

Whispering Avengers and Other Sources

Working on the Jack Anderson column you meet them all

By Les Whitten

Like most honorable American diplomats abroad, Jerry Doolittle was sick of the Indochinese war. Yet, as the embassy spokesman in Vientiane, Laos, his job was to defend it.

A man who has read Caesar in the original at an early age and subsequently directed reporters' investigations on a good city newspaper, however, is always in danger of tilting toward honesty rather than diplomatic tenure.

So, that May, in the fragile city full of spies and dewy morningtime leaves and Red Chinese beer, when I asked Jerry about the American bombing of civilians, he crossed the Rubicon of his career with a suicidal grace. He became a source.

"Since the ambassador"—George McMurtre Godley at the time—"has told you there is no such bombing, there is no bombing," Doolittle said. "But I suggest you contact Fred Branfman about interviewing some refugees."

I squirmed at Doolittle's style. By indirection he was telling me that his boss was either a liar or ignorant of what was going on in Laos. Lacking any style myself, I am thrilled and intimidated by it in its quintessential forms.

But who was Fred Branfman? Well, at that time it was a fair question. I met him under the most cinematic conditions: in the old Hotel Constellation with its Sidney Greenstreet chiaroscuro, everything but the four-bladed overhead fan.

Branfman, a man of 28 then, with a great nose like the prow of some Puritan bark, made no secret of where his heart was: on his left sleeve, armband high.

Yes, he agreed, although his status with the Laotian government was highly dubi-

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*Names of confidential sources in this article were used with their permission.

ous, he would be my source if I would protect him and would agree to write that the Americans were slaughtering Laotian peasants.

"Well, Fred . . ." I protested.

"Oh, there's proof, there's proof . . ."

None of Doolittle's understatement here, I thought, thus a dangerous source because too likely to give me only one side of the story, factual in the particulars, misleading in total. So I thought, at first.

We mounted his motorcycle heading to a Vietnamese-run restaurant in Vientiane. The soup was terrifically peppery and good, despite a purplish animal organ that stared up from it inedibly like a failed eye.

"Dog's . . . ?" I asked squeamishly.

"Enjoy," he replied. "Eat around it."

He told me about how his Long Island parents wished he would be a nice American-based Jewish boy, and about how instead he had stayed on in Indochina as a volunteer worker, and writer. In a few minutes, I saw how wrong my first quick study had been. He was able to turn off his passionate anti-administrationism and focus his discriminations on the shades, the layering of factual tissue in Laos. A good scalpel man.

Next day, I met him in his home on the second story of a Laotian house. Five former Laotian peasants and shopkeepers were politely talking to each other in odd Laotian and Sino-Laotian quacks.

For hours, I questioned them, openly using a tape recorder, Fred translating tirelessly.

It was a horror story. American planes ripping up their huts, year in year out. They were forced first into ditches beside the huts, then into caves in nearby hills. A sister of one slowly died, a brother of another. A prized ox was strafed in the field, running in a circle for a minute, then pitching over heavily on its side, a malfunctioning blood fountain.

There were no lies here. (Later, another translator, this one from the State Department, verified the translation.) At last, all of us, emotionally wrung out by this group non-therapy, rose awkwardly and, separate now, shook hands.

The Laotians were not entirely sure why they had been there. They sensed it was to help end the bombings on what was left of their villages, but they also sensed it could be trouble for them. Still, they trusted Fred, and thus when I promised not to use their names, they trusted me.

So on them, too, I took that confessional oath. They would be my sources. We investigators, we spoiled priests. We Little Friars of the First Amendment. Dominus vobiscum, I thought, wallowing in my willingness to go to the slammer for them. Then, I thought: Watch out for devil hubris! Our Sin, our mortal sin.

