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Clayton Roberts

The McCarthy Campaign in Central Ohio

"YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, Clayton. Johnson can't be stopped. He has the nomination all sewed up."

So pronounced David Spitz, as I poured him a second glass of mulled wine. David is a good friend of mine and a professor of political science at Ohio State University. I had just told him, on that darkening afternoon in late December, that I had attended a meeting the Sunday before to promote the candidacy of Eugene McCarthy. Ron Bohlen and Bob Hagen of Cleveland had called the meeting in order to create a statewide organization to support Senator McCarthy's bid for the Presidency. I had gone, I had listened, I had joined.

That I am a professor of history at Ohio State University, and not of political science, might explain why I agreed to work for the Senator (and why David did not). We historians have not yet become behavioral scientists, for whom all things are "sewed up." We still believe in the play of the contingent in history, in the role of the individual, in the possibility of change. But all this is too philosophical, too abstract. There are more particular reasons why I decided to work for McCarthy. I was fed up with the war in Vietnam. And I could not stomach the prospect of a choice the next November between Johnson and Nixon. Perhaps David Spitz was right, perhaps Johnson couldn't be stopped, but an honorable man couldn't live with himself unless he tried to stop him. That was my mood.

I am a scholar, not a politician. True, I love to talk politics at cocktail parties, and have done so for years, but I neither canvassed for Stevenson nor leafleted for Kennedy. And yet it might well have been because I am a scholar that I entered politics. In the spring of 1964 I began to have doubts about the wisdom of our policies in Vietnam. Articles appearing in *The New Republic*, a journal not greatly favored in county court houses, first prompted my doubts. As a scholar will, I went on to read Fall and Lacouture and Gettleman, and much else, including works by such hawks as Douglas Pike. I read of the origins of the war, and of its progress, with a mounting sense of fascination

and horror. Soon I began to speak out against our involvement in it, first on the campus, then in Methodist churches, finally before Rotarian clubs. In 1965 I went to England for a year, only to be accosted in the Plough pub by two lecturers in history at King's College. "Why," they asked, "aren't you Americans doing more to end the war in Vietnam?"

It did not really take the taunt of these two lecturers to make me work against the war when I returned to Columbus in 1966. The more I read about the war the more I became persuaded that we were waging it simply to prevent the Vietnamese from making a social and national revolution of which we disapproved. In the name of anti-communism we were trying to bring history to a stop in Southeast Asia. I saw that ideological passions had led us into the war and that national pride kept us there. Meanwhile, we lacked the resources at home to wage an effective war against poverty or to requite the damage done by centuries of racial injustice. During the winter and spring of 1967 I gave more speeches and wrote further articles against the war. But as summer approached I felt that the time for speeches had come to an end, that the time for action had arrived.

But what action could one take? There was Vietnam Summer, and I worked with that movement long enough to discover that its nobility was only exceeded by its ineffectuality. There was, of course, direct action: harassing naval recruiters, sitting-in at draft centers, disrupting corps day, burning draft cards. But I do not believe in these tactics and sought to dissuade students from pursuing them. I told them it was arrogant for an individual to obstruct the government in its work. If one did not like the policies the government pursued, then one should join with others to elect a different government that would pursue different policies. In a democracy there existed traditional political processes for bringing about changes.

But here my argument collapsed, for in the autumn of 1967 there seemed little hope that traditional political processes could or would bring about change. Johnson vs. Nixon—what choice did that give the growing number of Americans opposed to the war? At Ohio State University, as at so many other universities, this was no academic matter. The students in the Committee to End the War in Vietnam, whom I had harangued on the Oval in May, were now, in December, surrounding naval recruiters in the Student Union. To ask them to believe in a political process that offered only a choice between Johnson and Nixon was ludicrous.

Then Senator Eugene McCarthy stepped forward. Those not active in the peace movement or not active on college campuses can hardly appreciate the magnitude of that event. Here was a politician brave enough to risk his reputation in the leadership of a movement that some regarded as treasonous. Here was a politician willing to offer dissent a means of political expression. Here was a politician willing to give loyal Democrats—and many of us were loyal Democrats—a means to work for change within our party. I have subsequently come to admire Eugene McCarthy for his exceptional intelligence and humanity, but I knew little about him in December 1967. I would then have supported Kennedy had he come forward. Indeed, my brother David, who is a professor of history at Dartmouth college, was busy working for Kennedy when I visited him that Christmas.

