

The Republican South

By SAMUEL GRAFTON

The G.O.P. has stirred a tempest in usually Democratic Dixie. In an area where Republicanism has meant possible social and political exile, thousands are joining to make it a two-party South

WHO are the Southern Republicans? What are they like? What does it mean, in personal and social terms, to be a Republican, in the deep and deeply Democratic South?

I toured 10 Southern centers to answer these questions; not to make a detailed political analysis, or predict who would carry what, but to see this new movement on its home ground, to get the "feel" of it, to talk with men and women who had made a profound political change in their lives in an area where that's not easy.

I have put down what I saw of the face of the Republican South as it showed itself to me, city by city, in scores of talks in dozens of places. I can say, in general, that the movement seemed especially strong in Texas, Louisiana and Georgia, but is growing everywhere. I can say it more often than not has a somewhat naïve, somewhat awkward but attractive unofficial character, bubbling up from the people to the surprise of older adherents of the party. But for the particulars come along and see for yourself.

Amarillo, Texas

Amarillo's wide streets have somehow kept a Western look, in spite of modern store buildings turning blind walls to the sidewalks. Oil-drilling equipment agencies and cattle company offices are as common as cigar stores elsewhere. The town is friendly; an Amarilloan's idea of how to direct you to the bank is to walk you five blocks down the street, take you inside, and introduce you to the cashier.

Here on the Western fringe of the Democratic party's Solid South I spoke with Miss Ruthelle Bacon, local Republican leader. She was one of the delegates denied a seat at the Chicago convention, though she was Republican chairman of the 18th Texas Congressional district. The bitter angers of the Chicago fight still smoldered in her office.

"The Democrats stole it," she declared flatly. "They invaded our precinct conventions and put over an Eisenhower slate. I've been in Republican politics here 32 years. I know Republicans. These were Democrats. They had no right to dictate our nomination."

Jay Taylor is a leading Texas oil man and cattle rancher. I don't know how many head he runs, because in Texas you never ask a man that; the question, it turns out, is as rude as it would be to ask a New Yorker how much money he has in the bank. Mr. Taylor is an avowed Democrat for Eisenhower. I asked him if it were true that Democrats had invaded the

Republican precinct conventions. He laughed. "It's more complicated than that," he said. "There's a real shift to the two-party setup. Republicans are moving down from the North, and young people here are thinking that way."

In their living room Mrs. Taylor, sitting beside her husband, quietly remarked that for this election, at any rate, she now considered herself a Republican. All the furniture remained upright.

Two years ago, Ben Guill of this district became the first Republican to go to Congress from Texas in 22 years; he won a special election against ten Democrats. In the regular election (when his term expired), against one Democrat, he lost, but at that he took more than 47 per cent of the vote. "You ought to talk to the young people," said Taylor.

Last May there were bizarre scenes in Amarillo as the "new Republicans" invaded the G.O.P. precinct conventions on a hot, fateful afternoon. In one precinct convention, held in a back yard, more than 40 "new Republicans" joined the four or five regulars who usually held these exercises all by themselves. One of the regulars filibustered by reading aloud from the Bible; a newcomer filibustered back by standing beside him and reading from Robert's Rules of Order.

After nearly an hour of this, in the broiling sun, a handful of regulars retreated into the house and conducted a convention in a bedroom upstairs, naming Taft delegates. The newcomers held their own convention in the back yard, naming an Eisenhower slate. It was the shadow of these bitter precinct fights that the nation saw when rival slates of Texas and Louisiana delegates fought for seats at the Republican convention in Chicago.

I looked up one of the young "new Republi-

cans," M. T. Johnson, Jr., twenty-nine-year-old Annapolis graduate, veteran of five years with the Atlantic Fleet, now manager of the Amarillo Livestock Auction Company, one of the largest cattle-auction houses in the world. A lot of young people had joined in the fight to make Texas a two-party state, he said.

"Why?" I asked.

He is a quiet Texan, and he took his time about answering.

"They don't know exactly what they want," he said finally, "but they don't like what they've got. They want clean government, and they want to be on their own. They're unhappy about taking handouts, and they don't like machine politics. They're about as mad at the local Republican machine as they are at the Democrats. Why, a number of them were for Taft, but when they saw the kicking around the new Republican voters got from the local Taft people, they swung over to Eisenhower."

