

CLARK CLIFFORD CALLED OLD WASHINGTON HAND

NEW DEFENSE SECRETARY HAS WIDE EXPERIENCE

By HENRY CATHCART
Central Press Washington Correspondent
WASHINGTON—Clark Clifford, the new secretary of Defense, can best be described as an "Old Washington hand." He has been in the thick of that small handful of men who have advised presidents on everything from governmental policy to political and personal behavior. And unlike most of these men, Clifford has survived, and his reputation has grown with the changes in administrations over the last quarter of a century.

From the standpoint of familiarity with the structure, operations and goals of the Defense Department, Clifford is the ideal man. He was in on the discussions that preceded the consolidation of the military arms under one cabinet agency. And he has been a constant observer and adviser on defense matters in the intervening years. Further, he has the ear and the confidence of President Johnson. Clifford's approach to the Vietnam war is that of a moderate hawk. In this, he may be a trifle more "hawkish" than the man he is succeeding, but this should not be taken to indicate that there will be any marked shift in the U.S. application of force in Vietnam. On the contrary, Clifford will be guided, and will effectively reflect the degree of pressure desired by President Johnson, which is precisely the same condition that applied under the McNamara regime.

It is in this area that, perhaps, Clifford will bring the least to his new position. Johnson already had Clifford's views on Vietnamese policy and what will be missing is the degree to which McNamara and Clifford advised differently. President Johnson has gained an able administration of Defense, but he has lost the opportunity to weigh the thinking of one experienced man against that of another.

● **GOVERNMENT ECONOMY**—The biggest single "economy" in President Johnson's 1968 budget was made by a computer. As the story goes, when officials figured out total governmental "outlays" they arrived at the sum of \$189 billion. However, when the same information was fed into the computer, which was programmed to take account of book-keeping subtleties, the total came to \$187 billion. Thus, this \$2 billion "saving" was more than twice the amount saved through program reductions.

Of course, not one actual penny was saved in the exercise. It merely gave the administration a way to minimize "outlays" and maximize income, so things looked a little better in print.



MISTER BREGER

"A question period will follow AFTER I finish my discussion..."

Joseph A. Breig

Melville Brothers on Wrong Track

I think I have the right to say that I understand the feelings of Maryknoll Fathers Thomas and Arthur Melville, who abandoned hope of peaceable social reform in Guatemala, and began teaching the poor Indians that their only hope lay in armed rebellion.

After all, I can remember vividly the days when, in Pennsylvania where I grew up and started my journalistic career, naked power was used to impose the will of the coal and iron industrialists on destitute workers.

As if I were watching a movie, I can see myself, in my early newspaper days, driving my puddle-jumper automobile along an isolated country road which led to a soft-coal-mining "company town."

I can see the two hard-bitten men who, when I paused at an intersection, stepped out of the bushes with shotguns cradled in their arms to ask what I was doing there and where I thought I might be going.

There was no point in trying to equivocate. I told them I was intending to visit the mining patch.

Why? Because I wanted to talk with some of the miners.

Again why? Because I was a newspaperman.

What did I want to talk with the miners about?

I wanted to find out what they thought of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal—the National Recovery Act, the Works Progress Administration, and all that.

The men looked at me for a moment. Then one spoke.

"Young fellow," he said, "I think you'd better turn your car around and get out of here. And don't come back."

I got out. I am an advocate of living to fight another day. What the coal mine owners accomplished with their hired goons was to turn me into one

of the most determinedly social-reform-minded chaps you ever saw.

The Fathers Melville say they lost hope for peaceable social change in Guatemala "because the rich ruling oligarchy was using every means, including murder, to keep the peasants and Indians in misery."

The Melvilles should brush up on their history.

They should read about how steel strikers were shot down around the turn of the century. Or I, personally, could tell them how I was trailed by detectives when I visited headquarters of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee to ask for news about unionizing activities.

I could tell the Melvilles, too, the gory details of the fatal injuries suffered by a coal miner who favored unionization. State policemen were acquitted of his murder.

There seemed to be little or no hope for peaceable reform.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

New Courier A Real Challenge Editor:

It would be unfair and premature to criticize the Courier-Journal during a transitional period. What prompts my letter, however, is the Bishop's statement that we are to have a new Courier.

As one who felt that the old Courier had in fact become a wonderfully exciting "new Courier" under the editorial guidance of Father Henry A. Well, I am now, to say the least, apprehensive.

In a community where the ultra-conservative daily press publishes both morning and evening papers, the Catholic Courier-Journal came as a draught of fresh air. The critical issues

At Our House

Key to Enjoyment

By MARY TINLEY DALY

Miami, Florida. One seldom thinks of anything good connected with the flu bug, but when it brings in its wake a trip to this tropical paradise, it's worth every ache and pain, every sneeze and snuffle.

