

The Women in Barry

By FLORA RHETA SCHREIBER

WHEN A MAN suddenly finds himself being considered as a presidential possibility his whole world and the world of his family undergo a great change.

His family and his friends see him in a new light.

This is true even when, like Barry Goldwater, he has been a U. S. Senator and an internationally known public figure for many years.

In this political climate, the tightly knit Goldwater family suddenly feels a hush of consternation and expectation. Margaret Johnson Goldwater, the Senator's attractive and gracious wife, remarked to a friend, "I married a nice shopkeeper—and now look at him!"

"It all seems overpowering," Joanne Goldwater Ross, the eldest of the four Goldwater children, told me. "Mother is frightened. But I have no worries about her. I know that if she is ever called upon to be the First Lady, she will be just tremendous."

Then, talking of Josephine Williams Goldwater, the Senator's 88-year-old mother, Joanne added, "Grandma seems to stand off, looking on. She separates Barry Goldwater, the political figure, from her son. She never talks of him simply as 'my son' or, in talking to me, as 'your father.' Instead, she talks of him as Barry. Often she says quietly, 'He's such a great man.'"

The Senator's mother has always enjoyed a closeness with her son. He was her first-born, and she set high standards for him.

"My private values," Goldwater told me, "were learned largely at the knee of my mother. This wonderful woman filled my mind with ideas and



The Goldwaters: Joanne (left), sons Barry, Jr. and Michael, Mrs. Goldwater, and daughter Peggy.

ideals which I, in turn, have tried to pass on to my own children."

The archetype of the pioneer woman, Jo Goldwater set patriotism as one of those ideals. Regularly each evening she would drive Barry, his brother Bob, and his sister Carolyn to the Government school for Indians on the outskirts of Phoenix, Ariz., for the flag-lowering ceremony. The Indians never took the flag down until the Goldwaters got there.

As her children were growing up, she and they

established a keen fellowship. She played baseball, rode horseback, golfed with them, and taught them how to shoot. They even roughed it together on frequent camping trips.

On these expeditions, the Goldwater youngsters often were joined by the neighborhood children, who called Jo Goldwater "Mun" just as her own children did. The nickname was Barry's invention. As a baby, he had confused the housekeeper's name, which was Angie, with Mumsie, a name by which Baron, his father, often ad-

Two pretty Midwestern girls went West: Jo hardy at 88, became Barry's mother; Peggy Johnson,