



JIM MAHAN

BOBBY ON THE TOWPATH



AP

MARIN COUNTY STUDENTS NEAR THE FINISH
Hard on the heels of goldfish gulpers and hula-hoopsters.



UPI

YOUTH ON THE MARCH

any drastic, new U.S. action to patch up the alliance.

Life & Death. "I think that we have to realize that we are going to have disagreements," he said, as if trying to calm an unruly classroom full of impatient newsmen. "They go to the heart of the alliance and the purposes of the alliance. They all involve the security of the U.S., and those questions which involve disagreements on the atom are very important questions and there are bound to be differences of opinion. And there should be, because they involve life and death."

In a sense, he argued, such arguments among allies indicate that things are getting better. "There isn't as much of an overt Soviet military threat to Berlin now as there was some months ago. Whatever success we may have had in reducing the threat, of course, we pay for by increased problems within the alliance. But if the threat comes again, the alliance will join together. For the period now, we are enjoying the luxury of internal dissension."

As to whose finger, or how many hands will control the multinational nuclear force that the U.S. is now advocating for Europe, that too just needs working out. "It is a very difficult area because the weapons have to be fired in five minutes, and who is going to be delegated on behalf of Europe to make this judgment? If it isn't the President of the U.S., it will have to be the President of France or the Prime Minister of Britain or someone else. There is no answer which will provide reassurance under the most extreme conditions for everyone. We feel that, however, with what we now have and what we are ready to propose, carrying out the Nassau proposal, that additional assurances can be given which we believe—which we hope—will satisfy the Europeans."

Why Succumb? When disagreements in the alliance break out, Kennedy implied, it is not necessary for the U.S. to immediately reconsider its own policies. Whenever the U.S. has a disagreement with a foreign country, it is a mistake always to assume that the U.S. is wrong, and that by being disagreeable to the

U.S., it is always possible to compel the U.S. to succumb."

The President seemed to be saying that now was the time for the U.S. to move calmly but persistently in pursuit of its present policies, which didn't really need much changing, though the U.S. was always willing to listen to "any other proposals." The tone was a little defensive, though it was not complacent, as if more than excited concern were needed to produce those other proposals. In the normal go-go of the New Frontier, this was quite a change.

Hit the Road, Jack

In at least one way, John F. Kennedy had the country moving again. And the result was sore feet.

The President had offered his challenge to the Marine Corps: match the Marines of 1908 by marching 50 miles in 20 hours, according to the terms of an old Teddy Roosevelt order. The Marines responded. And so, it seemed, did everyone else who could muster up the same kind of spirit it took to swallow gold fish, raid for panties or whirl a hula hoop.

Just to Loosen Up. At Camp Lejeune, N.C., the 34 marines designated officially by Commandant David Shoup to uphold the honor of the corps, took the 50 miles in stride. Led by Brigadier General Rathvon McClure Tompkins, 50, who still limps from an old shrapnel wound, all finished within the time limit, carrying 24-lb. combat packs. Tompkins finished ninth. Bachelor Lieut. Donald Bernath trotted in first—in 11 hr. 44 min.—just in time to keep a date with his best girl. At Great Lakes Naval Training Center, a contingent of marines managed to finish 53 miles, took exactly 20 hours to do it.

Predictably it was Bobby Kennedy, the Administration's touch-football quarterback, who took the field in defense of the New Frontier's own honor. Rousting four Justice Department aides out of bed to accompany him, the Attorney General and three dogs set out at 5 a.m. along the towpath of the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Where the path was not slick with ice, it was goeey with mud, but Bobby's scuffed Cordovan oxfords never faltered.

On he walked toward Harpers Ferry. Come on, beckoned Bobby, let's run a bit "just to loosen up." By the 35-mile mark, all four aides had dropped out, but Bobby completed the 50 miles alone in a respectable 17 hr. 50 min. And next morning he rose at 7:30, made it to 9 o'clock mass and then went ice skating with his children.

