

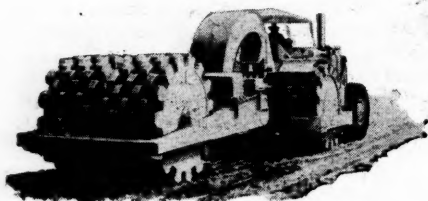
*It might have
been you...*

While James Madison fought for acceptance of our national constitution in 1787-88, ratification hung in the balance for months as his own home state wavered between approval and rejection. Finally, after he argued his case against orators such as Patrick Henry, Virginia ratified and a workable federal constitution was assured.

In Madison's place, would you fight for your beliefs against the known objections of at least half of your neighbors?

This is a key question today. When selfish labor bosses make demands without regard for inflationary effects, a stand against shallow-thinking expediency takes courage. Let's keep the heritage Madison left us, including the personal integrity.

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Henry Gets Polled

by Raymond Moley

HENRY was planting some geraniums. It was a way of usefully employing his body while his mind was reaching a decision. Later there would be two hours before bedtime. At supper he had said he might go over and discuss with a neighbor the behavior of another neighbor's chickens. There was also a report for the office he had to work on. There was also a good Western at 8:30. His wife suggested the planting while he was making up his mind.

The gate opened and a brisk young man came in. He showed Henry a card saying he was John Pollsum of the Goofy Research Institute. He said: "We are conducting a Presidential opinion poll and would like to have your cooperation." Henry nodded his head reflectively.

Pollsum whipped out a notebook, saying: "First I would like to have your economic status, your social class as it were."

Henry didn't understand.

"Your standing in society, in the economic order."

"I guess all right. I don't make any enemies."

After noting something in the book, Pollsum went on: "What is your party affiliation? Democratic, Republican, or independent?"

"Is there an independent party? Who's running on that?"

"I don't mean that. I mean you, for example."

"Oh! I don't want to run for anything. They wouldn't like it at the office. All that notoriety."

"I mean your preference."

"How on earth can I prefer it if it isn't a party?"

"What party do you generally support at the polls?"

"I don't vote generally. Something's always coming up. And I never really kept track."

"Have you at any time voted Democratic?"

"I voted for Roosevelt once. I guess he was running against a fellow named London."

"Did you vote for Eisenhower?"

"Once. But he wasn't in a party. He was like Washington or Lincoln."

"I'll put you down as an independent. Nothing in book."

"I wouldn't want that to get out in the office." Henry looked worried.

"Mr. Banks says our motto is all for one and one for all. I don't want to commit myself."

Pollsum handed Henry a larger card. "Will you please mark your preferences?"

Henry, reading aloud: "Kennedy against Nixon. Johnson against Nixon. Stevenson against Nixon. Humphrey against Nixon. Symington against Nixon. Why are all these fellows running against one man? Isn't that a little unfair?"

Pollsum noted after "independent" in his book: "Don't know." He said "good-by" and moved toward the gate and across the street.

Henry looked at his watch, slowly entered the house, and turned on the Western.

MORAL OF THE STORY

Henry isn't very sharp, but he and other, smarter Henrys who fail to vote are in the tens of millions. But none is independent by intellectual conviction, nor independent of interest in what government is doing to him. They have their homes, their savings, their insurance, and their equity in social security. They suffer from an unsound dollar. They pay hundreds of hidden taxes on what they buy. They pay and they pray. They don't consider themselves a problem. They ask no pity or pious sentiment. They work and save and invest, and keep America productive and strong.

But pollsters and professional political writers tell Republican candidates that the Henrys are "independents" and that the way to get them to vote is to identify Republicanism with the promises and policies of the liberal Democratic-union labor-ADA coalition. Thus they would forsake all others, taking loyal party members for granted and ending in "we happy few." But 1940, 1944, and 1948 prove that the greater the identification, the greater will be the abstention.

Few Republican workers call on Henry and explain what he has to lose from profligate government. And Democratic-union labor workers ignore him because they consider him hopelessly bourgeois.

Henry is forgotten. But he holds the key to a creative, conservative future for all of us.