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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1958

Editorial Book Review

The Field Marshal And The Warden

By EDWIN M. YODER
Charlotte News Editorial Writer

THE MEMOIRS of Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, K. G. World Publishing Company, 508 pages, \$5.

THERE are probably a thousand ways to review a book, especially a book which has drawn veritable platoons of world brass into an ancient controversy about war strategy.

The most eccentric way is not to talk of strategy, about which I know less than nothing; and not to talk of the great warrior whose book it is Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein was already something of a legend when I was growing up in a small North Carolina town during the war. I remember trooping with many others down to the theatre to see the documentary film, Desert Victory, which came out of his North African campaign. I remember sitting spellbound, at the age of ten, watching the tanks kicking dust across that faraway desert, seeing the highest of heights with their bazookas whining and their uniforms alight with the flash of night-fire.

Yet I have only admired "Monty" at a distance; and I chose to write about someone who was very close and vital to him during the war — his chief of intelligence, Brigadier E. T. Williams. In Montgomery's words: "A major in the King's Dragon Guards... an Oxford don (who) had a brilliant brain... He went right through the rest of the war with me."

MONTY gives Williams credit for the idea which led to the first great crack in the Axis at Alamein: "In a conversation one day... he pointed out to me that the enemy German and Italian troops were being held 'corsetted'; that is, Rommel had so deployed his German infantry and parachute troops that they were positioned between, and in some places behind, his Italian troops all along the front, the latter being unreliable when it came to hard fighting. Bill Williams' idea was that if we could separate the two we would be very well placed, as we could smash through a purely Italian front without any great difficulty. This very brilliant analysis and idea was to be a major feature of the master plan for the 'rumbling' operations, and it paved the way to final victory of Alamein."

Field Marshal Montgomery recalls, "Bill Williams was the main source of inspiration; intellectually he was far superior to myself or to anyone on my staff, but he never gave one that impression... In the Second World War the best officers in the Intelligence Corps were civilians; they seemed to have the best brain for that type of work, trained in the 'rules of evidence,' fertile and with great imagination, and Bill Williams stood out supreme among them all."

READING all of this, I remembered vividly the first time I set eyes on Monty's "Bill" Williams, now warden of Rhodes House at Oxford. I was one among 32 American Rhodes Scholars in 1956, who our gaze accustomed to the wild American countryside and then the sea for seven days, had just cast eyes on the carpeted green of the English countryside at Cornwall. As we landed at Plymouth and made ready to entrain for Oxford, I approached the window for a ticket, gazing all the while at the smoke-darkened old Plymouth trashed where slants of mid-October sun poured in. Out of the corner of an eye I saw E. T. Williams, standing alone and quiet by a pillar in the center of the shed. My memory is of a nondescript overcoat, hat and glasses — and an imperturbable face in which concern and detachment, dryness and propriety mingled.

I did not see "the warden" again until we piled off the train into a stone-stilted Oxford. Later, compatriots who shared a later compartment with him said they had waved long and hot about Oxford before they knew that Williams, who sat in sphinx-like detachment, had anything to do with it. Certainly they did not



Viscount Montgomery

know he was "the warden."

To understand the position "the warden," Monty's ex-intelligence officer, commanded at Oxford, one has to imagine a father-confessor to a bewildered domain of the dons, the "monks" whom Gibbon portrayed as "steeped in port and prejudice," had trained this exemplar of his manner and ethos well. It had trained him in both its wisdom and its indomitable wit; and it was the warden's rapier-wit that most of us will recall, not because it outdid his wisdom, but because no other atmosphere in the world is, I imagine, fatter charged to frustrate the solemn ass. The warden was at his best with a glass of something and a good cigar. Out of rooms of witticisms, I remember one about Dr. Harold Urey, the great physicist — who was Oxford's Eastman Professor in 1956-57, just before George Kennan.