Like Stuffing a Booth. Across the country, the fad of fatigue took hold. Boy Scouts loved it, though their adult leaders seldom kept up. College fraternities took to it with the same gusto with which they once stuffed telephone booths. In California 400 Marin County high school students set out, and 97 finished—including 16-year-old Diana Congdon, who covets a place among lady discus throwers in the 1964 Olympics and who walked the 50 miles in 13 hr. 29 min., toting an 8-lb. knapsack filled with a diminishing supply of candy, oranges and fresh clothes. In Burlington, N.C., a 58-year-old postman (who rides a motor scooter on his route) walked the 50 miles in 10 hr. 28 min., boasted he could cut two hours off that time. Newspapers scrambling for a "bright feature" put their most athletic reporters on the road, though few finished 50 miles. One—the San Francisco Chronicle's Bob Robertson—managed 50 miles around the city's famed Scenic Drive, which the Chronicle thought should be renamed "Robertson's Track."

Plucky, Not Stupid. But not everyone was ready to tumble from his easy chair and into his hiking boots. A California radio announcer shunned the forced marches, made plans instead for a "restathon," vowing he would attempt 20 non-stop hours in the sack. Even psychiatrists got into the act. In San Francisco one shrugged that the hikers were merely seeking "ego boosters." "The one who does it can look down contemptuously on the one who can't," said he, looking down even more contemptuously.

In Washington even the New Frontier was beginning to back away from the fad it had fielded. The President's own Fitness Council warned of the dangers to the unaccustomed—perhaps even a heart at-

tack. That was enough for portly Pierre Salinger, who had promised he would carry the Administration's banner in a door-die walkathon with newsmen. Salinger canceled the hike, explaining: "My shape is not good. While this fact may have been apparent to others for some time, its full significance was pressed upon me as a result of a six-mile hike last Sunday. I have done little walking since then, except to go from my office to the White House dispensary." Pleaded Pierre: "I may be plucky, but I am not stupid."

THE CONGRESS

Packing Byrd's Nest

Several weeks ago, White House legislative aides began sounding out Senators about a hush-hush plan to pack Harry F. Byrd's Senate Finance Committee. The notion was to increase the committee's membership by adding two Democratic liberals, thereby enhancing the prospects for both the Administration's tax revision and medicare plans.

The first probings proved promising, so Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield quietly spread the word that he would seek a favorable vote in the Democratic steering committee, which makes committee assignments. At this point, Byrd, who steadfastly opposes medicare and the Kennedy tax program, let conservative Senators know that he considered the packing plan a personal affront. One of his calls went to his good friend Richard Russell of Georgia, who predictably viewed the plan as an outright assault upon the traditions of the Senate and upon his Southern colleague. On such issues, Russell can usually deliver the entire Southern conservative vote. Nearly all of the Republican Senators could be expected to oppose the plan.

Last week the President threw in the towel. Just before the steering committee was to meet, Majority Whip Hubert Humphrey got a call from White House Aide Larry O'Brien. The fight had been called off, O'Brien said. Humphrey and other Senate liberals went ahead anyway, and lost in the steering committee by a vote of 10 to 5.

After Adam

Being a collection of mortals, some Congressmen are lazy or incompetent, others drink too much, some have a trained eye for a trim ankle, and a few are not overly honest. The House is generally tolerant of all such failings, which makes it all the more unusual that the House is actually trying to do something about Harlem's Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

Powell, 54, a ten-term Congressman, has long offended the more tender sensibilities in Congress. What really got Powell's colleagues aroused was the junket he took to Europe last August. He went ostensibly to study the labor situation, or the Common Market, or something. As it turned out, the trip involved considerable research in French nightclubs and sunbathing in Greece in company with two

young female aides. Powell's headline-making, who-cares manner of junketing called into criticism the whole system of congressional travels—and it was this that was not forgiven.

