

## Buffie's Story

**"My Brother Adlai,"** by Elizabeth Stevenson Ives and Hildegard Dolson (William Morrow. 308 pp. \$4), offers the reminiscences of the sister of the candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. Bess Furman, who reviews it here, covers the Washington scene for the New York Times.

By Bess Furman

**T**IMED as it is, "My Brother Adlai," by Elizabeth Stevenson Ives, the sister of the announced candidate for the 1956 Democratic nomination, inevitably is a campaign book. Quite naturally, it is as all for Adlai as an adoring sister can be. Precisely as phrased on the dust-jacket, it is "an affectionate portrait of a distinguished American." But it is also an autobiography of Mrs. Ives, sister and official hostess of Adlai Stevenson when he is an official.

It's a gay book, teeming with the anecdotes which all the Stevensons from Grandfather Adlai—Cleveland's Vice President—on down, know so well how to tell. With the Stevenson upperclass way of life and the family habit of holding high office, the book becomes a valuable social history per se. Should Adlai Stevenson win the nomination and election, it would, of course, become an original source for a future span of White House social history. And Mrs. Ives presumably would join the small but loyal line of sisters who have served there as hostesses for Presidents—Mary McElroy, sister of Chester A. Arthur, and Rose Cleveland, who bowed out to a White House bride.

Hildegard Dolson, co-author, serves in "My Brother Adlai" solely as collaborator—and a good one. To her presumably goes the credit for organizing the book which hopscotches over twenty years so subtly and logically they are scarcely missed. The childhood and youth of Adlai and the sister he nicknamed Buffie are told with a total recall certain to breed nostalgia in all who were growing up in America at the same time. The years in the Governor's mansion at Springfield and the 1952 campaign are as fresh as yesterday. Missing are the years when Mrs. Ives was abroad as the wife of a U.S. diplomat.

This makes possible treating every main fact of her brother's life except his broken marriage. On this question Mrs. Ives merely says that her brother married Ellen Borden in 1928 and that they had three sons. She quotes the statement Stevenson made

to the press early in his governorship—"due to the incompatibility of our lives Mrs. Stevenson feels that a separation is necessary" . . . a step being taken "with the highest mutual respect." The author added, "My brother locks his deepest feelings inside himself and I respect his reticence." One further sisterly comment was that her brother had said in a speech, "I like my job; it has been worth the painful sacrifices."

However, the Stevenson story since the divorce has been somewhat complicated by the fact that Republican Ellen Borden Stevenson sometimes steps out of the high mutual respect role to make the headlines with political pot-shots at her former husband.

It might seem to Stevenson supporters that in this campaign year Mrs. Ives from her vantage point might have gone more deeply into the subject on the side of her brother. It remains for Chicago friends of the two families to remark, as they have in the past, that Ellen Borden grew up in a monied elite which literally had the red carpet rolled out before faring forth—and that she was, besides, a poet of talent, allergic to the rough-and-tumble of politics as it swept through the Governor's mansion.

Apparently Adlai's sister had to play it Adlai's way, which is in the upper octaves of ethics. For instance, she disclosed the extent to which her brother refused to "play politics" with the Korean war in the 1952 campaign. In an August inner-policy meeting, she said, he decided if he were elected he would go immediately to Korea. But he would by no means make political advantage by telling the public. She remarked that two months later Republican candidate Eisenhower "made his 'I will go to Korea' pronouncement."

Aside from a few such political barbs, Mrs. Ives's book strikes a common chord from seaboard to seaboard, likely to be conducive to her brother's candidacy. Young Adlai and his sister Buffie lived in Illinois, summered in the North, wintered in the South, sampled ranch life in the West, and toured Europe with the Best Families of the East. On their maternal or Republican relatives' side, the family link with Abraham Lincoln was deep and enduring. And can the Ladies of the Right be wholly belligerent when Adlai Stevenson's own grandmother was four times the President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution?