“Working for Kennedy!” I expostulated. “Why he isn’t even a candidate.” My brother answered that he hoped Kennedy would become a candidate. Two weeks later I received a letter from my brother saying he was working for McCarthy. After the New Hampshire primaries he wrote me another letter, describing how he and others had nearly carried Lebanon for McCarthy (to carry Hanover was no problem). The letter ended, “Don’t ever underestimate Eugene McCarthy.”

But our problem in Columbus was to carry central Ohio for McCarthy. At the organizational meeting in December we had caucused by congressional districts. Since the 12th and 15th lie mostly in Franklin county, which in turn is largely filled by the city of Columbus, those of us from that area agreed to form one committee: the Franklin County Democrats for McCarthy. We named Martin Seltzer, a metallurgist from Battelle Institute, our chairman. It was a happy choice, since he has proved to be an able chairman. It was also an appropriate choice, for Marty was president of ADA, and in central Ohio it was ADA that started, furnished the nucleus of, and sustained the McCarthy movement. In the course of that movement, incidentally, ADA tripled its membership.

We were all amateurs, but filled with enthusiasm. We were quite prepared to carry both the 12th and the 15th congressional districts for McCarthy, and at the same time to help elect a slate of delegates at large for him. Our enthusiasm was a bit dampened when Harold Ickes, Jr. came to Columbus to survey the scene for the Senator. He asked all the hard questions. How much money can you raise? How strong

is the local Democratic party? Why do you think you can carry the 12th? What is your support in the 15th? How long do you need the Senator in the state? We gave the best answers we could, and Ickes went on his way. In the end, McCarthy chose to run in only five of the 24 congressional districts in Ohio, and not to contest the slate of delegates at large.

But the 12th was one of the five districts he chose. Only Harold Ickes, Jr. can say why he, Ickes, recommended the 12th, but I suspect that the story of Bob Shamansky carried much weight. In 1966 Shamansky opposed and defeated in the primaries the endorsed Democratic candidate for Congress. He went on, of course, to lose to the Republican incumbent in November, the 12th being a heavily Republican district; but then we were only looking for votes in the primary. If Shamansky, by polling 9,000 votes, could win over the endorsed candidate, then why could not McCarthy delegates, by polling 9,000 votes, win over delegates pledged to Senator Stephen Young, the party's favorite-son candidate?

Young's role created difficulties, and probably explains why McCarthy did not run throughout the state. Young was an outspoken critic of the administration's policies in Vietnam; one could hardly find a more outspoken one. How in the world does one wage a campaign for peace against a proponent of peace? Yet the campaign had to be waged, for Young, according to reliable reports, was committed to releasing his delegation to Johnson on the second ballot. As a stalking horse for Johnson, he had to be opposed.

If one problem was the favorite-son candidacy of Stephen Young, a second and far greater problem was the conservative character of central Ohio. In its political climate it must rank with Orange county, California, and Dallas, Texas. Its leading newspaper, *The Dispatch*, is as reactionary as Loeb's *Manchester Union Leader*, but without its endearing eccentricities. Its Congressman, a former FBI agent, has repeatedly won reelection by voting against civil rights, higher education, urban renewal, and anti-poverty programs. This conservatism has even penetrated into the consciousness of Democratic voters. Frank Lausche, than whom few Republicans have a more Neanderthal voting record, is their hero. So our problem was formidable; yet it was not insurmountable. It was not insurmountable because even the most conservative Democrats, even Lausche himself, had come to have second thoughts about the war. In 1965 Ohioans saw the war as a

crusade against communism; by 1967 they had come to call it Johnson's war. Our one hope to win in the 12th district was Johnson's unpopularity.

One problem we did not face. We had no powerful Democratic machine to overcome, for no such machine existed in Franklin county. Our problem was to fill a vacuum, not overcome a juggernaut. This was forcefully impressed on me one night in April when I went to the Southern Hotel for the Young Dem's 'Meet Your Candidate Night.' The ballroom was packed, and I thought to myself, all this talk about the weakness of the Democratic party in central Ohio is nonsense, look at all these people. Then half-way through the evening the incumbent County Engineer spoke. There was a tremendous cheer as he went to the microphone. He must be the party's raconteur, I thought. But he merely droned on for his allotted three minutes. When he finished, to my surprise there was even louder applause. Then members of the audience began to leave, one here, one there; in a few minutes nearly a third of the audience had left. Later in the evening, when drinking a beer with Bob Shamansky in the bar, I suggested that they must have been employees of the County Engineer's office. "Of course they were," he said. "If you took all the candidates from the ballroom, along with their wives, friends, and employees, there would be no one left."

