

Corruption And Democracy

By Max Lerner

Chandigarh, India.

The big news of the week-end has been the conference of the ruling Congress Party, held this year at Bangalore. Congress in India means not a parliament but a party—the one that gained freedom for the nation and power for itself, and is still less a party with grass-roots organization than a loose tent-covering for the power elite and the mass-following of Nehru.

No party like the Congress exists, still in power, anywhere in the world. The Moslem League in Pakistan has been buried by Ayub Khan, while in Burma the overall Anti-Fascist League which inherited power from the revolution has been split into the "Clean" and "Stabile" factions of U Nu and U Ba Swe. In Indonesia the Nationalist Party, which also inherited a revolution, is being outstripped in growth by the Communists, so that Sukarno must govern by his personal appeal along with General Nasution's army.

The Congress Party alone, of all the parties that won their revolutions in Asia, still is strong and stable, and still governs by the methods of a parliamentary democracy.

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Nehru holds a monthly press conference, usually during the first week of the month, in a biggish auditorium, where he mounts a teacher's platform in a classroom atmosphere. He first asks for the topics on which the students—I mean the newsmen—have some questions, and having jotted them down on a pad, he takes them up in succession, with interruptions for more questions on the same topic. Unlike the American President's conference, with its rapid-fire questions and brief answers, Nehru sometimes delivers a lecture on some theme.

In this month's conference his main theme was a defense of his government and his party against the charges of nepotism and corruption. Since Nehru was talking just before the Bangalore conference, his remarks had added point. Not only have there been the usual crop of charges and stories about corruption, but also a protracted fight about conditions in the Punjab state government, from whose new capital of Chandigarh I am writing. It had been thought that the party leaders might be forced to take some housecleaning action to meet the criticism.

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The leaders were presented with a troublesome concrete challenge. A man of great prestige in India—C. D. Deshmukh, of the Universities Grants Commission—proposed a small high-level tribunal to sift corruption charges against government officials, and force their resignation or dismissal if the evidence against them was incriminating.

It was known that the powerful Congress Working Committee, which not only runs the party but also makes many of the important government decisions, had voted against the tribunal idea and that it was as good as dead. Hence Nehru's little speech was mainly important in giving the thinking behind the action of the Working Committee.

His reasoning was persuasive. The charges, even when they were not simply rumors, were hard to prove under the rules of evidence. You could of course cut across the judicial safeguards and get action, as the tribunals are doing in Pakistan, but that would smell strongly of dictatorship.

If you set up a watchdog group on the theory that even ministers could not be trusted, who would watch the watchdogs? The whole atmosphere would become one of suspicion, and a premium would be put on the hurling of charges, in the hope that some might stick. The business of government would be hurt, not helped, because every administrator would try to play it safe, and none would assume any risk or responsibility.

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This is persuasive but doesn't cut very far under the surface of what ails the new governments of Asia, with their undeveloped economies, their hunger for the spoils of office, and their newness to democratic habits. There are three prime questions each of these governments must face: How can you get things done? How can you get them done honestly? How can you draw the people into helping get them done?

The first is the question of efficiency, the second of clean government, the third of a grass-roots democracy. The Pakistanis, under President Ayub Khan, are impressing observers and visitors with their progress in the first, and Ayub's military elite is also setting new standards in fighting the entrenched corruption. On both scores Pakistan is getting under the skins of Nehru and the Congress leaders. Hence Nehru's anxiety to point out that Pakistan is a dictatorship, while India remains a democracy.

But does this solve the malaise in India? Nehru is probably right in rejecting the Cationian tribunal of Deshmukh, but does the rejection help to achieve either a more efficient or a more honest administration? If not, then one may be sure that something deep in the ancestral consciousness of India will respond to the ever-increasing charges that Western-model democracy is a failure in Asia.

Didn't Choose to Serve

From "The Anatomy of Freedom," by Judge Harold R. Medina (Holt, \$3.50).

When I presided over the trial of the 11 Communist leaders we had a panel of some 300 odd jurors to pick from. The first thing I did was to ask those who did not wish to serve to give their excuses. The result was that every single business man or woman or person with a position of responsibility asked to be excused. I was positively ashamed. True, it was likely to be a long trial, but in a democracy such as ours we must all make some sacrifices.

Sidewalks of New York

By CARL GASTON

QUESTION: The State Director of Transportation suggests car tolls in the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels be increased to \$1.50. What do you think?

PLACE: Lower Manhattan.

GEORGE KANAKARIS, engineer, Manhattan—If New York State is trying to discourage people from coming to our city, increasing the tunnel tolls to \$1.50 is a wonderful way of doing it. It should also discourage a lot of people from doing business with us. I can't see anyone paying the increased tolls without protest.

E. J. O'CONNOR, ticket examiner, Newark—This would benefit the commuter railroads connecting New York with New Jersey. It would also relieve the traffic congestion in the city and help the parking situation. I believe it would be an interesting experiment which might pay dividends in the long run.

JACK ROTHSTEIN, cab owner-driver, The Bronx—What are they trying to do to the motorist? Isn't he paying enough now as it is? I hope all car owners will band together and fight this suggestion. Why can't they think of other ways of getting revenue than always taxing the motorist? Let's put a stop to this before it gets any further.

RALPH HARARY, novelty shop owner, Brooklyn—As a solution to the city's traffic and parking problem it may not be a bad idea. It certainly would discourage many motorists from using their cars when coming to the city from New Jersey. It would also help the commuter railroads. Many people would rebel at such a price for use of the tunnels.

IRVING RUDERMAN, cab owner-driver, The Bronx—This would drive all the motorists to the George Washington Bridge and we would have the biggest traffic tieup in our history. If New York City wants to lose a lot of business, this is the way to do it. I can't see any sense in the idea at all. It would be bad for all concerned.

The Cheerful Cherub

IF I could only free my mind
From wanting foolish things I see
My thoughts, exploring unrestrained,
Might bring more lasting things to me.
R.M. CANN



Slippery Gulch

By Murray Kempton



There seems to be common agreement among the more perceptive observers, whether they come to praise or blame him, that Richard Nixon's style was formed in college as the champion debater of Southern California.

But Nixon learned the arts of persuasion for hire when he was younger still.

Earl Mazo tells us that, when he was only 14, the Vice President of the U. S. served "two stints of three weeks each as barker for the wheel of chance at the 'Slippery Gulch Rodeo' in Prescott, Ariz.

"Nixon barked for the legal front of the concession, where the prizes were hams and sides of bacon, which was a 'come on' for a back room featuring poker and dice. Pay was based on total concession earnings, front and back. Nixon earned \$1 an hour the first year, quite a windfall for a 14-year-old. The next was a depression year and his pay fell to 50 cents."

Set aside all Baptist moralities about children who start in life steering for crap games. The issue is not what Nixon sold but the way he sold it. What is important is that he was a teenage pitchman.

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Serious sociological research into the character of the pitchman is consequently necessary to any judgment of the future of the republic. It is research hard to come by. The pitchman has been so diffused through our society that in pure form he has almost disappeared.

The closest specimen immediately available is Charles Kasher, who was an ornament for nearly 15 years at the Canadian National Exposition, which remains to the pitchman what the Palace was to vaudeville. Kasher withdrew from the struggle for a sedentary and successful life in direct mail advertising and as an off-Broadway producer.

"Now the first thing to remember about the pitchman," says Kasher, "is that it doesn't matter to him what he sells. The essence of the art is to sell the least for the most money. The less you gave and the more you got—that was the measure. The bad ones got stuck to sell things of value."

By such a standard, you begin to appreciate Richard Nixon's early promise. If he hadn't been good, even at 14, they wouldn't have stuck him outside. Anybody can sell a crap game; moving hams takes talent.

"Now what you got to do is to stop 500 people standing on their feet in a noisy, upsetting fair. So, in making a pitch, you got to make everything focus. For instance, that's why most of the good ones can make every disease emerge from constipation. They cure everything for everybody. I was a little embarrassed by constipation so I used to blame everything on lack of vitamins and minerals in the blood. But you always have to sell a cure-all.

"Nixon's Checkers speech was a typical pitchman's performance. You have to start by saying that if two and two makes four what I am going to say makes sense. You start people where they're being carried along. And then, when you get them on your side, you very quietly sneak your pitch into your talk."

Admiration was sneaking into Kasher's tone.

"We used to say that Franklin Roosevelt was the greatest pitchman of them all. He even had that high sort of nasal tone you need to cut through the noise of the fairgrounds. You've got to reduce every problem to one simple thing. Isn't that what Eisenhower did when he said, 'I'll go to Korea'?"

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Richard Nixon has said that he doesn't mind speaking to audiences, but that he could never go to a man face to face and try to sell him something.

"I guess in a way we were all misfits," says Kasher. "When I was young I could never have been a salesman and worked with individuals. I was even uncomfortable when there were only four or five people around at the beginning, but, when the crowd got bigger, the whole thing became impersonal and then I became strong and powerful. Television's even better; it's even more impersonal. Later on, when people began to walk away, I was so convinced myself that I used to wonder how anybody could walk away from these pearls of wisdom. When you are pitching you believe it. You don't have to be persuaded except when you're doing it. You don't have to believe it later.

"It doesn't make much real difference, if you believe enough, where you take them. I used to knock the doctors and let nature do it. Remember Bernarr MacFadden; he'd outlived all the doctors. I'd tell them that what I was selling was not medicine; this is food. And still they'd come up afterwards and say, 'I'll have a bottle of your medicine, Doc.' What we were practicing, I suppose, was mass hypnosis."

That was a formidable prep school of Dick Nixon's.

Surprise

James Aldridge, quoted in "Captain Cousteau's Underwater Treasury," edited by Jacques-Yves Cousteau and James Dugan, (Harper, \$5.95).

