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## Chapter 4

Jude was enjoying his new lifestyle. Although he didn't think of himself as being pretentious, he liked to impress people who had known him in what he sometimes called his "white sock" days in college and before. Supposedly, his brokerage concern had connections to a large British investment firm. Allegedly he monitored the market and noted promising developments before they became public knowledge. And, surprisingly enough, tips did come his way - cryptic phone messages and unsigned mail. The latter generally delivered by courier. These tips he dutifully relayed to the London office and what happened to them thereafter he neither knew nor cared. He never was particularly interested in corporate espionage. He did purchase notable shares of 144 stocks in various companies. This would give him a noticeable paper trail...useful to demonstrate a flow of income, and in keeping clean with the Security & Exchange Commission. For outward appearance, all he had to do was manage the New York office and collect gigantic commissions.

His image was footloose and fancy-free. Everything seemed to be going well with nobody visibly looking over his shoulder. His decisions were his alone, and he had a large bank account

with which to play.

He was relaxing at his desk, reading the Wall Street Journal, which he was coming to find more interesting than he'd expected, when his secretary buzzed to inform him he had a personal call. She said, "The caller wouldn't identify himself. He just said it was personal."

Running through a mental list of possibilities, Jude picked up the phone. "This is Jude Thaddeus."

"Hello, Mr. Thaddeus," responded a voice he thought he recognized as Chandler, Rockefeller's button-down bagman. "I suppose you've been expecting to hear from me?"

"Maybe," said Jude cautiously. "Tell me why I should be expecting a call."

"Not on a phone line, we'll talk in private. I'll be at the Mayflower in Washington tomorrow night. I trust you will be able make a trip down. We'll visit then. You'll find a room reserved in your name. Expect to stay three days. As soon as you've checked in, come to room one two four. Travel light. There's no need to commit any of our projects to writing. Any questions?"

Jude was about to ask some questions, but calmly said, "I'll be there tomorrow night." Jude then heard a click as the phone went dead.

Jude decided to ride the Amtrak high-speed rails to Washington. He liked the first-class cabin and feeling of travel, riding in a train. From the window he could see the country at work, congested cities, and the farmland in-between. All the way to Washington he was nervous, checking his watch every few minutes. He was afraid that the Governor had done an audit of all the money Jude had spent on his firm, which, after all was only a front, with only a vague connection to the project. In his mind he reviewed all the arguments of why a

carved rosewood desk and a dozen Early American antique matching chairs were a basic necessity of a creditable brokerage office along with artwork, and highly paid personnel. But it does take money to 'make friends and influence people.'

As he entered the hotel lobby, he noticed how crowded it was. He had been here before, but this time it was during the election season. As soon as he mentioned his name he was whisked to his room with the head bellman. It was a large, expensive suite. He felt he was still in good standing. Jude tipped the bellman a \$20, looked around for a few moments, and then went directly to room 124. Jude knocked on the door twice, softly.

The door opened quickly. Chandler stood in the doorway, a big smile on his face. He was dressed casually in his long sleeved white shirt, opened at the top, with the sleeves rolled up halfway. He had a drink in one hand and extended the other to shake hands with Jude.

"Jude, it's good to see you again," Chandler said in a somewhat loud voice, another indication of his having had a few drinks already. "Come in. I've wanted to talk to you for some time. How was your trip?"

Jude walked in rather anxiously, and said, "The train ride was quite enjoyable." In his heart, he was concerned about this meeting.

"Good. Would you like a drink, to settle you down?" Chandler asked.

"I'll have what you're drinking," Jude said quickly.

"Scotch it is," Chandler said as he walked to the bar. "I'll freshen mine while I am here." They both sat at the bar. Setting down the glasses, Chandler came directly to business. "Jude, it's time for a progress report. There'll be nothing in writing - not now, not ever. We'll just keep it verbal, it's

safer that way. The Governor has charged me to look after his interests and this plan. Now...can you tell me what you have accomplished, beyond some lavish interior decorating and interesting business relationships?"

Jude began one of his prepared defenses of the rosewood desk, but to his surprise and relief, Chandler waved him to silence, remarking, "That's of no interest to us. I meant that only as a pleasantry. The Governor has authorized you with Zebra rating and number - virtually unlimited credit, and access to a world of connections." He paused for a moment and then continued. "There's no question of itemizing every piddling expense. We have complete trust in you. I assumed you understood that."

"I appreciate the governor's confidence," Jude said, and took a healthy gulp of his drink.

"The governor's opinion is that you couldn't steal enough to make you happy. Your profile strongly indicates that you're a task-oriented person. We believe you are quite intent in achieving this goal. That's what makes you tick. I am merely here to find what's been accomplished so far, and if we can help in any way."

"Well, we're on schedule," Jude said confidently. "I have the most viable of the presidential candidates lined up. I have a trunk line directly into his innermost circle. I mean close...right to his thoughts and actions. More importantly, I've initiated the process of a Constitutional amendment necessary to accomplish our objective. This amendment has the full and active support of the incumbent President. And he is pushing it hard."

"Who is your candidate?" Chandler asked as he picked up his drink.

"The former Vice President of the United States, Richard

Nixon," Jude said, the boast in his voice was implicit.

Chandler looked startled, and Jude smiled a little to himself. Chandler then took a gulp of his drink, and exclaimed, "My God, why did you choose him? He couldn't get elected when he ran the last time, and that's with Eisenhower's endorsement. Then he made a fool of himself when he ran for governor, and couldn't even get elected in his home state."

"True enough," agreed Jude quite comfortably. "But that presidential election was the closest in history. Many of those who voted for him that time will vote for him again. And this time he won't be running against Jack Kennedy. But what's more important is that, to get elected, he'll need us. I have chosen him because we can control him. He will want to get elected, but the only way he can is with our help. We can dictate terms - in particular, which people will be on his staff. And I'll manipulate that staff to do what we want done. So he's our man. As I have mentioned earlier, I have someone in place very close to him. The rest will come, in time." He looked to Chandler, who only nodded for him to continue, his expression neutral.

Jude went on. "The key to the plan is the Constitutional amendment. As I said, Johnson has taken it as a personal objective. He's lining up support for this amendment on a bipartisan basis, treating it as a popular measure to reestablish his influence with Congress. And that's been strained lately."

"The war or the Great Society?" asked Chandler with a sneer.

"Probably both, and more," Jude said. Then added, "I do expect the amendment to be formally proposed before the end of the year without much hoopla or opposition."

Chandler was silent for a moment, looking off toward a wall as if formulating what he'd be reporting to Rockefeller. At

length he said, "What's the next move?"

"To divide the Democratic Party after the next presidential election. Nobody can beat Johnson this election. He will use the martyred Kennedy for all it's worth. We will use the time to our advantage."

Jude paused for a moment. "You realize it's going to take a decent amount of time to run the amendment through the necessary state legislators before it can be enacted into law. I mean two-thirds of the states, 34 in all, must approve the amendment. The trick is to keep it moving, but under the political radarscope. It can't be done over a weekend, but I am confident we will get it through in the prescribed time."

Jude took another sip of his drink, then said, "In the meantime, Johnson will finish out this term and be re-elected. He'll have for his running mate who he believes to be an unbeatable vice president to step into the office when he retires. While we're waiting for the amendment to pass, I'll start the necessary moves to produce a third party formed from a branch of the Democratic Party in the south, thus ensuring the Republican carrying the north. The end result will be our candidate elected president."

"Nixon," commented Chandler.

"Nixon it is," agreed Jude.

"Interesting," remarked Chandler neutrally, but didn't put forward any further objections to Nixon. "We have certain contacts among the southern Democrats, as you no doubt know. I can arrange their service."

"We need powerful, amenable people with well-placed influence," replied Jude coolly. "And we need Nixon's running mate. And this running mate must be a politician we can control, someone when we say step aside, he will step aside smartly."

"We have a stable full of such candidates that would fit

the bill." Chandler said thoughtfully. He then continued as if thinking aloud saying shrewdly, "Standard Oil has a lot of refineries and other interests in Maryland. Oh Yes, I have a very good candidate in mind... And we've done business with him already."

