the same answer: "My ambition is to be a good governor of New Jersey." To a Negro admirer who approached him at the governors' conference on civil rights in Detroit in February, 1959, and said, "I want to shake the hand of the next President of the United States," Meyner replied: "That's very kind of you but I must tell you something. My Republican predecessor went on to become president—of a big perfume company."

Nevertheless Meyner is fully aware of the possibility of his nomination. He has told intimates he is available but is not setting his heart on it—nor will he work unduly hard to bring it about. On the other hand, he is not leaving all to chance. This became evident when Robert J. Burkhardt, one of his closest associates, was detached from the Governor's office to become executive director of the Democratic State Committee. In this capacity Burkhardt has been doing advance work in search of delegates. Some of Meyner's friends, disturbed over the head start permitted the front-running senators, have wanted a more active campaign on his part. But he has vetoed any all-out effort before 1960. As for the senators' monopolization of the front pages by reason of their being in politically conscious and constantly reported Washington, there is little Meyner, Williams, or any other governor can do to counteract that until later in the campaign.

Superficially, Governor Meyner has much in common with his chief rival from another capital, Governor Williams. Both are about the same age and both are handsome men. Meyner is broad-shouldered, stands five feet eleven inches, weighs 180 pounds. His light brown wavy hair is streaked with gray. His workman's hands have a firm grip, his voice is a resonant baritone and adds to an impressive television

appearance. He is good-humored, has a passion for puns, and, like Williams, is strong-willed.

Both men stepped into the political spotlight by upsetting normally Republican states. Both campaign tirelessly. Both are lawyers. Both have wives who are political assets. For years it had seemed that Bob Meyner was intent on proving his mother right when she said her bachelor son was "married to his political career," although he had always been seen in public with attractive young women, including at one time Margaret Truman. Then in 1956, at 49, the Governor met the young woman he was to marry within a year.

She was Helen Day Stevenson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William E. Stevenson of Oberlin, Ohio, where her father was president of Oberlin College. Adlai Stevenson is a relative. Miss Stevenson met Governor Meyner when he attended a mock political convention in Oberlin. When Stevenson announced his candidacy again in 1956 and a New York headquarters was opened, the lovely blue-eyed brunette Helen went there to work for her relative.

During this period Estes Kefauver entered the New Jersey Democratic presidential primary. Governor Meyner ran his own slate of delegates, swept the election, went to the Chicago convention, meeting Miss Stevenson en route, and delivered New Jersey's 36 votes to Adlai Stevenson while Governor Williams was still hoping it would be Harriman.

They were married on the following January 19 at Oberlin and went off to the Barbados for their honeymoon. The Republican legislature gave Meyner a welcome wedding present in the form of an additional 15 days beyond the February 3 deadline for submitting his budget. The Governor and his bride moved into historic "Morven" in Princeton, which dates back to 1701. The state had just completed modernization of the recently acquired property, 14 miles from the capitol at Trenton, and to Helen Meyner fell the task of decorating and furnishing it. The extensive grounds provide the Meyners with facilities for the two sports they are both proficient in, tennis and swimming.

Helen Meyner keeps open house every Tuesday and since

her occupancy 65,000 sightseers have passed through Morven, which is officially a historic monument. She is on hand to greet the visitors unless she is away with her husband, as she was when he fulfilled speaking engagements in Argentina and Brazil in February, 1959. Mrs. Meyner provides bowls of hard candy for the youngsters who make up school parties and encourages them to help themselves liberally. The Governor's Lady operates Morven with a staff of three domestics, to whom her weekend guests are presented with friendly informality while being shown over the beautiful mansion. Extra help is required for the dinners, which are a regular feature of life at Morven and at which all fields of activity are represented.