The nature of our problem was clear: we must make Eugene McCarthy known to the voters before May 7th, the date of the primaries. Finding a solution to the problem was another matter. It is a dictum often repeated by political scientists that if you are going into politics you need either money or people. We had no money, therefore we had to rely upon people. We could not reach the voter with full-page ads in *The Dispatch* or commercials on WBNS-TV. We had, therefore, to send canvassers to every Democratic household in the 12th congressional district, of which there were some 40,000. For such an enterprise we needed canvassers, hundreds of them. For these canvassers we looked to the students of Ohio State University.

This was our grand strategy. But there were of course some house-keeping chores to do first. We had to place on the ballot two names of delegates pledged to McCarthy (whose name would fortunately appear with theirs). The steering committee of the Franklin County Democrats eventually chose Bill Davis, president of the local chapter of the NAACP, and myself as potential delegates. We placed Bill's name on the ballot to show that the McCarthy movement really

cared about the Black community. I was probably chosen because I was known on the OSU campus, and from the campus we hoped to draw most of our resources. Placing Bill's and my names on the ballot was no problem at all, for by Ohio law one needs only a hundred names on a petition to place delegates' names on the ballot. A man in Cleveland found a hundred friends willing to place his name on the ballot, as a delegate pledged to the nomination of his wife for President.

Another housekeeping chore was the opening of a headquarters. This was made easy by the beneficence of Mr. Summers, owner of the Seneca Towers Hotel, a keen supporter of McCarthy and the nearest thing to a Mycenae that we found. The headquarters in the Seneca Towers proved a success—people came in, bought bumper stickers and buttons, took the literature, and joined the campaign. In fact it proved such a success that we resolved to open a second headquarters, near the university. I undertook to find a suitable store front. I took a walk up High Street, which borders the university, and saw an empty apartment that faced both on 13th and High, an ideal location. A sign gave the name of the realtor, James Petroupolis, and his phone number. The next morning I phoned. "Yes," replied a young lady, "that premise rents for \$85 a month." I told her I would like to rent it for a McCarthy headquarters. "Oh!" she said, "I shall have to speak to Mr. Petroupolis about that. Would you call back later?" I called back later. "Yes; Mr. Roberts, Mr. Petroupolis is willing to rent the premise to you for \$300 a month." "\$300 a month! I thought you said \$85." "Well, you know how it is," she replied, "a short lease and all that." I refused to rent the place.

Further search led to the rental, at \$65 a month, of three small rooms fronting on High Street, several blocks north of the university. Professor Sidney Chafetz of the Art Department made a gay sign, my wife superintended the staffing of the headquarters with student volunteers, and we were in business. I now believe in opening as many headquarters as one can find the means to staff, for the sale of bumper stickers, buttons, and posters soon pays the rent. Headquarters become centers of recruitment and they make one's presence felt.

But my story runs ahead of itself. Before we rented the headquarters, we formed the OSU Committee for McCarthy for President. I became the chairman. We had two objects in view: to raise money from the faculty and to recruit canvassers from the students. In both we fell considerably short of our expectations.

There are 3,300 faculty members, at Ohio State University and 3,700 teaching assistants. We placed a letter soliciting money in the box of each faculty member and each teaching assistant. The response was disappointing. I had hoped we might get \$1500. We got only about \$700, which was a mere \$200 more than a far smaller faculty at Ohio Wesleyan had given on a first solicitation (though in fairness it must be said that the Franklin County Democrats for McCarthy had already solicited part of the OSU faculty). In retrospect, this disappointing result is not surprising. Conservatism has touched everything in central Ohio, the political parties, the churches, the labor unions, the schools, and Ohio State University itself. There are pockets of liberalism, even of radicalism, in the Humanities faculty, but anyone who has ever sat in the Faculty Council and looked over the serried ranks of engineers, agronomists, home economists, and pathologists will know that the liberals are an island unto themselves in this multiversity.

It was at this time that I discovered what might be called the First Law of the New Politics, if it weren't already the First Law of the Old Politics: to raise money, solicit personally. I sat down and wrote a letter to every member of the faculty I knew, however distantly. If I had ever sat on a committee with him, if I had ever met him at a party, if I had ever played tennis with him, I wrote him. I wrote 80 such letters, addressing each acquaintance by his first name, as if I had known him all his life. The result was another \$500.

