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Mr. Everything

What Do You Think of Ted Williams Now?

by *Richard Ben
Cramer*

THE FURIOUS SAGA OF TEDDY BALLGAME

Few men try for best ever, and Ted Williams is one of those. There's a story about him I think of now. This is not about baseball but fishing. He meant to be the best there, too. One day he says to a Boston writer: "Ain't no one in heaven or earth ever knew more about fishing."

"Sure there is," says the scribe.

"Oh, yeah? Who?"

"Well, God made the fish."

"Yeah, awright," Ted says. "But you had to go pretty far back."

IT WAS FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, when achievements with a bat first brought him to the nation's notice, that Ted Williams began work on his defense. He wanted fame, and wanted it with a pure, hot eagerness that would have been embarrassing in a smaller man. But he could not stand celebrity. This is a bitch of a line to

Portrait of Ted Williams at Fenway Park on Shriners' Day 1958, by George Woodruff

draw in America's dust.

Ted was never the kind to quail. In this epic battle, as in the million smaller face-offs that are his history, his instinct called for exertion, for a show of force that would *shut those bastards up*. That was always his method as he fought opposing pitchers, and fielders who bunched up on him, eight on one half of the field; as he fought off the few fans who booed him and thousands who thought he ought to love them, too; as he fought through, alas, three marriages; as he fought to a bloody standoff a Boston press that covered, with comment, his every sneeze and snort. He meant to *dominate*, and to an amazing extent, he did. But he came to know, better than most men, the value of his time. So over the years, Ted Williams learned to avoid annoyance. Now in his seventh decade, he has girded his penchants for privacy and ease with a bristle of dos and don'ts that defeat casual intrusion. He is a hard man to meet.

This is not to paint him as a hermit or a shrinking flower, Garbo with a baseball bat. No, in his hometown of Islamorada, on the Florida Keys, Ted is not hard to see. He's out every day, out early and out loud. You might spot him at a coffee bar where the guides breakfast, quizzing them on their catches and telling them what *he* thinks of fishing here lately, which is, "IT'S HORSESHIT." Or you might notice him in a crowded but quiet tackle shop, poking at a reel that he's seen before, opining that it's not been sold because "THE PRICE IS TOO DAMN HIGH," after which Ted advises his friend, the proprietor, across the room: "YOU MIGHT AS WELL QUIT USING THAT HAIR DYE. YOU'RE GOING BALD ANYWAY."

He's always first, 8:00 A.M., at the tennis club. He's been up for hours, he's ready. He fidgets, awaiting appearance by some other, any other, man with a racket, whereupon Ted bellows, before the newcomer can say hello: "WELL, YOU WANNA PLAY?" Ted's voice normally emanates with gale force, even at close range. Apologists attribute this to the ear injury that sent him home from Korea and ended his combat flying career. But Ted can speak softly and hear himself fine, if it's only one friend around. The roar with which he speaks in a public place, or to anyone else, has nothing to do with his hearing. It's your hearing he's worried about.

Ted Williams can hush a room just by entering. There is a force that boils up from him and commands attention. This he has come to accept as his destiny and his due, just as he came to accept the maddening, if respectful, way that opponents pitched around him (he always seemed to be leading the league in bases on balls), or the way every fan in the ball park seemed always to watch (and comment upon) T. Williams's every move. It was often said Ted would rather play ball in a lab, where fans couldn't see. But he never blamed fans for watching him. His hate was for those who couldn't or wouldn't *feel* with him, his effort, his exultation, pride, rage, or sorrow. If they wouldn't share those, then there was his scorn, and he'd make them feel

that, by God. These days, there are no crowds, but Ted is watched, and why not? What other match could draw a kibitzer's eye when Ted, on the near court, pounds toward the net, slashing the air with his big racket, laughing in triumphant derision as he scores with his killer drop shot, or smacking the ball twenty feet long and roaring, "SYPHILITIC SON OF A BITCH!" as he hurls his racket to the clay at his feet?

And who could say Ted does not mean to be seen when he stops in front of the kibitzers as he and his opponent change sides? "YOU OKAY?" Ted wheezes as he yells at his foe. "HOW D'YA FEEL?...HOW OLD ARE YOU?...JUST WORRIED ABOUT YOUR HEART HA HA HAW." Ted turns and winks, mops his face. A kibitzer says mildly: "How are you, Ted?" And Ted drops the towel, swells with Florida air, grins gloriously, and booms back:

"WELL, HOW DO I LOOK?...HUH?...WHAT DO YOU THINK OF TED WILLIAMS NOW?"

It is another matter, though, to interrupt his tour of life, and force yourself on his attention. This is where the dos and don'ts come in. The dos fall to you. They concern your conduct, habits, schedule, attitude, and grooming. It's too long a list to go into, but suffice it to recall the one thing Ted liked about managing the Washington Senators: "I was in a position where people had to by God *listen*."

The don'ts, on the other hand, pertain to Ted, and they are probably summed up best by Jimmy Albright, the famous fishing guide, Ted's friend since 1947 and Islamorada neighbor. "Ted don't do," Jimmy says, "mucha anything he don't want to."

He does not wait or bend his schedule: "I haven't got my whole career to screw around with you, bush!" He does not screw around with anything for long, unless it's hunting fish, and then he'll spend all day with perfect equanimity. He does not reminisce, except in rare moods of ease. He does not talk about his personal life. "Why the hell should I?"

His standing in the worlds of baseball and fishing would net him an invitation a night, but he does not go to dinners. One reason is he does not wear ties, and probably hasn't suffered one five times in a quarter century. Neither does he go to parties, where he'd have to stand around, with a drink in his hand, "listening to a lot of bullshit." No, he'd rather watch TV.

He does not go to restaurants, and the reasons are several: They make a fuss, and the owner or cook's on his neck like a gnat. Or worse, it's a stream of *sportsfans* (still Ted's worst epithet) with napkins to sign. At restaurants you wait, wait, *wait*. Restaurants have little chairs and tables, no place for elbows, arms, knees, feet. At restaurants there's never enough food. Lastly, restaurants charge a lot, and Ted doesn't toss money around. (A few years ago he decided \$2.38 was top price for a pound of beef. For more than a year, he honed his technique on chuck roast and stew meat. Only an incipient boycott by his friends, frequent dinner

guests, finally shook his resolve.)

The last reason is seized upon unkindly by restaurateurs in Islamorada and nearby Keys: "No, he doesn't come in. He's too cheap. He'd go all over town, sonofabitch, and he'd pay by check, hoping they wouldn't cash the check, they'd put it on the wall."

But this is resentment speaking, and it is Ted's lot in life to be misunderstood. Some are put off, for instance, by the unlisted phone, by the steel fence, the burglar alarm, and KEEP OUT signs that stud his gates when he swings them shut with the carbon-steel chain and the padlock. But friends think nothing of it. A few have his number, but they don't call, as they know he's got the phone off the hook. No, they'll cruise by; if the gates are unchained, if they see his faded blue truck with the bumper sign IF GUNS ARE OUTLAWED ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE GUNS, if it's not mealtime and not too late and there's nothing they know of that's pissing Ted off, well, then... they drive right in.

And this is the way to meet Ted: by introduction of an old friend, like Jimmy Albright. It's Jimmy who knows where to park the car so it won't annoy Ted. It's Jimmy who cautions, as we throw away our cigarettes, that Ted won't allow any smoke in his house. It's Jimmy who starts the ball rolling, calls out "Hiya, Ted!" as the big guy launches himself from his chair and stalks across the living room, muttering in the stentorian growl that passes with him as sotto voce: "Now who the hell is THIS?"

He fills the door. "Awright, come on in. WELL, GET THE HELL IN HERE." He sticks out a hand, but his nose twitches, lip curls at a lingering scent of smoke. Ted's got my hand, now, but he says to Jimmy: "S'that you who stinks, or this other one, too? Jesus! Awright, sit down. Sit over there."

Ted wants to keep this short and sweet. He's in the kitchen, filling tumblers with fresh lemonade. Still, his voice rattles the living room: "D'YOU READ THE BOOK?" He means his memoir, *My Turn at Bat*. "Anything you're gonna ask, I guarantee it's in the goddamn book.... Yeah, awright. I only got one copy myself."

"Where's the BOOK?" he yells to Louise Kaufman, his mate. Ted thinks that Lou knows the location of everything he wants. "HEY SWEETIE, WHERE'S THAT GODDAMN BOOK?"

Lou has raised three sons, so no man, not even Ted, is going to fluster her. She comes downstairs bearing the book, which she hands to Ted, and which he throws to the floor at my feet. He growls: "Now, I want you to read that. And then I'm gonna ask you a *key question*."

I ask: "Tomorrow? Should I call?" "HELL NO."

Jimmy says he'll arrange a meeting.

Ted says: "HOW'S THAT LEMONADE?" "Good."

"HUH? IS IT?...WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ME?"

In the car, minutes later, Jimmy explains that Ted won't talk on the phone. "Ted gimme his number twenty-five years ago," Jimmy says. "And I never give it yet to any

asshole." We both nod solemnly as this fact settles, and we muse on the subject of trust. I'm thinking of the fine camaraderie between sportsmen and... wait a minute. Jimmy and Ted have been friends forty years now.

Does that make fifteen years Ted *didn't* give him the number?

I'm glad it's over. Before anything else, understand that I am glad it's over.... I wouldn't go back to being eighteen or nineteen years old knowing what was in store, the sourness and the bitterness, knowing how I thought the weight of the damn world was always on my neck, grinding on me. I wouldn't go back to that for anything. I wouldn't *want* to go back.... I wanted to be the greatest hitter who ever lived....

—Ted Williams, with John Underwood: *My Turn at Bat*

SAN DIEGO WAS A SMALL TOWN, and the Williams house was a small box of wood, one story like the rest on Utah Street. It was a workingman's neighborhood, but at the bottom of the Great Depression a lot of men weren't working. Ted's father was a photographer with a little shop downtown. Later he got a U.S. marshal's job, in gratitude for some election favors he'd done for Governor Merriam, and that remained his claim to fame. Ted never saw much of him. His mother was the strength in the family, a small woman with a will of steel who gave her life to the Salvation Army. She was always out on the streets, San Diego or south of the border, the Angel of Tijuana, out fighting the devil drink, selling the *War Cry* or playing on a cornet, and God-blessing those who vouchsafed a nickel. Sometimes she'd take along her elder boy, and Ted hated it, but he didn't disobey. He was a scrawny kid and shy, and he tried to shrink behind the bass drum so none of his friends would see. There was school, but he wasn't much good there. History was the only part he liked. And then he'd come home, and his mother was out, and sometimes it was 10:00 at night, and Ted and his brother, Danny, were still on the porch on Utah Street, waiting for someone to let them in.

Soon home lost its place at the center of Ted's life. There wasn't much in the little house that could make him feel special. It wasn't the place where he could be the Ted Williams he wanted to be. North Park playground was a block away, and there, with one friend, a bat, and a ball, Ted could be the biggest man in the majors. The game he played was called Big League: one kid pitched, the other hit to a backstop screen. "Okay, here's the great Charlie Gehringer," Ted would announce, as he took his stance. Or sometimes it was Bill Terry, Hack Wilson, or another great man he'd never seen. "Last of the ninth, two men on, two out, here's the pitch... *Gehringer swings!*" Ted swung. *Crack!* Another game-winning shot for the great... *the Great Ted Williams.*

They were just the dreams of a kid, that's all. But Ted went back to the playground every day. First it was with a friend his own age, then the playground director, Rod Luscomb, a grown man, a two-hundred-pounder who'd made it to the Cal State League. Ted

pitched to Luscomb, Luscomb to Ted. At first they'd always tell each other when they were going to throw a curve. But then Ted started calling out: "Don't tell me, just see if I can hit it." *Crack!* Ted could hit it. "Listen, Lusk," Ted used to say. "Someday I'm going to build myself a ball park with cardboard fences. Then, I'm going to knock 'em all down, every darn one, with home runs." But Ted wasn't hitting homers with his scrawny chest, those skinny arms. Luscomb set him to push-ups, twenty, then forty, fifty, then a hundred, then fingertip push-ups. Ted did them at home on Utah Street. He picked his high school, Herbert Hoover High, because it was new and he'd have a better chance to make the team. When he made it, he came to school with his glove hung like a badge on his belt. He carried a bat to class. And after his last class (or before), it was back to the playground. Then in darkness, home for dinner, the push-ups, and the dreams.

There were no major leagues in San Diego. There was no TV. He had no more idea of the life he sought than we have of life on the moon. Maybe less, for we've seen the replays. Ted had to dream it all himself. And how could he measure what he'd give up? He wasn't interested in school, didn't care about cars, or money, or girls. He felt so awkward, except on the field. There, he'd show what Ted Williams could do. Now Hoover High went to the state tourney, traveled all the way to Pomona for a doubleheader, and Ted pitched the first game, played outfield in the second, and hit and hit, and Hoover won, and wasn't it great? There was an ice cream cart, and Ted ate eighteen Popsicles. His teammates started counting when he got to ten. But Ted didn't mind them making fun. That's how good he felt: him hitting, and Hoover winning, and the big crowd. Gee, that's the governor! And Ted found himself in the governor's path, the man who'd tossed his father a job, and he had to say something, and the awkwardness came flooding back, he felt the red in his face. So Ted grabbed tighter on his bat and he barked at Merriam: "HIYA, GOV!"

Of course people called him cocky. But he only wondered: Was he good enough? At seventeen, as high school closed, he signed with the local team, the Coast League Padres. They offered \$150 a month and said they'd pay for the whole month of June, even though this was already June 20. So that was Ted's bonus—twenty days' pay. He didn't care: he was a step closer, and each day was a new wonder.

He rode the trains, farther from home than he'd ever been. He stayed in hotels with big mirrors, and Ted would stand at a mirror with a bat, or a rolled-up paper, anything—just to see his swing, how he looked: he had to look good. He got balls from the club, so many that his manager, Frank Shellenback, thought Ted must be selling them. No, Ted took them to his playground, got Lusk and maybe a kid to shag flies, and hit the covers off those balls.

Best of all, there were major leaguers, real ones, to see. They were old by the time they came to the Coast League, but Ted watched

them, almost ate them with his eyes, measured himself against their size. Lefty O'Doul was managing the San Francisco Seals, and he was one of the greats. Ted stopped Lefty on the field one day. He had to know: "Mr. O'Doul, please... what should I do to be a good hitter?" And Lefty said: "Kid, best advice I can give you is don't let anybody change you." Ted walked around on air. After that, in bad times, he'd hear O'Doul's voice telling him he'd be okay. The bad times were slumps. If Ted couldn't hit, the world went gray. In his second year with San Diego, Ted hit a stretch of oh-for-eighteen. He hung around the hotel in San Francisco, moping. He didn't know what to do with himself. He got a paper and turned to the sports. There was an interview with O'Doul. The headline said: WILLIAMS GREATEST HITTER SINCE WANER. And Ted thought: I wonder who this Williams is?

It was a newspaper that told him, too, about Boston buying his contract. The Red Sox! Ted's heart sank. It was a fifth-place club and as far away as any team could be: cold, northerly, foreign. Still, it was big league, wasn't it?

He had to borrow \$200 for the trip east; there were floods that spring, 1938. He got to Sarasota, Florida, about a week late. And when he walked into the clubhouse, all the players were on the field.

"Well, so you're the kid."

It was Johnny Orlando, clubhouse boy. The way Johnny told it, he'd been waiting for this Williams. "Then, one morning, this Li'l Abner walks into the clubhouse. He's got a red sweater on, his shirt open at the neck, a raggedy duffle bag. His hair's on end like he's attached to an electric switch... 'Where you been, Kid?' I asked him. 'Don't you know we been working out almost a whole week? Who you supposed to be, Ronald Colman or somebody you can't get here in time?'" Johnny gave Ted a uniform, the biggest he had in stock. But as Ted grabbed a couple of bats, his arms and legs stuck out, the shirthead wouldn't stay in the pants.

"Well, come on, Kid," Johnny said, and he led the bean pole out to the field. From the first-base stands, a voice yelled: "Hey, bush-er, tuck your shirt in! You're in the big leagues now."

Ted wheeled around, face red. "Who's that wise guy up in the stands?" Johnny told him: "That's Joe Cronin, Kid, your manager." Ted put his head down and made for the outfield. It wasn't the reception he'd expected, but at least he had his nickname. Everyone heard Johnny show him around: "Look here, Kid. Go over there, Kid." It stuck right away; it was a role, he knew. And soon Joe Cronin would fill the spot Rod Luscomb had held in Ted's life. Cronin was only thirty-one, but that was old enough. He was a hitter and a teacher, a manager, counselor, and Ted was ever the Kid.

Cronin had come from Washington, one of the Red Sox's imported stars. The owner, Tom Yawkey, was buying a contender. Along with Cronin, the Hall of Fame shortstop, Yawkey raided Washington for Ben Chap-

man, a speedy right fielder and .300 hitter. From the Browns, Yawkey got Joe Vosmik, a left fielder who would hit .324. From the A's, Yawkey bought two old greats, Lefty Grove and Jimmy Foxx, along with Doc Cramer, another .300 hitter, for center field.

These were the finest hitters Ted had seen. He couldn't take his eyes off the batter's box. But the presence of all those hitters in camp meant one thing of terrible import to Ted: no nineteen-year-old outfielder was breaking in, not that year, and the veterans let Ted know it. Vosmik, Chapman, and Cramer, rough old boys all of them, made sure he had his share of insults. He lasted about a week, until the club broke camp for the first game in Tampa.

Ted wasn't going to Tampa. He was headed to Daytona Beach, where the Minneapolis farm team trained. Ted saw the list and the shame welled up, turned to rage. He yelled to the veteran outfielders: "I'll be back. And I'll make more money in this fucking game than all three of you combined." When he walked to the bus stop with Johnny Orlando, he asked: "How much you think those guys make?" And Johnny said: "I don't know, maybe fifteen thousand apiece." Ted nodded, his mouth set in a grim line. He had his salary goal now. Then he borrowed \$2.50 from Johnny for the bus trip to the minors.

In Minneapolis, Ted led the league in everything: average, home runs, runs batted in, screwball stunts.... There were tales of his conduct in the outfield, where he'd sit down between batters, or practice swinging an imaginary bat, watching his leg-stride, watching his wrist-break, watching everything except balls hit to him. If he did notice a fly ball, he'd gallop after it, slapping his ass and yelling, "HI HO SILVER!" He was nineteen, and fans loved him. But if there was one boo, the Kid would hear it, and he'd try to shut that sonofabitch up for good. Once, when a heckler got on him, Ted fired a ball into the stands—and hit the wrong guy. That was more than the manager, poor old Donie Bush, could stand. He went to the owner, Mike Kelley, and announced: "That's it. One of us goes. Him or me." Kelley replied, quick and firm: "Well, then, Donie, it'll have to be you."

By the time Ted came back to Sarasota, the Red Sox were banking on him, too. They traded Ben Chapman, the right fielder who'd hit .340 the year before. Ted told himself: "I guess that shows what they think of ME." It was like he had to convince himself he was really big league now. Even after a good day, three-for-four, he'd sit alone in the hotel with the canker of one failure eating at him. If he screwed up, or looked bad, the awkwardness turned to shame, the shame to rage. As the team headed north, Ted was hitting a ton, but it wasn't enough. At the first stop, Atlanta, Johnny Orlando pointed out the strange right-field wall—three parallel fences, one behind the other. Johnny said: "I saw Babe Ruth hit one over that last fence...." Ted vowed right there he'd do it, too. But next day, he couldn't clear one fence. Worse still, he made an error. In the seventh, he put the

Sox up with a three-run triple, but it wasn't enough. He had to show what Ted Williams could do! When he struck out in the eighth, he went to right field seething. Then a pop-up twisted toward his foul line. He ran and ran, dropped the ball, then booted it trying to pick it up. Rage was pounding in him. He grabbed the ball and fired it over those right-field walls. By the time the ball hit Ponce de Leon Avenue and bounced up at a Sears store, Cronin had yanked Ted out of the game.

Even Ted couldn't understand what that rage was to him, why he fed it, wouldn't let it go. He only knew that the next day in Atlanta, he smashed a ball over those three walls and trotted to the bench with a hard stare that asked Johnny Orlando, and anyone else who cared to look: Well, what do you think of the Kid now?

He had a great first year in the bigs. On his first Sunday at Fenway Park, he was four-for-five with his first home run, a shot to the bleachers in right-center, where only five balls had landed the whole year before. There were nine Boston dailies that vied in hyperbole on the new hero. TED WILLIAMS REVIVES FEATS OF BABE RUTH, said the *Globe* after Ted's fourth game.

From every town he wrote a letter to Rod Luscomb with a layout of the ball park and a proud X where his homer hit. He was always first to the stadium and last to leave after a game. He took his bats to the post office to make sure they were the proper weight. He quizzed the veterans mercilessly about the pitchers coming up. "What does Newsom throw in a jam? How about Ruffing's curve?" It was as if he meant to ingest the game. He only thought baseball. On trains, he'd never join the older guys in poker games or drinking bouts. At hotels, it was always room service, and Ted in his shorts, with a bat, at a mirror.

His roomie was Broadway Charlie Wagner, a pitcher with a taste for fancy suits and an occasional night on the town. One night, 4:00 A.M., Wagner was sleeping the sleep of the just when, *wham, CRASH*, he's on the floor, with the bed around his ears, and he figures it's the end. He opens his eyes to see the bean-pole legs, then the shorts, and then the bat. Ted's been practicing and he hit the bedpost. Does he say he's sorry? No, doesn't say a damn thing to Wagner. He's got a little dream-child smile on his face and he murmurs to himself: "Boy, what power!"

He ended up hitting .327 and leading the league for runs batted in, the first time a rookie ever won that crown. He finished with thirty-one home runs, at least one in each American League park. There was no rookie of the year award, but Babe Ruth himself put the title on Ted, and that seemed good enough.

And after the season, he didn't go home. San Diego had lost its hold. His parents were getting a divorce, and that was pain he didn't want to face. He didn't want to see his troubled brother. He didn't want to see the crummy little house with the stained carpet and

the chair with the hole where the mice ate through. He had a car now, a green Buick worth a thousand bucks. He went to Minnesota. There was a girl there he might want to see. Her dad was a hunting guide, and he could talk to her. And there was duck to hunt. As many as he wanted. And he could go where he wanted. And do what he wanted. He was twenty-one. And Big League.

Everybody knew 1940 would be a great year. Ted knew he'd be better: now he'd seen the pitchers, he knew he could do it. Tom Yawkey sent him a contract for \$10,000, double his rookie pay. "I guess that shows what they think of ME."

No one thought about this, but pitchers had seen Ted, too. And this time around, no one was going to try to blow a fastball by him. Cronin was having an off year and Double-X Foxx was getting old and would never again be batting champ. So the pressure fell to Ted. If they pitched around him and he got a walk, that wasn't enough, the Sox needed hits. If he got a hit, it should have been a homer. A coven of bleacherites started riding Ted. And why not? They could always get a rise. Sometimes he'd yell back. Or he'd tell the writers: "I'm gonna take raw hamburger out to feed those wolves." The papers rode the story hard: O Unhappy Star! Then he told the writers: "Aw, Boston's a shitty town. Fans are lousy." Now the papers added commentary, pious truths about the Boston fans as the source of Ted's fine income. So Ted let them have it again: "My salary is peanuts. I'd rather be traded to New York." That did it. Now it wasn't just a left-field crowd riding Ted. It was civic sport: *He doesn't like Boston, huh? Who does he think he is?*

Writers worked the clubhouse, trying to explain the Kid. Big Jimmy Foxx, a hero to Ted, said: "Aw, he's just been a spoiled boy." The great Lefty Grove said if Williams didn't hustle, he'd punch him in the nose. Of course, all that made the papers. Now when writers came to his locker, Ted didn't wait for questions. "HEY, WHAT STINKS?" he'd yell in their faces. "HEY! SOMETHING STINK IN HERE? OH, IT'S YOU. WELL, NO WONDER WITH THAT SHIT YOU WROTE." So they made new nicknames for him: Terrible Ted, the Screwball, the Problem Child. Fans picked it up and gave him hell. It didn't seem to matter what he *did* anymore. And Ted read the stories in his hotel room and knew he was alone. Sure, he read the papers, though he always said he didn't. He read the stories twenty times, he'd recite them word for word. He'd pace the room and seethe, want to shut them up, want to hit them back. But he didn't know how.

And Ted would sit alone in the locker room, boning his bats, not just the handle, like other guys did, but the whole bat, grinding down on the wood, compressing the fiber tighter, making it tougher, harder, tighter. He would sting the ball, he'd show them. He'd shut them up. Jesus, he was trying. And he was hitting. Wasn't his average up? Wasn't he leading the league in runs? He was doing it

like he'd taught himself, like he'd dreamed. Wasn't that enough? What the hell did they want him to be?

What else could he be? Some players tried to help, to ease him up a bit. Once, Ted gave Doc Cramer a ride, and they were talking hitting, as Ted always did. It was at Kenmore Square that Cramer said: "You know who's the best, don't you? You know who's the best in the league? You are." And Ted never forgot those words. But neither could he forget what was written, just as he couldn't forget one boo, just as he'd never forget the curve that struck him out a year before. Why didn't they understand? He could never forget.

And one day he made an error, and then struck out, and it sounded like all of Fenway was booing, and he ran to the bench with his head down, the red rising in his face, the shame in his belly, and the rage. Ted thought: These are the ones who cheered, the fans I waved my cap to? Well, never again. He vowed to himself: Never again. And he could not forget that either.

LOU IS IN A MIAMI HOSPITAL for heart tests. Ted says I can drive up with him. He figures we'll talk, and he'll have me out of his hair. We start from his house and I wait for him on the porch, where a weary woman irons. The woman is trying to fill in for Lou and she's been ironing for hours. Ted may wear a T-shirt until it's half holes and no color at all, but he wants it just so. The woman casts a look of despair at the pile and announces: "She irons his *underpants*."

Ted blows through the back door and makes for the car, Lou's Ford, which he proclaims "a honey of a little car, boys!" When Ted puts his seal of judgment on a thing or person, by habit he alerts the whole dugout. We are out of Islamorada on the crowded highway, U.S. 1, the only road that perseveres to these islets off the corner of the country, when Ted springs his key question. "You read the book? Awright. Now we're going to see how smart YOU are. What would YOU do to start, I mean, the first goddamn thing now, the first thing you see when you're sitting in the seats and the lights go off, how would YOU start the movie?"

Ted is considering a film deal for *My Turn at Bat*. He is working the topic of moviedom, as he does anything he wants to know. Now as he pilots the Ford through Key Largo, he listens with a grave frown to some possible first scenes. "Awright. Now I'll tell you how it's supposed to start, I mean how the guy's doing it said.... It's in a fighter plane, see, flying, from the pilot's eye, over KOREA, Seoul. And it's flying, slow and sunny and then *bang WHAM BOOOOMMM* the biggest goddamn explosion ever on the screen, I mean BOOOOOMMM. And the screen goes dark. DARK. For maybe ten seconds there's NOTHING. NOTHING. And then when it comes back there's the ball park and the crowd ROARING...and that's the beginning."

"Sounds great, Ted."

"Does it? LOOKIT THIS NOW. I wonder where he's goin'. Well, okay, he's gonna do

that. Well, okay—I'm passing too. Fuck it." Ted is pushing traffic hard to be at the hospital by 2:00, when Lou's doctors have promised results from the heart tests. He is trying to be helpful, but he's edgy.

"How long have you and Lou been together?"

"Oh, I've known Lou for thirty-five years. You shouldn't put any of that shit in there. Say I have a wonderful friend, that's all."

"Yeah, but it makes a difference in how a man lives, Ted, whether he's got a woman or not—"

"Boy, that Sylvester Stallone, he's really made something out of that Rocky, hasn't he?..."

"So Ted, let me ask you what—"

"LOOK, I don't wanta go through my personal life with YOU, for Christ's sake. I won't talk to you about Lou, I won't talk to you about any of it. You came down here and you're talkin' about me, as I'm supposed to be different and all that..."

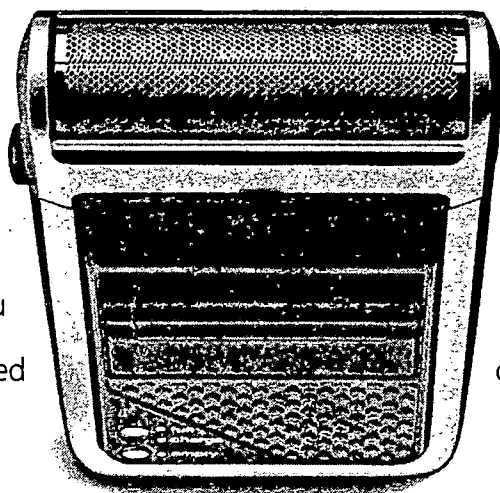
"Do you think you're different?"

"NO, not a damn bit. I'm in a little bit different POSITION. I mean, I've had things happen to me that have, uh, made it possible for me to be different. DAMN DIFFERENT in some ways. Everybody's not a big league ballplayer, everybody doesn't have, uh, coupla hitches in the service, everybody hasn't had, uh, as much notoriety about 'em as I had ALL MY LIFE, so..."

"So..."

"I wanna go NORTH. I'm gonna go up here and go farther down. I made a mistake

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ESQUIRE/JUNE 1986

there, GODDAMNIT, HOW THE HELL DO I GET ON THE FUCKIN' THING? I'll make a U-turn...."

"Ted, I think you were more serious about living life on your own terms...."

"Well, I wanted to be alone at times. It was the hustle and the bustle of the crowd for seven months a year. So sure, I wanted a little more privacy, a little more quiet, a little more tranquillity. This is the fucking left we wanted."

