

hanced his chances for the nomination, also showed that he has a slim chance of winning that state.

Why is it, then, that he has been able to collect as many delegates as he already has? The American primary system is so fortuitous, so jerry-built, that it would be impossible to give anything close to a valid analysis. Merely looking at it superficially, one finds that thirty states select their delegates by convention, some statewide, some by district; that sixteen use various other kinds of primaries; and that the remaining four select through their state committees. In Georgia the Democrats and the Republicans each have their own method. Thus, while some of the primaries are democratic in concept, others are not.

THE choice of the delegate frequently depends on the financial contributions he has made to the party or how malleable he is to the views of those in charge or those with the most funds or things to promise. At any rate, however much of an Anglo-Saxon habit muddling through may be, and however much this has somehow succeeded in the past, it is open to manipulation and thus to abuse. If Senator Goldwater is nominated and heavily defeated, perhaps the cry from the Harding days will again be heard—that this odd system of primaries is not adequate. Even if radical change to a simple national primary is not needed, it nevertheless could stand modernization.

Governor Scranton jumped into the battle at a crucial, psychological moment when the Republican Party suddenly saw itself faced with what was clearly a failure of the system, when the democratic processes of selection suddenly had left them without any choice at the nominating convention. All at once the party realized that it faced the immense danger of control by a minority, yet the majority was without a leader. Scranton's decision went against the usual traditions of American political campaigning, but it was not an irrational one. It was born of desperation and the knowledge that there must be vast support for it. Yet it was the decision of one man, not of a group or a cabal; it did not even have the backing of one major Republican figure. It was entirely personal. But when, immediately after his announcement, like-minded men in Congress tried to round up at least fifteen signatures for a "declaration of principles" that repudiated the Goldwater philosophy, they managed to get only eight (although in voting against cloture of the civil rights filibuster the Arizona Senator found himself with a minority of six against twenty-seven Republicans).

It is difficult to say why there was

not greater support for this declaration, but one reason—according to the guess of one of those who signed—was the fear of possible retribution by the Goldwater forces, who in many states may have some power to hurt the re-election of certain Congressional candidates. Obviously, too, there was small faith in the prospect of Scranton's lonely crusade.

But there can be no doubt that his decision was courageous and honorable. It was not the move of an idealist or a dreamer. Governor Scranton is a shrewd, practical man; once Governor Rockefeller, for whom he had much sympathy and esteem, failed to stave off Goldwater's advance, there was no one left to do it but him. Senator Goldwater's vote against cloture of the civil rights debate may have been the trigger; but there was the far larger issue—which also troubled former President Eisenhower (though not enough)—that the Republican nomination seemed like a foregone conclusion. With so much latent anti-Goldwater sentiment in the country, Scranton's decision therefore was a profoundly rational one. Had the party forgotten the old maxim that the independent voter and moderate policy issues hold the margin of victory? Could it be that too many Republicans believed that the country was in an extremist mood, that the political pendulum had swung sharply to the right because too many white people were worried about the effects of the civil rights struggle and expected a bitter reaction against it at least in the secrecy of the election booth?

ONE of Mr. Scranton's problems is that Senator Goldwater is a simplifier who sees most issues in black or white and therefore sounds convincing to many. The knotty business of explaining why the issues are not as simple as presented by his opponent is always far more difficult and complicated and usually much less persuasive. Another of Scranton's problems is that so many delegates have already made definite commitments at a time when they saw no likely alternative to Goldwater. Politicians don't like to be uncommitted for too long out of fear that they will then miss the bus and be made to pay for their indecision.

Mr. Scranton's crusade against Barry Goldwater may not bring him victory, but at least he will have done what seemed needed: he will have intelligently exposed the dangers inherent in a Goldwater nomination. Even if he goes down to defeat in San Francisco, he will have become a truly national figure and, after a Goldwater defeat in the Presidential election, will be the most obvious candidate for 1968.

—HENRY BRANDON.

As It Happens

The Declaration of Independence gave us life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Over the 4th we'll take liberty with our lives, pursuing happiness at 80 miles an hour.

✓ ✓ ✓

We understand Gallup's interviewers first ask political questions, then ask what commercial products are preferred. If a fellow's undecided about the Presidential race, he can still vote for Serutan, Gillette, Kleenex, Oldsmobile, and Aunt Jemima's Log Cabin Syrup.

✓ ✓ ✓

We understand even if Israel marches on Cairo and the U.N. stands aside, Nasser is ready. He'll phone Moscow for arms, Washington for money, and Paris for a reservation.

✓ ✓ ✓

The trouble with birth control is the people who practice it. They usually can afford not to.

✓ ✓ ✓

"Ban the Martini" supporters say the cocktail itself isn't as deadly as the conversational fallout.

✓ ✓ ✓

Surveys show straight tickets diminishing. Today's electorate votes *à la carte*, not *table d'hôte*.