Beginning with lists borrowed from the ACLU, the ADA, the Ohio Peace Action Council, and the Worthington Democratic Club, the Franklin County Democrats for McCarthy gradually built up a list of members. These members were solicited on four different occasions, solicitations which yielded in all \$8,000. In pursuance of the First Law of Politics, Steve Jellin, an able young lawyer, personally solicited money from wealthy, liberal-minded businessmen. There are some in central Ohio, strange as it may seem. From them Steve raised \$1,000, in contributions averaging \$100. An art show brought in \$1,000; a Tom Rush concert another \$800. In all, the Franklin County Democrats raised about \$11,000.

But more important than raising money was recruiting canvassers. This was the second task our committee set for itself. One group that we looked to for recruits was the Committee to End the War in Vietnam, an organization of the most militant opponents of the war. Bernie Rosen, a member of our committee and an Assistant Professor

of Philosophy, attended one of their meetings, explained the principles and policies of Senator McCarthy, and sought their aid. One student asked a question, none joined us. They spent the winter obstructing access to military recruiters.

A different reception awaited us at the Campus Americans for Democratic Action, or CADA. They invited me to speak on McCarthy. I did. They listened, asked questions, applauded, and offered to help. Mitch Breece, David Williams, Leslie Busch, these were the earliest heroes of the McCarthy campaign at OSU. I met Mitch Breece the other day; he was just back from helping Allard Lowenstein carry Long Island for McCarthy in the New York primaries. I asked him if he had ever been a member of the Committee to End the War in Vietnam. "No," he said, "I was just drifting until you spoke to CADA about McCarthy." When the history of the McCarthy movement comes finally to be written, it may be discovered that the Senator did not so much lead the militants away from militancy as rescue the drifters from aimlessness.

CADA had too few members to furnish all the canvassers we needed. To enlist more we proposed to hold a great rally, with a nationally famous speaker from the McCarthy camp, someone like Galbraith or Schlesinger (who had not yet deserted to Kennedy). Instead we got Zoltan Ferency. We were told he was a good speaker at a rally, and no doubt he is, but no one on the campus knew who he was. We wanted a big name that would attract a big crowd. However, we had to use what we had. We went ahead with the Ferency rally, reserved Hitchcock Auditorium, which holds 700, ran ads in the student paper, and plastered the campus with posters. Then, on the evening before the rally, Ferency called to say he could not come: national headquarters had ordered him to fly to California to speak in the Senator's place at a \$100 a plate dinner. Our rage was only assuaged by the thought that those who had paid \$100 to hear the Senator were much angrier. But such are the vicissitudes of politics, new or old. We went ahead with the rally, which drew nearly 500 students. Of these, 210 joined the OSU committee for McCarthy, and two-thirds of them indicated a willingness to canvass.

Looking back in sorrow, I realize that it was at this point that we made one of our gravest mistakes. We should have sat down the next day with the cards of these volunteers and then called each individual and assigned him to a precinct captain. We should then have called each precinct captain and given him the name of the student who was to

help him. Instead we relied on exhortations at the rally and ads in the student paper to get them to the Seneca Towers on that first Saturday of canvassing. Most of them never showed up. True, it was pouring down rain that first Saturday, but then the students did not show up in great numbers the next two Saturdays, when the weather was good.

The only reason our canvass was not a total failure is that the precinct captains stepped in to do the work. The whole enterprise was well organized by Jim Turner, a law student at OSU, and Harry Rosenberg, an economist at Battelle. They named ward monitors, under whom there were precinct captains. I became a precinct captain and agreed to recruit others. I then discovered how tiring it is to spend an evening on the phone, cajoling one's friends into doing what they do not want to do but know they ought to do. If anyone wants a definition of the new politics, he can find it here, in the willingness of ordinary people to act politically, not because they want to, but because they ought to, because they have to.

I enlisted eleven precinct captains, almost all of whom were either graduate students or young professors or their wives. I suspect that in the end there were as many faculty members canvassing in the 12th district as students. Many of them came from the history department, among them Dick Minear, professor of Japanese history, and Frank Wong, professor of Chinese history. They left their studies because they had a sense of historical development; they knew that America could do only endless harm by trying to thwart the course of history in Vietnam. Minear and Wong knew from their own studies that Vietnam had its own indigenous culture, its own values, its own needs, and that for this society the ideas of Walt Rostow and McGeorge Bundy had no relevance. Many precinct captains came from the English department, their sense of humanity as outraged as the historian's sense of development. And then we were all tired of being lied to by Johnson.

