

# THE GLASSBORO SUMMIT

They emerged from the white-frame doorway of the gingerbread Victorian brown stone house, arm in arm, interpreters in lock step behind them, and stepped up to the microphone-laden lectern that had been brought up from Washington for the occasion. There was no mistaking the friendliness and cordiality of the atmosphere; indeed, one exuberant Soviet official had come out of the conference room a moment earlier to greet a Russian-speaking American newsman with a smile, a hug, and a big Russian kiss.

The tall Texan was the first to speak. "Our meeting," he said, "gave us an opportunity to get acquainted with each other, and we have exchanged views on a number of international questions.

"Among these were the problems of the Middle East, Vietnam, the question of non-proliferation of nuclear weapons. We agreed that it is now very important to reach international agreement on a nonproliferation treaty.

"We also exchanged views on the questions of direct bilateral relations between the Soviet Union and the United States of America," he added. "This meeting today was a very good and very useful meeting . . . We are awaiting ourselves to return here again at 1:30 on Sunday afternoon . . ."

**Content:** Soviet Premier Aleksei N. Kosygin nodded in agreement, then took over the lectern himself, commented graciously on the hospitality shown him by the residents of the gingerbread house ("I want to thank the hosts, the masters of the house . . . who've given us a roof over our heads under which we could meet"), and pronounced himself eminently content with the statement that President Johnson had just read out. "I have nothing whatsoever to add," said Kosygin, "and I think it was very correctly drawn up."

There were cheers from the crowd immediately outside the house, and as Kosygin's limousine pulled away, outward bound for New York, the whole town of Glassboro, N.J. seemed to have turned out to cheer him on. They set up a chant: "We want Kosygin! [they pronounced it, "KASSE-gin," to rhyme,

roughly, with COFFEE-gin] We want Kosygin!" and the Premier's car rolled to a stop after having progressed only a few yards.

Kosygin popped out, waving and smiling, and stood atop a small embankment to acknowledge the cheers. Then he signaled for silence and spoke briefly while Soviet ambassador to Washington Anatoly Dobrynin rattled off a running translation. The crowd cheered each phrase, and much of what Kosygin said was lost in the tumult. But a couple of sentences were audible to those nearest him. "I want friendship with the American peo-



The grandfathers: Kosygin and Johnson at lunch

ple," he said. "I can assure you we want nothing but peace with the American people."

And with that he drove off, the cheers of Glassboro still ringing in his ears; and it was in this fashion that the most cliff-hanging U.S.-Soviet summit conference to date began its denouement.

For the next 48 hours, the news was meager, the leaks that traditionally characterize big-power diplomatic meetings literally nonexistent. The President

flew off to Los Angeles to address a Democratic fund-raising dinner, but not before he had dispatched U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson to Gettysburg to brief former President Dwight Eisenhower on the talks. En route to California, Mr. Johnson began speaking of "the spirit of Hollybush"—the name of the Glassboro house where the summit talks were held.

**The Grandson:** From Los Angeles, he flew to Texas and a glimpse of his new grandson. Back in New York, Premier Kosygin turned tourist and went off to the honeymoon capital of the U.S.: Niagara Falls.

The second round of talks began on schedule at 1:30 p.m. Sunday. This time the two leaders met for five hours. A summer downpour had just stopped, and the sun was breaking through the gray clouds as they reappeared before the microphones, looking brisk and businesslike. "We have gone more deeply than before into the great number of great questions between our two countries and the world," the President said. "We have also agreed to keep in good communication in the future." He stressed that there would also be direct communication between himself and Kosygin, a remark that may have signaled Mr. Johnson's intention to visit Moscow when conditions are ripe.

Kosygin was equally brief. "Both sides believe these talks were useful," he said, and almost as he was speaking, Soviet diplomats at the U.N. were passing the word that the Glassboro Summit could herald a major long-term improvement in relations between Washington and Moscow.

After Kosygin spoke, the crowd beyond set up a thunderous chant: "We want Allie! We want Allie!" Kosygin strode over toward the crowd, which responded with a great cheer. "May I salute the friendship between the Soviet and American people," he said, smiling. "I want to wish to all of you every success and happiness, and express the hope that we shall go forward together in peace." This drew a tumultuous cheer, and Kosygin, now grinning broadly, responded with a clasped-hands prizefighters' salute that brought

even louder cheers from the throngs. Then they were off, Kosygin to New York for a televised press conference, Mr. Johnson back to Washington, where he offered these comments on the summit talks:

"You will not be surprised to know that these two meetings have not solved all our problems. On some, we have made progress—in reducing misunderstanding, and in reaffirming our common commitment to seek agreement. I think we made that kind of progress for example on the great question of arms limitation . . . Mr. Rusk and Mr. Gromyko will pursue this subject in New York in the days ahead, focusing on the urgent need for prompt agreement on a nonproliferation treaty.

"I must report that no agreement is readily in sight on the Middle Eastern crisis, and that our well-known differences over Vietnam continue. Yet even on these issues, I was very glad to hear the Chairman's views face-to-face, and to have a chance to tell him directly and in detail just what our purposes and policies are—and are not—in these particular areas. The Chairman, I believe, made a similar effort with me . . ."