"Yeah, but it's not just privacy, Ted. I'm not trying to make it seem unnatural. But what you toss off as a little more privacy led you off the continent, so far off in a corner that—"

"Well, lemme tell you about Koufax. He got through playin' baseball, he went to a fuckin' little shitty remote town in Maine, and that's where he was for five years. Everybody thought he was a recluse, he wasn't very popular just 'cause he wanted to be alone and he finally moved out. Lemme tell you about Sterling Hayward, Hayden. HELL of an actor. And still he wanted to be ALONE, he wanted to TRAVEL, he wanted

thought that, ALWAYS thought that. Shit. WELL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? Where ARE you going, lady? *Cunt!*" Ted takes the parking space vacated by the lady and tells me he'll be back in an hour.

When he comes back he has good news about Lou: all tests are negative, her heart is fine. "Gee, I met the big cardiovascular man, he came in and I met him." Ted sounds twenty years younger.

He's walking to the car when a nurse passes. "GEE, WASN'T IT A SHAME," Ted suddenly booms, "THAT ALLIGATOR BIT THAT LITTLE GIRL'S LEG OFF?" He casts a sly sideward glance at the nurse to see if she's fallen for his favorite joke.

"Honey of a little shittin' car!" he sings out as we hit the road. Now there is no fretting with traffic. Ted makes all the turns. Along the way, he sings forth a monologue about cars, this car, this road, this town of Homestead, that house, his house, the new house he's planning in central Florida, up on a hill, just about the highest point in the whole

clear and you could have a few pops of rum, maybe get a little horny, go see friends, that's all there was here, a few friends, thirty, thirty-five years ago, when this place was young, when he first fished with Jimmy and he met Lou....

"Gee, I'm so fuckin' happy about Louise," Ted says. "Goddamn, she's a great person. Have more fun with her than... Goddamn."

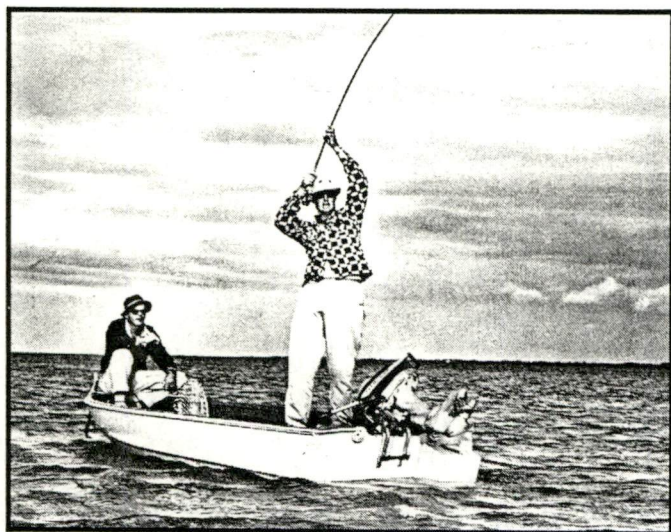
THEY BOOED IN BOSTON? Well, not in Detroit, the 1941 All-Star Game, with all the nation listening in. Ted doubled in a run in the fourth, but the National League still led 5-3, going into the ninth. Then an infield hit, a single, a walk, a botched double play, and here it was: two out, two on, bottom of the ninth. *Here's the Great Ted Williams.* Claude Passeau, the Cubbie on the mound, sends a mean fastball in on his fists. *Williams swings!* When the ball made the seats, Ted started jumping on the base path. DiMaggio met him at home plate, Bob Feller ran out in street clothes, Cronin jumped the box-seat rail, the dugout emptied. The manager, Del Baker, kissed him on the forehead. They carried the Kid off the field.

He was showing them all now: after the All-Star break, Ted was still hitting more than .400. Sure, guys hit like that for a month, but then tailed off. No one in the league hit like that for a year, not since the Twenties, and each day the whole country watched. Writers from New York joined the Sox. *Life* brought its new strobe-light camera to photograph Ted in his shorts, swinging like he did in front of the mirror. Ted was on national radio: "Can you keep it up, Kid?" It was murderous pressure. By September, he was slipping, almost a point a day. On the last day, the Sox would have two games in Philadelphia. Ted had slipped to .39955. The way they round off averages, that's still .400. Cronin came to Ted on the eve of the twin bill and offered: "You could sit it out, Kid, have it made." But Ted said he'd play.

That night, he and Johnny Orlando walked Philadelphia. Ted stopped for milk shakes, Johnny for whiskey. Ten thousand people came to Shibe Park, though the games meant nothing. Connie Mack, the dour and penurious owner of the A's, threatened his men with fines if they eased up on Williams. But Ted didn't need help. First game, he got a single, then a home run, then two more singles. Second game, two more hits: one a screaming double that hit Mr. Mack's right-field loudspeaker so hard that the old man had to buy a new horn. In all, Ted went six-for-eight, and .406 for his third season. That night, he went out for chocolate ice cream.

Who could tell what he'd do the next year: maybe .450, the best *ever*, or break the Babe's record of sixty homers. He got a contract for \$30,000, and he meant to fix up his mother's house. He'd have more money than he'd ever expected. He was the toast of the nation. But then the nation went to war.

Ted wanted to play. He'd read where some admiral said we'd kick the Japs back to Tokyo in six months. What was that compared to hitting? A lawyer in Minnesota drew up a plea



Williams at thirty-six: in fishing he found a love that lasted longer than any of his marriages.

to be on his BOAT GOIN' TO THE SOUTH SEAS. So, see, that's not way outa line!... I guess I'll take a right, that oughta do it. Eight seventy-four, do you see 874 anyplace? Go down here till I get to Gilliam Road, or some goddamn thing.... Fuck, 874's where I wanted to go, but looked like it was puttin' me back on the fuckin' turnpike, shit. So, you know, seeking privacy and, uh, seeking that kind of thing... what road is this?"

"We're on Killian.... So privacy, you don't think that's what?"

"Unusual, for Christ's sake. Shit."

"I don't think it's unusual either."

"WELL, YOU'RE MAKIN' A PROJECT OUT OF IT!"

"No, I don't think it's unusual.... You don't think you're exceptionally combative?"

"Nahh, me? Not a bit. Hell, no. THAT SAY KENDALL? Does it? Well, I made a hell of a move here. HELL of a move! See, 874 is right off there, hospital's down here...."

"You're a half-hour early, too."

"Here it is, right here, too. Best hospital in Miami. Expensive sonofabitch, boy. Christ. I'm all for Medicare. And I've always

goddamn state, what a deal he's getting there, Citrus Hills, HELL of a deal; about his hopes for his kids, his daughter, Claudia, only fourteen, who lives in Vermont with her mother, Ted's third wife, who was too much of a pain in the ass to live with, but gee, she's done a hell of a job with those kids, HELL of a job, the little girl is an actress, she had the lead in the Christmas play and she was so good, the papers up there all said she bears watching, SHE BEARS WATCHING, and her brother, Ted's boy, John Henry, he's picking colleges now, he's a good boy and Ted's critical, but he can't see too much wrong with that boy, and even the big daughter, Bobby Jo, she's thirty-eight already, still can bust Ted's chops pretty good, boys, but she's straightening out now; and these islands, there's bonefish here, used to be wonderful, years ago, there was NOTHING, NOTHING, except a few of the best fishermen God ever made, and a narrow road between bay and sea, just a little shittin' road, and some women who weren't half bad on the water or off it either, and the world here was empty and the water was

for deferment, and Ted okayed the request: he was entitled, as his mother's support. When the local board refused deferment, the lawyer sent it up for review by the presidential board. That's when the papers got it. In headlines the size of howitzer shells, they said Ted didn't want to fight for his country. Teddy Ballgame just wanted to play.

Tom Yawkey called to say he could be making the mistake of his life. The league president told Ted to go ahead and play. Papers ran man-on-the-street polls. In Boston, Ted was bigger news than war in the Pacific. At spring training, Joe Cronin said he'd be on his own with fans. "To hell with them," Ted spat. "I've heard plenty of boos." Still, he remembered the venomous letters that said he was an ingrate or a traitor. The one that hurt most said nothing at all: it was just a blank sheet of paper, yellow paper.

Opening day in Boston, reporters sat in the left-field stands, out there with soldiers and sailors, to record reaction to Ted. The Kid treated the day as a personal challenge. His first time up, two on, two strikes, he got a waist-high fastball and drilled it into the bleachers. All the fans rose to cheer, servicemen among them. The Kid was back, and Fenway was with him. "Yeah, 98 percent were for me," Ted said later, as he scraped his bat. A writer said: "You mean 100 percent. I didn't hear a boo." Ted said: "Yeah, they were for me, except a couple of kids in the left-field stand, and a guy out in right. I could hear them."

In May, he enlisted for Navy wings and

that shut up most of the hecklers. Still, he was always in a stew of contempt for some joker who said something unfair. It seemed Ted courted the rage now, used it to bone his own fiber. Now there was no awkwardness, no blushing before he blew. It was automatic, a switch in his gut that snapped on and then, watch out for the Kid. One day in July, a fan in left was riding Ted pretty hard. Ted came to bat in the fifth: he took a strange stance and swung late, hit a line drive, but well foul into the left-field seats. Next pitch, again he swung late, hit another liner, but this stayed fair—and Ted didn't run, barely made it to second. Cronin yanked him out of the game, fined him \$250 for loafing. But Ted wasn't loafing, the hit caught him by surprise. He'd been trying to kill the heckler with a line drive foul.

Ted loved the service, its certainty and ease. He never had a problem with authority. It was drawing his own lines that gave him fits. He had his fears about the mathematics, navigation problems, and instrument work. But at Amherst College, where the Navy started training, he found his mind was able, and he was pleased. And he loved the feel of an airplane. He was good, right from the start. There was coordination in it, and care: those were natural to him. And he was a constant student, always learning in the air. But he was proudest of his gunnery, the way he could hold back until the last pass, then pour out the lead and shred the sleeve. That wasn't study, that was art. He got his wings

near the top of his class and signed on as an instructor at Pensacola, Florida. He was happy, and good at his job. Strangely, in uniform, he was freer than before.

On the day he was commissioned (second lieutenant, U.S. Marines), he married that daughter of the hunting guide, Doris Soule from Minnesota. Now, for the first time, he'd have a house, a place on the coast near the base. And now, on off days, he'd scrape up some gas stamps, grab his fly rod, find a lonesome canal, and lose himself in a hunt for snook. Back at the base, Ted would grab a cadet and take him up in his SNJ, and the new guy of course was goggle-eyed, flying with *Ted Williams*, and Ted would make his plane dance over the coast, then he'd dive and point, and yell to the cadet: "*That's where the Kid fished yesterday.*"

Orders came through slowly for him. What base commander would give him up as ornament and outfielder? At last he got combat training and packed up for the Pacific. But Ted was just getting to Hawaii when Japan folded. So he packed up again for Boston, and now he felt he was going to war.

He came back like he owned the game. Opening day, Washington, after a three-year layoff: *crack*, a four-hundred-foot home run. And then another and another, all around the league. By the All-Star break in '46, he was hitting .365, with twenty-seven home runs. In the All-Star Game, Ted alone ruined the National League: four straight hits, two homers, and five runs batted in.

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And the Red Sox were burying the American League. Tom Yawkey's millions were paying off. The team as a whole was hitting .300, and Ted was hammering the right-field walls. In the first game of two in Cleveland, he hit three homers, one a grand slam when the Sox were behind, the second with two on to tie, the third in the bottom of the ninth to win 11-10. As Ted came up in the second game, Cleveland's manager, Lou Boudreau, started moving men: the right fielder backed toward the corner, center fielder played the wall in right-center; the third baseman moved behind second, and Boudreau, the shortstop, played a deep second base; the second baseman stood in short right, the first baseman stood behind his bag. There were eight men on one half of the field (the left fielder was alone on the other) and Ted stood at home plate and laughed out loud.

There never had been anything like it. He had bent the nature of the game. But he would not bend his own, and slap the ball for singles to left. He hit into the teeth of the Shift (soon copied around the league), and when he slumped, and the Sox with him, the papers started hammering Ted again, his pride, his "attitude." At last, against the Shift in Cleveland, Ted sliced a drive to left-center, and slid across the plate with an inside-the-park home run, first and last of his career. The Sox had their first pennant since 1918. But the headlines didn't say, *SOX CLINCH*. Instead, eight-column banners cried that Ted stayed away from the champagne party. "Ted Williams," Dave Egan wrote in the *Record*, "is not a team man." And when St. Louis pulled the Shift in the Series and held Ted to singles, five-for-twenty-five, a new banner read: *WILLIAMS BUNTS*. And the Red Sox lost the Series, first and last of his career, and after the seventh game, in St. Louis, Ted went to the train, closed his compartment, hung his head, and cried. When he looked up, he saw a crowd watching him through the window. The papers wrote: "Ted Williams cannot win the big ones." The Associated Press voted him number two in a poll for Flop of the Year.

It seemed like Ted couldn't laugh anymore, not in a ball park. He said he was going to Florida to fish. He didn't want to see a bat for months. Soon that was a pattern: one year, before spring training, he tucked in a week in the Everglades. Next year, it was a month. Year after that, longer. In early 1948, the papers discovered that Doris was in a Boston hospital to deliver Ted's first child. But where was the big guy? In Florida? *FISHING?* The mothers of Boston pelted the press with angry letters. "To hell with them," Ted said. He didn't come north for two days. And two days later, he was back fishing. In two years, he'd moved Doris and his daughter, Barbara Joyce, to a house in Miami, the first he'd ever owned. But he never stayed home there either. He heard about some men in the Keys catching bonefish with light fly tackle. When Ted tried this new sport, he found a love that would last longer than any of his marriages.

The Keys were empty, their railroad

wrecked by a hurricane in 1935. There were only a few thousand souls on one road that ran for a hundred miles; the rest was just mangrove and mosquitoes, crushed coral islands, and shining water. In Islamorada—a town of one store, a bar, a restaurant, one gas pump—a few fishing guides, led by Jimmy Albright, were poling their skiffs over shallows that only they knew, hunting bonefish and inventing an art as they went along. These were Ted's kind of men, who'd sneer or scream at a chairman of the stock exchange if he made a lousy cast. Islamorada was a strange meritocracy: if you could not play a fish, tie a fly, cast a line through the wind, you were no one in this town.

Ted could do it all, brilliantly. The guides didn't make much fuss about his fame, but they loved his fishing. His meticulous detail work, always an oddity at Fenway Park, was respected here as the mark of a fine angler. Ted had the best tackle, best reels, best rods, the perfect line, his lures were impeccable. He'd work for hours at a bench in his house, implanting balsa plugs with lead so they'd sail off a spinning rod just so, then settle in the water slowly like a fly. He could stand on the bow of a skiff all day, watching the water for signs of fish, and soon he was seeing them before the guides. His casts were quick and long, his power was immense. He never seemed to snap a line, never tangled up, his knots were sure, his knowledge grew, and he always wanted to know *more*. He'd question Jimmy relentlessly and argue every point. But if you showed him something once, he never needed showing again. He fished with Jimmy week after week, and one afternoon as he stood on the bow, he asked without turning his head: "Who's the best you ever fished?" Jimmy said a name, Al Mathers. Ted nodded, "Uh-huh," and asked another question, but he vowed to himself: "He don't know it yet, but the best angler he's had is me."

Every winter, he'd fish the flats, then head north to make his appearance at the Boston Sportsmen's Show. He'd spend a few days doing fly-casting stunts and then take a couple of hours, at most, to tell Tom Yawkey what he wanted for a contract. His salary was enormous. He was the first to break Babe Ruth's \$80,000. Ted didn't care for the money as much as the record. It was history now that was the burr on his back. The joy was gone, but not the dream.

Every day, every season, he was still first to the ball park, where he'd strip to shorts and bone his bats; still first out to the cage, where he'd bark his imaginary play-by-play: "Awright, Detroit, top of the ninth..." Then back to his locker for a clean shirt and up at a trot to the dugout, to clap a hostile eye on the pitcher warming up, to pick apart his delivery, hunting for any weakness. No, Ted would not give up on one game, one time at bat, a single pitch. No one since Ruth had hit so many home runs per times at bat. No one in the league hit like Ted, year after year: .342, .343, .369, .343.... It seemed he never broke a bat at the plate, but he broke a hundred in the clubhouse runway. If he failed

at the plate he'd scream at himself, "YOU GODDAMN FOOL!" and bash the cement, while the Sox in the dugout stared ahead with mute smiles. Once, after a third strike, he smashed the water pipe to the cooler with his bare fists. No one could believe it until the flood began. And on each opening day, Ted would listen to the national anthem and he'd feel the hair rise on the back of his neck, and his hands would clench, and he'd vow to himself: "This year, the best *ever*."

In the 1950 All-Star Game, he crashed the outfield wall to catch a drive by Ralph Kiner. His elbow was broken, with thirteen chips off the radius. Surgeons thought he was through, but Ted returned in two months. His first game back, once again: home run, and four-for-four. But Ted could tell as weeks went by that the elbow was not the same. The ball didn't jump off his bat. So all next winter, Ted stayed in the Keys, where he poled a skiff, hunting bonefish and rebuilding his arm. He was pushing thirty-three now, just coming to know how short was his time. But then, after the '51 season, he was called back to the Marines, drafted for a two-year hitch in Korea. It seemed his time was up.

TED'S LIVING ROOM HAS A WIDE white armchair, into and out of which he heaves himself twenty times a day; the chair has a wide white ottoman onto which he'll flop, as whim dictates, one or both of his big legs. From this chair, he roars commands and inquiries, administering the house and grounds. Across the room, a big TV shows his *National Geographic* specials. At his side, a table holds his reading and correspondence. At the moment, these piles are topped by *Yeager: An Autobiography*, and teachers' reports on his son, John Henry. To Ted's right, ten feet away, there's a doorway to the kitchen, through which Lou can supply him and let him know who that was on the phone. To his left and behind, a grand window affords a view of a patio, his dock, some mangrove, and some Florida Bay. Finally, ahead and to the right, in a distant semicircle, there are chairs and a couch for visitors.

"NOW WE'RE GONNA SEE HOW MUCH YOU KNOW, SONOFABITCH," Ted is shouting at Jack Brothers. Jimmy Albright is there, too. The shouting is ritual.

"Ru-mer. R-U-M-E-R." Brothers contends he is spelling the name of the first spinning reel. But Ted has hurled himself up to fetch a fishing encyclopedia, and now he's back in the chair, digging through to the section on spinning. Just so things don't get dull, he says: "Where'd you get that HAIRCUT? D'you have to PAY FOR IT?"

Ted and Jimmy began this colloquy in the early Truman years. Jack helped heat it up when he drifted down from Brooklyn a few years after the war, before Islamorada got its second restaurant or first motel, not to mention the other ten motels, the condos, gift shops, Burger King, or the billboard to proclaim this place: *SPORTFISHING CAPITAL OF THE WORLD*. These elders are responsible for a lot of the history here, as they helped create flats fishing and turn it into a sport/industry (which they now quietly deplore). Jimmy and

Jack were teachers of the first generation of saltwater anglers. Ted is the star of that generation, and its most ferocious pupil.

"Here. HERE! 'Mr. Brown began importing SPINNERS, starting with the LUX-AR....' THE LUXAR. WANNA SEE? GO AHEAD, SONOFABITCH!"

"Yeah, büt that don't say the first spinning reel *manufactured*," Brothers grins in triumph. "Sonofabitch, with your books!"

"This is the goddamn HISTORY, Brothers. Not a FUCKING THING about RUMOR, RHEUMER, RHOOOMAN... I GUESS YOU DIDN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT SPINNING REELS, DID YOU?"

Ted is always the one with the books. He wants *answers*, not a lot of bullshit. Ted is always reading history, biography, fact of all kinds. He doesn't like much made of this, as he's tender on the subject of his education. Once in a camp in Africa, while he and his coauthor, John Underwood, gazed at the night sky, Ted turned from the stars and sighed: "Jeez, I wish I was smart like you."

Now he reports to his friends on his college tours with his son, John Henry: "So we get to Babson and I like it. Babson's a pretty good school, boys. HELL of a school, but, uh, they got dorms, boys and girls all in one dorm, see, and I look on the walls and they're written all over, Fuck this and Fuck that, I'm thinking, Gee, right out there on the walls, it just seemed, you know..."

"Liberal?" Jimmy suggests.

"Well, I like to see a place with a little more standards than *that*. So we get to Bates. We

got this German girl to show us around, see? And she was a smart little shit, two languages, and she's telling us what she's studying, *aw*, a smart little shit! She give us the tour, see, and John Henry loved Bates, LOVED it. We get back to the office and she goes out. I don't know, she musta told someone, told some of her friends, who she just showed around, see? Then somebody *told* her. She didn't know, see....

"Well, a minute later, she's back with some kid and he says, OH, Mr. Williams! and OH this and OH that. And *then* we start talking. And how about *this*, how about *that*, and how would John Henry like to come for a *weekend*, get the feel of the place, you know...."

Ted stops for a moment and thinks to himself. He doesn't really have to finish the thought for his friends, who can see him beaming in his big chair. So he just trails off, to himself:

"...boy mighta thought the old man wasn't gonna...you know, around a college.... Well!"

THE MAYOR AND THE RED SOX held a day for Ted when he left for flight school. Three weeks into the '52 season, at Fenway, they gave him a Cadillac, and made a donation to the Jimmy Fund, a charity for sick children that Ted supported. They gave him a *Ted Williams Memory Book*, with signatures of four hundred thousand fans. For his last at bat, bottom of the seventh, he gave them a three-run homer to win the game 5-3. He

threw a party that night, at his Boston hotel. The crowd was mostly cooks and firemen, bellhops, cabbies, ice cream men. Ted never liked a smart crowd. Smart people too often asked: "Oh, was your father a ballplayer?" "Oh, what did your mother do?" Ted didn't like to talk about that.

He was just Captain Williams, U.S. Marines, at his flight base at Pohang, Korea. He had a shed for a home and a cot with inner-tube strips for springs. The base was a sea of mud, the air was misty and cold, and he was always sick. He was flying close air support, low strafing, and bombing runs. His plane was a jet now, an F-9 Panther, but he couldn't take much joy from flying. He was in and out of sick bay. Doctors called it a virus, then pneumonia, but his squadron was short of pilots, so he always flew.

On a bombing run, north of the 38th parallel, Ted lost sight of the plane ahead. He dropped through clouds, and when he came out, he was much too low. North Koreans sent up a hail of bullets. Ted's plane was hit and set afire. The stick stiffened and shook in his hand; his hydraulics were gone. Every warning light was red. The radio quit. A Marine in a nearby F-9 was pointing wildly at Ted's plane. He was trying to signal: "Fire! Bail out!" But Ted's biggest fear was ejecting; at six three, wedged in as he was, he'd leave his kneecaps under his gauges. So the other pilot led him to a base. Ted hauled his plane into a turn and he felt a shudder of explosion. One of his wheel doors had blown out. Now he was burning below, too. He

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made for a runway with fire streaming thirty feet behind. Koreans in a village saw his plane and ran for their lives. Only one wheel came down; he had no dive breaks, air flaps, nothing to slow the plane. He hit the concrete at 225 miles an hour and slid for almost a mile, while he mashed the useless brakes and screamed, "STOP YOU DIRTY SON-OF-A-BITCH STOP STOP STOP." When the F-9 stopped skidding, he somersaulted out the hatch and slammed his helmet to the ground. Two Marines grabbed him on the tarmac, and walked him away as the plane burned to char.

He was flying the next day, and day after. There weren't enough pilots to rest a man. Ted was sicker, weak and gaunt. Soon his ears were so bad he couldn't hear the radio. He had flown thirty-seven missions and won three air medals when they sent him to a hospital ship. Doctors sent him on to Hawaii and then to Bethesda, Maryland, where at last they gave him a discharge. His thirty-fifth birthday was coming up, he was tired and ill. He didn't want to do anything, much less suit up to play. But Ford Frick, the commissioner, asked him to the '53 All-Star Game, just to throw out the first ball.

So Ted went to Cincinnati, sat in a sport coat in the dugout. Players greeted him like a lost brother; even Ted couldn't hear a boo in the stands. Tom Yawkey was there and Joe Cronin; they worked on the Kid. The league president asked him to come back; the National League president, too. Branch Rickey sat him down for a talk; Casey Stengel put in a plea. Ted went to Bethesda to ask the doctors, and then he told the waiting press to send a message to the fans at Fenway: "Warm up your lungs." He took ten days of batting practice and returned with the Red Sox to Boston. First game, Fenway Park, bottom of the seventh: pinch-hit home run.

Ted Williams was the greatest old hitter. In two months, upon return from Korea, he batted .407 and hit a home run once in every seven at bats. For the next two years, he led the league (.345 and .356), but injuries and

walks robbed him of the titles: he didn't get the minimum four hundred at bats. In 1956, he lost the title in the season's last week to twenty-four-year-old Mickey Mantle (who finished with .353 to Ted's .345). The next year, Mantle had an even better season, but Ted, at age thirty-nine, pulled away and won, at .388, more than twenty points ahead of Mantle, more than sixty points ahead of anyone else. With five more hits (say, the leg hits that a younger man would get), it would have been .400. As it was, it stood as the highest average since his own .406, sixteen years before. In 1958, Ted battled for the crown again, this time with a teammate, Pete Runnels. They were even in September, but then, once again, Ted pulled away to win at .328. For the final fifty-five games (including one on his fortieth birthday), he batted .403.

He accomplished these prodigies despite troubles that would have made most men quit. In 1954, he made spring training for the first time in three years, but he wasn't on the field a minute before he fell and broke his collarbone. He was out six weeks and had a steel bar wired into his clavicle. (First day back, twin bill in Detroit: two home runs, eight-for-nine, seven RBIs.) In 1955, Doris alleged in divorce court that he'd treated her with "extreme cruelty" and constant profane abuse. Boston papers ran the story under two-inch headlines: TED GETS DIVORCE, with a "box score" on the money, the house, the car, and "Mrs. Ted's" custody of Bobby Jo. In 1956, Ted came forth with his Great Expectations. In a scoreless game with the Yankees, in front of Fenway's biggest crowd since World War II, he was booed for an error, and he let fans know what he thought of them: he spat toward the right-field stands and spat toward the left, and when fans rained more boos on his head, he leaped out of the dugout and sprayed all around. "Oh, no, this is a bad scene," Curt Gowdy, the Sox broadcaster, mourned to his microphone. Tom Yawkey heard the game on radio, and Ted got a \$5,000 fine (tying another Babe Ruth record). Boston writers said Ted ought to quit. But Ted was in the next game, Family

Night, and at his appearance, fans gave him a five-minute ovation. (He then hit a home run in the bottom of the eighth and clapped his hand over his mouth as he scored the winning run.) In 1957, grippe knocked him flat and stuck him in his hotel for seventeen days in September. He came back to hit four consecutive home runs. In 1958, ptomaine from bad oysters wrecked opening day, then he injured an ankle, pulled a muscle in his side, and hurt his wrist twice. In September, after a called third strike, Ted threw his bat and watched in horror as it sailed to the stands and clonked a gray-haired lady on the head. Ted sat in tears in the dugout and had to be ordered to his place in left field. But over the next twenty at-bats, he hit .500.

Now the switch in his gut was always on. The Red Sox gave him a single room and barred the press from the clubhouse for two hours before each game. But it wasn't outside annoyance that was fueling Ted's rage. He'd wake up in the middle of the night, screaming obscenities in the dark. He kept himself alone and pushed away affection. There were plenty of women who would have loved to help. But Ted would say: "WOMEN?" and then he'd grab his crotch. "ALL THEY WANT IS WHAT I GOT RIGHT HERE." Now the press didn't cover just explosions on the field. The *American* wrote him up for shredding a telephone book all over the floor when a hotel maid failed to clean his room. "Now tell me some more," wrote Austen Lake, "about Ted's big, charitable, long-suffering spirit." Roger Kahn reported a scene when Ted was asked about Billy Klaus, the shortstop who was coming back after a bad year. "You're asking ME about a BAD YEAR? ... OLD T.S.W., HE DON'T HAVE BAD YEARS."

But old Ted had a terrible year in 1959. A pain in his neck turned to stiffness, and he was in traction for three weeks. When he came out, he could barely look at the pitcher. His average languished below .300 for the first time in his career. For the first time, he was benched for not hitting. The sight of the Kid at the plate was pathetic; even the papers

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softened. They started summing up his career, treating him like an old building menaced by the wrecking ball. He finished at .254 and went to see Tom Yawkey. "Why don't you just wrap it up?" Yawkey said, and Ted started to boil. No one was going to make him retire. Ted said he meant to play, and Yawkey, who loved the Kid, offered to renew his contract: \$125,000, the highest ever. No, Ted said, he'd had a lousy year and he wanted a cut. So Ted signed for \$90,000 and came back one more time.

Opening day, Washington: A five-hundred-foot home run. Next day, another. He slammed his five-hundredth in Cleveland, passed Lou Gehrig and then Mel Ott. Only Foxx and Ruth would top him on the all-time list. At forty-two, Ted finished his year with twenty-nine homers and .316. Talk revived that Ted might be back. But this was really quits. On his last day at Fenway, a headline cried: WHAT WILL WE DO WITHOUT TED? And though the day was dreary and the season without hope, ten thousand came out to cheer him and hear him say goodbye. There was another check for the Jimmy Fund and, this time, a silver bowl. And Ted made a speech that said, despite all, he felt lucky to play for these fans. And when he came up in the eighth and they stood to cheer, he showed them what Ted Williams could do. He hit a Jack Fisher fastball into the bullpen in right field. And he thought about tipping his cap as he rounded first but he couldn't, even then, couldn't forget, so he ran it straight into the dugout, and wouldn't come out for a bow.