"Now Jude, it's very important that any contact we have should be indirect. The governor wants no direct involvement. If you need me for anything, call your Zebra number, give the month and day of your call, and specify Code C. I'll be in touch within hours."

The Zebra system was proving invaluable...for more than just money. Jude had only needed to specify Nixon should be offered a job with world travel in some appropriate organization. Within a week, Nixon had been made Public Relations Manager with Pepsi Cola. Zebra had also given him access to William Tallsand.

He was now confident enough to ask,

"Why three days?"

Chandler blinked, then made the connection. "Very simple, really. I'll be leaving early tomorrow morning. I prefer not to have our stays here visibly coincide. I'd suggest you spend some time sightseeing. Enjoy the city. Get a feel for the layout. Visit some investors; meet some colleagues. You may want to backslap a few politicians for practice. It could be a useful pretext, later."

"Very good suggestions. I'll make use of the time." He then looked at Chandler. "Is there anything you would like to know, or that I should know?"

"No, Jude. This meeting is complete." Then with a little laughter in his voice, he added, "Just make us proud, boy."

Jude smiled. He was beginning to like Chandler.

## Chapter 5

Jude's prediction proved accurate. Lyndon Johnson ran for a term of his own and carried with him the most powerful Democratic Senator, Hubert Humphrey, as Vice President. Humphrey, the happy warrior, was a favored potential presidential candidate in his own right. Politicians on both sides of the political aisle and the American people seemed to like Humphrey. If LBJ chose not to run in the subsequent election, Humphrey certainly could control the party and win the nomination. It was time for Jude to put his "southern strategy" into motion.

Jude and John Chandler were traveling on one of the Governor's private jets for a meeting with the newly elected Governor of Arkansas. For the first time in ninety-four years a republican would be the occupant of the Governor's mansion in Little Rock. To many in the south the new Governor might be considered a 'carpetbagger.' He was born and raised in New York, a member of wealthy northern family. A Yale man and his brother was also a Governor.

The newly elected Governor of Arkansas was Winthrop Rockefeller the younger brother of Nelson. As a conservative southern leader he was considered the most powerful politician south of the Mason-Dixon Line. It was going to be a tough sale to get this new leader of the fledging Republican Party to carry out such an audacious move. To convince the Governor of Alabama, George Wallace, to betray his political base, the Democratic Party. And then convince Wallace to run for the Presidency, as an independent candidate. If anyone could do it, Winthrop

Rockefeller could. He was a nonconformist and rebellious by nature, tough and smooth.

Jude knew the family bonds of the Rockefellers were close, but Winthrop, was his own man. He was the tallest member of the Rockefeller family, towering six feet three inches with a husky two hundred pound frame. In his youth he dropped out of college and joined the Army even before the United States entered the Second World War.

"How soon do we land?" Jude asked staring out the small window.

"We should be landing in a few minutes." John paused for a minute. Then he added as if thinking out loud. "We'll be landing at our new Mena Airport. We just spent a ton of money putting in concrete runways and instrument landing systems."

"You built a airport just for the convenience of Winthrop?" Jude asked.

"We don't spend that kind of money for convenience Jude. The Mena airport project is a sound financial investment and we have plans for it." Chandler said as he started to stare out the window. Then added softly, "Although it was chosen because it is close to Petit Jean Mountain. That's where Winthrop bought thousands of acres of good grassing land and built 'Winrock Farms'. He takes pride putting the "WR" brand on some of the best cattle in the world, his famous pure-bred Santa Gertrudis."

John Chandler turned slowly glancing over toward Jude asking slowly "So tell me Jude, how are things going so far," As if he wanted to change the subject.

"Well, to tell you the truth, we're at a very precarious spot. What we do next is a very important move. This meeting is critical for our plan to run smoothly. It's like moving the queen for the first time on the chessboard. The rest of the

strategy and movements will be determined by what we can accomplish here." Jude said thoughtfully.

"Jude you surprise me. I was under the impression you had a guaranteed plan. Every move laid out well in advance, every detail weighed, measured and dissected." Chandler paused for a moment, he then took on a serious tone adding, looking directly at Jude for a response. "You're spending a lot of money. If you have any doubts, now's the time to let me know?"

"Let me tell you John. I don't have any doubts. I have the entire sequence of events laid out perfectly in my mind. You know I can't put anything in writing so I keep it all in my head. Just like in chess, every conceivable move is considered and countered with three alternatives for each. No one else knows how these isolated moves and events will lead. I know the final objective, or as I prefer to call it, check mate. No one can know what I'm doing and how I'm doing it. But I'll fill you in on a few points. On this trip we're going to be making a big move; it'll be a powerful and delicate maneuver so it must be well executed.

Jude paused for a moment then added, "If I looked concerned I am. Look what I have to accomplish here. I have to bribe one of the wealthiest men in the world and now the most influential republican in the south to do something against his nature. Which is to convince the most powerful politician in the South to leave the Democratic political machine forming a new independent Party to run for White House? These are powerful men, there're not going to go do something of this magnitude on a suggestion. But they must be convinced to do it. The entire strategy is to get Nixon elected, and he can't get elected in a two man race of him and Humphrey. So we are here to find us a third candidate to pull votes from the Democrats. If we can pull this maneuver off, I am confident the rest of the plan will be

just moving players around the chessboard. And that's what I am good at."

"Very interesting Jude." Chandler said as he sipped his coffee. "You know, I've worked for the Rockefeller family for a long time. I'm a very loyal and trusted member of the inter-circle. I've been involved in a lot of deals throughout the years. I've made a lot of money using my talents and skills. Met all kinds of charlatan schemers and hustlers, and a couple of good solid business people. But you're the first one I've ever met that's making his mark in life as an anonymous chess player."

"Well, I haven't made my mark as yet. So to set the game in motion I'll need the help of Winthrop Rockefeller. Can you fill me in a little more about this black sheep of the family? Any hints that might help in dealing with him." Jude asked warmly like a freshman in college seeking advice from his guidance Counselor.

"Hmmm," Chandler said while thinking of what to say. "Winthrop Rockefeller, Nelson calls him big Rock from Little Rock. He's a real gregarious character, out-going, fun loving type, likes people, and gets along with almost everyone. He's a real personable guy and knows what he wants. In public he's very shy and clumsy, a terrible stump campaigner. He doesn't travel with an entourage; usually he has only one or two people around him. But he is independent in every sense of the word. As a young kid, he dropped out of Yale and worked in the oil fields as a roustabout. He drinks a lot even though Arkansas is a dry state. He once told me the bootleggers keep the state dry. They get their customers to go out and vote against changing the liquor laws. He smokes three packs of cigarettes a day. With all that smoking his teeth are in very poor shape, in fact they are yellow. Not like the signature smile of Nelson."

Chandler took a cigarette out of the pack on the table. After lighting it up, he stared at the smoke he was exhaling. "You know he was quite a war hero, Purple Heart Bronze Star with clusters. He joined the army as a private and worked his way up through the ranks. At the end of the Second World War he was a full colonel. After the War he went back to New York, tried for a while, but just didn't fit in. He had a close friend he met in the Army by the name of Frank Newell. Frank was from Arkansas always boasting about how beautiful it was. One day Winthrop went down to visit him. Fell in love with Arkansas. Bought a big ranch and moved in. Made his home there. Some locals call him a hillbilly billionaire. Although he is mild mannered, he's a real determined fighter. He got elected governor, with only eleven percent of the voters considered republican. He's respected and well liked. When Martin Luther King was assassinated, he stood on the Capitol steps arm in arm with mourners singing. "We Shall Overcome" He wants the south to change, and he's doing whatever he can to bring that about."

"I trust he gets along well with Nelson," Jude asked.

Chandler thought for a moment. Then replied, "Winthrop didn't fit in the mold of the New York City Rockefellers. Even as a child he seemed always to be the odd man out. But he always respected the family and Nelson in peculiar. I believe he'll do whatever is reasonable for the family and Nelson. Bear in mind Jude, that the Rockefellers through the Foundation and other means have pumped a lot of money into the economy of Arkansas, not counting all the money we spent on his last election. It cost plenty. So I believe we'll have the attention of the newly elected Governor."

Chandler took a deep draw on his cigarette, and then added "Jude I'm sure you will be able to get Winthrop on board, but it

will cost you plenty. He is a Rockefeller. Anything he does requires a compensation package, usually quite expensive."