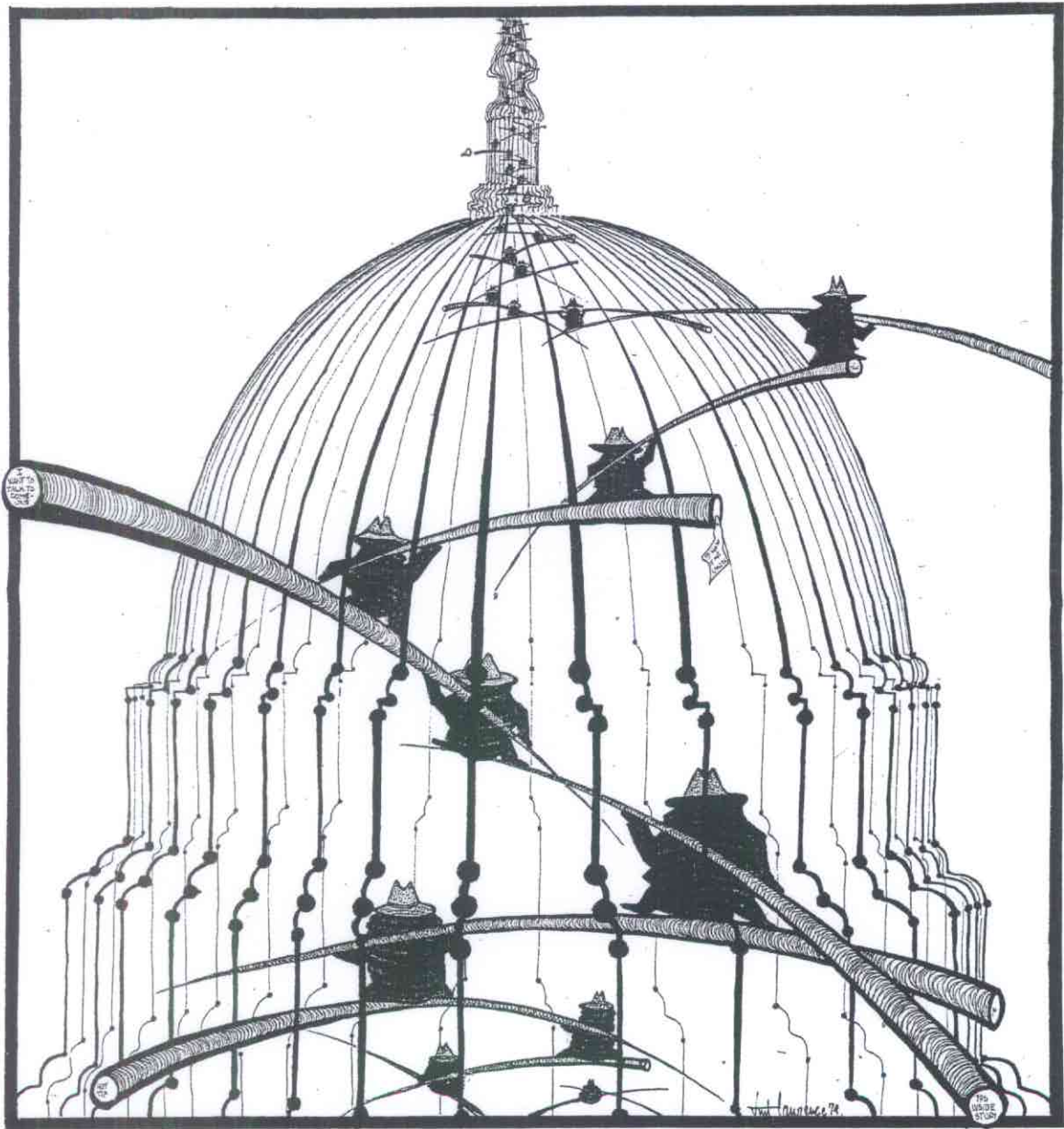
A Bang Up Mafia Job

The Mafia, at one time, controlled much of the fireworks trade in the District of Columbia. Although this was surely one of its smaller sources of national income, the boys in the syndicate did not get where they are by neglecting details: hundred thousand dollar operations still have a place in the Cosa Nostra conglomerate.

By mob standards, it was a small, clean operation. The factional strife, though intense, seldom warranted killings. The money men were a New Haven racketeer entrepreneur named Paul Coppola and the family of underworld banker Carmine "The Doctor" Lombardo.

For us, it was a good story. Contraband fireworks were being sold a few dozen feet from the personal Pennsylvania Avenue balconies of J. Edgar Hoover and old law 'n' order John Mitchell. And, another shop was marketing the contraband across the street from the Treasury Department whose customs service was being badly buffaloeed by the mobsters. We suspected a Congressman was involved. But we had no source to prove the Mafia role.