Now it was no hobby: Ted fished harder and fished more than any man around. After his divorce from Doris, he'd made his home in Islamorada, bought a little place on the ocean side, with no phone and just room for one man and gear. He'd wake before dawn and spend the day in his boat, then come in, maybe cook a steak, maybe drive off to a Cuban or Italian joint where they served big portions and left him alone. Then, back home, he'd tie a few flies and be in bed by 10:00. He kept it very spare. He didn't even have a TV. That's how he met Louise. He wanted to see a Joe Louis fight, so Jimmy took him to Lou's big house. Her husband was a businessman from Ohio, and they had a TV, they had everything. Lou had her five kids, the best home, best furniture, best car, and best guides. Though she wasn't a woman of leisure, she was a pretty good angler, too. She could talk fishing with Ted. Yes, they could talk. And soon, Lou would have a little money of her own, an inheritance that she'd use to buy a divorce. She wanted to do for herself, she said. And there was something else, too. "I met Ted Williams," Louise said. "And he was the most gorgeous thing I ever saw in my life."

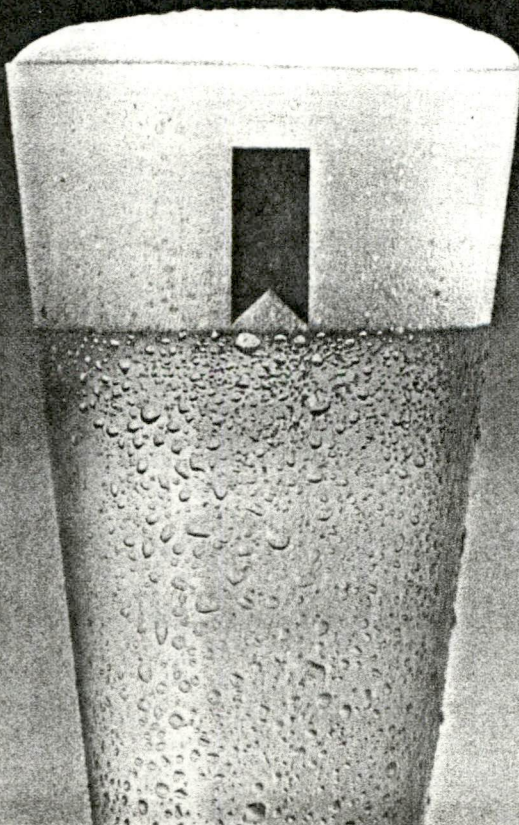
Now Ted's life was his to make, too. He signed a six-figure deal with Sears, to lend his name to their line of tackle, hunting gear, and sporting goods. Now, when Hurricane Donna wrecked his little house on the ocean, he bought his three-bedroom place on the bay, near Louise's house. Now he bought a salmon pool on the Miramichi, in New

Brunswick, Canada, and he fished the summer season there. In Islamorada, he was out every day, fall, winter, spring. He wanted the most and the biggest—bonefish, tarpon, salmon—he called them the Big Three. He wanted a thousand of each, and kept books on his progress. He thought fishing and talked fishing and taught fishing at shows for Sears. He felt the joy of the sport, still. But now there was something else: the switch that clicked when he'd get a hot fish that ran and broke off his lure: Ted would slam his rod to the deck, or break it in half on the boat. "HERE, YOU LOUSY SONOFABITCH..." He'd hurl the rod into the bay. "TAKE THAT, TOO."

He married again in 1961, a tall blond model from Chicago, Lee Howard. They'd both been divorced, and they thought they'd make a go. Ted brought her down to the Keys. But he still wasn't staying home: he'd be out at dawn without a word on where he'd go, or what he planned, and then he'd come home, sometimes still without words. Sometimes there was only rage and Lee found she was no match. After two years, she couldn't take it. She said: "I couldn't do anything right. If we went fishing, he would scream at me, call me a ---- and kick the tackle box."

So Ted found another woman, one to meet him, fire with fire. Her name was Dolores Wettach, a tall, large-eyed, former Miss Vermont. He spotted her across the aisle on a long plane flight. He was coming from fishing in New Zealand. Dolores had been in Australia, on modeling assignment for *Vogue*. He

*The finest
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*old-world
aging...*



*super-premium
taste...*



wrote a note: "Who are you?" He wadded it up, tossed it at her. She looked him over, tossed one back: "Who are *you*?" He tossed: "Mr. Williams, a fisherman," and later told her his first name was Sam. It wasn't until their third date that she found out he'd done anything but fish. When he found out she was a farm girl who loved the outdoors as much as he, he figured he'd met his match. In a way, he had. She learned to fish, she could hunt, could drink, could curse like a guide. And when they fought, it was toe to toe, and Ted who slammed out of the house. They had a son, John Henry, and daughter, Claudia. But that didn't stop the fights, just as it hadn't with Bobby Jo, the daughter he'd had with Doris. Ted would tell his friends he wasn't cut out for family. He was sick at heart when Bobby Jo left school and didn't go to college. He would seethe when any woman let him know that he'd have to change. What the hell did they want? When Dolores became his third divorce, Ted was through with marriage.

TED MADE THE HALL OF FAME in 1966. His old enemies, the writers, gave him the largest vote ever. So Ted went north to Cooperstown, and gave a short speech outside the Hall. Then he went back to Florida. He never went inside. They gave him a copy of his plaque. It listed his .406 year, his batting titles, slugging titles, total bases, walks, home runs. It didn't say anything about the wars, the dream, the rage, the cost. But how much can a plaque say?

There are no statistics on fans, how they felt, what they took from the game. How many of their days did Ted turn around? How many days did he turn to occasions? And not just with hits: there was a special sound from a crowd when Ted got his pitch, turned on the ball, whipped his bat in that perfect arc—and missed. It was a murmurous rustle, as thousands at once let breath escape, gathered themselves, and leaned forward again. To see Ted suffer a *third* strike was an event four times more rare, and more remarkable, than seeing him get a hit. When Ted retired, some owners feared for attendance in the league. In Boston, where millions came through the years to cheer, to boo, to care what he did, there was an accretion of memory so bright, bittersweet, and strong that when he left, the light was gone. And Fenway was left with a lesser game.

And what was Ted left with? Well, there was pride. He'd done, he felt, the hardest thing in sport: by God, he hit the ball. And there was pride in his new life: he had his name on more rods and reels, hunting guns, tackle boxes, jackets, boots, and bats than any man in the world. He studied fishing like no other man, and lent to it his fame and grace, his discerning eye. He had his tournament wins and trophies, a fishing book and fishing movies, and he got his thousand of the Big Three. Jimmy Albright says to this day: "Best all around, the best is Ted." But soon there were scores of boats on the bay, and not so many fish. And even the Miramichi had no pools with salmon wall to wall.

And Ted walked away from the tournaments. There wasn't the feeling of sport in them, or respect for the fish anymore. Somehow it had changed. Or maybe it was Ted.

Last year, Ted and Lou went up to Cooperstown together. This was for the unveiling of a statue of the Kid. There are many plaques in the Hall of Fame, but only two statues: just the Babe and him. And Ted went into the Hall this time, pulled the sheet off his statue and looked at his young self in the finish of that perfect swing. He looked and he looked, while the crowd got quiet, and the strobes stopped flashing. And when he tried to speak, he wept.

"HEY, WHERE THE HELL IS HE?" It's after 4:00, and Ted's getting hungry. "I'M GONNA CALL HIM."

Lou says, "Don't be ugly."

"I'm not ugly," Ted insists, but quietly. He dials, and bends to look at me. "Hey, if this guy doesn't come, you can eat. You wanna eat here?" Then to the phone: "WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?"

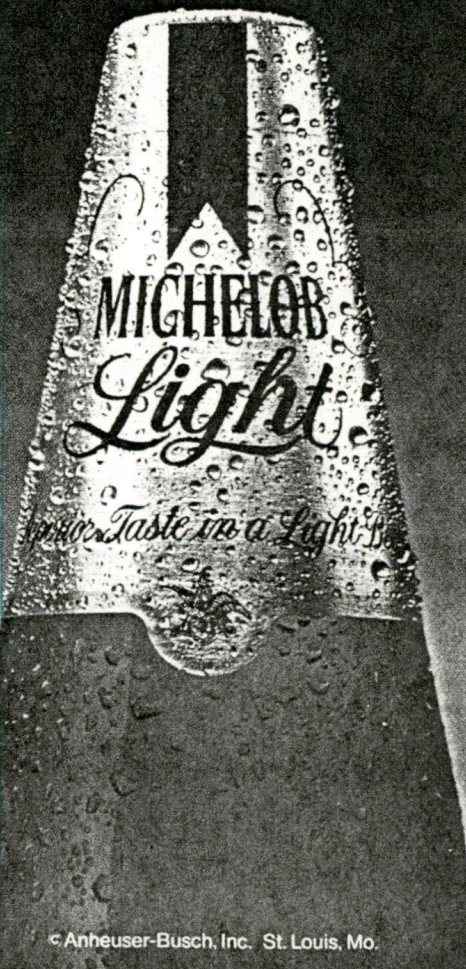
"Ted, don't be mean."

"I'm not. YEAH, TOMORROW? WELL, OKAY, BUDDY." Ted has had a successful phone conversation. Quick, and to the point.

"Awright, you can eat. Hey, sweetie, take him up so he can see."

There are no mementos in the living room, but Lou has put a few special things in a little room upstairs. Most of the pictures have to do with Ted, but the warmth of the room, and its character, have to do with Louise. This is

*and a
less-filling beer. You can have it all.™*



no shrine. It is a room for right now, a room they walk through every day, and a handsome little place, too. Now it is filled with her quiet energy. "Here's Ted Williams when I met him," she says. "And if that isn't gorgeous, I'll eat my hat." And here's an old photo of Lou in shorts, with a fly rod, looking fragile next to a tarpon she pulled from Florida Bay. She does not seem fragile now. She is spry and able. She has been with Ted ten years straight, and that speaks volumes for her strength and agility. She gets angry sometimes that people do not credit Ted with tenderness—"You don't know him," she says, and her voice has a surprising edge—but she also knows he'll seldom show it. So here she shows a lonely young Ted with a little suitcase, off to flight school. Here's Ted and Tom Yawkey, and look: Mr. Yawkey has pictures of Ted behind him, too. "Here he is in Korea," says Louise. "You know, when he landed that plane, the blood was pouring from his ears. I have to tell people that... because he's so loud. Big, too." Lou picks up a cushion of a window seat. There are pictures



Williams at sixty-seven: the sportsman extraordinaire, still active as he enjoys the long off-season

beneath. "See, he's done so many things..."

"Hey, you want a drink?" Ted is calling. "TED WILLIAMS IS GONNA HAVE A DRINK."

Soon he flops into his chair with a tumbler, and hands over a videotape. He wants it in the VCR. He says: "This is the most wonderful guy. Hell of a guy. Bill Ziegler. I got him into the majors..." That was when Ted came back in '69 to manage the Senators. Bill Ziegler was the trainer.

"So he had a son and he named him Ted Williams Ziegler. You're gonna see him now. IS IT IN? HEY, YOU LISTENING?" The tape shows Ziegler's two sons batting. Ziegler sends the tapes for analysis. The sound track sends out a steady percussion: *thwack... thwack... thwack*. Both boys get wood on the ball. "I'm gonna show you the first tape he sent, and I'm gonna ask what's the difference. See this kid, I told him his hips, he's got to get them OPEN."

From the kitchen, Lou protests: "Ted! Not now. Wait for me!"

"SEE?... " *Thwack*. "Ground ball. A little

slow with his hands."

From Lou: "Okay, okay, I don't know nothin'."

"HANDS THROUGH!" *Thwack*. "Center field, always to center, see where his hips are pointed? He's got to [*thwack*] OPEN 'EM UP."

From Lou, coming in, wiping her hands as she watches: "He doesn't step into it like Ted Williams."

Ted pretends he doesn't hear. "Hips come through OPEN..."

"He doesn't bring his hands around like you do, honey."

"Yeah, he's got to, GROUND BALL! See, when I'M up"—and now Ted takes his stance in the living room—"I'm grindin'..." Now his hands are working. "I got the hands cocked. *COCKED!*" And here's the pitch. "*BAMMMM!*" says Ted, as he takes his cut and asks: "We got Bill Ziegler's number? WHERE'S HIS NUMBER?"

Ted is yelling on the phone in the kitchen, and Lou is in the living room, fitting her thoughts to small silences. "When Ted talks

[*thwack*] it's always right now..."

"BILL, I WANNA SEE HIM ON HIS FRONT FOOT MORE, AND THE HANDS QUICK, QUICK..."

"You know, the baseball players... it's not macho, they're just... athletes, just beautiful boys..."

Ted hangs up and throws himself into his chair: "AWRIGHT, MAJOR LEAGUE! LET'S SET IT UP." That means dinner. Lou's cooking Chinese. Ted's still watching Ziegler's kids. "Ground ball. You don't make history hittin' 'em on the ground, boys." Now he pulls away from the TV. "Sweetie," he sings playfully. "We got any sake-o?" Lou sings: "Not tonight-ee." Ted sings: "Well, where's the wine-o?"

Lou sets grace while all hold hands. Then we get to food, and Ted is major league. "It's good, huh?" he says between mouthfuls. "Well, isn't it? HEY! Aren't you gonna finish that rice?"

He's finished fast and back in his chair. "We got any sweets?"

A little album on the coffee table has pictures from Christmas. John Henry gave his

letter of acceptance from Bates as his present to Ted. It's got Ted thinking now about the car he's got to buy so John Henry can take a car to school. "Got to have a car..." He's thinking aloud so Louise can check this out. "Course, there's gonna have to be rules..." He's working it over in his mind, and he muses: "Maybe say that other than school... he can't take the car if his mother says no..." Lou is in a chair across the room. She's nodding. "HAVE to be rules," Ted says, "so he doesn't just slam out of the house... slam out and JUMP IN THE CAR..."

Something has turned in his gut, and his face is working, growing harder. There's a mean glitter in his eye, and he's thinking of his elder daughter, walking away from him...

"SLAM OUT... LIKE MY DAUGHTER USED TO..."

His teeth are clenched and the words are spat. It's like he's turned inward to face something we cannot see. It is a fearsome sight, this big man, forward, stiff in his chair, hurling ugly words at his vision of pain... I feel I should leave the room, but too late.

"... *THAT BURNED ME...*"

The switch is on. Lou calls it the Devil in him.

"... *A PAIN IN MY HAIRY RECTUM!*"

"Nice," says Lou. She is fighting for him. She has not flinched.

"Well, DID," he says through clenched teeth. "*AND MAKES YOU HATE BROADS!*..."

"Ted. Stop." But Ted is gone.

"... *HATE GOD!*..."

"TED!"

"... *HATE LIFE!*"

"TED!... JUST... STOP!"

"DON'T YOU TELL ME TO STOP. DON'T YOU EVER TELL ME TO STOP."

Lou's mouth twists up slightly, and she snorts: "HAH!"

And that does it. They've beaten it, or Lou has, or it's just gone away. Ted sinks back in his chair. His jaw is unclenched. He grins shyly. "You know, I love this girl like I never..."

Lou sits back, too, and laughs.

"SHE'S IN TRAINING," Ted says. "I'M TEACHIN' HER..."

"He sure is," Lou says, like it's banter, but her voice is limp. She heads back to the kitchen, and Ted follows her with his eyes.

Then he finds me on his couch, and he tries to sneer through his grin: "WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING? HUH?"

"... JESUS, YOU'RE LIKE THE GOD-DAMN RUSSIAN SECRET POLICE!"

"... OKAY, BYE! YEAH, SURE, GOODBYE!"

Ted walks me out to the driveway. As I start the car, Lou's face is a smile in the window, and Ted is bent at his belly, grabbing their new dalmatian puppy, tickling it with his big hands while the dog rolls and paws the air. And as I ease the car into gear, I hear Ted's voice behind, cooing, very quiet now: "Do I love this little dog, huh?... Yes, this little shittin' dog... Yes, yes I love you... Yes, I do." **G**

JAMES H. DOOLITTLE, JR.

An aviation pioneer and military hero, James (Jimmy) Doolittle is a symbol of vision and courage. His contributions to flight include the development of high-octane aviation fuel, and his long-distance and "blind" flying greatly advanced the world's evolution of aviation. As Chairman of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, he fostered America's scientific and technological genius in the field. His wartime exploits are legendary. For his lifetime of service and achievement, a grateful nation salutes an American hero.

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MARGARET CHASE SMITH

As a United States Representative for eight years and as a three-term Senator, Margaret Chase Smith served the state of Maine and the nation with distinction. Her contributions to America's foreign and domestic policies were substantial. She was an independent spirit and a firm believer in a strong national defense. Her efforts to improve the status of women in the Navy earned her the affectionate title "Mother of the Waves." For her many years of outstanding public service, America proudly honors her.

MARGARET CHASE SMITH

Eldest in a family of six children, Margaret Chase was born on December 14, 1897. She grew up in Skowhegan, Maine, a mill town on the Kennebec River. As a child, she learned her father's barbering trade and was a leader among her classmates. After graduating from high school in 1916, Margaret Chase taught briefly at a one-room primary school in Skowhegan. In 1919, she became circulation manager of the Independent Reporter, a local weekly. Seven years later, she was elected president of the Maine Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Between 1928 and 1930, she served as office manager of the Daniel E. Cummings Company. On May 14, 1930, Margaret Chase was married to Clyde Harold Smith. In 1936, Clyde Smith was elected to represent Maine's Second District in Congress, and two years later was re-elected for another term. When Smith died in April 1940, Mrs. Smith was chosen in a special election to occupy his seat for the remainder of the Seventy-sixth Congress. She was re-elected by a sizable majority in 1942, and again in 1944 and 1946. As a Republican congresswoman, Mrs. Smith repeatedly demonstrated her independent spirit and a firm belief in a strong national defense. For her efforts to improve the status of women in the Navy while a member of the House Naval Affairs committee, she earned the affectionate title "Mother of the Waves." During her eight years in the House, she supported much New Deal legislation, and played a significant role in obtaining passage of the Women's Armed Services Integration Act.

In 1948, Mrs. Smith ran for the U.S. Senate, where she eventually served three terms. In addition to her long and remarkable career in Congress, Mrs. Chase served as a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force Reserve; board chairman of Freedom House (1970-77), as well as a trustee of the U.S. Supreme Court Historical Society (1979).

Although she has never attended college, Mrs. Smith has received ninety honorary degrees from various colleges and universities; she has been a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and an honorary member of the political science honor society Pi Sigma Alpha. She has also received many other honors and awards. In 1950, she received the Freedom Award for Americanism from the Freedoms Foundation, and in 1955, won the Distinguished Service Award on National Defense from the Reserve Officers Association. She received the Gold Medal for Humanitarianism from the Institute for Social Science in 1964, and the American Education Award in 1973.

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1952, and 1958), and a fourth volume is in progress. Her papers have appeared in the *Astrophysical Journal*, the *Journal of the Optical Society of America*, the *Journal of Research of the National Bureau of Standards*, and other periodicals.

Among her many professional memberships Dr. Sitterly includes the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, and the American Astronomical Society (of which she was vice-president in 1958-60). She is a Fellow of the Optical Society of America and of the American Physical Society, and she belongs to the Academy of Sciences and the Philosophical Society, both in Washington. She is a representative of the International Astronomical Union on the Joint Commission on Spectroscopy and attended the tenth general assembly of the Union in Moscow in 1958. She is at present serving as a member of the Scientific Manpower Commission.

The Royal Astronomical Society of London honored Dr. Sitterly in 1949 by electing her as the first woman foreign associate. Recognition has also been accorded to her by professional societies and the United States government. The Sigma Xi society elected her to membership in 1923, and the Annie J. Cannon prize of the American Astronomical Association was bestowed on her in 1937.

For her outstanding contribution in organizing and publishing her volumes of data on atomic spectra, and for her qualities of dedication, integrity, judgment and leadership, she received the silver and gold medals of the Department of Commerce. When the Federal Woman's Award was established in 1961 to recognize women who have made outstanding contributions in federal service, Dr. Sitterly was one of six government career women to receive the first award. The ceremony was attended by distinguished guests including cabinet officials, Congressmen, and noted career women from outside of government bureaus. Dr. Sitterly was escorted to the platform to receive her award by Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges.

Although she is short in stature, standing four feet eleven inches and weighing 120 pounds, Dr. Sitterly has a commanding and impressive manner. She wears her graying brown hair short, and her gray eyes, behind spectacles, are thoughtful and probing. She often brings her work home. Her husband, Dr. Bancroft Walker Sitterly, is chairman of the physics department at American University in Washington, D.C. The Sitterlys, who have no children, enjoy gardening, music, and travel. Charlotte Moore Sitterly has maintained her family ties with the Society of Friends. She is a Republican.

Mrs. Sitterly believes that travel is one of the most significant aspects of a scientist's work because it promotes international co-operation among scientists by enabling them to co-ordinate their research. As for education, she feels that a thorough grounding in the basic subjects is of vital importance. "The fear of mathematics is a serious handicap to many otherwise well-qualified students today," she has said. "I would urge the secondary schools to limit the duties of the teacher to teaching fundamentals, if we are to

survive as a nation. Many students today lack the ability to write concisely, clearly, and correctly. They need the discipline afforded by language training, and they need basic training in thinking, such as is developed in scientific studies."

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- Who's Who in America, 1962-63
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SKIDMORE, LOUIS Apr. 8, 1897-Sept. 27, 1962 Architect; engineer; co-founder of the firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, which built Oak Ridge, Tennessee, Lever House and Chase Manhattan Building in New York City, and the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. See *Current Biography* (December) 1951.

Obituary

N Y Times p23 S 29 '62

SLOCUM, (MANLY) HARVEY Oct. 23, 1887-Nov. 11, 1961 Construction engineer; estimated the cost for and supervised construction of the Grand Coulee and other large dams in the United States; chief consultant for the Bhakra Dam in India (1951-61). See *Current Biography* (February) 1957.

Obituary

N Y Times p86 N 12 '61

SMITH, MARGARET (MADELINE) CHASE Dec. 14, 1897- United States Senator from Maine

Address: b. Senate Office Bldg., Washington 25, D.C.; h. Skowhegan, Me.; 807 Milestone Dr., Silver Spring, Md.

NOTE: This biography supersedes the article that appeared in *Current Biography* in 1945.

Republican Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine is the only woman ever to have been elected to the United States Senate for three terms. Beginning her career as a teacher, she later worked as an executive of a telephone company and of a newspaper. She was first elected to the United States House of Representatives in 1940, to fill a vacancy created by the death of her husband, and has served in the Senate since 1949, having been elected for her third consecutive term in November 1960.

As a Congresswoman and Senator, Mrs. Smith has maintained a highly independent position. She has frequently supported liberal legislation sponsored by the Democratic administrations, and she was one of the foremost adversaries of the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. She is an outspoken advocate of a strong policy of national defense and of a firm foreign policy.

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MARGARET CHASE SMITH

Eldest in a family of six children, Margaret Madeline Chase was born on December 14, 1897 in Skowhegan, Maine, a mill town on the Kennebec River. Her father, George Emery Chase, who ran a one-chair barber shop, was the grandson of a Methodist minister and was of English-Irish stock. Her mother, Carrie Matilda (Murray) Chase, was of Scottish and French-Canadian background and a Daughter of the American Revolution.

Although the family was far from prosperous, Maggie Chase had a pleasant childhood. As a little girl she learned her father's barbering trade, and at thirteen she began working Saturday evenings in a local five-and-ten cent store. Later she worked occasionally as a substitute operator at the Skowhegan telephone exchange. At the Skowhegan High School, where she was a leader among her classmates, she took commercial courses and received average-to-good marks. She excelled at basketball and managed the girls' basketball team.

After graduating from high school in 1916, Margaret Chase taught for seven months in a one-room primary school in Skowhegan, at a salary of \$8.50 a week. Subsequently she worked with the local telephone company, first as an operator and later as an executive with the commercial department. Although she had hoped to go to a college or professional school, she was financially unable to do so. In 1919 she became circulation manager of a weekly newspaper, the Skowhegan *Independent Reporter*, and also worked in the advertising and editorial departments. In 1926 she was elected to a two-year term as president of the Maine Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. From 1928 to 1930 she was office manager of the Daniel E. Cummings Company woolen mills in Skowhegan and treasurer of the New England Waste Process Company in Fairfield, Maine.

On May 14, 1930 Margaret Chase was married to Clyde Harold Smith, her senior by twenty-one years. A Skowhegan businessman and co-owner of the *Independent Reporter*, Smith was prominent in local and state politics. Mrs. Smith served as a member of the Republican state committee from 1930 to 1936. Clyde H. Smith was elected in 1936 to represent the Second Maine District in the Seventy-fifth Congress, and he was re-elected in 1938, winning his forty-eighth contest for political office without ever having encountered defeat. During his tenure as a Congressman, Mrs. Smith served as his secretary, often working fifteen hours a day.

When Representative Smith suffered a heart attack shortly before the filing date for the 1940 primary, Mrs. Smith, upon the urging of her husband filed for the candidacy. Smith died on April 8, 1940, and in a special election on June 3, 1940 Mrs. Smith was chosen to occupy his seat for the remainder of the Seventy-sixth Congress. She cast her first important vote in September, when she supported the Selective Service Act, in opposition to the majority of her Republican colleagues. In the regular Maine election in September 1940, Mrs. Smith was elected to the Seventy-seventh Congress with a plurality nearly three times that received by her husband in 1938. She was re-elected by a decisive majority in 1942 and again in 1944 and 1946.

After serving on several minor committee assignments, Mrs. Smith was assigned in January 1943, at her own request, to the House Naval Affairs Committee. For her work in protecting and furthering the status of women in the Navy she earned the affectionate title "Mother of the Waves." She also participated in a probe of World War II destroyer production and was the first woman to sail on a destroyer in wartime. As a member of the Naval Affairs subcommittee on congested areas, Mrs. Smith made a 25,000-mile tour of bases in the South Pacific during the winter of 1944-45. Her name was mentioned in 1945 for possible appointment as Under Secretary of the Navy. As a consistent supporter of the foreign policies of both Roosevelt and Truman, she was also suggested, in 1947, for appointment as Assistant Secretary of State.

After the enactment of the National Security Act, setting up a new National Military Establishment in 1947, Mrs. Smith became a member of the House Armed Services Committee and chairman of its medical subcommittee. One of her major concerns as a member of this committee was the improvement and regularization of the status of women in the armed forces, and she was largely instrumental in obtaining passage of the Women's Armed Services Integration Act, signed by President Truman on June 12, 1948.

During her eight years in the House of Representatives the decidedly independent Congresswoman from Maine supported much New Deal legislation, including extended Social Security, and amassed a record of one vote in three against the majority of her party. In February 1947 she was the only Republican in the House to oppose a cut in the Truman administration's budget. Although she had originally supported

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In August 1947, after Maine's veteran United States Senator Wallace H. White had decided not to seek re-election, Mrs. Smith announced her candidacy for his seat. Virtually without campaign funds, she conducted a grass-roots campaign, visiting approximately 600 Maine communities. Although on one occasion she broke her arm in a fall on an icy pavement, she appeared as a speaker at a scheduled political meeting a few hours later. Campaigning with the slogan "Don't change a record for a promise," she won the Republican Senatorial nomination in the June 1948 primaries, receiving more than the combined number of votes of her three opponents, who included Governor Horace A. Hildreth and former Governor Sumner Sewall. In the national elections that September she won with 159,182 votes against 64,074 received by her Democratic opponent, Dr. Adrian Scolten, thus scoring the highest percentage majority and the greatest total vote majority in the history of Maine politics.

In 1949 Senator Smith began a United Features syndicated column, distributed to thirty newspapers in sixteen states, which she continued to write for over five years. In her first major address to the Senate on June 1, 1950 she assailed Senator Joseph R. McCarthy with a "declaration of conscience," formulated by herself and six other Republican senators. "The greatest deliberative body in the world," she asserted, had been "debased to the level of a forum of hate and character assassination sheltered by the shield of congressional immunity." She added: "I don't want to see the Republican Party ride to political victory on the four horsemen of calumny—fear, ignorance, bigotry, and smear."

In 1952 Senator Smith was widely mentioned as a possible Vice-Presidential candidate. A radio commentator once asked her what she would do if she woke up one morning and found herself in the White House. "I'd go straight to Mrs. Truman and apologize. Then I'd go home," she replied. In the Senate, Mrs. Smith has served on the Republican Policy Committee, the Appropriations Committee, the Armed Services Committee, the Space Committee, the Government Operations Committee, the Rules Committee, and the District of Columbia Committee. In the Maine Republican primary in 1954 she defeated a protégé of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy by a margin of five to one, setting a new record for the total number of votes in a contested primary.

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ruling, federal aid to education, and the North Atlantic security pact. In 1950 she supported the loan to Spain; in 1951 she voted for draft extension and universal military training, and for the loan to India; in 1952 she voted for the offshore oil bill and for reduction of TVA funds. She voted for the Bricker treaty amendment and for censure of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy in 1954. Early in 1956 she introduced to the Senate a bill for a five-year program of medical research. In 1957 she supported the civil rights bill and the Eisenhower doctrine of aid to the Middle East.

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Although she has never attended college, Senator Smith holds thirty-six honorary degrees, conferred upon her by various universities, colleges, and institutes. She is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and an hon-

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SMITH, MARGARET CHASE—Continued

orary member of Pi Sigma Alpha, the political science honor society; Delta Kappa Gamma, the education sorority; Sigma Kappa, a social sorority; and Beta Sigma Phi, an international sorority. She has served as a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force Reserve.

Numerous honors and awards have been bestowed upon Senator Smith, including the Freedom Award for Americanism from the Freedoms Foundation (1950); the Veterans of Foreign Wars medal for Americanism (1954); the Distinguished Service Award on National Defense from the Reserve Officers Association (1955). She has been cited as Woman of the Year several times and has been rated by the Gallup Poll three times as one of the ten most admired women in the world. *Newsweek* magazine's press gallery poll gave her the Most Valuable Senator rating in 1960. In 1952 she was designated the Most Charming Woman in Government by the Charm Institute. Senator Smith, who has traveled extensively throughout the world and conferred with the leaders of many nations, is considered one of America's most effective ambassadors of good will.

