

albeit at the cost of his own political life.

The great mass of Southerners obtained forgiveness by the taking of a loyalty oath, as provided in proclamations of general amnesty, one by Lincoln and three by Johnson. Certain classes, such as high civil and military officers and persons of property, were excluded from the benefits of these proclamations, but these might apply to the President for special pardon. All in all, 13,500 special pardons were granted by the two Presidents, most of them, of course, by Johnson. Finally, on Christmas Day 1868, the President issued a proclamation of universal amnesty. It was this amnesty which finally restored the civil rights of Jefferson Davis and a handful of others who, because of their failure to seek special pardon or for other reason, were still unshriven.

This is the essence of the story told by Jonathan Truman Dorris in "Pardon and Amnesty Under Lincoln and Johnson" (University of North Carolina Press, \$7.50). The essential facts are somewhat obscured by a mass of detail covering individual cases, many of which seemed to this reviewer superfluous. Mr. Dorris has done a good job of research, but there is something to be desired in his organization and handling of his material. One wonders, for instance, why the author's personal evaluation of the character and genius of Robert E. Lee belongs in a work of this kind.

—A. D. KIRWAN.

## Spring Tonic

By Carl Binger

WHEN jonquil bends with April  
air,  
When boughs are black and twigs are  
bare,  
When chirp and chatter bring the  
dawn,  
And peepers shrill their even-song,  
No thought have I except to share  
The earth with creatures, nor any  
care  
But paint the fence and prune the  
vine,  
And turn the compost with the tine,  
And mend the wall where recent frost  
Has tumbled boulders—boundaries  
lost.

Now wild goose wedges to the north,  
While skunk and woodchuck venture  
forth;  
My self, as well, from winter's rest  
Spreads out its wings and swells its  
breast.

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## A Preface to Lippmann

Continued from page 11

on whatever he likes," he did four columns a week. Now he does only three and sometimes less than that, especially when he is on his annual trips to Europe. His writing, of course, does not stop with "Today and Tomorrow," since between columns he is almost always working on magazine articles, lectures, or books.

The pressure of his schedule does not appear to trouble Lippmann. The philosophic calm which characterizes his prose is also characteristic of his manner and living. In a profession forever in a hurry he always seems unhurried. If he has nerves, he does not show them. His courtesy is indestructible, his quiet friendliness winning. No wag himself, his face lights up at the jokes of others. Although he takes a human interest in dinner table prattle, small talk is not his forte. He is an earnest man whose earnestness is unmistakable without being dampening.

The fault is not his if almost every chair he sits in is turned into a tripod by gushing hostesses or eager guests. Socially, he is the victim of his reputation, a person expected at the drop of a question to come up with an answer and to speak columns instead of writing them. When jockeyed at parties into the role of pontificator, he remains the least aggressive of conversationalists. Definite as his opinions may be, he states them mildly, almost shyly, and is as willing to listen as to talk. He discusses the most controversial subjects in crisp tones without raising his voice. Even in political arguments where tempers run short, he has mastered the art of keeping his. In speech no less than in print he presents his ideas in a pattern as neat as the planning of his daily routine in Washington. And nothing could be more systematic than that. It is almost metronomic in its regularity.

**L**IPPMANN is usually up at 6:45 and breakfasts at 7:15 with his wife, Helen Byrne, and their two French poodles, Coquet and Vickie, in Mrs. Lippmann's bedroom. By eight, being an exceptionally quick and selective reader, he has finished three newspapers (*The New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *Washington Post*) and marked those items of special interest to him. Wearing either pajamas and dressing-gown or slacks and a sweater, he is then ready to go to his study and begin writing.

Years ago Lippmann insisted that "every man whose business it is to

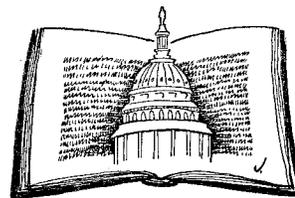
think knows that he must for part of the day create about himself a pool of silence." It is in such a pool of silence that he works even as a journalist in the big house in Georgetown which he has owned since 1946. His study, a large handsome room lined with books, is at the end of a long hall on the second floor. Friendly as its feeling is, it is a fortress against noise and distraction. Its quiet and sense of solitude in a home humming with activity are indispensable aids to Lippmann in maintaining the steady pulse-beat of his schedule.

Unlike most people, Lippmann has the strength not to look at his mail until he has finished his morning's stint. Nothing or no one is allowed to interrupt him. His secretaries, who work in the neat but file-jammed attic, are under strict instructions not to disturb him until he buzzes for them. Often without notes and sometimes with only three or four guide words jotted on a slip of paper, he settles down at his desk.

Lippmann's columns average 1,200 words and, as a rule, he turns them out in three hours, writing on white paper in a small hand that takes deciphering. Generally he does a second draft before recording the final version on his dictaphone. At eleven or soon thereafter he calls his secretary, Jean Wehner, who has been with him for eight years, and she returns to the attic to transcribe the final version, a process requiring twenty to forty minutes. While Miss Wehner is typing, Lippmann dresses, reads his mail (which is large), and turns to the dictaphone to answer it. By 12:45 he and Miss Wehner have gone over the column she has typed. At one o'clock the *Herald Tribune* calls and Miss Wehner in the next ten or fifteen minutes reads the approved script over the telephone to a girl in New York, a method found less expensive than wiring it.