But it was just then, on March 31st, that Johnson withdrew. The steering committee of the Franklin County Democrats for McCarthy was meeting when the news broke. Jim Turner came running in from the TV-set on the mezzanine of the Seneca Towers Hotel. "Johnson isn't going to run again. He won't even accept a draft." We were as speechless as was Roger Mudd on CBS. After a half-minute's silence, Marty said, "Hasn't anyone anything profound to say?" No one had, so we went home.

Johnson's withdrawal and Kennedy's entry transformed the Mc-

Carthy campaign from a crusade into a popularity contest. The question now became: who was the most popular of the peace candidates? The first place this was answered was in Indiana, and the vortex of that campaign dragged us into it. It was late one Tuesday night when Katie O'Deane called me from Indianapolis. "Are you sending any canvassers into Indiana?" I proudly replied, "Yes, we are sending several cars this weekend." "Cars!" came the withering answer, "We want busloads." "Well," I said, "we have a contest here, and are having hard enough a time finding canvassers for it."

"How naive can you be," she replied, "don't you know that it is easier to get students to canvass outside the state than where they live?" Then she added, "Would it help if we sent Paul Newman in for a rally?" I said I supposed it would. And there followed a night of phone calls arranging for his appearance in Cincinnati, Columbus, and Athens on Thursday. We rented Mershon Auditorium, which seats 3,100. We gave the Newman rally maximum publicity, but it soon became apparent that the problem would be crowd control, not empty seats. The doors opened half an hour before his appearance, and the screams of the young girls as they rushed for the front seats even frightened Donald Horton, the seasoned director of the auditorium. I presided at the rally and made more malapropisms than I like to think of, but Paul Newman was excellent, particularly when challenged by a Black Nationalist. He asked for 2,000 volunteers; we got the names of over 300.

There followed an intense competition between the Kennedy and McCarthy forces to see who could send the most students into Indiana. For a moment it seemed to me that politics was simply sending buses off from 15th and High. By dint of phoning everyone who had given his or her name at the Paul Newman rally, we sent 100 canvassers the first weekend, 200 the second. Some went by bus, others drove. Stephen Scherer, for instance, shaved his beard, loaded up his car with canvassers, and drove off for Indiana. In Springfield his car caught fire and burned up. The next weekend he went by bus. That second weekend we nearly had a revolt when some students refused to board buses for Logansport and Elkton because they wished to go to Indianapolis, where rumor had it there was going to be a Simon & Carfunkel concert. I had instructions to send buses to Logansport and Elkton first, and only then to Indianapolis. Hoping to get on the Indianapolis bus, no one would board the Logansport and Elkton buses. They stood sullenly on the side-walk. I had no choice but to

yield to student power and send the first bus to Indianapolis. Once it had departed, the rest boarded the buses for Logansport and Elkton.

In the myriad activities of these weeks, in renting Mershon or placing a table in the Library or setting up a booth on the Oval, the administration at Ohio State University proved most cooperative. There may have been many reasons for this, but surely one of them must have been the hope that we would drain off some of the frustrations that drive students to riot. As my good friend George Fischer, whose affable countenance and good manners conceal the most radical thought, said to Dean Bonner, "We want to help save the Establishment."

But more than that, we wanted to win in the 12th congressional district. The 12th district extends from Mt. Gilead in the north to Reynoldsburg in the south and encompasses most of Columbus east of High Street. It is a mixed bag. There are farmers in Morrow and Delaware counties, OSU professors in Worthington, blue-collared workers in Linden, Jewish businessmen in Bexley, and Blacks, rich and poor, in the inner city. We made every effort to reach these people through canvassing, through leafleting shopping centers, through a speakers' bureau, through letters to the editor, and through rallies. But it was hard. *The Dispatch* would not print our letters, nor did either paper act as if there were a campaign going on. No one attended our rally organized in Mt. Gilead (quite literally no one; I stood on a farm wagon in the market place and spoke to the three persons who organized the rally). The Jaycees used the speakers' bureau and listened to me with mild amusement, but most of them would choose between Nixon and Rockefeller. We sought to reach the Black community through the churches. I spoke to the Baptist Ministerial Alliance in the Shiloh Baptist Church on Mt. Vernon Street (down which Bobby Kennedy rode two months later to wild applause). I earnestly told them that LBJ could not build the houses, schools, and hospitals that the Blacks needed, as long as he kept the war in Vietnam going. They listened to me politely, but I sensed that my culture was so remote from theirs that I had made no impact whatever. I ought to have dramatized McCarthy's concern for them, not analyzed their problems.