Senator Margaret Chase Smith is five feet four inches tall and has well-groomed gray hair. She speaks precisely and dresses smartly but conservatively. She has a modest apartment in Silver Spring, Maryland, an eight-room house in Skowhegan, and a summer home at Cundys Harbor, Maine. Her favorite recreations are badminton, gardening, swimming, and cooking. She is a Methodist.

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SNELL, PETER (GEORGE) Dec. 17, 1938-
Middle-distance runner

Address: h. Pukekohe, New Zealand

Early in 1962 the middle-distance runner Peter Snell of New Zealand turned the track world topsy-turvy by setting five world's records in events ranging from the 800-meter to the one-mile run. The most spectacular and coveted of these records was that for the mile, which he set in Wanganui, New Zealand on January 27, 1962 with a time of 3 minutes, 54.4 seconds—one-tenth of a second better than the previous mark, set in 1958. The other four titles Snell holds are the outdoor 800-meter and 880-yard (half-mile) and the indoor 880-yard and 1,000-yard records.

Snell's achievements are all the more impressive since he had been regarded as a good but not exceptional runner. Except for winning the 800-meter run at the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome—and there were many who looked upon that victory as something of a fluke—Snell had attracted little attention beyond his native New

Zealand. In fact, his record mile race at Wanganui was only the fifth of his career, and he had never before run a competition mile in under four minutes.

Peter George Snell was born on December 17, 1938 in Opunake, a small beach town on the southwestern coast of New Zealand. His father is an engineer, and he has an older brother, Jack, who is a noted cricket player. An active boy, Peter consumed large quantities of honey, probably because he needed to replenish energy quickly, and his mother bought honey sixty pounds at a time to keep him well supplied. Honey remains his dietary preference today.

In 1947 Snell's family moved to Te Aroha, where he attended elementary school and the Te Aroha District High School. He then became a boarder at Mount Albert Grammar School in Auckland, where he went out for swimming, boxing, Rugby, cricket, tennis, and track. He was also a prefect and a noncommissioned officer in the cadet corps. The headmaster of Mount Albert once saw Snell working out on the track one evening after a full morning of playing tennis and an afternoon of playing cricket. "What are you doing, Snell?" the headmaster inquired. "I'm trying to get fit, sir," Snell answered.

Snell was the half-mile champion of Mount Albert, and in 1957 he won the 880-yard (half-mile) event at the Auckland Inter-Secondary Schools Athletic Championships in 1 minute, 59.6 seconds. After graduating from the school he joined an Auckland firm, James A. Stewart and Partners, to train as a quantity surveyor (a person who estimates amounts of materials needed for construction projects). At first undecided as to whether he should follow track or tennis, in both of which he had achieved success in school, Snell decided on track and started training with his customary zeal. At this time he was helping his parents to build a new home in Pukekohe, a town about thirty miles from Auckland. Every week, after he finished work at the surveying office, he visited Pukekohe, making the trip in both directions by bus for twenty miles and running for the last ten.

The results of Snell's strenuous training were not immediately evident. His performances were promising rather than outstanding. His fortunes changed for the better, however, when he met the famed New Zealand track coach Arthur Lydiard. A former marathon runner, Lydiard has achieved impressive results through his method of marathon training for middle-distance runners. His athletes have dominated New Zealand middle-distance running for years; twelve of them have entered international competitions, and two, Murray Halberg and Snell, are Olympic champions. Lydiard works to build up stamina rather than speed. His training regimen calls for one hundred miles of cross-country running a week over rugged terrain, the idea being that a man with enough stamina to run twenty miles daily will have little difficulty in running a single mile at a very fast pace. In Snell, Lydiard found an ideal pupil. "The first time he ran twenty miles he cried like a child for the last mile with the pain," Lydiard recalled recently. "Now he can run a marathon without turning a hair."

In 1959 Snell won the mile and half-mile titles at the New Zealand Amateur Athletic

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1952, and 1958), and a fourth volume is in progress. Her papers have appeared in the *Astrophysical Journal*, the *Journal of the Optical Society of America*, the *Journal of Research of the National Bureau of Standards*, and other periodicals.

Among her many professional memberships Dr. Sitterly includes the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, and the American Astronomical Society (of which she was vice-president in 1958-60). She is a Fellow of the Optical Society of America and of the American Physical Society, and she belongs to the Academy of Sciences and the Philosophical Society, both in Washington. She is a representative of the International Astronomical Union on the Joint Commission on Spectroscopy and attended the tenth general assembly of the Union in Moscow in 1958. She is at present serving as a member of the Scientific Manpower Commission.

The Royal Astronomical Society of London honored Dr. Sitterly in 1949 by electing her as the first woman foreign associate. Recognition has also been accorded to her by professional societies and the United States government. The Sigma Xi society elected her to membership in 1923, and the Annie J. Cannon prize of the American Astronomical Association was bestowed on her in 1937.

For her outstanding contribution in organizing and publishing her volumes of data on atomic spectra, and for her qualities of dedication, integrity, judgment and leadership, she received the silver and gold medals of the Department of Commerce. When the Federal Woman's Award was established in 1961 to recognize women who have made outstanding contributions in federal service, Dr. Sitterly was one of six government career women to receive the first award. The ceremony was attended by distinguished guests including cabinet officials, Congressmen, and noted career women from outside of government bureaus. Dr. Sitterly was escorted to the platform to receive her award by Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges.

Although she is short in stature, standing four feet eleven inches and weighing 120 pounds, Dr. Sitterly has a commanding and impressive manner. She wears her graying brown hair short, and her gray eyes, behind spectacles, are thoughtful and probing. She often brings her work home. Her husband, Dr. Bancroft Walker Sitterly, is chairman of the physics department at American University in Washington, D.C. The Sitterlys, who have no children, enjoy gardening, music, and travel. Charlotte Moore Sitterly has maintained her family ties with the Society of Friends. She is a Republican.

Mrs. Sitterly believes that travel is one of the most significant aspects of a scientist's work because it promotes international co-operation among scientists by enabling them to co-ordinate their research. As for education, she feels that a thorough grounding in the basic subjects is of vital importance. "The fear of mathematics is a serious handicap to many otherwise well-qualified students today," she has said. "I would urge the secondary schools to limit the duties of the teacher to teaching fundamentals, if we are to

survive as a nation. Many students today lack the ability to write concisely, clearly, and correctly. They need the discipline afforded by language training, and they need basic training in thinking, such as is developed in scientific studies."

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SKIDMORE, LOUIS Apr. 8, 1897-Sept. 27, 1962 Architect; engineer; co-founder of the firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, which built Oak Ridge, Tennessee, Lever House and Chase Manhattan Building in New York City, and the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. See *Current Biography* (December) 1951.

Obituary

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SLOCUM, (MANLY) HARVEY Oct. 23, 1887-Nov. 11, 1961 Construction engineer; estimated the cost for and supervised construction of the Grand Coulee and other large dams in the United States; chief consultant for the Bhakra Dam in India (1951-61). See *Current Biography* (February) 1957.

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SNELL, PETER (GEORGE) Dec. 17, 1938—Middle-distance runner

Address: h. Pukekohe, New Zealand

Early in 1962 the middle-distance runner Peter Snell of New Zealand turned the track world topsy-turvy by setting five world's records in events ranging from the 800-meter to the one-mile run. The most spectacular and coveted of these records was that for the mile, which he set in Wanganui, New Zealand on January 27, 1962 with a time of 3 minutes, 54.4 seconds—one-tenth of a second better than the previous mark, set in 1958. The other four titles Snell holds are the outdoor 800-meter and 880-yard (half-mile) and the indoor 880-yard and 1,000-yard records.

Snell's achievements are all the more impressive since he had been regarded as a good but not exceptional runner. Except for winning the 800-meter run at the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome—and there were many who looked upon that victory as something of a fluke—Snell had attracted little attention beyond his native New

Zealand. In fact, his record mile race at Wanganui was only the fifth of his career, and he had never before run a competition mile in under four minutes.

Peter George Snell was born on December 17, 1938 in Opunake, a small beach town on the southwestern coast of New Zealand. His father is an engineer, and he has an older brother, Jack, who is a noted cricket player. An active boy, Peter consumed large quantities of honey, probably because he needed to replenish energy quickly, and his mother bought honey sixty pounds at a time to keep him well supplied. Honey remains his dietary preference today.

In 1947 Snell's family moved to Te Aroha, where he attended elementary school and the Te Aroha District High School. He then became a boarder at Mount Albert Grammar School in Auckland, where he went out for swimming, boxing, Rugby, cricket, tennis, and track. He was also a prefect and a noncommissioned officer in the cadet corps. The headmaster of Mount Albert once saw Snell working out on the track one evening after a full morning of playing tennis and an afternoon of playing cricket. "What are you doing, Snell?" the headmaster inquired. "I'm trying to get fit, sir," Snell answered.

Snell was the half-mile champion of Mount Albert, and in 1957 he won the 880-yard (half-mile) event at the Auckland Inter-Secondary Schools Athletic Championships in 1 minute, 59.6 seconds. After graduating from the school he joined an Auckland firm, James A. Stewart and Partners, to train as a quantity surveyor (a person who estimates amounts of materials needed for construction projects). At first undecided as to whether he should follow track or tennis, in both of which he had achieved success in school, Snell decided on track and started training with his customary zeal. At this time he was helping his parents to build a new home in Pukekohe, a town about thirty miles from Auckland. Every week, after he finished work at the surveying office, he visited Pukekohe, making the trip in both directions by bus for twenty miles and running for the last ten.

The results of Snell's strenuous training were not immediately evident. His performances were promising rather than outstanding. His fortunes changed for the better, however, when he met the famed New Zealand track coach Arthur Lydiard. A former marathon runner, Lydiard has achieved impressive results through his method of marathon training for middle-distance runners. His athletes have dominated New Zealand middle-distance running for years; twelve of them have entered international competitions, and two, Murray Halberg and Snell, are Olympic champions. Lydiard works to build up stamina rather than speed. His training regimen calls for one hundred miles of cross-country running a week over rugged terrain, the idea being that a man with enough stamina to run twenty miles daily will have little difficulty in running a single mile at a very fast pace. In Snell, Lydiard found an ideal pupil. "The first time he ran twenty miles he cried like a child for the last mile with the pain," Lydiard recalled recently. "Now he can run a marathon without turning a hair."

In 1959 Snell won the mile and half-mile titles at the New Zealand Amateur Athletic

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BIOGRAPHICAL DIRECTORY OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS 1774-1989

BICENTENNIAL EDITION

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

SEPTEMBER 5, 1774, TO OCTOBER 21, 1788

and

THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

FROM THE FIRST THROUGH THE ONE HUNDREDTH CONGRESSES
MARCH 4, 1789, TO JANUARY 3, 1989, INCLUSIVE



CLOSING DATE OF COMPILATION, JUNE 30, 1988

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
1989

years and resigned; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions in 1896 and 1912; elected as a Democrat to the Sixtieth Congress (March 4, 1907–March 3, 1909); unsuccessful candidate for reelection in 1908 to the Sixty-first Congress; organizer and secretary of the Federal Trust Co., of St. Louis, 1909–1912; Minister to Haiti from 1912 until his resignation in 1914; continued the practice of his profession in Farmington, Mo., where he died June 18, 1919; interment in the Masonic Cemetery.

SMITH, Marcus Aurelius, a Delegate and a Senator from Arizona; born near Cynthiana, Harrison County, Ky., January 24, 1851; attended the common schools; taught school in Bourbon County, Ky.; graduated from Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., in 1872 and from the law department of the University of Kentucky at Lexington; was admitted to the bar and practiced; prosecuting attorney for the city of Lexington; moved to San Francisco and practiced law 1879–1881; moved to Tombstone, Ariz., in 1881 and continued the practice of law; prosecuting attorney for the Tombstone district 1882; elected as a Democrat a Delegate to the Fiftieth and to the three succeeding Congresses (March 4, 1887–March 3, 1895); elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress (March 4, 1897–March 3, 1899); elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress (March 4, 1901–March 3, 1903); elected to the Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Congresses (March 4, 1905–March 3, 1909); was not a candidate for election to the Fifty-fourth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-eighth Congresses; upon the admission of Arizona as a State into the Union was elected as a Democrat in 1902 to the United States Senate for the term ending March 3, 1915; reelected in 1914 and served from March 27, 1912 to March 3, 1921; unsuccessful candidate for reelection in 1920; chairman, Committee on Conservation of Natural Resources (Sixty-third Congress), Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation of Arid Lands (Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth Congresses), Committee on Printing (Sixty-fifth Congress), Committee on the Geological Survey (Sixty-sixth Congress); appointed in 1921 by President Woodrow Wilson as a member of the International Joint Commission created to prevent disputes regarding the use of the boundary waters between the United States and Canada, and served until his death in Washington, D.C., April 7, 1924; interment in Battle Grove Cemetery, Cynthiana, Ky.

Bibliography: Fazio, Steven A. "Marcus Aurelius Smith: Arizona Delegate and Senator." *Arizona and the West* 12 (Spring 1970): 23–62.

SMITH, Margaret Chase (wife of Clyde Harold Smith), a Representative and a Senator from Maine; born Margaret Madeline Chase, December 14, 1897, in Skowhegan, Somerset County, Maine; attended the public schools; taught school in Skowhegan, Maine, in 1916 and 1917; business executive for country weekly newspaper and a woolen company 1919–1930; secretary to husband while he was in Congress 1937–1940; lieutenant colonel, Air Force Reserve 1950–1958; elected as a Republican to the Seventy-sixth Congress, by special election, June 3, 1940, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her husband, Clyde H. Smith; reelected to the four succeeding Congresses and served from June 3, 1940, to January 3, 1949; was not a candidate for reelection but was elected in 1948 to the United States Senate; reelected in 1954, 1960, and again in 1966, and served January 3, 1949, until January 3, 1973; unsuccessful candidate for reelection in 1972; chairwoman, Special Committee on Rates of Compensation (Eighty-third Congress), Republican Conference (Ninetieth through Ninety-second Congresses); visiting professor for the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation 1973–1976; is a resident of Skowhegan, Maine.

Bibliography: Graham, Frank. *Margaret Chase Smith: Woman of Courage*. New York: John Day Company, 1964; Smith, Margaret Chase. *Declaration of Conscience*. Edited by William C. Lewis, Jr. New York: Doubleday, 1972.

SMITH, Martin Fernard, a Representative from Washington; born in Chicago, Ill., May 28, 1891; attended the public schools, Lewis Institute, Chicago, Ill., and Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.; moved to Hoquiam, Wash., in 19 and completed law studies commenced in Chicago; was admitted to the bar in 1912 and commenced practice in Hoquiam, Wash.; served as municipal judge of Hoquiam 1911–1917; during the First World War served as a private in the Coast Artillery Corps from October 9, 1918, to December 1, 1918; member of the city council 1926–1928; mayor of Hoquiam 1928–1930; elected as a Democrat to the Seventy-third and to the four succeeding Congresses (March 4, 1933–January 3, 1943); chairman, Committee on Pensions (Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Congresses); unsuccessful candidate for reelection in 1942 to the Seventy-eighth Congress; delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1948; appointed a member of the Board of Immigration Appeals, Justice Department, on April 1, 1943, and served until his resignation on April 29, 1944; unsuccessful candidate in 1944 for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator; appointed special assistant to the Attorney General of the United States on September 26, 1944, and served until his death in Bethesda, Md., October 25, 1954; interment in Arlington National Cemetery.

SMITH, Melancton, a Delegate from New York; born Jamaica, Long Island, N.Y., May 7, 1744; was educated by his parents; engaged in business in Poughkeepsie, N.Y.; delegate to the First Provincial Congress in New York, May 1775; served in the Continental Line Regiment which was organized June 30, 1775; organized and became captain of the Dutchess County Minutemen; secret service commissioner and sheriff of Dutchess County, N.Y., in 1777 and 1778; moved to New York City in 1785 and engaged in mercantile pursuits; Member of the Continental Congress 1785–1788; member of the State ratification convention at Poughkeepsie in 1788; served in the State assembly in 1791; died in New York City July 29, 1798; interment in Jamaica Cemetery, Jamaica, Queens County, N.Y.

SMITH, Meriwether, a Delegate from Virginia; born "Bathurst," near Dunnsville, Essex County, Va., in 1766; completed preparatory studies; was a signer of the Westmoreland Association in 1766; member of Essex Committee on Safety in 1774; member of the house of burgesses in 1774 and 1775; delegate to the Revolutionary conventions of 1774 and 1776; member of the State house of delegates 1776–1779; member of the Continental Congress 1778–1779 and 1780; again a member of the State house of delegates in 1780, 1782, 1785, and 1788; delegate to the State ratification convention in 1788; died at "Marigold," near Ozeana, Essex County, Va., January 25, 1790; interment on his estate "Bathurst," near Dunnsville, Essex County, Va.

SMITH, Nathan (brother of Nathaniel Smith and uncle Truman Smith), a Senator from Connecticut; born in Woburn, Conn., January 8, 1770; received a modest education; read law; was admitted to the bar in 1792 and commenced the practice of his profession in New Haven, Conn.; prosecuting attorney for New Haven County 1817–1835; delegate to the State constitutional convention in 1818; unsuccessful candidate for governor of Connecticut in 1825; appointed United States attorney for the district of Connecticut 1828–1829; elected as a Whig to the United States Senate and served from March 4, 1833, until his death in Washington, D.C., December 6, 1835; interment in the Grove Street Cemetery, New Haven, Conn.

Bibliography: DAB; Smith, Emily, ed. *Life and Letters of Nathan Smith*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1914.

(D)

hapiro & Anna R Silver S; m 1953
Eric. *Educ*: Univ Pittsburgh, BS,
Award; Phi Epsilon Pi; Varsity
ie Adv Comt, 58; pres, Waterville
ident John Kennedy Campaign,
ine, 60; mem, Adv Bd, Small Bus
Col, 64; mem, Maine State Dem
Conv, 68-84; mem, Maine State
Gov Kenneth Curtis, 68 & to Gov
iv, 76, 80, 84; State Treas. Maine,
, currently. *Mil Serv*: Entered as
after serv in USS Hooper Island,
Awards: Outstanding Young Man
to be awarded bi-annually by the
Distinction, Univ Pittsburgh, 86.
Kiwanis; Dem State Treas Asn.
Waterville ME 04901

(D)

Pos: Maine State Repr. Dist 12,
Mailing Add: 249 Granite St Biddeford

(R)

9, 79- *Mailing Add*: RFD 3 Box

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5- *Mailing Add*: RFD 1 Box 141

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s Small & Marguerite Brown S;
ey, Vt, 72-73; Univ Southern
Govt Pos: Campaign Coordr,
e State Repr, Dist 75, 79- *Relig*:
E 04530-2431

(D)

, 81-; chmn, Island Falls Dem
Island Falls ME 04747

(R)

formerly. *Mailing Add*: W Ridge

m 1965 to Mabel Roxie Moore; c Sarah Zeller, Jennifer Joy & Erika Hildred.
Educ: Bowdoin Col, BA, 56; Sigma Nu, Delta Psi Chap. *Polit & Govt Pos*:
Nat committeeman, Maine Fedn Young Rep, 60-62, chmn, 62-64; pres, New
Eng Coun Young Rep, 62-64; finance chmn, Franklin Co Rep Comt, 66-71,
mem, Exec Comt, 71-74, mem, 74-76, chmn, 76-80; alt deleg, Rep Nat Conv,
68 & 80; bd dir, Vineyard Sch Admin Dist Nine Rep, Bd Dirs, 69-70; notary
pub, currently; chmn, New Vineyard Rep Town Comt; Maine, 74-87; mem,
Maine State Rep Comt, 80-86. *Bus & Prof Pos*: Corp secy & sales repr, Fred
O Smith Mfg Co, Inc, 60-66, vpres & clerk, 66-70, acting pres & acting treas,
70-71, pres & treas, 71- *Mil Serv*: Entered as Ens, Naval Res, 56, released as
Lt(jg), 60, after serv in USS Sullivans, Atlantic Fleet, 56-58, Naval Sta, Adak,
Alaska, 59-60; Lt Comdr, res, 65-79; Am Expeditionary Medal. *Mem*: Rotary
Int; Mason (32 degree past master, Davis Lodge, 83); New Vineyard Vol Fire
Dept. *Relig*: Congregational. *Mailing Add*: Box 248 New Vineyard ME 04956

SMITH, GORDON HENRY

(R)

Mem, Maine State Rep Comt
b Augusta, Maine, Aug 22, 51; s Ezra Garland Smith & Ada Searles S; m 1979
to Janet E Twadelle. *Educ*: Univ Maine, Orono, BA, 73; Boston Col Law Sch,
JD(magna cum laude), 76; Order of the Coif; Phi Beta Kappa; Sigma Alpha
Epsilon. *Polit & Govt Pos*: State chmn, Maine TAR, 68-70; coordr, Cong
Campaign of Ronald T Speers, Maine, 70; treas, Maine Fedn of Young Rep,
70-71; pres, Univ Maine Young Rep, 71-72; alt deleg, Rep Nat Conv, 72 &
deleg, 80; mem, Maine Rep State Platform Comt, 72; state chmn, Maine
Young Voters for the President, 72; mem & youth comt chmn, Maine Rep
State Comt, 72-; mem, Rep Nat Comt, 78- *Bus & Prof Pos*: Counsel, Maine
Med Asn & Maine Asn Realtors, currently. *Honors & Awards*: Nat
Outstanding TAR, Nat TAR, 70. *Mem*: Augusta Jaycees. *Relig*: Methodist.
Legal Res: Heritage Woods E Augusta ME 04330 *Mailing Add*: 341 Water
St Augusta ME 04330

SMITH, MARGARET CHASE

(R)

Former US Sen, Maine
b Skowhegan, Maine, Dec 14, 1897; d George Emery Chase & Carrie Murray
C; wid. *Hon Degrees*: ninety from various cols & univs, 43- *Polit & Govt Pos*:
Mem, Maine State Rep Comt, 30-36; secy to US Rep Clyde H Smith, 37-40;
US Repr, Second Dist, Maine, 40-49, US Sen, 49-73; Presidential nominee,
Rep Nat Conv, 64; chmn, Conf of all Rep Sen, 67-73. *Bus & Prof Pos*: Teacher;
tel, newspaper & woolen co exec; McCalls mag columnist & nationally
syndicated columnist, United Feature, 49-54; vis prof to many univs & cols,
73-; bd chmn, Freedom House, 70-77; dir, Lilly Endowment, Inc, 76-; chmn,
Northwood Inst Nat Womens Bd, 78-81; trustee, US Supreme Court Hist Soc,
79- & Northwood Inst, 79- *Mil Serv*: Lt Col, Air Force Res, (Ret). *Honors*
& Awards: Over 180, including Awards for Nat Health Leadership, 60; Gold
Medal Award for Humanitarianism, Inst Social Sci, 64; Women's Twentieth
Century Hall of Fame, 65; Nat Educ Asn Awards, 68; Am Educ Award, 73.
Mem: Am Acad Arts & Sci; Theta Sigma Phi; Beta Sigma Phi; Jr League; Pi
Sigma Alpha, and many others. *Publ*: Auth, Gallant Women, McGraw Hill,
68; Declaration of Conscience, Doubleday, 72. *Relig*: Methodist. *Mailing*
Add: Norridgewock Ave Neil Hill ME 04976

SMITH, MARGARET CHASE Dec. 14, 1897- United States Representative from Maine

Address: b. House of Representatives Office Bldg.; h. 2745 29th St., N. W. Washington; Skowhegan, Me.

The first woman member of the United States House of Representatives' Naval Affairs Committee and the first woman to represent Maine is Margaret Chase Smith, who was elected in September 1944 to her fourth term in Congress. (Maine holds its Congressional elections two months earlier than the rest of the country.) Mrs. Smith, a Republican, has a record of progressiveness in labor legislation, and has on occasion bolted her party to follow her convictions.

The daughter of George Emery and Carrie (Murray) Chase, Margaret Chase was born in Skowhegan, Maine, on December 14, 1897. After attending the local grammar school she was graduated from Skowhegan High School in 1916 and obtained a teaching post. She set out to achieve success, it is said, via "a variety of occupations from telephone operator to ghost writer." A business executive for the Maine Telephone and Telegraph Company at twenty-one, Miss Chase then went to work in the executive office of the local country newspaper, the *Independent Reporter*.

After eight years there, she became in 1928 treasurer of the New England Waste Process Company at Skowhegan, and at the same time she became connected with the Daniel E. Cummings Woolen Company. In May 1930 Miss Chase was married to former State senator Clyde H. Smith, president of the Steward Goodwin Company at Bangor, Maine. Smith, then fifty-four, had been the youngest man ever elected to the State legislature, where he backed the old-age pension system, and was in 1930 chairman of the State Highway Commission and a Skowhegan selectman. (In forty-eight assorted candidacies during his lifetime, Smith was never once defeated.)

Mrs. Smith became active in politics, doing "a thousand thankless party tasks," and was elected to the Republican State Committee of Maine, on which she served from 1930 to 1936. She is also past president of the Maine Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. From 1932 to 1936 her husband was a member of the Governor's Council; and in September 1936 he was elected to the Seventy-fifth Congress as Representative from the Second Maine District. Congressman Clyde Smith worked on the House Labor Committee, on which he helped formulate the Wages and Hours Act which Chairman Mary T. Norton "successfully steered through the House, while his attractive wife put in fifteen hours a day as his secretary. She took care of all the Congressman's routine office work, personally handled his mail, and did research on the subjects of various bills. The Smiths always kept open house at their home in the Washington suburb of Chevy Chase, Maryland (later in Cleveland Park), and during the summer in their thirty-room Skowhegan residence. Margaret Smith found time also to serve as treasurer of the Congressional Club, composed of the wives of Congressmen and Cabinet members, and to bake the beans which, in the New England tradition,



MARGARET CHASE SMITH

always graced the Smith table on Saturday evening.

In April 1940, in his last illness, Clyde Smith appealed to the Maine voters to preserve their social gains and ensure the continuance of his liberal policies by electing his "partner in public life" to succeed him. At the special election on June 3 the tall, gray-haired widow was chosen to fill the unexpired term; and in September 1940 she was re-elected to the Seventy-seventh Congress by 57,152 votes out of 88,486—nearly three times her late husband's 1938 plurality. As the representative of an industrial district, the first woman Congressman from Maine requested a seat on the Labor Committee on which her husband had distinguished himself. She was assigned, however, to three lesser committees: Education, Invalid Pensions, and Post Offices and Post Roads. (It is in committee that "the real work of Congress" is done, as the committees determine what bill shall be brought to the floor for a vote, and in what form—and which bills shall be pigeonholed and left to die.) A quiet, conscientious legislator, Margaret Chase Smith generally voted along regular Republican lines, but cast an occasional vote for Administration measures. From the beginning, however, she voted 100 per cent for the Administration's foreign policy. Daughter of a seaboard state, Mrs. Smith has always been interested in maritime affairs, and advocated naval expansion in the neutral days of 1938.

Re-elected to the Seventy-eighth Congress, Mrs. Smith asked in January 1943 if she might fill a vacancy on the Naval Affairs or the Appropriations Committee: "The reason why I'm asking to be on the Naval Committee," she said, "is Maine's long coastline, shipbuilding, and Navy Yard interests." This was done, "in recognition of the services of the Navy's women reserves, the Waves, Spars, and Marines." In this capacity the Maine Representative was given "good" assignments, such as the investigation of destroyer production; she is believed to be the first woman ever to sail on

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SMITH, MARGARET CHASE—*Continued*
a United States destroyer in wartime. Mrs. Smith is the author of the bill raising the maximum Wave rank from lieutenant commander to captain, entitling Waves to dependents' allowances (except for husbands), and allowing the assignment of Waves to duty overseas. The bill was passed by the House without debate on June 8, 1943, although a similar proposal by Melvin Maas several weeks earlier had been defeated. The overseas clause was, however, stricken out by the Senate Naval Affairs Committee.

Reintroduced a year later, after Admiral Nimitz⁴² had reported a pressing need for 5,000 Waves, 1,535 Marines, and 150 Spars at Pearl Harbor, it was requested by Secretary Forrestal⁴³ and high-ranking officers of the Navy. For reasons not entirely clear, action was postponed until after the Congressional summer recess; and it was not until September 1944, when Mrs. Smith withdrew her bill in favor of Senator David Walsh's "watered-down version," that the Senate finally allowed volunteers to go overseas, and sent that bill to the House, where it went through in less than sixty seconds. At this time Mrs. Smith reported that women's naval services totaled 103,872 members. During this time and up to December she was conducting an exhaustive inspection of their installations. In December, before leaving with other committeemen for a tour of advance South Pacific bases, she recommended that plans be made for the demobilization of the women; that housing arrangements needed modification; and that at least a skeleton organization should be continued after the war. Upon returning from her 25,000-mile inspection tour, Mrs. Smith submitted recommendations for improvement of morale and living conditions at the bases. They were adopted and put into effect by Navy Secretary James Forrestal, who praised her work.

Mrs. Smith and Winifred Stanley⁴⁴ of New York were the first women members of Congress to declare for the Equal Rights Amendment, sponsored by the National Woman's Party and the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, which has been introduced at every session since the suffrage amendment. (This proposed amendment, which states that men and women shall have equal rights in the United States and all places subject to its jurisdiction, was defeated because it could be so construed as to invalidate existing health legislation.)