The sea is full of debris, all of it fascinating, some of it embarrassing. Also informative. I was lying on my stomach in the shallows one day, reading an abandoned newspaper which lay on the bottom. It was an article on the ancient Minoan water systems. I had to dive to read the small print. I was called away before I had finished the article. Next day I returned to pick up where I had left off, but the paper was gone with the sea. I spent a little time looking for it, diving on every scrap of paper in the area. I didn't find it; but thereafter in that area I could never see a sheet of newspaper below without diving to see if it was my unfinished article.



Loser's Share

By William V. Shannon

Washington.

Although the Democratic liberals in the Senate lost by an overwhelming margin in their party caucus last week, they have been reaping some substantial concessions. Sen. Johnson (D-Tex.), the majority leader, picked up all the glittering headlines after the caucus rejected the proposed liberal reforms but he has quietly yielded part of what his critics demanded.

There are to be many more party caucuses. The first in the new series was held yesterday to discuss the aid-to-education issue. Previously, Johnson had held only one caucus a year, to deliver his personal "State of the Union message" at the beginning of the session.

Secondly, Johnson has tacitly instituted a significant change in the makeup of the Democratic Policy Committee. This group was the object of the liberal reform proposal which, if it had been adopted, would have expanded the policy unit from 9 to 15 members and made them elective, rather than appointed by the majority leader.

The big change has consisted of adding the three members of the Calendar Committee to the Policy Committee.

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To understand the significance of that change one has to go back to immediately after the November, 1958, elections which brought the biggest Democratic majority in the Senate since New Deal days. Sen. Clark (D-Pa.), the sparkplug of the liberal drive, proposed to Johnson then that the new facts of life be recognized and the Policy Committee revamped to reflect the increased Northern, Liberal strength.

Johnson brusquely rejected Clark's request.

When Sen. Proxmire (D-Wis.) subsequently took up the cry for more caucuses and a larger, democratically-elected Policy Committee, he was told by Sen. Mansfield (D-Mont.), the party whip and Johnson's loyal adjutant, that it would take a change in the Congressional Reorganization Act of 1946 to increase the size of the committee. Nevertheless, Johnson began having the three members of the Calendar Committee meet with the policy group. The function of the three members of this obscure committee is to serve as watchdogs for the party when the calendar of pending bills is called and object, when necessary, to prevent the other party from slipping through obnoxious bills. This is a minor, tedious chore, traditionally assigned to freshmen Senators to help them learn the ropes. Clark served on this committee in 1957-58.

The three members currently are Sens. Hart (Mich.), Engle (Cal.) and Bartlett (Alaska). They occasionally met with the Policy Committee last year but did not have a vote.

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On Monday, Jan. 18, less than a week after Johnson's highly-touted victory over the liberal reformers, Mansfield told the Senate that the members of the Calendar Committee did have a vote and should henceforth be considered part of the Policy Committee.

"He (Johnson) has given them the same privileges a regular member on the committee has. So what we have in effect at the present time is a 12-man committee," Mansfield said.

This interesting disclosure came in a colloquy between Mansfield and Proxmire. It represented quite a change from the official line Mansfield was expounding a year ago.

Johnson doubtless enjoyed his press clippings about the "smashing rout" of the liberals, but without losing face or contradicting the fanfare he has tried to meet the liberals at least part way.

Two of the three newcomers, Hart and Engle, are firm on the key issue of civil rights.

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The liberals have not, of course, won all they seek. The committee is still appointed, not elected. And the Steering Committee, which assigns members to legislative committees, is still wholly under Johnson's control. There is also the problem of unequal regional representation. The Policy Committee is top-heavy with Southerners and Westerners. The Atlantic Seaboard and the industrialized Midwest are badly under-represented.

Clark has pointed out that the states north of Alabama and East of the Mississippi River contain 58 per cent of the national population, have 23 of the 65 Democratic senators, and 297 of the 537 electoral votes, but they have only two of the 12 seats on the Policy Committee.

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The first of the new party caucuses held yesterday was fairly well attended; 33, or about half the members, were present.

The question under discussion was legislative strategy on the education bill. The Senate Labor Committee has reported out a bill by Sen. McNamara (D-Mich.) which would provide \$500,000,000 a year for two years exclusively for school construction.

McNamara favors the more ambitious Murray-Metcalf bill which would also provide funds for teacher salaries, but he believes his own bill is the only one that can be passed as long as Eisenhower is in the White House.

Sen. Hill (D-Ala.), the committee chairman, indorsed McNamara's position.

Clark spoke for the opposing view, which is to amend the bill to include salaries. Johnson spoke but did not commit himself.

No binding decision was reached and none was expected.

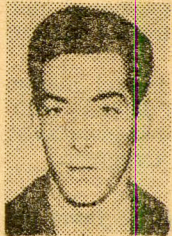
But the caucus performed the preliminary function of clarifying the alternatives and eliciting rank-and-file opinions.

Sidewalks of New York

By CARL GASTON

QUESTION: Carl Sandburg dedicated a school and said it had dangerous rivals—including movies, radio and television. What do you think?

HERB MERKSAMER, student, Huntington, L. I.—I agree.

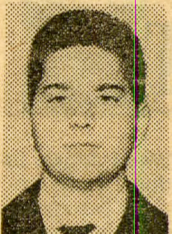


When I attended high school I found it hard to study properly and found the radio or television very distracting. Now that I'm in college my mother puts me down in the cellar to study, making sure nothing disturbs me.

HAL RAPAPORT, accountant, Queens—That is a dangerous half-truth.

The movies, radio and television are actually allies of education. More people know more about what's going on in the world today than ever before. I think these media are too important in our shrinking world to be dismissed this way.

CONSTANTINE KOUSOULAS, student, Queens—I agree to a certain extent.



One must consider that relaxation is also very important to the mind. I have found that soft music on the radio has helped me to study and to absorb much more easily what I read. However, I wouldn't recommend viewing TV if a college student really wants to keep his mind on his work.

GERALD BUCHMAN, accountant, Brooklyn—I can't quite agree.

Because of these media, most people are well up on current events and world-wide issues affecting our everyday lives. This in itself is a form of important education which cannot be ignored. Unfortunately, radio and TV don't give enough time to educational programs which would further benefit the people.

CHARLES TESORIERO, student, Brooklyn—Most of the programs on TV are trash and a student shouldn't waste his time with them.



Those educational programs that do appear on TV are presented too early in the morning for us college students, who study late into the night. As for radio and movies, they can be helpful culturally if you do your selecting carefully.

The Cheerful Cherub

Regretting failures in the past
Will never help me anyway
But only steal my time and thought
And keep me from success today.

R.P. CANN

Boredom

By Murray Kempton



The Democrats will hold their Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner under circumstances unfamiliar to habitual attendants at these feasts. Lyndon Johnson will be the main attraction and, by George Meany's personal decision, there will be none of those old familiar faces from the labor political leagues.

Meany has told James McDevitt, director of the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education, that, even if the spirit should move him to spend his own money, he must not go to the Democratic dinner.

Meany's decision not to grant the union label to the Democrats this month—it would be hyperbole to call his action a boycott, but a boycott it will be called—lends support to the mounting current of Washington opinion that Meany is resigned to the election of Richard Nixon in 1960 and will ride with it by indorsing no candidate.

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Johnson's prominence at the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner will also be owing to a mounting current of Washington opinion that he is not only a serious candidate for the Presidency of the United States—who, after all, isn't?—but a likely one.

A major recruit to this view is Richard Nixon who is reported saying privately that he expects that he will have to defend America against a Johnson-Kennedy ticket, which he believes will be very good for the country. I should expect Nixon to believe that what is good for Richard Nixon is good for America, this being the corporation closest to his heart.

Nixon's judgment in these matters is universally accepted, because everyone knows that he is an intense political scientist. But he also suffers from the occupational hazard of political scientists, which is reading newspaper columnists too closely. He gets it from them and then hands it back; it thus becomes inside information.

The prevailing mood in Washington is that of the girl who, having accepted one too many propositions, begins to ask herself, "Why not?" at even the less appetizing ones. Having said, "Why not Nixon?" the city has passed to "Why not Lyndon Johnson?" These, of course, are questions asked out of boredom. Boredom is the key to the Washington mood; George Meany is bored like the rest of us; it is hard to blame him if he refuses to face the moment when he will, according to habit, vote Democratic, and therefore lets informed opinion guess that he may not vote at all.

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Someone was saying yesterday that the problem of the Democrats is to find a candidate who can promise to do what the Democrats have not done for the last six years and make people believe it. Since Lyndon Johnson has been majority leader of the Senate for the last six years, he is therefore personally responsible for what everyone agrees has been a miserable Democratic record and thus the worst possible man to make such a promise. If you lived in a city where the insiders increasingly agree that Johnson will be rewarded for these services with the Democratic nomination for President, you might vote for him but you certainly wouldn't send your subordinates to a Democratic dinner.

But the insiders, as usual, are probably wrong. Johnson probably won't get the Democratic nomination and the AFL-CIO will indorse whoever does, listlessly and negatively, which is how they worked for Harry Truman, who was their last national winner. Most people, after all, vote by habit, politics being personal; and labor leaders are habitual Democrats, the way corporation presidents are habitual Republicans.

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Still, it is all terribly sad. What must it be to really believe in something in the United States and still be politically active, which means being a Republican and going to national dinners to hear Nixon or being a Democrat and going to your party's most sacred fiesta to hear Lyndon Johnson? Under these circumstances it is not a political but an esthetic act to stay away.

Presumably something is struggling to be born in American politics. But the fact is that right now the inside story is simply that everyone is at once bored himself and compelled to seek significance in the actions of others who are simply bored too.

The Artist

From "Adventures of a Biographer" by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4).

