# Preface

To be helpful, I have my résumé translated into Greek for a talk I am to give in Athens.

I offer it to the professor who is to introduce me. "What is your title at Brookings, Mr. Hess?" he asks.

"Senior Fellow," I reply.

"It has been translated 'Ancient Gentleman.' "

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In the 1940s and 1950s, Upton Sinclair—the Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *The Jungle*—wrote eleven best-selling novels featuring a character named Lanny Budd. They were works of fiction—Lanny was not real, of course, nor was he famous or of high rank. But whenever an important political event was happening somewhere, Lanny also happened to be there. Now, as an ancient gentleman, the more I remember, the more I feel I have lived a Lanny Budd life:

1952: Chicago, I am nineteen, and on the convention floor as Dwight Eisenhower and Robert Taft are deadlocked for the Republican presidential nomination. . . . 1958: Washington, I am twenty-five, writing speeches for President Eisenhower during the disastrous mid-

term election. . . . 1960: New York, Richard Nixon secretly negotiates the so-called Compact of Fifth Avenue with Nelson Rockefeller for the Republican platform; in Chicago, I listen by phone to what they are instructing platform chair Charles Percy. . . . 1959–1961: Washington, on the White House speechwriting team. Ike delivers his farewell address. . . . 1962: Los Angeles, I am Nixon's speechwriter as he runs for California governor. . . . 1963: November 22, President Kennedy is assassinated in Dallas; I am with Nixon. . . . 1965: Washington, Gerald Ford is elected leader of the House Republicans. I begin writing speeches for him. . . . 1968: Miami, Nixon chooses Spiro Agnew for vice president. I travel 60,000 gaffe-filled miles with him on the campaign trail. . . . 1969: On the White House staff again, as liberals and conservatives battle for President Nixon's attention; I am Pat Moynihan's deputy. . . . 1973: October 20, a quiet dinner with Tom and Meredith Brokaw ends abruptly with what becomes known as the Saturday Night Massacre. . . . 1976: Kansas City, I am editor in chief of President Ford's platform. . . . 1976: New York, November 19, I am a delegate to the UN General Assembly, on leave from Brookings, when President-elect Carter calls to ask for help organizing the White House. . . . Washington, November 20, Saturday morning, I am in the West Wing reviewing staffing charts with Ford's chief of staff, Dick Cheney. . . . 1980: The Republican national chairman asks me to write a Reagan transition plan. . . .

# Eisenhower

On August 16, 1958, the *General Alexander M. Patch* debarked at the Brooklyn Army Terminal. Back from Germany, I was on my way to Fort Dix, New Jersey, where my two-year military career—during which I rose from private to private first class—was to end some nine days later. Someday I will claim that my replacement in the 3rd Armored Division was Elvis Presley, which is almost true—at least in the sense that his unit moved in when my unit moved out.

I was twenty-five, about to be unemployed, and available.

On September 1, President Eisenhower's speechwriter, Arthur Larson, resigns. Unknown to me, his successor will be Malcolm Moos, my professor at Johns Hopkins, who wants me to join him at the White House. I begin September 8.

When asked by students how to become a presidential speechwriter, my reply is always "Be nice to your professors." Of course, it was not quite that simple. White House chief of staff Sherman Adams is being pushed out (for accepting gifts—a vicuña coat, an oriental rug—from a favor-seeker named Bernard Goldfine). He is not willing to let the new speechwriter hire an assistant. So Moos, who has a politician's instincts, does an end run around Adams and goes to the chairman of the Repub-

lican National Committee, Mead Alcorn. Since I will be working on the president's speeches for the midterm campaign, Mac says, surely the party would be willing to foot the bill. Alcorn agrees, and I visit him on September 4. He calls me Steve. What compensation do I want? It is a question I have never been asked before. The army never asked when it made me a private. I say a thousand dollars a month. I don't know where this figure comes from. Alcorn quickly agrees. I must have asked for too little. I add: "There will be expenses." I have no idea what this means. He says they will pay for an apartment. I say: "I would like a four-month contract." He says that is fair. I am getting pretty good at this negotiating thing! The chairman says he would also like to call on me for some speeches. Fine with me. As it turns out, I end up writing only one speech and a few notes for him, including a good story about Teddy Roosevelt for him to use at TR's centennial. What I think happens is that my working at the White House intimidates the RNC.