**Hopeful Fractions:** Then the President came to a passage that gave rise later to speculation that he and Kosygin may have gone into considerable detail on all major topics. "Sometimes in such discussions," he said, "you can find elements—beginnings, hopeful fractions—of common grounds . . . it does help a lot to sit down and look at a man—right in the eye—and try to reason with him, particularly if he is trying to reason with you . . . I believe it is fair to say that these days at Hollybush have made [the world] a little smaller . . . but also a little less dangerous."

In New York, Premier Kosygin devoted most of his press conference to restating Soviet positions on the Middle East, Vietnam and other problems, strongly emphasizing Moscow's insistence that a halt in the bombing and U.S. withdrawal are prerequisites for solution in Vietnam. Later, a high-ranking Russian spokesman privately summed up his government's reaction to both the Glassboro summit meeting and to Mr. Johnson himself. "We arrived here in a very pessimistic mood," he said. "We are departing in a much more optimistic mood, chiefly because the President proved to be more flexible than we expected. Perhaps it's next year's election. We don't know. But we are pleasantly surprised by what we found."

**Impressed:** By all indications, these sentiments were generally reciprocated by the White House, and some of Mr. Johnson's aides were at pains to stress that the President was much impressed by his Soviet guest and is hopeful that future U.S.-Soviet diplomatic negotiations will be as candid and forthright as his talks with Premier Kosygin in the little New Jersey town.

At Glassboro, the talks began brisk-



U.S.'s Bundy, Thompson, Rusk, McNamara, Rostow (right, with host Robinson)



Balloons for Glassboro's big day . . .



. . . and a notice in the window



The tourist: Kosygin's party meets Niagara Falls Mayor E. Dent Lackey

ly. Kosygin responded warmly to a remark of Mr. Johnson's that they had something important in common—both were grandfathers. (Kosygin presented the President with a gold Russian baby cup for Luci's baby; LBJ gave the Soviet leader a watch.) At times, the talk became as folksy as Glassboro itself as the two men discussed what kind of world they wanted their grandchildren to grow up in. Said LBJ: "You don't want my grandson fighting you and I don't want you shooting at him."

**Lunch:** Throughout, the tone of the conversation was friendly, and there were moments when the two seemed to indulge in playful boastfulness. When it came time for lunch the first day, Kosygin said that he was a tough grandfather and could work all day without stopping to eat. Thus the first disagreement was over who needed lunch. But after a little coaxing, the Soviet leader agreed to join the others. The menu: shrimp cocktail,

clearly and frankly, but at all times was careful not to appear blunt. Except at lunch, the two leaders sat alone with their interpreters. And as they talked of world problems, they made notes and doodled on note pads.

But for all the bonhomie of the Glassboro talks, the fact remained that the gulf separating the U.S. and Russia on many major issues is wide and deep. Just what, then, may prove the practicable results of the summit, and how may they affect the areas of mutual interest mentioned by the participants? To find out, NEWSWEEK Diplomatic Correspondent Henry L. Trehwitt talked with diplomats from both sides, and filed this report:

Unless they are prepared to recast their commitments, President Johnson and Premier Kosygin are engaged on a field with room for maneuver but with definite boundaries. Everything suggests there well may be a lasting improvement

Washington officials suggest, would be joint presentation of a treaty with a blank inspection clause, a course rejected by the Soviet Union so far.

As for the second element of arms-control discussions, the limitations on anti-ballistic-missile employment, developments prior to the Johnson-Kosygin talks were not encouraging. But there are pressures on both sides. U.S. policy is directed openly at convincing the Russians to restrict their present program, with Robert McNamara insisting that nothing Moscow can do would protect them from U.S. missiles. For its part, the Administration would like relief from the Congressional pressure demanding that the U.S. begin its own hideously costly counterdeployment. Both governments are thinking more urgently of the need for less elaborate systems to counter the growing, if less sophisticated, Chinese potential.

■ The Middle East: Neither side is likely



Other voices, other rooms: Khrushchev with Eisenhower in Washington, 1959, and with Kennedy in Vienna, 1961

roast beef, rice pilaf, domestic red wine and—for dessert—a choice of pineapple sherbet with blueberries or butter-pecan ice cream with caramel sauce.

It was at this lunch that Johnson, in a graceful toast to Kosygin, made his most moving plea of the day for mutual understanding and cooperation between the two great powers. Said the President: "We both have special responsibilities for the security of our families, and over and beyond all our families is the security of the entire human family inhabiting this earth. We must never forget that there are many peoples in this world, many different nations each with its own history and ambitions. There is a special place, however, in this world and a special responsibility placed upon our two countries because of our strength and our resources. This demands that the relations between our two countries be as reasonable and as constructive as we know how to make them."

From the very beginning, Premier Kosygin stood firm when it came to Russia's vital interests. He made his points

in political relations, even if in the end this means only greater understanding when interests collide. The likelihood of solutions to specific central differences seems small; but even so, the possibilities for significant but less dramatic agreements already are open, awaiting only the right circumstances. If the momentum of the space treaty, the consular agreement and other bilateral arrangements should now be accelerated, these plus-factors together could have immense consequences for the long run.

Mr. Johnson mentioned arms control, the Middle East and Southeast Asia as the areas of discussion. In each, there is room for movement within the limits imposed by the commitments of the two powers:

■ Arms control: The Soviet Union has insisted on including international inspection of peaceful nuclear installations as a condition for presenting a joint Soviet-U.S. draft in Geneva. The U.S., bowing to the non-Communist industrial nations, has refused to meet Russian terms. The only practical possibility for movement,

to retreat from its fundamental support of the opposing forces there. But many U.S. officials believed, even before the Glassboro conferences, that the Russians would be receptive to some sort of ceiling on the military commitment of the big powers. On this subject, it is likely that any understanding will become clear only through developments and in the nuances of future policy statements.