TO imagine a meeting between Warden Williams, the quintessential Oxford don, and Professor Urey is to imagine a meeting between a merry and polite Falstaff or Puck and a scientist schooled in the poker-faced American academic tradition where levity is often frowned upon. I can imagine a deadly serious scientist with mensons and graphs and formulae buzzing through his high dome set down in this lustrous academy where a physicist never talks atoms but instead cracks jokes about Dante. Where the Italian literature man will fill your ear with incessant witticism, not about Dante of course, but about atoms. Warden Williams, though you knew he respected Dr. Urey, handed him concisely: "We tried to talk," he said, "but — do you know? — I think he found us frivolous."

Warden Williams is, I must say, a Tory — or more accurately a Tory democrat after the Lord Randolph Churchill tradition. "Yes," he confessed one night, "I am a very, very far to the right Tory — though I understand this much to the left of anything you have in the United States..."

I CAN, indeed, remember one night last December when I presumed too much on his Toryhood. A distinguished American-born Oxford don had said of Suez: "Britain has nothing to be ashamed of. I ventured to agree with that, and I believe, though I am not sure that it "hotbed" (his expression) the warden."

All in all, I found the brain behind Monty deeply fascinating, and I don't fancy that I by any means plumbed his depth. But what does this have to do with Monty? Little, of course, except that I suspect that when all the war memoirs dispense their pomps many colorful men behind the scenes are left without illumination.

That would be a grave injustice to Brigadier E. T. Williams, mastermind of Alamein — and to me, "The Warden."

From The Christian Science Monitor

THE FITTING GUIDES

OF the migrating waterfowl the poet Bryant wrote:

Whither... dost thou pursue Thy solitary way? Lone wandering but not lost.

Whither? To its winter feeding grounds, perhaps 5,000 miles away. Or back to where it makes and nests, not simply to the same latitude or to the same upland or plain, but perhaps to the very marsh from which it set forth last autumn.

How? Here has been one of the great mysteries of nature. Some students of ornithology have ventured that migrating birds are guided by sensitivity to magnetic currents of the earth — and admit they have yet to prove it. Others suggest that birds, with the extraordinary

optical instruments they have for eyes, pilot by familiar landmarks. But then comes the fact of crossing trackless oceans.

Now a West German ornithologist reports that by tethering birds in a plane-torium and observing their behavior as the skies of various seasons are projected upon the domed ceiling he is convinced that migrating birds are guided by the stars.

Of course, how fitting! How could it — how should it be otherwise? For if there is anything more utterly thrilling than gazing up into a starlit sky, hearing disjointed conversational mutterings and an occasional honk and puff seeing a phalanx of geese slip across the yellow brilliance of a full autumn moon, has yet to be celebrated in song or poetry.

THE LANDSLIDE IN RETROSPECT: THREE VIEWS—

Republicans Were Architects Of Their Own Austerity

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WASHINGTON

THE BIG secret of the 1958 election has been a pretty open secret for a pretty long time. In brief, you cannot expect to win many races if almost all your entries are spaced, straggled or off with failures with glanders.

If you examine the incredible election returns in detail, it really does turn out to be almost as simple as that. All across the country, wherever the Republican entry was not visibly ready to be carried off to the knacker's yard this exceptional animal made a respectable showing or actually won his race.

MACABRE EXPERIMENTS

The minor cases of this sort were almost more impressive, in some ways, than the big, glittering, attention-getting ones. In Massachusetts, for example, the Republicans seem to have composed their ticket by searching under stones, tracking down and capturing that were making odd noises in the wall, and other macabre experiments in natural history. The sole candidate apparently chosen on the theory that he might attract a few votes, was Christian

Herter Jr., who ran for attorney general.

Young Herter did not win, to be sure, but less than a direct intervention of the Almighty could have carried him to victory when the leading Democrat, Sen. Jack Kennedy, was literally taking just under three-quarters of the total vote. But whereas Kennedy's opponent lost by a majority of over 800,000 votes, young Herter at least lost by a perfectly respectable total of less than 90,000 votes. No other case comes to mind, when a difference in the quality of candidates made a difference of close to 800,000 votes in the margins of the lead man and the rear man in a party-team.

NEW YORK STORY

The story in New York is too obvious to need underlining. There, if another image may be borrowed from the animal world: Nelson Rockefeller turned out to be a political eagle. He carried the senatorial candidate, Kenneth Keating, to safe harbor beyond the storm waves, like the wren who stole a ride in the fable.