Despite their superficial similarity, Meyner and Williams are as different in background, personality, and method of operation as New Jersey is from Michigan. Both come of German stock but whereas Williams was born to wealth, Meyner was born to hard work. His father and mother were textile workers. Robert Baumle Meyner, the fifty-third governor of New Jersey since 1776, was born in Easton, Pa., on July 3, 1908, to the late Gustave Herman, a loom fixer in the silk industry, and Mary Sophia (Baumle) Meyner. The Governor delights in telling people that the "B" in his name sometimes stands for "Blunt," as he did in February, 1959, to a Louisiana audience to whom he spoke bluntly about his long-held and firm views on civil rights.

The Governor has a sister, Mrs. William (Olive) Wagner, who lives with her husband in Harmony Station near Phillipsburg. The Wagners are frequent dinner guests at Morven and there is a warm relationship between brother and sister. His brother Gustave, a Westinghouse executive, lives in Pittsburgh, Pa.

When the children were young the Meyners moved from Easton to Phillipsburg, where Bob was educated in the public schools. From 1918 to 1922 the family lived in Paterson, N.J., then a silk manufacturing and general textile center. They returned to Phillipsburg, where Meyner was graduated from high school in 1926. To help defray family expenses young Bob worked as a newsboy, grocery clerk, and

silk weaver. During his four years at Lafayette College in Easton and his law course at Columbia University Law School in New York he had a variety of jobs to help pay for his education, including garage attendant, foundry foreman, and tutor. Of his law school days Meyner has said: "I was renting agent for an apartment building, night watchman in a garage, and switchboard operator in a girls' dormitory."

Early concern with his own welfare as part of the family group gave Meyner an appreciation of the concern of others over the problems of their human welfare. This has moved him to seek individuals for public office who have what he calls "a feeling for their fellow men." Moreover, the habit of work he acquired in youth marks his maturity. At 8:30 each morning he is at his desk in the Statehouse, seldom leaves before nightfall. His schedule often requires him to devote his evenings to speaking engagements and to appearances before political groups and business organizations. Meyner's ability to combine attention to his job with a constant but subtle campaigning has impressed the public, as election returns show. A familiar scene late at night on the state highways is the Governor's lighted car homeward bound with Meyner working over a briefcase full of papers and his wife napping beside him.

As early as his college days, when he majored in government and prelaw courses, the youthful Meyner was active in politics. In 1928 the 20-year-old college Junior backed the late Alfred E. Smith, whose Catholicism was an issue but who appealed to Meyner as a Democrat. He organized a Smith-for-President Club, one of the first political groups started on the campus. While home one day he attended an organizing meeting of the Young-People-for-Al-Smith-for-President and walked out as its president.

Governor Meyner's mother is a Catholic, his father was a Protestant turned Catholic temporarily. Young Bob was raised as a Catholic but at his father's insistence he attended public schools. At 18, as a Freshman at Lafayette, Meyner ceased his adherence to the Catholic Church. However, he attends church regularly, sometimes going to Catholic serv-

ices, sometimes Protestant, sometimes Jewish. On occasion he attends nondenominational services at the Princeton University Chapel. Attempts were made in both campaigns to develop a religious issue against Meyner. But New Jersey, third highest state after Massachusetts and Connecticut in the proportion of Catholics to its total population, refused each time to be swayed by sly attempts to arouse religious bigotry or appeal to intolerance. After his first election the new Governor was waited on by representatives of both Catholic and Protestant churches with invitations to affiliate formally with their membership.

Meyner graduated from Lafayette with an A.B. degree in 1930, obtained his law degree three years later, was admitted to the New Jersey bar in 1934, qualified as counselor-at-law in 1937. Upon leaving law school he worked with a Jersey City law firm for three years before going home to Phillipsburg to build up a general practice of his own. In Jersey City Meyner had firsthand experience with the Hudson County organization dominated by the late Frank Hague, the ruthless Democratic boss he was later to oppose successfully. The young lawyer participated in a Hague organization campaign, speaking from the rear end of a truck. "They didn't consider me good enough to speak in a hall," Meyner recalls.