In Congress Mrs. Smith followed the party line. She voted against the twenty-five-thousand-dollar (after taxes) limit on salaries; for the income tax bill which broadened the tax base to include more people with small incomes; for the Ruml⁴⁵ "pay-as-you-go" tax plan, which "forgave" rich and poor alike a full year's taxes; for the Carlson-Ruml bill, and against the Robertson-Forand compromise. On farm affairs, she opposed incentive payments to farmers; voted against increasing the appropriation for soil conservation, against any funds for crop insurance, and against spending any more on rural electrification. Her vote was cast for the liquidation of the Home Owners Loan Corporation; against the use of appropriations to subsidize price rollbacks, to override the veto of the Commodity Credit

Corporation bill which carried that rider, and in February 1944, to ban such food subsidies outright. On the record, she voted to abolish the OWI's domestic branch; to investigate the Government seizure of Montgomery Ward's Chicago facilities in May 1944; to create the Smith Committee, under an Administration critic, Howard W. Smith⁴⁶ of Virginia, which would investigate any alleged overstepping of authority by the executive branch; and to continue the Dies Committee to Investigate un-American Activities. In January 1945, however, when Martin Dies⁴⁷ was no longer in Congress, she was one of the thirty-four Republicans and one hundred and fifty Democrats who unsuccessfully opposed the establishment of the committee as a standing body.

On certain points the Republican leadership was in accord with the Administration: extending Lend-Lease, which they had opposed before the war; passing the Fulbright⁴⁸ resolution pledging the country to join in a world peace organization; passing the anti-poll tax bill. In addition, Mrs. Smith also voted to support the Administration by opposing the [Howard] Smith-Connally⁴⁹ anti-strike bill (she had previously helped vote down more stringent ones), and used her vote, unsuccessfully, against overriding the President's veto. She also voted with the Administration to increase the pay of Federal employees in view of the increased cost of living, and against the reduction of OPA funds, although she had had to make representations to the OPA for her lumbermen constituents. In addition, she was one of a half-dozen Republican Congressmen, led by Representative Charles LaFollette of Indiana, and Charles Wolverton of New Jersey, who broke away from the party to vote for the George demobilization bill.

In March 1944 she joined with the House's six other women to beat by 64-59 the Taber proposal to cut in half the appropriation for community facilities. Representative Smith, who seldom enters debate, told the House that on her trips with the Naval Affairs Committee she had found war workers' children locked in automobiles because their parents had nowhere else to leave them, and declared that Congress had already waited too long in meeting this emergency. In December 1944 the Maine Representative was one of six Republicans voting against freezing the Social Security tax at its present and allegedly inadequate level, a measure carried by 262 votes to 72. Earlier she voted against the bill to punish absenteeism from war work. Representative Smith helped to defeat a roll-call vote on the Worley Federal soldier-vote bill, which would have recorded each Representative's stand. (The bill itself was later defeated in a teller vote.) In the subsequent passage of the compromise bill, the Eastland-Rankin⁵⁰ (States' rights) soldier-vote bill, Mrs. Smith voted "Yea."

Mrs. Smith's record was acceptable to her constituents, for in September 1944 she was re-elected to the Seventy-ninth Congress, with the endorsement of A.F. of L. leaders and the support of the railway unions. No desk-bound Congressman, the Maine Representative had returned from an investigation to issue a report in February 1944, had served in April as one of thirteen advisers to the United States Government delegation at the International Labor Organization in Philadelphia, and had

led the Maine delegational Convention she left for the South for the opening of in January 1945.

After the fall of posed that wives be assigned for an in one year or more according to a report *Tribune*, that her desire to prevent the American home life." This is reported from the War and fiancées of service would be allowed to permit." In addition complicated problems, "mindful of details *Christian Science* Mrs. Smith "has the bell-bottom-troop for redesigning of she now has word this direction as so supply again."

"Hardworking" : jectives applied to Delos Lovelace ca tall, assured, and short gray hair is haps the only drar and unassuming" R scribed by an NEA trim figure and "most women in pub Congressmen "must treat each other. people in our dist as the men do." A ship, Mrs. Smith seventy-fifth anniversary College in October for independent this into action at the to the New York the statements and "because we are their statements and no one but oursel

References

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SNYDER, JOHN
1896- United Sta
Address: b. Office
conversion, Washi
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By the end of the dent Harry S. Tru W. Snyder, a re banker, had been in the Government; major appointee v gave him the post trator which had M. Vinson⁵¹ had



JOHN W. SNYDER

led the Maine delegation to the Republican National Convention in July. And in December she left for the South Pacific, returning in time for the opening of the Seventy-ninth Congress in January 1945.

After the fall of Germany, Mrs. Smith proposed that wives be permitted to join husbands assigned for an indefinite stay or a period of one year or more in occupied Europe. She said, according to a report in the *New York Herald Tribune*, that her "proposal was prompted by her desire to prevent further disintegration of the American home and the American family life." This is reported to have brought a promise from the War Department that families and fiancées of service men in occupied Europe would be allowed to join them "when conditions permit." In addition to her study of more complicated problems, the Congresswoman is also "mindful of details." Josephine Ripley, in the *Christian Science Monitor*, pointed out that Mrs. Smith "has gone to bat repeatedly for the bell-bottom-trouser boys with urgent pleas for redesigning of their pocketless uniform, and she now has word that action may be taken in this direction as soon as textiles are in normal supply again."

"Hardworking" and "well-liked" are the adjectives applied to Margaret Chase Smith. Delos Lovelace calls her "a sturdy Mainite, tall, assured, and pleasant to look at." Her short gray hair is streaked with white, perhaps the only dramatic touch about the "quiet and unassuming" Representative, and she is described by an NEA correspondent as having a trim figure and "a well-turned ankle." Like most women in public life, she feels that women Congressmen "must be treated like the men treat each other. We women represent all the people in our districts," she points out, "just as the men do." As for the duties of citizenship, Mrs. Smith declared, in a speech at the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration of Wilson College in October, that good citizenship calls for independent thinking and translating thought into action at the polls. She added, according to the *New York Times*, that when we accept the statements and proposals of demagogues "because we are too lazy to think and test their statements and proposals," we can blame no one but ourselves for subsequent events.

References

- Collier's 112:22 Ag 28 '43 por
 Ind Woman 19:379 D '40 por
 N Y Sun p20 Ja 14 '44
 Congressional Directory, 1945
 Who's Who in America, 1944-45

SNYDER, JOHN W(ESLEY) June 21, 1896- United States Government official
 Address: b. Office of War Mobilization and Recon-
 version, Washington, D.C.; h. Wardman
 Park Hotel, Washington, D.C.

By the end of the first quarter-year of President Harry S. Truman's Administration, John W. Snyder, a relatively unknown Missouri banker, had been twice elevated to new office in the Government. Snyder was Truman's first major appointee when in April 1945 Truman gave him the post of Federal Loan Administrator which had remained vacant after Fred M. Vinson had resigned to become Director

of War Mobilization. In July Snyder again succeeded Vinson, becoming chief of the expanded Office of War Mobilization and Recon-
 version when his predecessor received the Treasury post. Three weeks later the sudden ending of the war in the Pacific plunged the new Director of War Mobilization and Recon-
 version into the midst of the problem of guiding the nation's economy back to a peacetime basis.

John Wesley Snyder was born on June 21, 1896, in Jonesboro, Arkansas, the son of Jerre Hartwell Snyder, a druggist, and Ellen (Hatcher) Snyder. He received his early schooling in Jonesboro, attending the Jonesboro High School from 1910 to 1914. In 1914 he entered Vanderbilt University (Nashville, Tennessee), but withdrew in 1915 without obtaining a degree. The year and a half between the fall of 1915 and the spring of 1917, when he entered the Army, Snyder spent on business trips with his uncle, Judge E. A. Rolfe, in connection with the latter's farming, timber, and banking interests. During the First World War Snyder served as a captain in the Fifty-seventh Field Artillery Brigade of the Thirty-second ("Red Arrow") Division. Contrary to popular report, he did not serve in the same army unit with Truman, nor did they train together before going overseas. Snyder met Captain Truman by chance in 1918 when both were with the AEF in France. For several summers after the Armistice, however, Snyder and Truman trained together in the Officers' Reserve Corps (Snyder is now a colonel, Field Artillery Reserve) at such Army posts as Fort Riley in Kansas, Fort Sill in Oklahoma, Camp McCoy in Wisconsin, and Fort Ripley in Minnesota.

Between 1919 and 1930 Snyder served in various banks in Arkansas and Missouri, learning his profession. Then in 1930 he became national bank receiver in the Office of the Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, D.C., a position in which he supervised the liquidation of bankrupt financial institutions.

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DOOLITTLE, James Harold (1896-)

In early 1942, at a time when the Pearl Harbor debacle was still depressing American morale, United States military planners set about devising a "proper retaliation"—a strike against Japan's capital, Tokyo. Very-long-range bombers had not yet been developed, and it was not possible to approach Japan close-in. The only answer was for U.S. Army bombers, specially fitted and with specially trained crews, to be launched on a one-way mission (necessitated by range limitations) from an aircraft carrier, an operation that had never before been tried. Doolittle, who had been a flyer in World War I and, between the wars, a specialist in aeronautics and a civilian test pilot, was chosen to lead the mission. After rejoining the armed forces in 1941, he had proven one of the most brilliant students of strategic and tactical bombing.

April 1942 was chosen as the date for the strike. Sixteen USAAF B-25 Mitchell bombers were lashed to the decks of the USS *Hornet*, a new carrier (the desired 20 planes could not be accommodated). Vice Adm. William Halsey's Task Force 16, comprised of a second carrier, the USS *Enterprise*, and four cruisers, was sighted more than once early in the morning on April 18, several hours before the strike was to take place, by Japanese pickets operating an unexpected 650 miles east of Japan. With the element of surprise lost, Halsey and Doolittle had either to abort the mission or to run increased risks. They opted for the strike, even though the distance was considerably farther than the 500 miles that had been planned for the mission, and daylight instead of nighttime flying would be involved. Doolittle led the B-25s from the

Hornet in high wind and strong seas. Thirteen bombers struck Tokyo without serious opposition, while, for psychological reasons, the three others went after Nagoya, Osaka and Kobe. Although none of the planes was downed over Japan, none made it to the friendly airfields in China as planned. One bomber was even obliged to come down in the USSR, where the crew was interned. The other bombers crash-landed or bailed out over China; five men were killed in the process. The Japanese army captured eight Americans; after a "trial," all were sentenced to death. Three were actually executed and one died in captivity. In other words, 71 of the 80 pilots and crewmen, including Doolittle, survived. Most of the men were saved by the Chinese, sent on to Chungking, and eventually repatriated. Halsey's task force returned to Pearl Harbor without incident.

The bold Doolittle raid caused scant physical damage to its targets, and the Japanese populace was little affected by it, but it was a sensational morale booster on the home front. While President Roosevelt jested that the bombers had flown from "Shangri-la," Yamamoto and his IJN colleagues were humiliated by the impunity with which the imperial capital had been raided. Consequently, Doolittle's air strike, apart from shaking up the befuddled air defense of the homeland and causing some diversion of fighter strength, induced an immediate acceleration and overextension of Japanese offensive plans, most particularly Yamamoto's ambitious Operation MI against Midway.

For his role in the raid, Doolittle was promoted from lieutenant colonel to brigadier general and awarded the Medal of Honor. Halsey called the operation "one of the most courageous deeds in all military history." Subsequently Doolittle commanded the 12th Air Force during the North African landing, the Anglo-American Strategic Air Force in the Mediterranean in 1943 and the Eighth Air Force during the Allied offensives in Europe in 1944 and in the Pacific in 1945.

A. D. Coox

KENNAN, GEORGE F (ROST) Feb. 16, 1904- Historian; writer

Address: b. Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, N.J.

NOTE: This biography supersedes the article which appeared in *Current Biography* in 1947.

In seeking to answer the questions of how to end the East-West "cold war" and how to prevent a global atomic war, George F. Kennan can apply more than twenty-five years of experience as a United States career diplomat and the lifelong study that has made him an undisputed authority on Russia. His series of lectures heard over the British Broadcasting Corporation in the fall of 1957 and subsequently published in *Russia, the Atom and the West* (1958) urged a new approach in dealing with the Soviet Union. And his suggestions, especially his proposal for "disengagement"—withdrawal of United States troops from Europe—have aroused a continuing stir of controversy in many world capitals. Much of the current United States strategy which he now finds outmoded for meeting the Soviet threat is founded upon policies which Kennan himself helped formulate as a top State Department adviser during the Truman administration.

Since 1956 Kennan has been a permanent professor at the school of historical studies at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey, having become a member of the institute upon his retirement from the Foreign Service in 1953. Briefly during the preceding year he had been United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union. He is probably otherwise chiefly known to Americans as the author of *Russia Leaves the War* (1956), which won the Pulitzer Prize in history for 1957.

George Frost Kennan, a descendant of Scotch-Irish settlers in pre-Revolutionary America, was born to Kossuth Kent and Florence (James) Kennan in Milwaukee, Wisconsin on February 16, 1904. He has a brother, Kent Kennan, a musician. His uncle, George Kennan, was an expert on Czarist Russia who wrote *Siberia and the Exile System*, an abridgment of which from the first edition of 1891 was published in 1957 with an introduction by George F. Kennan.

For his college preparatory training Kennan attended St. John's Military Academy in Delafield, Wisconsin. He then enrolled at Princeton University, chose history as his major subject, and received the B.A. degree in 1925. The following year, in September, he entered the United States Foreign Service and subsequently was assigned as vice-consul to Geneva in 1927, to Hamburg in 1927, to Berlin in 1928, and to Tallin (Estonia) in 1928. During part of the year 1929 he served as third secretary in Riga (Latvia), Kaunas (Lithuania), and Tallin. These cities were regarded as "listening posts" for the Soviet Union, where the United States then had no diplomatic mission.

In anticipation of eventually extending recognition to the Soviet Union, the State Department opened a division of Russian studies to

train selected Foreign Service officers in the Russian language, literature, history, and political theory. From 1929 to 1931 Kennan studied under this program at the Berlin Seminar for Oriental Languages and the University of Berlin. When the United States reopened its embassy in Moscow in 1933, he was called from his third secretaryship at Riga to accompany Ambassador William C. Bullitt to the Soviet capital.

The posts that Kennan filled during the next few years included vice-consul in Vienna (1935), second secretary in Moscow (1935-36), second secretary and later consul in Prague (1938-39). At the outbreak of World War II, in 1939, he was sent as second secretary to Berlin, where he became first secretary the following year. When the United States joined the war, in December 1941, he was interned by the Nazis at Bad Nauheim. Repatriated in June 1942, a few months later he took up the new assignment of counselor at Lisbon in neutral Portugal. During late 1943 and early 1944 he was counselor of the American delegation to the European Advisory Commission, which met in London to prepare recommendations on policy in Europe for the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union.

Serving first under Ambassador W. Averell Harriman and then under General Walter Bedell Smith, Kennan was minister-counselor in Moscow from May 1944 to April 1946. The State Department next appointed him as its deputy for foreign affairs at the National War College in Washington, D.C., where he was lecturer for almost a year on foreign policy and international relations.

In the spring of 1947 Secretary of State George C. Marshall named Kennan director of the policy planning staff of the Department of State and charged him with responsibility for long-range planning of United States action in foreign affairs. His appointment helped to bring about an important change in policy toward the Soviet Union. Turning from its immediate postwar attitude of appeasement and compromise, the United States adopted the policy of "containment" of the expansionist tendencies of the U.S.S.R. through application of "counterforce" wherever Soviet imperialism might make itself felt. Kennan laid the foundations for this new program in an article in *Foreign Affairs* for July 1947, signed by Mr. "X."

After Dean Acheson became Secretary of State in 1949, he chose Kennan as one of his principal advisers, with the title of counselor of the Department of State. Kennan returned to Moscow in May 1952, as Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., but remained there only until the following October when the Russians declared him *persona non grata*—ostensibly because of critical comments on Soviet treatment of Western diplomats that Kennan made while on a visit to Berlin.

While serving as State Department counselor, Kennan had taken a leave of absence in 1950, to carry on research in problems on foreign policy at the Institute for Advanced Study. Leaving the Foreign Service in 1953, he became

a member of the institute, and since January 1956 he has been professor at its school of historical studies.

Many of Kennan's observations on United States foreign policy first became generally known through lectures which later appeared in book form. His lectures in 1951 for the Charles R. Walgreen Foundation at the University of Chicago were published in *American Diplomacy, 1900-1950* (University of Chicago Press, 1951), which began with a chapter on the war with Spain and carried its review of the fifty-year period up to a consideration of America and the Russian future. The book, which won the Freedom House Award, was praised by critics for clarity of thought and phrasing.

Similar favorable reception was given to *Realities of American Foreign Policy* (Princeton University Press, 1954), a series of four lectures which Kennan delivered as the Stafford Little Lecturer at Princeton during 1954. Another book by Kennan published in 1954 was *Das Amerikanisch-Russische Verhältnis* (Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart).

A major area of exploration for Kennan has been the origins of present Soviet conduct in world affairs. *Russia Leaves the War* (Princeton University Press, 1956) was the first volume in a projected series on Soviet-American relations from 1917 to 1920. The second volume, *The Decision to Intervene*, was published in 1958.

Besides winning the Pulitzer Prize, *Russia Leaves the War* received the National Book Award, the Bancroft Prize, and the Francis Parkman Prize of the Society of American Historians. Reviewers were much impressed both by the thoroughness and integrity of Kennan's scholarship and the literary quality of his writing. Commenting in *Political Science Quarterly* (June 1957), F. C. Barghoom stated, "This work of historical reconstruction and criticism possesses great power, subtlety, integrity, and charm. . . . One of the finest qualities of Ambassador Kennan's account is its charitable spirit. While the author finds much to criticize or to deplore and frequently gives expression to wry irony regarding the follies and frailties of statesmen, he is never harsh, intolerant, or dogmatic."

On a leave of absence from the Institute for Advanced Study, Kennan held the George Eastman Visiting Professorship at Balliol College, Oxford University, England, in 1957-58 and lectured there on the subject of Soviet-Western relations during the period from 1918 to 1939. For six Sundays in late 1957 he gave radio addresses on the British Broadcasting Corporation which attracted world-wide attention. Excerpts were printed in many newspapers in the United States and abroad; the lectures formed the bases of two articles by Kennan in *Harper's Magazine* (February and March 1958); and they were published in the book *Russia, the Atom and the West* (Harper, 1958).

Kennan's BBC addresses, the Reith Lectures, offered a number of ideas for governments to "think about," including the proposals that the United States withdraw its forces from Europe while the U.S.S.R. withdraw from the Euro-



GEORGE F. KENNAN

pean satellite nations, and that Germany be reunited and neutralized. He questioned whether arming the NATO countries with atomic missiles would succeed in maintaining peace and whether the United Nations could resolve the deep-seated conflict between the U.S.S.R. and the West. He expressed his belief that the U.S.S.R. does not want a general war: the Russians present "a combined military-political threat," but "with accent on the political."

Among those disagreeing with Kennan was Dean Acheson, who in January 1958 issued a statement that Kennan's opinions, especially regarding troop withdrawal, did not represent the views of the Democratic party. He said that when Kennan had advanced the same proposals in 1949, the Democratic Administration had rejected them. While acknowledging Kennan's authority in the field of Russian history, Acheson stated, "Kennan has never, in my judgment, grasped the realities of power relationships, but takes a rather mystical attitude toward them" (*United States News & World Report*, January 17, 1958). Months after his BBC broadcasts, however, Kennan's suggestions were still being debated in European and other government circles.

In another important contribution to the continuing debate on foreign policy, Kennan declared in October 1959 that the conscience of the nation balks at a policy of basing security on weapons of "indiscriminate mass destruction." He proposed that the United States develop "conventional forces" and at conferences between East and West foster the abolishment of nuclear weapons (*Christian Science Monitor*, October 23, 1959).

According to *Newsweek* (August 27, 1956), Kennan was "originally a moderate Republican . . . he became an active Democrat out of strong disagreement with John Foster Dulles' foreign policy." He has several honorary LL.D. degrees, including those from Yale, Princeton,

KENNAN, GEORGE F.—*Continued*

and Northwestern universities. He belongs to the American Academy of Political and Social Science, among other professional organizations, and to the Century Club in New York.

George F. Kennan married Annelise Sorenson on September 11, 1931 and is the father of Grace, Joan Elizabeth, Christopher James, and Wendy Antonia. He is tall and slender and has blue eyes. For recreation he plays the piano and guitar and he reads extensively in English, American, Russian, and German literatures.

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KEROUAC, JACK March 12, 1922- Author
Address: b. c/o Viking Press, 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22

To the American reading public, the writer Jack Kerouac is the standard-bearer and leading novelist of the much-publicized "beat generation." The "beat" movement that he captains has not only given the English vocabulary a new adjective and the young a new fad but has also furnished columns of copy for hard-pressed feature writers. Kerouac first became prominent when his *On the Road* was published in 1957. He followed it with four others in quick succession, and in the process became one of the more controversial novelists of recent years.

Usually called Jack or John, Kerouac was christened Jean; he was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on March 12, 1922, the son of Leo Alcide and Gabrielle (LeVesque) Kerouac. His father was a job printer in Lowell; his mother was of French-Canadian extraction. Jack attended local Catholic parochial schools, then went to New York City to prepare for college at the Horace Mann School.

Having won an academic and athletic scholarship to Columbia University, Kerouac matriculated there in September 1940. He played football in the freshman backfield, and although he broke a leg in the season's third game, he showed enough promise to be chosen for the varsity team in 1941. But Kerouac was even then restless with the wanderlust he was later to celebrate in his novels. He left Columbia in the fall of 1941.

First he went south to Virginia "to become a big poet," as he remarked later, then he enlisted briefly in the United States Navy. He served two months in uniform before he was given a psychiatric discharge. He did odd jobs in automobile service stations, and served for a while in the Merchant Marine in the North Atlantic. He returned to the United States—and Columbia—in October 1942.

His second sojourn at college was even shorter than the first; he quit both the football team and his classes that same autumn. He established an apartment near the Columbia campus which became a gathering place for the

university's young intellectuals. Among the students Kerouac met that winter was Allen Ginsberg, who later became the poet of the "beat generation" just as Kerouac became its novelist.

Kerouac apparently devoted the years from 1943 to 1950 to roaming through the United States and Mexico. He made at least one more voyage as a merchant sailor, spent a summer as a forest-fire lookout in Washington's Mount Baker National Forest, and returned from time to time to his mother's home to work on a novel about his Lowell boyhood. The book was published in 1950 by Harcourt, Brace.

Showing little kinship to his later books, *The Town and The City* was favorably regarded by the reviewers. "In many respects, John Kerouac, now 28, is the best and most promising of the young novelists whose first works have recently appeared," wrote a *Newsweek* critic in a review (March 13, 1950) which was illustrated by a photograph of Kerouac as a serious and well-groomed young man wearing a sedate jacket and tie.

The book displayed all of Kerouac's warmth and enthusiasm for detail. "Kerouac has as keen an eye for externals as Sinclair Lewis had in his early novels, but he has none of his sarcasm or mockery," the same critic wrote; "he has the ability to infuse . . . grandeur into simple doings that marked Thomas Wolfe's first books, but he is more balanced than Wolfe. He has a zest for the ordinary."

But even while his first novel was being reviewed, Kerouac was working on a new one. He abandoned the process of write-and-rewrite in favor of a spontaneous composition that could capture the emotions and personalities of his seven-year odyssey. He had spent three years writing *The Town and the City*, but he wrote *On the Road* in a period of three weeks in 1951. He bought art paper in twenty-foot rolls, pasted the ends together, and typed virtually non-stop until he had completed his epic.

Segments of the novel were printed in the *Paris Review*, *New World Writing* and elsewhere, but not until 1957 did Viking Press publish the complete novel. Although it flirted only briefly with the best-seller lists, *On the Road* was certainly one of the most controversial books of recent years. Together with Ginsberg's poem *Howl*, it has been accepted as the literary expression of youth's current revolt against the adult world (or "Squaresville"); on its own merits it has been welcomed as counterpoint to the self-conscious formalism of much of America's university-based writing.

The word "beat," Kerouac explains, originated with Herbert Huncke, one of Kerouac's innumerable friends. "To me, it meant being poor, like sleeping in the subways, like Huncke used to do, and yet being illuminated and having illuminated ideas about apocalypse and all that. . . . 'The Beat Generation', that was supposed to be the title of 'On the Road' (New York *Post*, March 10, 1959). Later, Kerouac decided that "beat" stood for "beatific."

On the Road recounts the adventures of Kerouac (Sal Paradise), Ginsberg (Carlo Marx), a frenetic hipster named Neal Cassady (Dean Moriarty), and their friends both on the road

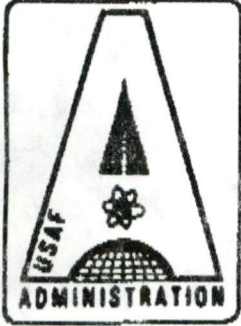
KENNAN, GEORGE FROST, former ambassador, educator; b. Milw., Feb. 16, 1904; s. Kossuth Kent and Florence (James) K.; (Annelise Sorensen), 1931; children: Grace, Joan E., Christopher, Wendy. A.B., Princeton U., 1925, LL.D. (hon.), 1956; LL.D. (hon.), Yale U., 1950, Dartmouth Coll., 1950, Colgate U., 1951, U. Notre Dame, 1953, Kenyon Coll., 1954, New Sch. Social Research, 1955, U. Mich., 1957, Northwestern U., 1957, Brandeis U., 1958, U. Wis., 1963, Harvard U., 1963, Rutgers U., 1966, Denison U., 1966, Ripon Coll., 1968, Marquette U., 1972, Cath. U. Am., 1976, Duke U., 1977, Dickinson Coll., 1979, Lake Forest Coll., 1982, Clark U., 1983, Oberlin Coll., 1983, Brown U., 1983, NYU, 1985, Columbia U., 1986, Coll. William & Mary, 1986; D.C.L. (hon.), Oxford U., 1969. Vice consul Hamburg, Germany, 1927, Tallinn, Finland, 1928; 3d sec. Riga, Kovno, and Tallinn, 1929; lang. officer Berlin, Germany, 1929; 3d sec. Riga, 1931; accompanied Ambassador Bullitt to, Moscow, 1933; 3d sec. Ambassador Bullitt to, 1934; consul Vienna, Austria, 1935; 2d sec. Moscow, USSR, 1935, Prague, Czechoslovakia, 1938; consul 1939; 2d sec. Berlin, 1939; 1st sec. 1940; counselor legation Lisbon, Portugal, 1942; counsellor Am. delegation European Adv. Commn., London, Eng., 1944; minister-counselor Moscow, 1945; dep. for fgn. affairs Nat. War Coll., Washington, 1946; dir. policy planning staff Dept. State, 1947; dept. counselor, chief long range adviser to sec. state 1949-50; mem. Inst. for Advanced Study, 1950-52; U.S. ambassador to USSR, 1952; ret. from Fgn. Service, 1953; mem. Inst. for Advanced Study, Princeton, 1953, permanent prof., 1956-74, prof. emeritus, 1974—; Stafford Little lectr., 1954; George Eastman vis. prof. Oxford (Eng.) U., 1957-58; ambassador to, Yugoslavia, 1961-63; fellow Harvard U., 1965-70. Author: American Diplomacy 1900-1950, 1951 (Freedom House award 1951), Realities of American Foreign Policy, 1954, Das Amerikanisch Russische Verhältnis, 1954, Russia Leaves the War, vol. I of Soviet-American Relations 1917-20, 1956 (Bancroft prize 1956, Nat. Book award, Francis Parkman prize, Pulitzer prize 1957), Decision to Intervene, vol. 2, 1958, Russia, The Atom and The West, 1958, Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin, 1961, On Dealing with the Communist World, 1964, Memoirs, 1925-1950, 1967 (Pulitzer prize 1968, Nat. Book award), From Prague after Munich, 1968, Democracy and the Student Left, 1968, The Marquis de Custine and His Russia in 1839, 1971, Memoirs 1950-63, 1972, The Cloud of Danger: Current Realities of American Foreign Policy, 1977, The Decline of Bismarck's European Order: Franco-Russian Relations, 1875-1890, 1979, The Nuclear Delusion: Soviet-Am. Relations in the Atomic Age, 1982, The State Department Policy Planning Staff Papers, 1983, The Decision to Intervene, 1984, The Fateful Alliance: France, Russia and the Coming of the First World War, 1984, Soviet-American Relations 1917-1920, 1984, American Diplomacy, 1985. Fellow All Souls Coll., Oxford U., 1969; Woodrow Wilson Internat. Center Scholars Smithsonian Instn., Washington, 1974-75; recipient Albert Einstein Peace prize, 1981, Grenville Clark prize, 1981, Peace Prize German Book Trade, 1982, Union medal Union Theol. Sem., 1982, Gold Medal in History Am. Acad. and Inst. Arts and Letters, 1984, James Madison award Whig-Cliosophic Soc. Princeton U., 1985, Literary Lion award N.Y. Pub. Library, 1985, Creative Art award Brandeis U., 1986. Mem. Nat. Inst. Arts and Letters (pres. 1964-67, dir.), Am. Acad. Arts and Letters (pres. 1967-71), Am. Philos. Soc., Royal Soc. Arts (Benjamin Franklin fellow 1968), Order of Merit for Arts and Scis. Club: Century (N.Y.C.). Office: Inst for Advanced Study Princeton NJ 08544

KENNAN, KENT WHEELER, composer, educator; b. Milw., Apr. 18, 1913; s. Kossuth Kent and Sara Louise (Wheeler) K. Student, U. Mich., 1930-32; B.Mus. in Composition and Theory, Eastman Sch. of Music U. Rochester, 1934, M.Mus. in Composition, 1936; student, Royal Acad. of Santa Cecilia, Rome, 1938. Mem. faculty Kent (Ohio) State U., 1939-40; tchr. composition, orchestration, counterpoint and theory U. Tex., Austin, 1940-42, 45-46, 49-83, prof. emeritus; tchr. theory Ohio State U., 1947-49; tchr. composition, orchestration Eastman Sch. of Music, summers 1954, 56. Orchestral works have been performed under Toscanini, Ormandy, Hanson, N.Y. Philharmonic, Symphony, Phila. Orch., Chgo.,

MAJOR GENERAL JAMES HAROLD DOOLITTLE (ret.)