In Oregon, again, the Republicans found a pretty good entry for the governorship in young

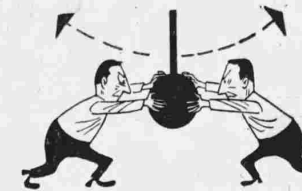
Mark Hatfield, and he was tidily elected in this increasingly Democratic state. In Pennsylvania, once again, the Republicans found another good man to run for the Senate, in the person of Hugh Scott, and Scott won quite comfortably. About the only respectable Republican on the Minnesota ticket was Sen. Ed Thorpe; and his case turned out like that of young Herter. He did not win, but he made a decent showing that contrasted sharply with the general debacle in that state.

PROVING THE RULE

Minnesota also provided one of the instances that prove the rule from the other side of the medal. Rep. Coya Knutson, in addition to her celebrated family trophies, was a thoroughly lightweight candidate, and in Minnesota the Democrats therefore lost Mrs. Knutson's House seat. In Maryland, too, the Democrats decided they could force the unappetizing prospect of these 1958 results in a D'Alandro, on the local voters; and thus the dim Republican, J. Glenn Beall, was thoughtfully assisted to keep his Senate seat.

A TIDAL WAVE

It is a perfect nonsense, in fact, to talk of these 1958 results in terms of a gigantic, irresistible tidal wave. What looked like a



The Shifting Balance Of Power

tidal wave was first of all the sum of a long series of local Republican choices of candidates obviously likely to repel the maximum number of votes. Wherever the Democrats committed comparable blunders, as they did here and there, they also suffered. In several states the false semblance of a tidal wave was also assisted by another kind of Republican folly. For some reason, many Republicans have always found meaningless ideological gymnastics better than running for victory. The consequence, this time, was the interjection of the socially right-to-work issue into several state elections, with results that were dramatic enough

to require separate analysis. In the main, however, this election has chiefly illustrated the decay of state Republican organizations, their widespread failure to recruit able, moderate and impressive younger men, and their general preference for dreary old hacks and sell-planters. It has also illustrated the vigorous parallel rebirth of the Democratic state organizations, and their wicker preference for vote-getters on the ticket. No doubt the Republicans could not have avoided a modest setback in this off-year. But they surely deserve the fullest credit as sole architects of their own disaster.

The 'No-Sayers' Get A Dose Of Their Own Medicine

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON

THE voters elected a contemptuous Congress and contemporary governors Tuesday. In almost every instance the voters are younger, better educated and more alert than the men they will replace. The future that they will shape may not be that of a future in the eyes of many of the losers, but it is all the future the present generation is entitled to expect.

Because the Democrats practice politics more consistently, and more sensitively than Republicans, they were able to ride this trend to their sensational victories.

ROCKEFELLER'S VICTORY

It is highly significant that the outstanding Republican survivor of Tuesday's avalanche, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York, was able to ride this trend to his sensational victory.

His Rockefeller emerges as more than a potential rival of Vice President Nixon for the Republican nomination for president in 1960. He can be the rebuilder of the party — the task for which the President once seemed ideally equipped but for which he has shown neither inclination nor talent.

TARGET: REUTHER

Only one small, underpopulated state elected an independent right-wing Republican, Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona, though his campaign largely against his personal devil, labor leader Walter Reuther, and defeated a Democratic conservative, Gov. Ernest McFarland.

New York almost alone gives the Republican Party a true center of power today and a claim to be a viable institution, able to expand and grow.

unmistakable — that he can be rebuilder.

It will be endlessly fascinating to watch the vice presidential race with the first real challenge he has encountered within the Republican Party. He will be handicapped by the fact that his home base in California has been swept away.

There the Democrats triumphed, as forecast. It is further evidence that the party's center of gravity is shifting westward and that it has generally expanded its Old South-high city machine base.

TROUBLE FOR DIXIE

The continuing rise of the West contributes to the South's state of siege within its party. Despite their seniority and parliamentary skill, the southerners in Congress will find it increasingly difficult to hold the fort on civil rights.

