



The One and Only GEORGETOWN

by Mrs. Harold Hinton

THERE'S a square mile or so in Washington, quaint and homey, secluded and serene, where many laws and pacts that rule the world have their genesis.

Apart from the Capital and yet within its boundaries, the section is known as Georgetown. Named for an English King more than 200 years ago, Georgetown was a thriving community and the home of the local governing class when Washington was swamp and farmland. Today it is still the home of the governing class, no longer local but national; even global.

The merchants, importers and

plantation owners of that dim day have been succeeded by many who make the laws of the United States and many who execute them. The teacups and flagons of that bygone time have been replaced by glasses for on-the-rocks or cocktails. The beribboned and petticoated dames of long ago have been followed by matrons and girls of the modern charm-displaying era. But America's governing class still lives here.

Here in the afternoon of the 18th century were found in common counsel answers to local problems of the day. And here in the afternoon of the 20th century the powerful politicians of America and their humbler subordinates thresh ideas for the problems of the world.

Much legislation that shapes the nation's foreign policy springs from informal get-togethers in the homes and gardens of Georgetown. Where George Washington in an early day met with his cronies, Tommy ("The Cork") Corcoran strummed his guitar a generation ago while dreaming up New Deal legislation, and Harry ("The Hop") Hopkins held caucus with his pals to devise new ways for ending breadlines.

Today, the habit lingers in Georgetown. Here raw ideas find words, to be nurtured and polished and in final form submitted to Congress. Some of those in Senate or House who champion the ideas to the lawbook, have voice in the preliminary discussions.

Georgetown's stately Dumbarton Oaks, for instance, was prenatal setting for the United Nations. That was more than a decade ago. Today, to cite another instance, although a minor one, Foreign Aid Director John Hollister in his Georgetown home plans distribution throughout the world of the vast sums for economic uplift placed at his disposal.

From his Georgetown home salaries forth daily—when Congress is in session—the State Department's liaison with Capitol Hill, Bob Hill, six feet and 230 pounds of cheery persuasion. A traveled diplomat of experience and know-how in argument, he has the job of selling Congress the Department's ideas; of advising his boss, the ever-traveling John Foster Dulles, what Congress thinks of those ideas.

ADMINISTRATIONS come and go, but whether the ideas spawned in Georgetown bear Democratic labels or Republican makes little difference. Close, clanish and contented, Georgetown takes them all in stride and rolls with the political punches.

Here, for example, was Bob Taft's home. Mr. Republican was beloved by his Georgetown neighbors. So was Dean Acheson, who used to walk the brick sidewalks with Felix Frankfurter daily on their way to work. No smooth cement ways were these; the ladies of Georgetown wouldn't change

what they call their "damned lovely bricks that may turn an ankle at any step."

Taft's parties and friendly interest warmed Georgetown. And when Acheson came home of a bleak January day in 1953 after shaking Harry Truman's hand in farewell, Georgetown hustled en masse to give him a spontaneous ovation in the street.

Outside of Georgetown, Messrs. Big may fight like the devil over cross-purposes. But at home they are just Good Neighbors in non-partisan friendship. A parade out of *Who's Who* and the *Social Register*, they step out once a year with their ladies to sing Christmas carols in the streets, wholly uncaring whether it's a Democrat or a Republican who sings bass or tenor.

Naturally such a setting has been a powerful magnet to many a lavish lobbyist and many a comfortable home does the tribe maintain here. They soon meld with the community.

All that and more—much more—is the Georgetown whose sons, temporary or permanent, have more to do with running the world than those of any other square mile anywhere. They are poles apart, some of them, in the ideas and notions they hatch for Congress. But they are tight as set cement when anything or anyone threatens the serenity of their little community. Only one of their residents has

jarred them by such a move. He is Allen Dulles, John Foster's brother, who heads the ultra-hush-hush Central Intelligence Agency.

ALLEN DULLES set his heart on a multi-million-dollar headquarters in nearby Virginia for his agency. Ten thousand or more (exact number classified, of course) of his underlings would use it. To get there, they would have to pour a torrent of motor vehicles over Georgetown's narrow streets. With visions of exclusiveness giving way to noisy traffic confusion, many a resident objected.

But Congress gave him his way—and Georgetown doesn't like it. It is one of those unliked things, however, which Georgetown may have to lump.

So intent on preserving the charm of Georgetown are its residents that leaders have united in a close corporation to fend off any threat thereto. For pure prominence and social elan, that corporation is unmatched anywhere.