As the weeks passed, as March gave way to April and April to May, I realized that we were not doing well. On the campus we were, of course. At class changes the Oval was a sea of McCarthy buttons. But it is one thing to wear a button, another to canvass or leaflet, which,

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really, were the only two ways we had to get to the voter. We didn't have the money to run full page ads in *The Dispatch* (as Rockefeller has subsequently done). We put some money into spot-announcements on radio, but the main thrust of our campaign was the canvass.

On the first Saturday we canvassed about 20% of the homes. In the wealthier suburbs those sympathetic to McCarthy outnumbered those hostile to him by about 21% to 19%, with 60% undecided. In blue-collar neighborhoods, where canvassers were not always well received, it ran more like 23% against, 17% for, the rest undecided. In the inner city the better-off Blacks were slightly against us, the poorer slightly for us. But in every instance the 60% undecided made the poll nearly meaningless. The second Saturday we reached another 20% of the homes. By accident we canvassed one precinct in Bexley again. The results were a testimonial to the power of canvassing: the number of undecideds fell from the usual 60%, and most of them fell into the category of favorable to McCarthy. Canvassing proved valuable in Bexley and Worthington, where it was done thoroughly. But our resources were too small to make it effective throughout the 12th congressional district, and we might have used our limited manpower to better effect in leafleting every house. This was particularly true in our case, for we worked from old voters' lists, and many a Democratic family had moved.

The canvassing went no better the third Saturday. In all we covered perhaps two-thirds of the district, but within precincts and wards, reportedly canvassed, many Democratic households were missed. We supplemented canvassing by leafleting the shopping centers, but again the task forces we sent out were not big enough. I went out the evening before the primary, only to meet a colleague of mine on the Faculty Council who said, "Professors don't do this sort of thing."

Polling day, May 7th, was uneventful. That night we had an election night party at the Seneca Towers Hotel. When my wife and I arrived two TV sets were blaring out a profile analysis of the Indiana returns. They were not too encouraging, Kennedy appearing to be the certain winner. But then we had no Kennedy in our race, so our spirits remained high. We had only to get those 9,000 votes that Shamansky had gotten and we would win. Someone brought in the Worthington results, showing the two McCarthy delegates winning by nearly two to one. But then came news from the Board of Elections that throughout Columbus we were losing by nearly two to one. Just as Eugene McCarthy must wish that the whole nation was Oregon, so we wished

that the whole of Columbus was Worthington. But neither is true. We left the Seneca Towers that night knowing we had lost.

It seems to be true of all McCarthy campaigns that when the final returns are in the victories prove greater and the defeats less than originally thought. This was true in Columbus. When all the returns were in Bill Davis had received 11,092 votes and I had received 10,737. Together we had gained 42% of the poll. We carried Delaware and Morrow counties by 56%, Worthington by 62%, and had lost Bexley by a mere 52% to 48%. In the 24th Ward, a lower middle-class area, we got only 37%; in the 13th Ward, a Black ward in the inner city, only 35%. In the 28th Ward, a newly built neighborhood which we did not properly canvass, we received 38%. The only thing that saved us from utter disaster was the heavy turnout of voters in Worthington.

In all this there is little to surprise one. McCarthy has always done better in the suburbs than in the city, and best of all where professional people live. Furthermore, the 42% of the poll that Bill Davis and I received proved to be exactly the proportion that McCarthy won in the 12 primaries that he entered, when totaled together and averaged out. That offered us some consolation.

Nevertheless, we had not elected a delegate for him, as had Elyria, Cleveland, and Dayton, nor even an alternate, as had Cincinnati. What went wrong, why had we gone down in defeat? There were a number of reasons, of which the most important was the fact that the Young delegates received both Humphrey and Kennedy votes. In December we had resolved to challenge Young, believing him to be a stalking horse for Johnson. Had he remained so, I believe we would have defeated his delegates. But President Johnson withdrew, and worse yet, Stephen Young endorsed Kennedy soon after Kennedy's entry. We were now in a threeway race, with the Young delegates drawing votes from both Humphrey and Kennedy supporters. Tom Wicker of *The New York Times* has lamented that Kennedy's entry split the anti-administration vote; in Ohio we had every reason to know this to be true. Senator Young, it is true, later withdrew his endorsement of Kennedy, but the fierce battle between McCarthy and Kennedy in nearby Indiana hardly endeared McCarthy delegates to Kennedy supporters in the 12th district.