But perhaps the greatest common denominator on display was the family sense of humor. It runs through the book as it has done through the campaign speeches of Adlai Stevenson.

## Law: East and West

**"We the Judges,"** by William O. Douglas (Doubleday. 480 pp. \$6), is a study by the U. S. Supreme Court justice comparing American and Indian constitutional law. It is reviewed below by Fred Rodell, professor of law at Yale and author of "Nine Men," a recent study of the Supreme Court.

By Fred Rodell

**N**O imagination-stretching is needed today to picture one of those financially fecund foundations awarding a "project grant" to a team of scholars to spend their full time for two or three years on a comparative study of American and Indian constitutional law, complete with all the important cases from both countries, and rounded for publication into a written report of roughly 200,000 words. But this has been accomplished in an extraordinary book by one extraordinary man. With the help of one assistant on the Indian material, William O. Douglas did it all in something less than a year, between assorted world-traveling, mountain-climbing, article-writing, book-reviewing, and speech-making—not to mention carrying on, effectively and often brilliantly, his full duties as an associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

"We the Judges: Studies in American and Indian Constitutional Law from Marshall to Mukherjea," was originally fashioned as a series of lectures, which Douglas delivered at the University of Calcutta last July. Aimed at an Indian audience, the American cases that make up the bulk of the book will be largely familiar to U.S. lawyer-readers. Yet so deftly does Douglas order and handle them that familiarity breeds no boredom. The



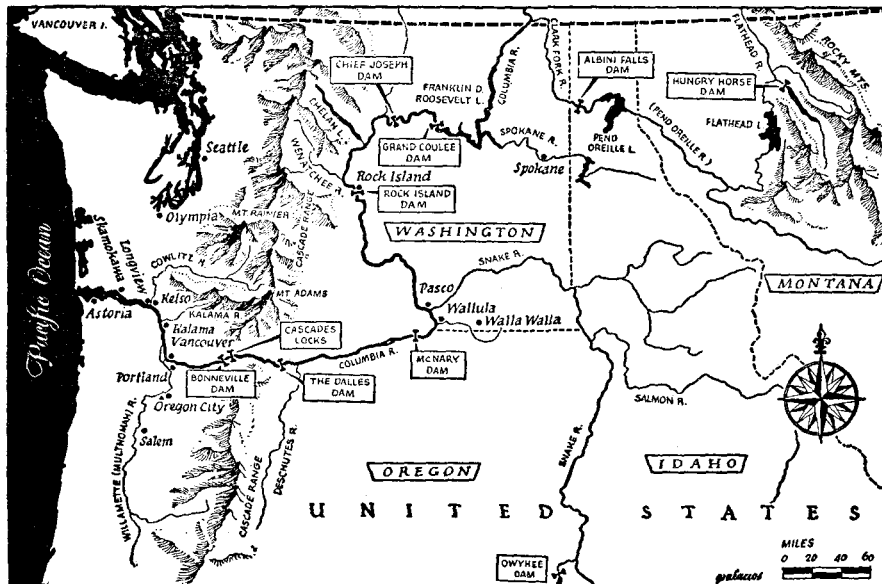
Justice Douglas—"no condescension."

brisk, pithy accounts of decisions, the occasional edged comments on them, the more frequent and more subtle side-of-the-mouth references, as to "a sharply divided Court," all give freshness to stuff that might else have sounded stale. And six busy years' worth of India's young constitutional law, as Douglas weaves it in and around its comparable U.S. counterparts, throws even our oldest cases into new perspective.

For India has already dealt, during her brief span of independence, with much of what took us decades to develop. Her Constitution, drafted in part with an eye to avoiding some of the legal conflicts spawned by ours, is more detailed and more precise. Thus, in place of our "due process" clauses: "No person shall be deprived of his life or personal liberty except according to procedure established by law." The omission of "property" (though another clause subjects it to "authority of law"), the specification of "personal" liberty, and the substitution of "procedure" for "process" seem clearly to bar abuse of the clause by judges, to shield business from social legislation—as our "due process" clauses were long abused.