■ Vietnam: Here the outlook for early formal agreement is weakest if, as the U.S. believes, the Soviets are somewhat schizophrenic in their attitude toward Vietnam. Sentiment is growing within the U.S. Administration for a significant reduction in bombing of North Vietnam, except in the southern panhandle. But Soviet ability to force a corresponding military gesture is limited; after all, the most important Soviet contribution to the North Vietnamese war effort is the SAM missile and other anti-aircraft weapons.

There still has been no clarification of Kosygin's fretful remarks before the U.N. General Assembly about the danger that

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Newsweek—Tony Rolio

## 'THE CHIEF LIKE NEAR TO FELL OUT OF HIS CHAIR'

If it had to be New Jersey, they might at least have chosen a place with a meaningful name like Summit or West Berlin or New Egypt. If they were bent on compromise, surely they could have gone to Deal or Bargaintown. For propaganda advantage there was Red Bank or Liberty Corner. If they craved peace, they should have sought Tranquility.

But Glassboro! Who could believe it? At first, hardly anyone could. With as much equanimity as could be expected under the circumstances, Glassboro, N.J., home of a bottle-cap plant and an obscure teachers college, reacted to the news that it was about to join the company of Potsdam, Vienna and Geneva as a world-renowned summit site.

"Some guy called me and I didn't believe him," said police dispatcher Peter Cordetti. "I called the chief and he thought I was pullin' his leg. The chief like near to fell out of his chair!" "I didn't think it was true for the reason of why wasn't I informed?" explained Chief Everett Watson. Then at 8:30 p.m. on Thursday the Secret Service informed him officially—and soon after, the first platoon of White House staffers arrived.

**Fallout:** Many of the town's 13,500 residents first heard the word on early evening news programs that they were to be hosts the next day to a momentous meeting between the leader of the free world and the leader of much of the rest of it. And before long, everybody was falling out of chairs, leaning out of windows and running out of exclamation points. The town quickly repainted two billboards with welcoming messages for the distinguished visitors. The manager of the Glassboro movie theater ordered employees to strip the marquee of "Hot Rods to Hell" and switch to "The Russians Are Coming . . ." The borough's phone service broke down temporarily as incoming calls stepped up to a rate of 10,000 an hour. The New Jersey Telephone Co. began installing 200 miles of cable and 200 extra telephone lines and teleprinter circuits for news media. A Rotarian meeting, about to discuss civic and business improvements for Glassboro, broke up and headed home. Welcome signs and posters went up and Joe's Sub Shop worked through the night dishing out submarine sandwiches to newspapermen and TV crews. Meanwhile, work-

men were furiously hooking up air conditioners and phones in Hollybush, the home of Glassboro State College president Thomas E. Robinson, where Lyndon Johnson was to meet Aleksei Kosygin.

No single comment could have encompassed the sense of utter astonishment that crashed down on Glassboro, but a city councilman with a reputation for the *not just* gave it a try: "Nothing like this has ever happened here," he gasped.

**Life in the Country:** And nothing ever had. The last time Glassboro rose to an occasion was a dozen years ago when 5,000 townsfolk turned out to watch the Eastern United States Little League baseball finals at Lipinski Park. A century ago the town was a prominent glassmaking center, and as local historians told it, after a distiller named E.C. Booz began filling some of the town's bottles with spirits, the term "booze" lodged comfortably in the American language.

But in recent years, Glassboro has been drowsing along with little more to boast of than the fact that it is just 15 miles from Philadelphia. (In an access of chauvinism, New Jersey Gov. Richard Hughes called it "a rural, plain, wonderful part of America.") Situated in southern New Jersey farm country, Glassboro has one movie theater, two bowling alleys, one weekly newspaper (which planned the first extra in its history this week), seven bars, about fifteen churches, one ambulance, a 33-man police department, a volunteer fire department and rows of apple and cherry orchards.



Newsweek—Bernard Gotfryd

Its part-time mayor is paid \$750 a year and, tragically, not many hours before the news of the summit meeting came, Mayor Joseph L. Bowe died of cancer, and an acting mayor took office.

After its frantic night of awakening, Glassboro settled a bit more into normal stride. On Summit Day, a crowd of about 3,000 assembled on the street behind Hollybush. Many had come from nearby communities, wearing casual summer attire, carrying transistor radios to keep up with the news. The florist shop sent over a bouquet of red roses with a card extending "Best Wishes for Peace" to President Johnson and Premier Kosygin, and near noon, an enterprising newspaperboy rode his bicycle down the street shouting out: "Read about history while it's being made."

**Strawberries:** There was a profusion of American flags on display along the four or five blocks leading from Main Street to the college. Some spectators held up signs, including one that read, "Congratulations Granddad and Welcome." An ice-cream man was doing steady business among the perspiring crowd, and two young girls waited to present crates of New Jersey strawberries to the two world leaders.

Close by, two volunteer firemen were debating just how history would enshrine the event. "Just think," said one, "the two most important men in the world are here today. This will go down in history books as the Hollybush Summit, and all children will read about it."