By evil men, I do not mean those who were merely self-indulgent or a trifle perverse in their habits. Tchaikovsky was a homosexual; after my book "Beloved Friend" appeared, I think every deviate in the state of Pennsylvania looked on me as his champion; they came and told me their hearts until I was altogether surfeited.

But Tchaikovsky was first of all an artist, who did not let love or terror block his work. In mortal fear of exposure, tortured by a marriage undertaken to silence scandal, Tchaikovsky put all fear and all torment of frustration into his art.

Whether or not his symphonies are to one's taste, no orchestral music ever gave back more intimately the image of the composer. In such a man the struggle assumed heroic proportions. Inexhaustible musical talent on the one hand, unremitting temptation and fear on the other, and over all the courage to surmount—this was "plot" enough for any biographer.

RHF - HIK - AW

The Latest Nixon

THE REAL NIXON: An Intimate Biography. By Bela Kornitzer. Rand McNally. 353 pp. \$3.95

By MURRAY KEMPTON

This is a terribly soggy book written in the style of a lackey, which I should define as un-American if it were not so generally the style of American campaign biographies.

Kornitzer seeks the riddle of Nixon in his childhood in Yorba Linda, California, in his family and in his Quaker upbringing. This search seems to me largely irrelevant for two reasons, one of Nixonry and one of America.

The irrelevancy produced by Nixonry is the family Quakerism, a theme which runs through Kornitzer's chronicle. Now the Society of Friends is a free church, but it is not one without doctrine.

In the last three weeks, Richard Nixon has made two statements of policy. He has come out in favor of capital punishment and he has blessed Harry Truman for dropping the atom bomb on Hiroshima.

If these views reflect his early training in Quakerism, then I am the Pope in Rome.

The second irrelevancy is American. Kornitzer does not

was plain fortunate. Pat has been a tremendous help to me. Even my critics agree that she has done a thorough job with both her family and her official responsibilities."

He is talking about the woman he loves; and the tone would seem cold in a U. S. Steel report about the Morristown plant.

And yet he was a good boy and helped around the home, and in the beginning loved his family. There is even a school paper he wrote about his little brother who died young; it is a genuinely moving document.

Mr. Kornitzer does us all no favor by printing the full text of this and then following it with the entire Checkers speech.

"My message to the American people: exposing this administration, the corruption in it, the communism in it... I went to the South Pacific area... I got a couple of letters of commendation, but I was just there when the bombs were falling... I believe it's fine that a man like Governor Stevenson, who inherited a fortune from his father, can run for President... I'm not a quitter. And Pat's not a quitter. After all, her name was Patricia Ryan and she was born on St. Patrick's Day, and you know the Irish never quit."

I should say, reading it afresh, that this is the most disgusting speech delivered by a political figure in my lifetime.

It is disgusting because it is contrived and because it is so long; Jim Eastland may belch on the floor of the Senate but

Paperbacks

Evergreen Review No. 12 (Grove Press, \$1)—This issue includes Albert Camus' "Reflections on the Guillotine," first published by Evergreen Review in 1957. The Story of Psychoanalysis—Lucy Freeman and Marvin Small (Cardinal Original, 50c)—Simple, nontechnical presentation of key figures: Mesmer, Piner, Charcot, Breuer, Freud, Jung, Adler, Rank, Jones and others.

that is a spontaneous act and a brief one.

This thing goes on and on according to plan: parodying the most sacred notions by which Americans once lived, defiling the combat soldier by mock-modest self-comparison, invoking the name of God to run for office, dragging the speaker's wife through a public place. And yet the man who delivered it was the boy who could write an honest piece about his brother dead.

I cannot consider that his parents have anything to do with that man; he has outgrown them and is simply an American success story.

I do not trust these Hungarians. Kornitzer pretends to be a fool but his game is clear. He is not only anti-Nixon; he is anti-American. Both those attitudes are his privilege, but his technique seems to me below the belt.

It is simply not fair to employ the style of a writer for Screen Guide, and use it to defame the republic.

Weekly BOOK Reviews

Talking of Books

By MARTHA MacGREGOR

"You'll find me poor copy," said Clifton Fadiman. "Wife, children, happy home, hobby—wines. Nothing to interest readers."

Outside the sun shone on an expansive exurban lawn, inside on a big glass-walled study. Dressed in baggy country clothes, Fadiman, publisher, editor, teacher, critic, radio and TV personality, talked with the humility only the successful dare show.

"My pattern is simple to the point of banality. I do something until I find out I either can or can't do it. In either case I give it up.

"It's particularly important to give something up when you find you can do it, unless you absolutely need the job for bread and butter.

"When you have solved the problem it's a good time to stop. That's why I've never kept any job. I'm just an employe of whoever wants to employ me. Intellectual vagabondage suits me."

At the moment, this Vagabond King's employers include the Encyclopedia Britannica, Holiday and the Book-of-the-Month Club.

His wife, the former Annalee Jacoby, says a large share of his enthusiasm these days goes to educational TV—"He's been working with the Ford Fund for the Advancement of Education"—and Fadiman himself wants people to read his newest book, "The Lifetime Reading Plan" (World, \$3.75), a guide to 100 books and authors from Homer to Faulkner.

"My book is aimed to get people into the bookstores and the libraries. I hope it will act as a spark.

"People start new habits at 80. You never can tell—someone who has never opened a book may try mine and say, I'll give this crazy guy a chance."

Should people read so many pages a day? "No, not unless they're systematic people. Make a regular habit of reading over a long period of time. Dr. Elliot used to talk about 15 minutes a day. That's just hokey."

How about Fadiman's own reading? "It depends on what I happen to be interested in. I always try to put aside a couple hours a day for books that I have no practical reason to read—not review books.

"Once I spent some time trying to learn Welsh. One year I got interested in medieval history."

At this point Kim, nine, and Anne, going on seven, appeared. "Are you children here for a purpose?" said Fadiman.

"Mommy won't let me use the power drill," said Kim.

After backing Mommy up, Fadiman said he thought Kim's question largely rhetorical. "But he may know how to use it—they do know the darndest things, continually surprising to an old gentleman like myself." The reference to his age was rhetorical, too; Fadiman will be 56 on May 15.

"Very domestic household here," he said. "The children walk in and out as I work. If a journalist can't work under these conditions he should castrate himself."

Clifton Fadiman speaks of himself as a journalist and says he has been influenced by Mencklen—"not appreciated now as he should be." Fadiman began reviewing books for the Nation while at Columbia and for The New Yorker while an editor for Simon and Schuster. He now does a book column for Holiday. "Whatever came my way I said yes to.

"I wanted to see what things were like. I still do. I've found it worthwhile to take chances. I tried short stories, was unsuccessful, gave it up.

"I tried verse, sold it to The New Yorker, read some good verse by E. B. White, gave that up. It's important to recognize your limitations—don't waste time."

"My own limitations are quite wide," said Fadiman, a very modest man.



CLIFTON FADIMAN

A New Kind of TV Novel

GOLK. By Richard Stern. Criterion. 221 pp. \$3.95.

By DAVID BOROFF

The standard novel about television is likely to have a predatory central character riding herd over his subordinates, some of whom, at least, have a lingering decency.

It is a world of voracious appetites, careening egos, dirty infighting, and tireless tumbling in and out of bed. (Al Morgan's "The Great Man" is perhaps the best of the lot.)

And, of course, it has only an accidental relationship to the truth. What it leaves out of the picture is the sheer entrepreneurial magic of TV and the impassioned energies of its imagination. We do it violence

to confine it within simple-minded morality fables.

The truth is that television—the whole new wave of technology, in fact—is a garish and zany new frontier for which the old vocabularies are unsuitable.

"Golk" is the first book to come along to have some sense of these new dimensions. There are no virtuous heroes, no crass tycoons stifling creativity. Instead, there is a curiously amoral world, dominated by the huge electronic eye and an oddly self-mocking Faustian itch.

Golk himself is a mad genius whose bald head bobs to the surface in the swirling currents of the new television era. He assumes the name Golk—his real name is a drab Sydney Pomeroy

—and makes of it an all-purpose term and a household word.

A Golk is an unrehearsed real-life situation with the camera eye trained on people caught up in unpremeditated drama. It is an honest This Is Your Life.

Golk has an irresistible impudence in setting up situations but also a true artist's sensitivity to human nuance, as he mischievously exposes other people's discomfiture.

(The camera is always hidden, and at the end of each Golk, the unlucky victim is informed that he is "on camera.")

Golk cunningly arranges golks which show up public figures for what they are. A government official shoots his mouth off about the electorate. ("Yes, the rotten meat draws the pack.")

A union leader, flattered by being invited to lunch on a yacht, leaks indiscretions.

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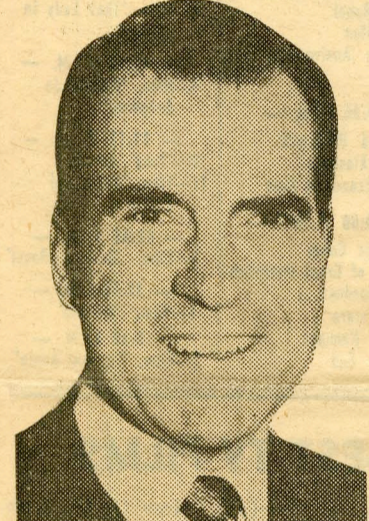
Does the charm come through in this autobiography? To some extent, but the book has two disadvantages. First, TV and the press have already publicized most of the events of her life. Second, Perle Mesta is too kindhearted to write a really amusing book. There's scarcely a mean word in the entire 200-odd pages.

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PERLE MESTA



RICHARD NIXON

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They get ahead by obliterating their own background; whether Yorba Linda is in California, North Carolina or Michigan, when its sons get to the big towns, they are indistinguishable from one another.