He began to talk about the difficulties of becoming a Republican in this territory. First off, you lose your vote on local officials. In the Solid South, where the Democrats always win, the only meaningful election for local officials is the Democratic primary. A declared Republican is barred from that, and loses all voice on city, county and state officers.

And in the South, where everybody knows everybody, one is tied to the Democratic candidates, or to their kinsfolk or their friends, in a hundred different ways. To go Republican often is to step out of the whole local complex, as by an act of self-exile. Northerners, who consider Southerners merely stubborn for clinging to the Democratic party, do not understand how, in a one-party system, the dominant party weaves itself into the very fabric of life, so that in some communities to step out of it is almost like moving out of town.

"But we have a nucleus," Johnson insisted, smiling. "We'll stick. We're phoning around, keeping things going, having a high old time, educating one another."

He and his friends have formed a new group, the "Majority Rule Republicans," whose purpose is to gain control of the party for the rank and file.

Another Majority Rule Republican is Mrs. Katherine Seewald, the attractive young wife of a natural-gas executive. Her unpretentious, pretty home, northwest of Amarillo, is on 100 acres, which in this part of Texas is virtually a suburban lot. With the League of Women Voters calling for increased political partici-



ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

The Republicans have picked up all through the South. But while the two-party idea i

pation, young Mrs. Seewald looked around for signs of Republican activity in her sparse, rural precinct. She could find very little, so, this year, she held the precinct convention in her own house, carefully posting notices and complying with all legal requirements. Four people came, and a formal convention was held. She found herself in conflict with the regular state Republican organization and, before she knew it, was a witness at the credentials-committee hearings of the Chicago convention.

Starting in this isolated house in the middle of an empty plain, she found herself in the center of national events. "For me," she said, "the issue wasn't Taft or Eisenhower, but the two-party system." The regular Republicans have recognized her now, and named her chairman of her precinct. Four or five years ago, she said, a young attorney or businessman who turned Republican might have suffered, but that has changed in the last year. "It's always easier for cattle and oil people," she smiled. "They sell to customers far away. But even they haven't been conspicuously Republican. It's never been fashionable."

Fort Worth, Texas

When a new political movement comes along, people arise who can command it. If there is a miracle to democracy, that's probably it. In trim, clean-swept Fort Worth, it was a woman who turned out to be adequate to the moment when the moment arrived. She is Mrs. Jack Brownfield, wife of a physician. Young, pretty enough to be in the movies, she is now famous among Texas Republicans as the lady who "took the organization to the cleaners in Fort Worth." She put over an Eisenhower delegation against the wishes of the old Henry Zweifel state apparatus, and since Fort Worth is Zweifel's home town, it took some doing. "My Democratic grandfather would turn over in his grave if he knew what I was doing," she told me.

Dallas, Texas

I caught attorney Alvin Lane, one of the top Texas For-Eisenhower-Before-Chicago Republicans, in his office in the Republic Bank Building. "Are you going to run Republican candidates for state and local office?" I asked. "Are you that close to the two-party system?"

That's the big question, of course. All over



Fort Worth—Mrs. Jack Brownfield, a doctor's wife, fought for Ike before the G.O.P. convention. "My Democratic grandfather," she confesses, "would turn over in his grave"

Texas I'd found Republican hesitancy on the point. To run local slates is to make the final break with the one-party setup. But it isn't as easy as it looks. Where do you get the candidates? In a one-party state, the people who have been climbing the ladder of public office, making reputations for themselves, are all in the dominant party.

For a new party to contend with them means bringing out private citizens to run against public figures. It takes years to develop a stable of candidates.

Lane had a formula: "Our main objective is to win for Eisenhower. Where a local candidate will strengthen Eisenhower's hand, we'll run him. Otherwise, not."

If Texas isn't a two-party state as yet, Attorney Lane's office is a two-party office.

Lane's law partner, Wallace Savage, former mayor of Dallas, is county chairman of the Democratic party. It seemed strange, and a sign of how new the two-party setup is in Texas, that a top Republican and a top Democrat should be law partners.

Neither man saw it that way. Agreeing fundamentally on economic views, they held the basic question to be one of means. I walked 15 feet from the office of the leading Republican to talk with the leading Democrat.