He fell in our laps. Articulate though ungrammatical, bright, medium tough, he was a young Italian-American courier for the syndicate. He brought money down from New York in \$10,000 batches, carefully wrapped it with aluminum foil and stored it in his freezer like sea perch filets



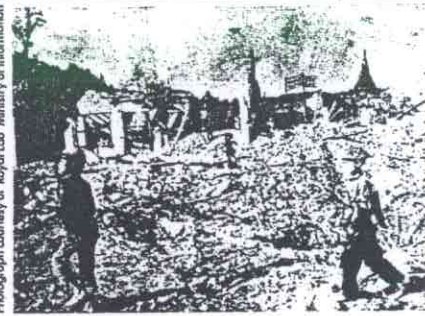


Lyn Nofziger, former Nixon staffer, was a mean man with a leak. He worked so hard to make political enemies look bad that in White House memos, well-placed leaks were called "Nofziger Jobs."

FBI

From the files of the Feds come reports of the private lives of celebrities. Some are hand-carried to reporters by federal workers disgusted with their assignments. So long Efram Zimbalist Jr.

Photograph courtesy of Royal Lao Ministry of Information



Bombs may not talk, but the Laotians whose villages they hit did, the survivors anyway. An American source put the anguished villagers together with the press to make liars out of official government spokesmen.

until it could be delivered.

Why he became a source has more to do with revenge than the kind of idealism that unsettled Doolittle, Branfman and, in a different way, my Laotian informants.

In his case, his employers had welshed on money owed him and he was beginning to grumble about it publicly. To topsoil over differences, as it were, they invited him to come to New York and fly with them on the night shuttle to New Haven for a conciliatory meeting.

The source checked the plane schedules and found there was no night shuttle to New Haven. The shuttle they had in mind for him, he saw clearly, was a non-stop into Long Island Sound.

Understandably upset, he came to one of Washington's most intriguing characters, businessman and private eye Dick Bast, who for years had been my trustworthy, if often self-serving, source as well as a friend. Bast called me and we worked out a way to save the young Cosa Nostra.

Next day, I escorted him to the organized crime section at the Justice Department. Using an odd twist of the law, Justice subpoenaed him for a grand jury that was hearing an entirely different case. But this little subterfuge automatically made him a government witness and opened the way for FBI action against any Mafia men who so much as ignited a ladyfinger in his presence. To this day, he remains under that kind of protection.

Out of gratitude, the courier put me in touch with a New York "buttonman." Fearing bugged rooms and telephones, the New Yorker drove me around and around block after block in his silver Cadillac, the radio blaring rock 'n' roll. His outraged voice, telling of the vicissitudes of his trade, was always a decibel or two above the yah-yah music of love—an unusual counterpoint.

From him, the original courier, and others who came to trust us because of these two, we were able to give a sharp pre-Godfather sketch of the Cosa Nostra at work and play.

We learned how a syndicate mobster came on an adversary planting carrots in

his backyard. Gun in hand, the mobster advised him to dig a bigger hole for the next carrot. As the would-be "carrot" began to dig his own grave, his wife came out of their house with a shotgun and drove off the mobster.

We eventually were able to show that Lombardozi and Coppola were behind most July 4 fireworks sold in this area. We proved that Rep. Robert Giaimo had met on certain dates in a Washington restaurant with Mafia men.

With some adroit questioning by Jack (and Giaimo's dumbfounding release of his records to us) we proved Giaimo's business relationship with Coppola and even showed that the busy congressman had tried to curtail the military service of two Mafia men so they could better serve the mob. (Giaimo admitted Coppola was a friend, but pleaded ignorance on his or his henchmen's mob ties.)

So from that single Mafia courier, we were able to pyramid our sources, as both newspapermen and prosecutors soon learn to do, into a strong web of stories about the Cosa Nostra in Our Town.

The Leaking Bureaucrat

These, however, are the glamor source stories. More often on sources, "they are us," to cannibalize Pogo. They are middle-class, not really adventurous people: bureaucrats, congressional staffers, corporate technicians, lawyers, decent citizens being eroded by their own government, other newsmen.

Over the years, they seem to break down this way:

- The Idealists
- The Avengers
- Friends
- The Mad Bombers
- Files
- Official sources

The Idealists generally have tried to change things "inside the system," and have given up. They are the secret Mirabeaus of our royal democracy. They are hesitant on the telephone in making that first fateful appointment. They are re-

sourceful in finding out-of-the-way Xeroxes. Once "into it," they are almost invariably brave and truthful. Their cause depends on us getting their story into the paper accurately, discredit-proof.