Three weeks after my ship docked, I am in Washington, writing speeches for the president of the United States, for $1,000 a month in 1958 dollars, which works out to an annual salary of $102,014 in 2018 dollars. And I have an apartment in Georgetown. Is this just a series of interesting accidents? Where does the story go from here?

## First Words

September 25, 1958: I write in my diary, "If there are no changes, tomorrow will be the first time the President speaks any of my words."

There was to be a ceremony on the restoration of Fort Ligonier in western Pennsylvania, a frontier post during the French and Indian War. George Washington fought there in 1758. President Eisenhower's visit was a favor to billionaire Richard Mellon. The speeches—by Ike, Mellon, and a senator—lasted just eighteen minutes, followed by a twenty-minute visit to Mellon's 30,000-acre estate, then back to the White House by 5:58 p.m.

My assignment was to thread a connection between Washington and

Eisenhower, the two "war hero" presidents. What I learned was that Colonel Washington's troops had circled the fort clockwise in heavy fog while another young officer from Virginia circled his troops counterclockwise. They met, but mistook each other for the enemy: two officers and thirty-eight enlisted men were killed or wounded. Recounting George Washington's "friendly fire" incident did not seem the most auspicious way to begin my career as a speechwriter at the White House.

All that survived of my draft was one sentence: "Thanks to the public interest of many citizens, a large part of this historic site has been restored, so that today we see it much as it must have appeared to young Colonel Washington 200 years ago."

Actually . . .

That was not the first speech I ever wrote for a major public figure. In 1954, as a student at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, I went to Washington for the day to see if I might pick up some useful information for a paper I was writing on the Bricker Amendment, a controversial effort by right-wingers to amend the Constitution to place restrictions on the president's treaty-making powers. It seems quaint by the standards of today's overdriven Congress, but I actually walked into the office of Minnesota senator Hubert Humphrey, politely stated my request, and was introduced to Max Kampelman, his top legislative assistant. Max not only told me about the ins and outs of Senate strategy but wanted to know *my* opinion of the Bricker Amendment. At the end of our conversation, he asked me—words to be remembered—"Would you write the senator's speech?" Wow! Humphrey's speech, Hess-written, is in the *Congressional Record*, February 3, 1954, starting on page 1229. There was one way I could prove to my friends that I was really the author: I wrote my name into the speech! Max introduced me to other senators' aides and volunteered my services. I was particularly grateful to draft a speech for a family favorite, Herbert Lehman of New York, who bore a strong physical resemblance to my late father. Several weeks later I returned to Washington and asked Max if I could see the reaction to the speech. He took me into the senator's office, seated me at the senator's desk, and brought in a file. The first letter was from a man who found

fault in that his organization was not in a list of groups opposing the Bricker Amendment. Humphrey's response was "Sorry, the speech was written by a volunteer."

Max Kampelman died at the age of ninety-three in 2013. After he left Senator Humphrey's office, his career as a prominent Washington attorney included major diplomatic assignments. In 1999 President Clinton awarded him the Presidential Medal of Freedom. I am proud that he remained my friend for life.

## Getting There

There are footprints, at least on my mother's side, of a family fascination with politics and public service.

My Aunt Rose, whom I remember drinking tea in the kitchen with my mother when I was a little boy, was my mother's aunt, Rose Livingston, known in the New York press as the "Angel of Chinatown" for her work rescuing young white and Chinese girls from forced prostitution. My mother's uncle, Henry Moskowitz, ran for Congress in 1912 on Teddy Roosevelt's Progressive Party ticket and was a founder of the NAACP. His wife, Belle, managed Democrat Alfred E. Smith's campaign for president in 1928. Herbert Hoover, the Republican, won in a landslide, yet the *New York Times* credited Belle with being "nearer than any woman had come before to being the maker of a President." I never met Belle, who died before I was born, but when I was three my mother took me to visit Uncle Henry, who autographed a large studio portrait, which my mother hung in my bedroom. If Florence Hess was wishing for subliminal influence, here it is: Uncle Henry wrote Al Smith's campaign biography—and forty years later her son wrote one for another presidential candidate, Richard Nixon.