Unlike Governor Williams, who has never suffered a political reversal, Meyner knows what defeat is. In his first try for office after becoming active in civic affairs and politics (he handled Democratic publicity in Phillipsburg) he ran in the Democratic primary in 1941 and lost the Warren County senatorial nomination by 49 votes. His appointment as county counsel was some consolation.

He entered the service in 1942, a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U.S. Naval Reserve, and saw duty both as defense counsel to enlisted men in courts-martial and as a commander of gun crews on merchant vessels in the European and American theaters. He was discharged as lieutenant commander. The Governor has continued in the Naval Reserve with the rank of commander, making a two-week training cruise each year.

In March, 1959, this duty tour conveniently took him to Southeast Asia. These trips and others on his own have familiarized him with Europe, the Near East, Far East, and Latin America. Meyner's travels have given him what he calls "the feel of the place" and stimulated his desire to know more about the problems confronting people throughout the world.

In 1946, scarcely three months after he was discharged from the Navy, Meyner ran against the late Representative J. Parnell Thomas, once chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, in the gerrymandered and heavily Republican Seventh Congressional District.

"I got clobbered," says Meyner. "Rationing was still in effect, people were sick of it and took it out on the Democratic party." That election produced what President Truman subsequently branded in 1948 as "that good-for-nothing, do-nothing Republican 80th Congress."

In 1947 Meyner won the senate race in Warren County by 500 votes. Four years later State Senator Meyner, seeking re-election, was defeated by 41 votes. A recount increased the margin against him to 61. Then came 1953.

The prospect for a Democratic gubernatorial candidate could hardly have looked worse. President Eisenhower had carried the traditionally Republican state by 330,000 votes the year before. Only 4 of 21 state senate seats and 17 of 60 assembly seats were filled by Democrats. Both U.S. senators were Republicans; the House delegation was heavily so. Two Republicans, the late Walter E. Edge and Alfred E. Driscoll, Meyner's predecessor, had controlled the Governor's office long enough to break the Hague stranglehold on key posts in county and state government, including the judiciary. Throughout the state, the party organization was a shambles, dominated by the Hague organization with its heavily concentrated and deliverable vote in Hudson. Under the sort of government New Jersey had when Hague candidates occupied the Statehouse independents could not conscientiously vote the Democratic ticket.

Meyner set out to give the voters of New Jersey a choice by making it a two-party state. As the first step, one-man

and one-county rule of the party had to be challenged. Democrats were not knocking each other down to pick up this assignment. On the contrary, Meyner's friends tried to discourage his try for the governorship. His answer was: "Well, at least the people of New Jersey will learn how to pronounce my name." They did.

Hudson County did not let its claim on the party franchise go by default to the upstart from what Jersey City regarded as a "hick town." The state-wide participation in party leadership that Meyner championed was "for the birds" in Hudson, but by tireless campaigning in a difficult primary Bob Meyner defeated the Hague-endorsed candidate. He concluded many a day's activity long after midnight, only to be at the factory gates next day at 6:00 A.M. to meet employees on the morning shift.

Meyner had laid the basis for his campaign in the general election during his term in the senate. Dry rot invaded a party too long in power, and he had introduced a bill calling for investigation of gambling and official corruption. Nothing came of it but he capitalized on revelations in the press and magazines of ties between Republican officials and the underworld. In anger, Republicans deserted their party to give the state its first Democratic governor in 13 years. Just 12 months after the first Eisenhower landslide Meyner won by 153,000 votes.