One such man, still in a prominent political job, slipped me 99 pages of classified material on, among other things, the loathsome Operation Phoenix in which the U.S. showed we could match the mutilators of Hanoi in butchering Indochinese village leaders.

The source had copied out the secret documents in longhand over a period of weeks to avoid getting caught leaving his office with classified material. At first he wanted to give me only one sheaf or two or three, but over stuffed grape leaves and retsina at the Astor, he agreed to give me all of them.

We went casually to a "self-service" Xerox in his office and ran off all 99 pages, for which he, ever the honest bureaucrat, signed up on a sheet above the machine. This would have led to him with phone-tap reliability once the FBI was sicced on the case as a result of our stories.

Laboriously, I recopied the whole sign-up sheet, putting obscure initials by the 99 pages, then gave him 99 cents times two (equals \$1.98) for him to put quietly in some employee recreation fund to pay for the paper. He was, and is, one of the most scrupulously honest men I have ever known, although I assume those who feel uncomfortable about disclosing hidden government information would dispute that claim.

Sweet Revenge

Among "The Avengers," the boldest in my experience was Danny Helsel, a former employee of former Rep. Irv Whalley (R-Pa.). Whalley had forced him and other employees to give Whalley kickbacks in various forms. This had disturbed Helsel, but it was disagreement on work assignments that finally embittered him and led him to us.

When he came, it was to give us a full affidavit with blanket authority to use his



Consider the source. Even as Jack Anderson's right-hand man stood charged with possession of stolen Interior Department papers, Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton slipped a few internal memos to Anderson.

MAFIA

Sometimes the code of silence is broken by the Godfather's own soldiers. A disgruntled bagman can be as effective a source as a conscientious bureaucrat.



During Camelot, members of the Justice Department disliked Teamsters boss James Hoffa so much they leaked the news that he was arrested for beating up an aide even before the police reports were typed.

name, even though the statement involved him, too, in apparently criminal activities.

"I want old Irv to know who did it to him," Hessel told us. Our stories led to Whalley's conviction for kickbacks and other crimes. But sources like Hessel are uncommon.

In the category of "Friends" are those who like our column, like us as people, glory in our scoops, stand with us in disgrace. Jack has such friends in the White House and Cabinet. I suspect who they are, but do not know. It's safer that way. When I am asked about his sources on his Pulitzer Prize Indo-Pakistan stories, I can honestly testify I do not know.

The same is true for me, Joe Spear, Jack Cloherty, Bob Owens. There are sources whose names none of us share.

Indeed, one of them, a forthright, good-natured man known to the rest of us only as "Joe's Friend," comes to mind whenever I think of sources: his arms are loaded with classified documents; his smile has the Venetian innocence of a Tiepolo cherub; he is sourcedom's finest flower.

Spear, a low-key Eastern Shoreman, is so instantly trustworthy that he could as well have achieved success as a preacher or dollar stock salesman. When "Joe's Friend," a federal worker, contacted us one day in despair over his role in snooping on private individuals, Spear heard him with respect and shared his anger. The two men were soon good friends.

Gradually the source's trust assumed awesome size. "Joe's Friend" began turning over dozens of FBI dossiers on celebrities. Every week or so he would turn up with another batch. It was one of our best stories of the year.

It proved unimpeachably how citizens' sex lives, reading habits, political preferences and even personal mannerisms are secretly recorded in the files of the FBI. Small wonder that few dare speak against this secret police force of 8,800 men, all (if they want to stay) will-less janissaries of the executive branch.

True, they do many noble services. Their work during the civil rights movement's heyday in the '60s was both human-

itarian and monumental. But "Joe's Friend" showed, once and for all how deeply the FBI has cankered our rights to privacy, to fair trials, to freedom from intimidation. Joe's paper cathedral to anti-constitutional horror also is a memorial to how few federal investigators draw a line when their superiors order them to violate these rights.