The only grandparent I knew, Max Morse (he changed his name from Moskowitz), was a disappointing father to my mother but a great grandfather to me. When selling women's coats, he would arrange to arrive in any city west of Manhattan—Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago—

when the Giants had an important game. Baseball was his passion and his legacy to his grandson. In the 1970s he lived in a decaying hotel on Broadway, the Ansonia, where visiting teams were lodged and where he spent evenings chatting in the lobby with bored players. He gave me a large collection of scorecards—and some autographs, possibly forged by him. Together we went to the Old Timers' games at the Polo Grounds and Yankee Stadium, and I even met Babe Ruth. (No, I can't find his autograph.) What I remember was how scared I was of the croak that was Babe's voice. He was dying of cancer and his larynx had been removed.

My father, Charles Hess, was born in Baltimore in 1891. His father was listed in the 1900 Baltimore census as an expressman: he had a horse and wagon and moved things for a price. Some years ago, after I gave a luncheon talk, a friendly woman in the audience, Rita Margolis, introduced herself as a relative on my father's side and presented me with a genealogy tracing my roots back 250 years, to a little town fifty-five miles south of Warsaw. My dad, though wondrously bright, never went to school beyond the fifth or sixth grade. In his teens he invented a shorthand system while working as a stenographer in an engineering company. He devoured newspapers, surely another piece of my legacy; living in New York, we awoke with the *Times*; the *World Telegram* came home in the evening with my father from work. My mother, a Democrat, added the *Post.* They were a mixed marriage politically. He said he was the only person he knew who voted for Alf Landon, the 1936 Republican presidential candidate. On Sundays the *Times* ran a current events quiz, and it was a weekend treat to "assist" my father whip through the answers. On Sunday evenings during World War II we gathered around a large Philco in the living room to listen to the news commentaries of Gabriel Heatter and H. V. Kaltenborn. By the year I was born, 1933, Dad owned an Oldsmobile agency in the Bronx. In retrospect, I realized how clever it was of this smart young man without formal education or connections to seek a place in a new industry that would grow with his generation. Yet it was hardly without risks: people had no money to buy new cars during the Great Depression in the 1930s, nor were there cars to sell when people had money during World War II in the 1940s. By

the time there were both cars and money, in the 1950s, my poor father had died.

We lived on the ninth floor of an apartment building on Broadway at 98th Street, from which I saw my first president. It was 1944, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt was running for a fourth term. He was coming down Broadway in an open car, waving. It was raining. This will go into the history books: a dying man trying to prove to the voters that he is in good health. Two blocks down Broadway at 96th Street, his car took a right turn into a garage, where the president was given a rubdown, fortified with cognac, and sent back out into the rain. He died on April 12. I was born a month after FDR's first inauguration. He was the only president of the United States for the first twelve years of my life.

Much of my life revolved around school. For the first six grades I attended the Ethical Culture School, at 64th Street and Central Park West. I got there and back on a trolley that went down the center of Broadway. Buses were a pain but trolleys were a joy, especially when they reversed direction and the operator moved from the front to the back (now the front), which meant that kids could race to sit in the unoccupied operator's seat. World War II on the home front was a glorious time to be a young American, learning the outlines of enemy planes, saving tin foil and other useful things for the war effort, writing V-mails to cheer up relatives overseas in the military. A just war. All together, we sang Harold Rome's lyrics to a tune by Shostakovich:

*United Nations on the march*
*With flags unfurled,*
*Together fight for victory*
*A free new world.*