Since then the House has adopted rules tightening up on foreign travel, taking particular care to include Powell's Education and Labor Committee, whose members can go abroad only under special conditions, and then only at Government per diem expense rates. Now a group in the House Administration Committee is planning to cut deeply into Powell's request for \$697,000 to support his committee this year; this would be almost unprecedented, since a committee chairman's fund requests are generally routinely approved.



ROBERT W. COTTRILL

POWELL & WIFE IN PUERTO RICO
Absent but not forgotten.

House members are forbidden to attack one another personally, but Delaware's Republican Senator John J. Williams recently spoke for many of Powell's colleagues in a scorching denunciation of Powell on the Senate floor. Citing a federal grant of \$250,000 to a Powell-sponsored project to fight juvenile delinquency in Harlem, Williams declared that Powell "could well be recognized as an authority on 'adult delinquency,' but most certainly he is not the caliber of man whom the American people would want to set an example for the youth of our country."

"Demagogue & Playboy." Powell's record is a many-splendored thing. There is, for example, his Puerto Rican-born third wife, Yvette, 31, whom he married in 1960 when she was a \$3,000-a-year clerk on his staff. She is now on his payroll as a \$12,974 secretary, and still draws the salary though she spends almost all her time in their \$45,000 beach home in Puerto Rico. The Internal Revenue Service claims that Powell still owes \$41,015 in income tax and penalties for 1949-55. And Powell

is one of the House's most notorious absentees: he has responded on the average to less than half the roll-call votes over the last decade. All this has contributed to the feeling expressed last week by one disgusted colleague: "He is a demagogue, a high liver, a playboy and a charlatan." Said another: "I don't know exactly how you decide who's the worst Congressman, but Adam's certainly in the finals."

Yet even those who criticize Powell most severely admit that he has great talents which, properly used, could make him an outstanding legislator. Says one of his fellow committee members: "He's a charming man, enormously talented and able. He wanted to be a good committee chairman. I think he still does, but he has a low level of frustration. When things aren't going well, he'll just beat it."

Years of Persecution. Many trace Powell's unpredictable legislative behavior to his years of personal trial as No. 2 man on the Education and Labor Committee under North Carolina's Graham Barden. A chairman whose greatest pride came in the number of bills he could kill, Barden never concealed his racial antagonism, mercilessly cut Powell short in discussion, ignored him on every committee matter. Says a committee member who served under both Barden and Powell: "I wonder if a lot of the rest of us might not have reacted the same way if we'd been persecuted like that by the chairman."

Powell put up with such treatment for six years, until Barden retired in 1961. At last finding responsibility in his own hands, Powell for some six months was a model committee chairman, always present, always prodding subcommittees and pushing legislation. But, typically, when a key Administration school aid bill died in the Rules Committee in the summer of 1961, the disgusted Powell disappeared for most of the remaining session.

Whatever the pressures building up against him in Congress, Powell is secure as both political and spiritual shepherd for the 10,000 members of Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church for as long as he desires. He has been pastor there since 1937. Last year he announced that he would retire at the end of this year, but offered to linger indefinitely as "pastor emeritus." He still flies in about every other Sunday to address his flock.

Misuse of Power. Off pulpit and out of Washington, he cuts a dashing figure in Bermuda shorts and lavender shirts, loves to surfcast or seek deep-sea kingfish off his new home at Puerto Rico's Cerro Gordo. There he is intensely disliked by the Muñoz Marin government because of speeches plugging Puerto Rican statehood—a stand designed to please his Puerto Rican constituents in Harlem.

Powell says that he will retire from Congress in 1964. But few believe him. Says Jim Booker, political editor of Harlem's Amsterdam News: "No Negro who gets as much power as Adam is apt to let it go too easily." The Amsterdam News aptly expressed Harlem's sentiments about Powell in a single headline: NO HUM, THEY'RE 'AFTER ADAM' AGAIN.