The engines of the Gulf Stream II whined as the luxury jet touched down then rolled to a smooth stop at the far end of the runway. As the door opened the two passengers slowly stepped down a short stair well. Standing alone off to the side of the private hanger was a tall man dressed casually in a beige slacks and western style jacket wearing cowboy boots and a big Stetson ten-gallon hat. Jude could tell in an instant it was Winthrop Rockefeller. He looked as he had been described waving his hand in a welcoming motion, a broad smile highlighting his tarnished yellow teeth.

"Over here John", Winthrop was yelling, making sure he was noticed as if he were the head of a delegation.

The exchange of warm greetings between John Chandler and Winthrop seemed to lighten the atmosphere. Jude was pleased with his introduction to the Governor of Arkansas. Winthrop extended his large hand, and peering into Jude's eyes said loudly, "Welcome to God's country, young feller. I know you're going to enjoy your visit here."

"Thank you Governor It's a distinct pleasure to meet you Sir. And I appreciate you taking the time from your busy schedule to see us." Jude said showing deference toward his host.

"Thank you Jude. I may be a Governor, but when John Chandler says he's coming down for a talk, well, I make time to see him." Winthrop said with a fresh smile. "I even had my new vehicle all set up for a private ride to the ranch.

"What's that Governor?" Chandler asked as they walked toward the odd looking motor vehicle.

"Oh you mean my 'Texas Cadillac'. That's my new Chevy Suburban over there." Winthrop pointed to a sparkling shinny

large size black four door sport utility vehicle. It was an impressive looking automobile, dark tinted windows, large off road tires with chrome rims. Even the suspension system set the vehicle apart. The hood ornament was a sterling silver sculptured bull. At a glance one could tell it was a custom built vehicle.

Winthrop jumped into the driver's seat grabbing the wheel with both hands as he made himself comfortable. "I just picked up my new toy last week. I thought it would fun to use it and drive up to the ranch, just the three of us. That way we can talk in private without being interrupted. And I know John Chandler well enough to know that most of his talking is very private."

"We do have some interesting subjects to discuss with you Governor. And a ride through the country is just fine with me." Chandler said as they pulled out of the parking lot.

"I couldn't ask for better accommodations, this is some truck. Was this car made just for you Governor?" Jude asked.

"Yes it was Jude. It has a four hundred fifty-horse power engine. The windows are bullet proof and the body is skinned over armor plating. The tires can do sixty miles an hour completely deflated. It's designed to float if we end up in a river or lake. It has lot extras. Not counting the eight track stereo system, the four captain's chairs. And most important my custom built-in bars. I prefer the one up here next to me. But there's a bar in the back seat for your pleasure Jude." Winthrop said as he had one hand on the wheel and with the other pulled out the cigarette lighter from the dashboard. As he was lighting his latest cigarette he yelled out, "In those bars, there's beer or whatever you want to drink. John, would you get me a 'Rolling Rock'. That's the little green bottle of beer."

Chandler lifted the top of the console made into a front bar between the front seats, taking out a bottle of green beer, opened it, and handed it to Winthrop.

Jude sitting in the back rummaged through the rear bar looking for something to drink. He thought for a moment. Saying to himself, while in Rome, do as the Romans do. So he opened a beer and took a small sip. Then he said cautiously. "I'm glad this vehicle is secure. Because what we'll be talking about is very important and must be kept completely secret."

Winthrop seemed a little taken back. He turned over at Chandler saying "I'm surprised, John, you usually do the talking."

"Jude is working directly for Nelson. But he reports directly to me Governor. This project is very important to your brother." Chandler paused for a moment letting the message sink in. "I'm assisting wherever I can. Jude's been given the authority to make sure this project works. So I'll let him do his own talking."

"Well Jude, we've got about an hour's drive before we get to Petit Jean Mountain. So why don't you tell me all about what my dear brother wants?" Winthrop paused for a moment then added, "For someone who has everything, he sometimes comes up with the damndest requests. I should have known he wanted something for the help he has given us down here. So tell me young man what does the powerful Governor of New York want from me. He's never been shy about asking for anything himself. So why did he chose you to do the asking?"

Jude cleared his throat and speaking clearly said, "To be quite frank with you Governor, he is asking you to intercede on a very sensitive and discrete mission. He wants you to convince Alabama's Governor George Wallace to run in the next Presidential campaign as a third party candidate."

"When I said the damndest requests, that was like saying the great Mississippi is a little stream." Winthrop was clearly shocked. He understood that if Nelson Rockefeller wanted this to happen, it probably would.

"How in the hell am I, as a newly elected governor, a Republican to boot, going to convince the strongest politician in the South to desert his party and go out tilting at windmills?" Winthrop started to shake his head, as he grew more upset. As he continued, his voice rose to a higher level. "George Wallace is the embodiment of the Democratic Party. And that Party rules the South with every political job and office holder from the Governor's Mansion to local dogcatcher. George Wallace is more than a governor, he is the pinnacle of powering the South."

"I agree with you, Governor. George Wallace is the most powerful politician in the South. He's already used his high office to run for president. In '64 he did quite well in the Democratic primaries in Wisconsin and Indiana where he got over thirty percent of the votes and almost forty-five percent in Maryland. He would have done a lot better if LBJ hadn't put the screws to him," Jude said in a confident voice.

"You said it Jude. He ran in the Democratic primaries. That's where his power is. I can't see him walking away from his party," Rockefeller said scornfully.

"I've studied George Wallace. I know what makes him tick." Jude responded quickly. "He's a fighter. In his younger days he was a Golden Gloves Boxing Champ. And in the political ring he's a fighter as well. Remember he stood alone in the doorway at the University of Alabama facing down the power of the United States Government. He likes the image of the little guy fighting against big government. He is well aware that it was his own northern controlled Democratic party that screwed him in '64."

Jude paused as if getting his second wind. "You're right about one thing Governor. Wallace is no Don Quixote from La Mancha. He won't go out and do battle with a windmill. But he will fight for his own beliefs and his own best interest. And if he believes he can muster real financial and political support, I'm sure Governor George Wallace will play the role as the little guy taking on the power of black robes of the liberal courts and what he calls the duplicate interests of both the Democratic and Republican Parties."

Winthrop took a large swig of his beer as he kept one hand on the wheel and both eyes on the road ahead. He cocked his head and in a loud voice said, "Now who am I suppose to be, Sancho the servant trying to convince Don Quixote, or Wallace to ditch his Party with all its power and influence and run for Presidency as an independent. Come to think of it, battling with windmills makes more sense."

Jude was ready with a quick response. "Governor you're in the mists of changing the south. You're the first Republican Governor to be elected in the Deep South since the civil war. It wasn't a fluke. You're the harbinger of things to come. But look at how much it cost, even the Rockefellers can't afford to buy all the states. We need a different strategy for the other states. We both know down here many people are still fighting the civil war. There's no way they will ever vote Republican. But if a third party can be introduced, with the right financial and organizational backing we could form a new political force. George Wallace has a large powerful following. He just might be the fighter we need to help put an end to the democrat one party system."

"Why is my dear brother Nelson so interested in eliminating the Democrat Party in the South?" Winthrop asked.

"He's not necessarily trying to eliminate the Democrat Party. But it is our desire to have George Wallace run as an independent candidate for the Presidency. And that may in turn create the possibility for a strong third party to emerge," Jude said with a cool voice.

"So, Nelson sent you and Chandler down here to help develop a new political landscape." Winthrop paused for a moment, then with a chuckle in his voice continued. "Why is there a little voice in the back of my head telling me there's something in this deal for Nelson?"

Winthrop again paused, and slowly turned toward Jude. "So tell me Jude, why does the Republican governor of New York want the Democrat governor of Alabama to run as an independent?"

"I can give two answers," Jude said slowly. "The first being for practical and obvious reasons. States rights. Knocking down the good old boy system that has plagued the South. Eliminating the one party system. A new party would reveal a new independent South with all the opportunities and economic benefits. And I'm sure we can come up with a few other good reasons to support Governor Wallace. But the second answer to your question and the real reason is, because Nelson wants this done. He has his own political objective. We believe there's only one person that can convince George Wallace to run. And that's you, governor. And your brother is requesting your help in this matter. You're family, and I might add he expects your support."