"The Hollybush Summit," snorted the other. "I would be damned upset if this is called the Hollybush Summit instead of the Glassboro Summit."

When they heard the stunning news that President Johnson and Kosygin would return for further talks, the crowd dropped history and took up the immediate future. "Glassboro can't survive another day like this," groaned one middle-aged man in the crowd, mopping his brow. "Oh, yes it can," squealed an obviously delighted teen-age girl. "It's the greatest day Glassboro ever had."

And a local storekeeper brought the historic event into even clearer focus. "Now," said Irv Levy, "when I go to buy merchandise in New York and Philadelphia, they won't have to ask me, 'Where is Glassboro?' any more."

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local wars will expand into nuclear conflict. The Soviet Premier spoke on this point in general terms, with special reference to the Mideast, and State Department observers immediately took note of his remarks. The obvious inference was that the Soviet Union, after its disastrous experience in the Mideast, might be redefining its power commitment outside its areas of immediate interest.

As for specific gestures of goodwill, the Soviet Union could easily withdraw some of the 22 divisions it maintains in East Germany. The U.S. already has set the pattern with a rotational plan for one of its divisions in West Germany, and some advisers to the President would like to see a greater reduction. If the two principal powers are willing to risk the strain on their other commitments, there is plenty of room for counterpart steps of this nature.

**Sigh of Relief:** Meanwhile, there is room to question the widespread assumption that the rest of the world is necessarily breathing a sigh of relief over the Glassboro meetings. East and West Germans, North and South Vietnamese, Israelis and Arabs, and Charles de Gaulle—all of these may well have watched the scenes that unfolded at Glassboro more with trepidation than relief.

But for the most part, the immediate public reaction abroad was prompt and more or less predictable. Pravda devoted two brief paragraphs to the summit, simply announcing that Kosygin and LBJ had met at the U.S.'s request. But in the U.S., Soviet diplomats who had a hand in arranging the summit had quite a bit more to say. They said that a major reason for the sudden blossoming of "the Hollybush spirit" was the explosion two weeks ago by Communist China of its first hydrogen bomb. "It's time that we thought about this seriously," one member of the Kosygin entourage said emphatically.

What Peking saw in the Glassboro meetings was a plot to betray "the revolutionary interests of the Vietnamese people, the Arab people and other Asian, African and Latin American people." Just as predictably, few agreed with the Chinese assessment. In West Germany, the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* interpreted the fact that Mr. Johnson and Kosygin had been able to meet as evidence that "the over-all picture of relations between the two superpowers is not so negative as the public exchange of irreconcilable standpoints would indicate." And *The Times* of London, though generally supporting the notion of the summit, warned of its limitations. "The fact of the matter is," editorialized the *Times*, "that the role of the superpowers is no longer to work out solutions to the world's conflicts. It is much more to agree on their own rules of conduct in relation to these conflicts. In future, these rules will have to include a good measure of restraint and non-involvement."

## The U.N. Debate Unfolds

The summit in Glassboro, inevitably, all but stole last week's scene from the great glass house on Manhattan's East River, where the latest angry act in the Middle East crisis was being staged before an uncommon collection of statesmen. Fifteen Premiers, 38 Foreign Ministers and one President manned their country's desks in the gigantic wood-lined well of the United Nations General Assembly, and a King (Hussein of Jordan) joined them at the weekend. One after another they padded up to the black marble rostrum, pressed their charges, pled for peace, but seemed throughout—at least on the surface—stolidly committed to the positions their governments had taken well in advance.

But the fact is that things are seldom

visiting head of government. This he did, but protocol wasn't his only reason. Lyndon Johnson himself was anxious to sound an American note of moderation at the very outset, and so the President deftly transformed a routine talk before an educators' conference into a "major policy statement" at 9:30 in the morning, before the U.N. Assembly convened.

With Kosygin watching intently at a television set in the Soviet mission, Mr. Johnson laid down a program for peace from which he had carefully pruned away any great-power recriminations. He called upon all Mideastern countries to recognize each other's right to exist; he called for "justice" for the Arab refugees displaced from their homelands; he called for freedom of maritime passage, and a limit to the Middle Eastern arms race; and he reiterated U.S. support for the territorial integrity of the area, but this time with a rather broad hint that he would not be entirely displeased to see the Middle Eastern map somewhat redrawn as a result of Israel's conquests. "The nations of the region," he said earnestly, "have had only fragile and violated truce lines for twenty years. What they now need are recognized boundaries and other arrangements that will give them security against terror and destruction and war."

**Leaden Voice:** Hardly had Lyndon Johnson's image flashed off the television screens than it was replaced by the mournful visage of Aleksei Kosygin. Adjusting a pair of metal-rimmed spectacles on his nose, he sank with leaden voice into the murky depths of a text from which he surfaced a full 40 minutes later. To no one's surprise, he cast the usual aspersions on U.S. militarism and German revanchism. He recounted Israel's record of reprisal raids against its Arab neighbors. He recognized Israel's right to exist, but roundly denounced it for starting the June 5 battle, with "long-nurtured plans for recarving the map of the Middle East." He introduced a resolution condemning "the aggressive actions of Israel," demanding that it "immediately and without condition withdraw" from the Arab territory it had taken, and ordering it to pay restitution to the Arabs and return to them "all seized property" (mainly Russian armaments) that Israeli troops had captured.

