

Presidential Privacy (Continued from page 5)

soon, for Caroline will be six in November.

Jackie puts her foot down firmly against all special interviews and pictures of the children. This is a turnabout from the earlier days of the Administration when Caroline made coast-to-coast headlines with her amusing antics.

Indeed, the President himself did little to discourage such publicity at the start because he adores his pixyish daughter so much. Finally Jackie's firmness prevailed; Caroline is no longer permitted to have "press conferences" such as the famous one more than a year ago when a reporter asked her what her father was doing and she replied: "He's not doing anything. He's just sitting up there with his shoes and socks off, doing nothing."

The clamp-down on Caroline's publicity, however, cannot stop the tidal wave of gossip articles about the family which are published month after month in the movie and "confession" magazines. One recent cover line read: "How Long Can They Hide the Truth from Caroline Kennedy?" The "truth" was nothing more startling than the fact that Caroline's father is the President, her mother the First Lady, and that she, too, is a celebrity.

These sensationalized articles have grown so numerous and so personal that President Kennedy himself has taken notice. Terming them "cheesy," he has asked his press secretary Pierre Salinger to see if anything can be done.

But the Kennedys are by no means unique in all this. The problem of privacy has plagued all American Presidents and their families.

In Grover Cleveland's time, the south garden

of the White House was open to the public, and Mrs. Cleveland soon discovered that she couldn't send her baby daughter Ruth out for an airing with her nurse. Each time, women would dash over, shove the nurse aside, and actually pick up, fondle, and kiss the baby. Finally, to protect his daughter, the President had to close the garden.

Some Presidents tried—unsuccessfully—to take their families out of the White House entirely. The Benjamin Harrisons wanted to build a private dwelling, closed to the public, on the White House grounds. The Chester A. Arthurs went as far as choosing a spot near Washington where they wanted to build a home, but Congress refused to appropriate funds because real-estate speculators had gotten wind of the idea and bought up nearby land. President Arthur demanded the strictest privacy for his family. His daughter Nell was brought up in almost total seclusion and was photographed only once while he was President.

Mr. Truman and His Balcony

The one time Harry Truman firmly insisted upon privacy, he triggered a national furor. Back home in Independence, Mo., Mr. Truman loved to sit on his porch in the evening. But when he tried it in front of the White House, he became a prime tourist attraction, easily spotted from the front gate with binoculars. So he decided to build a second-floor "back porch" on the south portico.

Howls of protest arose from many quarters. The porch, it was charged, would spoil the classic line of the building, and Mr. Truman was reminded that he was, after all, only a tenant at

the White House, not its owner. But he stood his ground. He wanted the right to a breath of fresh air in privacy—and he got it. The porch is still there today.

Did Dwight D. Eisenhower blow up at invasions of his privacy? Here is what a source close to the former President told me:

"He certainly did, especially when reporters asked what he felt were silly, prying questions. He answered most but drew the line at others. He felt, for example, that his golf score was nobody's business, so he never revealed it.

"Often he was unable to get much-needed relaxation. Once word got around that he planned to play golf at Palm Springs, Calif. Such a crowd gathered that he couldn't enjoy the game. When incidents such as this multiply, they can hurt."

Is there a solution? One observer in Washington thinks not. "When a man seeks the Presidency, he knows he must give up all hope for a normal home life. Everything he does, thinks, wears, and says is news. He belongs to the nation. While some of the so-called intrusions may show bad taste, they are nonetheless part of our democratic process."

But others believe the notion that a President is everyone's property at all hours and in every circumstance is wrong. They point out that the President is also a person and that he—and most especially his family—are entitled to some degree of privacy.

As one official put it: "When a man is elected President, he is raised to an exalted position, but he still belongs to the human race, and privacy is the right of all humans."



I was just thinking...

HULLO THERE, Clyde. I'm lookin' for a feller named . . . uh . . . lemme see . . . H. D. Tharew. You see him?

My name is Thoreau. Henry Thoreau.

Oh, Well, listen, Hank, the folks in Discord aren't too happy about this place you got out here in the woods. It don't look good. Gives the place a bad name.

I don't bother the people in Discord. I see no reason why they should bother me.

Town's thinkin' of puttin' a new freeway through this swamp. Figure we can get the gov'mint to hold still for federal funds. Got to be progressive, you know. Might put up a shopping center or industrial tract. Be good for business.

Business? What have I to do with business? I walk here in the woods. I listen to the music of the world about me. Go away, sir. Leave us alone.

Oh, come on, Hank, or whoever you are. You can't stand in the way of progress. We got to tear down and build up. You been out here too long. Times change.

Time is a stream we go a-fishing in.

Come off it. What kinda beatnik are you? I tell you this junk heap has got to go. I heard



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN WOOLHISER

about you sittin' out here eatin' berries and talkin' to snakes. You got a corner on a valuable piece of property here, Mac. We kin get us a court order and throw you out by morning.

Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me.

What? People don't go for that jazz. We got progress, I tell you. We put up neon signs and beer joints and superhighways and low-rent housing. We got to have more public buildings to write our names on and more popcorn for the sacks we throw on the highway. We got a moon rocket cookin' and trouble with the Reds and you sit around here doin' nothin'. You're unpatriotic, that's what. You're a pinko.

Most men lead lives of quiet desperation.

Well, I've had it. O.K., boys, come and get him. I told you this Tharew would be as kooky as they come. Now Hank, you just let these nice fellers put that little jacket on you. They're gonna take you for a ride in that big car. You don't wanta sit around in the woods holdin' a fish in your hands and talkin' that crazy junk the rest of your life, do you?

What are you, Tharew? Some kind of nut?

Patty Johnson

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