"He wants my support, what good is that? May I remind you all that I am the only elected Republican governor in the South? At the last governors' conference, I was as welcome as a skunk at a lawn social. These politicians down here treat me like a Baptist minister at the Vatican. I have almost no political influence outside of Arkansas, not to mention, that I have to

concentrate on doing my job and getting re-elected myself," Winthrop said as he seemed to be thinking things out. His voice lowered as he began to mumble, "I will do what I can, but I just can't see how we can possibly pull this thing off."

"That's where we come in, Governor," Jude said as if he were waiting for the cue. "We can build your image as the new renaissance leader of the South. We are going to have a powerful public relations campaign highlighting positive changes taking place in this developing southern economic heaven. I've already arranged to have your picture on the cover of 'Time Magazine', along with a well-written article praising all of the wonderful things you are doing for the great state of Arkansas. As a result of this, and a few other behind-the-scenes maneuvers, you're the next chairman of the Southern Governors' Association. With all this positive coverage you will be a shoe in for re-election and the new darling of Southern politics."

"Sounds like Brother Nelson's making me a deal I can't refuse," Winthrop said without conviction.

"I would rather say your brother is seeking your assistance in this delicate matter and he is willing to make it worth your while," Jude said. After taking a swig from his bottle, Jude continued. "In addition to what we already are committed to, Nelson has agreed to finance the construction of that model school you wanted in Morilton. He also has agreed to finance the fine arts center in Little Rock, and of course the Rockefeller Foundation will increase scholarship funding in Arkansas and Alabama. So you can see, Governor, the compensation package is well worth the effort."

"All right, I'm on board. Now how am I going to convince George Wallace to run for president?" The Governor said looking over at Chandler. "John, will you make me a vodka and tonic with a squeeze of lime, if you please."

"First of all, Governor, you won't have to convince George Wallace to run for president. He's already intoxicated on the wine of presidential ambition. All you need to do is show him the advantages of running as an independent candidate," Jude said in a voice of growing strength.

"What advantages?" Winthrop's voice was elevated and a little surly. The booze was having some effect on his speech.

"He'll have advantages that no other candidate will have in the next election. The unofficial support of the Rockefeller organization for one, which in itself will have a monumental effect. He'll have the financial support other candidates only dream of. We will strongly help finance his campaign and he'll have behind the curtain support from the governor of New York, which has the power of an earthquake."

"You talk a good game, Jude, and I might even believe you myself. When we get to the ranch we're going to have to make a phone call to Governor Wallace," Winthrop said while sipping his vodka tonic with one hand as he steadily drove through the rolling countryside. "I've known George for quite a while. We had one hell of a time at the sixty-two Sugar Bowl. But those damn Rebels of Alabama beat our Razor Backs by a touchdown. At least I think they beat us. Anyway, it was a hell of a party afterward. I was so upset at that game I tried to recruit Bear Bryant to coach the University of Arkansas. You know, he was born in Arkansas in a little place called Moro Bottom. We offered him the moon to get him back, but he turned us down flat. Just goes to show yah money can't buy everybody," Winthrop said as he waited for a response.

Jude said nothing.

"How much of a drive do we have?" John Chandler asked.

"We should be at Winrock in a little while. When we get there I want to show you boys the pride of the South, our herd

of purebred Santa Gertrudis cattle. Their color is quite distinctive, a white face with a reddish cherry hide. A nice docile animal, specialty bred with deep muscular form that produces the highest quality of beef. Yes sir, the line dates way back to the King Ranch of Texas. We're now building up our herd and soon we'll have the best beef cattle in the world. Yep, when we Rockefellers do something we do it with world class," Winthrop said with reflective pride.

"How big is your ranch, Governor?" Jude asked.

"Winrock Farms are almost thirty-five thousand acres of the prettiest land in America. But it's rather small in comparison with the ranches Nelson owns in South America. He has a few ranches that cover over a million acres. For some reason he likes life and some of the women south of the equator."

The trio drove up the private driveway to the main home nestled in the base of the rolling hills. The design of the mansion was simple but elegant. Four large white pillars held up the sizeable porch roof that ran the full length of the front of the mansion. As the vehicle stopped, out ran a butler to open the driver's door. A short conversation took place.

Governor Rockefeller started escorting Jude and Chandler up the sidewalk toward the front entrance. "Well boys, let's take a walk down to my private office. We'll have a drink and I'll make a call to my good friend, the governor of Alabama."

In a few short minutes the three were sitting in the study, a very large brightly colored open room with two bars. One very long well-stocked bar was off to the side of the entrance, and the second bar was at the far end of the room near the exit door to the patio. Winthrop sat in a large-winged chair; Jude and Chandler sat on the large couch opposite the glass coffee table. All had fresh drinks in hand.

"Governor Wallace, thank you for taking this call on such short notice. I appreciate it," Winthrop said with a newly acquired southern drawl. "I have you on a squawk box because I'd like to introduce you to a few Yankees that came down here for a visit."

The speakerphone came to life. "I'm always happy to meet some damn Yankees. As long as they're not wearing black robes. It's those northern judges I don't cotton to. You boys aren't judges now, are you?" George Wallace said in a whimsical joking voice.

Both Jude and Chandler answered in unison, "No, we're not judges, Governor."

"I can assure you George, John Chandler and Jude Thaddeus are anything but judges," Winthrop said jokingly. "They both work for my brother Nelson. And they're down here on some political business and they would like to bounce some ideas off you." Winthrop's voice became more serious.

"Good afternoon, Governor Wallace," Jude said leaning toward the phone as if he were closer to it he would sound better. "My name is Jude Thaddeus and it's a pleasure to speak with you, sir. I'm doing some political consulting projects for the governor of New York, Nelson Rockefeller. You may not know it, but he's a big fan of yours."

"Why thank you, Mr. Thaddeus. It warms my heart to know I'm liked in high places. Now, is that the reason you all called?" Wallace spoke in a light sarcastic tone.

"No, Governor, the reason we called you is because we know you have a strong following not only in the South, but across the country as well. We noticed how strong you did in the democratic primaries in sixty-four. In northern states you did exceptionally well receiving almost forty-five percent of the

votes in one state. You could have done much better if President Johnson hadn't put the screws to you."

"No argument from me so far, Mr. Thaddeus." There was a silent pause on the speakerphone and then it came alive again. "Now, are you looking to offer me your services as a political consultant? If so, I can tell you right up front. Down South here, we may be proud, but we sure ain't rich. And we sure ain't in the same financial league as the Rockefellers. No offense Winthrop."

"No offense taken, George," Winthrop said as he toasted his vodka and tonic.

"Governor, I'm not offering my services directly, but I'm working with a group of influential people that share many of the viewpoints and values you stand for. There are a lot of Americans who believe as you do. I've seen the polling data. You have a strong political voice that should be heard. But under the present political scheme, you're just a lonely voice crying in the wilderness," Jude said sincerely.

"I'm hardly a lonely voice in the wilderness. I am the governor of the great state of Alabama and I too have seen some of that polling data myself. Now if you're trying to move this old mule in a certain direction, you may want to try a little sweet-talking, plain and simple, without Madison Avenue's confetti and streamers. Do you understand where I'm coming from?" Wallace said.

"I understand, Governor," Jude said clearing his throat. "Let me start by saying the last election may have been the death rattle of the Republican Party. Barry Goldwater led the Republicans to near destruction. After that debacle of a campaign, a lot of people were disillusioned and now there's growing grassroots support for a new political party. A party built on fundamental American beliefs. I've heard some of your

campaign speeches, Governor. I heard you complain that both the Democrat and Republican Parties have become too powerful and the common man can't even tell the difference between either one. We both know, Governor, even though you have a national political following, you'll always be the Southern bastard child of the Democrat Party. Oh yeah, they'll slap you on the back and thank you for all the votes you can deliver, but they won't accept you in the inner circle where the real power is. Nor will they ever give you the opportunity for national attention."

Governor Wallace broke in with a southern drawl. "I hear what you're saying, Mr. Thaddeus. And I might even agree with you on some of your points. But what are you asking me to do, join your Republican Party?"