When Kosygin was done, diplomats promptly began groping through the thick foliage of his text to see whether it might conceal a bud of compromise. And, indeed, they thought they saw several tiny sprouts. "It would be good," he had suggested, "if [the big powers] found common language in order to reach decisions meeting the interests of peace in the Middle East and the interests of universal peace." Might he be signaling a willingness eventually to compromise on the language of the resolution? He also had warned that there



Israel's Eban: No help wanted

what they seem at the U.N., and as the debate unfolded, the attendant diplomats were often listening more carefully to what was omitted than to what was said, looking always for the deliberately furry phrase, the carefully nuanced hint that marked a position declaimed adamantly in public as one that might subsequently be shaded in private. And as the debate progressed—overshadowed almost from the start as the prospects for a Johnson-Kosygin summit first sputtered and then waxed brighter—here and there the hints and furry phrases were evident.

The week at Turtle Bay began with some polite jockeying for position before the television cameras. U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg was first on the list of speakers as the U.N. debate opened, but diplomatic courtesy called for him to defer to Russia's Aleksei Kosygin as a



Newsweek—Ted Rozumalski (Black Star)

Grand entrance: Kosygin arrives at U.N. with Soviet delegate Fedorenko at his heel



Newsweek—Fred Ward (Black Star)

Gallery: Mrs. Gvishiani, Kosygin's daughter, and Ambassador Dobrynin at the U.N.

Brief encounter: U.K.'s Brown, U.S.'s Rusk, France's Couve de Murville during recess

Judith Getter (Pix)

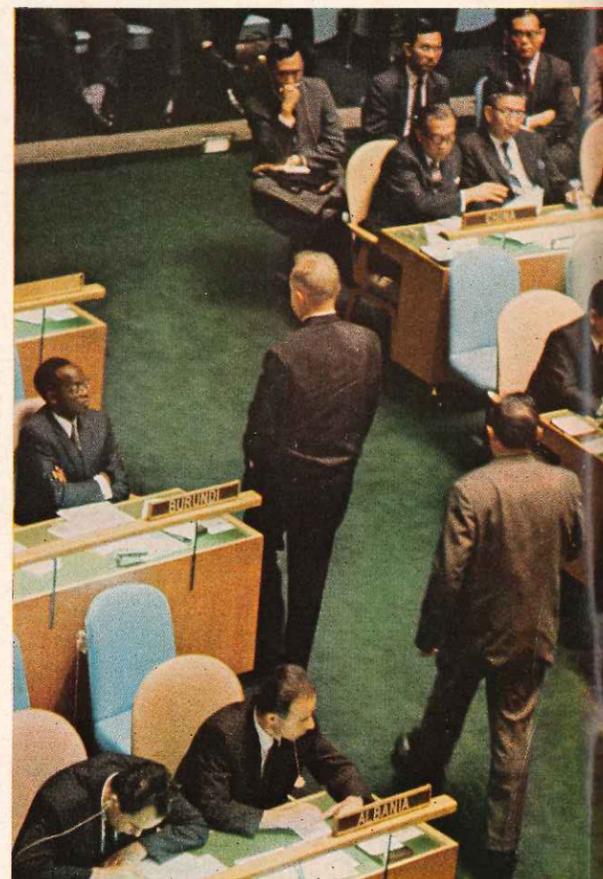




Sitting in: Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko chats with a dour-faced Kosygin at U.N. session



Stepping out: Kosygin and his daughter sight-seeing in the canyons of Wall Street



Stalking off: Kosygin and Gromyko leave U.N. floor near end of Abba Eban's speech

might be a revival of the arms race, in the Mideast and among small nations everywhere, if the U.N. showed itself incapable of turning back aggression. Might he be willing to discuss a limitation on arms shipments from outside?

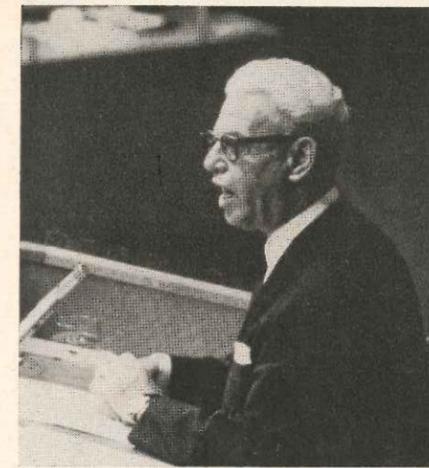
Israel's Abba Eban followed Kosygin with another star performance of brilliant rhetoric, scoring points off his Arab-Soviet opponents with pinpoint accuracy. Had Israel fired the first shot? That question, he said, was "momentously irrelevant. There is no difference in civil law between murdering a man by slow strangulation or killing him by a shot in the head. From the moment at which the blockade was posed, active hostilities had commenced and Israel owed Egypt nothing of her Charter rights."

Eban rebuked U Thant for pulling out the U.N. forces so quickly, stinging the Secretary-General to an icy rebuttal. Thant noted that it made little difference whether the U.N. remained or left because by the time Nasser requested its departure, Egyptian forces had already taken up positions on the frontier. Finally, Eban made it clear that all Israel wanted now was freedom from outside involvement, by the U.N. or anyone else, in the peace settlement. "A call to the recent combatants to negotiate the conditions of their future coexistence is the only constructive course which this Assembly could take . . . We ask the United Nations, which was prevented from offering us security in our recent peril, to respect our independent quest for peace and security."