Such men have mothers, of course; but their mothers are not the best of witnesses because their sons are strangers. Kornitzer spent a long time with Nixon's mother, who seems to be a lady of substance, but I am afraid she is irrelevant on the evidence of her son's letters, which are reprinted here and invariably begin: "Dear Mother (colon)" and almost cry out, "Dictated but not read."

Under such circumstances the word "intimate" seems especially inappropriate in any study of Nixon. The problem, I'm afraid, is one of simple emotional poverty.

This, for example, is what Nixon says of his marriage: "It

Mysteries

The Schultz Money—Malcolm Gair—GOOD
The Man in the Cage—John Holbrook Vance—FAIR



The Trophy

MURRAY KEMPTON

Nicely, nicely, poor Richard Nixon was pushed and shoved—the only victim forbidden by protocol to complain—about the New York World Trade Fair in the Coliseum yesterday.

He shook the extended palms of all the world—from Bulgaria to South Korea—with the firm, non-partisan grip of salesman to salesman. He took home an Indian tea kettle—his wife is a collector; a stuffed black dog from West Germany—his daughter is about to be a collector; a large Benelux bowl of blue transparent glass; a volume of Israeli photographs of Biblical landscapes; a thing that looked like a lute with hangman's ropes attached from South Korea; and a cluster of flags from the European common market.

He told an Indian that the new agricultural program was a "stabilizing, ahhh"; he told a Brazilian that his new capital was like Washington, D.C., and built from the ground up and the President agrees; he told the European common market that it was a great stride forward; he told Israel that it too was a great stride forward; he told the Austrians that it was a thorn in his flesh that only 5 per cent of the tourists who went to Paris went on to Vienna; he told the Sicilians that there would have been no California without the Di Giorgio farms; he didn't mention the Di Giorgios to the Mexicans but he told them that they were friendly and had pyramids older than Egypt's and also the shrine at Guadalupe; he told the Poles that his grandmother had a feather bed; he told the Bulgarians that theirs was one country where he and his wife had never been but that, by all evidence, it had pretty girls; he told the Aubusson tapestry industry—behind its back—that its designs were a little over his head but certainly striking; and he told the South Koreans that he had gone to school with a Korean boy and that he and Pat would never forget, etc.

* * *

And through it all he was steamed and baked and crushed by the animal flesh of scribes from the prints and the Pharisees from the Coliseum management—"I started to hit one of those reporters, but I figured he was too important"—and tripped by television wires, and pushed into artificial flowers—"Clear out Israel; we're taking him there"—and through it all he remained pleasant, informing, and anxious to please, a single agreeable island in a sea raging with the unpleasant.

He ended his journey inspecting a detailed relief map of New York and environs provided by the New York Port Authority, with light-ups of its installations and a battery of telephones which the intellectually curious might pick up to hear a recorded description of the tentacles of that octopus. The Vice President of the United States picked up the phone and nodded his head and heard the description all the way through. When it was finished he hung up. Thank heaven, there is one limitation to Richard Nixon's manners: he does not say "Thank you" to a recorded announcement.

"This is the way you teach people," he told the Port Authority's attendant. "They see the phone and they pick it up because they're curious and then they listen because they're interested." He tried to heist the telephone. It was anchored to its place, an example of the abiding faith his servants have in the common man. "I see," he said, "you have them all nailed down."

A policeman was following him carrying his presents. The Vice President asked his bearer how long he had been on the force. Three months, the policeman answered. "That's what it is to be a recruit," said Mr. Nixon. "You have to carry the loot."

He was through it all a mine of information. He has been everywhere except Bulgaria. He knows the population of the European common market; he knows the percentage of tourists who go on from Paris to Vienna; he knows that in other Asiatic nations besides India you greet a voter by putting your hands together and inclining the forehead forward; he appreciates Polish hams.

He could even ask the Mexicans about a friend of his named Sierra. "We used to go to parties together. Does he still do those dances? No, I guess he doesn't. He has to be dignified, I guess."

* * *

How dreary it is to be Richard Nixon. There must have been a little fun in Mexico—however ceremonial and hollow—and now the man's been promoted and is only a memory as jackanapes. There are left just the maps and the figures on the Indian five-year plan. What must it be like to be an American tourist and never get to see the "Folies Bergeres," which you would have had the taste not to like, of course, but could at least have talked about as though you liked it as any other tourist can? There is left only the world in the form of small talk.

God, how Nixon must envy Khrushchev, who can drink Pepsi-Cola and spit it out in public disgust. What a terrible curse it is to embody America as a constant apology to the world.

But then there is the expense account and there are the trophies. I think of the Nixons in their golden years, the Vice Presidential family emeritus of the United States, with Mr. Nixon saying in the long winter evenings in San Luis Obispo, "Pat, show me that thing the South Koreans gave us before the night fell." He spoke last night at the Dutch Treat Club. I bet it was Dutch treat.

The Latest Nixon

THE REAL NIXON: An Intimate Biography. By Bela Kornitzer. Rand McNally, 353 pp. \$3.95.

By **MURRAY KEMPTON**

This is a terribly soggy book written in the style of a lackey which I should define as un-American if it were not so generally the style of American campaign biographies.

Kornitzer seeks the riddle of Nixon in his childhood in Yorba Linda, California, in his family and in his Quaker upbringing. This search seems to me largely irrelevant for two reasons, one of Nixonry and one of America.

The irrelevancy produced by Nixonry is the family Quakerism, a theme which runs through Kornitzer's chronicle. Now the Society of Friends is a free church, but it is not one without doctrine.

In the last three weeks, Richard Nixon has made two statements of policy. He has come out in favor of capital punishment and he has blessed Harry Truman for dropping the atom bomb on Hiroshima.

If these views reflect his early training in Quakerism, then I am the Pope in Rome.

The second irrelevancy is American. Kornitzer does not

was plain fortunate. Pat has been a tremendous help to me. Even my critics agree that she has done a thorough job with both her family and her official responsibilities."

He is talking about the woman he loves; and the tone would seem cold in a U. S. Steel report about the Morristown plant.

And yet he was a good boy and helped around the home, and in the beginning loved his family. There is even a school paper he wrote about his little brother who died young; it is a genuinely moving document.

Mr. Kornitzer does us all no favor by printing the full text of this and then following it with the entire Checkers speech.

"My message to the American people: exposing this administration, the corruption in it, the communism in it... I went to the South Pacific area... I got a couple of letters of commendation, but I was just there when the bombs were falling... I believe it's true that a man like Governor Stevenson, who inherited a fortune from his father, can run for President... I'm not a quitter. And Pat's not a quitter. After all, her name was Patricia Ryan and she was born on St. Patrick's Day, and you know the Irish never quit."

I should say, reading it afresh, that this is the most disgusting speech delivered by a political figure in my lifetime.

It is disgusting because it is contrived and because it is so long; Jim Eastland may belch on the floor of the Senate but

Paperbacks

Evergreen Review No. 12 (Grove Press, \$1)—This issue includes Albert Camus' "Reflections on the Guillotine," first published by Evergreen Review in 1957. **The Story of Psychoanalysis**—Lucy Freeman and Marvin Small (Cardinal Original, 50c)—Simple, nontechnical presentation of key figures: Mesmer, Piner, Charcot, Breuer, Freud, Jung, Adler, Rank, Jones and others.

that is a spontaneous act and a brief one.

This thing goes on and on according to plan: parodying the most sacred notions by which Americans once lived, defiling the combat soldier by mock-modest self-comparison, invoking the name of God to run for office, dragging the speaker's wife through a public place. And yet the man who delivered it was the boy who could write an honest piece about his brother dead.

I cannot consider that his parents have anything to do with that man; he has outgrown them and is simply an American success story.

I do not trust these Hungarians. Kornitzer pretends to be a fool but his game is clear. He is not only anti-Nixon; he is anti-American. Both those attitudes are his privilege, but his technique seems to me below the belt.

It is simply not fair to employ the style of a writer for Screen Guide and use it to defame the republic.

Weekly BOOK Reviews

Talking of Books

By **MARTHA MacGREGOR**

"You'll find me poor copy," said Clifton Fadiman. "Wife, children, happy home, hobby—wines. Nothing to interest readers."

Outside the sun shone on an expansive exurbanite lawn, inside on a big glass-walled study. Dressed in baggy country clothes, Fadiman, publisher, editor, teacher, critic, radio and TV personality, talked with the humility only the successful dare show.

"My pattern is simple to the point of banality. I do something until I find out I either can or can't do it. In either case I give it up."



CLIFTON FADIMAN

"It's particularly important to give something up when you find you can do it, unless you absolutely need the job for bread and butter."

"When you have solved the problem it's a good time to stop. That's why I've never kept any job. I'm just an employe of whoever wants to employ me. Intellectual vagabondage suits me."

At the moment, this Vagabond King's employers include the Encyclopedia Britannica, Holiday and the Book-of-the-Month Club.

His wife, the former Annalee Jacoby, says a large share of his enthusiasm these days goes to educational TV—"He's been working with the Ford Fund for the Advancement of Education"—and Fadiman himself wants people to read his newest book, "The Lifetime Reading Plan" (World, \$3.75), a guide to 100 books and authors from Homer to Faulkner.

"My book is aimed to get people into the bookstores and the libraries. I hope it will act as a spark."

"People start new habits at 80. You never can tell—someone who has never opened a book may try mine and say, I'll give this crazy guy a chance."

Should people read so many pages a day? "No, not unless they're systematic people. Make a regular habit of reading over a long period of time. Dr. Eliot used to talk about 15 minutes a day. That's just hooey."

How about Fadiman's own reading? "It depends on what I happen to be interested in. I always try to put aside a couple hours a day for books that I have no practical reason to read—not review books."

"Once I spent some time trying to learn Welsh. One year I got interested in medieval history."

At this point Kim, nine, and Anne, going on seven, appeared. "Are you children here for a purpose?" said Fadiman.