"I'm not asking you to join the Republican Party, Governor." Jude paused for a moment then added, "I'm asking you to be the leader of a new political party, the American Independent Party."

"Now boys, I thought it was interesting of you to ask me about a third party. Quite frankly, I may not agree with everything that's happening with my Democrat Party, but I'm a loyal party member. My whole family and almost everyone else I know are Democrats. I can't see myself leaving my party for some startup organization with a couple of pipe dreamers telling me what a good idea it is."

"I can assure you, Governor, we're not a couple of pipe dreamers trying to drum up business by creating a new political party," Jude said as his voice picked up steam. "There's a need for another party; there's an opportunity now to take the bull by the horns and make this possibility a reality. And your leadership would be the keystone building block to get this new party organized and ready to elect our kind of people."

"As I've already said boys, I'm a loyal party man. I've worked my way up in the Democrat Party. I know we have some problems and we'll try to work them out. But I believe my future is to remain in the Democrat Party," Wallace said as if he was waiting for a rebuff.

"Governor, let's talk about the future of the South," Jude was quick to respond. "Bob Dylan's a popular hippie song writer with a new catchy tune 'The Times they are a changing.' Believe me Governor, times are a changing, but not like the way that hippie's yodeling about. I'm talking about the industrial changes that will shift the manufacturing center of this country. The rust belt states in the north are in deep trouble. They're being hampered by the high cost of labor and increasing union rules. Their production facilities are outdated with growing environmental barriers preventing them to build new plants. I tell you Governor, Ray Charles can see what's about to happen. The big industries are going to move south, to a more favorable labor pool, with lower energy costs, with more suitable weather...a smoother social understanding of businesses. For this to work properly the political atmosphere must be suitable. We need the right people in public office to help in this transition. How do we get these people? We realize that the Republican Party is cursed in the South and has been for over a hundred years, so they won't have any political influence. And the Democratic Party in the South is too powerful, and quite frankly, Governor, its corrupt and not likely to welcome changes. We believe now is the time to start a new political party that's free from generations of family-controlled politicians. Like you, Governor, we want a party that represents the interests of the people. We would like you to consider leading this party. And this is not just as a regional party we're talking about, but as a national organized party

with a shot at making big changes from rural America to the White House."

"I should have known, when a Rockefeller became my new neighbor, changes would be coming," Governor Wallace said thoughtfully.

"I told you George, stick with me and I'll make you rich and powerful," Winthrop yelled toward the speakerphone with a laugh.

"Mr. Thaddeus, you're sure talking about a lot of big changes." Wallace paused for a moment then slowly spoke in his southern drawl. "Yah know, down here some folk say that talk is kind of cheap."

"I can assure you, Governor; I can put a lot of money where my mouth is. It took a lot to defeat six-term Governor Orval Faubus, but Winthrop did it. In addition to money we can marshal the talented people necessary to set up and operate a national political organization to win elections. We know what needs to be done and how to do it," Jude said confidently.

"Governor Rockefeller," Wallace was yelling in his phone. "Now, I'm beginning to understand just how you got elected with only eleven percent registered Republicans. With enough money, the right people, and a good organization, that's a pretty good receipt to win elections."

"Don't forget about all my fine barbecues, it also cost a lot of good prime steaks for me to get elected," Winthrop said jokingly in response.

"Governor Wallace, I'm here representing Governor Winthrop Rockefeller of Arkansas, and I am speaking unofficially for his brother Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York. As you know both men have tremendous political clout and a great deal of influence with the New York based news media that's headquartered near Rockefeller Center. And there's more, a lot

more that will be used to help elect the next president of the United States," Jude said in a cold tone. All was quiet.

"We would like you to consider being our candidate for president of the United States. I can assure you, that you will have the support of the Rockefellers and all that goes with the name; including money, organization, and influence."

"With all the money organization and influence why doesn't Nelson run for the presidency himself? Hell, everyone knows he wants the job so badly he can taste it," Wallace said sarcastically.

"Nelson has made a lot of political enemies inside the party and they carry grudges for a long time. As I said earlier the Republican Party is in complete disarray. Whoever gets the Republican nomination will lose in the general election. And let's face it, the growing industrial power is being shifted to the South and that's where the new political force will come from. We know you're popular in the South and you proved in sixty-four that you attracted a lot of voters in the North. We believe the time is right and the people are ready for a third party with fresh viable candidates. It's important to the new South and it's important to the country as well."

"I'll bet you're a Harvard man, aren't you Mr. Thaddeus?" Wallace said with a humorous southern drawl.

"Yes Governor, I parked the caar in the yaard at Haavaard. But I know the real world as well. And I think you do also," Jude said quietly.

"Well, I must say you boys give me a lot to think about. I'll be meeting with my brother later this evening. He's my personal political advisor ya know. He has a good feel for which way the wind is blowing. I'll fill him in on our conversation; it's always helpful to get an outside opinion, if you know what I mean," Governor Wallace said smoothly.

"I enjoyed our conversation, Governor," Jude said and then added, "I'll be leaving later tonight. I'm going back to the land of bright lights and tall buildings. I'll keep in touch through Winthrop. Please let us know your intentions. We have a great opportunity to rearrange the major players on the political chess board."

"You might be right, Mr. Thaddeus; you give me a lot to ponder. Good night Winthrop, good night boys, I'll be in touch soon." There was the sound of a click as the speakerphone went dead.

"Well Jude, what do you think?" Chandler asked.

Jude looked across the room toward Winthrop saying, "Governor, I expect George Wallace to be on the phone by noon tomorrow. Not first thing in the morning because he wants to show a little stature. But just as we are talking now, he's talking to his brother, the political consultant. I'd bet those boys are laughing up their sleeves about how George hoodwinked a couple of Yankees to finance his campaign. Incidentally, we will funnel the money through his brother who knows how to hide it. And John, we want to add a extra couple hundred thousand dollars in cash in a slush fund for his brother to play with."

"I can handle that. But why the slush fund for Brother Gerald Wallace?" Chandler asked, with a confused look in his face.

"Because we don't want George Wallace to run for president again in seventy-two. This slush fund will be our insurance that he won't run. All we have to do is produce receipts of a lot of cash that went to the Wallace brothers, which can be interpreted as bribes. Thus we will remove that piece from the chess board," Jude said with a smile.

"What is to be my role in this grand scheme?" Winthrop injected as he made himself another drink.

"If I'm correct, Wallace will want to know more about what he can expect from you and Nelson. All you have to tell him is that you will support him openly. That will show him a divided party and help you in the South anyway. Tell him that Nelson will help quietly, but effectively behind the scenes, and that's significant. He'll get all the money he needs and the organization and a lot of one-eyed winks from prominent Republicans. He has to believe we have the money and the know-how to get him elected. Our staff will control the direction of the campaign. All he has to do is accept our offer to lead the ticket of the American Independent Party," Jude said confidently.

Four days later, on Thursday morning, Jude was leafing through the society pages of the New York Times when a phone in his private office rang. He recognized the ring; it was his coded phone. He had a special phone that could be used only after a four number code was dialed, thus eliminating anyone answering by mistake or intent. Hastily, he grabbed his keys and quickly opened the door, wondering who was calling this early. "Hello?" he said.

"Good morning, Mr. Thaddeus, this is John Chandler." He spoke in an enthusiastic, cheerful voice. "I just heard from our southern friend. I understand that Governor Wallace was ecstatic at our proposal. He had been trying to get something started on his own, but didn't have the capital. With the silent assistance of the Brothers Rockefeller he's decided to form a third party and run for the presidency."

"That's good news. The Bishop is in play and ready to be moved?" Jude asked quietly.

"Yes he is, Jude," Chandler said with a little hesitation in his voice. "But, just one thing."

Jude hated to hear that "just one thing" bullshit. It was the phrase he heard most often that killed deals.

"A little clarification. I've been thinking about our discussion before that meeting with Winthrop, setting up the campaign. I appreciate that it's crucial for Wallace to carry the Southern states, but why not some Northern ones as well? In sixty-four he did great in the primaries up north, I mean Michigan, Ohio, and Maryland. It seems we could go after those Republican states as well...hit both Republican and Democrat states. It gives him a better chance."