Meanwhile Lippmann has driven his 1950 Chrysler to the Metropolitan Club, where he lunches at 1:00 on columnless days, and 1:15 on column days, mainly with key figures, foreign or American, in search of background for what he will write next. After lunch he returns home between 2:00 and 2:30 to sign his letters, catch up with periodicals, continue his extensive reading, take a short walk, or work at carpentry in a room in the cellar.

Every afternoon he consults for half or three-quarters of an hour with Barbara Donald, whose task is to



aid him in his research, clip newspapers, keep his copious files, and preside over the reference library which is also in the attic. In a trunk room, adjoining the office, an AP teletype machine ticks away, a link with the outside world. When a column is dispatched and a chapter or magazine article finished, Miss Wehner types Lippmann's letters or the quotations he has marked in his reading, while Charlotte Wallace, who is Mrs. Lippmann's secretary, takes care of social and household correspondence. All three women admit that, genuine as is Lippmann's serenity and courteous as he always is, the pressure is terrific when he is around.

**L**IPPMANN'S second wife, to whom he has been married since 1938, shares her husband's energy, graciousness, and serious interests. She is an accomplished hostess, hospitable to both ideas and people. Trim and stylish herself, she likes life to be tidy too and has the gift of making it so. She is equally skilful at insulating Lippmann against the world and in bringing him out into it.

With her he usually goes to two cocktail parties between 6:00 and 7:30 and returns home to dress before either giving or going to a dinner at eight. Although such social activities supply diversion, they also provide invaluable opportunities for brain-picking, a favorite Washington indoor sport and one vital to Lippmann's job. When he dines out Lippmann seldom stays late, leaving as a rule between 10:30 and 11:00 unless imprisoned by protocol, that curse and kill-joy but necessary evil of Washington society. Before going to sleep he seeks more relaxation by reading something not connected with his work. In general his light is turned off well before midnight. Having finished "today" on schedule, he is prepared to start "tomorrow" on the same schedule even when he is devoting the morning to magazine articles or books rather than columns.

Lippmann is selective in his friendships as in everything else. His enemies have attacked him for knowing the well-heeled and the mighty rather than the poor and the unimportant. They have claimed that his liberalism has been subdued by what Beatrice Webb called the "aristocratic embrace." But the charge that he sees only the "right people" overlooks his

temperament, background, and the special nature of the role he has made his own. He sees the people he enjoys, the people who stimulate him, the people he needs to see for professional reasons—in other words, the people who are right for him. This does not mean they are politically to the right. They may or may not be. He only hopes they will talk well, and does not mind if they live well, too.

Diogenes, who also had a philosophic turn of mind, elected to live in a tub. This was his prerogative, but his example, though admired by many, has been followed by few. Diogenes's choice would never have been Lippmann's. This does not mean that the ostentatious has any appeal for him or that he is taken in by price tags or interested in them. Worldly-wise as he is, Lippmann is much too wise for that. Much too much of a moralist also, and much too much of a gentleman. He is a man of informed tastes who happens to prize the amenities. A snob, however, he is not and never has had to be.

His parents, Jacob and Daisy Baum Lippmann, were cultivated people. His father was a New York clothing manufacturer and real-estate broker successful enough to retire early. Both his father and mother saw to it that the young Walter enjoyed those privileges and protections which go with being the only child of prosperous parents. They sent him to Dr. Sachs's School for Boys, an excellent private day school attended in large part by children of affluent families of German-Jewish descent. They encouraged him to buy books and to read them. They took him abroad summer after summer on vacation

trips (once even to St. Petersburg) during which he acquired an early acquaintance with painting, sculpture, architecture, and European history. He was one of those sons who have the sense to take advantage of every advantage given.

The civilized, the somewhat cottoned and cushioned, approach to life Lippmann knew while growing up remains the pattern of his living even now. Undoubtedly his writing would have been different had he had the common touch and spent more time in the company of that mythical entity, the common man. Lippmann, however, is by no means alone among Washington columnists in being on closer terms with labor as an idea than with laborers. He has always worked at the top level; been a captain, so to speak, at home on the bridge and uncomfortable with the crew. Even in journalism he became an editor without ever having served any real apprenticeship as a reporter.

If the society he finds agreeable is good society, it is because that is the environment in which he is at ease. This is not to say, as his critics have maintained, that he sees the world through a class darkly (to misapply a phrase of Philip Littell's). A conventional life may appeal to Lippmann because the very grooves it follows are expressions and guarantees of order. As a young man just out of Harvard where he had championed Socialism, he may have fancied himself for a while as a radical and tried hard to belong to New York's Bohemia by attending Mabel Dodge's "evenings" at her home at 23 Fifth Avenue. But, at least at heart, Lippmann was a fish out of water on

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