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Lewis Livingston
Florida: Pyrrhic Defeat

To "STRAIGHTS" LIKE US the beginning was bizarre. There we were, five obviously establishment types, all scrubbed and necktied, confronted by a hirsute, sandaled trio who appeared not to have gotten the word about being clean for Gene. What brought us together was summed up in the stark poster which decorated the apartment where we met. It was the now famous caricature of LBJ astride a motorcycle with the word "BULL" tattooed on his fingers. What brought us together was hope for an alternative to "BULL."

"Actually, I'm for Dick Gregory," said the leader of the visiting New Leftists, "but McCarthy seems the least insane of all the rest." On that note the Children's Crusade, Sunshine Edition, opened. It climaxed a little more than two months later on May 28, the day of Florida's Democratic primary, with a victory celebration, victory because we had only lost our county by a mere 700 votes after bucking the state press, the Florida Democratic establishment, and North Florida's knee-jerk conservative voters.

Early on election night I joked that if I were ever to write anything about the campaign it would be titled something like "How To Win An Election While Losing Your Wife, Job, and Academic Standing." Fortunately the last three things did not happen; unfortunately the first did not either. As a political scientist committed to what Heinz Eulau has called "The Behavioral Persuasion," I should be expected to render order out of the chaos of the campaign by conducting a clinical evaluation. My own moral involvement, however, precludes the intellectual distance necessary for that kind of study. Neither can I report on The Big Picture, McCarthy's Strategy in Florida. The links of our county organization, and I suspect the links of most rural county organizations, were far too tenuous for us to have participated in grand strategy. What follows here, then, represents a hopefully balanced recollection, a string of anecdotes and impressions of the campaign from the viewpoint of a graduate student who ended up being county co-chairman for McCarthy in Florida.

Jon Shaughnessy came to Gainesville, the seat of the University of

Florida, with a couple of friends from Sarasota's New College, a title-State Student Coordinator for McCarthy, and a name or two of some people who might be sympathetic. The name or two provided a few more names and we met at the apartment in the scene described earlier. Shaughnessy's visit was well-timed. It was between academic terms. The chaff of the student body was at Daytona Beach, Fort Lauderdale, the Bahamas. The wave of elation which had followed McCarthy's primary victory in New Hampshire had leveled to anticipation of Wisconsin. Most of us did not even know that Florida was going to have a presidential primary, much less that McCarthy or any national candidate would enter it. We had been aware for months that Florida's lame duck Senator George Smathers planned to lead a delegation which would go down the line at the convention for LBJ and The War. But if primary history, was any clue, Smathers would have no opposition.

Shaughnessy's disclosure to us that McCarthy would campaign for the Florida delegation was, as the ad says, "A Breath of Fresh Air." We already believed in what McCarthy was trying to do. As Shaughnessy explained the structure of the Florida primary to us, we began to believe McCarthy had a chance, if not to win, at least to spoil Smathers' hopes for a sweep. (Although all of us present from the University of Florida were graduate students in political science, only one of us had any knowledge of Florida electoral politics; his knowledge came from experience in sweaty public combat, not from study.) We recognized that it would not be easy: Florida had changed drastically since the days when it elected New Deal Populist Claude Pepper to the U. S. Senate in 1938. Still, we reasoned, a groundswell of disgust at the war, at the Johnson style, and at the *immobilisme* of American politics was growing. It could be tapped for McCarthy. Furthermore, on the local level we knew that the faculty at the university were aghast at the growing prospect of training students only to have them sent to the Vietnam charnel house. The professors, we hoped, would provide a modest financial base for the local campaign. So we got in, telling ourselves it was not a Quixotic gesture, but that we had the only chance available in the South to register a meaningful protest against the one-way direction of America's roller coaster policy at home and abroad.

Assuming from the first that we were alone on the campus and in the county, we began recruitment. Such an assumption was not unwarranted: the atomization and apathy of the student body and a town-gown relationship that is more chasm than schism prompted us to pro-

ceed as if we were the only McCarthy group around. We were unaware that the Florida Conference of Concerned Democrats had established a local nucleus around Professor Emeritus George Fox, a former cultural attaché at the U. S. Embassy in Rome who was thoroughly disgusted with perpetuation of worn-out Cold-War policies by the U.S. After emerging in January with an enthusiastic rally for Senator McCarthy in Miami, Concerned Democrats moved during the next two months to organize a slate of 61 delegates.