"Mommy won't let me use the power drill," said Kim.

After backing Mommy up, Fadiman said he thought Kim's question largely rhetorical. "But he may know how to use it—they do know the darndest things, continually surprising to an old gentleman like myself." The reference to his age was rhetorical, too; Fadiman will be 56 on May 15.

"Very domestic household here," he said. "The children walk in and out as I work. If a journalist can't work under these conditions he should castrate himself."

Clifton Fadiman speaks of himself as a journalist and says he has been influenced by Menck—"not appreciated now as he should be." Fadiman began reviewing books for the Nation while at Columbia and for The New Yorker while an editor for Simon and Schuster. He now does a book column for Holiday. "Whatever came my way I said yes to."

"I wanted to see what things were like. I still do. I've found it worthwhile to take chances. I tried short stories, was unsuccessful, gave it up."

"I tried verse, sold it to The New Yorker, read some good verse by E. B. White, gave that up. It's important to recognize your limitations—don't waste time."

"My own limitations are quite wide," said Fadiman, a very modest man.



RICHARD NIXON

seem to understand the essential that Americans are parricides, in a nice way of course. They advance by so eliminating the image of their parents as to make it unrecognizable in themselves.

You can meet an Italian or Englishman and tell by looking at him who his father was; this is impossible with Americans of the Nixon type.

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A New Kind of TV Novel

GOLK. By Richard Stern. Criterion. 221 pp. \$3.95.

By **DAVID BOROFF**

The standard novel about television is likely to have a predatory central character riding herd over his subordinates, some of whom, at least, have a lingering decency.

It is a world of voracious appetites, careening egos, dirty fighting, and tireless tumbling in and out of bed. (Al Morgan's "The Great Man" is perhaps the best of the lot.)

And, of course, it has only an accidental relationship to the truth. What it leaves out of the picture is the sheer entrepreneurial magic of TV and the impassioned energies of its imagination. We do it violence

to confine it within simple-minded morality fables.

The truth is that television—the whole new wave of technology, in fact—is a garish and zany new frontier for which the old vocabularies are unsuitable.

"Golk" is the first book to come along to have some sense of these new dimensions. There are no virtuous heroes, no crass tycoons stifling creativity. Instead, there is a curiously amoral world, dominated by the huge electronic eye and an oddly self-mocking Faustian itch.

Golk himself is a mad genius whose bald head bobs to the surface in the swirling currents of the new television era. He assumes the name Golk—his real name is a drab Sydney Pomeroy

—and makes of it an all-purpose term and a household word.

A Golk is an unrehearsed real-life situation with the camera eye trained on people caught up in unpremeditated drama. It is an honest This Is Your Life.

Golk has an irresistible impudence in setting up situations but also a true artist's sensitivity to human nuance, as he mischievously exposes other people's discomfiture.

(The camera is always hidden, and at the end of each Golk, the unlucky victim is informed that he is "on camera.")

Golk cunningly arranges golks which show up public figures for what they are. A government official shoots his mouth off about the electorate. ("Yes, the rotten meat draws the pack.")

A union leader, flattered by being invited to lunch on a yacht, leaks indiscretions.

Saul Bellow, in a warm endorsement of the novel, salutes Stern as one of the writers "who are not repelled by the world and have kept an appetite for experience."

True enough—but there is a kind of sophisticated moral anarchy about the novel that ultimately subverts it.

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PERLE MESTA

Mysteries

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Slippery Gulch

By Murray Kempton



There seems to be common agreement among the more perceptive observers, whether they come to praise or blame him, that Richard Nixon's style was formed in college as the champion debater of Southern California.

But Nixon learned the arts of persuasion for hire when he was younger still.

Earl Mazo tells us that, when he was only 14, the Vice President of the U. S. served "two stints of three weeks each as barker for the wheel of chance at the 'Slippery Gulch Rodeo' in Prescott, Ariz.

"Nixon barked for the legal front of the concession, where the prizes were hams and sides of bacon, which was a 'come on' for a back room featuring poker and dice. Pay was based on total concession earnings, front and back. Nixon earned \$1 an hour the first year, quite a windfall for a 14-year-old. The next was a depression year and his pay fell to 50 cents."

Set aside all Baptist moralities about children who start in life steering for crap games. The issue is not what Nixon sold but the way he sold it. What is important is that he was a teenage pitchman.

* * *

Serious sociological research into the character of the pitchman is consequently necessary to any judgment of the future of the republic. It is research hard to come by. The pitchman has been so diffused through our society that in pure form he has almost disappeared.

The closest specimen immediately available is Charles Casher, who was an ornament for nearly 15 years at the Canadian National Exposition, which remains to the pitchman what the Palace was to vaudeville. Casher withdrew from the struggle for a sedentary and successful life in direct mail advertising and as an off-Broadway producer.

"Now the first thing to remember about the pitchman," says Casher, "is that it doesn't matter to him what he sells. The essence of the art is to sell the least for the most money. The less you gave and the more you got—that was the measure. The bad ones got stuck to sell things of value."

By such a standard, you begin to appreciate Richard Nixon's early promise. If he hadn't been good, even at 14, they wouldn't have stuck him outside. Anybody can sell a crap game; moving hams takes talent.

"Now what you got to do is to stop 500 people standing on their feet in a noisy, upsetting fair. So, in making a pitch, you got to make everything focus. For instance, that's why most of the good ones can make every disease emerge from constipation. They cure everything for everybody. I was a little embarrassed by constipation so I used to blame everything on lack of vitamins and minerals in the blood. But you always have to sell a cure-all.

"Nixon's Checkers speech was a typical pitchman's performance. You have to start by saying that if two and two makes four what I am going to say makes sense. You start people where they live, with a wife and a dog. You never let them know they're being carried along. And then, when you get them on your side, you very quietly sneak your pitch into your talk."

Admiration was sneaking into Casher's tone.

"We used to say that Franklin Roosevelt was the greatest pitchman of them all. He even had that high sort of nasal tone you need to cut through the noise of the fairgrounds. You've got to reduce every problem to one simple thing. Isn't that what Eisenhower did when he said, 'I'll go to Korea?'"

* * *

Richard Nixon has said that he doesn't mind speaking to audiences, but that he could never go to a man face to face and try to sell him something.

"I guess in a way we were all misfits," says Casher. "When I was young I could never have been a salesman and work with individuals. I was even uncomfortable when there were only four or five people around at the beginning, but, when the crowd got bigger, the whole thing became impersonal and then I became strong and powerful. Television's even better; it's even more impersonal. Later on, when people began to walk away, I was so convinced myself that I used to wonder how anybody could walk away from these pearls of wisdom. When you are pitching you believe it. You don't have to be persuaded except when you're doing it. You don't have to believe it later.

"It doesn't make much real difference, if you believe enough, where you take them. I used to knock the doctors and let nature do it. Remember Bernarr MacFadden; he'd outlived all the doctors. I'd tell them that what I was selling was not medicine; this is food. And still they'd come up afterwards and say, 'I'll have a bottle of your medicine, Doc.' What we were practicing, I suppose, was mass hypnosis."

That was a formidable prep school of Dick Nixon's.

SS post

Don't Call Me . . .

By Murray Kempton



When the steel strike was over, Richard Nixon went virtuously into the shadows. There remained, however, one small duty to the country he had served so well and so modestly.

He had to brief the prints.

And so the Secretary of Labor of the United States of America sat down with the Vice President of the United States to divide up the high governmental duty of calling the magazines and giving them the inside story of Mr. Nixon's part in the settlement.

It is reported that Mr. Nixon immediately took on the assignment of calling Elliott V. Bell, publisher of *Business Week*. The conference proceeded to *United States News and World Report*. Secretary Mitchell was modest about his standing with David Lawrence, and it was thus duly decided that Vice President Nixon was the best man to represent the firm here.

And so we have Richard Nixon himself to thank for the flowering of "Inside the Steel Settlement" this week on the cover of *Business Week*, in the bowels of *Newsweek*, ("The Facts of Life by R. Nixon"), in the middle of *United States News* ("The Inside Story of What Happened in Steel"). This way, no one got beat but the *Nation*.

* * *

Get this fellow workers, you're free. Richard Nixon has invented the greatest thing for tired journalists since the wire service. It'll be him in the White House and us in the Press Club bar. No one will have to work except the publishers, who will sit in their offices waiting for the phone to ring. Considine will have to stick around to help Hearst with his syntax, but then he's always worked harder than the rest of us anyway.

There will be no more White House press conference; there won't even be press releases. Richard Nixon will have found that national purpose that everyone was so worried about; in him the Voice of America will speak loud and clear: "Don't call me; I'll call you."

Newsweek starts off its inside story this way:

"The Vice President of the United States stood up before the 10 top leaders of the nation's steel industry, the Steel Companies Coordinating Committee. His tone was quiet and friendly but firm as a girder. 'I just want to tell you gentlemen some of the facts of life,' he said.

The assumption—or at least the hope is—that the leg man in this case was not the Vice President but the Secretary of Labor. There then comes to mind this dialogue, assuming that Malcolm Muir, Sr., editor-in-chief of *Newsweek*, was on the desk when Mitchell called up:

The Secretary of Labor: "First a quote and then the color, O.K.?"

Muir, "O.K., but fast, huh?"

