

The 1994 Political Book Award

No Ordinary Time Doris Kearns Goodwin

The editors of this magazine make no secret of their fondness for Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Few leaders since have led as effectively for the benefit of all. But Doris Kearns Goodwin's biography of the president and First Lady offers more than a dry reconstruction of what she calls their "undreamed-of achievements." With spare and elegant prose, *No Ordinary Time* vividly recreates a national mood that is now all but forgotten. With intimate details of the Roosevelts' daily lives, Goodwin reveals how these two extraordinary personalities turned their personal convictions into powerful forces in American life.

Goodwin also reminds us, though, that the New Deal was not pre-ordained: The politics were messy; FDR ducked many fights and compromised on many others. The value of Eleanor, we learn, is not just that she and her husband were political partners, but that she never ceased pushing him to do what was right rather than what was politically expedient.

But most important, the book captures the optimism and generosity with which the country faced the most daunting problems of the century. In an age of cynicism and self-pity, *No Ordinary Time* reminds us of the sacrifice and inspiration this country and its president are capable of.

NO ORDINARY TIME



*Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt:
The Home Front in World War II*

DORIS KEARNS GOODWIN

Author of *The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys*

Runners-Up

The Massacre at El Mozote

Mark Danner

On the Edge

Elizabeth Drew

Speak Now Against the Day

John Egerton

Looking at the Sun

James Fallows

Walter Winchell

Neal Gabler

Demosclerosis

Jonathan Rauch

Police Protection in D.C.: Separate and Unequal

*Washington's best cops
patrol the city's safest
neighborhoods*

**BY NANCY BEILES AND
MICHAEL K. MAYO**

Every once in a while, from the window of Sgt. Brian Hubbard's police cruiser, you can catch a glimpse of the Capitol dome. Only a mile away, proudly lit, the immaculate marble looks like it's meant to—a monument to justice and power. But Hubbard has other things on his mind. He spots a group of young blacks sitting on milk crates and a pile of dirt in an abandoned lot, and he pulls up to tell them to move on. Near a cemetery, he interrupts a woman leaning into a gray, beat-up car and tells her to move on, too; he thinks she's a prostitute, he says, but there's no way he can be sure. And later, in the vacant lot at Montello Avenue and Queen Street, he tells yet another group to leave. "We're not supposed to do something like that," he says. "But they're gonna move along while I'm on duty." Asked why, he points to the scene beyond his windshield: run-down row houses, empty lots, liquor stores—not a lot of places for young people to go. Whether it's legal or not, Hubbard acts on the grim reality that most shootings occur when people are just hanging out.

Hubbard is the evening supervisor for Washington's Fifth District. He's a genial guy, a little edgy but clearly enjoying his work. But when he gets to thinking about the 85 homicides and 11,007 crimes on his beat last year, he can't help but get frustrated. "This is a jungle," he says. "The stats that we have here are worse than Vietnam per square mile. We go to war when we go to work."

That work is made even harder with his department's slim resources. There are fewer than 300 officers in the Fifth District. And fewer than 20 are on the streets at any one time—not enough to catch criminals, let alone deter them. Ninety percent of the budget goes to personnel expenses, such as pensions and salaries, leaving only \$25 million to pay for everything from weapons and cruisers to heat and electricity. With little cash to invest in new technology, Metropolitan Police Department officers spend dozens of hours each week filling out reports by hand (hours they could spend policing the city) because the department's

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