Jude bit his lip. He briefly wondered how John Chandler would react if he replied, *"Because, you idiot, we want Wallace to take votes only from the Democrats, but not enough for him to win. Wallace is the spoiler, not the victor. His role is to get our guy elected."*

He kept his cool. There was no need for Chandler to know about every part of the larger plan...only what he needed to know about his involvement.

"The money is there for Wallace to campaign hard in the Southern states and some selected Northern states. We need him to concentrate on the states where we can guarantee certain electoral votes, and they are in the South. We're going to spend a lot of time and money on Nixon campaigning the rest of the states where we may have our best chance against Humphrey."

He paused for a moment then added, "The Wallace strategy is campaign hard against Humphrey, and anyway that's who Wallace needs to attack. Let Wallace's people think Nixon is a has-been with little appeal. Wallace won't get Nixon voters anyway. The candidate they need to beat is Humphrey. If they can attract Humphrey voters, Wallace has a chance. That's our Southern strategy. We expect the Wallace campaign to follow that game plan. And assure Governor Wallace that this plan is in his best

interest. And the money will follow this formula." Jude spoke in a voice of unquestionable authority.

"Of course, Jude. It sounds like a good, workable plan. I'll keep a low-key profile with the interested parties," said Chandler. He had been in Washington long enough to know how to take orders smartly where money was involved.

"One other thing," Jude said with almost humor in his voice. "What is the status of the amendment?"

"So far, twenty-eight states have ratified it. It's going as planned, unnoticed and unreported in the news. In fact, my friends at the White House expect it to be enacted by the end of the year."

Jude answered quietly, "To quote Franklin D. Roosevelt, in politics, nothing happens by accident. If it happens, you can bet it was planned that way'."

Jude hung up gleefully.

## Chapter 6

For several months, the Nixon's traveled internationally, promoting Pepsi. Sales were increasing; his connections and prestige were paying off. In Russia, Nixon began working a deal to trade Pepsi for vodka. This was less bizarre than one would suppose. Considering the Russian ruble was not worth much as currency, Nixon came up with the idea: product for product. This would increase profits for Pepsi, being the only licensed

dealer of quality Russian vodka. This was one of the first large commercial trade agreements between the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

Throughout these travels, the former Vice President was treated with respect by both press and governmental representatives. He was considered as a traveling business statesman. Many doors were opened to him. It seemed as if an invisible force was helping him to become a business success. He was discreet. He refrained from criticizing either America's treaty commitments or the political problems peculiar to whatever country was his current host. He went so far as to support the policies of the Democratic President, Johnson. As a result, politicians back in the states spoke more kindly of him, seeing no harm in such an unofficial roving goodwill ambassadorship. His travels were helping American business and didn't cost the taxpayers a dime. The common wisdom was that Nixon's political career had been finished by his famous farewell speech to the press in California, the "You won't have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore." Even the American presses, Nixon's longtime adversaries, were reasonably civil, just reporting where he was and what dignitaries he'd met with. To the press he was like a single large summer cloud, visible but not threatening.

All seemed to be going well for the former Vice President. His family often traveled with him, and Pat was a gracious diplomat in her own right. With the added help from Gala, Pat's wardrobe discreetly became designer quality. Gala worked with her on subtle ways of European etiquette. These and a few other introductions helped Gala to cement a bond with the Nixon family.

As for Gala, she too was enjoying her job. She found Nixon

easy to work with and he was quite appreciative of how well she was doing. Pat Nixon was unvaryingly cordial. Even the Nixon daughters made it plain that they liked and respected Gala. She maintained her tastefully luxurious apartment in New York. She dated discreetly. No money changed hands, and her dates were often under fifty and sometimes even unmarried. Overall, she lived the life of a hard-working high-powered executive secretary...not unlike many in the big city. The only drawback was that Gala hadn't yet been able to cajole Jude into explaining why she should be earning a thousand dollars a week for performing a normal job.

Gala was unpacking from one of her most recent trips when the phone rang. She was hoping it was one of Jude's infrequent phone calls. Without greeting, his voice said, "It's me. I'd like to meet you at that favorite little bar down in the Village in about an hour. Can you manage that?"

"How delightful!" Gala responded. "I'll be glad to see you again." Pushing her suitcase aside, she wondered if there'd be time to shower and change first. She thought about asking Jude for a few extra minutes, but she decided to just take her time and be fashionably late. "Let's think for a moment. Yes, I know the bar, and I'll see you there. Ciao."

When she reached the noisy, fern-burning bar called Iggy's, she found Jude looking at his watch, but he made no comment while she slid into the booth opposite him. Then, as if he'd been practicing it, he announced, "Gala, you look better every time I see you. Your new career does something for you."

"Why thank you, Jude." Gala smiled, considering the time well spent, after all. "I see you so seldom; sometimes I think maybe you have forgotten about me. But then I check my Swiss account and find the deposits. It's so reassuring knowing you do care."

"Trust me," Jude said in a quick voice. "I care about what you are doing, and I'm aware of what you are doing. All the reports I get say you're doing a great job, just as I thought you would." He paused for a moment and added, "So I have no doubts you'll handle the next phase of our project with the same expertise."

Gala sipped experimentally at the pre-ordered beer, now warm, withholding comment a moment while she thought. "Ah yes, the seduction phase," she said with a chuckle in her voice. "I have done some groundwork...good relationship with him and his family. Now I use my charm for the closing in part. When should I spring my irresistible trap?"

"Tomorrow would be all right," said Jude, with no hint of a smile. But when Gala coughed a little laugh, Jude did smile as if waiting to hear the joke.

"Why don't I call him right now and ask to meet him in the backseat of my car?" Gala said in a joking voice. Then she spoke in a cooler tone. "You know he's the original family man. In town, he's at the office or home...and either Pat or the daughters travel with us. I will need a little time to set it up."

"Pat Nixon has her favorite charity obligation in two weeks. Tomorrow, Nixon will get an invitation to a four-day bottle manufacturing convention in Denver. It's a local franchise-holders meeting also. He'll have to attend. And he'll be asked to speak on his around-the-world goodwill trip. But there'll also be impromptu meetings with local politicians, business people, that sort of thing. Nixon will need you to be hostess for him, set up the catering, and so forth. Pat won't be available until the weekend, and he'll have to get there on Wednesday night or Thursday morning. That will give you two nights, maybe three without the wife and kiddies around. I trust

you can manage to take the ball over the goal line." Jude patted her hand.

"It's going to take some doing," Gala said dubiously, then added with a smile, "But rest assured he'll score." Both laughed.

"I am confident you'll succeed. Use your best judgment. If it isn't right, let's not jeopardize our position. I can always arrange another trip."

"Yes, I'm sure you can," said Gala as she slowly sipped again at the flat beer. She smiled at Jude and said, "Well, I will give it my best college try. And the next time we're together, perhaps you could order something other than draft beer. We are no longer in college. We are in the real world now." She then looked into Jude's eyes. "In this real world how is our real plan coming along?"

"In time...Gala...In time you'll know more. But for now, just keep up the good work."

\* \* \* \*

Burning Tree Country Club was one of Washington's most exclusive and expensive golf clubs. It takes more than just money to be nominated for membership, but money is still a major prerequisite. There were some politicians with seniority who were members, along with many lobbyists who paid the bills for the seniority members. William Tallsand was such a member, and played each weekend...usually with a different partner or politician. This week he had the manager of Standard Oil's Baltimore refinery, Bruce Donlan, for a guest, along with Spiro

Agnew, a Baltimore County Executive. The fourth member was Jack Fehan, president of Ever Green Development Company, a large developer of shopping centers and office buildings. The four players completed their game early in the afternoon that Sunday, then adjourned to the Grill for drinks and a sandwich. It was also a time to pay off the bets and to listen to stories of the "near perfect/ if only" shots. They grew a little noisier, speaking louder as the drinks took effect. The waiter, a young man, clean-looking, with a lot of energy, delivered another round of drinks.

"To the best shot of the day: Bruce Donlan's birdie on the twelfth hole," Bill Tallsand yelled. "He saved me forty bucks with that eighteen-foot putt."

"Sounds like a hell of a putt," the waiter said as he put down the drinks.