"It's like this," said Savage. "Alvin's on the board of stewards of the First Methodist Church, and I'm on the vestry of an Episcopal church. We don't quarrel about that, either."

From Savage I heard the first outright defense of the South's one-party system.

"It's popular to kowtow to the two-party idea," he said, "but it has its disadvantages. We Democrats don't all think alike. We have serious disagreements, and we campaign in our primaries from March to July. If we had a two-party system we'd have to go on and campaign from July to November, too. Why, a man running for a two-year term would spend almost half his term campaigning. We avoid that. And Dallas has the city-manager system and as honest officials as you'll find anywhere."

Houston, Texas

Houston's attachment to Eisenhower is so deep it deserves special recognition as a political phenomenon. Call it the Houston Affinity for Eisenhower. It spreads through all classes. When Eisenhower spoke at the annual chamber of commerce dinner here in 1949, it was found necessary to move the event, usually a quiet affair at the Rice Hotel, to larger space. Requests for reservations poured in to such an extent that the evening ended up as a speech before a capacity audience of 15,000 persons at the Sam Houston Coliseum. The dinner was forgotten.

The Republican precinct convention rumpuses, which were standard in Texas this year, reached extraordinary heights in Houston. At one precinct convention, to which five voters came in 1948, 648 showed up screaming for Ike.

Houston, as everybody knows, is a boom city. The boom, in oil, chemicals, shipping and farm products, plays a part in the political picture. Top leaders in all these fields are on fire for Eisenhower. They feel that Houston has grown big enough to deserve a seat at the national council table. They don't feel Houston will get it unless the Republicans win nationally, with a candidate who also carries Texas. Eisenhower, in addition to his other qualities, seems to meet these requirements. For one thing, he was born in Texas, and Texas' desire to see a native son in the White House amounts almost to lust.

"Texas must have a voice in national affairs," said Houston's Jack Porter, independent oil producer, who is Texas' new national Republican committeeman. "You've got groups all over the country calling the national tune. Texas has 8,000,000 people, it's becoming highly industrialized, and as a two-party state its voice will really be heard. Up to now the Democrats have taken us for granted and the Republicans have ignored us."

So I put the big question: "Are the Republicans going to run candidates on the local level?"

He had his own formula. Texas has recently instituted cross filing, which allows a candidate to run on more than one ticket.

"We'll support good Democrats under the Republican banner," said Porter, "and we'll run our own men, too. It takes time to grow. But things have started moving now, at the precinct level."

New Orleans, Louisiana

The mood seems to change as you cross the Texas border. There is plenty of Eisenhower sentiment in Louisiana. But there isn't quite the same feeling that the two-party system is imminently on the way.

The party went through the same turmoil in precinct conventions (here they are called mass meetings) as in Texas, and an impressive leader has emerged, John Minor Wisdom, New Orleans lawyer. But the party had dropped to so low an ebb in recent years—there are fewer than 3,000 registered Republicans in the state, as against 1,400,000 Democrats—that there is a shortage of personnel with which to work.

There is a certain softening toward the G.O.P. Harold B. Judell, a municipal bond attorney who does much of his work with completely Democratic towns, finds no disadvantage in the fact that he is a Republican and was a delegate at Chicago. He feels the national administration to be so unpopular here that a leading Democratic official could come out for Eisenhower and not lose face in the party. "He might even gain strength."

New Orleans is booming, like Houston, and the shock of industrial growth is producing inevitable changes. "New Orleans isn't really a Southern city any more," said one gentleman of the town. "It's an industrial city and a sophisticated international seaport, like San Francisco or New York. Political change is inevitable."

I stood on the veranda of a fine house in Harvey, Louisiana, across the river from New Orleans. The house is owned by Cornelius Rathborne, a Democrat; his wife, Nancy, is a Republican. Behind the house there might normally have flourished magnolias or oleanders; there was, instead, a great new complex of lumberyards, oil and natural-gas equipment warehouses, steel company buildings, barrel mills, all of which have, within the last two years, crowded up almost to the walls of this fine Southern house itself. Here one could physically see the new South elbowing



Dallas—Law partners Wallace Savage (l.) and Alvin Lane hold ornaments showing growing strength of two-party system. Lane is a Republican; Savage a top Democrat

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gaining everywhere, it runs west of the Mississippi and only walks on the other side

the old. "Political changes are coming," said Mrs. Rathborne. In that setting, it didn't seem unlikely.