Exploding Into Print

Ah, the Mad Bombers. Like the famous George Metesky, they set off their explosions clandestinely and wait breathlessly to read about the blast in the newspapers the next day. Some we know by name. Others are great cackles of laughter that pour from the earpiece as our caller recounts how a mayor of Tucson has come to Washington for a conference, gotten drunk and bitten so deeply into a secretary's thigh that we are later able to photograph it in color so that every woothmark shows; it is the cultured liberal voice telling us how Rep. Shirley Chisholm (D-N.Y.) failed to tell the House about all her speech income.

It is Bob Winter-Berger, an oddly likeable smalltime Capitol Hill fixer, telling us tales about then Vice Presidential candidate Gerry Ford. Unfortunately, Winter-Berger had a hard time with the truth. He told us and later the Senate, in an affidavit, that he reported on his income tax form a big "pay-off" to Ford. He testified to just the opposite: that a second fixer provided him with the money. I am convinced, now, that there was no pay-off. Winter-Berger, I am also convinced, bore Ford no real ill will. He was caught up in the sensation of providing news, being news, a "Bomber" off target.

Winter-Berger was not the only one. There was the note on White House stationery "signed" by Lyndon Johnson ordering the death of a political enemy. It was faked. There was the billet-doux from J. Edgar Hoover to former White House aide Walter Jenkins on FBI stationery. It was forged. There were the super-classified NATO plans from the '50s to use bacterio-

logical warfare as a last resort if the Soviets invaded Europe. It had been printed before.

Then, there are the Files, that vast open (or closed) urn of secrets in the courts, the regulatory agencies, everywhere there are offices. To woo out their secrets takes long hours. But they are more accurate than people and have no emotions of their own to swerve you, no voice to persuade you away from seeking their confidences.

In them are many of our stories: White House defender-of-the-law Pat Buchanan's criminal record for cop-fighting as a young man; Presidential brother Don Nixon's services to a California modular home builder; even an ancient humorous story about how Lyndon Johnson's dad, as a legislator in Texas, tried to cut the speed limits to 25 miles an hour. (We broke it at a time when Johnson's fast driving was in the news.)

At the old municipal court here, which I covered for The Washington Post years ago, a dulcet calm set in as I crossed the hot square, passed the ancient horse chestnut tree (cut down for the Metro) and went on to the file room. No editors could find me there, in that cool, dry and somehow virginal repository of human secrets.

I was alone, a kid again alone in his quiet place, in the file room with the stories of "con men and Wall Street cash and collateral turned ashes . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs."

An Informed Source Said Today...

Official Sources, as opposed to those officials who give us things against the government, or without the knowledge of the government, are sources who speak for the government on or off the record. Their message is always the same: our administration (is) (was) (will be) the best since the Age of Pericles; our opponents are the worst since Attila.

Only now, with the Watergate revelations, do we see the complexity of the official leak. One of the greatest practitioners of the art was Lyn Nofziger, a one-time

newspaperman, Ronald Reagan aide and Nixonian staffer whose works were so famous in the White House that all leaks became known as "Nofziger jobs."

One of the secret Watergate documents (itself the result of official leaking of sorts) tells us that, "Whenever possible Nofziger planted stories favorable to the Nixon administration with newsmen, on his own or at the request of Haldeman . . ."

It goes on to elaborate on a daring Nofziger operation:

"After the California primary, Nofziger sent a person from the Committee to Re-Elect the President into the California McGovern office . . . in an attempt to find a form which purportedly told McGovern volunteers how to get on welfare. Nofziger did not pay the person for this work, and removed him from the McGovern office after he failed to find the form during a two-week search." The brass of keeping an undercover man in an enemy camp, digging in drawers, files and in-baskets, for two weeks is vintage Nofziger. If the non-existent form had been found, Nofziger would have leaked it to discredit McGovern.

In a similar undercover job, which Watergate sleuths did not turn up, Nofziger was more successful. Using a ruse, he squeezed documents from the camp of a prim-and-proper liberal Presidential opponent of Nixon which showed misuse of federal funds.

Nofziger, one who brightened the Nibelungengloom of the White House with a fine, wry humor, leaked the damning documents to a liberal friend of the anti-Nixon candidate. So complete and accurate were the documents, that the newsman could not possibly shirk the story. So he blasted his friend and to this day, because Nofziger remains a trusted source, the newsman cannot inform the abashed victim that his chuckling headsman was Nofziger.