Leaving our "Winter Wonderland" of snow and ice, drizzle and sleet, a new world opens up — June in January (or February).

In the role of tourist, one takes a tour, of course, sightseeing, that is. This time, 'twas a ten-hour bus trip along the Florida Keys. Expecting the usual "conducted tour" with a bored, nasal-voiced guide pointing "on your left..." and "now on your right..." in singsong fashion, this particular trip was pure delight.

Our driver, William A. Cooper, 25-year-veteran in the business, is more like an enthusiastic friend, sharing with passengers his intimate knowledge of the area he has known and loved from boyhood.

Cooper Takes Command

As in any group of 40 people, tongues began to wag as bus began to roll until Mr. Cooper uttered his gentle reprimand, "Folks, this bus is my first responsibility, watching the road, the traffic and giving you a safe, smooth ride. When you talk, you get me rattled and I'm likely to forget to show you the lots of interesting spots we're going to pass. Suppose you let me talk on the way down to Key West, you talk on the way back. O.K.?"

O.K. It was. When Mr. Cooper got started, nobody even wanted to interrupt. Florida and its keys (Spanish word for island) came alive for us: history from the time of the Indians, early days of the pirates seeking sunken treasure through 20th century efforts of industrialist Henry Morrison Flagler in building present-day Florida ("He sure knew how to build, used the best cement") to the sites of movie filming, including "PT-109," to the place where recent Cuban refugees had been forced down.

Nearing Islamorada, our driver told the tragic story of the tidal wave when 400 bonus veterans had been to work on the keys and, along with 300 natives, were swept out to sea. In a short detour, we saw the monument erected by the American Legion, the house constructed by the Red Cross for survivors. "Yep," said Mr. Cooper sadly, "that Labor Day in 1935 was a mighty sorry one, when the storm struck."

Varied Interest

Nor was the tour over the 31 islands and 45 bridges all history. We saw the funny looking sausage trees with their fat appendages ("You can call 'em baloney if you like, but don't try to eat 'em, they taste like wood"); various types of palm, seagrasses ("Make good jelly"); native key limes, essential ingredient of the famous "key lime pie" ("Some like it with graham cracker crust," giving us the hint Mr. Cooper prefers

the old-fashioned kind.) Drive over one of the keys, he told us of the herd of dwarf deer found here and nowhere else on earth, how one had come out on the road near the bus some time ago. ("Cutest little fellow you ever saw.")

Necks craned to view Coral Castle after we heard its story of unrequited love: a man from the Old Country had built the whole structure, outside and in, of stone for his hoped-for bride, refusing the help of his neighbors, one of whom had been Mr. Cooper in his early years. The stone house has a 9-ton door so perfectly adjusted it can be moved by the pressure of a thumb. When the owner went back to claim his European bride and bring her to the stone love-nest, she turned him down. ("Maybe if he'd let somebody help him, he'd finished sooner and got the girl.")

Gulf of Mexico on one side, Atlantic Ocean on the other, the bus rolled along, accompanied all the way by Mr. Cooper's knowledge of the locale, pointing out varying colors of the water, influenced, he told us, by its depth, color of the bottom, the skies and sun.

And in romantic old Key West itself, southernmost point in the United States, Mr. Cooper-knew-every-nook-and-cranny. He showed us the old houses, the "Truman White House," Ernest Hemingway's home, the original Sloppy Joe's Bar, shrimp fleet and turtle wreals, streets named for the four presidents who had visited: Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Roosevelt ("President Johnson hasn't come — yet.")

Still Listening

On the four-hour return to Miami, when it was our turn to talk, ironically nobody wanted to, they kept pumping Mr. Cooper. Intrigued with our driver's joie de vivre, his obvious delight in giving his passengers a safe and interesting trip, we wondered among ourselves how such enthusiasm could be sustained. He surely couldn't go through such an exhausting experience every day — perhaps once a week?

"Not every day," he laughed in answer to our question. "Too hard on the voice. Just two days on, one day off."

It's great to see a man suited to the job or, as Shakespeare put it, "To business that we love we rise bedtime, and go to 't with delight."

On the Right Side

Kindness Dispels Gloom

By Father Paul J. Cuddy



Tom X was a young sergeant assigned to Communications supplying our 409th Bombardment Group. He was about 23 years old, a close friend of Sgt. Charlie Farrell, now Father Charles Farrell, O.P., spiritual director for Dominican deacons in Washington. In May, 1944, I was shipped to England and assigned to the 409th. As everywhere, there was here, too, a group of ardent men who gravitated to the Church and to the priest, and volunteered their services. Tom and Charlie were two such good friends to one another—and to me.