HE CAN BE RUTHLESS

Rockefeller has vote appeal, energy, ambition, flashings of money and ties with many winks of American life Albany will test his political skill, but he will have the best help money can buy and he has shown — in a nice way but

was to stress the local issues, which affected the outcome. Unquestionably, they are very important in midterm elections.

But the Democratic victors in nearly every case also discussed and criticized the foreign policy of the administration. From Maine to California, and including Wyoming, they demanded new solutions in mid-term elections.

OPPORTUNITY FOR IKE

The opportunity is thus afforded Eisenhower administration to be more imaginative and flexible than it has been in the past. The feeling that something ought to be done which has not been tried by clearly expressed in the campaign by Democrats, and they have won. This is an area, too, on which they have as a party very great unity.

In every corner of the country the no-sayers were, in fact, told

A Guard Rebuffed By Bright, New Political Warriors

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON

"YOU WILL admit, of course, that your country is run by the trustees, the Mellons and the Fords."

The speaker was a Soviet citizen encountered in Kiev on a visit to Russia last summer. So indoctrinated was he with the official propaganda line that it was little use arguing with him that a politically sensitive, nothing could be further from the truth. In the naive propaganda of old Moscow, Nelson Rockefeller's victory in the race for governor of New York is being hailed as another piece of evidence in the rule of big money in America.

LIBERALS LIKE HIM

Certainly Rockefeller's wealth, his name and his family's influence are great. But unlike other men of great riches who have tried to play a part in American political life, whether directly or indirectly, he made a broad appeal to moderate and liberals. It was the appeal of a friendly, likeable human being who was assuming in his campaign that the rules of fair play the golden son who he was born to would not be held against him.

HATFIELD'S EXAMPLE

On the other side of the continent another hard campaigning young Republican, who had also been shucked off the Old Guard, was winning a less conspicuous victory. Mark Hatfield, secretary of the state of Oregon, defeated an old-line Republican candidate in the

primary and went on to do his own intense, friendly, handshaking campaign.

He remarked wryly 10 days before the election that the Old

Guard still believed you could buy elections by putting up enough billboards and getting enough television time. In a one-Republican state in which the Democrats had captured virtually every office, this former professor of political science used a new approach and

new techniques. Determined to reinvigorate the Republican organization in Oregon, Hatfield at 38 will bear watching if the Republican Party has a future it lies in realists such as Oregon's newly elected young governor.

An exception to the liberal-



Down With Old Political Trustees

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

ONE man who knows Nelson Rockefeller, governor-elect of New York, better than most is John Dickey, president of Dartmouth, who has also attended as a boy and on whose board of trustees he now sits.

'It's A Good Thing'

Commenting on Rockefeller's race for governor just before the election, President Dickey told a friend: "It's a good thing New York has a governor of New York, not a governor of New Hampshire. In New York he'll have plenty of room for his energy. If he were up railroad tracks and building new highways it'll be all right. If he were governor of New Hampshire the

Is New York Big Enough For Rocky?

state wouldn't be large enough to hold him."

Secret Phone Call

A secret telephone call last June had a lot to do with the fact that Rockefeller, a close friend of major Clare Engle, Democrat, little known in Southern California, defeated the former professor of political science, Gov. Goodwin Knight, Republican, for the Senate of the United States.

Favor Asked

Mayor Christopher is the first African son of Green descent to become mayor of a top American city, and George E. Johnson is one of the few Americans of Greek descent to run for high state office.

votes would go to Knight, the Republican nominee for the Senate. However, shrewd Congressman Engle telephoned, not to Mayor Christopher, but to George E. Johnson of Sacramento, Democrat, a close friend of Mayor Christopher, Republican.

Success Story

From that point on, Christopher and Johnson met frequently. Christopher gave Johnson pointers on how to win over his local Republican leaders. Result: A good part of the Christopher vote went to Clare Engle, Democrat, not to Goodwin Knight, Republican. Engle was elected.

Christoph's vote to me in the final election. "That's a big assignment," replied Johnson. But he proceeded to tackle it. Two days later, he huddled with Engle in San Francisco, who let it be known that he, Christopher, was not going to endorse Gov. Knight for the Senate.

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