For those who would tsk-tsk at Nofziger, a review of the supposedly Galahadian Kennedy days is worthwhile. Few if any reporters believe that the Kennedy era matched the pure, feral criminality of the White House under Richard Nixon. But there were leaks and sources aplenty, many of them pretty venal.

Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department, for instance, was intent on ruining what was left of Teamsters boss Jimmy Hoffa's tarnished reputation.

When Hoffa got in a punching match with a weaker aide, and was arrested for it, a Justice Department official source leaked out the news even before the police reports had been typed up. The regular police reporters were stunned to see a horde of political reporters converging on police headquarters on a story they themselves knew nothing about.

The worst thing about official leaks are that they are often untrue. Columnist Marianne Means summed it up on a rare occasion when she was misled down the garden-path.

"What do you do," she fumed, "when the President of the United States"—in this case Lyndon Johnson—"lies to you?" Worst of all, when high officials lie to us, we are still bound not to reveal them as the sources for our propleps stories.

Silence at the Source

What is flabbergasting about official leaks from the Nixon administration is that President Nixon himself has largely set the mood for prosecution of reporters over leakers.

In the 1972 Branzburg-Pappas-Caldwell case, Nixon's Supreme Court seems to have ruled that we must either reveal our sources under judicial order, or go to jail for them.

Since this horrendous decision, tinhorn DAs with political stars in their eyes, spiteful judges and even vengeful private lawyers have made *schadenfreudian* whoopee with us. Any time they can maneuver us in front of a court, even in the most frivolous civil proceeding, we can be ordered to name our source.

Sometimes source stories do nothing. On the other hand, our Laos story led to a State Department investigation which may have limited some of the U. S. bombing of civilians.

And it works; in an Attica prison case, a reporter decided he preferred naming his source to going to jail. Reporters William Farr of California and Peter Bridge of New Jersey, among others, chose jail.

To protect us from this sorry dilemma, "shield" laws have been approved in at least 25 states. They are supposed to permit us to shield our sources, but they are loophole-ridden. Both Farr's California and Bridge's New Jersey have them.

A federal shield law has bogged down in Congress mainly because some newspapermen think the First Amendment is doing the job and others want an absolute protection for their sources or no law at all. Personally, I think the Burger court has tattered the First Amendment. But I agree no law is worthwhile unless it gives us the protection of priests, and more.

As a practical matter, I now ask a source to promise to speak up if my case ever gets as far as the jailhouse door. If he refuses, we may still carry the story, but it's with an iron-bar taste of fear in the mouth. Our Indian stories are a study in the catsy-mousey game we play nowadays with federal authorities.

Arresting Information

During the break-in at the Bureau of Indian Affairs in November, 1972—that other break-in—Hank Adams, an Assiniboine-Sioux, was chief In-

dian negotiator with the White House. He is also a fine source on Indian matters.

As the Indians left the bureau, they took with them tons of government records, mostly old land and population documents.

But rumors began to drift out from the guardians of the countless caches of these documents that there were also reportorial goldmines.

Through indirect help from Hank, I was finally instructed by other Indian sources to fly first to Arizona and then Minneapolis. There in a locked motel room my sources gave me three stolen documents and asked me to write them up as a test to see whether they would give me more.

"Where are you going?" I asked as they left me in the room.

"To drink some beer."

"I could use one," I told them.

"No. We know how you whites are with firewater," their chief joked.

Next day, after more back and forth, the documents were brought in. Hundreds, thousands of pages. And not just old land records. There were enough for a dozen tough stories on how the white man's government had bilked the Indian.

When Hank Adams telephoned one morning a few weeks after our Trail of Broken Treaties Papers series, my hopes were high that a new cache of documents he had received would be equally valuable. But he assured me they were not.

Still, there would be a good story in reporting the return of the documents by Hank to the government. He hoped to use this first major returned batch as good faith earnest to recommence talks with the White House.

Driving downtown, I did not even bother to take the usual precautions for a sensitive meeting; doubling around a block quickly and waiting to make sure all the cars have passed, then U-turning. Why bother, we were taking documents back, not away.

Indeed, I parked in front of Hank Adams' apartment on Rhode Island Avenue. When we left to load up the documents in my car, Hank's transportation had not shown up. (He was an FBI informer, we found out later.)