Tom was one of those burning-eyed Brooklyn Irish idealists, passionately in love with Christ and the Church; passionately devoted to justice and freedom; passionately concerned about the underdog; but with an ardent typical of certain Irish idealists, belligerently intolerant of human weaknesses in persons and in institutions.

He anticipated by two decades today's New Breeders who are carried away by starry-eyed slogans and clichés, who disdain the lessons of history; who love mankind and the world vehemently, but often do not seem to see the lonely, the suffering, in front of their feet; who talk of love and resent everyone who doesn't agree with them; and who detest stability and order and law and all things which give the bases for normalcy, because these are "evidences of smugness, un-Christian living, lovelessness, non-commitment and all kinds of things that are destructive of Christ and genuine Christianity."

We used to talk at great lengths. Tom and I, as he expounded his sympathy for left wing thinking and began to show a leaning toward Communism and other extremes. He would leave thoughtful and more tranquil; and I would be left devoted to him, but terribly concerned.

After the War, in 1945 he entered a religious order, remained nearly four years, and like St. Thomas More, now so well known because of the moving picture, THE MAN FOR ALL SEASONS, decided that the religious life was not his vocation. I kept in touch with Tom for a while. Then he stopped writing. For years I sent him occasional notes; but no reply. And I never knew whether he was receiving my notes or not. Last year, out of a clear sky, he wrote one of the most beautiful letters I have ever read.

"Dear Father,

"It was a delight to receive your note after some 20 years. I'll reply with just a note. Otherwise good intentions are drowned in the family 'twister.'"

"We have — Maria, my wife and I — nine fine children and they all have their needs. Now, we've been married 15 years. Can you believe it? Oldest is Jude. Will be 14 in June.

"Probably a little history is in order. After the Service, I spent four years with the X Fathers — though philosophy met some really holy men and learned much. God was most good, and as always, wise. Maria — Mexican descent and beauti-

ful inside and out—and I married in 1952. Finished for AB then MA in business. Been raising children ever since and it's good. Thanks to God. We're in love and that's everything. We had our 9th last December, Ann Marie.

"Father, how have you fared? I received your letters regularly for a while and then another friend vanished. So pleased to receive your note. That's all it takes, isn't it.

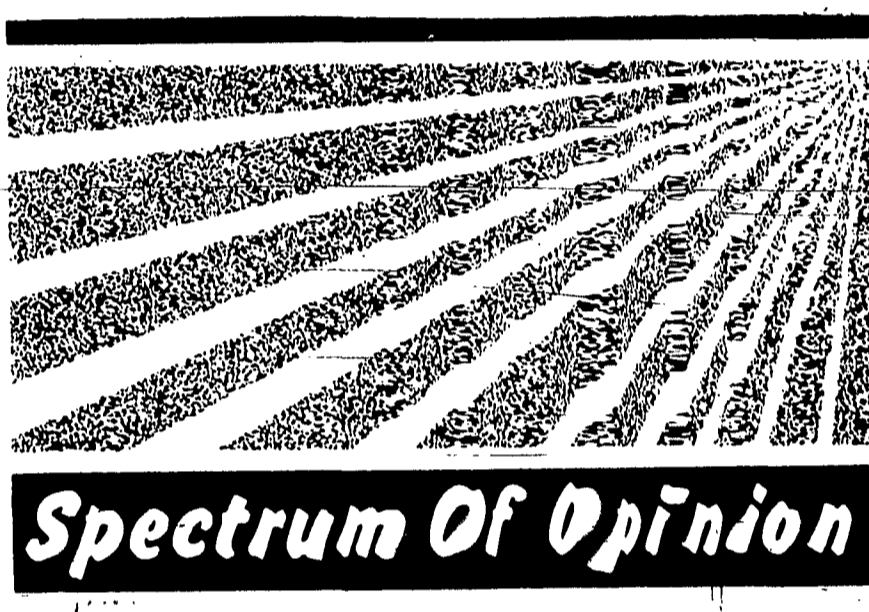
"Keep in mind — at lonely times—how you helped me in my reckless youth. You can't know how much you contributed. I do. So take my word for it. The apparent fruitless, impetuous discussions were not fruitless!

"We try daily to love God in our house with no perfect success—but we do try. And your piece of life you gave is there with all the rest of it."

This beautiful letter came at a period which every priest experiences: a heaviness of the soul from the feeling that my work, by effectiveness as an instrument for Christ's glory was fruitless.

Tom's letter recalled a remark by Augustinian Father Walker who gave the St. Bernard's Seminary retreat in 1938.

He said: "Gentlemen, don't wall until a man is dead to commend him. Every man, including priests and bishops, needs encouragement. A kind word, spoken or written, can change a man's whole life."



On Washington's birthday, toast the spirit that made America great with the great American spirit.



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