

The Gentleman *from* NEVADA

By Howard Rushmore

HIGH on the left wing's list of men for extinction is the name of a Nevada sheep rancher who fifty years ago led the fight for an eight-hour day for labor and other causes on behalf of the underprivileged.

Pat McCarran is still battling for the rights of the underdog, although in the half century he has been in politics, the sturdy son of Irish immigrants has seen the wheel swing full circle and the minority now emerge as old-fashioned Americans devoted to certain basic principles often forgotten in 1954.

Consequently, the man from the banks of the Truckee River has been under heavy cross-fire from the Communists, the Americans for Democratic Action, and particularly the port side of his own party. And McCarran is a Democrat.

But he is the kind of a Democrat

that outdates Roosevelt and the New Deal. Many of the latter clique have openly branded the Senator from Nevada as a "traitor" because of his vigorous stand against FDR's Supreme Court packing of 1937 and particularly for Pat's determined offensive against Communism.

Only recently the Democratic National Committee issued a long statement adding up the "score" of their alleged "fight" against Communism. But left out entirely was the name of Pat McCarran and his authorship of such laws as the Internal Security Act and the Immigration and Nationality Act.

No mention was made by McCarran's own party of these two important pieces of legislation which really hurt the Communist conspiracy. And Pat's chairmanship of

the Internal Security Subcommittee when the Institute of Pacific Relations was smoked out and ran up a tree also was ignored in the boasting of the Democrats about their "anti-Communist" heroes.

These antics by his party leaders don't bother the tough man with the thick mane of white hair, and the brilliant blue eyes that survey life and the Democrats with that philosophic calm gained after 77 years.

Typical of Pat's reaction was his reply to a member of his staff when he was considering the chairmanship of the subcommittee that was later to expose the IPR. "You'll be smeared from hell to breakfast," he was warned. "Every organization and publication left of center will never let up on you because this IPR mob is part of the Democrats' machine." McCarran fingered his gold Nevada nugget tie-pin about ten seconds and snapped back: "I'll be chairman."

He made that same decision back in 1902 when a Nevada political leader drove out to the McCarran sheep ranch and asked him to run for the legislature. Pat remembers the incident. "I wasn't a likely-looking candidate for office. I was out working in the corrals and had about two-weeks' growth of beard and was dressed in the usual sheepherder's outfit. And I had a lot of sheep to take care of. But I decided to make a try for it, beard or not."



McCarran spent a typically Western boyhood on his father's ranch. He rode horseback to a country school ten miles from the McCarran home, after getting up at dawn to milk twelve cows. He attended high school in Reno and was a top athlete and scholar. Young Pat set records for the 100-yard and 50-yard dash that were to stand for twenty years, and he graduated valedictorian of his class in 1897.

That fall he enrolled in the University of Nevada and soon emerged as a football star. "I played left guard my first year," McCarran reminisces, "but the next year I shifted to right tackle and I've never been left of center since."

A few weeks before he graduated, his father became ill and Pat had to leave school and take care of 1,400 sheep on the ranch. But Mc-

Carran kept up his law studies, often from horseback as he guarded the sheep, and his books still have the marks of the rawhide thongs he used to tie them to the saddle. He was admitted to the bar in 1905.

In 1903 he married Harriet Weeks of Elko County. The first two of the five McCarran children were daughters and both have since become nuns in the Order of the Holy Name.

PAT's legislature experience gave him a taste of politics and the quick-minded young orator led the fight for an eight-hour day in the Nevada mines. The bill passed and was later upheld by the Supreme Court.

After the legislative office came the nomination and election of McCarran as District Attorney of Nye County. In 1912, he was elected a Justice of the State Supreme Court and in 1924, tried for the U.S. Senate, but was defeated. In 1932, the Democrats sent McCarran into the arena again and he licked the incumbent, Tasker L. Oddie.

That election sent the freshman Senator from the sheep ranch to a sleek, sophisticated Washington, overflowing with brain-trusters and the bright young men who had learned that the quickest way to get into the New Deal class struggle was to go to Harvard and turn left. To the Irishman who had studied for his law degree atop a restless broncho, this was all a bit bewildering and alarming.

