



**Hubert Humphrey**

**L**ATE in the afternoon of Sunday July 20, a tall, serious man with pink-tinted rimless glasses and a prominent nose got off a train in Chicago. He expected no reception, but he couldn't help feeling somewhat important. At the Democratic National Convention which was to start the next day, he held one of 1,230 votes. He had not yet decided how to vote.

His name was Thomas Champlin. He was thirty-six years old, a lawyer, and the highest political office he had ever held was that of precinct captain in his native Lake Crystal, in Blue Earth County, Minnesota. He had plenty of friends, however, and in the preferential primary they had selected him as a delegate pledged initially to Minnesota's favorite son, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey.

After checking in at the Hotel Bismarck and eating supper, he went to the delegation's first caucus. The room was already jammed when Champlin arrived, and he had to stand. He watched stolidly as Senator Humphrey delivered a short pep talk. Humphrey said that Averell Harriman and Estes Kefauver were both good men (he didn't mention Adlai Stevenson), but added that he thought the delegation

# A Delegate's-Eye View Of the Convention

**WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD**

ought to stick together with its favorite son until it saw where it could go.

Orville Freeman, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Minnesota, was elected chairman of the delegation because of the general feeling that appearing on television would help his chances in November. At this point there was a flurry of activity in the hallway, and someone burst in to announce the arrival of Senator Kefauver. Champlin joined in the applause for Kefauver as he entered. After greeting Orville Freeman as "Irv," Kefauver said that he hoped Minnesota would cast its votes for him on a later ballot, and he promised to go forward on civil rights. Shortly after he left, at midnight, the caucus broke up.

Champlin arose shortly before ten Monday morning and got to the Convention Hall just in time to hear Adlai Stevenson's welcoming address. He had met Harriman, Kefauver, and Kerr on their various trips to Minnesota, but he had never so much as seen Stevenson. When Stevenson, referring to the Republican Convention, said, "For almost a week pompous phrases marched over this landscape in search of an idea," Champlin grinned.

The Convention adjourned at two-thirty and Champlin decided to visit some of the campaign headquarters.

At the Conrad Hilton, Champlin fought his way through the crowd, waited patiently for an elevator, and then got off at Russell headquarters on the ninth floor. He informed the receptionist that he was an uncommitted delegate. He was quickly ushered into a private room where two Indiana delegates were waiting with a Russell official. "Did you hear Stevenson's speech?" Champlin asked. The Russell official said "No." "You missed something." The Russell official looked

nervously at the two Indiana delegates.

A short man wearing a blue jacket, a purple tie, and a yellow shirt came in and introduced himself as Mr. Tagawa, a delegate from Hawaii. "Did you hear Stevenson talk?" Champlin asked. Mr. Tagawa nodded vigorously and said, "It was a very good speech." The Russell official interrupted to say that Senator Russell wouldn't be available for a few more minutes, and Champlin decided to leave.

The next stop was at Stevenson's unofficial headquarters. "How do you people stand on seating the Maverick delegation from Texas?" he asked a man wearing a Stevenson button.

"We think the regular Texas delegation should be seated."

"Is Stevenson for FEPC?"

"Well, we're against making job discrimination a legal offense," said a second man, apparently unaware that Stevenson had tried to get compulsory FEPC through his state legislature.

Champlin shook hands all around, and left. "Boy, are they green!" he remarked in the elevator. "They should at least know that Humphrey stands for civil rights all the way. The trouble with them is they say what they think, not what a delegate wants to hear."

Kerr headquarters, three floors up, was less harried. A bald man, alone and weary, stood in the reception room. Everybody else, Champlin was informed, was out to supper.

## Remember the TV Cameras

When Governor Paul Dever of Massachusetts took the platform to deliver the keynote address that evening in the Amphitheatre, Champlin laid down his newspaper, but returned to it before long. The paper talked of a Stevenson landslide, to be engineered by Jack Arvey and the Dixiecrats.

When Dever's speech was finished, some ninety minutes later, the fight over the loyalty oath began. Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., made an impassioned speech in support of the oath. Champlin was disappointed. "He's so fierce. Doesn't sound a bit like his old man."