Montgomery, Alabama

A state employee stood on the sidewalk with me, outside Montgomery's Whitley Hotel. In the Alabama night, he wrestled with a moral problem.

"I may not vote at all!" he said suddenly. "I just may not vote!" he said. "I can't stand those Northern Democrats and I'll just stay home Election Day." He drew a deep breath. "I may even vote for Eisenhower!" He wasn't speaking lightly. Every plane and tendon in his face showed him to be in the grip of a problem that was tearing at him, hurting him, as he felt the ripping of lifelong allegiances.

These aren't fallen-away Democrats, such as one finds in Texas and parts of Louisiana; these are angry Democrats. They talk about the two-party system, but one feels they look upon it as a threat to use against Northern Democrats, rather than as a thing ardently desired in itself.

The Eisenhower movement in central and southern Alabama is big, with many newspapers speaking up for him. "I've never seen anything like it in Alabama," said one newspaperman. When I asked where I could find a pro-Eisenhower merchant to speak with, I was told, with a laugh, "Just go into any store."

But there is no question that the Stevenson-Sparkman ticket has hit hard. Senator Sparkman has managed to keep himself in office here, in spite of his administration ties. Antiadministration figures accuse him bitterly of winning with the votes of "the blue-check people" (the local term for those on relief) and of federal officeholders. But he does stay in. Like all states which hope wistfully that they will achieve the two-party system by some miracle at the top, during a Presidential election, Alabama would seem doomed to disappointment this year. The only road to the two-party system is by organization at the precinct level. It may be Texas' historical function to prove that to the South.

Atlanta, Georgia

In Atlanta, I was presented with a new approach to the building of a two-party South. A three-dollar cab ride out Peachtree Road provided me with a half-hour talk with Dr. Philip Weltner, president of Oglethorpe University.



W. D. MURDY

Houston—Jack Porter, the new national Republican committeeman from state, says Texas' adopting method to let candidates run on more than one ticket will help party Collier's for September 27, 1952

"It's inevitable," he said, "that the Negro will eventually be accorded his full political rights. This will help bring about a two-party system." In Dr. Weltner's view, you get the two-party system when you've earned it, when you deserve it, not because you kind of want it.

"I'm a State righter," he said, "but I want my state to do the right thing. The South will never have its full weight in national councils until we find ways and means of disarming the Northern politicians and critics. The FEPC is something of a sham—a shibboleth. It's the business of our schools and colleges to prepare young people to treat their fellow human beings on a level with themselves. It's a moral not a political issue." He smiled. "The people are ahead of the politicians on this issue. The politicians represent the past-thinking element. When the Negro is free, we'll have two parties. The historic function of the Southern Democracy was to keep him unfree."

When Texas, Louisiana and Georgia made their great fights to seat Eisenhower delegations at Chicago, the South watched and listened. The result was a strange kind of political feed-back effect. The South began to feel there was a principle involved, and became interested in its own Republican parties and rather proud of the show they were putting on. Elbert P. Tuttle, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee in Georgia, told me in his office high in an Atlanta building that the TV convention spectacle made Southerners realize there is an earnest effort under way to get the Republican party established in the South.

Tuttle feels that the party is a great deal more acceptable in Atlanta than it was, and is growing, solidly if not spectacularly, in some industrial areas, partly because of a Northern influx. "People are beginning to see that the future means more than the traditions of the past." He was thinking in terms of a long pull, rather than sudden miracles.

Charlotte, North Carolina

In Charlotte, I picked up another reason why portions of the South may be heading Republicanward:

"We've had the University of North Carolina, oldest state university in the country, working away for many years at Chapel Hill," said a Charlotte executive. "It's a liberal-minded, open-minded kind of place, and it's been sending its doctors, lawyers, newspapermen, merchants and preachers into every corner of the state. It makes a difference. Maybe you can't quite put your finger on it, but in North Carolina it's ungentlemanly to campaign on the Negro question, and we have a more independent feeling about voting."