Georgetowners have developed techniques for living at close quarters and keeping out of each other's hair. High split-cedar fences, brick walls or white-painted fences make every garden impregnable. Knot-hole peeping or yoohooing from garden to garden or from overlooking windows is not encouraged. Thus in seclusion were State Department bigwigs given opportunity to ponder Nasser's insults and

Egypt's Aswan Dam, to find plausible words for blotting out the restricted lure of more than a billion dollars for the Dam's construction. From a drawing room in Georgetown to the River Nile is a far way, yet in this fashion were they linked.

Not only Egypt but all the world is the subject of long, long thoughts of Georgetown's eggheads whose earnest desire has been, and is, Great Uplift to the backward nooks and crannies of the globe.

Here it was that Harold Stassen pointed up bright new ideas in his home. Stassen no longer lives in Georgetown, but the habit he formed there of doing something for—or to—others apparently stayed with him when he left. A recent prominent subject of his solicitude was another former Georgetown resident, Christian Herter, who moved away to become Governor of Massachusetts.

Nowhere else are there found so many persons to the square block whose hearts yearn to serve mankind from the public treasury. The idea has bloomed to its finest flower here; not always, however, does the beneficiary have to live under a strange flag.

A Georgetown widow, for instance, wondered for two years why her sidewalk was always clean when she went out to sweep it, and why the grass on her tree space never grew tall but always was neatly groomed. One day, she surprised her nextdoor neighbor

sweeping and cutting, and learned that he had quietly been caring for her sidewalk and grass all that time.

Hundreds of happy underlings who think up ideas and do spadework for their government chieftains live in Georgetown. In summer they gather in someone's garden and swap ideas over hamburgers cooking on a charcoal grill. In winter, many go down of an evening to Billy Martin's restaurant or Chez Odette and after highballs, stroll off to make their plans before cheery wood fires.

Georgetown is steeped in tradition like a brew of the Old South. It has its aristocratic old families and its *nouveau riche*. It has its soft young men who like to do interior decorating and its hard old ladies who like to do carpentry. Its air is redolent of bygone days. Here, for instance, relaxed such notables as Alexander Graham Bell. Here, too, tradition tells, came Abraham Lincoln of nights to consult his favorite fortune teller from time to time.

Not everyone in Georgetown loved Lincoln, though the townsmen (and some of the women) gave him respectful welcome when he came, as he did often, to visit hospitalized Union soldiers. Many recalled that the hospital had been a young ladies' school attended by their daughters. When he was assassinated, the District's Military Governor ordered all Washington

to drape its doors with black. But one Georgetown woman simply tied a black shoelace around her gatepost.

SUBSTITUTE the contour, garden chaise longue for the porch rocker and you have Georgetown's version of a Southern town's front porch. Few houses actually have porches. Most of them abut the street. Attractive front doors and sidewalk greenery are their contributions to neighborhood beauty. Many have the kitchen in front, past which one goes to reception rooms facing the garden.

The atmosphere of 18th century homes restored to classic beauty—even the new homes are built to look like old ones restored—captivated topflight office-holders in the long years of the Roosevelt-Truman era. They nested here and hatched their daring innovations.

When the Republicans took over in 1953, they looked on Georgetown and found it good. They moved in by scores and hundreds, but the ousted Democrats, inured to its gracious way of life, lingered on. There was bitter political fighting in downtown Washington and at the Capitol, but little of it was brought home to Georgetown.

Isolationist Henry Cabot Lodge, turned internationalist, could denounce his Georgetown neighbor, Bob Taft, on the Senate floor as a "phleggee bird" that flies backward and "never sees where it is going

but always where it has been." In their social contacts at home, one would never know it. And when another Georgetown, young John Kennedy, trounced Lodge in the fight for Lodge's Senate seat, all shades of the community's social life grieved. Their grief was not political, for Kennedy was a top favorite; they were sorry that an old friend was leaving.

IN THE EARLY DAYS of the Eisenhower Administration, there was a feeling among some of the incoming Republican officials that they should not live in Georgetown, locale of such great Democratic naughtiness. There were hesitant ones who wanted elsewhere. Rumor had it that Herbert Hoover, Jr., Under Secretary of State, for instance, just wouldn't live in Georgetown because he preferred not to be subject to its influence.

Taft's invalidated wife, Martha, lullabyed that hesitancy to slumber. She gave one of the first parties for the new First Lady, Mamie Eisenhower. The scene was the Taft home in the same block as Tudor Place, Georgetown's most beautiful historic mansion; it had been George and Martha Washington's wedding present to her granddaughter.