James H. Doolittle was born on December 14, 1896 in Alameda, California. Before he became a legendary military leader in World War II, Doolittle was known internationally as a pioneer in aviation. His record-setting achievements in long-distance flying (1922) and "blind" flying (1929) contributed substantially to the world's knowledge of aviation. In 1932, this skilled and daring aviator set a world high speed record for landplanes. James Doolittle served in the U.S. Army as an aviator from 1917 to 1930, whereupon he returned to the private sector. With the approach of World War II, he reported for active duty again in 1940. In April 1942, Doolittle led a historic bombing raid on the Japanese mainland that helped boost American morale following the great loss at Pearl Harbor. For his leadership and bravery, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. He subsequently commanded the 12th Air Force during the North African landing and the 8th Air Force during the Allied offensives in Europe in 1944 and in the Pacific in 1945. A member of the Air Force Association, Doolittle served as its president from 1946-1947. He has also served on the President's Science Advisory Commission (1957-1958), and on the National Aeronautics and Space Council (1958).

In addition to being decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor, General Doolittle earned the Silver Star and the Bronze Star. He also holds the Bolivian Order of Condor Medal, the Croix de Guerre, and the Harmon International Aviation Award. He has been named a grande officier in the French Legion d'Honneur and a grande officier in the Belgian Order of the Crown. His honorary degrees include an honorary doctorate in engineering from the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and LL.D. from the University of California.



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Notes from letter from Carol W. Glines, dated April 14, 1989
addressed to President Bush

- Nominated Doolittle for the Presidential Medal of Freedom for his outstanding service as aviator and American
- Dedicated his entire adult life toward making peace in the world
- In April 1942 lead the raid against Tokyo
- Commanded the 8th Air Force which lead the way to war in Europe
- During his racing days he won many trophies
- Not just a daredevil because he got his Masters and Doctorate in Aeronautical Science from MIT
- He set the stage for others
- Carefully calculated risks undertaken and kept the risks at a minimum
- Was able to take off and land without ever seeing the outside of a cockpit
- Did that to prove that it could be done
- Most outstanding contribution to the world of transportation
- Ever since Doolittle's time, the pilots fly through the clouds, around the clouds - fly by the seat of their pants
- During the 30s Doolittle's contribution enabled the US to develop superior wings for fighters and bombers
- Contribution to the US didn't end when Doolittle took off his uniform
- Foresight and wisdom considered invaluable to the officers and enlisted men he served

NOTE: Glines authored the book Jimmy Doolittle, Master of the Calculated Risk

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
OFFICE OF PUBLIC INFORMATION
PRESS BRANCH

Promoted to General April 1983

~~LIEUTENANT~~-GENERAL JAMES H. DOOLITTLE, USAFR

James Harold Doolittle was born in Alamada, California, December 14, 1896. He was educated in Nome, Alaska; Los Angeles Jr. College; and spent a year at the University of California School of Mines.

Enlisting as a Flying Cadet in the Signal Corps Reserve October 6, 1917, General Doolittle was assigned to the School of Military Aeronautics at the University of California, and upon completion of that course went to Rockwell Field, California, for further training. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Signal Corps Reserve, Aviation Section, March 11, 1918.

During 1918 General Doolittle served at Camp Dick, Texas; Wright Field, Ohio; Gerstner Field, Louisiana; and as flight and gunnery instructor at Rockwell Field, and in July 1919 he was assigned to the 104th Aero Squadron at Kelly Field, Texas. That October 9th he was transferred to the 90th Aero Squadron at Eagle Pass, Texas, for border patrol duty.

On July 1, 1920, General Doolittle was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Regular Army, Air Service; was promoted to first lieutenant; and entered the Air Service Mechanical School at Kelly Field. In August 1922 he was ordered to McCook Field, Ohio, to take the Aeronautical Engineering course. That September 4 and 5 he made the first cross-country flight, from Pablo Beach, Florida, to San Diego, California, with one stop, which brought him international fame. Also during 1922 he was awarded his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of California.

Entering Massachusetts Institute of Technology for special engineering courses in July 1923, General Doolittle was graduated the following year with the degree of Master of Science, and a year later was awarded the degree of Doctor of Science. During March 1924 he also served temporarily at McCook Field conducting aircraft acceleration tests. Returning to McCook Field in June 1925, he was sent to the Naval Air Station at Washington, D.C., that August for special training in flying high speed seaplanes. During that assignment he served for a short period at Mitchel Field, New York, with the Naval Test Board.

Granted a leave of absence in April 1926, General Doolittle went to South America on airplane demonstration flights. After his return to the United States he was in Walter Reed General Hospital until April 1927, when he was again assigned to McCook Field for experimental work and additional duty as instructor with the Organized Reserves of the Fifth Corps Area, 385th Bomb Squadron. In January 1928 he made experimental flights in South America.

MORE

Returning to Mitchel Field in September 1928, General Doolittle assisted in the development of fog flying equipment. During this assignment the now almost universally used artificial horizontal and directional gyroscopes were developed and he accomplished the first flight completely by instruments. On January 20, 1930, he was named advisor for the Army on the building of the Floyd Bennett Airport in New York City. General Doolittle resigned his Regular Army commission February 15, 1930.

Commissioned a major, Specialist, in the Officers Reserve Corps, on March 5, 1930, during that year General Doolittle made several flying experiments. He was then named manager of the Aviation Department of the Shell Oil Company, and in that capacity conducted numerous aviation tests. At various times he went on active duty with the Army to conduct tests, and in 1932 set the world's high speed record for land planes. In April 1934 he was appointed a member of the Army Board to study Air Corps organization, and a year later he was transferred to the Air Corps Reserve. General Doolittle became President of the Institute of Aeronautical Science in 1940.

Ordered to active duty July 1, 1940, General Doolittle was Assistant District Supervisor of the Central Air Corps Procurement District at Indianapolis, Indiana, moving to Detroit, Michigan, in that capacity November 16, 1940, where he worked with the large automobile manufacturers on the conversion of automobile plants to airplane parts manufacturing plants. The following August he went to England as a member of a special mission. On January 9, 1942, he was assigned to Army Air Force headquarters in Washington, D. C.

General Doolittle led the first aerial raid on the Japanese mainland on April 18, 1942. That July he joined the Eighth Air Force in England, and the following September assumed command of the 12th Air Force in North Africa. In March 1943 he became commanding general of the 15th Air Force in the Mediterranean Theater, and from January 1944 to September 1945 he commanded the Eighth Air Force in the European and Pacific Theaters. On May 10, 1946, he reverted to inactive Reserve status.

Returning to the Shell Oil Company, General Doolittle became a Vice President and later a Director. In March 1951 he was appointed a Special Assistant to the Chief of Staff of the Air Force at Washington, D.C., in a civilian status.

His decorations include the Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Medal with one Oak Leaf Cluster, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross with two Oak Leaf Clusters, Bronze Star, and the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters.

He has also been awarded the British Order of the Bath (Knight Commander); French Legion of Honor (Grand Officer) and Croix de Guerre with Palm; Belgian Order of the Crown (Grand Officer) and Croix de Guerre with Palm; Polish Order of Restoration of Poland; Chinese Yun-Hwei (Class III); Bolivian Order of the Condor Medal; and Ecuadorian Abdon Calderon (First Class).

His trophies include the Schnelder and Mackay Trophies in 1925; the Harmon Trophy in 1930; the Bendix Trophy in 1931; and the Thompson Trophy in 1932.

General Doolittle and his wife, Josephine, have two children, James H., Jr., and John P., both in the Air Force.

PROMOTIONS

Commissioned a second lieutenant (Regular Army) July 1, 1920; to first lieutenant (permanent) July 1, 1920; resigned February 15, 1930. Major (Specialists Reserve) March 5, 1930; transferred to Air Corps Reserve April 4, 1935; promoted to lieutenant colonel (temporary) January 2, 1942; to brigadier general (temporary) April 28, 1942; to major general (temporary) November 20, 1942; to lieutenant general (temporary) March 13, 1944; to brigadier general (Regular Army) May 1, 1946; resigned in July 1946.

E N D

Up to date as of January 1955.

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BIOGRAPHY OF LIEUTENANT GENERAL JAMES H. DOOLITTLE

Lieutenant General James H. Doolittle, 48-year-old Commander of the Eighth Air Force, America's huge Strategic Air Arm which began bombing Nazi targets in August, 1942, led the first bombing attack on Tokyo April 18, 1942.

For his "conspicuous leadership above and beyond the call of duty involving personal valor and intrepidity at an extreme hazard to life" on that mission, General Doolittle was awarded the Medal of Honor.

General Doolittle arrived in England in the summer of 1942 and was attached to the Eighth Air Force. On September 22, 1942, he was appointed Commanding General of the newly created Twelfth Air Force in North Africa and directed United States airpower in the invasion of Africa.

He assumed command of the Northwest African Strategic Air Force February 18, 1943, and developed that organization until November 1, 1943, when it became the Fifteenth Air Force which he also commanded.

While in Africa, General Doolittle participated in 25 missions taking part in the first attack on Rome. He was awarded the Silver Star and the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters.

His citation for the Silver Star said that he "by his untiring energy, initiative and personal example inspired the units under him to renew successful efforts against the enemy" and mentions the extraordinary achievement of the Northwest African Air Force under his command.

In August, 1943, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for "exceptionally meritorious service in a position of great responsibility." The citation said the operations of the Northwest African Strategic Air Force "were responsible in a great measure for a critical reduction in the supplies and reinforcements urgently needed by the enemy." General Doolittle was commended for his "energy, good judgment, exceptional qualities of leadership and whole-hearted cooperation."

General Doolittle returned to England January 5, 1944, and assumed command of the Eighth Air Force a few days later.

His military career began in the World War when he served as a second lieutenant in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps reserve. He was promoted to first lieutenant July 1, 1920, and in 1930 was appointed major in the specialist reserve.

From 1930 to 1940, he managed the Aviation Department of an oil company. He returned to the Army in 1940 as a major and was placed in charge of production for the changeover by the Automotive Industries to Aircraft manufacture made necessary by the expanding requirements of the Army Air Forces.

He was promoted to lieutenant colonel on January 2, 1943, not long before he organized and led the raid in Tokyo.

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In January 1928 he made an experimental flight to South America, arranged by the Navy, State and Commerce Departments. He was sent to Mitchel Field, New York, in September 1928, at the request of the Guggenheim Fund for Promotion of Aeronautics to assist in the development of fog flying equipment. During this assignment the now almost universally used artificial horizontal and directional gyroscope were developed and the first flight, made completely by instruments, was accomplished. During this flight, a take-off, fifteen minute flight and landing were accomplished under the hood entirely "blind." He also made a flight from New York to Buenos Aires in 1928. On January 20, 1930, he was named adviser for the Army on the Building of the Floyd Bennett Airport in New York City.

On February 15, 1930, he resigned his Regular Army Commission and on March 5, 1930, was commissioned a major, Specialist, in the Officers Reserve Corps. During 1930 he made several experimental flights and was awarded the Harmon Trophy for the conducting of the instrument flying experiments. He became manager of the Aviation Department of the Shell Oil Company and conducted numerous aviation tests in that capacity, going on active duty with the Army on various times to conduct tests for the Army Air Corps. In April 1934 he was named a member of the Army Board to study the Air Corps Organization and in April 1935 was transferred to the Air Corps Reserve from Specialist Reserve.

While a civilian, he won the Bendix Trophy Race from Burbank, California, to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1931. He was the winner of the Thompson Trophy Race in 1932 with a speed averaging 252.68 miles per hour. He also set the world's high-speed record for landplanes in 1932. In 1940 he became President of the Institute of Aeronautical Science.

On July 1, 1940, he was ordered to active duty as a major and was assigned to Indianapolis, Indiana, as Assistant District Supervisor of the Central Air Corps Procurement District.

He was transferred to Detroit, Michigan, on November 16, 1940, as Assistant District Supervisor of the Central Air Corps Procurement District there. In that capacity he worked with the large automobile manufacturing concerns on the conversion of automobile plants to airplane parts manufacturing plants. For a short time during this assignment (in August 1941) he went to England as a member of a special mission headed by General George H. Brett.

He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel (temporary) on January 2, 1942. On January 9, 1942, he was assigned to Headquarters, Army Air Forces, in Washington. He led the first aerial raid on the Japanese mainland when he commanded a squadron of Army bombers which bombed that island on April 28, 1942. For his intrepidity on this occasion he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. On April 19, 1942, he was promoted to brigadier general (temporary).

He was assigned to duty with the Eight Air Force in July 1942, and the following September was named to command the 12th Air Force in North Africa. He was promoted to major general (temporary) on November 20, 1942, and was named Commanding General, North African Strategic Air Forces in March 1943. He became Commanding General of the Fifteenth Air Force on November 1, 1943, and on January 1, 1944, was named to command the Eight Air Force in

Doolittle, J. H. (cont)

the European Theater of Operations.

On March 13, 1944, he was promoted to lieutenant general (temporary).

He is rated an Airplane Pilot.

DECORATIONS

He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor in 1942 with the following citation:

"For conspicuous leadership above and beyond the call of duty, involving personal valor and intrepidity at an extreme hazard to life. With the apparent certainty of being forced to land in enemy territory or to perish at sea, Colonel Doolittle personally led a squadron of Army bombers, manned by volunteer crews, in a highly destructive raid on the Japanese mainland."

He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross with the following citation:

"For extraordinary achievement while participating in an aerial flight. On September 4-5, 1922, Lieutenant Doolittle, accomplished a one-stop flight from Palbo Beach, Florida, to San Diego, California, in 22 hours and 30 minutes elapsed time, an extraordinary achievement with the equipment available at that time. By his skill, endurance and resourcefulness he demonstrated the possibility of moving Air Corps units to any portion of the United States in less than 24 hours, thus reflecting great credit on himself and the Army of the United States".

He was awarded an Oak-Leaf Cluster for the Distinguished Flying Cross with the following citation:

"During March, 1924, at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, Lieutenant Doolittle, piloting a Fokker P W-7 pursuit airplane, performed a series of acceleration tests requiring skill, initiative, endurance, and courage of the highest type. In these tests a recording accelerometer was mounted in the airplane and the accelerations taken for the following maneuvers; loops at various air speeds; single and multiple barrel rolls; power spirals; tail spins, power on and power off; half loop, half roll, and Immelman turn; inverted flight; pulling out of dive at various air speed; flying the airplane on a level course with considerable angle of bank; and flying in bumpy air. In these tests the airplane was put through the most extreme maneuvers possible in order that the flight loads imposed upon the wings of the airplane under extreme conditions of air combat might be ascertained. These tests were put through with that fine combination of fearlessness and skill which constitutes the essence of distinguished flying. Through them, scientific data of great and permanent importance to the Air Corps was obtained."

In 1943 he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, with the following citation:

"For especially meritorious and distinguished service in a position of great responsibility as Commander of the Northwest African Strategic Air Force since its organization. Under his guidance and direction, this Force has developed a high degree of efficiency and accuracy and brought about, in great measure, a critical reduction in the supplies and reinforcements needed by the enemy. General Doolittle's energy, good judgment, exceptional qualities of leadership and wholehearted cooperation were primary factors in the ultimate success of air operations during the Tunisian campaign."

He received the award of the Silver Star with the following citation in May 1943.

"For gallantry in action. From February 18, 1943, when he assumed command of the Strategic Air Force of the Northwest African Air Forces, this officer, by his untiring energy, initiative and personal example, inspired the units under him to renewed successful efforts against the enemy. On April 5, 1943, the Strategic Air Force was responsible for the destruction of 48 enemy planes in the air and approximately 100 on the ground. This extraordinary achievement under the leadership of General Doolittle reflects great credit upon himself and the armed forces of the United States."

He received the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters for participation in over twenty bomber combat sorties.

He was also awarded the Medal of the National Order of Condor of the Andes (Officer) by the Bolivian Government for his South American flights. In 1942 he received a Chinese Certificate "for meritorious and distinguished service" by the Chinese Government, and also was decorated with the French Legion d'Honneur (Officer).

In November 1944 General Doolittle was awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster to the Distinguished Service Medal with the following citation:

"For exceptionally meritorious service to the Government in a duty of great responsibility while serving as Commanding General, Eighth Air Force, during the period of January 6, 1944, to October 15, 1944. Displaying inspiring leadership and professional skill, General Doolittle so directed his forces that the German Air Force was dealt a paralyzing blow prior to the successful invasion of the Continent. The sound tactics employed by heavy bombardment aircraft and fighters of his Command subsequent to the successful landings in Normandy, contributed materially to the ground attacks against Germany proper."

WAR DEPARTMENT - Up to date as of 9 October 1945.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL JAMES HAROLD DOOLITTLE

Medal of Honor, pioneering holder of speed records, leader of first aerial attack on Japanese mainland, and famed World War II air commander:

General Doolittle was born in Alameda, Calif., on Dec. 14, 1896. James "Jimmy" Doolittle was educated in Nome, Alaska, the Los Angeles Junior College, and spent a year at the University of California School of Mines. He enlisted as a flying cadet in the Signal Corps Reserve in October 1917 and trained at the School of Military Aeronautics, University of California and Rockwell Field Calif. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Signal Corps' Aviation Section Mar. 11, 1918, and served successively at Camp Dick, Tex.; Wright Field, Ohio; Gerstner Field, La.; and went back to Rockwell Field, chiefly as a flight leader and gunnery instructor. He then went to Kelly Field, Tex., for duty first with the 104th Aero Squadron, and next with the 90th Squadron on border patrol duty at Eagle Pass, Tex.

On July 1, 1920 Doolittle got his regular commission and promotion to first lieutenant. He then took the Air Service Mechanical School and Aeronautical Engineering courses at Kelly Field and McCook Field, Ohio, respectively. In September 1922 he made the first of many pioneering flights which earned him most of the major air trophies and international fame.

He flew a DH-4, equipped with crude navigational instruments, in the first cross-country flight, from Pablo Beach, Fla., to San Diego, Calif., in 21 hours and 19 minutes. He made only one refueling stop at Kelly Field. The military gave him the Distinguished Flying Cross for this historic feat. In the same year he received his bachelor of arts degree from the University of California.

In July 1923 he entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology for special engineering courses and was graduated the following year with a master of science degree, getting his doctor of science degree in Aeronautics a year later, and being one of the first men in the country to earn this degree.

In March 1924 he served at McCook Field conducting aircraft acceleration tests. In June 1925 Doolittle went to the Naval Air Station in Washington, D.C., for special training in flying high-speed seaplanes. During this period he served for a while with the Naval Test Board at Mitchel, N.Y., and was a familiar figure in airspeed record attempts in the New York area. He won the Schneider Cup Race--the World's Series of seaplane racing--in 1925, with an average speed of 232 miles per hour in a Curtiss Navy racer equipped with pontoons. This was the fastest a seaplane had ever flown, and Doolittle next year received the Mackay Trophy for this feat.

In April 1926 he got a leave of absence to go to South America on airplane demonstration flights. In Chile he broke both ankles but put his Curtiss P-1 through stirring aerial maneuvers with his ankles in casts. He returned to the United States and was in Walter Reed Hospital for these injuries until April 1927 when he was assigned to McCook Field for experimental work and additional duty as instructor with Organized Reserves of the Fifth Corps Area's 385th Bomb Squadron.

Returning to Mitchel Field in September 1928, he assisted in the development of fog flying equipment. He helped develop the now almost universally used artificial horizontal and directional gyroscopes and made the first flight completely by instruments. He attracted wide newspaper attention with this feat of "blind" flying and later received the Harmon Trophy for conducting the experiments.

In January 1930 he was adviser for the Army on the building of the Floyd Bennett Airport in New York City. Doolittle resigned his regular commission Feb. 15, 1930 and was commissioned a major in the Specialist Reserve Corps a month later, being named manager of the Aviation Department of the Shell Oil Company, in which capacity he conducted numerous aviation tests. He also went on active duty with

M O R E

the Army frequently to conduct tests, and in 1932 set the world's high speed record for land planes. He won the Bendix Trophy Race from Burbank Calif., to Cleveland in a Laird Biplane, and took the Thompson Trophy Race at Cleveland in a Gee Bee racer with a speed averaging 252 miles per hour.

In April 1934 Doolittle became a member of the Army Board to study Air Corps organization and a year later was transferred to the Air Corps Reserve. In 1940 he became president of the Institute of Aeronautical Science. He went back on active duty July 1, 1940 as a major and Assistant District Supervisor of the Central Air Corps Procurement District at Indianapolis, Ind., and Detroit, Mich., where he worked with large auto manufacturers on the conversion of their plants for production of planes. The following August he went to England as a member of a special mission and brought back information about other countries' air forces and military buildups.

He was promoted to lieutenant colonel Jan 2, 1942 and went to Headquarters Army Air Force to plan the first aerial raid on the Japanese homeland. He volunteered and received Gen. H. H. Arnold's approval to lead the attack of 16 B-25 medium bombers from the aircraft carrier Hornet, with targets in Tokyo, Kobe, Osaka, and Nagoya. The daring one-way mission on April 18, 1942 electrified the world and gave America's war hopes a terrific lift. As did the others who participated in the mission, Doolittle had to bail out, but fortunately landed in a rice paddy in China near Chu Chow. Some of the other flyers lost their lives on the mission. Doolittle received the Medal of Honor, presented to him by President Roosevelt at the White House, for planning and leading this successful operation. His citation reads: "For conspicuous leadership above and beyond the call of duty, involving personal valor and intrepidity at an extreme hazard to life. With the apparent certainty of being forced to land in enemy territory or to perish at sea, Lt. Col. Doolittle personally led a squadron of Army bombers, manned by volunteer crews, in a highly destructive raid on the Japanese mainland." In addition to the nation's top award, Doolittle also received two Distinguished Service Medals, the Silver Star, three Distinguished Flying Crosses, Bronze Star, four Air Medals, and decorations from at Britain, France, Belgium, Poland, China, and Ecuador.

In July 1942, as a brigadier general--he had been advanced two grades the day after the Tokyo attack--Doolittle was assigned to the 8th Air Force and in September became Commanding General of the 12th Air Force in North Africa. He was promoted to major general in November and in March 1943 became Commanding General of the North African Strategic Air Forces.

He took command of the 15th Air Force in the Mediterranean Theater in November and from January 1944 to September 1945 he commanded the 8th Air Force in Europe and the Pacific, until war's end, as a lieutenant general, the promotion date being March 13, 1944. On May 10, 1946 he reverted to inactive reserve status and returned to Shell Oil as a vice president and later a director.

In March 1951 he was appointed a Special Assistant to the Air Force Chief of Staff, serving as a civilian in scientific matters which led to Air Force ballistic missile and space programs.

He retired from Air Force duty Feb. 28, 1959 but continued to serve his country as Chairman of the Board of Space Technology Laboratories. He also was the first President of Air Force Association, in 1947, assisting its organization.

DOOLEY, THOMAS A.—*Continued*
pany; the A. S. Aloe Company; the Chase Manhattan Bank's Waterman Foundation, and CARE.

In addition to medical supplies, Dr. Dooley took with him a generous supply of Walt Disney cartoons. For these the Laotian Ambassador in Washington, D.C., provided a sound track narration in the Laotian language. The aim of Dr. Dooley's expedition, he has said, is not to convert the people whom he visits. "Most of them are Buddhists and we will not be there long enough for such a task as that. We will give them a brief touch with democracy that can be built on later on a more permanent basis."

Dr. Dooley is six feet tall. His normal weight is 180 pounds, but he dropped to 120 during his eleven months in Haiphong. He is unmarried. Of Irish-American ancestry, he is of the Catholic faith.

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(1956)

DOOLITTLE, JAMES H(AROLD) Dec. 14, 1896- Aviator; U.S. Government official; oil company executive

Address: b. National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, 1512 H St., N.W., Washington, D.C.; Shell Oil Company, 100 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif.; h. 1100 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.

NOTE: This biography supersedes the article which appeared in *Current Biography* in 1942.

Through his election as chairman of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, Lieutenant General James H. Doolittle has the opportunity to contribute as much to the future of aviation in the United States, if it is possible, as he has contributed to its development in the past. He was chosen in October 1956 to succeed Jerome C. Hunsaker in directing the United States' top aeronautical research agency, now confronted with problems of supersonic flight, guided missiles, and earth satellites.

One of the most famous American heroes of World War II, he led the first bombing raid on Japan, in April 1942, and later commanded thousands of planes in attacks on North Africa, Italy and Germany. Earlier he had become internationally known as a record-setting civilian and military aviator whose hazardous flights were not those of just a stunt flyer, but of a trained aeronautical scientist able to calculate his risks. His pioneering achievements in long-distance flying (1922) and "blind" flying (1929), like his previous success in such exploits as flying the outside loop for the first time (1927), added much to the world's then

scanty knowledge in aviation. Since 1946 Doolittle has been a vice-president and director of Shell Oil Company.

James Harold Doolittle was born on December 14, 1896 to Frank H. and Rosa C. (Shepherd) Doolittle in Alameda, California, where his father, an itinerant carpenter, had moved from Massachusetts. The elder Doolittle went to Alaska shortly afterward to prospect for gold and was later joined by his wife and their son, who spent several years of his boyhood in Nome. After the family's return to California, Jimmy finished elementary school and then entered Los Angeles Manual Arts High School.

Two noteworthy accomplishments of Doolittle's youth were winning the bantamweight boxing championship of the Pacific Coast and building a glider plane from a design in *Popular Mechanics Magazine*. His interests turning to mining engineering, he studied at Los Angeles Junior College from 1914 to 1916 and at the University of California School of Mines in 1916-17. The B.A. degree from the university was granted him in 1922.

Meanwhile, in October 1917, after the United States had become engaged in World War I, Doolittle enlisted in the Army Signal Corps Reserve as a flying cadet. Although he preferred overseas duty, he was sent for training to the School of Aeronautics at the University of California and then to Rockwell Field, California. He spent the duration of the war as an instructor at various Army flying fields in the United States.

Remaining in the Army at the end of the war, he was given, among other assignments, border duty at Eagle Pass, Texas (1919-20). In July 1920 he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Corps of the Regular Army and at the same time was promoted to first lieutenant. He had become very much interested in the pioneering experiments in flying then being undertaken by the Army, and in September 1922 he made the first one-stop cross-country flight, from Pablo Beach, Florida to San Diego, California, in 21 hours and 19 minutes.

The Air Corps sent Doolittle to Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1923 for special engineering courses. He received his M.Sc. degree in 1924 and his Sc.D. degree in 1925. At the end of his first year at M.I.T. he had been given a temporary assignment at McCook Field in Ohio, conducting aircraft acceleration tests as part of the research on Army and Navy planes on which the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics was then engaged. The "invaluable" scientific information which he obtained through these daring tests won him the Oak Leaf Cluster to add to the Distinguished Flying Cross that he had been awarded after his cross-country flight.

During 1925 Doolittle was stationed for short periods at McCook Field, the Naval Air Station in Washington, D.C. (for training in flying high-speed seaplanes), and at Mitchel Field, New York. That was the year that he won the Schneider trophy race in a contest with British, Italian and U.S. pilots. He was given a leave of absence in 1926 to make air-

plane demonstration flights in South America for Curtiss-Wright Corporation. In Chile he broke both ankles and although he succeeded in completing the flights with his legs in heavy casts, on his return to the United States he had to spend several months at Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington, D.C.

Following an assignment in research work at McCook Field he was again sent to South America, in January 1928, on an experimental flight. At the request of Harry Guggenheim, president of the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, Doolittle then took part in the development of fog-flying equipment at Mitchel Field. In September 1929 he made the first "blind" flight, using only instruments to guide him in taking off, following a set course for fifteen miles, and landing.

Doolittle resigned his commission in the Regular Army in February 1930, upon completing work as adviser for the Army on the building of Floyd Bennett Airport in New York City. In March he was commissioned a major in the Officers Reserve Corps and during the next few years conducted a number of tests for the Army. He also served in 1934 as a member of an Army board to investigate Air Corps organization.

Beginning in 1930, however, he was chiefly occupied as manager of the aviation department of the Shell Oil Company, for which he made European tours and competed in air races. He is also credited with having done much at Shell to advance research on 100-octane gasoline, the development of which tremendously strengthened U.S. air power during World War II.

Frequently making newspaper headlines, Doolittle had won the Mackay trophy in 1926 and the Harmon trophy in 1930. He was awarded the Bendix trophy race in 1931 for a flight from Burbank, California to Cleveland, Ohio at an average speed of 225 miles an hour, and the following year scored a victory in the Thompson trophy race. A special honor was conferred on him in January 1940 when he was elected president of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences.

With the approach of U.S. participation in World War II, Doolittle left the Shell Oil Company in 1940 to report for active duty in the Army and was given the task of helping automobile manufacturers convert their plants for production of aircraft parts. Then, in January 1942, after taking part in a tour of British battlefields, he was assigned to Army Air Forces headquarters in Washington, D.C.

For the next three months Doolittle prepared for a top-secret mission that has been called "perhaps the most daring combined operation of the whole war" (Quentin Reynolds, *The Amazing Mr. Doolittle*, 1953). On April 18, 1942 he led sixteen B-25 medium bombers on the first U.S. aerial raid on the Japanese mainland, dropping bombs on Tokyo, Yokohama, Osaka, Kobe, and Nagoya.

The American people, greatly encouraged in their war effort by the success of this spectacular raid, did not know the identity of its leader until about a month later when President Franklin D. Roosevelt awarded Doolittle the



U. S. Air Force

LT. GEN. JAMES H. DOOLITTLE

Congressional Medal of Honor. Roosevelt humorously said that the base from which the aircraft had taken off was Shangri-La (the paradise of James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*), later revealed to be the Navy's carrier *Hornet*, which had brought the planes to within 740 miles of Japan.