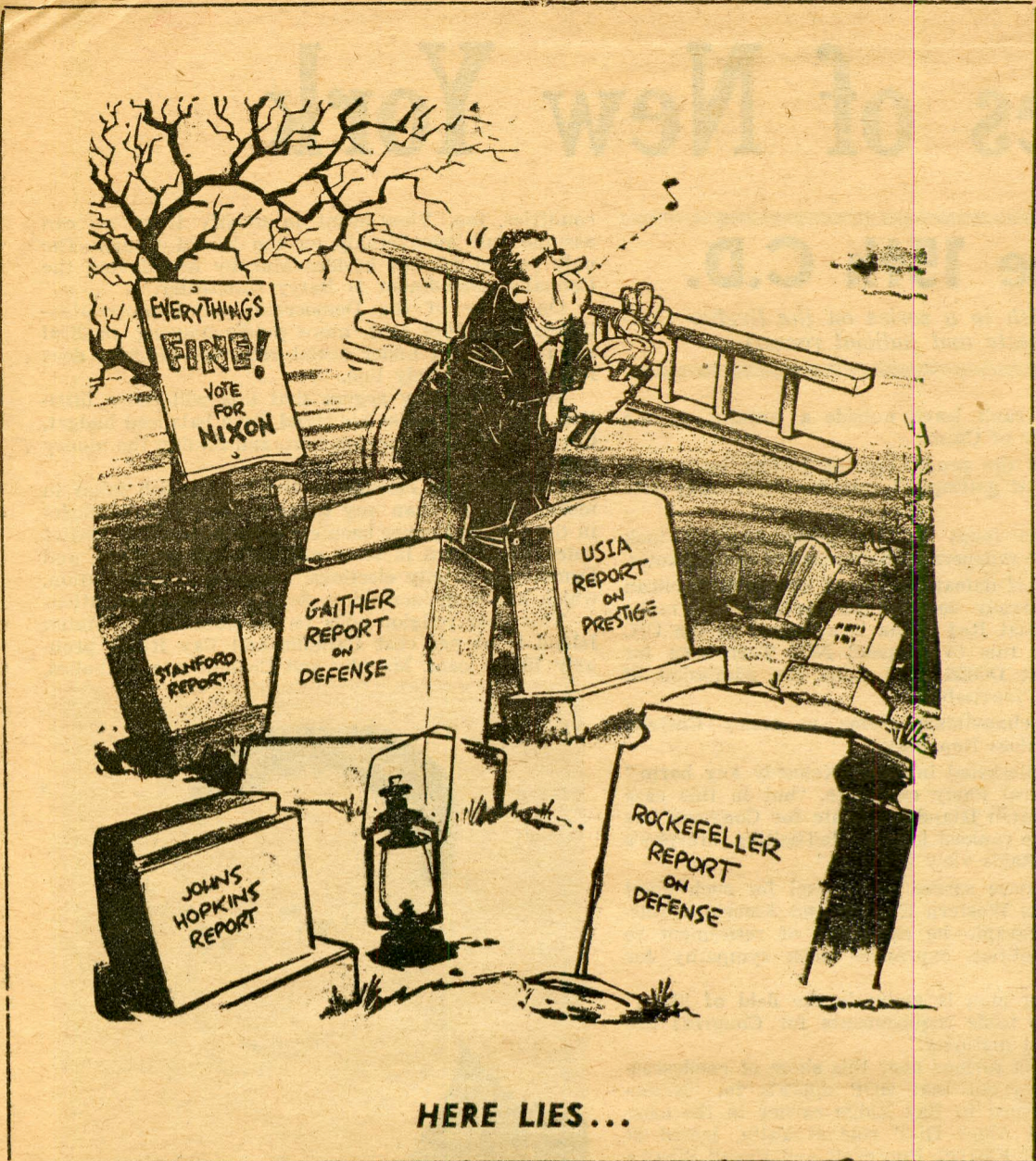
The Secretary of Labor: "O.K., O.K., Nixon said, my notes aren't very good but make it 'Gentlemen' and then—yes this is clear—'I just want to tell you gentlemen some of the facts of life.' He was very quiet about it, quiet but I'd say friendly but firm, very firm, firm as a girder."

Muir: "All right, all right, go ahead."

* * *

There will be those, there always are, who do not consider this an entirely wholesome trend. For one thing, the inside story seems in every case to come from one of two parties, the Vice President of the United States and stringer for McGraw Hill or the Secretary of Labor and stringer for *Newsweek*. The other parties were less accommodating; no one for instance seems to have remembered what Roger Blough said when stringer Nixon began explaining that there were the birds and, on the other hand, there were the bees.

What we have, in short, is the government's version of events. It is a wonderfully delusive prospect Richard Nixon holds out before us; from whom could one gather the real inside story of the Vice President of the United States better than from the Vice President of the United States? Lie down, boys, and relax in peace; Big Brother will fill you in.



Brains Race

MAX LERNER

While most Americans are focusing on two men in the Presidential election campaign, they are in danger of forgetting that their choice will carry with it much more than the choice of the man. It also carries the traditions and future direction of his party.

Richard Nixon is obviously gunning for the "independent voter" whose party ties are slight, and for the marginal Democrat who might be wooed away from his party. Hence he stays away from his own Republican party links, attaching himself to President Eisenhower as a person but not to the Republican party. It is a smart tactic, and may work.

But it is worth saying that party government has some point to it, and party attachments have meaning if they are not followed blindly. The party system in America keeps the mass of voters from becoming merely a collection of stray unattached atoms whirling about in the void. The two major parties in America are like polar magnets. Each has traditionally attracted its own kind of loyalties, its own brand of leaders and members and interest groups.

* * *

The other day a New York morning tabloid attacked Kennedy for "the company he keeps," singling out J. K. Galbraith and Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. for specially derisive treatment. It is a dangerous kind of argument, since it draws attention to the fact that the Presidential candidates are not isolated men, but that each belongs to a particular party and a particular intellectual climate. When you choose one of the two men, the party climate and territory go with him.

For the past half century, since Woodrow Wilson's election, the Democratic party has served as a magnet for labor and the liberals, for Negroes and Jews and Catholics and other minorities, for school teachers and university faculty, for writers and artists, for intellectuals of every category.

The current attacks on Galbraith and Schlesinger remind me of the similar attacks on Franklin Roosevelt for the college professors who flocked to his standard and became parts of his "brain trust." If I were a Republican strategist I would stay clear of this kind of approach. To attack the intellectuals around Kennedy is to spread the word that the intellectuals are in fact drawn to him. It is to broadcast the tidings that his administration might be one of brains.

* * *

Surely it is too late in American history to continue with the shabby and suicidal anti-intellectualism of past Presidential campaigns. The race between the world democratic bloc and the world communist bloc is as much a brains race as it is anything else. Whether America will survive or perish in the long struggle ahead will depend on how effectively it organizes its intelligence, both scientific and social. To fall behind in the mobilization of intelligence is to lose the race and lose the world.

Sen. Kennedy has the quality of urgency in him. He is telling whoever listens that it is later than they think. He advocates an ambitious program of social welfare. When his opponents ask what he plans to use for money, he answers in effect that it is better to have increasing expenditures which will be met and covered by increasing national income than to have a shrinking national income which will not meet or cover even the current expenditures.

But there is a more important question to ask Sen. Kennedy. Not "what are you going to use for money?" but "whom are you going to use for people?"

* * *

It is too easy to forget that the wealth of nations is their human material and that the motive power of nations is their organized brainpower. The Presidency, as Jefferson said in one of his letters even before he attained it, is a "splendid misery." If it gets isolated from the talented and resourceful people, as Eisenhower's Presidency got isolated, it can become an intolerable and ineffectual misery.

This is what gives meaning to the recent full-page ad listing the lawyers, writers, artists, historians, and social scientists who have repaired to the standard raised by Kennedy. Among the most meaningful is a list of specialists in foreign policy and world politics. These are the men who have spent their lives studying politics among nations, political and psychological warfare, the aid race, the undeveloped countries, and the communist societies themselves. Their suffrage should carry the weight that attaches to their knowledge.

America needs not only a new program of domestic and foreign policies. It needs men with enough talent and dedication to carry them out. The brains race will not wait. I am convinced that Kennedy, himself something of an intellectual, will gather around him the most brilliant group of brain trusters since Franklin Roosevelt.

Play Now, Pay Later

From "The Crisis We Face: Automation and the Cold War," by George Steele and Paul Kircher (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95).

The Russians are not so well off as we are, and they know it. Their slogans promise them that they will live better if they work harder, and their standard of living gradually has been granted slow increase. They are urged that it is noble to make sacrifices so that their country can be independent and powerful.

In contrast, what are we told? That the good things of life are already here, that a credit card will get you anything you want before you are old enough to vote. Pay later.

We probably shall. Every other major civilization has.



Red-Dogging

MURRAY KEMPTON

En Route With Kennedy.

John F. Kennedy's open convertible, its floor fetlock deep in soggy confetti, prowled the streets of Philadelphia yesterday like a vacuum cleaner.

He made six speeches during the day; their running time was a grand total of 42 minutes. But he was on the streets nearly six hours, backtracking enough so that a Kennedy cultist could choose his corners and see him pass at least five times.

But wherever he lit, his crowds were immense; his main open air rally at Reyburn Park downtown drew the sort of throng which is customarily overestimated at 50,000; some of its members had stood more than an hour; he gave them a six-minute speech.

He went through safe precincts and doubtful ones; he had one mile's progress through an area so monolithically Democratic that its children, when they go out on trick-or-treat night, write "Kennedy" in soap on the store windows.

* * *

His speeches were as short, simple and brutal as a blackjack. The Kennedys play the game like the pros; ahead in the last quarter and the other team gets the ball, they red-dog the passer.

Yesterday, standing in the rain outside Temple University, Jack Kennedy even dared red-dog President Eisenhower, the coach and a sacred subject until now.

"I'm going to make Mr. Nixon an offer," he said. "Let President Eisenhower come with him to the fifth debate."

Make no mistake, he went on; Eisenhower isn't on the ballot this year.

"It's Nixon versus Kennedy and I look to the future with some degree of hope."

He has nervous feet and nervous hands: he seems to pant a little. The nerves have nothing to do with confidence; he is the most confident political candidate I have ever seen. They have something to do with personal, almost boyish superstition; you do not, on peril of the wrath of God, relax when you're ahead.