Isolationists and Internationalists, Republicans and Democrats, flocked to the Taft home. It was late in the afternoon of a day when the Senate had been locked in a

wrangle over the confirmation of Chip Bohlen as Ambassador to Russia. Virtually all actors in the Senate drama came along, urbane, courteous, smiling.

Senators Bill Knowland and Joe McCarthy had been tangling at the Capitol like lusty cats tied by their tails over a clothesline. But now they purred in silken social harmony. There was only one echo of the noisy political discord at the party. That came from Lady Astor of England, the Virginia beauty who had married a title, and who was as well known for her acid tongue as for her fading loveliness.

Audibly, when McCarthy was taking a little snort, she remarked, "Too bad it isn't poison!" But Nancy Astor wasn't then of Georgetown or of Georgetown's way of talking.

Mr. Republican himself indicated to his new colleagues that Georgetown was their fitting residence. Aiding him were Senator Ralph Flanders of Vermont, and Representatives Dick Wigglesworth of Massachusetts and Robert Hale of Maine, rockribbed Republicans who had been popular in the community for years.

They came by platoons, those newly-inducted G.O.P. chieftains—Sinclair Weeks, Marion Folsom, Dr. Leonard Scheele, lately Surgeon General, and many an Assistant Secretary.

Into this setting come on leave, from time to time, the nation's am-

bassadors to such far-off lands as Indonesia, India, Portugal, Colombia, and the Philippines.

Privacy akin to that of the bridal chamber attends these fateful meetings. Not even the many lobbyists—non-blattant, the cream of their calling—try to pry. Down to the State Department goes Herman Phleger, its official legal adviser. Across to the White House motors John Foster Dulles or Hoover. And up to the Capitol in time may go a messenger bearing Presidential

ideas of treatment for our foreign affairs.

SUCH are the ways of Georgetown. Let no man now try to change them—or its oldtime shrines.

The Georgetowners prefer to keep things as they are. Living in the matchless mile where sprout laws of mighty import, they pool wits and effort to win their battles—battles which have a far-reaching effect on the history of the world.

This Crime Excused

All the evidence pointed conclusively to Henry L. Chancey as the guilty person in the theft of a pouch of registered mail, yet he was never brought to trial. Henry was a nice, likeable young man who worked as a railway clerk in Macon, Georgia, until his employers received a report from him that a registered pouch containing more than \$30,000.00, consigned to a local bank, had gone astray.

Railroad detectives, working in conjunction with Post Office inspectors, came to the inescapable conclusion that Henry could not point to the thief as anyone but himself—yet they could not trap him with questions, and they could not find any trace of the money. Nevertheless they put him in jail. His past was unblemished and nothing important was uncovered except some unusual things about his war record in the Marine Corps.

That night they visited him in his cell and, without waking him, questioned him about the missing pouch and asked him what he had done with the money. He answered without waking—then got up, dressed himself while still asleep, and led the investigators to a deserted farm on the outskirts of town. There he dug up the missing money, still intact in the pouch. The curious truth is that he had stolen it in his sleep, and had buried it while asleep. Awake, he honestly knew nothing about the theft—asleep his subconscious mind remembered what it had done before.

Henry was exonerated of any wrongdoing, and was not treated as a criminal, but kept on the job and given treatment to curb his sleepwalking.

—JOSEPH ARKIN

Tragedy of



by Helen Thompson

TED is one of those people who would rather have a private room in hell than a seat of honor in crowded heaven.

All his life Ted has avoided people. He isn't married, he has no close friends, and he never goes home to Maine to see his folks. What's more, he has never capitalized on his unquestioned ability as an architect because he won't compete with anybody for anything.

Most of us elect to be alone now and then as a counterbalance to the hurried, pressure-filled lives we lead. The significant thing about Ted's way of living is that he didn't choose it. He was, perhaps, conditioned that way. And now he's afraid to change.

When you know Ted's story, you understand how he feels about other human beings. You understand why he is willing to sacrifice everything—prestige, security, friendship—if only he can have his “independence.”

Ted was the only child of a stern, middle-aged couple who expected far more of their youngster than any little boy can deliver. No matter how hard he tried, Ted had the feeling they weren't quite satisfied with him. Also, Ted's mother and father were a cold, humorless pair who felt that any display of emotion was in bad taste, in fact, that it might be sinful.

Understandably Ted was never close to his parents. And because the experience of feeling unloved made him shy, he was virtually friendless throughout his childhood. He felt disliked even by his teachers who scolded him because his performance in school did not begin to measure up to his ability, another outgrowth of his lack of self-assurance. Is it any wonder that today Ted draws away from people?

Although he does not realize it, Ted's problem is forcing him to live a negative life. He doesn't want