The cleanup of crime and corruption was not Meyner's only theme, though it was the most dramatic. Four years in the senate had convinced him that the state lagged in the fields of education, mental health, economic opportunity, and civil rights and liberties. He had read and analyzed every bill offered. Following up the ramifications of all sorts of proposals had given him an insight into the workings of the state government that he put to good use as governor. This practice of delving into all legislation enabled him to challenge constantly the Republican majority on the floor, where his college debating skill was greatly sharpened. His success in exposing their tactics so annoyed the Republican leadership that they used to advise senate newcomers, Democratic as well as Republican, "to stay away

from that Meyner if they expected to get anywhere with the leadership." In 1950 Meyner had himself served as senate minority leader. In 1951 he was made permanent chairman of the state convention, and in 1952 was an alternate delegate-at-large to the national convention in Chicago, where four years later he would head the delegation. In 1960 at Los Angeles Meyner, alone of the current Democratic presidential candidates, will be able to offer both legislative and executive experience.

Whereas Governor Williams has made a political fortune out of his conflict with the Republican-dominated Michigan legislature, Meyner, to use his own words, "gets along" with his Republican lawmakers. This is not to say that all is sweetness and light between the Governor's office and the legislative leaders—nor is it all thunder and lightning either. When Governor Meyner holds his annual breakfast with the New Jersey congressional delegation in Washington he takes along the Republican leaders of state assembly and senate. At the governors' conference in Miami in May, 1958, he had as his guests the Republican president of the state senate and his wife, Senator and Mrs. Richard Stout of Monmouth. Under the 1947 New Jersey Constitution the governor appoints virtually all of his 14-member cabinet, and from the outset the Meyner cabinet has included Republicans and independents with Democrats.

He has maintained friendly relations with the predominantly Republican State Chamber of Commerce, of which he has long been a member. Soon after he took office he drew upon leading businessmen in the state for help and advice in reorganizing governmental methods. This cooperation led to improved handling of state funds and increased revenues from their investment, to reduction in the state's bonded debt and the highest credit rating in the national bond market, to mechanization of old-fashioned state office procedures, and to breaking down the iron curtains of bureaucracy separating the fourteen state departments from recognition of each other. Under the leadership of Charles W. Engelhard, a millionaire industrialist of Far Hills, N.J., who is Meyner's close friend and supporter, busi-

nessmen were induced to become economic ambassadors in an effort to bring new enterprise to the state. They were made to feel that the Governor's door was open to them regardless of party affiliation. When Meyner ran for re-election, leading Republican lawyers and businessmen quietly organized surprisingly large islands of votes for him.

Meyner envisions the role of a political chief executive, be he President or governor, as that of arbiter and catalyst among the components of a free society. Within that concept he qualifies as a moderate liberal, strong on human rights and guided by what he thinks is feasible. This has meant that he has had to learn to compromise. It has also made him a good administrator who is not afraid to have qualified men around him. He has brought in top-flight department heads and held them responsible for results.

The Governor likes to say that "government means playing fair with human beings, regardless of race, color or religion." In one of his early speeches Meyner said, "The influence of government spreads widely through the nation. When government ignores old tabus and prejudices, it encourages business and industry to do so." He has given striking evidence of what he meant by creating new opportunities for qualified Negroes. When Meyner took office the only state jobs they held involved menial tasks. As a consequence of his insistence on basing state employment on "ability and character" only, Negroes now hold positions ranging from clerical jobs to top-level executive and judicial positions.

"Negroes in New Jersey have made giant strides under the Democratic administration of Governor Robert B. Meyner," said the Negro magazine *Color*. Several of the social functions in connection with the governors' conference on civil rights in Detroit were sponsored by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Meyner's appearance at them drew the loudest applause given anyone.

On civil rights and the right to vote he says: "I don't make one speech in Michigan and a different one in Louisiana," and he showed what he meant on February 25, 1959, when he addressed 1,200 United Democrats and Young

Democrats in Louisiana at a $25-a-plate dinner in the Roosevelt Hotel. In introducing Meyner, the chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, Rufus D. Hayes, said: "We're fortunate to have a man of the caliber and statesmanship of Governor Meyner. I don't know who the nominee will be in 1960 but if he happened to be Governor Meyner I would take pleasure in rendering him full support for the presidency."