Like most liberal movements in Florida, Concerned Democrats was centered in Miami. The slate was led by Allan Milledge, a youthful lawyer unknown in Florida politics. Gainesville was represented on the slate by two professors' wives (one of whom happened to be the co-chairman of the county Democratic Executive Committee) and by a retired management consultant who recently had lost a bid for election to the city commission. The delegates, Dr. Fox, and a few other academics were the Gainesville McCarthy for President organization at the time the student group was forming. It was not altogether inevitable that the two groups get together, in view of the peculiar way university friendships have of being isolated according to academic discipline. We sort of bumped into each other during the word-of-mouth recruitment phase, quite unaware of each other's existence till then, and we agreed to have lunch together.

With the knowledge that there was a "town" organization, visions of campaign war chests provided by affluent merchants and professors appeared before us, along with visions of mass rallies with local political bigshots speaking for McCarthy, etc. That was before lunch. Then we learned that the town organization, like ours, consisted of an extended friendship network. In the few days since Shaughnessy's visit, however, we had amassed a list of about fifty students and a few faculty who were ready to work for McCarthy. We scheduled a meeting on campus and many of them came.

Our immediate problem was to avoid conflict with supporters of Robert Kennedy. As the end of March approached and the deadline for filing in the primary neared, most young Kennedyites were convinced that the McCarthy slate would be the rallying point for the anti-war liberal vote in Florida. We had been assured by our own state organization that Kennedy was not planning to enter the Florida primary. To have done so would have meant disaster for himself and McCarthy, considering the electoral impotence of Florida liberals. Nevertheless, we were confronted at our first meeting by Kennedy supporters' claims

that the New York Senator would in fact enter the Florida primary. As Frank Zambito, a fellow political science student, put it, the session degenerated into a debate "over how many liberals can stand on a Florida palmetto." The McCarthyites were convinced that there was room for only one. For the time being the Kennedy supporters acquiesced. So we passed out the few bumper strips, buttons, and propaganda we had and made plans to blitz the campus. A sympathetic book seller had let us set up a booth in front of his store where hundreds of students were buying books for the opening term. In three days we amassed lists of about 500 names of prospective volunteers and gathered in nickel and dime donations totaling more than \$100.

Normally shy, Zambito could have given lessons to Lyndon on arm twisting as he conducted running debates and cajoled twenty-five cent donations or commitments to lick envelopes from prospective workers. We had expected some student support but not of the depth and scope which we received in those days. The "rah" fraternity and sorority types were signing up, not only because this year involvement was "in," but because they recognized in the McCarthy campaign an absence of those elements in adult society so well synthesized in the popular song of the day, "Hello Mrs. Robinson." There were earnest hippies, pathetically offering to stay out of sight but demanding a chance to work for McCarthy. A graduate student, seeing our puny poster above the booth, walked in a bee line across the busiest street in Gainesville, oblivious to traffic. Pulling up in front of us, he said, "I have to write a dissertation this term. Gimme a button." Then he parted with a \$20 donation from his fellowship.

In those days we were operating more or less out of my briefcase and using as a base the telephone of a Johnson-supporting but fair-minded professor. A group of medical students had taken over a mimeograph somewhere in the labyrinth of the J. Hillis Miller Health Center. They ran off our press releases, letters, and so on. The future physicians were an anomaly: they were in one of the most conservative states, and representing the most conservative profession; yet they seethed with McCarthy sentiment. Several students spent long hours tracking down a sympathetic realtor who permitted us the use, rent-free, of a vacant store as headquarters for the campaign. Common to the medical school group as well as to others who were joining the cause was a revulsion to the Johnson style, a disgust with the war, and a hope that somehow the seemingly tired American political system could be made to function responsively.

At the start, none of us who were responsible for such things were really convinced of the adage that campaign volunteers must be put to work immediately. Of our original band, the lone member with political experience had slipped into the background—he too was writing a dissertation. Since the rest of us did not really know what we were going to do next, how could we effectively assign tasks to volunteers? We took down names, addresses, skills, then told volunteers we would be “in touch” soon. When we did manage to get in touch, Johnson had removed himself from the race and, like a festering thorn, had taken with him the source of student discontent. Our battalion of five hundred was reduced to a dedicated company of about one hundred. That, however, was for the future. For the present we were about to get our first lesson in *Realpolitik* from the Kennedyites.