"It was a hell of a putt," Tallsand said in a slurred voice. "Waiter, you seem to know golf. May I ask your name?"

"Bill Moylan, sir," the waiter answered quickly, as he started picking up dirty glasses.

"Fifty bucks if you can answer my question on golf!" Tallsand said loudly, waving his hand at the waiter. "Where does the name golf come from? Fifty bucks is yours if you're right." Everyone look perplexed, not wanting to yell the answer even if they knew.

"Gentlemen Only - Ladies Forbidden. They say it was written at St. Andrews in Scotland," he said loudly.

"That's it! Here's a fifty dollar bill." Tallsand gladly handed the money to the happy waiter. They laughed and drank some more.

"There's another debt that has to be paid today," Tallsand said, looking at Jack Fehan. "Did you bring it with you, Jack?"

Jack Fehan bent over to his gym bag and ruffled through his

dirty socks and underwear looking for an envelope. "I have it right here." He picked it up, handed it to the waiter and said, "Would you hand this over to Mr. Agnew, the distinguished gentleman on the far side of the table?"

The waiter walked around the table and handed the envelope to Agnew, who looked somewhat startled. "What's this for?" he asked with a blank look on his face.

"That land we purchased four years ago over in Silver Spring. Well, the deal closed three weeks ago. It's going to be a large shopping center. Your share is fifty thousand, and that's the check." Jack then looked at Tallsand as if for approval, then added, "That's the reason you were invited here today. We thought we could win it back." They all laughed. It was a fun afternoon. Although Agnew didn't remember the details of the agreement, a few more drinks and all was well with the world.

On the flight to Denver in the small hours of Thursday morning, Nixon chatted wistfully to Gala about the days when he had Air Force II at his disposal, and all the service and personnel that went along with it. By contrast, he found the company Lear Jet cramped and noisy. After a few scotches, he added with a tired smile, "Well anyway, this is better than working for a living." He sat back and spoke again. "Sometimes I think of how close I came to becoming a sports writer."

As usual, Gala had efficiently smoothed their arrival. A waiting limousine zipped them through the dark, snow-shadowed hill to the Sheraton Hotel on the outskirts of the city. Two bellhops pounced on the suitcases and Nixon followed them toward the elevator while Gala took care of the formalities of registering.

When she rejoined Nixon a few minutes later, he was exploring the twentieth floor suite, pulling back drapes to peer

at the barely-visible loom of the mountains. He commented, "All this space seems so large for just one person."

"Well sir, Mrs. Nixon will be joining you here on Friday night. Remember, we are hosting a reception this evening in this very suite and you will need space for the meetings beforehand." Gala looked around visualizing a large group of people talking and drinking. "All things considered, this large suite may just fit the bill. It doesn't take too many people to fill this room, and some are important people." She walked over to the large bar that ran along most of the side of the living room. "And you never know just who will show up...your popularity is growing, so we do want to make friends and influence people."

She then walked behind the bar, looking to ensure that it was well stocked. Satisfied, she asked, "Can I make you a drink? It's been long day."

"Mountain time. It's still last night on my watch." He glanced over at a large dark window. "Or is it the other way around?"

"It's an hour earlier than California time," suggested Gala.

"Okay, I'll have one scotch with a little water. But I will not drink alone," he said with a warm command.

"Ah, yes," Gala said as she proceeded to make the drinks. "Johnny Walker Black, on the rocks, with a splash of water." She made sure the bar had his favorite scotch. She then handed him his drink and lifted hers in a toast. "To California time."

"To the great state of California." He then took a large gulp. "What time is our reception tonight?"

"It starts at six thirty. Plenty of time for you to rest while I see to the final arrangements. And I promise this room will be cleared by nine tonight."

"If you can, you're a better man than I, Gunga Din." He

laughed as if the scotch was having some effect. "Give politicians and news people free booze and they will stay till dawn or until the booze runs out."

Gala laughed, "I agree, but I am like a nor'easter subtle but powerful. I'll be able to move them out like the sand dunes of the Jersey shore."

"These are westerners...cowboy types. They may be a challenge, but again, you handled all those folks in Hong Kong quite well. So, I trust you can handle them also." He then finished his drink. "I'm tired. We don't have anything scheduled in the morning, so I'll sleep in." Then he added as an afterthought, "Ah, yes...I'll be doing some paperwork in the morning, so only disturb me if you need to do so. I'll be sleeping." Both laughed again.

Gala responded, "I'll be up early in the morning. I have to make the final arrangements, and oh yes, the changes on the notes for your talk tomorrow night."

"You get the proper rest," Nixon said leveling a finger at her.

"You're very kind, and so thoughtful," she said warmly.

"I mean it," he said with a smile.

Punctually at six, Gala knocked at Nixon's door. He opened it in shirtsleeves, his tie half-knotted. Knowing how he disliked being seen without a suit jacket and everything complete, Gala went at once to tidy the sofa where his speech was still laid out, expecting him to go right back to the bedroom. She said, "The bartender and maid are due in ten minutes along with the hors d'oeuvres. So excuse me while I get ready for them." She straightened, gathering the typed sheets of papers into a neat sheaf, and was surprised to find him still standing by the open door. She raised her brows inquiringly.

"Was it just three hours ago I saw you leave here in a

sweater and slacks, with a scarf around your head?" Nixon asked. "You can change things so rapidly."

Gala brushed lightly at the side darts of her carefully chosen white evening gown, and then lifted fingers to touch her freshly styled hair, lying loose on her shoulders like spun silk. "No, that was the day costume for work and play." As she revealed her complete wardrobe and figure she said, "This is my evening costume for work and play."

"Well, I think the day costume and the evening costume are both..." He paused for a moment, seeming a little frustrated, then patted his own hair. "No, I don't mean... well, you look very pretty in either outfit."

"Please, I have to..." she gestured with the papers, turning aside as if flustered, and straightened a couch pillow.

Taking the hint, Nixon shut the hall door and went off to finish dressing. But Gala was pleased, having created exactly the impression she intended for the evening. Demure but flustered...that was the way she wanted it. The old, old briar patch game. She hummed softly as she pulled the drapes closed against the snow-stark vista and hid a used glass in the kitchenette cabinet.

The help and food carts arrived promptly, and Gala supervised the placement of the trays and bartender's final preparations. At six thirty the first guest arrived, followed within minutes by a half dozen more. By seven, crossing the room required careful planning. Big-brimmed hats were becoming a hazard and, as predicted, men were looking vaguely around for places to put those big hats down. Gala collected the hats and relayed them to safety in one of the side bedrooms. Passing near the group gathered around Nixon, Gala heard somebody asking the standard questions of whether he'd ever run for public office again. In private conversation he'd say, 'I'm enjoying

life too much to run for public office. I enjoy private life. Why, even the press is kind to me once in a while. I think they like me working for someone other than the people.' The comment got the usual laugh. But in his heart he had to admit, he doubted it. A two-time loser had no chance of being elected to the only office he'd consider - the presidency.

The decibel level and the temperature seemed to be rising satisfactorily. The bartender was busy. There were bursts of general laughter around Nixon.

Things seemed to be going well, and among friendly faces Nixon seemed to be abandoning formality. He was loosening up a little. Sliding past, Gala saw to it he never held an empty glass for long.

As she was collecting a glass from a guest, she heard Nixon's voice mutter just behind her, "I think this will be a late night."

With a gleam in her eye, as if to frown, she replied, "Just wait...I feel a north-eastern breeze."

At ten minutes to nine, Gala tapped on a glass until she had most people's attention. "Ladies and gentlemen, thank you all for coming this evening. And thank you for your goodwill. The Pepsi Cola Company has taken the liberty of making dinner reservations for all of you tonight at the famed Cattleman's Club. You're all invited. Your reservations are for nine thirty and there are limousines downstairs which will take you to and from the club. Unfortunately, prior commitments prevent Mr. Nixon from attending. On behalf of the Pepsi Cola Company, it's been our pleasure to share this evening with you. We hope the Cattleman's Club will live up to its outstanding reputation for fine food and outstanding atmosphere. Thank you all for coming and goodnight."