After six grades, students of the Ethical Culture School continued on to Fieldston in the Bronx, the 242nd Street stop on the subway. I played on lots of sports teams because the school was so small and hung out in the print shop, where there was a linotype machine and a printing press. I even started a magazine I called *Phrase and Fable*, a collection of any-

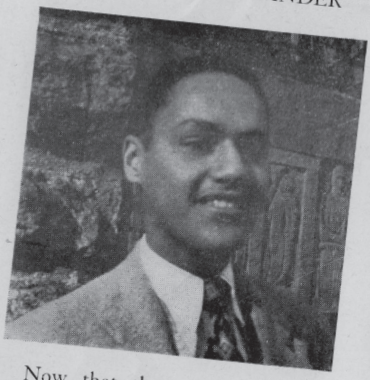
# The Fieldston News

BY SUBSCRIPTION

PRE ELECTION SPECIAL — FIELDSTON SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY, MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1950

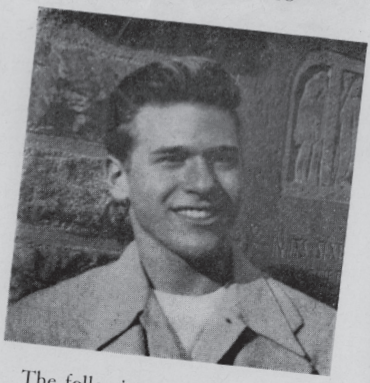

## Alexander, Hess, Pasternak Are Candidates For Council President In Tuesday's Election

CLIFFORD ALEXANDER



Now that the new constitution has been officially endorsed by the student body, it is a challenge to the incoming council to interpret and apply this piece of legislation for the greatest possible benefit to the students of Fieldston. Although the new constitution has provided the

STEPHEN HESS



The following suggestions are my hopes for the future in Fieldston student government:

*Greater interest in council acttivities.* This might be accomplished by establishing a closer relationship be-

thing I could convince my classmates to give me to print. The masthead listed my "assistant" as Richard Ravitch, whose future would include serving as lieutenant governor of New York. Strange to think of our class as politicians-in-waiting, yet Clifford Alexander and I were always running for some class office until we were seniors and ran against each other for president of the student council. He won. Rereading our platforms in the *Fieldston News*, I now concede. He deserved to win. Although I got to the White House first, Cliff became secretary of the army. The third candidate, Alan Pasternak, became a scientist and one of Governor Jerry Brown's initial appointees to the California Energy Commission.

## First Politics, 1952

I was always happy with what I was doing, while always anxious to move on to something that might be more exciting. I left high school in the middle of my senior year in 1951 to go to the University of Chicago, a politically overheated campus in the last days of Chancellor Robert Hutchins. On campus, I heard Alexander Kerensky, the failed Russian revolutionary, in debate; off campus, I heard a lot of folk music of the Pete Seeger variety, including one song I put together with a friend about the stockyards that began:

> *Down on the killin' floor,*
> *Covered with blood and gore,*
> *Union men can't work here anymore.*

The summer of 1952 in Chicago was also an eye-popping step into national politics when I worked—sort of—at the Republican National Convention. H. L. Mencken, the sage of Baltimore, once wrote, "There is something about a national convention that makes it as fascinating as a revival or a hanging. One sits through long sessions wishing heartily that all the delegates and alternates were dead and in hell—and then suddenly there comes a show so gaudy and hilarious, so melodramatic

and obscene, so unimaginably exhilarating and preposterous that one lives a gorgeous year in an hour." And there I was, at what would be the greatest convention of my lifetime!