**Ditto:** But not even the U.S. was very sanguine about letting the Israelis and Arabs go it alone at the conference table. Next day, Arthur Goldberg took his turn at the rostrum, elaborating on President Johnson's speech with a well-chosen series of verbal ditto marks and introducing a resolution calling for "negotiated arrangements, with appropriate third-party assistance," based on the points the President had laid down.

Britain's outspoken Foreign Secretary George Brown was even more emphatic about helping the peace talks along. "The Secretary-General," he urged, "should nominate a representative, whose standing should be unchallenged, to go at once to the area" there to help supervise the cease-fire "and the subsequent keeping of the peace on the frontiers." And Brown, who slips into forthright stands as readily as other diplomats slip out of them, made it absolutely plain that he felt the Arab-Israeli frontiers should continue to be those in effect before the war began. "I see no two ways about this, and I state this very clearly. In my view, war should not lead to territorial aggrandizement." And that applied to the Old City of Jerusalem in particular: if it should be annexed, Brown warned solemnly, the Israelis "will be taking a step which will isolate them from world opinion."

In London, the British Cabinet and Parliament alike were taken a bit aback



Goldberg: Five pointers to peace

by Brown's adamant stand on the borders—the Foreign Office has always harbored strong sympathies for the Arabs and all of Whitehall is worried about the economic damage they could wreak by cutting off oil shipments or pulling their sterling out of London. In the Commons, Prime Minister Harold Wilson did some embarrassed backtracking. Israel's boundaries, as he rephrased the point, could be effectively settled only by negotiation, and not by unilateral action on Israel's part.

As the British Government thus edged away from the verbal support it had given Israel in time of blockade and battle, the French virtually leapt off the fence of "deliberate objectivity" on which they had perched since the crisis began. "France condemns the opening of hostilities by Israel," boomed Charles de Gaulle in a statement to his Cabinet, the first time he had taken a position on who began the fighting. "Today France accepts as final none of the territorial changes effected through military action." Cynics wondered whether the French, in coming out so clearly for the Arabs, might not have their eyes on the rich Mideastern oil concessions, long almost the sole preserve of American and British companies.

Then, too—to the amazement of coun-



U Thant: Stung to rebuttal

trymen and Cabinet alike—the French President drew an extraordinary conclusion about the entire Mideastern crisis: it had been caused by "the war [that] was started in Vietnam through American intervention." "One conflict contributes to the creation of another," de Gaulle decreed grandly. Vietnam had started "the political and psychological process that has led to the struggle in the Middle East."

What in the world did the old man mean? Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville gave some clues when he addressed the U.N. the following day. "The world context is vital," he said. "So long as the war continues in Vietnam, peaceful prospects will not appear in the Middle East." The idea seemed to be that peace could be forged between Arab and Jew only if there is a genuine détente between the superpowers, and this is simply improbable while the Vietnamese war continues.

**Pique:** From the first, de Gaulle has urged that the Mideast crisis be settled by a conference of the Big Four. Couve had only scorn for the Israeli notion that the Middle Eastern countries could work out peace by themselves. "How can it be expected that these Arab countries," he asked, "which for twenty years have refused to negotiate with Israel . . . will be any more ready to negotiate today than they were yesterday? Probably never has any dialogue been harder to imagine." The initiative, Couve stressed, must be taken by joint action of the great powers which are permanent members of the Security Council. Presumably, Kosygin told de Gaulle during his Paris stop-over that this was impossible for the Russians, and de Gaulle, piqued at having his plan shelved, was now trying to shift the blame to the Americans. It was also suggested that de Gaulle was trying to fan the flames of Soviet-U.S. hostility, and thereby to prevent the Johnson-Kosygin summit meeting.

But the week ended with Mr. Johnson and Premier Kosygin very much together in Glassboro and de Gaulle's pronouncement largely lost in the headlines this produced. For the moment, however, it seemed doubtful that any settlement of the Middle East question was in the immediate offing, the summit meeting notwithstanding. U.N. head counts indicated that neither the Russian nor the American resolution had the two-thirds majority needed to carry, though the Russians might well put across that part of their draft that demands an immediate Israeli withdrawal. Many small countries are anxious about their own territorial integrity and, U.S. officials believe, have been turned against Israel by the sad spectacle of Arabs fleeing or being forced from their homelands. The debate, most observers thought, would linger on for at least another week, and some compromise resolution would eventually pass. And then, of course, the whole problem will revert to an uncertain fate at the hands of the Security Council.



Bloodied demonstrator: While the President spoke, the cops clubbed

## In Grandfather Country

All week long, the new grandfather obviously hankered for his first glimpse of the infant Texan. First, the Glassboro summit session intervened and then there was a long-standing commitment to speak at a \$500-a-plate Democratic fund-raising dinner in Los Angeles. But it was clear from Lyndon Johnson's words that his first grandchild was never far from his thoughts. When at last he arrived at the Century Plaza Hotel to give his first report on the "spirit of Hollybush," he told the gathering that he and Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin had met as two grandfathers with a common interest: "We wanted a world of peace for our grandchildren."