Whereupon Meyner told them: "Under the impact of the vast changes in our generation subject peoples all over the world are throwing off the yoke of colonialism. We are becoming increasingly aware that two-thirds of all the people in the world are of another color than ours. . . .

"No one contends that the change from segregation to non-segregation is easy. But where reason and common sense prevail there is a solution."

Meyner bore down just as hard on the right to vote regardless of race, stipulated by the Fifteenth Amendment. The whole speech went over like a lead balloon, and a former national committeeman opined, "He wouldn't get ten votes from this crowd." But the audience realized what Meyner meant about his middle initial standing for "Blunt."

The Governor put his beliefs about civil liberties into practice during the furor caused by his appointment of the respected former Superior Court Judge John O. Bigelow to the Board of Trustees of Rutgers, the State University. McCarthyism raged at the time and when the Republican-dominated state senate learned that Judge Bigelow, at the request of the bar association, had defended a Newark schoolteacher who claimed the protection of the Fifth Amendment before the House Un-American Activities Committee, it refused confirmation. A senate leader suggested the Governor withdraw the appointment. Meyner said "no." For eleven days the senate held out, finally giving its approval under a barrage of critical press comment and statewide commendation of the Governor's stand.

Another significant event two years before also gave meaning to Governor Meyner's assertion that "the battle for a better America is never completely won. Each genera-

tion must win and win again, that man may still be free." On March 18, 1954, shortly after taking office, Meyner suspended the Director of the Division of Employment Security, Harold G. Hoffman, a former Republican governor, pending further investigation of reports that funds had been mishandled. Hoffman was immensely popular among politicians of both parties, who rushed to his defense by attacking Meyner's action. Representative James C. Auchincloss, Republican from the state's Third Congressional District, denounced Governor Meyner on the House floor in Washington, and newspapers criticized him severely.

While the investigation proceeded Meyner declined all comment. Suddenly Hoffman died under circumstances never fully explained. He left a letter acknowledging his guilt in embezzling $300,000 of his division's funds. The chorus of censure changed to one of praise for Governor Meyner's handling of the case, and even Congressman Auchincloss apologized, not publicly but by letter.

New Jersey had learned to be proud of the reputation enjoyed by its Supreme Court under the leadership of the late Justice Arthur T. Vanderbilt who, with the other members, had been appointed by a Republican governor. Meyner has preserved the court's high quality of personnel. The Republican Newark *News*, the state's leading newspaper, not friendly to Meyner, said of his judicial appointments:

"For the undiminished prestige which the [Supreme] Court enjoys despite changes in its personnel, Governor Meyner is entitled to much credit. He has resisted political and other pressures that might have produced inferior appointments and he has selected all his nominees from the Superior Court, thus confirming the valuable tradition that good work entitles judges to promotion and upholding the principle that Supreme Court justices should have prior judicial experience."

Meyner takes pride in the fact that during his administrations state aid to education has more than tripled, a comprehensive highway program has been launched, modern methods in the treatment of mental disease and the care of

the aged have been introduced, new health programs have been set up, more land has been acquired for state recreational purposes, and pay increases and strengthened pension systems for state employees have been approved.

But both as administrator and politician, the latter a title Meyner considers an honor to bear, his achievement in coming up with a balanced budget and a small surplus for 1959-1960 without need for new taxes is considered most significant, if only for its timing. With his neighbors, Governor Rockefeller in New York and Governor Lawrence in Pennsylvania, struggling to find hundreds of millions in new revenue to run their governments, to say nothing of Governors Williams, Foster Furcolo in Massachusetts, Republican William G. Stratton in Illinois, and a score of others, the contrast with his budget, which geared expenditures to "available and anticipated revenues without resort to new taxes and without increased rates for existing taxes," is dramatic. It also infuriated the Republican opposition, intent on portraying the Democratic Governor as a spender in conformity with their party's national propaganda line.