* * *

There is now something different in his crowds. They do not stand and look at him ap-

plauding at proper intervals; they do not screech and moan in isolation; they run after him with a continual universal roar. They sound like football crowds in the last quarter when the home team, the short ender, has gone two touchdowns in front.

Yesterday when Kennedy was introduced at Temple, the crowd set up a sudden chant of "We want Jack" over and over: his voice came back, clipped and slightly impatient, "Thank you, thank you, thank you." He held his hands, too, like a defensive captain telling the customers to keep quiet so the line can hear the signals.

He taunts the few hecklers he gets in a tone of command in extraordinary contrast with Richard Nixon's tone of grievance. Yesterday, outside a Negro housing project, some brave conscripts held up a "For Peace and Prosperity, Vote for Nixon and Lodge" sign. Kennedy announced that he had a thing to tell these friends of Mr. Nixon's.

Pointing that lean brown finger, he said, "Mr. Nixon calls a \$1.25 minimum wage extreme and they wave a sign about prosperity."

He went on to say that the Republican Party is against civil rights (which is, of course, why Jim Eastland votes Republican).

* * *

This is harsh and extreme and oversimple stuff, but it is the tone of the winning side in most elections.

It is in fact the language winners habitually speak, and a political barometer as indicative as the eggs that were thrown at Nixon.

I remember in 1956 seeing one poor Stevenson leaflet bearer beaten to the ground by Republicans outside Independence Hall when Nixon was visiting there. Coming home, a man on the bus I had not seen before and have not seen since—the Devil, I suppose—said that his experience had been that the side that plays rough is the side that wins. "Show me a candidate hit with an egg," he said, "and I'll show you a loser." You can look it up; it's true. A man was saying yesterday that, after all, the professional football team that draws the most penalties wins the most games. Something to do with keeping your mind on the business.

COPY

December 3, 1957

Personal

Dear Murray:

This is just a note to say that I have just had the opportunity of reading your column of November 15 concerning the actions of the President's Committee on Government Contracts.

I think you would probably agree that this column contained something less than the complete facts about these particular cases, and the purpose of my writing you is to let you know that I have been assured by Mr. Jacob Seidenberg that his Committee would be more than willing to provide you with the complete facts about these cases or any other matters with which they are concerned in the future.

The next time you are in town I would be most happy to discuss this further with you.

With best regards,

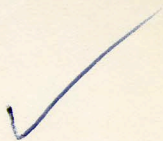
Sincerely,

Charles K. McWhorter
Legislative Assistant
to the Vice President

Mr. Murray Kempton
New York Post
New York, New York

Kempton, Murray - folder
x - President's Committee on Govt. Contracts

C Mc W / amk



November 19, 1957

Memorandum

To: RN

From: CKM *CKM*

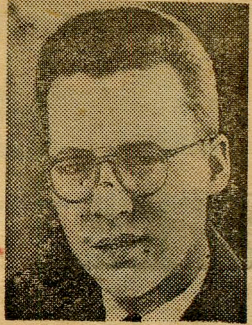
Your old friend Murray Kempton is back in action!!!

Chick

NY Post Nov. 15, 1957

Modesty

By Murray Kempton



There is a mounting conviction among informed observers that Richard Nixon is currently more popular with Negro voters than any other politician.

I cannot quarrel with their findings, since I can't think of any politicians who deserve the faith and trust of Negro voters any more than Richard Nixon, or of anything worse to say about politicians than that.

Nixon is chairman of the President's Committee on Government Contracts, the body set up by Harry Truman and continued by Dwight D. Eisenhower to supervise enforcement of that clause in defense contracts which bans discrimination against Negroes.

The Vice President is generally represented as feeling that this is a position at once too important and too sensitive to be used for his own political profit, and is loath therefore to talk about it publicly. He only breaks that rule at campaign meetings largely populated by Negroes; on such occasions, he lowers his head and stammers modestly that nothing is nearer his heart or more consumptive of his energies than the work of the President's Committee on Defense Contracts.

On April 20, 1955, Herbert Hill of the National Assn. for the Advancement of Colored People swore out a complaint to Nixon against Esso Standard of Baton Rouge, Union Carbide and Carbon of Texas City, Cities Service of Lake Charles, La., and other Southern refineries and the unions which represent them for flagrant, persistent and indubitable discrimination against Negroes. The heart of the complaint was that these companies hired Negroes only as sweepers and janitors, let them work in higher grades only on sweepers' pay, and barred them by custom and union contract from advancement to skilled categories.

The bill of particulars assembled for the President's Committee by the NAACP was beyond argument. The system described both in the paper of the union contracts and the affidavits of the aggrieved Negro employes needs investigation about as much as a washroom sign saying "White Only"; it is just that open.

Over the next two years, the NAACP received no word about its complaint beyond a bare acknowledgement from Nixon's executive director. In the interim, Hill labored in other vineyards; with the assistance of the CIO Oil Workers, the NAACP won valuable improvements in two plants; thanks to the efforts of these private bodies, as an instance, 40 Negroes have been promoted to the skilled trades pool at Magnolia Petroleum in Houston. This is no small thing; but in general the situation in the Southern refineries remains precisely where it was two years ago.

Last June, the NAACP wrote Nixon as chairman of the President's Committee on Government Contracts asking for some report on the status of its 25-month-old complaint. On July 8, this reply came back—signed, not by Nixon, but by Jacob Seidenberg, his committee's executive director:

"In order to assure full compliance with your request of June 5, 1957, the Defense Department has been requested to review the current hiring and employment practices of [here are listed the corporations named in the complaint], and report their findings to the committee.

"The Department of Defense has given the Committee's request the highest possible priority. You, of course, will be further advised as soon as we have received the Department's report concerning this matter.

Cordially yours, etc."

We have to assume that Seidenberg is writing the English language. The inevitable conclusion from reading that letter with that assumption is: (1) The committee did not even transmit the April, 1957, complaint to the Defense Dept. and (2) The committee has now transmitted to the Defense Dept. only the NAACP's letter of inquiry, which was merely a summary, and the NAACP's original complaint lies embalmed, unread in its files. And, what is more, the NAACP has not heard a word from the President's Committee in the five months since the Defense Dept. was sent in passionate pursuit of this matter.

And the oil company case does not sleep alone in Richard Nixon's files. In July, 1956, the NAACP filed a complaint of discrimination against seven aircraft manufacturers, including Boeing in Wichita and Lockheed in Marietta, Ga. The bill of particulars spelled out a situation just as flagrant as in the oil refineries.

After 15 months of silence from Nixon's committee, J. H. Calhoun, president of the NAACP's Atlanta branch, wrote to find out what progress could be reported from Lockheed in Marietta, Ga. Calhoun got this answer from Seidenberg:

"You will recall that on April 24, 1957, we wrote to advise you that the case had been referred back to the contracting agency for further action. We have been following the matter closely, and present indications are that we shall receive a report from the agency by the middle of November.

"Please be assured that this complaint is under active consideration, etc."

It is a dreadful mistake for a civil servant to depart from the form letter composed for such occasions. Seidenberg's mistake in so departing proclaims itself in the sentence: "We have been following the matter closely."

For, in point of fact, NAACP's Hill and the International Assn. of Machinists have together taken various steps at Lockheed which have improved the situation measurably if not spectacularly. Marietta is one place where there has been progress. That is no thanks to Nixon and Seidenberg, but I hardly think them exempt from the habit public officials have of grabbing credit for other people's achievements. The only possible reason for Seidenberg's modesty about the improvement at Lockheed is that he doesn't know about it.

The reason for Richard Nixon's modesty about his role as chairman of the President's Committee on Government Contracts is that, on the record, he could hardly be anything else.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMITTEE ON
GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

November 21, 1957

MEMORANDUM

To: Charles McWhorter
Legislative Assistant
to the Vice President

From: Jacob Seidenberg
Executive Director

In accordance with your request concerning Murray Kempton's article in the New York Post, I am enclosing for your information a chronological report of our activities in the Boeing Aircraft and the Lockheed case at Marietta, Georgia.

All that I can say is that whatever progress has been made in these cases has been done as a result of the pressure the Committee has brought to bear on these cases rather than what Mr. Herbert Hill has done. Admittedly we have not released anything about these cases because they have not been disposed of and our Committee does not make any statement about its complaint cases. It is the overall Committee policy not to make any statement or release about complaint cases even when they are satisfactorily resolved.

Encls.

CHRONOLOGY OF COMMITTEE ACTION REGARDING THE OIL CASES

April 20, 1955 -- The Committee received from the NAACP complaints alleging violations of the nondiscrimination clause by the Esso Standard Oil Company, Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Cities Service Refining Corporation, Lake Charles, Louisiana; Lion Oil Company, El Dorado, Arkansas; and Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Company, Texas City, Texas.

May 6, 1955 -- Vice President Nixon appointed a special subcommittee headed by Mr. John Minor Wisdom to consider the complaints. Messrs. William P. Rogers, Thomas Pike and James Nabrit were designated to serve with Mr. Wisdom. Subsequently, Secretary Mitchell was designated to serve as Consultant.

January 21, 1955 -- The special subcommittee agreed that the complaints against the companies should be explored informally and that Mr. Wisdom should institute negotiations with representatives of the oil companies.

July 22, 1955 -- Mr. Wisdom advised the Executive Director by telephone that he had had two conferences with representatives of the Esso Standard Oil Company in Baton Rouge and conferences with representatives of Cities Service Refining Corporation. Mr. Wisdom further stated that these industry representatives said they were in sympathy with the philosophy of the Committee and approved of its methods of approach and that they would prefer to have the cases settled on a broad basis rather than dealing with specific allegations of the complaints.