It is safe to say that, before we had been recruited to work for McCarthy, many of us would have gone either way—to McCarthy or Kennedy, depending on who got to us first. Most of us who knew anything about Florida's voters felt that McCarthy would have more success because he was not perceived as a radical. Kennedy, although engaging at the time in one of his cyclic shifts to the center, nevertheless was shackled with the “outside agitator” image of his Attorney General days—at least in Florida. Nevertheless, had both men entered the Florida primary, it would have cleft the embryonic liberal community and guaranteed a victory for Smathers, a victory which Johnson could have interpreted as a mandate. After the first few days of organizing, our small group had invested that quantum of time and emotion which transforms the fence sitter into the true believer. Thus we were shocked and angered when the campus newspaper trumpeted hints that Kennedy would come to the university in a few days. Implicit was the indication that a Kennedy slate would enter the primary.

A series of negotiations with Kennedy's student group got nowhere. “Our group is growing geometrically,” said one of them. We learned later that this meant they had four the day before and sixteen the next. Sandy D'Alemberte, a young state legislator and, like Milledge, a Miami lawyer, was leader of the Kennedy forces in Florida. He and the McCarthy leadership could not get together. At the urging of our Miami office and at the insistence of our townies, we took no action. Many of the wavering McCarthy troops had been demanding a merger: the two candidates seemed so close on issues and together were so far from Johnson. If they clashed in Florida it would mean the end of any chance

for the South to utter a protest; for Florida was the only Southern state with a primary.

With nothing resolved we spent the weekend grimly anticipating the promised Kennedy Rally. The money was there, turned on at a spigot in Washington, in contrast to our treasury of widow's mites. The campus was smothered with posters, the most expensive rock group in town was hired, radio time was purchased by the hour. We had fears of our growing army being charmed away by the form rather than the substance of a Kennedy happening. The rally was scheduled for April 1. On that day, too, were to appear our own newspaper ads announcing the opening of our headquarters. In a masterstroke of bad judgment I suggested we call it, in the ads at least, a "dump Johnson" headquarters to rally all elements. Naturally the ads were placed before the weekend.

Most Americans must have dozed as their President plowed through his prose that last night of March. Then suddenly he became A Great American and quit. Our ads the next day looked silly. But the rally of our nascent opposition suffered more. Instead of the late Senator, there was a taped long distance phone call from Ted Sorenson. The call had been recorded about an hour before Johnson's abdication the night before. Needless to say, it was less than timely. We pressed on. It soon was clear McCarthy was to be the only national candidate on the Florida primary ballot. This meant a battle solely with the state's Democratic party establishment, tough enough, but at least the liberals were not rent by a McCarthy-Kennedy conflict.

In Florida there is little outside a few urban areas that resembles machine politics. Only in such places as Miami and Tampa does the party form into those coalitions of labor, ethnic groups, and liberal intellectuals which characterize Democratic politics elsewhere. Instead counties, Congressional districts, or cities, are ruled in medieval style by the prevailing laird—be he sheriff, Congressman, commissioner or, in one case, bank president. The Smathers slate included them all. They were smug. They had no need to campaign. An informal network of tax assessors, court clerks, peace justices, and spoils system public employees would quietly put out the word to the regulars. If past primaries were any indication, Florida voters just did not seem to care about participating in the presidential nominating process. This perhaps stems from the kind of paternalistic care the party establishment has taken in the past two elections to see that there is no confusion brought by the presence of more than one slate on the ballot. This year, however, in addition to the McCarthy slate and the Smathers favorite-son slate,

there was a joker in the pack: twice defeated gubernatorial candidate and Democratic maverick Scott Kelly had filed an ideologically mixed bag of delegates who were identified on the primary ballot as the "No Preference" slate. This meant they had no unit preference as to who was the nominee. These were the choices for Florida Democrats.

Like the three slates, the Florida that confronted the slates was loaded with contradictions. At one time it had been considered one of the least conservative of Southern states. Since World War II, there has been a massive influx of retirees, industrial farmers, and middle income business families attracted chiefly by the aerospace boom. Extremism flowered and along with it a conservative mood which tolerated right extremism while condemning direct action for civil rights. There were bright spots, nonetheless. Daytona Beach elected a Negro city commissioner a few years earlier. But a few blocks away lives Rev. Wayne Pouchet, the former syrupy salesman of the radical right on H. L. Hunt's "Lifeline." The state's intransigent judiciary provided *Gideon vs. Wainwright*, a test case which resulted in the U.S. Supreme Court's extending the right of counsel to the poor. Yet it was the first Southern state to convict a white man of first-degree murder for killing a Negro. In Sarasota there is a vicious dial-a-hate operation. There is also New College, which is earning a reputation as one of the most innovative institutions of higher learning in the country. In the 1964 presidential election Florida was the sixth most conservative state, giving Johnson a bare 51%. And we thought McCarthy had a chance in the primary.