Then in the temporary rank of brigadier general (as of April 1942), Doolittle joined the 8th Air Force in England in July 1942 and was charged with formation of the 12th Air Force. Under Commander in Chief Dwight D. Eisenhower, in September he assumed charge of the 12th Air Force in the attack upon North Africa. Eisenhower appointed him in February 1943 to head the Northwest Africa Strategic Air Force, made up of both British and U.S. heavy bombers and supporting fighters, which had its headquarters in Algiers. Doolittle personally took part in more than twenty combat sorties. In November 1943 he was made commanding general of the 15th Air Force, operating against enemy targets from bases in North Africa and Italy.

From January 1944 until the end of the fighting in the European theater, Doolittle was in England commanding attacks on German cities, especially production centers, by the 8th Air Force, which by the beginning of 1945 had some 2700 bombers and 1400 fighter planes. Then he moved with the 8th Air Force to Okinawa and fought under General Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Commander in the Far East, until September 1945. Doolittle, who had been promoted to lieutenant general in 1944, reverted to inactive reserve status in May 1946.

Upon his return to the Shell Oil Company in early 1946, he was made a vice-president and later, in April 1946, was elected a director. At the same time he remained free to aid Government agencies if requested to do so. He was called upon in March 1951 to serve in

DOOLITTLE, JAMES H.—Continued

civilian status as a special assistant to the chief of staff of the Air Force. Other assignments that he has filled include those as member of the President's Board on Foreign Intelligence (since 1955) and chairman of the Air Force scientific advisory board (since 1955).

On October 17, 1956 Doolittle became chairman of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, of which he had been a member since 1948. The N.A.C.A. was established by Congress in 1915 principally to direct the scientific study of problems of flight and to conduct experiments in aeronautics at its main research centers; at present the Ames Aeronautical Laboratory near San Francisco, the Langley Aeronautical Laboratory at Langley Field, Virginia, and the Lewis Flight Propulsion Laboratory in Cleveland, Ohio. The seventeen members of the committee serve without pay.

One problem currently facing the N.A.C.A. is the search for new airplane and guided missile fuels. Ansel E. Talbert of the New York *Herald Tribune* (December 20, 1956) reported, "Rare fuels—whose composition is top secret and which are unobtainable commercially—are already being produced experimentally in glass-lined reactors at laboratories of the N.A.C.A. and purified in 'distillation columns' three stories high." It was also stated in the New York *Herald Tribune* (December 16, 1956) that the greatest known speed of a man-made object was "that of a four-stage research rocket fired from the N.A.C.A. test station at Wallops Island, Virginia. It traveled 6,864 miles an hour, or 10.4 times the speed of sound."

Besides being awarded numerous U.S. military decorations, Doolittle has received many foreign honors, including the British Order of the Bath, French Legion of Honor, Belgian Order of the Crown, Polish Order of Restoration of Poland, Chinese Yun-Hwel, several South American awards, and the 1954 gold medal of the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale. Among his honorary degrees are the D.Eng. degree from Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and the LL.D. degree from the University of California.

He is an honorary fellow of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences, fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society, and member of the National Aeronautical Association and of the Air Force Association (president in 1946-47 and chairman of the board in 1947-48). He belongs to the Links Club and Lotus Club (New York) and the Army and Navy Club (Washington, D.C.).

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One of the most famous American heroes of World War II, he led the first bombing raid on Japan, in April 1942, and later commanded thousands of planes in attacks on North Africa, Italy and Germany. Earlier he had become internationally known as a record-setting civilian and military aviator whose hazardous flights were not those of just a stunt flyer, but of a trained aeronautical scientist able to calculate his risks. His pioneering achievements in long-distance flying (1922) and "blind" flying (1929), like his previous success in such exploits as flying the outside loop for the first time (1927), added much to the world's then

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Two noteworthy accomplishments of Doolittle's youth were winning the bantamweight boxing championship of the Pacific Coast and building a glider plane from a design in *Popular Mechanics Magazine*. His interests turning to mining engineering, he studied at Los Angeles Junior College from 1914 to 1916 and at the University of California School of Mines in 1916-17. The B.A. degree from the university was granted him in 1922.

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Remaining in the Army at the end of the war, he was given, among other assignments, border duty at Eagle Pass, Texas (1919-20). In July 1920 he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Corps of the Regular Army and at the same time was promoted to first lieutenant. He had become very much interested in the pioneering experiments in flying then being undertaken by the Army, and in September 1922 he made the first one-stop cross-country flight, from Pablo Beach, Florida to San Diego, California, in 21 hours and 19 minutes.

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CM -

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Caution: The book + newspaper are owned by Mrs. Tinsley,

DD's mother-in-law. Thanks
m. k.

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scientific ad

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On October 17, 1956 Doolittle became chairman of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, of which he had been a member since 1948. The N.A.C.A. was established by Congress in 1915 principally to direct the scientific study of problems of flight and to conduct experiments in aeronautics at its main research centers: at present the Ames Aeronautical Laboratory near San Francisco, the Langley Aeronautical Laboratory at Langley Field, Virginia, and the Lewis Flight Propulsion Laboratory in Cleveland, Ohio. The seventeen members of the committee serve without pay.

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DOUGLAS, JAMES H (ENDERSON), JR. Mar. 11, 1899- U.S. Secretary of the Air Force; lawyer

Address: b. Department of the Air Force, Washington 25, D.C.; h. 3330 N St., N.W., Washington, D.C.; 1 Stonegate Rd., Lake Forest, Ill.

The development of long-range ballistic missiles on a curtailed budget is one of the many problems confronting James H. Douglas, Jr., in his new post as Secretary of the U.S. Air Force. He succeeded Donald A. Quarles on May 1, 1957, when Quarles became Deputy Secretary of Defense. Douglas, a lawyer, was chief of staff of the Air Transport Command during World War II. He was named Assistant Secretary of the Treasury by President Herbert Hoover in 1932 while he was still in his early thirties. Douglas, a Republican, served the Eisenhower Administration as Under Secretary of the Air Force from March 1953 until his present appointment.

Born to James Henderson Douglas and Inez (Boynton) Douglas on March 11, 1899, James

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA, 1988-1989

DOOLITTLE, JAMES HAROLD, aviator, insurance company executive; b. Alameda, Cal., Dec. 14, 1896; s. Frank H. and Rosa C. (Shepherd) D.; m. Josephine E. Daniels, Dec. 24, 1917; children: James H., John P. A.B., U. Calif., 1918 (1922); M.S., Mass. Inst. Tech., 1924, Sc.D., 1925. Aviator U.S. Army, 1917-30; resigned 1930; maj. (Res. Corps); teaching fellow aero. engring. Mass. Inst. Tech., 1925; mgr. aviation dept. Shell Petroleum Corp., 1930-40; apptd. mem. Army AC Investigating Com. (Baker Bd.), 1934; apptd. maj. USAAF, 1940, lt. col. to maj. gen., 1942, lt. gen., 1944; comdr. (12th Air Force in), North Africa, (Strategic Air Force, 15th and 8th Air Forces), (8th Air Force), Okinawa, 1945; inactive duty 1946-58, ret., 1959, gen. Res., 1985; v.p. Shell Oil Co., 1946-58, dir., 1946-67; chmn. bd. Space Tech. Labs., 1959-62; cons. TRW Systems, 1961-66, dir. parent co., 1961-69; dir. Mut. of Omaha Ins. Co. (and affiliates); trustee Aerospace Corp., 1963-69, vice chmn. bd. trustees, chmn. exec. com., 1965-69; Pres. Air Force Assn., 1946-47, chmn., 1948-49; apptd. chmn. Sec. War's Bd. on Enlisted Men-Officer Relationships; mem. NACA, 1948-56, chmn., 1956-58; adviser to Com. on Nat. Security Orgn. and Joint Congl. Aviation Policy Bd.; mem. adv. bd. Nat. Air Mus., Smithsonian Inst., 1956-65; chmn. Pres.'s Airport Commn., 1952, Pres.'s Task Group on Air Inspection, Stassen Disarmament Com., 1955, Pres.'s Bd. on Fgn. Intelligence, 1955-65, Air Force Sci. Adv. Bd., 1955-58; mem. Def. Sci. Bd., 1957-58, Pres.'s Sci. Adv. Com., 1957-58, Nat. Aeros. and Space Council, 1958. Contbr. sci., aero. articles to prof. journals. Decorated Congl. Medal of Honor, D.S.M. with oak leaf cluster, Silver Star, D.F.C. with two oak leaf clusters, Bronze Star, Air medal with three oak leaf clusters; Bolivian Order of Condor medal; Yon-Hwei Class III; grande officier French Legion d'Honneur, Croix de Guerre with palm; knight comdr. Order of the Bath; grande officer Order of Crown with Palm and Croix de Guerre with palm both Belgium, 1948; Recipient Harmon Internat. Aviation award; winner Schneider Trophy Race, 1925; awarded Mackay trophy, 1926; Harmon trophy, 1930; winner Bendix Trophy Race, Burbank, Calif. to Cleve., 1931, Thompson Trophy Race, 258.68 miles per hr., 1932. Hon. fellow AIAA (pres. 1940, hon.), Royal Aero. Soc.; mem. Nat. Aero. Assn. Clubs: Explorers, Boone and Crockett, Bohemian, Wings, Lotos. Also set world's high speed record for landplanes, 1932. Home: 8545 Carmel Valley Rd Carmel CA 93923 *

Doolittle rarely takes part in politics, saying, "My interest always has been technical rather than political. "I know nothing about politics."

"Many of them bring their families, their children, and some even their grandchildren."

"We usually have about 35 to 40 at the reunion," said Doolittle.

alive.

Of the 180 flyers who volunteered for the mission 36 years ago, 53 are still

reunion of the Doolittle Raiders at Rapid City, S.D., which ends today.

After his Washington visit last week, Doolittle was on his way to the annual

Japanese, who executed three of them as "war criminals."

Three of the flyers died during crash-landings and eight were captured by the

bailed out over China.

bombers evaded Japanese anti-aircraft guns, bombed military targets in Tokyo and each and extra gas tanks, the takeoff from the Hornet was dangerous. The

flying the first of the 16 B-25 Mitchell Bombers, loaded with a ton of bombs

He looked back on the famed Tokyo raid as a job that had to be done.

1925.

Doolittle, a heavily decorated flyer who held many air-speed records, was trained as an engineer at MIT, where he received an MS in 1942 and a DSC in

Japan."

Japanese after their war lords had convinced them that "no bombs would fall on the raid was only a "sting," but it had a psychological effect on the

shattered the U.S. Navy's Pacific Fleet.

Doolittle is the fabled flyer who led America's first air strike against Japan, 36 years ago on April 18, 1942, six months after the Pearl Harbor attack

the U.S.S. Hornet.

Hotel signing prints by artist John White of his B-25B bomber taking off from sat behind a desk at the National Aviation Club's quarters at the Mayflower

CONGRESSIONAL Medal of Honor winner Lt. Gen. James "Jimmy" Doolittle, now 81, BODY:

BYLINE: By Joseph P. Mastrangelo

HEADLINE: Jimmy Doolittle 36 years after the Tokyo Raid; He proved that bombs could fall on Japan;

LENGTH: 540 words

SECTION: Style; Update; K1

April 30, 1978, Sunday, Final Edition

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1ST STORY of Level 1, printed in FULL format.

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About history and society he does hold a viewpoint. "It seems to me our society has gone to the team rather than the individual effort," he said, "It is very difficult today for an individual to stand out the way it was possible in the simpler world of yesterday.

"Not that we don't have leaders - good leaders. But the technology has become so complex that an assessment of few developments has to be taken that requires far more than one mind."

When he thought back, he said, "I have lived in an extremely interesting period. I was born in 1906 and saw the automobile come into being, then the airplane. I saw radio and television and computers come into being.

He has always been interested in physical fitness and looks fit enough to be back on active duty. He keep regular office hours as a consultant to an insurance company.

"I grew up in Nome, Alaska, and I was the smallest kid in school," he laughed. (He is 5 feet 6 today.) "Each youngster that came to town had to whip me before he could whip a bigger kid. I learned early how to take care of myself and learned the importance of keeping in shape.

"So there is an advantage to being small. It's an incentive to tiny excellence."

Doolittle still puts himself through a tough exercise program every morning "although I have not been as religious at it as I used to be. I still chin myself 10 times with both hands.

"Not so long ago I used to cin myself with one hand, but those days are gone forever."

GRAPHIC: Picture 1, General Doolittle in 1942, a few months after the Tokyo raid, receiving a military decoration from Mme. Chaing Kai-shek of China . . . ; Picture 2 . . . And today: Off to a reunion, By Harry Naltchayan - The Washington post.; Picture 3, John White's painting of a B-25B taking off from the Hornet.

10TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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April 9, 1989, Sunday, Final Edition

SECTION: OUTLOOK; PAGE B1; MARY McGRORY

LENGTH: 784 words

HEADLINE: Kennan -- A Prophet Honored

BYLINE: MARY McGRORY

BODY:

GRANDEUR on Capitol Hill? Yes, it sometimes happens. George F. Kennan, the world's greatest authority on the Soviet Union, appeared last week before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and discoursed with such lucidity, learning and large-mindedness that the senators did not want to let him go.

Kennan is 85. His back is as straight as a young man's, his jaw as chiseled. Only the cloudy voice bespeaks age. What made his appearance more remarkable was that the speaker was as grateful as the audience. When he had finished his discourse on the Russian character and history, Kennan was asked by Sen. Pat Moynihan to summarize his views.

They were surprisingly personal and showed that Kennan is no chilly diplomat but a sensitive person who longs as we all do for attention and praise.

We should have known from the excerpts from his diaries in this month's Atlantic. He tells of an encounter with Mikhail Gorbachev during the 1987 summit. The general secretary clasped him by the elbows and said, "Mr. Kennan. We in our country believe that a man may be the friend of another country and remain, at the same time, a loyal and devoted citizen of his own; and that is the way we view you."

Kennan writes, "I reflected that if you cannot have this sort of recognition from your own government to mark the end of your involvement in such a relationship, it is nice to have it at least from the one-time adversary."

Kennan has not been consulted by the last two or three administrations, for reasons not immediately apparent -- except that intellect has not been given houseroom at the White House for several decades now, and Kennan has tended to be prematurely and unfashionably right, going back to 1947 when he propounded, in the face of widespread euphoria, the doctrine of containment.

Ronald Reagan would have found Kennan's subsequent views politically inconvenient during his "evil empire" period and even more so when Kennan began to speak of "vastly redundant" nuclear weapons and "the egregious exaggeration of the existing Soviet superiority" in conventional arms.

Still, it is hard for anyone to conduct a review of U.S.-Soviet relations, which George Bush is said to be doing, without consulting Kennan, who has 60 years experience and study of the matter. A query to the White House yielded no information as to who, if anybody, has been called in.

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Kennan's "summary" suggested that although he knows he is a prophet without honor in his country, he is not resigned. He said he was "deeply honored at being able to come before this committee -- it has meant a great deal to me." He made a touching promise: "I will not forget the opportunity you have given me, the opportunity and the encouragement. I am sure some of it is not as wise as it could be, but it is the best I have to offer."

There was only one response, and it was instantly, spontaneously given: The whole room erupted in applause. The senators were on their feet, clapping and proud. Even the Senate stenographer joined in the standing ovation.

No wonder. Considering the guff she usually has to take down -- the self-serving, pettifogging, jargon-ridden, sometimes semi-literate chest-pounding -- Kennan's profound and luminous comments must have sounded like a Mozart oboe concerto.

Kennan at one point was musing over the failure of communism and the end of the Russian revolution. He quoted his old friend and colleague, another one-time Soviet ambassador to Moscow, Charles E. (Chip) Bohlen, who had predicted that communism would not endure because "it has no answer to death."

Chairman Claiborne Pell -- who, like the other members, seemed transformed into an eager schoolboy by Kennan's presence -- asked, at the earliest possible opportunity, what countries did have an answer to death.

Kennan replied, "I do not know. I do know about the Christian faith that it does. I think people have to live by some form of faith. They have to feel that when they try to do the decent and right things, that it is for values that exceed the period of their own lifetime."

Kennan's views on the Soviet Union are now held by a majority. Most people agree with him that the changes, as dramatically ratified in the recent election, are irreversible. He hopes that the non-Russian Soviet states will be patient about achieving autonomy. He wishes that the United States would respond more fully to Gorbachev's initiatives on nuclear-arms reductions and suggests that the two superpowers join forces to patch up the planet.

He has come late in life to the principle of gradualism. "Let us not jog any elbows," he said.

Every word he said was worth listening to.

Mary McGrory is a Washington Post columnist.

TYPE: COLUMN

SUBJECT: U.S.S.R.; INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS; UNITED STATES; COMMUNISM

NAME: GEORGE F. KENNAN

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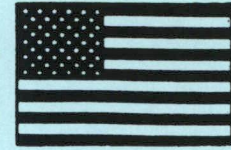
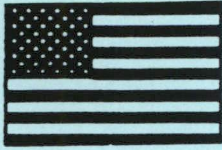
TYPE: COLUMN

SUBJECT: U.S.S.R.; INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS; UNITED STATES; COMMUNISM

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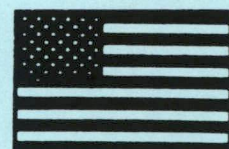
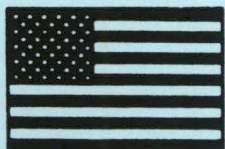


**COME SEE AND HEAR
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES**

GEORGE BUSH

**FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1989
8:00 A.M.**

**U.S. MARINE CORPS WAR MEMORIAL
IWO JIMA MONUMENT
ARLINGTON, VA**



CURRENT BIOGRAPHY 1959

KENNAN, GEORGE F(ROST) Feb. 16, 1904- Historian; writer

Address: b. Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, N.J.

NOTE: This biography supersedes the article which appeared in *Current Biography* in 1947.

In seeking to answer the questions of how to end the East-West "cold war" and how to prevent a global atomic war, George F. Kennan can apply more than twenty-five years of experience as a United States career diplomat and the lifelong study that has made him an undisputed authority on Russia. His series of lectures heard over the British Broadcasting Corporation in the fall of 1957 and subsequently published in *Russia, the Atom and the West* (1958) urged a new approach in dealing with the Soviet Union. And his suggestions, especially his proposal for "disengagement"—withdrawal of United States troops from Europe—have aroused a continuing stir of controversy in many world capitals. Much of the current United States strategy which he now finds outmoded for meeting the Soviet threat is founded upon policies which Kennan himself helped formulate as a top State Department adviser during the Truman administration.

Since 1956 Kennan has been a permanent professor at the school of historical studies at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey, having become a member of the institute upon his retirement from the Foreign Service in 1953. Briefly during the preceding year he had been United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union. He is probably otherwise chiefly known to Americans as the author of *Russia Leaves the War* (1956), which won the Pulitzer Prize in history for 1957.

George Frost Kennan, a descendant of Scotch-Irish settlers in pre-Revolutionary America, was born to Kossuth Kent and Florence (James) Kennan in Milwaukee, Wisconsin on February 16, 1904. He has a brother, Kent Kennan, a musician. His uncle, George Kennan, was an expert on Czarist Russia who wrote *Siberia and the Exile System*, an abridgment of which from the first edition of 1891 was published in 1957 with an introduction by George F. Kennan.

For his college preparatory training Kennan attended St. John's Military Academy in Delafield, Wisconsin. He then enrolled at Princeton University, chose history as his major subject, and received the B.A. degree in 1925. The following year, in September, he entered the United States Foreign Service and subsequently was assigned as vice-consul to Geneva in 1927, to Hamburg in 1927, to Berlin in 1928, and to Tallin (Estonia) in 1928. During part of the year 1929 he served as third secretary in Riga (Latvia), Kaunas (Lithuania), and Tallin. These cities were regarded as "listening posts" for the Soviet Union, where the United States then had no diplomatic mission.

In anticipation of eventually extending recognition to the Soviet Union, the State Department opened a division of Russian studies to

train selected Foreign Service officers in the Russian language, literature, history, and political theory. From 1929 to 1931 Kennan studied under this program at the Berlin Seminar for Oriental Languages and the University of Berlin. When the United States reopened its embassy in Moscow in 1933, he was called from his third secretaryship at Riga to accompany Ambassador William C. Bullitt to the Soviet capital.

The posts that Kennan filled during the next few years included vice-consul in Vienna (1935), second secretary in Moscow (1935-36), second secretary and later consul in Prague (1938-39). At the outbreak of World War II, in 1939, he was sent as second secretary to Berlin, where he became first secretary the following year. When the United States joined the war, in December 1941, he was interned by the Nazis at Bad Nauheim. Repatriated in June 1942, a few months later he took up the new assignment of counselor at Lisbon in neutral Portugal. During late 1943 and early 1944 he was counselor of the American delegation to the European Advisory Commission, which met in London to prepare recommendations on policy in Europe for the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union.

Serving first under Ambassador W. Averell Harriman and then under General Walter Bedell Smith, Kennan was minister-counselor in Moscow from May 1944 to April 1946. The State Department next appointed him as its deputy for foreign affairs at the National War College in Washington, D.C., where he was lecturer for almost a year on foreign policy and international relations.

In the spring of 1947 Secretary of State George C. Marshall named Kennan director of the policy planning staff of the Department of State and charged him with responsibility for long-range planning of United States action in foreign affairs. His appointment helped to bring about an important change in policy toward the Soviet Union. Turning from its immediate postwar attitude of appeasement and compromise, the United States adopted the policy of "containment" of the expansionist tendencies of the U.S.S.R. through application of "counterforce" wherever Soviet imperialism might make itself felt. Kennan laid the foundations for this new program in an article in *Foreign Affairs* for July 1947, signed by Mr. "X."

After Dean Acheson became Secretary of State in 1949, he chose Kennan as one of his principal advisers, with the title of counselor of the Department of State. Kennan returned to Moscow in May 1952, as Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., but remained there only until the following October when the Russians declared him *persona non grata*—ostensibly because of critical comments on Soviet treatment of Western diplomats that Kennan made while on a visit to Berlin.

While serving as State Department counselor, Kennan had taken a leave of absence in 1950, to carry on research in problems on foreign policy at the Institute for Advanced Study. Leaving the Foreign Service in 1953, he became

CURRENT BIOGRAPHY 1959

a member of the institute, and since January 1956 he has been professor at its school of historical studies.

Many of Kennan's observations on United States foreign policy first became generally known through lectures which later appeared in book form. His lectures in 1951 for the Charles R. Walgreen Foundation at the University of Chicago were published in *American Diplomacy, 1900-1950* (University of Chicago Press, 1951), which began with a chapter on the war with Spain and carried its review of the fifty-year period up to a consideration of America and the Russian future. The book, which won the Freedom House Award, was praised by critics for clarity of thought and phrasing.

Similar favorable reception was given to *Realities of American Foreign Policy* (Princeton University Press, 1954), a series of four lectures which Kennan delivered as the Stafford Little Lecturer at Princeton during 1954. Another book by Kennan published in 1954 was *Das Amerikanisch-Russische Verhältnis* (Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart).

A major area of exploration for Kennan has been the origins of present Soviet conduct in world affairs. *Russia Leaves the War* (Princeton University Press, 1956) was the first volume in a projected series on Soviet-American relations from 1917 to 1920. The second volume, *The Decision to Intervene*, was published in 1958.

Besides winning the Pulitzer Prize, *Russia Leaves the War* received the National Book Award, the Bancroft Prize, and the Francis Parkman Prize of the Society of American Historians. Reviewers were much impressed both by the thoroughness and integrity of Kennan's scholarship and the literary quality of his writing. Commenting in *Political Science Quarterly* (June 1957), F. C. Barghoorn stated, "This work of historical reconstruction and criticism possesses great power, subtlety, integrity, and charm. . . . One of the finest qualities of Ambassador Kennan's account is its charitable spirit. While the author finds much to criticize or to deplore and frequently gives expression to wry irony regarding the follies and frailties of statesmen, he is never harsh, intolerant, or dogmatic."

On a leave of absence from the Institute for Advanced Study, Kennan held the George Eastman Visiting Professorship at Balliol College, Oxford University, England, in 1957-58 and lectured there on the subject of Soviet-Western relations during the period from 1918 to 1939. For six Sundays in late 1957 he gave radio addresses on the British Broadcasting Corporation which attracted world-wide attention. Excerpts were printed in many newspapers in the United States and abroad; the lectures formed the bases of two articles by Kennan in *Harper's Magazine* (February and March 1958); and they were published in the book *Russia, the Atom and the West* (Harper, 1958).

Kennan's BBC addresses, the Reith Lectures, offered a number of ideas for governments to "think about," including the proposals that the United States withdraw its forces from Europe while the U.S.S.R. withdraw from the Euro-



GEORGE F. KENNAN

pean satellite nations, and that Germany be reunited and neutralized. He questioned whether arming the NATO countries with atomic missiles would succeed in maintaining peace and whether the United Nations could resolve the deep-seated conflict between the U.S.S.R. and the West. He expressed his belief that the U.S.S.R. does not want a general war: the Russians present "a combined military-political threat," but "with accent on the political."

Among those disagreeing with Kennan was Dean Acheson, who in January 1958 issued a statement that Kennan's opinions, especially regarding troop withdrawal, did not represent the views of the Democratic party. He said that when Kennan had advanced the same proposals in 1949, the Democratic Administration had rejected them. While acknowledging Kennan's authority in the field of Russian history, Acheson stated, "Kennan has never, in my judgment, grasped the realities of power relationships, but takes a rather mystical attitude toward them" (*United States News & World Report*, January 17, 1958). Months after his BBC broadcasts, however, Kennan's suggestions were still being debated in European and other government circles.

In another important contribution to the continuing debate on foreign policy, Kennan declared in October 1959 that the conscience of the nation balks at a policy of basing security on weapons of "indiscriminate mass destruction." He proposed that the United States develop "conventional forces" and at conferences between East and West foster the abolishment of nuclear weapons (*Christian Science Monitor*, October 23, 1959).

According to *Newsweek* (August 27, 1956), Kennan was "originally a moderate Republican . . . he became an active Democrat out of strong disagreement with John Foster Dulles' foreign policy." He has several honorary LL.D. degrees, including those from Yale, Princeton,

KENNAN, GEORGE F.—Continued

and Northwestern universities. He belongs to the American Academy of Political and Social Science, among other professional organizations, and to the Century Club in New York.

George F. Kennan married Annelise Sorenson on September 11, 1931 and is the father of Grace, Joan Elizabeth, Christopher James, and Wendy Antonia. He is tall and slender and has blue eyes. For recreation he plays the piano and guitar and he reads extensively in English, American, Russian, and German literatures.

References

- Directory of American Scholars (1957)
 Robinson, Donald The 100 Most Important People in the World Today (1952)
 Who's Who in America, 1958-59
 World Biography (1954)

KEROUAC, JACK March 12, 1922- Author
Address: b. c/o Viking Press, 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22

To the American reading public, the writer Jack Kerouac is the standard-bearer and leading novelist of the much-publicized "beat generation." The "beat" movement that he captains has not only given the English vocabulary a new adjective and the young a new fad but has also furnished columns of copy for hard-pressed feature writers. Kerouac first became prominent when his *On the Road* was published in 1957. He followed it with four others in quick succession, and in the process became one of the more controversial novelists of recent years.

Usually called Jack or John, Kerouac was christened Jean; he was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on March 12, 1922, the son of Leo Alcide and Gabrielle (LeVesque) Kerouac. His father was a job printer in Lowell; his mother was of French-Canadian extraction. Jack attended local Catholic parochial schools, then went to New York City to prepare for college at the Horace Mann School.

Having won an academic and athletic scholarship to Columbia University, Kerouac matriculated there in September 1940. He played football in the freshman backfield, and although he broke a leg in the season's third game, he showed enough promise to be chosen for the varsity team in 1941. But Kerouac was even then restless with the wanderlust he was later to celebrate in his novels. He left Columbia in the fall of 1941.

First he went south to Virginia "to become a big poet," as he remarked later, then he enlisted briefly in the United States Navy. He served two months in uniform before he was given a psychiatric discharge. He did odd jobs in automobile service stations, and served for a while in the Merchant Marine in the North Atlantic. He returned to the United States—and Columbia—in October 1942.

His second sojourn at college was even shorter than the first; he quit both the football team and his classes that same autumn. He established an apartment near the Columbia campus which became a gathering place for the

university's young intellectuals. Among the students Kerouac met that winter was Allen Ginsberg, who later became the poet of the "beat generation" just as Kerouac became its novelist.

Kerouac apparently devoted the years from 1943 to 1950 to roaming through the United States and Mexico. He made at least one more voyage as a merchant sailor, spent a summer as a forest-fire lookout in Washington's Mount Baker National Forest, and returned from time to time to his mother's home to work on a novel about his Lowell boyhood. The book was published in 1950 by Harcourt, Brace.

Showing little kinship to his later books, *The Town and The City* was favorably regarded by the reviewers. "In many respects, John Kerouac, now 28, is the best and most promising of the young novelists whose first works have recently appeared," wrote a *Newsweek* critic in a review (March 13, 1950) which was illustrated by a photograph of Kerouac as a serious and well-groomed young man wearing a sedate jacket and tie.

The book displayed all of Kerouac's warmth and enthusiasm for detail. "Kerouac has as keen an eye for externals as Sinclair Lewis had in his early novels, but he has none of his sarcasm or mockery," the same critic wrote; "he has the ability to infuse . . . grandeur into simple doings that marked Thomas Wolfe's first books, but he is more balanced than Wolfe. He has a zest for the ordinary."

But even while his first novel was being reviewed, Kerouac was working on a new one. He abandoned the process of write-and-rewrite in favor of a spontaneous composition that could capture the emotions and personalities of his seven-year odyssey. He had spent three years writing *The Town and the City*, but he wrote *On the Road* in a period of three weeks in 1951. He bought art paper in twenty-foot rolls, pasted the ends together, and typed virtually non-stop until he had completed his epic.