Yet no amount of verbal detail or precision can keep live issues from coming to court, there as here. And as Douglas sees it, India is sometimes ahead of us, sometimes behind. Her courts have struck down religious and racial "quota systems" for admission to schools, but have upheld a law which banned bigamous marriages for one sect and not for another. Douglas finds this last decision "bewildering"—but concedes that some U.S. decisions may be just as bewildering to India's legal clan.

In a short review of so impressive work, it is perhaps unfair to pick out points to criticize. I cannot resist now. I wish Douglas had seen fit to balance his 1781 quote from Thomas Jefferson, about the dangers of unbridled legislative power, with a well-known 1803 quote from Jefferson about the dangers of unbridled judicial power. And I wish especially that he had not begun his book with a no-brief-to-be-effective attack on the philosophy of Justice Holmes—an attack later tempered by several obviously approved quotes from the great skeptic. But I have nothing save admiration for the way the book ends—a powerful plea for the protection of civil liberties by "independent and untrammelled" judges, East or West. In stark contrast to the utilitarian determinism of the late Justice Jackson's recent posthumous volume about the Supreme Court, Douglas declares: "The court that fails to stand before a mob is not worthy of the great tradition."



—From "The Columbia."

## Many-Rivered Stream

"The Columbia," by Stewart H. Holbrook (Rinehart, 393 pp. \$5), a new volume of the Rivers of America Series, harvests the lore of the Far West's mightiest stream.

By Murray Morgan

ADMIRERS of the Columbia have long fretted over the fact that the nation's most powerful river has not been the subject of a book in the Rivers of America Series, while lesser streams, such as the Chagres, the Winooski, and the Kaw, which could easily be lost in some of the Columbia's irrigation ditches, have been so honored.

Now, at last, as the fiftieth title, the house of Rinehart has got around to the River of the West. The wait was worthwhile. Stewart Holbrook, an Oregonian by adoption, has written what may well be the best book of the series.

The Columbia, more than 1200 miles long and draining an area of a quarter million square miles, winding through two countries, its history entangled in a conflict of empires, is a difficult river to cover in a single book. It is, in effect, many different rivers—the river of the marten trappers on the Canadian Big Bend, of gill-net fishermen killing Chinooks at Astoria, of empire builders and Indian chiefs, of loggers and steamboat hands, of Dukhobor Sons of Freedom at Brilliant who still set fire to schoolhouses, and A.E.C. technicians at Hanford who may set fire to the world.

Holbrook deals with them all in a book without a dull page. There are concise, colorful essays on logging, salmon, wheat farming, and steamboating, and even more colorful descriptions of the Skid Road spots where the men who toiled disported themselves when not bucking wheat, or logs, or white water. If the author short-changes any phase of the Columbia it is that dealing with dams and the politics of hydro-electric power. The Bonneville Power Administration is not discussed.

The book is studded with wonderful portraits of pioneer types, successful and otherwise, virtuous and otherwise, from Hall Jackson Kelley, "the strange and consecrated character who considered himself God's own messenger in respect to the settlement of the Oregon Country," to Joseph (Bunco) Kelly, a notorious crimp and murderer, who once distinguished himself by shanghaiing eight corpses and passing them off as drunks, at fifty dollars a head, to the skipper of a waiting misery ship.

Yes, they're all here: from David Thompson, the Welsh explorer and trader who temporarily forced his teetotal views on the rum-soaked Northwest Company, to the enterprising Nancy Boggs, who made history by running a fancy-houseboat in the middle of the placid Willamette, opposite downtown Portland.

Holbrook writes of these people, and their ways of life, with a fine, wry mixture of gusto and nostalgia. If the old logger's Columbia is buried behind the dams, as he fears, at least its flavor is preserved in his pages.