The noise level went up at least a factor of three. Gala

got close enough to the maid to hiss, "Hats." While Gala helped guests locate coats and scarves, the maid passed the headgear to its owners as they milled toward the outer door. There was a crowd around Nixon for several minutes, people offering thanks and good wishes. But finally the tide really turned as the last hat was claimed.

As the maid and bartender started collecting trays, Gala brushed her hands briskly together. Meeting Nixon's amused eyes, she remarked smugly, "They're all gone, and no sand left on the beach."

"Miraculous!" he commended her. "I was sure this would go past midnight and end up in a political brawl. However did you pull off a mass invitation to the Cattleman's Club? Forest Lawn has a shorter waiting list. I recall that Rockefeller sold it, but I didn't think it was Pepsi that bought it."

"Pepsi didn't buy it," Gala settled on the arm of a chair sighing cheerfully. "A friend of a friend bought it, so I arranged a little business for them and saved you from a political brawl."

"Until tonight nobody could have convinced me that this ex-politician had as many friends or this kind of business clout."

"Watch out - you'll start thinking of potential campaign contributions, shaking hands, then the rubber chicken circuit. And then where's your private life?"

The bartender came to ask if there'd be anything else. Gala pointed to the table by the hall door, responding, "In the drawer there's an envelope for you and another for Marie. Thanks so much, and goodnight." Turning back to Nixon, who'd dropped down to the couch, she added, "You could have eaten at the Cattleman's Club, too. But you seemed tired. You still could, actually, and give them all a happy surprise, if you'd like."

"No, your guess was right. I'd rather order up something from room service." He started to look over to the bar and said, "I noticed a menu here somewhere."

Before Nixon could think of where to look, Gala had the menu in her hand, handing it to him. "For your convenience, sir," Gala said with a smile.

"You must be beat after all you did today," said Nixon with concern in his voice.

"Night gnome showing wear and tear is she?" Gala asked with the least quirk of a smile.

"No, I didn't mean, not at all. Gala, I hate eating alone. Will you join me here?"

"That's a wonderful idea. With this convention, everything's jammed. And I've never liked eating alone either."

"Then it's settled. We will eat here tonight," he then added, "quietly." He handed the menu to Gala saying, "You do everything so well, would you order dinner and I'll make a few fresh drinks?"

"Another wonderful idea." Gala commented happily.

Gala made the call for dinner. She had already arranged with the hotel chef to have fresh Romaine lettuce, Roquefort blue cheese, raw eggs, and Russian anchovies on hand. These were essential for the classic Caesar Salad Gala was to make tableside. The main course was to be the chef's famous Chateaubriand, with golden western potatoes. The dessert was Crème Brulee, with fresh crushed vanilla and Cuban brown sugar melted on top. She requested two bottles of French Bordeaux, 1956. This meal was to be special.

"Well you did it again, Gala," Nixon said as he took a sip of his after dinner Napoleon Brandy.

"I did what?" Gala asked softly.

"You created another wonderful evening for me. That was the

best hotel meal I have ever had. I doubt if it was standard room service," Nixon said. "You have a way of making travel smoother and life much more pleasant."

The radio played soft music while they continued consuming the after dinner drinks. They talked about many topics such as family. He told her of his Quaker mother and her spendthrift ways, and of his ancestor Joseph Milhouse who crossed the Delaware with George Washington. They spoke of the world in general; of different places of interest both had seen. The conversation developed into a pleasant sensation of drifting into a melancholy mood. Nixon set his glass down, remarking, "That's one of my favorite songs. Sad but beautiful - The Tennessee Waltz." He sat listening for a moment. Then, in a soft voice, just above a whisper, he said, "Would you like to dance?"

"I'd be honored, Mr. Vice President," Gala replied, drifting to her feet as he took her hand.

As they danced, his clasp was at first soft and tentative, but eventually his hold became more assured. Her eyes were almost shut, to not impede his looking at her. She hummed along with the music. She felt his hand lift to the back of her neck, stroking her hair. When the announcer's voice came on, announcing the song, she and Nixon stood apart, uncertain. Her eyes still downcast, Gala murmured, "Oh that was nice. That was very nice. I wonder..."

He moved forward and gently kissed her. Then again and again. Gala didn't return to her room that night, or the following morning. When she finally persuaded Nixon, during the afternoon, that he really had to go over his speech again before the evening's presentation, he put on his formal appearance, as if to return to business. And gradually, without anything being said, she transformed again into the efficient personal assistant: friendly, but no more than friendly, letting

the details of the conference separate them as though it were inevitable. On Friday evening, when the limousine delivered Pat Nixon to the lobby, Nixon greeted his wife warmly, and Gala and Pat exchanged the usual light embrace and everything was almost as it had been before. Almost...

Less than five minutes after Gala returned to her apartment that Sunday night, her phone rang. Groping for it, she heard Jude's brisk voice inquiring, "Well, do we have soup yet?"

"Well you might say we have mixed the ingredients," Gala quipped.

"Same place in the Village?"

"Jude, it's nearly midnight..."

"They don't close till two, I checked." Jude then hung up.

Gala splashed cold water on her face, reapplied her makeup, and ran a brush through her hair. As an afterthought, she made an obscene gesture at the dark window.

He was having her watched. With that timing, she was certain of it. Or maybe the apartment was bugged so she added a few choice words. A thousand dollars a week didn't seem nearly enough at that moment. Then she tugged at her coat and phoned the doorman to flag a cab.

Sunday nights were quiet even in Greenwich Village. Iggy's was not crowded and the noise level and music were lower. Jude sat at a corner table facing the entrance door, waiting for someone. Gala walked in with her head held high and a smile on her lips. Although tired and a little disheveled, she still looked beautiful. Jude sat anxiously, wanting to get the scoop.

Gala spotted him and walked directly to his table. "I'm not drinking beer tonight," she said in a voice to be reckoned with.

"Kendall Jackson Chardonnay," Jude said, as he slid a glass of white wine in her direction. "I haven't forgotten. So please sit down and tell me all about your adventures."

Gala slowly sat down looking directly at Jude with almost contempt for him, ordering her out on a night like this. "It will take more than a glass of wine to win my good graces." She began to chuckle and added, "Of course, you pay me for my good graces."

The conversation went on about the Thursday night encounter. In their in-depth conversations, Nixon told her how close he had been to Jack Kennedy; that Kennedy had given him money for his first Senate campaign. She went on to say how intimate they had become, and how as adults they realized it was merely a sexual encounter. She assured Jude that their working relationship would remain intact, and that she and Nixon had a good understanding. He was a decent family man, she was a career executive assistant, and they could help each other and work well together. They were professionals. She spoke with a sense of achievement, recovering her usual animation.

"Excellent. I knew you'd manage it with flying colors!" said Jude with a voice warm with enthusiasm. "Now, tell me, would he run for the right office if he had the chance?"

"Like an old race horse that hears a bell. He'd be off and running," Gala said without hesitation. "Well, let me rephrase that. He would, but it would have to be a big office, I mean really big." She then looked startled. "Is this part of your plan? Just what is happening, I mean are you priming him to run again?" She paused as Jude looked around to the empty booths nearby as if he expected them to be crammed with spies. "You certainly didn't need to spend all that cash on me to get him to run. All you had to do was ask him twice."

"You are doing your assignment just fine, Gala," Jude said

coolly. "Stay close to him. We want him to want you around for a long time."

"He's the true blue type. We must take into consideration that he may want to get rid of me, just for appearance sake." She paused taking another sip of her wine. "Especially if he is thinking of running for office. And by the way, what big office are you planning for him?"

"I'm sure you are in good standing now. We want to keep it that way," said Jude. "I'll be meeting with him in a few days. For the record, you and I have known each other since our college days. From a distance, we knew some of the same people; visited some of the same hangouts, right?"

Gala nodded her head. She was getting tired now, and she yawned as delicately as possible.

Jude spoke again. "I understand that you want to know more about what's happening. After my meeting next week, you will see a few more tiles in the mosaic."

Jude seemed to lighten up smiling saying in a jovial mystical manner, "You'll find the future quite interesting. As Vladimir Nabokov used to put it, chess is the game of the Gods, because of the infinite possibilities."

Gala stared intensely at Jude, and in a forceful whisper said, "What office, Jude?"

Jude smiled saying, "You'll see a few more tiles in the mosaic appear."