September 1, 1955 -- Mr. Wisdom reported that substantial progress was being made with all of the companies cited in the complaint with the exception of the Lion Oil Company. In this connection it should be noted that at this time the Lion Oil Company had recently merged with the Monsanto Chemical Company.

September 9, 1955 -- Mr. H. J. Voorhies of the Esso Standard Oil Company, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, met with the Sub-Committee on Oil Review in order to advise them of his plans for the implementation of nondiscriminatory employment at the Baton Rouge plant.

January 16, 1956 -- Mr. H. J. Voorhies advised Mr. Wisdom by letter --

(1) That the company had placed 25 Negro employees into mechanical-helper jobs, and (2) That 296 Negro employees had applied for consideration for transfer to mechanical-helper openings and that 55 of them made satisfactory scores. Thirty-two were considered the best qualified and were offered transfers to the mechanical-helper classification. Five elected to decline the transfers and two were subsequently returned to their former jobs.

Memorandum to Dr. Seidenberg

November 18, 1957

- June 1956 -- The Executive Director attempted to get Mr. M. X. Shannahan, of the Department of Defense, to investigate the complaints but negotiations for his services were never completed.
- July 3, 1957 -- The Executive Director and Dr. Houchins discussed with Mr. Bannerman the problem of processing the complaints against the oil companies. Mr. Bannerman agreed to accept the complaints for investigation and the full complaints were forwarded to the Defense Department on July 8, 1957.
- July 29, 1957 -- Captain C. L. Gilbert, the person assigned to the complaints by the Department of Defense, met with the Executive Director and Dr. Houchins for a full discussion of the complaints and the action to be pursued during the investigation.
- August 2, 1957 -- Detailed instructions for the conduct of the investigations ^{were} sent Captain C. L. Gilbert.
- October 25, 1957 -- The Committee received the investigative reports of the complaints involving Cities Service Refining Corporation, Esso Standard Oil Company, and the Lion Oil Company.
- November 8, 1957 -- The Committee received the investigative report involving the Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Company, Texas City, Texas.

The complaints are now being analyzed.

November 21, 1957

MEMORANDUM

TO: Jacob Seidenberg
Executive Director

FROM: Joseph R. Houchins
Director of Compliance

SUBJECT: Chronology of Committee Action Regarding Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Marietta, Georgia (File No. 298)

July 23, 1956 - The Committee received a complaint from the Atlanta Branch of the NAACP alleging discrimination against Negroes in regard to hiring, upgrading, training, and other incidence of employment. (Similar complaints were filed by the Washington Bureau NAACP and the Gate City Young Republican Club on August 3, 1956, and September 6, 1956, respectively).

July 23, 1957 - The complaint was transmitted to the Department of Defense for investigation.

October 21, 1956 - The Committee received a report of investigation from the Department of Defense. The report indicated that a reinvestigation would be conducted at the corporation during the first quarter of the Fiscal Year 1958.

November 19, 1956 - The case was presented to the Sub-Committee on Review, which recommended that the Department of Defense --

1. Make every possible effort to bring the corporation into compliance with the provisions of the standard nondiscrimination clause.

2. Supply, on a quarterly basis, reports showing --

a. Number of Negroes hired during the reporting period by occupations and departments.

Memorandum to Dr. Seidenberg

November 21, 1957

b. Number of Negro upgrades and promotions during the reporting period by occupations and departments.

c. Number of Negro women hired during the reporting period by occupations and departments.

3. Request the corporation to issue to the Atlanta United States Employment Office and all company hiring and supervisory personnel a statement of nondiscriminatory employment policy.

December 20, 1956 - The Committee received from Herbert Hill, Labor Secretary of the NAACP a "Summary Report Re Status of Negro Workers at Lockheed Aircraft Corporation Plant, Marietta, Georgia", which was transmitted to the Department of Defense as supplemental information to the complaint.

June 28, 1957 - A new complaint of discrimination was filed by Mr. Bryant R. Britt, an employee of the company. The complaint alleged that the company violated the provisions of the clause --

1. By restricting the employment of Negroes to certain specified areas. Allegedly, approximately 90 percent of all Negro employees are in two departments.

m 2. By requiring Negro workers to use a separate cafeteria and segregated rest room dispensary and drinking facilities.

July 19, 1957 - A report of investigation conducted by the Department of Defense was received by the Committee. A follow-up report was not requested because of the receipt of the complaint mentioned under the date of June 28, 1957 which had to be submitted to the Sub-Committee on Review.

July 22, 1957 - The Sub-Committee on Review considered the matter of whether the Committee had jurisdiction over the complaint which alleged in part that the corporation violated the clause by requiring Negroes to use a separate cafeteria and other segregated facilities. Following a review of the complaint the Sub-Committee recommended that the Department of Defense designate a top ranking civilian procurement officer or military officer to meet with Mr. C. S. Gross, the corporation's President for the purpose of getting him to take action which would result in the desegregation of facilities and the elimination of other discriminatory employment practices at the Marietta plant.

Memorandum to Dr. Seidenberg

November 21, 1957

July 26, 1957 - The Executive Director met with representatives of the Defense Department to discuss the actions to be taken by the agency relative to the Sub-Committee on Review's recommendations. The contracting agency, after considerable discussion, agreed to comply with the Committee's request.

August 8, 1957 - Dr. Seidenberg discussed with Mr. Max Golden, Deputy for Procurement to the Assistant Secretary of the Air Force, the Lockheed, Marietta, Georgia plant situation. He informed Mr. Golden of the Sub-Committee on Review's feeling with regard to the complaints and its recommended action. Mr. Golden's cooperation was solicited in obtaining a top official to present the Air Force's position to Lockheed's top management.

October 31, 1957 - Mr. Boris Shishkin informed the Committee that the International Association of Machinists have organized the Lockheed plant and have integrated their "Jim Crow" local.

November 14, 1957 - A report of investigation of the complaint filed by Mr. B. R. Britt (see June 28, 1957, above) was received from the Department of Defense.

November 20, 1957 - The investigative report of the complaint filed by Mr. Britt against the corporation was presented to the Committee. Following a review and discussion of the case the Committee requested the Department of Defense --

1. To designate an appropriate official, at the rank of Assistant Secretary or higher, to urge the corporation's President to initiate such action as will result in the desegregation of the Marietta plant.
2. To instruct the corporation's President --
 - a. That segregated facilities in or appertaining to departments or areas where Government work is performed violate the provisions of the clause.
 - b. That contracts being performed at the Marietta plant will not be renewed unless management initiates such action as will result in the desegregation of the plant facilities and work area.
3. To submit to the Committee within 60 days a report on the action taken by the company.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMITTEE ON
GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

November 21, 1957

MEMORANDUM

TO: Dr. Jacob Seidenberg
Executive Director

FROM: Joseph R. Houchins
Director of Compliance

SUBJECT: Chronology of Committee Action Regarding Boeing
Aircraft Corporation, Wichita, Kansas (File 269 - 282)

May 17, 1957 -- The Committee received from the NAACP complaints alleging that the corporation had discriminated against Negroes in regard to initial hiring, pre-induction training, transfer, promotion, and other aspects of employment. The cases were referred to the Department of Defense for investigation.

October 9, 1957 -- The first investigative reports of the cases were received by the Committee. These reports were not complete, therefore, supplementary information is being requested.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMITTEE ON
GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

November 21, 1957

MEMORANDUM

To: Charles McWhorter
Legislative Assistant
to the Vice President

From: Jacob Seidenberg
Executive Director

In accordance with your request concerning Murray Kempton's article in the New York Post, I am enclosing for your information a chronological report of our activities in the Boeing Aircraft and the Lockheed case at Marietta, Georgia.

All that I can say is that whatever progress has been made in these cases has been done as a result of the pressure the Committee has brought to bear on these cases rather than what Mr. Herbert Hill has done. Admittedly we have not released anything about these cases because they have not been disposed of and our Committee does not make any statement about its complaint cases. It is the overall Committee policy not to make any statement or release about complaint cases even when they are satisfactorily resolved.

Encls.

OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

7/29/57

MEMORANDUM

TO: RN

FROM: CKM *CKM*

I spent 50 minutes talking with Murray *NY* Kempton of the New York Post this morning. He was paying a "courtesy call" and covered a wide area of topics, mostly related to the civil rights controversy.

He volunteer some kind words about you personally in connection with civil rights and also about the Republican Party.

It will represent some sort of millenium if we were ever to get Kempton to print something which was favorable to you, which wasn't qualified and full of reservations, but this sort of softening up process should help him understand the integrity and high purpose of your motivation in this area.

Dear Mr. Vice President:

There is a question ~~like~~ I'd like to ask you this afternoon; since it's long-winded, I thought I'd just send it over early so it wouldn't consume too much time in the asking.

It goes to our efforts to define the difference between the Eisenhower Republicans and Harry Truman in dealing with the Communist menace:

(1) You said yesterday that, in voting for Greek-Turkish aid in 1947, Congressman Javits had passed the fundamental test of understanding the Communist menace. In the same session, Javits also voted against an appropriation for the work of the House Un-American Activities Committee. ~~■~~ If he had been in the majority then, there would have been no Hiss case. Did he pass or flunk the test then?

(2) You have said several times over the last few days that the President would never underestimate the Communist menace here and abroad. On ~~June 21~~ 21 1955, at Geneva, the president was quoted by Elie Abel in the New York Times as "stating his belief that the Soviet leaders were as earnestly desirous of peace as their Western counterparts." Margaret Higgins reported in the Tribune that the president said that he had personally talked to every ~~one~~ member of the Russian *delegation* and was confident that every one of them wanted peace." ~~Do you think that~~ Do you feel that in this case the president was underestimating or overestimating the ^{correctly} good faith of a government, which as yourself say has broken every promise it ever made.

Thanks,

Murray Kempton