Even as the President spoke of a hopeful future for his children's children, there seemed to be scant trace of the spirit of Hollybush outside the ornate building. Ten thousand anti-Vietnam peace marchers had converged on the spot in violation of a parade permit barring them from stopping near the hotel. Fearful of a mass demonstration, the Los Angeles police force had massed itself 1,300 strong around the Century Plaza—in greater numbers, in fact, than had been on hand for the Watts riots. Then the jittery cops charged the demonstrators with their billies.

**'Get a Doctor':** Blood flowed from cracked skulls. One man shouted, "Please somebody get a doctor." Several yelled, "They're killing women and children." They weren't—but they were routing peaceful demonstrators with a show of force unusual even by Los Angeles Police Department standards. In the end, there were 51 arrests, and scores were injured.

The President missed it all. He left the hotel, as he entered, by a back door,

was whisked by helicopter to the airport, then by plane to Texas—and Patrick Lyndon Nugent country.

The baby had showed its first inclination to be born—as babies so often do—in the dark of night. At 1 a.m. early in the week, Patrick Nugent had driven his 19-year-old wife in their green Pontiac LeMans convertible from their new Mediterranean-style house to the emergency entrance at Austin's Seton Hospital. Luci was taken directly to the four-room suite that had been reserved for the event (one room for the mother, one for the baby, two for the Secret Service—all furnished in the ordinary hospital style). She went into labor almost immediately and was helped through her pain by a standard anesthetic.

All the while, Lady Bird Johnson was on hand, nervously passing the time by reading Thomas Wolfe's "Of Time and the River" and taking notes in her shorthand notebook. Pat was in and out of

Luci's room, until the doctors barred him. Less than six hours after Luci arrived, the baby arrived—at 6:59 a.m.

Grandma Johnson sped swiftly to the telephone: "I called Lyndon . . . the President . . . then Patrick's mother . . . then Lynda," she said later. "I called the President . . . before I knew what the baby weighed, but when I knew Luci was fine and the baby was fine. He laughed in a happy way and said something about grandma . . ."

**Baby Gift:** The President wired his daughter: "Luci, you handled this superbly, as you do all things." His own baby gift was "our best Hereford heifer" for the sprawling ranch adjoining the LBJ spread which he had already promised the couple. (He has another spread on the other side of the family spread waiting for Lynda when she marries.)

Later the President phoned Luci, and they had "a happy, joking kind of talk," according to Mrs. Johnson. And the ebullient new grandfather did not hesitate to invoke his grandson's name at a White House luncheon in a toast to the King of Denmark, the Queen of England and the President of Italy. "The pace of change in our time is almost too swift for men to comprehend," the President remarked to his guests. "Two days ago, I was a parent—only a parent. Yesterday, my role changed drastically. I became a grandfather. I did not seek that high office, but now that I have been chosen, the path of duty is clear—and I shall serve."

Only shortly after the baby had arrived, Lady Bird Johnson and Patrick Nugent got their first look at him. "It looks like Patrick because its hair is sandy," the new grandmother declared. Then they saw Luci. Said Lady Bird: "She sort of turned her head on the pillow and smiled and said, 'hi, mother.'"

Some 45 minutes after the birth, the new father made the announcement to the press. He was unshaven, elated, and his hands trembled so he could hardly unwrap the cigars and chocolates provided for the occasion. "First of all, Luci is fine and the baby is fine," he said. "We had an 8-pound 10-ounce boy." And then he grinned widely and observed

exultantly: "It's an elephant, isn't it?"

Since Patrick Lyndon Nugent cannot have the LBJ initials, the Nugents accorded the President the next-best honor: they will call him "Lyn." And on Saturday afternoon, after the President had slept off the effects of the previous 25-and-a-half-hour day (he rose at 4:30 a.m. to prepare for the meeting with Kosygin and went to bed at the ranch at 6 the next morning) he finally met his grandson at the hospital. With a handshake for Pat, a kiss for Luci, and the traditional family gift—a \$100 savings bond—for the baby, the President paid a half-hour visit, and mused as he left: "Patrick Lyndon doesn't seem to be nearly as concerned with the problems of the world as I am." Then, beaming with grandfatherly pride, he flew back East for another session of summitry.

## CONGRESS: Censure

The long, painful debate was nearing its end, and Tom Dodd spoke in a quaking voice. "I hope it never happens to any one of you, what has happened to me," he said in the seventh weary day of his trial. Then he asked consent to leave the Senate chamber, because a test vote was at hand. "My presence here may embarrass my colleagues," he explained. A few minutes later, in the aftermath of the vote not to dilute the charge against him, it was overwhelmingly clear that Thomas J. Dodd, Democratic senior senator from Connecticut, would shortly be censured for bringing "dishonor and disrepute" upon the Senate. Still, by that time, what was going to happen to the accused man had in the deepest sense already happened, and the results were pathetically visible on the Senate floor every time Tom Dodd moved or spoke or sighed a hoarse despairing sigh. He had the haggard, anguished look of a man wrung out by wretched calamity.

"How many times do you want to hang me?" Dodd shouted at one point, his face vividly flushed. "Be done with it! Do away with me! In the twilight of my life! And that will be the end of me!"

Then his posture suddenly sagged, his imploring voice sank low: "Give me a night's rest either in sorrow or relief." But the trial went on.