North Carolina may elect a Republican congressman this year, Charles Raper Jonas, of Lincolnton. Even this break with tradition is somewhat traditional, since Jonas' father, Charles A., was a distinguished Republican congressman a number of years ago, and his district, the 10th, includes traditionally Republican areas in the northwestern, mountain part of the state. But if Jonas beats the incumbent, Hamilton C. Jones, as seems possible, he will be the first Republican member of Congress from the state since his father.

The Republican party here is an open affair, not a private club as in some parts of the South. Its registration is small, but its vote in Presidential elections is large. It doesn't take much of a battle with one's soul to vote Republican in North Carolina, at least nationally. Newspapers throughout the state are strong for Eisenhower.

But the Stevenson-Sparkman ticket has been well received. Stevenson has kinsfolk here—always an important point in the South—and his forebears come from the western part of the Piedmont. Most state officials have accepted the ticket. There will be fallen-away Democrats, who will vote Republican, but there will not be as many angry Democrats as was expected.

Richmond, Virginia

The first Republican city councilman since 1922 was elected recently in Roanoke. But one factor which perhaps makes life hard for Virginia Re-

publicans is that the ruling Democratic party is so conservative. During Senator Byrd's recent primary campaign the taunt was flung at him that he had a more consistent Republican voting record than Taft. Byrd won anyway. Some Virginia conservatives feel that Byrd is so conspicuous and able a spokesman for their cause on the national scene that no party shift against him, certainly, is indicated.

However, the Republicans feel optimistic. They make much of the important fact that they score above one third the vote in Presidential elections. "The Republican effort in Virginia," said Ted Dalton, national Republican committeeman and state senator, in Radford, "will be comparable to the Democratic effort." Radford, like Galax, the town in which the new Republican state chairman, S. Floyd Landreth, lives, is in the traditionally Republican southwestern portion of the state. It adjoins the similarly Republican northwestern part of North Carolina. The Republicans intend to run Congressional candidates in about five of the state's 10 districts.

Farther east, here in Richmond, there is hot newspaper support for Eisenhower and considerable interest in building the two-party system.

But on voting nationally there isn't the same holdback. There is tremendous Eisenhower sentiment. Some of this may be expected to stick as permanent Republican growth.

One has a feeling in Virginia—as all through the South—that Eisenhower's lack of formal connection with the Republican party before this year has helped make it possible for the South to take him up in so big a way. This is a delicate shading which means much in a region straining against old party alignments.

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By one of those frantic coincidences, Republican Vice-Presidential candidate Richard Nixon sat down beside me in the plane home. Quite naturally, he wanted to know what I'd seen. I summed up: there is a real two-party movement on, west of the Mississippi. It is more Southwestern than Southern. East of the river the Republicans may pick up cities, areas, even states, but the change is taking place more on the national than the local level. The two-party idea is gaining everywhere, but it runs on one side of the river and walks on the other.



JOHN ZIMMERMAN

Atlanta—President Philip Weltner of Oglethorpe University thinks that the South will have to earn two-party system; to do so must give the Negro his full political rights

DEATH *in the* *Fourth Dimension*

There had been a murder, and the victim had been buried in a grave, and there was a witness to the crime—the Inspector's own son. But the murdered man still lived

By CHARLES B. CHILD

ON a day that had ended prematurely for the city of Baghdad in the bloody twilight of a dust storm, a boy burst into a neat house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings and announced, "Father, my father, I have seen a murdered corpse!"

"You have doubtless seen many corpses," Chafik J. Chafik said. "Your good mother unwisely permits you to go to the cinema."

Then the little man squared his thin shoulders, remembering the parental duty which had brought him home from the homicide bureau, and commenced, "Faisal, I am told you take to school imaginary tales of my exploits as a policeman."

The innocence of the boy's wide-set eyes made him look like a fawn, and Inspector Chafik had to resist an impulse to take him in his arms. My son, he thought. Not flesh of my flesh, nor my wife's, a waif found in the bazaars of Baghdad, but still our son.

Chafik went on, "I never fought and subdued three armed men of alarming proportions. Nor did I encounter a society of assassins whose main activity was to gather at midnight and swear oaths on a bloody dagger. Yet these things you have related. Both are untrue."