There was no doubt who I was for. The contest pitted Robert Taft against Dwight Eisenhower. Senator Taft was "Mr. Republican." No one had ever worked harder for his party, but he had run and lost twice for the GOP nomination. Did the party really want to take a chance on this loser? His opponent had never even been a Republican—no loser here—and besides, he had been the most popular general of World War II. In peacetime, Dwight Eisenhower had first been president—briefly—of Columbia University and had then returned to Europe in 1951 to become the first supreme commander of NATO. Senator Taft had opposed creating NATO. At its core, this was essentially what the general and the senator were all about: America's place in the world. Perhaps I was more aware than most nineteen-year-olds. The summer before I had biked with a friend through England and France. We sold our bikes when we reached the Alps and hitchhiked through Switzerland and Italy. This was a brief moment when troop ships became student ships and America's middle-class youth rushed to Europe and back on $300. The war had ended not all that long ago, and we could still see rubble from the London Blitz. At a military cemetery in France we visited the grave of my friend's cousin. We slept in youth hostels and exchanged impressions with people like us from other countries. I had a summer romance with a Canadian. One evening some Norwegian students told us about their king and his resistance to the German invasion. They appreciated the monarchy. "And so cheap. How much could old King Haakon eat?"

The specialness of the 1952 Republican National Convention was that the delegates arriving on July 7 would not know who their nominees would be until they left for home on July 9. Unlike today, only fourteen states held primaries. Other states chose to support a "favorite son" and were there to bargain. In the contest of Eisenhower versus Taft, the strategists' skills were going to determine the winner. Moreover, an estimated 71 million viewers were looking over their shoulders, for this was the

first year the national conventions were broadcast live on TV, anchored on CBS by a new star, Walter Cronkite.

I was a volunteer with the New York County Republican Committee (Tom Dewey's organization), assigned to drive the delegates from their downtown hotel to the International Amphitheater at Halsted and 42nd Streets, up against the Union Stock Yards—not a great place to be when the wind was blowing from the wrong direction. The trip should have taken forty-five minutes. I did not tell anyone about my terrible sense of direction. On the first trip I got lost and my distinguished passengers—including one who was about to be appointed New York attorney general—chose to walk the last dozen blocks. I was thanked, fired, and rewarded with a set of convention tickets, so instead of working in the motor pool, I was free to parade around the convention floor (security was not what it is today), waving a placard and singing Irving Berlin's "I Like Ike / I'll shout it over a mike / Or from the highest steeple / The choice of We the People," while Taft volunteers tried to outsing us with "I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover that I overlooked before."

While we were endlessly singing, the Eisenhower forces were accusing the Taft forces of stealing delegates, challenging the credentials of Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. "Thou shalt not steal!" we chanted. From the podium, Illinois senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, speaking for Taft's side, pointed his finger down at Tom Dewey, the party's 1944 and 1948 candidate, in the Eisenhower camp. He intoned, as only Dirksen could: "We followed you before and you took us down the path to defeat." The convention hall erupted—deafening applause, deafening boos.

From the TV booth: "There's a great deal of confusion out there. There goes a fight. There's a photographer getting in trouble. I don't know who is hitting whom. Somebody got knocked down, but it's pretty hard to tell who it was. The officers were in the middle of it—they really are having a time here tonight."

It was wonderful!

Eisenhower won the seating contests and, as a result, the nomination on the first ballot.

The next day, when Richard Nixon, the controversial young senator

from California about to be Ike's vice-presidential running mate, entered the hall, I was standing at the door he was about to walk through. His eyes shining and seemingly unfocused, he grabbed my hand, creating half of the first handshake of his new life. (Years later, when I was his speechwriter, I kept the secret of our first "meeting.")

Union songs or Irving Berlin: I was a kid who could sing politics left, right, or center. After the Republican convention, I even showed up at the Progressive Party convention (hosted by the heirs of Henry Wallace) because I had heard that Paul Robeson was going to sing. (He didn't.) At the door I was asked whether I wanted to be a delegate or an observer. I made the right choice.