Despite his $403,000,000 spending program, New Jersey still has neither a sales nor an income tax. Just as President Eisenhower challenged the Democratic Congress to bear the responsibility for upsetting his delicately balanced budget in 1959, so Meyner put the burden on the state legislature to disprove his statement that the budget "provides increases where needed or mandatory, . . . does not spend for the sake of spending, . . . meets enlarged operating needs of our state colleges and universities, provides increases required by law for our state aid programs for education and welfare, . . . will make it possible to receive all the federal funds available to New Jersey for highway construction, . . . [is] prudent housekeeping—an example of how a state can live within its means."

New Jersey's AFL and CIO leaders, along with the New Jersey Education Association, attacked the Meyner budget as inadequate to the state's needs. The Governor's reaction underscores the difference in his relationship with labor

from Governor Williams'. Meyner has sought and received labor support, particularly from the CIO. During his reelection campaign he advocated the payment of strike benefits from the Unemployment Compensation Fund, thereby losing the votes of many business friends. But he has not hesitated to differ with labor leaders, as he did when he was questioned whether their criticism of his budget reflected the thinking of union members. He said: "They are entitled to make any criticisms they want to make. But leaders don't always reflect the thinking of the people they lead."

It was typical of Meyner that in Detroit, stronghold of the CIO and AFL, while discussing the causes of racial discrimination with fellow governors, he should accuse the unions of being guilty of some of the worst discriminatory practices, a charge that was well documented at the time by the NAACP.

It is consistent with Governor Meyner's oft-repeated assertion of the people's right to be informed that he holds a minimum of two press conferences a week, gives a weekly report on television, and meets once a month with the editors and reporters of the state's weekly papers. It is also consistent with his politician's instinct for keeping close to the voters.

Jerald F. TerHorst of the Washington bureau of the Detroit *News*, who has covered Governor Williams at Lansing, noted differences between the men after covering two Meyner news conferences. He was surprised to hear Meyner, during a discussion of unemployment compensation problems, make approving statements about some of President Eisenhower's proposals. (Pictures of Eisenhower and Meyner in a long and animated dinner-table conversation at the 1957 governors' conference in Williamsburg, Va., proved a great boost in the Meyner campaign that year.) One would never hear such open commendation of Republicans or their proposals from Williams, said TerHorst. And he was struck by the more informal atmosphere Meyner maintains than does Williams at his news conference.

Of the other "long shots," Senator Kefauver, who barely defeated Senator Kennedy for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination in 1956, retains a host of admirers, particularly in farm states such as Wisconsin and Minnesota. His speeches there in the 1958 campaign helped successful candidates such as the attractive Gaylord Nelson, first Democratic governor of Wisconsin in a long time, to oust Republicans. Given more than his current initial two-year term, Nelson, as intellectual as Stevenson but in a warmer fashion, a moving speaker and inexhaustible campaigner, would be a likely dark horse. As it is, he is too new on the scene. As for Kefauver, he has told friends he will not make the race again, facing as he does a sharp challenge at home over his Senate seat.

When Senator Edmund S. Muskie was governor of Maine he was hailed as a Democratic presidential possibility if only because of his two-time victory in what used to be called a rock-ribbed Republican state. As a Catholic he would have the same liability that presumably endangers Kennedy's chances. But in addition to that disadvantage he has suffered the eclipse that has been the fate of every man who exchanges a governor's chair for a Senate seat.

Another Catholic, Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, propelled himself into Democratic presidential considerations first by his smashing primary victory in California in 1958 and then by his even bigger repeat victory over Republican Senator William F. Knowland, former Senate minority leader, in the general election. Brown's primary majority of 628,000 was the largest ever given a Democratic candidate for governor of California, and his November win made him the second Democratic governor the state has had since 1900. As the leader of the second largest delegation at the 1960 convention in his home state, Brown will be a power to reckon with, particularly in a stop-Kennedy move. But as a man who will have completed only two years of his first term in office Brown would prove to be the darkest sort of dark horse if he came through. Already, like Rockefeller, he is suffering the bumps and bruises involved in trying to translate promises into performance.