Then there was the campaign of John Gilligan. His challenge to Frank Lausche brought many more voters to the polls than we had anticipated, thus destroying the strategy of winning by getting 9,000 of our supporters to the polls. That Gilligan would bring out voters who

would also vote for McCarthy delegates, we knew, but the fierceness of the race also brought out Lausche supporters, and they were not our friends. It is no accident that Columbus was both the only city which Gilligan failed to carry against Lausche and the only city in which McCarthy failed to pick up even an alternate delegate. The conservatism of central Ohio was too much for both.

Or did our mistakes defeat us? Where lay the explanation of defeat, in the conservative opinion of central Ohio or in the amateurish efforts of our committee? But one might also ask, where lay the explanation of the measure of success we attained, in the growing disgust with the war, or in the resolve of our committee to work hard for McCarthy? The relationship between political action and public opinion has always fascinated me. Half-way through the campaign I began composing in my mind an essay entitled, "Historicism and the Political Act." "Historicism" is a word we historians use to describe a particular view of history, a view which emphasizes the unconscious growth of new opinions. These opinions arise inevitably, and in turn inexorably shape events. Opponents of this view see history differently. They see it as the sum total of conscious decisions made by men, by men acting wisely or foolishly, bravely or cravenly, ambitiously or selflessly, but always consciously. That the truth lay somewhere between both extremes, I had always suspected, but the McCarthy campaign demonstrated it to me palpably.

Senator McCarthy often uses a phrase which I admire. He says that he went into New Hampshire "to put our ideas to the test." There is a becoming modesty in this; there is also an appreciation of the truth of historicism. For Senator McCarthy knows that the people exist, and that his own judgments have no importance in history unless the people embrace them too. He went to the people because he suspected that they shared his judgments. He found that they did. As Murray Kemp-ton said, "He discovered us."

But Senator McCarthy also demonstrated that the political act is part of the historical process. On the 30th of November he consciously resolved to seek the Democratic nomination to the Presidency. Robert Kennedy, led by motives about which we shall ever dispute, at that time decided not to seek the nomination. Had Eugene McCarthy not performed that courageous political act—the other half of the equation of history—countless millions who were disgusted with the arrogance of our behavior abroad and the callousness of our conduct at home would have found no means to express their discontent—except in the streets.

It was not Eugene McCarthy alone who decided to give the people the means to express their discontent politically. It was Ron Bohlen who came down from Cleveland; it was Marty Seltzer who agreed to be chairman; it was Geoffrey Gibson who took over publicity; it was Linda Cary, Geoffrey Cree, and Walter Chappalear who went to San Francisco to canvass; it was Bill Krause, Mary Ann Wloszczek, and Bob Chelnik who worked in Los Angeles after they had finished in Columbus; it was Bonnie Infante who started the sale of McCarthy buttons on the campus. It was all of them, for they all agreed to do the hard work necessary to carry Eugene McCarthy's candidacy to the people. Herder once wrote that "All history is the history of opinion." But he was wrong. Opinions may arise, but someone must act to give them political expression.

By the autumn of 1967, for example, opinion had veered against the war in Vietnam and against the neglect of the poor and of our cities at home. When it became evident that no other politician would step forward to give this changing opinion expression, Senator Eugene McCarthy did. When it then became evident that no professional politicians would come to his support, the amateurs did. The people rallied around him. With their help he nearly won in New Hampshire. With their help he did win in Wisconsin, thereby driving Johnson from the race. With their help, and in combination with Robert Kennedy, he showed in Indiana, Oregon, California, and South Dakota how out of step the politicians had gotten from the people. He demonstrated it again in New York, this time without Kennedy. The polls now confirm what the primaries revealed, that most Americans want new principles, new measures, new values, and new men in the political life of their country. The question to be answered this August is whether the politicians will grant it to them.

In 1910 in England the question was asked: "Shall peers or people rule?" In America, in the summer of 1968, the question has become, "Shall politicians or people rule?" Only the nomination of Eugene McCarthy can give an answer to that question acceptable to most Americans.