We hoped that voter apathy might work for us in a slightly different way than the party regulars planned. By mobilizing voters who go into the booth but normally do not bother to press the presidential preference lever we thought we could spoil Smathers' plans. Another reason for optimism was in the structure of the primary's delegate apportionment. Florida gives 37 at-large delegates to the statewide winner. Another 24 delegates are chosen within Congressional districts, two from each. Smathers might be deprived of delegates from the Miami and Tampa areas. In addition, there was the sprawling Second Congressional District which included both the University of Florida in Gainesville at one end and Florida State University in Tallahassee at the other. If a Children's Crusade could be mounted to effect in Florida it ought to be here. Unfortunately the growing conservatism of Florida is intensified in that 23-county district. Whereas all but one of the counties voted Democratic in 1960, in 1964 with Barry Goldwater calling for the

wagons to be drawn in a circle and for the U.S. to "lob one into the men's room of the Kremlin," sixteen of those counties hearkened and defected to Republican ranks. The average drop in the Democratic presidential vote that year in the district was 21%. Our strategy had to be to concentrate on the two urban areas, Tallahassee and Gainesville, and consider any rural votes as money from home.

Following our modest but enthusiastic headquarters opening with a town meeting, the McCarthy for President Committee was formed by combining the student and town groups. The lone townie who attended the meeting was Chester B. Chance, a young lawyer. Because he was the only non-university person, he was elected co-chairman. I was chosen as the other co-chairman, primarily because I happened to be one of the few students present who had a car. Later our steering committee grew to include a number of professional people from the community, but at the start it was an all-university show. The addition to the steering committee of a merchant, doctor, or school teacher—anyone not associated with the university—was cause for a press release which said in effect: "See, we aren't all eggheads!"

From the start, however, it was apparent that academia was over-represented and that two disciplines dominated the committee. Among the students the leaders consisted largely of political science and history graduate students, with the former slightly heavier in representation. Among the professors it was the reverse but still political science and history. There are some obvious reasons for this: historians and political scientists presumably have more familiarity with the arcane vocabulary of politics and, because of their professional interests, are used to sorting out the flotsam and jetsam in the daily waves of political information with which the media flood the electorate. In the case of the political science students I suspect there was a suppressed desire to hop in and do hand to hand combat with the microbes of politics after watching their behavior under a microscope for so long. There were others involved too, of course: a biochemist and his wife who earned their political spurs with the California Democratic Clubs; a pediatrician whose political heroes were Herbert Lehman and Franklin D. Roosevelt (a fact not guaranteed to make him widely popular with his professional colleagues); a Negro laundry owner-operator; an engineering professor whose wife and the Senator's wife, Abigail, were girlhood friends; the wife of a graduate student with such commitment she put her youngster in a nursery for the duration of the campaign so she could supervise the canvassing effort.

From our tiny treasury we purchased voter rolls for a couple of precincts and began phoning Democrats. The purpose of this was to identify Democrats who either were undecided or mildly committed to supporting McCarthy. Because of our limited manpower we wrote off the rest. If a voter showed interest he received a packet of propaganda a few days later. Our mail bill, \$3 a day, was enormous compared to our resources. The phone canvass also provided a reading on Florida voter apathy. Nearly three quarters of those contacted said they were undecided as close as a month before the election. This held up through the house-to-house canvass and in the final phone effort on election eve and election day. From the results it appears that the decision for most voters was made as they drew the curtain behind them in the booth or not at all. Only 62% of the Democrats who voted in the primary voted in the presidential contest. Why should they bother? Florida's Democratic party elite had been making decisions for the rank and file for so long it was a hard habit to break.