✓ ✓ ✓

Havana wants us off Guantanamo. Moscow wants us off Turkey. Peking wants us off Taiwan. They're jittery with Yanks on bases.

✓ ✓ ✓

The Gideons are distributing record numbers of new Bibles to motels. After driving, nothing beats curling up with the good book.

✓ ✓ ✓

Every Congressman applauds Defense Department economies. In the other fellow's district.

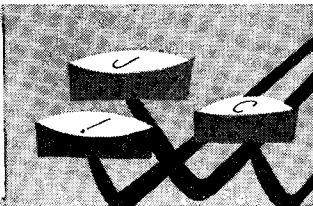
✓ ✓ ✓

International Yellow Pages classifies 125 countries. Need a plumber? Phone Norway. He'll arrive before yours would.

✓ ✓ ✓

TV comedy fans needn't fret. The political campaign will be ample summer replacement. —FRED SPARKS.

Manner of Speaking



The Monster Den: Myra's Column:

As I noted last week, I owe Myra a birthday column, having promised and having been delayed by my spring lecture tour. I am sorry to say I wasn't even home for her birthday. I got her forgiveness on that count by coming up with a birthday present that was sheer bribery. Let me hope I can now be forgiven on the second count.

Myra, let me explain, is Myra Judith and we have two of them at our house, the Den Mother being Myra JUDITH, and Monster One being MYRA Judith, better known to Jonnel as Miss Priss, so I began by trying a poem about her.

MISS PRISS

Whenever Myra walks like this—
(I think you can guess what way
that is)—

John L. and Benn call her Miss
Priss.

And so does Mummy. And so do I.
(If you've guessed how it goes,
then you know why.)

For some reason, however, the boys
liked that one rather better than Myra
did, and I agreed that I should try
again, and having done an acrostic for
Jonnel last week, I tried one for Myra.

OF HURRICANES, SUMMER DAYS, AND MISS MYRA

Most of what a girl should be
You are—most times. When you
are,
Roses, cloud fluffs, a smooth sea
Are open, float, stretch blue and
far.

Just a minute ticks by then:
Up blows a storm, dark roars the
sea,
Down comes the sky, the roses
shatter.

In less time, then, than it takes me
To say, "Darling, what's the
matter?"

Hurricane's over. You're back again.

As it turned out, Myra liked that one
better and the boys thought it was
"mushy." Putting those two reports to-
gether, I let myself hope I had struck
the right note. As I tried to point out to

the boys, I am *supposed* to feel a little
mushy about her and Mummy. Or I do,
whether I am supposed to or not. But
they pointed out that I had written
"funny" poems about them, and that I'd
have to write one about Myra, too. I
did try arguing that "Miss Priss" was
supposed to be a little funny, and that it
certainly wasn't too "mushy." But what
they wanted, it turned out, was a poem
about Miss Myra's noise. The poems I
had written for them, they argued, were
all about how noisy they are, and what
did I think Miss Myra was?—"the
Sphinx, or something?"

Well, it isn't entirely true that the
poems I wrote for the boys are all about
noise, though noise had to be part of it,
but they weren't entirely wrong either,
so I said I'd try and what I came up
with was a poem about Myra's music
lessons.

The trouble is that to make the poem
come out loud enough I had to cheat
a bit. Myra has been taking piano les-
sons and is now on guitar, at both of
which she is inclined to dawdle. But, as
I might as well confess, I couldn't make
it rhyme on the piano. So, just for the
poem, I decided to switch to the fiddle.
I hope Myra will understand it as an
exercise in transposition. The air, as I
hope she will recognize, is the same,
but it seems to play a little better on
the fiddle.

FIDDLE PRACTICE

I guess you know
Some girls are slow
When it comes to fiddle practice.
Their arms get stiff.
They act as if

They'd swallowed a dry cactus.
They don't feel well.
And they can tell
They're about to catch a cold.
Well, that's when I
And Mummy try
To say (and not to scold):

Your arms are *not* stiff.
Your throat is *not* sore.
But something, we think, is going
to be *if*
We had to tell you this *once more*:
It's time! So get you fiddle and
bow.
And get your excuses done.
And practice that piece you're
supposed to know
And haven't even begun.

In an hour or so
She puts her bow
To the strings and saws away.
And it sounds all right
For, say, a cat fight.
But we couldn't exactly say
That note for note
It's what anyone wrote.
That's when I catch Mummy's eye.
And we shudder a bit
At the sound of it.
And both of us wonder why
We make her do
What she's doing to
The music someone wrote.
And we stuff our ears
And cry "three cheers!"
When she comes to the last—well
—note.
Let's call it that.
For sharp or flat,
Or squeak, or squawk, or squee,
It's done for today.
And I'm here to say
That's good enough for me!

And noise or no noise (some of which,
to be sure, I could do without), so is
Myra. Good enough for me, that is. So
Happy Twelve, Sweetie, and may they
all be as smiling as this one.

—JOHN CIARDI.