Minnesota's second caucus was scheduled for ten o'clock Tuesday morning at the Bismarck. The reason for the meeting, it turned out, was that Eugenie Anderson, Ambassador to Denmark and Minnesota's gift to diplomacy, was going to address the Convention that afternoon. Orville Freeman gave the instructions: "Eugenie is going to speak today and will probably say something about being glad to see her old Minnesota friends. [Actually, she only waved.] We've got to stand up and cheer. Remember, the TV cameras will be on us." Champlin cheered lustily that afternoon.

The next morning Champlin jumped into a cab for the Amphitheatre and found himself in the company of three rabid Kefauver supporters from Wisconsin. "Go ahead, vote for Jack Arvey," one said. "Stevenson couldn't carry Chicago," another put in. "We ate horse meat last night," said the third.

Half an hour later, walking to his seat in the hall, Champlin spotted Jim Farley talking to the North Carolina delegation. He heard Farley say, "Humphrey and his boys are just playing this civil rights for home consumption. They'd just as soon wreck the party."

After adjournment Wednesday afternoon, Champlin went over to Humphrey's headquarters in the Conrad Hilton. To his surprise, he was welcomed into a hastily called conference of representatives of six Midwestern states. In an hour, the bloc had agreed to stick together against seating delegations that refused to sign the loyalty oath, had appointed liaison men, and had fixed on Orville Freeman to be the spokesman. After the meeting Congressman Eugene McCarthy, of Minnesota ate supper with Champlin. "I think the South has misinterpreted Stevenson as a conservative," he said. "Maybe it's like F.D.R., who got the South in 1932."

The evening session on Wednesday, of course, was all Alben Barkley's. When the Vice President had finished his eloquent speech, Champlin clapped

and shouted until he was very hoarse.

At midnight, a copy of the new platform was passed around. Representative Adam Clayton Powell of New York came over and accused Humphrey of a sellout on compulsory FEPC. Most of the delegates around Champlin did not know that Powell was a Congressional leader in the civil-rights fight, or even that he was a Negro.

After the platform had been accepted by a voice vote, Champlin got a ride downtown with state chairman Karl Rolvaag and his wife. They stopped off at a cocktail lounge and talked things over. Rolvaag admitted that he was undecided on his candidate, and Champlin said, "I'm sure glad to find I'm not alone."

### Arvey Goes Soft

Just after noon on Thursday the nominations began. The Kefauver nomination was the second one, and Champlin stood on a chair next to the center aisle during the demonstration, studying the faces of the participants. When the Stevenson demonstration began, alternate Peter Popovich, a strong Kefauver man, complained bitterly, "The Chicago newspapers are trying to run this Convention. All you get is Stevenson, Stevenson, Stevenson."

During the vote that evening on the seating of the Virginia delegation, Champlin kept score on the back of an envelope, and raised his fists in triumph when his figures showed that the motion had been defeated. A radio man came along to say he'd heard Arvey was "going soft" and that Illinois was switching its vote to support the Southerners. "We better elect Kefauver, sure as hell," Champlin told his fellow delegates. They agreed angrily.

Champlin's arm was grabbed by a man he had met at the six-state conference the previous afternoon. "North Dakota's chairman is sick and they're threatening to break and vote 'No' on adjournment," the man said. "Get over there and see what you can do." The motion to adjourn was going to be made by Senator Paul Douglas to give the liberal forces time to regroup.

Champlin went over to the North Dakota standard and found a woman in charge of the delegation. That's right, she said testily, North Dakota was voting "No." Why? "Because we've got train reservations out of here tomorrow, and we're not going to

miss that train." Douglas's effort failed but the Convention soon recessed anyway.

Someone told Champlin that there was to be a meeting of the liberal forces in the Lincoln Room of the Hotel Congress in one hour. He boarded a Convention bus and arrived at the Lincoln Room at 3:40 A.M. A man hurried by shouting, "This is an A.D.A. room! They can't come in here. It's a stop-Stevenson movement. Let them go across the hall. A.D.A. must be disassociated from all this."