"Father! Listen!" the boy said urgently. "The murder was at the Bayt Kamil Hadi, and I saw them bury the man and—"

"Eh? What?" exclaimed Chafik.

"Father, you know the house. There is a garden behind a big wall and I heard a woman scream and I climbed a tree and looked and she was there, the lady of the house, El Sitt Rejina, and one of her brothers held her—the bearded one, Jamil—and the drunk one, Ibrahim, had a spade and there was the dead one on the ground. I know he was dead because his head was twisted—so—" Faisal put his head on one side.

"God the Merciful!" exclaimed Inspector Chafik's wife, who had just come into the room. "A boy—to see such horror—"

She was a woman whose sweetness leavened her husband's grim profession.

The Inspector had to force himself to his duty. "Be silent, Leila. Let the witness complete his lies."

"Stories, yes, not necessarily lies. Have understanding, my man! Children live in a world of make-believe."

"Yes, of trolls and jinn. But he sees crooks and corpses!" the Inspector said indignantly.

Tears gathered in Faisal's eyes, and he cried, "I did so see what I said I saw! And I know the dead one—Zaki Attala—"

Chafik rarely had to consult a citizen's dossier. He referred to the filing cabinet of his memory and quoted, "Attala, Zaki. Related to Rejina and her brothers. A third cousin. Age, twenty-six. Mar-

ried. Recently here from Basra. Suspected of irregularities—"

Faisal interrupted eagerly, "The old woman, his cousin, is rich, and all Baghdad knows Zaki was going to get a divorce and marry her."

"Enough!" shouted Chafik.

He, too, had heard the scandal, for the gossips of Baghdad never tired of discussing Rejina and her brothers. They were the children of a rich merchant who had expressed his displeasure with the sons by willing his estate to the daughter. And so, for twenty years, this matriarch had ruled with her father's rod. She had never married, nor permitted her brothers to marry.

"But, my father," Faisal insisted, "I am sure it was because she might have married this Zaki that her brothers killed him." The boy read disbelief in Chafik's swarthy face and stamped his foot. "They did kill him! And they saw me and if you don't put them in prison they will come and kill me, too, and you'll be sorry!"

The mother silenced the boy and turned to her husband. "He doesn't mean to be naughty," she pleaded.

Chafik pronounced judgment: "The seat of our son's naughtiness is the mind. It would be unjust to apply the rod to his other seat, which is innocent. Therefore, I have decided to use psychology and confront him with his nebulous evidence. Wife, get me my shoes."

Leila hid a smile as she hurried to obey. The little man took Faisal in a policeman's grip and went out into the storm.

AT THE door of the Bayt Kamil Hadi, Chafik rang again and again. Finally the gray-bearded Jamil Hadi came and asked indignantly, "Do you think us all dead?"

Chafik remembered he had a delicate mission, and his salaam was profound as he introduced himself. "I come not as a policeman, but as a father."

He was not sure, but thought Jamil Hadi was relieved. Chafik went on to relate Faisal's tale of a nightmare and was careful not to name names.

The other brother had come to the door. This one, Ibrahim, had the face of an alcoholic. At first he was inattentive; then he pressed the palms of his hands together and exclaimed, "The boy said it happened here? Oh, Compassionate One! If our sister should hear!"

He drew close to Jamil, and the two middle-aged men stood in a conspiracy of fear, peering back into the courtyard of the old house.

The Bayt Kamil Hadi had two stories, and the rooms were built around a central courtyard. On the water side was a broad terrace, and on the land side the wall of the house was extended to enclose



"Father." Faisal said urgently, "you know the

a garden of shade trees and neglected flower beds.

Inspector Chafik tightened an arm around his son and joined the conspiracy of the brothers. "She rests?" he asked.

Jamil put a finger to his lips. "It would be a kindness not to disturb our sister. But if you must—"

"I am not here as a policeman," Chafik reminded him. "Where is Zaki Attala? He was my son's vision of a corpse."

It shocked him that Ibrahim should laugh. The man clapped a hand to his mouth, then said, "Pardon—I lack manners—"

Jamil said, "Now this is ridiculous!"

He left his brother to guard the door and went away. Baghdad gossips said Rejina did not tolerate servants, and it seemed to be true. Presently he came back with a young man, at whose appear-

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