A very small dark horse—in fact, a dark "pony"—is Frank Pace, the glib young man from Arkansas who was President Truman's Secretary of the Army before becoming president of General Dynamics Corporation, which does most of its business with the Defense Department. The pint-sized Pace was of about the same vintage as Governor Williams at Princeton. During his tour at the Pentagon he impressed associates as an affable, able young man with a southern "gift of gab." Some Democrats have talked vaguely of trotting him out if——

The Republicans are rich in dark-horse possibilities, thanks to President Eisenhower's assertion during an appearance at the National Press Club in early 1959 that he could "name eight or ten qualified" men he could cordially support for the 1960 G.O.P. nomination. Research by newsmen has brought to light the identity of six of them in addition to Messrs. Nixon and Rockefeller.

First there is Robert B. Anderson, the scholarly Texas Democrat turned Republican, former Secretary of the Navy, former Deputy Secretary of Defense, and then Secretary of the Treasury. The conservative Anderson has become one of Eisenhower's closest and most respected advisers and one of the administration's chief worriers over inflation.

Then there is Neil H. McElroy, president of Procter and Gamble in Cincinnati and chief soap salesman. He took over as Secretary of Defense almost on the day Moscow sent its first Sputnik into orbit. At the outset his reputation soared like the Russian rocket but was even shorter lived. The Army and Air Force generals and the Navy admirals worked their special brand of incantation on him and he has been lost in the Pentagon haze.

Then there is Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, former Senator from Massachusetts, now chief United States Representative to the United Nations. This capable and sometimes cranky man, who is regarded in some quarters as vain and opinionated, sits in on Cabinet meetings, and, because he is expected to answer every Russian statement with a counterstatement, has become as well-informed as any man

in the administration on foreign policy as formulated by the late Secretary of State Dulles and subsequently by Christian A. Herter. Lodge became the chief architect of the original Eisenhower candidacy early in 1952.

President Eisenhower has always told intimates of his high regard for his wartime associate, the Catholic general Alfred M. Gruenther, as a presidential possibility. Made president of the Red Cross by Eisenhower, whom he succeeded as Supreme Commander at NATO, Gruenther talks like a military man with a grasp of civilian affairs. However, it appears unlikely that another general would be a popular choice now for the White House.

Also on the Eisenhower list are C. Douglas Dillon, former Ambassador to France, Undersecretary of State, former New York investment banker, who has impressed associates as an able man, and Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, a Catholic, enjoying the respect of labor and—although perhaps to a lesser degree—of management. Both are from New Jersey.

When Republican politicians really start poking around in the darkness they see the outlines of the twice-beaten Dewey; of Secretary of the Interior Seaton, the politically shrewd newspaper publisher from Nebraska, an original Eisenhower man who served as presidential administrative assistant in the White House before ascending to the Cabinet; of Vice-President Nixon's close friend and backer, the youthful-looking Attorney General William P. Rogers; of Governor Stratton of Illinois, who won that important state back from the Democrats but barely kept it in 1956 in the wake of a state financial scandal in which he was not personally involved.

Some, peering way back into the Republican stable, think they can see the figure of the popular former governor of California, Earl Warren, now the Chief Justice of a Supreme Court that finds itself under attacks, growing out of the segregation and other controversial decisions, as virulent as any in the Court's history. They recall that another Republican Chief Justice, Charles Evans Hughes, stepped down

from the high court to run unsuccessfully against President Woodrow Wilson in 1916, but the parallel ends there. Since Chief Justice Warren would be 70 two months after taking office and since he has been trying to disengage the Court from public controversy rather than pitch it as an issue into a partisan political campaign, as a presidential candidate he appears to be more a will-o'-the-wisp than a dark horse.

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