Within ten minutes the room across the hall was jammed. Humphrey arrived and got a big ovation. "I'm not going to engage in a 'stop' campaign against any man," he said. "This is fantastic. Here we are, the liberals, with two-thirds of the votes. And we're being beaten by a small, well-organized, power-mad minority. That minority is



*Averell Harriman*

using the good name of one of the three liberal candidates. A little minority controls while the liberals split over three candidates. From now on, let's not deal in personalities. Let's not attack people. Let's say: We're not opposed to your candidate, but we are opposed to those who are *using* him."

### The Farm Vote

Champlin got up at ten Friday morning, stuffed down his breakfast, and rushed off to the Amphitheatre at 11:15. Karl Rolvaag came over and said that Tom Flinn was now a full-fledged delegate instead of an alternate. Milan Bonniwell, for whom Flinn had been assigned as alternate, had left the day before. His crops had ripened and he had to leave for the harvest.

On the first ballot, Minnesota cast its twenty-six votes for Hubert Humphrey. Then it went into caucus again. The previous night, Humphrey told the delegates, the liberal leaders had

begun counting votes. When they had finished, they decided that even if the Kefauver and Harriman forces could agree on a candidate, they still didn't have the power to win—because many liberals would stick by Stevenson.

The liberal leaders had therefore appointed Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan and himself, Humphrey said, to feel out Stevenson. They had telephoned him in the early morning. Stevenson had said he would accept the nomination and would give full support to the liberal platform. He had also stated flatly he was not being taken in by the South.

The delegation gave Humphrey a vote of appreciation, and decided to let each delegate vote according to his personal choice on the second ballot.

That evening, during the third and final ballot, Humphrey appeared and said, "Michigan is going to go. I think we ought to follow." Most of the delegates nodded. Harriman and Dever

had already thrown in for Stevenson.

At nine-thirty Humphrey passed a note back to the delegation: "Kefauver is coming out for Stevenson. Let's go."

At ten-fourteen, Humphrey returned to the delegation. "Estes has asked that we stick by him. If Stevenson doesn't quite go over the top, his withdrawal will still mean something, to the liberal cause as well as to himself."

"Let's just pass," someone suggested. "No," said Champlin. "We'll look like Stassen opportunists."

"Let's split it, thirteen to thirteen, and indicate who we want for Vice-President," someone suggested, and everybody quickly agreed.

When it was all over, Stevenson had won despite Minnesota's thirteen votes for Kefauver. Champlin cheered for Stevenson and then went back to the hotel for his first solid night of rest since he had arrived in Chicago to nominate a Democratic candidate for President of the United States.

# McCarthyism: How It All Began

MILLARD E. TYDINGS

"AND EVEN IF there were only one Communist in the State Department," Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin told the Republican Convention last month, "that would be one Communist too many." He paused to receive the applause that was sure to follow. McCarthy had come a long way since he first began what he has called "the fight for America," and he was enjoying the approval of his audience.

I myself was rather surprised to hear the man whose estimates of Communists in the State Department have run as high as 205 come forth with the unarguable proposition that even one would be too many. McCarthy has not always been so moderate.

McCarthy launched his "fight for America" on February 9, 1950, when he addressed a women's Republican

club at the McLure Hotel in Wheeling, West Virginia. The next morning extensive excerpts from McCarthy's speech were published in the *Wheeling Intelligencer* under the byline of Frank Desmond, a reporter who covered the event. The particular paragraph that shocked the nation read as follows:

While I cannot take the time to name all of the men in the State Department who have been named as members of the Communist Party and members of a spy ring, I have here in my hand a list of 205 that were known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who, nevertheless, are still working and shaping the policy in the State Department.\*

McCarthy's timing for this sensational charge was excellent. The con-

viction of Alger Hiss on January 21, less than three weeks before, had brought the State Department under acute suspicion. And now a United States Senator was clearly implying that the State Department was full of Hisses. Surely a Senator would not make such a startling charge unless he had the facts to back it up.

The nation was shocked, and Congress promptly demanded an investigation. To make the investigation, the Senate set up a committee consisting of two Republicans (Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa and Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts) and three Democrats (Theodore Green of Rhode Island, the late Brien McMahon of Connecticut, and myself, then senior Senator from Maryland, as chairman). The Senate instructed us to find out "whether persons who are disloyal to the

\*All documents quoted in this article are on file and available to qualified persons.