But once the big boxes were beside my car, the FBI came swarming out of neighboring cars and doorways like ants from a rotten log. They grabbed my pencil and notebook and handcuffed me. For two weeks felony charges hung over our lives, like noxious heavy smog. During that time, it was suggested that I link Hank to criminal acts and the smog over me would quickly lift.

But to grab this subtle suggestion was unthinkable: it was not true; Hank was my friend; finally, to betray a source was to write finis to reporting. The fraudulent case, as it turned out, fell of its own weight.

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The Bust

Out of that episode came one amusing "source" story. Interior Secretary Rogers Morton, despite my arrest only a few days before, invited Jack and me to lunch to talk about what he could do to help Indians.

Perhaps it is naive, but I was enormously touched to have that warm, often wrong-headed, bear-like man sit down with me at a time when one of his fellow Cabinet members (Richard Kleindienst, now a convicted criminal himself) wanted me in jail.

I am sure Jack felt the same way, but this did not stop him from sweet-talking Morton out of some internal Interior Department documents over dessert.

"Well," Jack said perkily as we left the building, "here you are charged with possession of stolen documents. And here I am with possession of a batch of internal memos from a member of the Cabinet. Do you think they'll prosecute Rog?"

One of the most guilt-laden things that can happen to a reporter is to lose a source.

Two years ago, narcotics head John Ingersoll took on one of Washington's most able public relations men to rebuild his agency's image. Ingersoll was an honest, outspoken cop doing good work, but the message wasn't getting across.

His new "flack" allowed me to see a classified document on "Operation Seawall." It showed clearly that Ingersoll was moving well to stop ethnic Chinese seamen from bringing in heroin. Much of the story on this joint Canadian-American effort had already been leaked out by higher narcotics officials.

The document got specific and was a good story. With

the permission of Ingersoll's man, we printed parts. It was one of the few positive stories we could honestly do on the Nixon administration's anti-narcotics drive.

But at the White House, Jack Anderson was both in-

formally and formally a prime enemy. Ingersoll was forced into firing our source, though he decently stalled as long as he could. The narcotics effort never had a more dedicated practitioner of public relations than our source, nor a more skilled one as the decline in good press has shown. A prominent senator wisely took on the source. The senator's genuine virtues have been exploited handsomely by his press aide. But an anguish remains: did I do everything I could have done to protect my source?

And even more disastrous source "loss" almost occurred after we printed the Watergate grand jury transcripts. Federal judge John Sirica, the FBI and the original prosecutors, not to mention our fellow newsmen, were all looking for our sources in the case.

At one point, it appeared a federal subpoena would be issued for Jack, and the TV cameras were lined up outside our building. To my disbelief and near panic, one of our transcript sources came into the office.

The source had been in the neighborhood and decided to drop in.

"Get out of here," I hissed.

"What are the TV cameras doing?" the source asked.

"Those bells are tolling for thee," I murmured, directing him how to get out the back way.

News at the Top

The bells are tolling for the public, too. Today, more than ever, as the CREEP boys used to say, the whole fabric of press freedom is endangered.

To be sure, sometimes source stories do nothing. Our Indian stories did not improve the plight of the Indians. Our Mafia story helped put Coppola in jail, but Bob Giaimo (not the worst congressman by a long shot, but one of the few who had Mafia ties) is returned every two years.

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Source, from page 14

On the other hand, our Laos story did lead to a State Department investigation, first suppressed then uncovered, which in turn may have limited some of the U.S. bombing of civilians. And Whalley did retire and was convicted.

And local source stories help push that rare brutal cop from the force by disclosing he knocks in the teeth of kids after marijuana busts; source stories cut taxes by uncovering costly kickback schemes on municipal turbine contracts. Nationally, they reveal the cancer of Watergate while it is still surgically treatable.

Sure, even under dictatorships, sources will come forward.

Although the first thing fascists and Communists do is to shut down the press, we still get source stories out of Brazil, the Soviet Union, the Philippines and the rest of that long nasty list of totalitarians.

But how far can we morally go in endangering our sources? And even now in America, are we for all our brave talk really willing to risk our own freedom to do honest reporting jobs on gov-

ernment? Sources are what make our press free, to an enormously unrecognized extent. Our use of them helps keep it free.

Talking about sources, William Makepeace Thackeray (yes, an ex-newspaperman), wrote, "The Press . . . she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world—her courtiers walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous."

You better believe it. And that's how it ought to stay. ■

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