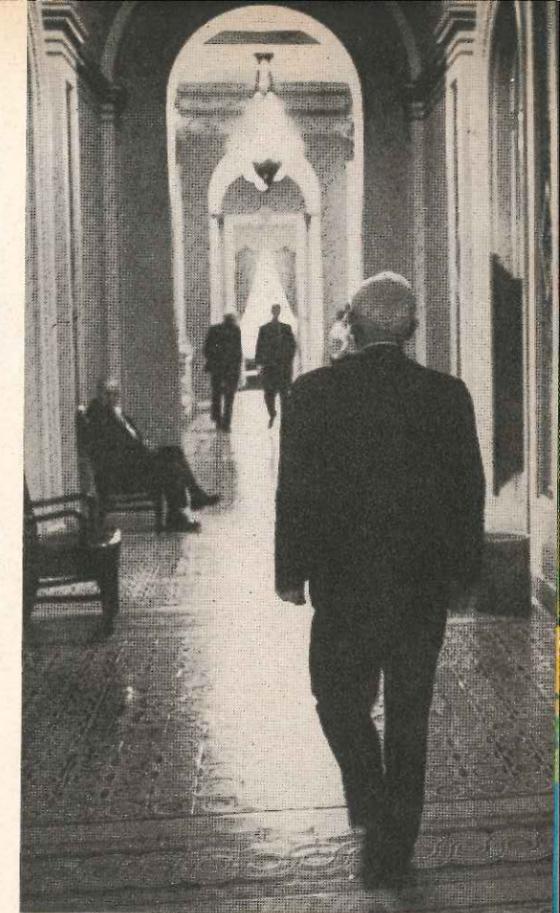
**Granitic Righteousness:** Before his trouble began eighteen months ago, Tom Dodd had always seemed so much a paragon. From the meticulous coil of his silvery hair to the glistening shine of his shoes to the gold chain fastened to his lapel, Dodd exuded the smartly creased aura of Senatorial gentility. His frosty dignity veered toward haughtiness, but his ramrod bearing and his sculpted jaw that he liked to brandish in profile seemed corroboration enough of the pious certitude that rang forth so often in his rhetoric. In palmier times, Dodd had seemed a man indomitable in the fortress of his own granitic righteousness.

Now, at 60, with his wife Grace and four grown children watching from the gallery, Tom Dodd pleaded with his colleagues as though, without their approval, he would plummet into oblivion. Dodd's was the flailing, frustrated demeanor of a child who has elected to chastise his chastisers with shrill beseechings and perverse deprecations. "I ask you in all fairness that if you want to make me a thief, do it today," Dodd said in a choking voice. "Do it before the sun goes down and let me steal away ashamed to face you tomorrow." At the same time, he was begging the Senate to vote first on the second charge against him—that he double-billed the government and private organizations for six airline trips (NEWSWEEK, June 26).

At times Dodd's face flamed red as fury, and his arms waved wildly, indignantly. "Have I used the testimonials to enrich myself or to live lavishly?" he shouted. But no one, not even Dodd himself, disputed the facts of the first charge against him—that he diverted to his private use \$116,083 from seven testimonial dinners. Instead of punishing him, Dodd argued, the Senate should establish a code of conduct: "It is this that the people want, I am certain, rather than the punishment of a single senator. I don't think the public wants my head."

**Sentimental Counterpoint:** His self-appointed defender, Majority Whip Russell Long of Louisiana, emphatically agreed, and right to the end provided the sentimental counterpoint to Dodd's emotional pleadings. In his husky drawl, Long reminded his colleagues what had happened to Joe McCarthy after he had been censured in 1954. "It destroyed him," Long said. "He did not live for long after that." The Louisianian also taunted the Senate with a Biblical rebuke. "We're not all perfect," he said. "I'm not one of those without sin. Let those who are without sin cast the first stone."

For all his public compassion, it was Long who prolonged Dodd's public ordeal. Most of the second week of the trial was spent in incessant haggling over defense moves to forestall the inevitable. Yet, when Long finally pressed for the first key test vote—on a resolution that



Dodd: The end brought relief

would have "admonished" Dodd to avoid future misconduct—only Dodd's Connecticut colleague, Abraham Ribicoff, voted against him. Ribicoff said he was voting for Dodd out of sympathy. "I am filled with compassion for Tom Dodd and his family," Ribicoff said. "I have searched my conscience and my heart, and cannot find it there to do them special hurt by voting for the censure of my colleague."

**'On Trial':** There seemed, in the end, no shortage of compassion and pity for Tom Dodd. Minority Leader Everett Dirksen joined many others in expressing as much. Yet it was Dirksen who reminded his colleagues: "Don't forget that the Senate as an institution is on trial."

Such, finally, was the consensus in the Senate chamber. And the members emphatically turned down every defense move to deflect the body from its determined task of vindicating itself. Yet, such was the strain in the final days of debate, that once when Dodd sympathizer Strom Thurmond of South Carolina got up to make still another speech there was an outcry of "No . . . no" from both the floor and reporters in the gallery. The press earned a stinging rebuke from Ohio's Frank Lausche. "They can go to hell," Lausche said on the floor.

When at last there could be no more delay, the Senate voted 92 to 5 to censure Dodd on the first charge, the misuse of testimonial funds. Then, by a vote of 51-45, it exonerated him of the double-billing offense. Dodd once again left the chamber for the voting, returning imme-



Lady Bird: 'He said grandma'



'That's the prettiest thing I ever saw'



Nugent: 'It's an elephant'