One thing also bothered the rancher from Truckee. It was the growing concentration of power in the executive branch of the government, and his old-fashioned Jeffersonian principles led him to thunder out against the trend. This didn't place him in FDR's inner circle, but it won him wide respect in the Capitol. Even *Time* magazine (which of late has batted Pat around because of his ruthless pursuit of the IPR mob) in those days said of him, "He is one of the best-liked members of the Senate; considered intellectually honest, frank, logical."

Long before Senator McCarthy assumed the mantle of the left wing's favorite "book burner" and "witch hunter," Pat McCarran was being called these names by the eggheads of 1935. This came after the Nevada Senator had warned the American Legion to be on guard against Red infiltration of the schools and had urged examination of textbooks in the colleges.

When FDR launched his arrogant court-packing plan of 1937, McCarran became one of the most vehement Democrats in opposition to this effort to bend the Supreme Court to the will of the White House. Roosevelt struck back at Pat and all Democrats who "didn't go along" by threatening them with loss of all party patronage. McCarran didn't budge, and when he came up for re-election in 1938, he was on the President's "purge" list. But the Railroad Brotherhoods, remem-

bering McCarran's pioneer fight for labor legislation, rallied behind him in his home state and so did the rest of his constituents. Despite a speaking tour by Roosevelt through Nevada with Pat's opponent in the primaries, McCarran was re-elected by a 3-to-1 vote ratio.

IN THE 1944 campaign, the CIO's Political Action Committee marked McCarran for defeat and sent their agents and money into his state to defeat him. They didn't, because the people of Nevada not only liked their Senator but decided the right of choice was not up to a bunch of Union Square left-wingers. The same defeat was handed McCarran's opponent in 1950, although the out-of-state campaign against Pat was redoubled. His Internal Security Act, which among many other things set up the Subversive Activities Control Board, had just been passed over Truman's veto, and the Fair Deal set was either roaring or lipping for his head.

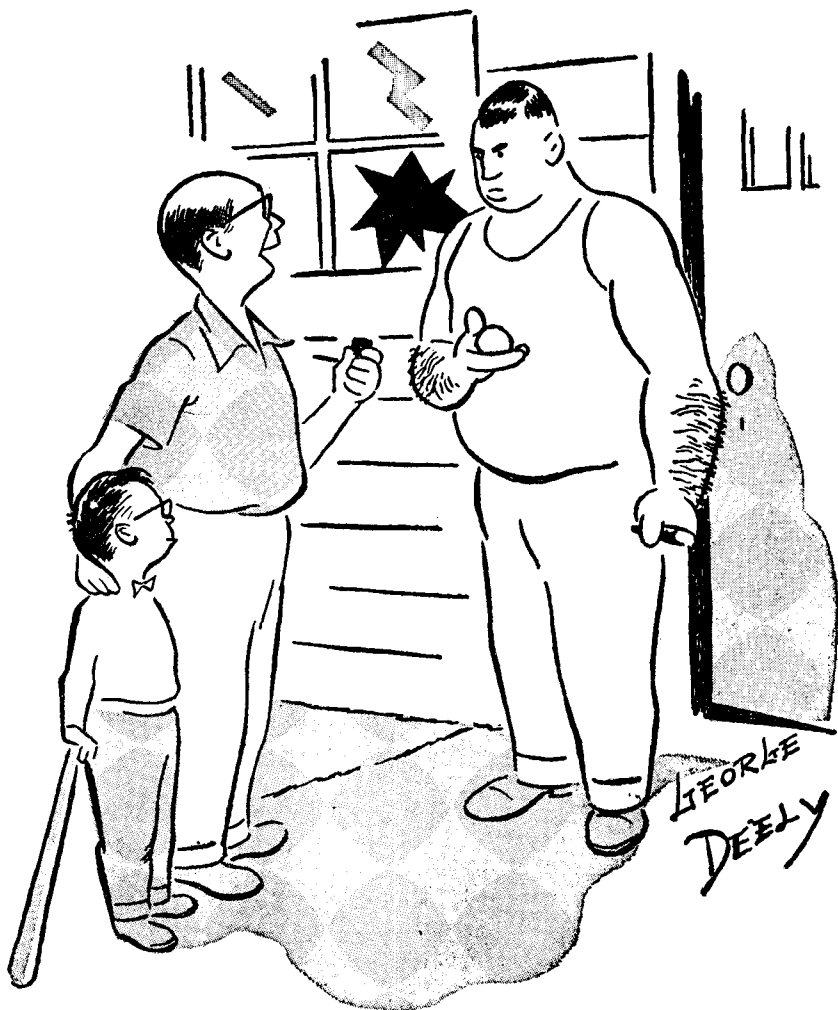
In 1952, another law, co-authored by McCarran and Representative Walters, was passed, again over Truman's veto. This was the Immigration and Nationality Act, still the favorite target of the various Communist and pseudo-liberal groups. The opponents of the bill forget that McCarran, the son of Irish immigrants, had pondered this legislation for years, had won the support of practically every Democratic-controlled agency and de-

