

# DEAN RUSK: COOL MAN IN A HOT WORLD

THIS POWERFUL MAN takes a beating. In Japan this summer, anti-American demonstrators hurled rocks; in Norway, leaflets carried his picture labeled: Wanted For Murder. He had to be hustled into Kyoto and Oslo by back streets; and in Brussels, he went into hiding while police mounted water cannons outside the American Embassy. In Uruguay last fall, he was spat on.

At home, a Democratic newspaper demands his resignation; a Republican columnist accuses him of "standpattism"; a U.S. senator attacks his views as "unconscionable." In the ornithology of Washington, he is called a "hawk," and critics try to retag Vietnam—from "McNamara's War" to "Rusk's War."

At the center of this whirlpool stands a Secretary of State in whom two Presidents have affirmed their faith. If he stays through this Presidential term, Dean Rusk will pass all the other 51 secretaries of state, except FDR's Cordell Hull, in length of service. In this nuclear-frightened world, a foreign minister in office so long must get covered with barnacles of bitterness.

The job starts at 7 a.m. with a call to the Operations Center at the State Department. It marches to a parade of conferences, staff meetings, testimony to congressional committees, dinners, receptions, speeches and an endless soaking up of information from cables and papers at his desk, while walking, in his car, in elevators. Above all, his job is to keep informed; he searches for the significant in an infinity of detail. The load of dead-hand protocol, formalities and courtesies is staggering. The work-week can run to 80 hours.

Night work is normal. He cannot properly leave a formal dinner before 10:45, preferably a few minutes later as a compliment to the hostess. If his evening is "free," he ends up in his

office working past 11 in his shirt-sleeves, with a ham on white and a Scotch on the rocks for dinner at his desk. At home, he checks once more with Operations and gets to bed by midnight. He falls asleep immediately—knowing he might be awakened at any time to meet some emergency.

**BY J. ROBERT MOSKIN** LOOK FOREIGN EDITOR  
**PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES HANSEN**

Despite the importance of his job and his worldwide visibility, few really know this man who climbed from a one-horse tenant farm in Cherokee County, Ga., to sit with the mighty and influence the world's course. He is regarded as a skillful infighter in the alleys of bureaucratic Washington—silken and tough! Even among the practitioners of "quiet diplomacy," he is extraordinarily reserved. He was the only Cabinet member JFK never called by his given name. But one associate says: "A lot of people who went to those Kennedy parties aren't around anymore."

By some lexicographical quirk, the personal characteristics that best describe Rusk all start with "C": cool, controlled, committed, conscientious, courteous, charming, cultivated.

His enormous capacity for self-control has helped make him a figure of controversy. He rarely shows emotion. When he plays bridge on a plane, he concentrates wholly, tapping the filtered end of a cigarette while deciding a play. A fellow player marvels, "You can't tell what he's got—a silent sphinx."

Rusk regrets his most widely quoted statement, made when the Russians turned back their missile-carrying ships during the Cuban crisis: "We're eyeball-to-eyeball, and I think the other fellow just blinked." He says now, "I was always sorry that leaked out. Those things don't help. When you solve a problem, you ought to thank God and go on to the next one."

But he is sensitive to the wall he builds between himself and others. He says, "It's the essence of our business that you bite your tongue. Sure I get mad, but it's part of my job not to let people know when I'm angry and when I'm not. This is a job that requires ice water in your veins." He pauses and adds, "It's deliberate. It's not that I don't have feelings."

He has a disarming smile to cover the caustic retort, and a wry sense of humor. In Brussels this summer, he heard security man Robert Furey radio in to agent Gus Peleuses, "I've got the Old Man's brown case." Rusk took the Handie-Talkie and said, "This is the Old Man. What's the problem?" Furey dropped

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**"This is a job that  
requires ice water in your veins."**

**DEAN RUSK** CONTINUED

## Jet-spied Secretary spins a diplomat's "spider web"

his radio. Rusk laughed, "All's forgiven. Come home."

Crises don't shake him up. "I've lived through a lot of these crises, so I tend not to get as excited as a lot of people do. Most situations are not as bad as they've been before." He says, "My wife accuses me of having a capacity for accepting the inevitable. I've never quite known what the alternative is." He faces past mistakes. Of the Communist Chinese entering the Korean War, he says, "I was among those who thought they would not come in. I was wrong."