The people who were trying to break the habit were a unique lot. Gainesville liberals and, I suspect, their counterparts throughout the South try to make up in ubiquity what they lack in numbers. This means that the same faces could be seen around the tables at civil rights meetings, school bond issues committees, progressive church groups (there are some), and campaign committees for candidates of a liberal persuasion. It means that in the last week of the primary campaign, a steering committee member was so busy addressing himself to several other critical issues in letters to the editor that he neglected to send one for McCarthy. It means that conviction overruled the practical considerations of seeking votes in a racist white electorate so that a delegate was arrested (and duly identified as a McCarthy delegate in the press) in a civil rights demonstration. In an absurd example, it means that one worker's sense of public duty to view television's Public Broadcast Laboratory (so it will get good ratings) overrode a duty to attend Sunday campaign meetings. The ultimate effect of all this is that the "enemy" has an easy time because its constituency takes cues on issues according to the cast of surrounding characters. Candidate A may be an unknown but if Mrs. X is publicly working for him it will be known that he supports issues 1, 2, and 3 and opposes 4 and 5. This is not to say that frequently Southern liberals do not engage in the same kind of shorthand identification. But given the assumed differences in sophistication between the liberal and conservative constituencies, this cue-taking appears to have a deleterious effect on the progressives.

Another effect was financial. Gainesville's liberals had been bled by so many causes and candidates earlier in the year that, although they were as deeply committed to the McCarthy campaign as to any other, their resources were drained.

Midway through the two-month campaign there was a statewide meeting in Orlando. Nancy Adams, the attractive executive secretary of the state campaign committee, crisply and efficiently told county leaders where they were supposed to be in terms of campaign phases. Coffers should have been overflowing with donations from McCarthy teas and cocktail parties. The door-to-door canvass should have been underway, and a complete file should have been developed on all registered Democrats from the telephone survey. And so on. If the county reports that followed Miss Adams' breakdown were any indication, McCarthy should have carried the state. All were of course over-optimistic, probably because we were all new to Florida politics. Nevertheless some great news came out of the Orlando meeting: Senator McCarthy would campaign in Florida. He planned to swing down the state for two days shortly after the Nebraska primary. A Democratic presidential candidate of national stature had not campaigned for delegates in Florida in twelve years.

The first hint of how the campaign was to be treated by the press came in the way the announcement was played down—page 1C was about average. Although the Gainesville paper did frontpage the story, it was the exception. Even when McCarthy toured Florida, drawing sizable crowds, the stories were played inside. Television reporters focused on the isolated hippies in the crowds. Newspapermen noted in every story that much of the crowds were under 21 years of age. The press was chiming in with the Democratic establishment of Florida.

Besides not taking the McCarthy campaign seriously in its news columns the papers argued in their editorials that Smathers' slate would "make the best deal" for Florida at the national convention. Even the progressive *St. Petersburg Times* shoved aside its obvious doubts about Vietnam and its antipathy for Smathers to urge support for Florida's Finest. *The Times* noted that this was the slate of Claude Pepper and Sam Gibbons, the state's lonely liberals in the Congressional delegation. On the right, *The Orlando Sentinel* reminded its readers that the Smathers slate included Haydon Burns, Florida's ex-governor, and Don Fuqua, North Florida Congressman, both arch-conservatives. Among the state's major dailies, only dovish John Knight, publisher of the

Miami Herald, declined to endorse Smathers. Presumably he might have supported McCarthy but for their disagreement on domestic issues.

Competing for national attention with Oregon's primary, which fell on the same day, and with California's, which came a week later, the Florida campaign was lost in the news. Despite the canvassing effort, McCarthy's visit to the state, and such news as local organizations could make on their own, many voters probably remained unaware that they would have a chance to participate in the nominating process themselves instead of simply giving a proxy to the politicians. In Florida as elsewhere McCarthy paid a further penalty for what one observer has called "operating outside the constraints of the old politics." When the crusade began in December, the press refused to take it seriously. Then came the victories in New Hampshire and Wisconsin, and Johnson's abdication—a direct result of the McCarthy campaign. Yet the press was committed to its prediction. With the exception of a few independent columnists, the press scrambled to make its prophecy self-fulfilling. The victories were hollow, the malaise in the political system only transitory, said the papers. Amazingly, however, McCarthy sentiment grew in the polls.

Roberto Ibarguen, a history graduate student, was our chairman for the northeast Florida boondocks. At county party rallies in the scrub country he and a handful of students passed out literature. Frequently one of our band went along to speak for McCarthy. Invariably on returning to Gainesville, Roberto would remark on the polite lack of interest with which he had been received: "It's Wallace Country." On election day, however, some 7,274 rural voters in our area pulled the McCarthy lever. They did it with little or no prompting from our organization and with precious little exposure to the campaign in the Florida media. As the returns came in on May 28 a cheer went up at headquarters as the McCarthy slate carried Micanopy. This is a tiny farm community about fifteen miles south of Gainesville. It is even bypassed by the major north-south highway of central Florida, U.S. 441. Micanopy's sole claim to sophistication is a modest Center of Modern Art. Yet McCarthy drew 64 votes there against 48 for Smathers and 15 for Kelly's maverick slate. No one had been ringing doorbells for McCarthy; no rallies had been staged to mobilize Micanopians. Yet somehow the message got through.