## Enter Professor Moos

The next month, August 1952, while visiting relatives in Baltimore, I read that Johns Hopkins University was starting a new program, the "Bronk Plan," a sort of work-at-your-own-speed arrangement with a topic and a professor. It sounded great. I drove over to the Homewood campus and asked if there was anyone around who would explain the possibilities of transferring. Happily, Dr. Carl Swisher, chairman of the Political Science Department, was in his office and would see me. He was a distinguished constitutional scholar and wasted no time. "Name the justices of the Supreme Court," he commanded. I did. "Name the president's cabinet." I was doing pretty well—the cabinet was not as large as it is today—until I got to the postmaster general, then in the cabinet. "He's the first civil servant to have the job," I said, "but I can't recall his name, Dr. Swisher." Dr. Swisher couldn't either! Thus was I promptly admitted to the political science program at Johns Hopkins. Could there have been a more efficient way to judge a nineteen-year-old than to ask him to name the justices of the Supreme Court?

In this way Malcolm Moos entered my life. His specialness, at least to me, was that he had two professional lives. Mac was both a political science professor and chairman of the Republican Party in Baltimore.

Moreover, he had a great capacity to share both lives with his favorite students. I helped him edit two chapters in a five-volume work on 1952 presidential nominating politics, research a history of the Republican Party—writing a first draft of everything from the death of Lincoln to the election of Cleveland—and even co-authored eight programs for National Educational Television (now PBS), which Moos and I later turned into a book, *Hats in the Ring: The Making of Presidential Candidates*.

It was by participating in Mac's political life that I got my first taste of politics outside the classroom. I biked from door to door to help him defeat a candidate for ward executive who was challenging Mac's control of the city party. I became the only paid worker in a congressional district race that was hopelessly lost. I even gave a speech to the Hopkins Women's Republican Club. I knew my material cold but did not have an obligatory opening joke until I noticed that the audience laughed each time the previous speaker mentioned President Truman. It was W. C. Fields's theory of irrational humor in action: every audience finds something funny for no apparent reason. So all I had to do was quickly construct a joke (regardless of quality) that ended with "Harry S. Truman." I got my laugh, and thus began my career as a speechwriter.

I acquired from Mac a moderate's feel for Republican politics that he had acquired from his father, who had managed eleven state campaigns in Minnesota and was rewarded by being named postmaster of St. Paul. I once asked Charley Moos why he never ran for elective office. "Yes, I thought about running for mayor," he replied. "I was pretty well known in that my name had been on every post box in the city for thirteen years. But whenever I got the urge, I'd read the telephone directory. You know, I only knew 5,000 people, and I concluded that even if all of them voted for me I'd still lose."

Like his father, Mac was a great storyteller. He liked to tell of the time in the 1940 presidential campaign when he and Hubert Humphrey, young instructors at the University of Minnesota, agreed to a thirty-minute debate on the campus radio station. They flipped a coin to see who would speak first. Humphrey won and spoke for twenty-seven minutes. "After that catastrophe at the hands of a demolition expert, I sought

*From* NET *(National Educational Television)* NEWS, *1960, filming* Hats in the Ring *in New York. Malcolm Moos and (at far right) "Stephen Hess, who wrote the series with Mr. Moos."*


*Malcolm Moos*

refuge in the calm waters of academic life for the next eighteen years." That's the way Mac spoke. He once complimented my new suit as "a mighty fine pile of threads." Moving back and forth between academics and politics as he did, he was derided by some politicans as an egghead. Mac reminded them that the *Joy of Cooking* instructs, "Treat eggs gently. They like this consideration and will respond." Mac was to become president of the University of Minnesota in 1967. He was sixty-five when he died in 1982. Years later I gave a lecture at the university in the shadow of Moos Tower.

As soon as I got my bachelor's degree, in 1953, I was appointed a "junior instructor of political science," leading a section of Mac's American government course. Mac told me it was time to choose a career path. The appropriate question for a young man at the starting gate, as Harry McPherson asked in his wonderful book, *A Political Education,* should be, "What do you *want*?" I told Mac that academia was not the life I wanted. If not a scholar, a career in journalism? I was having fun writing freelance articles about Maryland politics for the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *New Leader*, a magazine whose orientation was liberal and anti-communist. I presented myself at the *Baltimore Evening Sun* to ask for a reporting job and was rejected. Well, then, if not the university or the press (as the media was then called), how about the law? Yet as my first class loomed, I could not see excitement in torts, and never walked up the front steps.