Segments of the novel were printed in the *Paris Review*, *New World Writing* and elsewhere, but not until 1957 did Viking Press publish the complete novel. Although it flirted only briefly with the best-seller lists, *On the Road* was certainly one of the most controversial books of recent years. Together with Ginsberg's poem *Howl*, it has been accepted as the literary expression of youth's current revolt against the adult world (or "Squaresville"); on its own merits it has been welcomed as counterpoint to the self-conscious formalism of much of America's university-based writing.

The word "beat," Kerouac explains, originated with Herbert Huncke, one of Kerouac's innumerable friends. "To me, it meant being poor, like sleeping in the subways, like Huncke used to do, and yet being illuminated and having illuminated ideas about apocalypse and all that. . . . 'The Beat Generation', that was supposed to be the title of 'On the Road' (New York Post, March 10, 1959). Later, Kerouac decided that "beat" stood for "beatific."

On the Road recounts the adventures of Kerouac (Sal Paradise), Ginsberg (Carlo Marx), a frenetic hipster named Neal Cassady (Dean Moriarty), and their friends both on the road

THE WHITE HOUSE

Office of the Press Secretary

For Immediate Release

Presidential Medal of Freedom

FACT SHEET

The Presidential Medal of Freedom is the highest civil award of our Government. It may be awarded only by the President of the United States to persons who have made especially meritorious contributions to the security or national interests of the United States, to world peace, or to cultural or other significant public or private endeavors. The Medal may be awarded to citizens of other nations and may be awarded posthumously.

Originally established as the Medal of Freedom by President Truman in 1945, it was awarded either by the President or designated department secretaries. President Kennedy established the Presidential Medal of Freedom, as it now exists, on February 22, 1963.

Mary Kute

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1977

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*Biographical Directory
of the United States
Executive Branch
1774-1977*

Robert Sobel

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Greenwood Press
Westport, Connecticut · London, England

DILLON, Clarence Douglas. Born in Geneva, Switzerland, April 21, 1909; son of Clarence Dillon, investment banker, and Ann McEldin (Douglas) Dillon; Episcopalian; married Phyllis Chess Ellsworth on March 10, 1931; father of Phyllis Ellsworth and Joan Douglas; attended Groton School; received B.A. from Harvard in 1931; worked for Dillon, Read and Company of New York City, and was member of New York Stock Exchange, 1931-1936; elected vice-president and director of Dillon, Read and Company, 1938; called to Washington to aid in statistical control center for U.S. Naval Department in 1940; commissioned ensign in U.S. Naval Reserve in October 1940, was called to active duty in 1941, rose from ensign to lieutenant commander, and discharged in 1945; chairman of board of directors of Dillon, Read and Company, 1946-1953; president of United States and Foreign Securities Corporation, 1937-1946, and director from 1946-1953; president of United States International Securities Corporation; director of Amerada Petroleum Corporation from 1947 to 1953; member of board of overseers of Harvard, 1952-1958; U.S. ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to France, 1953-1957; made deputy undersecretary of state, 1957-1958; became undersecretary of state for economic affairs, 1958-1959; chosen undersecretary of state, 1959-1960; appointed SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY in the cabinet of President Kennedy and continued under President Lyndon B. Johnson, serving from January 21, 1961 to March 31, 1965; most important contributions were formulation of new tax policy and aid in founding Alliance for Progress; member of boards of governors of Metropolitan Museum of Art and New York Hospital; trustee of Groton School; member of Society of the Cincinnati, Society of Colonial Wars, Century Association, and Knickerbocker Club; collects art; raises Guernsey cattle on farm in Somerset County, N.J. Jim F. Heath, *J.F.K. and the Business Community* (1969); Hobart Rowan; *Free Enterprises: Kennedy, Johnson and the Business Establishment* (1964).

DIX, John Adams. Born in Boscawen, N.H., July 24, 1798; son of Colonel Timothy Dix, merchant and local leader of Boscawen, and Abigail (Wilkins) Dix; Episcopalian; married Catherine Morgan in 1826; father of seven children; studied at school of Salisbury and Phillips Exeter Academy; entered College of Montreal, and was recalled after fifteen months for War of 1812; appointed cadet in 1812; became an ensign in 1813; was second lieutenant of 21st infantry of New Hampshire, 1814, and was promoted to major; continued in service after war and appointed aide-de-camp; studied law under direction of General William Wert; was admitted to Washington bar in 1824;

260TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

Proprietary to the United Press International 1982

December 12, 1982, Sunday, BC cycle

ADVANCED-DATE: December 3, 1982, Friday, BC cycle

SECTION: Domestic News

LENGTH: 1105 words

HEADLINE: Personality Spotlight -- politician Margaret Chase Smith;
A look at 11a Senate seats' not worth a million dollarsfe and politics at 84:

BYLINE: By JON FLEMING

DATELINE: SKOWHEGAN, Maine

KEYWORD: Perspot-Smith

BODY:

Former Sen. Margaret Chase Smith is astounded by politicians spending millions of dollars to win election to the office she secured four times on a shoestring budget.

"I don't know why a candidate running for office would think that being a member of the United States Senate was worth a million dollars ... I had to work awful hard when I was in the Senate," she says.

Mrs. Smith, 84, the only woman ever elected to both houses of Congress, admits her only political campaign defeat 10 years ago might have turned out differently had she been willing to spend more money.

The maverick Republican devoted \$13,000 to her 1972 campaign, while her opponent, Democrat Rep. William D. Hathaway, invested nearly \$200,000.

"The trouble was I didn't have money for television, so I was not in view of the public like most people were and people wondered where I was," said Mrs. Smith, who accepted no contributions from individuals or political action committees.

"I did not spend money because I couldn't change my policy," she said.

The woman whose dedication to principle earned her national stature during her 32 years in Congress now spends much of her time organizing the newly opened Northwood Institute Margaret Chase Smith Library, which adjoins her home on the edge of the Kennebec River in central Maine.

On an autumn morning visit, Mrs. Smith was tapping away on a typewriter in her office, giving prompt attention to her mail -- a habit she developed in the Senate that became one of her trademarks.

The mail has been heavy since the library was dedicated last August.

"It's strange that, having been out of public office for 10 years, my mail continues from all over the country," she said.

Proprietary to the United Press International, December 12, 1982

Wide-eyed and spry, she popped up from her chair to greet her visitor.

"So, you're here to interview me for my eulogy, my obituary," she joked.

Settling into a hand-carved rocking chair in her antique-filled living room, Mrs. Smith said most of her energy over the past several years has been devoted to overseeing the library. It houses speeches, papers and correspondence she collected since first going to Washington half a century ago in 1940 when her congressman-husband, Clyde H. Smith, died in office.

The library was built by the Northwood Institute, a private, free enterprise oriented business college with campuses in Michigan, Indiana, Texas and Florida.

It may be unique in that no other political figure below the rank of president has had a separate library to house such papers, according to Richard Baker, historian for the U.S. Senate.

"I felt that the records should be here in Skowhegan, where I started and where I did a great deal of my work and my thinking," said Mrs. Smith who wore an ordinary blue dress and a white carnation (in place of her hallmark red rose).

Mrs. Smith's usual stoic composure lapsed as she spoke of the library.

"Many people are remembered after they day. I'm so grateful to think that I'm seeing what's going on while I'm still around," she said.

"This is something I've dreamed about for many years. To think that little me, a little girl from Skowhegan, would finally come up and have this done," she said, her blue eyes clouding with emotion.

Mrs. Smith talked about the late Air Force Maj. Gen. William C. Lewis, a long time aide and confidant who died earlier this year.

"Bill Lewis was with me many, many years, he was invaluable," she said. "And for him to be taken the way he was, so suddenly, without any kind of a warning, and for me to find him as I did was enough to upset anyone."

Mrs. Smith said she lost much more than a good friend.

"I felt more and more dependent on him as time went on," she said. "I'm finding now that I have to do for myself what he did, and this is not an easy matter because I used him as a memory bank," she said.

Mrs. Smith said Lewis will be sorely missed as she writes her memoirs.

"I had wanted to write my autobiography," she said. "I do a lot of scribbling and note taking, but I don't know when I'll actually get to writing about it."

Since leaving office, Mrs. Smith's political activities have been virtually limited to voting on election day. However she keeps informed of current events by watching television and, she said, reading, although she admitted her eyesight is failing.

Proprietary to the United Press International, December 12, 1982

Mrs. Smith has been a critic of extremism throughout her political career -- most notably in 1950 when she delivered here "Declaration of Conscience" speech repudiating the smear tactics used by the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy in his anti-communist campaigns.

Surveying today's political scene, Mrs. Smith said the election of Ronald Reagan as president did not signal a move to the far right but rather a course correction back the middle of the political road.

"I think we've gone too far to the left," Mrs. Smith said. "This is why I was supporting Reagan so strongly because I felt that he would do something to turn that trend."

Mrs. Smith said Reagan thus far has done a good job, deserving more credit for lowering the inflation rate and is not to be blamed for high unemployment and record budget deficits.

"The people who supported him are not supporting him today to the extent that he needs it in times like these," she said.

"It's the old story that I used for many, many years. You can't cut the budget on the other fellow's project, and this is what the story is with Reagan," she said.

What troubles Mrs. Smith as much as the nation's economic problems are politicians who use their office for personal gain rather than to serve the public.

"There are too many people who run for office for one purpose, and that is the publicity they can get so they can go out and make large fees for lecturing," she said.

Mrs. Smith lectured and taught at colleges for several years after leaving public office. But, she noted, she mostly visited small colleges in the South and the Midwest that couldn't afford to hire well-known speakers.

That is one problem Mrs. Smith hopes to change by making her speeches and records available to the public. She is not modest about her record and believes others can learn from it.

"I was dedicated to the House and Senate as institutions and I wasn't in it for political gain," she said.

"I'm very proud of my overall record, I think I have a record that few can challenge," she said, noting her record of 2,941 consecutive Senate roll call votes (ended only by 1968 surgery on her left hip; her right hip was replaced in 1970).

"I stayed on the job, I tended to my job, and did it as I thought it should be done."

70TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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December 16, 1987, Wednesday, Final Edition

SECTION: STYLE; PAGE D3; PERSONALITIES

LENGTH: 408 words

BYLINE: Chuck Conconi, Washington Post Staff Writer

BODY:

President Reagan and his wife Nancy sent a large bouquet of roses -- as did several other political leaders -- to Augusta, Maine, Monday to help celebrate the 90th birthday of former senator Margaret Chase Smith, who adopted the flower as her symbol. Smith, a courageous political voice, was the first woman elected to both houses of Congress and in 1964 became the first woman to have her name placed in nomination for president. She was also there in 1950 to stand up in the Senate and speak out against the tactics of Sen. Joseph McCarthy and his investigating committee.

A number of the state's political leaders showed up at a reception to raise funds for the Margaret Chase Smith Library Center in her home town of Skowhegan. Among them were former governor and senator Edmund S. Muskie, Sens. George J. Mitchell and William S. Cohen and Gov. John R. McKernan Jr. Muskie said he had always been proud to come from the same state as Smith, adding that her reputation still lingers in Washington. At the end of the evening, Smith quipped, "I'm wonderful. I know it ... It's been a little hard to take and still keep my feet on the ground." Out and About Moves to help the homeless and the hungry at Christmastime are well under way in Washington. More than 800 children and their parents were served a Christmas dinner Monday at the National Building Museum, often the site of fancy, expensive dinners. The event, sponsored by the Christmas for the Homeless Committee, occurred the day after the NBC "Christmas in Washington" taping at the building museum, which was attended by the president, and NBC left its Christmas decorations behind for the committee to use. More than 90 Washington-area restaurants and businesses joined together for the celebration, which included such celebrity guests as Redskins Charles Mann, Keith Griffin, Raleigh McKenzie and Steve Hamilton, as well as Washington Bullets Manute Bol and Moses Malone. Among the nonsports celebrities were Santa and Mrs. Claus, Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer and Frosty the Snowman ...

Political satirist Mark Russell, on learning that Gary Hart had decided to get back into the presidential race, first worried about how much rewriting he was going to have to do for his PBS television special tonight. Then he thought about all the new material he could get out of this new development and decided, "My cup runneth over. Gary Hart has given me a Christmas present" ...

GRAPHIC: PHOTO, CHARLES MANN; PHOTO, AP

TYPE: COLUMN

SUBJECT: CONGRESSMEN; OTHER SPECIAL DAYS; CHRISTMAS; HOMELESS; DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

NAME: MARGARET CHASE SMITH

79TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

The Associated Press

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December 6, 1987, Sunday, AM cycle

SECTION: Domestic News

LENGTH: 191 words

HEADLINE: People In The News

DATELINE: SKOWHEGAN, Maine

KEYWORD: People

BODY:

Vice President George Bush, former Secretary of State Edmund Muskie and Maine's two U.S. senators are among the guests scheduled to attend the 90th birthday party for Margaret Chase Smith.

"It's difficult to think of being 90," said Mrs. Smith, the former Republican senator from Maine who celebrates her birthday Dec. 14. "I think of myself as 70. I've never really thought of age in terms of years.

"I've seen so many people who were old at 40, or young at 80," she said. "I have lived a pretty regular life, I guess.

"And my continued interest and attitude have helped. And I have worked so hard _ work has been my hobby."

On her birthday, Mrs. Smith is to be honored at a gala in Augusta. Scheduled to attend are Maine Gov. John R. McKernan Jr., her most recent successors from Maine in the Senate, William S. Cohen and George J. Mitchell, along with Bush and Muskie.

Mrs. Smith, a Skowhegan native, was introduced to Washington politics in 1930 when her husband, Clyde H. Smith, was elected to Congress. Upon his death she was elected to the House in 1940. Eight years later, she was elected to the Senate and served until 1973.

GRAPHIC: LaserPhoto NY44

115TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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November 18, 1986, Tuesday, Final Edition

SECTION: STYLE; PAGE D3; PERSONALITIES

LENGTH: 618 words

BYLINE: Chuck Conconi, Washington Post Staff Writer

BODY:

When Margaret Chase Smith was in the Senate, she was famous for always wearing a rose. And, obviously, when there was debate over designating a national flower, she advocated the rose. At that time, however, the Senate majority leader, Everett Dirksen, was an unwavering advocate of the marigold. It wasn't until this year that Congress got around to naming the rose the national flower.

The 88-year-old Smith was in Palm Springs, Calif., last week to speak at a conference of the Northwood Institute, meeting in the Plaza Hotel. Because it was her first public appearance since the legislation on the national flower was passed, the room was filled with thousands of roses in Smith's honor. Not wishing to be smug about her long-delayed victory, she said, "I personally have nothing against the marigold, but I do think roses smell better."

Out and About

The real question is: Now that the Divine Miss M has a baby, will she change? This weekend the madcap, irreverent Bette Midler became a mother. She had an 8-pound 11-ounce girl, who as of yesterday was unnamed. It is the first child for Midler and her husband Martin von Haselberg, a performance artist and commodities trader ...

This is a big week for the Democrats as they meet to divide the spoils of victory. One of the first gatherings where several newly elected Democratic senators will have an opportunity to meet each other will be at an Independent Action fund-raising luncheon today at the Democratic Club. Among the new senators expected are Tim Wirth (Colo.), Harry Reid (Nev.), Wyche Fowler (Ga.), Barbara Mikulski (Md.), Tom Daschle (S.D.), Brock Adams (Wash.) and Kent Conrad (N.D.) ...

And it will be a big night for the Republicans, who will turn out in force for the Ethics and Public Policy Center's 10th anniversary dinner honoring the voice of conservatism, William F. Buckley Jr. President Reagan will drop by for dinner at the Washington Hilton and to hear Buckley speak on the future of the western alliance. Reagan will also address the crowd. Actor Charlton Heston is the master of ceremonies, and other speakers on the program include former U.N. ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, special adviser to the president on arms control Paul Nitze and former secretary of defense Donald Rumsfeld; they are all previous winners of the Shelby Cullom Davis Award that Buckley will receive. Among the other guests expected are former National Security Council advisers Richard Allen, William P. Clark and Robert McFarlane, Attorney General Edwin Meese and presidential hopeful Rep. Jack Kemp ...

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

June 29, 1989

MEMORANDUM FOR THE WHITE HOUSE STAFF

FROM: AMY LOUISA BUCKLEY
DIRECTOR, WHITE HOUSE VIDEO DOCUMENTATION

SUBJECT: Videotape of Presidential Activities

At 3:00 p.m, on Friday, June 30th, a videotape review of the previous week of the Presidential Activities will be shown on Channel 29.

This is the normal footage videotaped each day for historical purposes, by White House Video Documentation. This program will be aired each Friday, at 3:00 p.m., on Channel 29.

This week's program will include:

Drug-Free Schools Recognition Ceremony - June 19, 1989

Commencement Address at Cheltenham High School -
June 19, 1989

Ceremony Honoring 1989 NBA Champion Detroit Pistons -
June 20, 1989

Address 1989 Presidential Scholars - June 20, 1989

Meeting with Members of Congress on Steel Voluntary Restraint
Agreement - June 21, 1989

YES to America Initiative - June 21, 1989

Meeting with West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher
- June 21, 1989

Address to the Family Motor Coach Association Meeting, Richmond,
Virginia - June 21, 1989

Visit Covenant House, New York, New York - June 22, 1989

Address the New York Partnership Luncheon, New York Hilton Hotel,
New York, New York - June 22, 1989

Address GOP Dinner, New York Hilton Hotel, New York, New York
- June 22, 1989

Address Wall Street Journal 100th Anniversary Dinner, World
Financial Center, New York, New York - June 22, 1989

Meeting with Members of the Chaney, Goodman and Schwerner Families
- June 23, 1989

to membership in Sigma Xi, honorary science fraternity. Williams also holds two honorary D.Sc. degrees: one from the Case School of Applied Science, and the other from the University of Utah.

In 1947 Williams was elected president of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineering, on whose various committees he has served. He is also a member of the American Ceramic Society, the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America, the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, the American Society for Metals, the American Iron and Steel Institute, the Electrochemical Society, the American Railway Engineers Association, the American Refractories Institute, the British Iron and Steel Institute, the Newcomen Society of England, and other technical and scientific groups. He is a director of the Columbus (Ohio) Chamber of Commerce, a member of the science committee of the Ohio Post-war Planning Commission, and of other civic and social service organizations. The metallurgist also serves on advisory and administrative boards of the New York State College of Ceramics, the American Allergy Fund, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the National Research Council; he was formerly technical consultant to the Association of American Railroads and a former member of the research advisory committee of the National Association of Manufacturers.

In Columbus he is a member of the Rotary Club and the Columbus Club; he also belongs to the Cosmos, University, Engineers, and Mining clubs, and Sigma Chi. In 1919 he was married to Martha Barlow; their three sons are Clyde, Jr., Samuel, and Thomas. Williams enjoys out-of-doors recreation. For sedentary relaxation he is likely to listen to music.

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WILLIAMS, TED Aug. 31(?), 1918-
Baseball player

Address: b. c/o Boston American League Baseball Company, 24 Jersey St., Boston, Mass.

"The Most Valuable Player in the American League in 1946" was the title given to Ted Williams by the Baseball Writers of America. The outfielder, who has played during all of his major league career with the Boston Red Sox, has been hailed as the greatest hitter in baseball, and, in the opinion of one expert, the greatest in the history of the game.

Theodore Samuel Williams was born in San Diego, California, the son of May and Samuel Steward Williams. Harold Kaese, in *Famous Athletes of Today*, says that the date of Williams' birth is August 31, 1918, but that he celebrates this anniversary at the end of

the baseball season on October 30, the date which appears in other biographical accounts. Williams' father, it has been reported by various authors, was a photographer, a jail inspector, or a "wanderer." His mother is a Salvation Army worker, "whose will," wrote John Chamberlain in *Life*, "is almost as imperious as that of her son; growing up under her nervous but fascinating spell would either make or break any kid." Ted early set out to become a great baseball player and constantly practiced batting with makeshift equipment. He attended Garfield Grammar School, Horace Mann Junior High School, and Herbert Hoover High School, all in San Diego. At his high school graduation (January 1937), he was awarded a silver statuette on which were inscribed the batting averages he had achieved while playing with the school team—.586 in 1935 and .403 in 1936. During his school career, he had played for the San Diego Market team and for the junior team of an American Legion post. At one time a scout for the New York Yankees offered the youth a contract, but Mrs. Williams refused to allow her teen-age son to sign.

At the age of seventeen Ted Williams played professionally for the first time with the San Diego Padres, a member of the Pacific Coast League. "The Kid," as he was later called, did not overwhelm either his teammates or his opponents during that initial year. Cleveland Amory (*Saturday Evening Post*) has described the ninth inning of the first game in which he was a pitcher (his first team assignment): "The first man singled, the second doubled, the third singled, and the fourth hit a home run." Within a short time Williams was transferred to the outfield where, said *Time*, "he was probably the worst outfielder ever to wear a glove." His first professional batting average was .271 (he had failed to hit a home run in his forty-two times at bat); his fielding average was .972. At the end of that year (1936), Eddie Collins, general manager of the Boston Red Sox, had exacted a verbal promise from the Padres' manager that the Boston American League club would have the first chance to buy Williams' contract should he fulfill his possibilities. At the end of 1937, Collins exercised his option: Williams had raised his average to .291 and had scored twenty-three home runs.

Ted Williams reported for training with the Red Sox at Sarasota, Florida, early in 1938. There, said Cleveland Amory, "he got in the hair of everybody," partly because of his self-assurance and one-mindedness about his batting, and partly because he "gave back" in kind some of the "riding" to which rookies are subjected. As a result, he was sent to the Minnesota Millers, the Red Sox's American Association "farm" team, and his major league appearance was delayed for another year. When that season (1938) ended, "temperamentally ready or not, he couldn't be kept out of the majors." He had led the American Association in four aspects of batting: batting average (.366), home runs (43), runs scored (130), and runs batted in (142). Soon after his return to the Red Sox for the 1939 season, he



Wm. C. Greene—N.Y. World-Telegram
TED WILLIAMS

was termed the "Outstanding Rookie of the Year," a title which he began to justify almost immediately. His average in 1939 was .327; the next year it had jumped to .344, the third highest in the American League for that year. In 1940 he scored 134 runs, more than any other American League player.

The year 1941 was a high point in Ted Williams' career. Early in the season he played in the All-Star contest between the American League and the National League (he had also been a member of the 1940 American League All-Star team). In the ninth inning, a dramatic situation arose: the score was tied and two men were out. Claude Passeau pitched a fast ball and Williams hit it with "a wallop which, for altitude, violence, and timeliness has never been batted by Babe Ruth," Lou Gehrig⁴⁰, Shoeless Joe Jackson, or anybody in the history of the world." The American League won the game. At the end of the 1941 season, Williams' average was .406—he was the first player to exceed the .400 mark since 1930 and, at twenty-three, was the youngest ever to have done so. He also won a "triple crown" by leading the American League, not only in batting average, but also in home runs (37), and runs scored (135). His reputation as a powerful hitter caused pitchers to "walk" him more often than any other player in the league (he has held this distinction since 1941; in 1946 he came within twenty of the record made by Babe Ruth of 170 bases on balls). In 1942 Williams' average fell to .356 (also his lifetime average at that time), but he again achieved the highest average in the league; he also topped American League players in home runs (36), runs batted in (137), runs scored (141), and total bases.

During the years 1942-45 Williams interrupted his championship batting for service in the Marine Corps, where he scored the highest

student gunnery record in the Navy. Having passed the naval aviation examinations during the summer of 1942 (he had been deferred in the draft because he was the sole support of his mother), he entered Marine training that fall at Pensacola, Florida. Later he became an instructor. By the time he was discharged after thirty-eight months in the corps, he had earned the rank of second lieutenant and had flown eleven hundred hours.

Throughout the 1946 season there were so many newspaper and magazine stories about the "Splendid Splinter" (another nickname for Williams) that Joe Williams, New York *World-Telegram* sportswriter, noted that he "appears to be on his way to that estate in baseball which is known as an institution," while at the end of the season a *Newsweek* feature article humorously summed up the sensitivity of the Boston journals to every change in mood of Ted Williams. In July Williams was the "hero" of the All-Star game. "He wrapped it up for personal delivery with the greatest single performance ever made in an All-Star game—a perfect day at bat, two home runs, and five runs batted in." At that time Williams hit the first home run ever scored off a "Rip" Sewell "bloopèr" or "ephus" ball (the ball arches high when pitched and then falls very slowly). Williams equaled the record for All-Star games (Charlie Gehringer was the mark-setter) with an average of .500 for four games. As a result of Williams' performance in that game, sports writers were generous in their judgment of his hitting skill: Steve O'Neill, manager of the Detroit Tigers and of the American League All-Star team, asserted, "I call him the best hitter the game has seen. That means he's superior to Ty Cobb."

In a slump all during August, Williams saw his season's average fall to .342; his lifetime average fell to .353, but he still remained the highest of any batter in the major leagues and the fourth highest in the history of baseball. (Williams once estimated that it would take him two or three years to reach the form he had achieved before entering the service.) He was topped in home runs (Williams achieved 38) by Hank Greenberg, who, during the last few games of the season, was using one of Williams' bats.

If the All-Star game was the brightest event of the 1946 season for Ted Williams, his first World Series marked the lowest ebb. In the first World Series in which the Boston American League team has played in twenty-eight years, Williams, like the other star batters on both teams, was "handcuffed." He emerged with a series average of .200 in twenty-five times at bat. One reason for his failure in these games was the practice adopted by the victorious St. Louis Cardinals (it had been inaugurated by the Cleveland Indians earlier in the season) whenever Williams came to the plate. A left-handed hitter (he throws with his right hand), Williams hits his most powerful balls into right field. For this reason, the Cardinals allowed the left field to remain unprotected, moving all fielders as far to the

right as possible. This technique effectively prevented Williams from hitting successfully. In the 1947 season, Williams was developing his ability to hit into left field, but in September Arthur Daley (New York Times) reported, "Ted Williams let himself get upset for most of the season by the unorthodox overshifted defenses that the enemy set against him."

While sportswriters, during 1947, discussed whether or not Williams was in a slump, Williams received three-quarter of a million votes from the fans for a place on the 1947 All-Star team; this number of votes was third in the list of major-league players. He also established a record for Engel Stadium in Chattanooga, Tennessee, when he hit a 481-foot home run to please a nine-year-old boy. By the end of his "poor" season, Ted Williams had raised his batting average .001 (to .343) and led the American League on seven counts: batting, home runs (32), runs batted in (114), runs scored (125), extra base hits, total bases, and bases on balls. Chosen as a member of the Associated Press mythical All-Star team in both 1946 and 1947, Williams is the only player to be so honored twice successively.

Joe Cronin once told a *Look* interviewer that Williams' success as a batter was due to his eyesight (naval medical records give evidence that his vision is much better than the normal), strong hands, wrist, and forearm, and alertness. Quick wrist action, as well as his eyesight, enables Williams to wait longer before swinging at a pitched ball. Williams' fielding is not so good as his batting, but John Chamberlain judges it to be "good enough to be classed with the best." The outfielder himself says, "They'll never get me out of a game running into a wall after a fly ball." In 1946 his fielding average of .971 trailed the other American League outfielders. His highest average was .988 in 1942, and his lifetime average is .966. In 1946 the Baseball Writers of America voted Ted Williams "The Most Valuable Player in the American League" (for this honor he received a Kenesaw Mountain Landis plaque). (In 1947 the Red Sox player lost this title by one vote to Joe DiMaggio of the Yankees.) Williams has also won honors from *Sporting News*.

Ted Williams' name is signed to a sports column in the *Boston Globe*. While this daily feature is written by two "ghost" writers, Williams approves the copy before it is published. He wrote the foreword to Al Hirshberg's book, *The Red Sox: The Bean and The Cod*. The athlete is six foot three, his playing weight is between 175 and 180 pounds. He has greenish-brown eyes and brown hair. Casually dressed, he refuses to wear a necktie. Many comments have been made about Williams as a person. A perfectionist about his batting (he is constantly studying new techniques), he reflects a poor day at bat in his mood. He has a quick temper and will answer barbs from both fans and sportswriters. While he was in the Navy he was married to Doris Soule of Princeton, Minnesota. Their home is in Min-

neapolis, where he spends most of his off-season time in hunting and fishing.

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WILLIAMS, THEODORE SAMUEL
 See Williams, Ted

WILSON, CARROLL LOUIS Sept. 21, 1910- United States Government official
 Address: b. c/o United States Atomic Energy Commission, Washington 25, D.C.

When Carroll Louis Wilson was appointed general manager of the United States Atomic Energy Commission at the end of 1946, *Business Week* called him "the atomic age's first management man." A graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he was trained in both engineering and business administration, Wilson has been associated with Vannevar Bush⁴¹ in the administrative and business phases of that engineer's scientific research projects.

Born in Rochester, New York, on September 21, 1910, Carroll Louis Wilson is the son of Louis William and Edna (Carroll) Wilson. (This Carroll Louis Wilson is not a relative of the Carroll Louis Wilson born in Minneapolis. He is, however, a nephew of Frank J. Wilson⁴⁶, former chief of the Secret Service.) For his elementary and secondary education, the boy attended the public schools of Rochester. In the fall of 1928 Wilson entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, enrolling for the well-known "Course xv" in business administration and engineering, which trains engineers for executive positions. During his college years he was the manager of the cross-country and lacrosse teams. After receiving a B.S. degree in 1932, Wilson remained at M.I.T. as assistant to Karl T. Compton⁴¹, president of the institute. "During his tenure," an official Atomic Energy Commission biography stated, "he had an extensive part both in the administration of the institute and in the reorganization and expansion of the activities of the institute which were then being carried on." His duties also included assisting Compton in his capacity as chairman of the committee on patent policy of the National Research Council. Wilson, at the time, was secretary of the committee on en-