partment and was supported in the Senate and House by a majority of his fellow Democrats. He has never been against amendments to work out flaws in the law but insists those changes should be made by "its friends and not those whose criticism is only used as a method to kill the bill altogether."

Still hale and hearty at 77, McCarran is continuing his fight. During recess he hunts in his native state (he still can outshoot men half his age), visits with stock raisers around Nevada and listens to their opinions about what's wrong with Washington. Back at work, McCarran keeps his staff (headed by his trigger-minded and hard-working administrative assistant, Eve Adams), on the run. He arrives at his office at 8:30 in the morning and keeps a fast schedule all day. Often when important legislation is coming up, Pat will work through the night. Big, black cigars, once his favorite, were discontinued when he was told to cut down to a certain number a day. "I just stopped smoking," says Pat. "Who has the time to count cigars?"

He carries his 190 pounds at all times with complete dignity and one day a group of tourists in the Senate office building paused to watch him go by. "That *must* be a Senator," said one of them. "He looks like one."

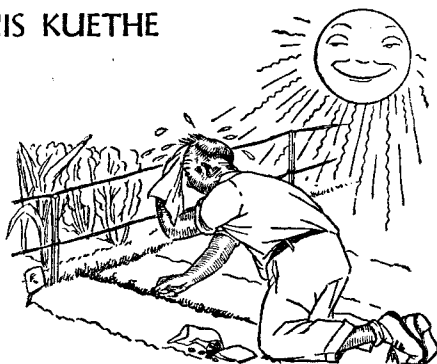
"He sure is, lady," said the guide. "That's Patrick McCarran. He really *is* a Senator."



"He refuses to answer. The usual grounds, you know."

Weekend Farmer

By J. LOUIS KUETHE



PERHAPS the most interesting aspect of weekend farming is the ever-changing panorama of the country, the infinite number of interesting pictures for the eye and sounds for the ear.

As I walk down the hill to his house, the neighbor's Black Angus cattle stare with bovine curiosity. The tinkling, which I first thought to be the sound of bells, actually comes from the brass registration tags hanging by chains around the necks of the cows. Across the valley the cows look like raisins dotting a cinnamon bun of rolling pasture, brown with winter grass.

Calves, nearly as big as their mothers, try to nurse as their dams move along grazing on the sparse forage. For no apparent reason, a calf will suddenly kick up his heels and with flirting tail gallop across

the hillside. Or two will put their heads together for an impromptu butting contest, always parting with no malice.

One day last winter when the cattle saw me forking litter onto a trash pile, they came bawling down to the fence, certain that it was feeding time. With practically no grass on the winter pasture, they are fed with hay and silage forked onto the ground from a truck.

One constant factor each weekend in the country is the conversation of the crows. Usually it is just gossip, but occasionally it turns into more vicious language as they bedevil a hawk or a fox. Strangely enough, the hawks do not seem to know how to cope with their tormentors. Perhaps the crow can out-maneuver the hawk in flight. Even a single crow will harry a hawk in the open, and