Mac then called his friend Bernard Lamb, the field director of the National Republican Campaign Committee in Washington, who hired me as his assistant. Barney had been mayor of Ho-Ho-Kus, and I enjoyed listening to his tales of New Jersey politics. My job was largely running groups of volunteers and computing simple targets for candidates. I learned never to give volunteers work that I was responsible for without carefully double-checking the results. I also met President Eisenhower's chief of staff, Sherman Adams, who was said to be the most powerful man in Washington. Once while I was serving him a canapé at a party Barney gave in his lovely garden on Capitol Hill, Adams asked, "Did you

have any fun today?" Quite a nice question, I thought. "No," I replied, "I spent the day shopping for the food for this party."

## Drafted

Nineteen fifty-six was the year Eisenhower was reelected and I was drafted into the army. At the Fort Dix Induction Center in New Jersey, a personnel specialist had to assign a number for me from the *Directory of Occupational Titles.* The more I tried to explain what I did, the more confused he looked. The *Directory* supposedly had a code for everything from beekeeper to striptease artist, but it apparently had no number for my occupation: politician.

In basic training at Fort Hood, I learned that I was short when I and my fellow draftees were lined up by height. In retrospect, I found this revealing, because I had never thought about it before. I also qualified on the carbine despite my ungenerous buddies saying that the graders simply wanted me to move along because I was taking too much time. In Germany my unit was placed in the Fulda Gap, the east-west route by which Soviet tanks would cross the Rhine; then suddenly I was told to report to Civil Affairs, 3rd Armored Division headquarters, on the outskirts of Frankfurt.

The office consisted of a colonel, a sergeant, and six privates. The work consisted of accounting for our tanks running over the Germans' cows, issuing invitations to the general's cocktail parties, and planning escape routes. The colonel I saluted was pudgy and about my height.

Colonel: "It's good to have a Foreign Service Officer with us, Hess."

"No, sir," I said. "I'm not a Foreign Service Officer." (So that's the occupation the confused personnel person at Fort Dix had assigned me!)

"Can you drive a truck?" the colonel asked, referring to the two-and-a-half-ton cargo truck known as a deuce-and-a-half.

"No, sir."

"Can you type?" he asked.

"No, sir."

Unable to meet either of the colonel's immediate needs, he sent me off to the beautiful Bavarian Alps for six weeks to attend a school for personnel specialists because it included a typing class. Do not graduate too high, my colonel instructed me, or the personnel section will grab you.

One night I visited the United States Information Service library in Frankfurt looking for a book about the Civil War and happened upon *The Biographical Directory of the United States Congress*, a tome weighing seven pounds and listing every legislator since the Continental Congress of 1774. As I skimmed names, some kept reappearing, over and over. Muhlenberg, Muhlenberg, Muhlenberg, Muhlenberg. Bayard, Bayard, Bayard, Bayard. Stocktons and Frelinghuysens. I knew of presidents named Adams, Harrison, and Roosevelt. But who were these same-name senators and congressmen? This was a fascinating slice of American history that I had not been taught in school. When not on guard duty, I spent my evenings compiling genealogies—some 300 of them. Perhaps they might be useful someday. A decade later, when the first volume of *America's Political Dynasties* was published in 1966, I wrote a letter of thanks to the USIS for providing the library that made the book possible. I received back a form explaining the procedure for recommending books for purchase.

Years later, after the military draft was replaced by the volunteer army, I published an essay addressed to my teenage sons about my two years in the military:

> The middle class draftee learns to appreciate a lot of talents (and the people who have them) that are not part of the lives you have known. . . . This will come from being thrown together with—and having to depend on—people who are very different from you and your friends. Moreover, if you can't fix a jeep or dig a hole in the frozen ground, these other people are a lot more valuable than you are. It is no small lesson to recognize their worth. And it is equally useful to learn to fit together with them in a community. For you, too, have skills that are valuable to them.