Where the message did not get through was in the ghetto. Although Negro voting registration in Gainesville is notoriously low despite a

black population of about 25%, we had to rule out any registration drive because of time and manpower limitations. Our plan was to canvass Negroes just as we canvassed elsewhere, relying on our telephone survey first, then following up with house calls. On election day we would attempt a house-to-house shotgun effort in the hardcore ghetto. In middleclass Negro sections canvassers were well received. In the ghetto, however, where there are few registered voters to begin with, apathy was stunning. Since telephones are scarcer there, we reasoned that many potential voters for McCarthy were not identified because we had not reached them by the phone canvass. We hoped to find them on election day when we went indiscriminately from house to house. Some professionally done minority group campaign literature had finally arrived a few days before the primary. We thought it could be used to good effect in the ghetto. While our election day callback to McCarthy supporters was going on, as many of us as were available, I think about thirty or so, went into the ghetto. The shock came with the returns. Although McCarthy carried one Negro precinct, he lost in another, hurt chiefly by a light vote in the presidential race. The response of a fiftiish man with whom I unsuccessfully pleaded to come to the polls was typical: The bulk of his small disability check—his sole source of income—went for rent of his neat but dilapidated home. He said, "I voted for Roosevelt. I voted for Truman. I voted for Stevenson and for Kennedy and for Johnson. I voted for them all. They all said they were going to do something for us, but it didn't do no good. I ain't voting no more."

It also is probable that a runoff for the Senatorial nomination between former Governor Leroy Collins and state Attorney General Earl Faircloth hurt. Campaigning on "law and order," Faircloth struck a chord among lower-middleclass voters. In one precinct of that income group there was a 96% turnout for the Senate race, with Faircloth topping the liberal Collins by two to one. While the presidential race drew only a 66% turnout, the vote also went two to one in favor of Smathers over McCarthy.

The statewide returns in Florida show we took a stomping. The Smathers stalking horse slate got just short of half the total vote. McCarthy, however, did manage to pick up four delegates from South Florida, thus preventing a Smathers sweep. Unlike other primaries in which a combined anti-establishment vote might be interpreted as a mandate for change, this was not the case in Florida. The McCarthy slate polled close to 29% and the maverick Kelly slate got about 25%,

denying Smathers a majority. But the meaning of Kelly's votes is unclear. By his own admission, Kelly's slate includes supporters of Johnson, Humphrey, Kennedy, and George Wallace. Thus the Kelly vote, though probably a protest of sorts, cannot be married ideologically to McCarthy's. Still the McCarthy campaign in Florida cannot be written off as a defeat.

One dimension of the New Politics is involvement, and in that sense the campaign was a success, even in Florida. Besides drawing young Floridians into political work, the campaign may well have been the force which caused a greater percentage of Florida Democrats who went to the polls to participate in the presidential nomination than at any time in the past twelve years. Compared to the total number of Democrats who voted in the primaries of 1956, 1960, and 1964, the presidential vote was consistently low. Even a primary battle between Estes Kefauver and Adlai Stevenson in 1956 elicited a vote from only 53% of the turnout. With Smathers heading a favorite son slate unopposed in 1960 and Johnson's slate unopposed in 1964, the presidential primary vote dropped to 34 and 35% of the turnout. But the presidential vote of 1968 rose to 63% of the most hotly contested race, the Faircloth-Collins contest.

Without more data and a more thorough analysis it is impossible to infer from this that the McCarthy grass roots campaign was solely responsible. Other factors also were at work. For the first time, the gubernatorial race did not coincide with the presidential contest, Florida having shifted its governor's race to non-presidential years after 1964. In addition, the nascence of the Republican Party in Florida may have caused voting Democrats to participate more widely in the nominating process. Furthermore such gross data as those cited above tend to be somewhat unreliable because they deal with aggregates rather than with the people who compose them. Despite all of this it may be well that the change in voting was brought about by the presence of a candidate whose campaign from the outset has been based on returning to the people control of the political system. Political paternalism in Florida may have received its most telling assault yet from the McCarthy campaign.