He is more insistent on keeping his word than any Eagle Scout. This sense of commitment is at the core of his thinking about foreign policy. "It's the credibility of the American commitment—the commitment that we will not permit South Vietnam to be seized by force—that is the gut question." He says, citing the final swift resolution of the Berlin airlift and the Cuban missile crises, "It's going to end with the freedom of South Vietnam. It's going to break fast one of these days."

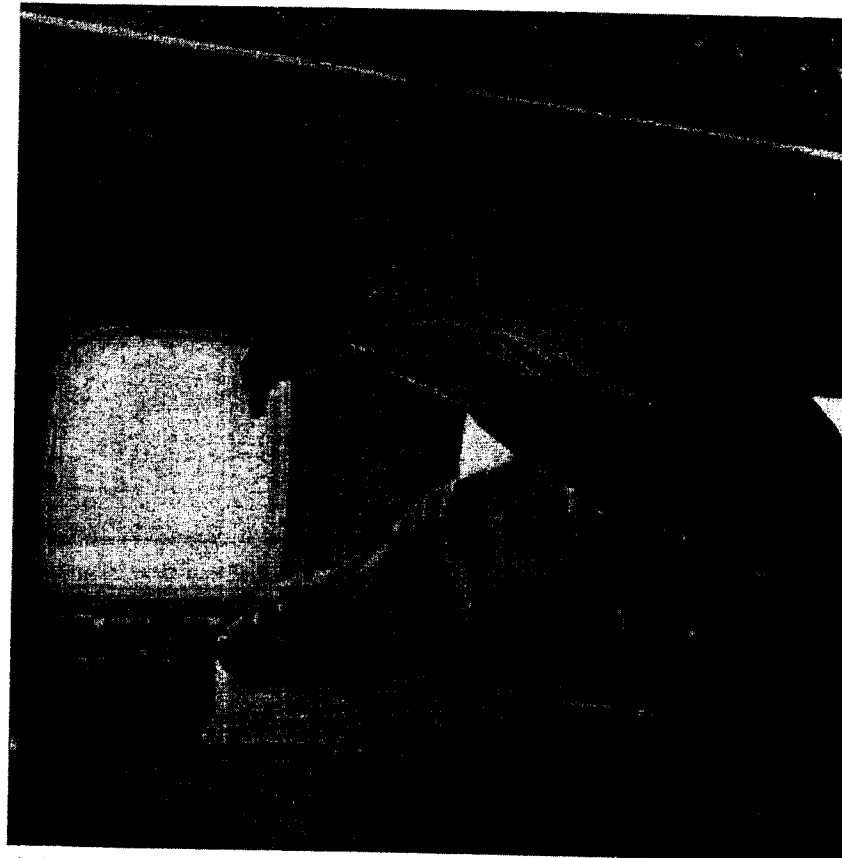
He tends to see things simply—and in terms of good and evil: Vietnam is an equation of Communist aggression and American commitment. This goes back to his boyhood, where, he remembers, "There was an atmosphere of duty, and right and wrong." He seeks an opponent's "major premises." "I respect the guts of a man who gets up and says what he believes. I don't respect the man who goes whining around and saying things that cause confusion." He is sure of his own premises, and to many, this makes him appear rigid. He castigates "so-called liberals" who, he says, are unwilling to fight for other men's freedom. "I don't care if he calls himself a cynic, a pacifist, an ostrich, but this is not the liberal tradition. Liberal means something about freedom." Of those who would form opinions about foreign policy, he asks, "If they would start with a question: I wonder what is in the minds of our leaders when they made that decision? Instead of: Why did the so-and-sos do that?" Even for decision makers, he says, "There is no such thing as a complete set of facts. You are always looking through the fog of the future."

He lives with a perpetual barrage of problems. At night, as Rusk puts it, "The other two-thirds of the people in the world are awake and up to some mischief. There is always something going on 24 hours a day." His shop never closes. The Department receives a thousand cables and sends out another thousand every day. Rusk himself acts on some 40 cables a day, and he wonders about the strain as he switches rapidly from one urgent problem to another.

This demanding job has a heavy price. His children see

little of him. "I am not able to spend as much time with them as I would like. And they've had to be pretty independent." His wife agrees: "I wish we could have more of a family relationship."

There is a second price. Diplomats live mighty well; they can call on chauffeur-driven limousines, dine in black tie with three wines for dinner, ride special planes with an entourage of secretaries and aides. Despite these official luxuries, Rusk says, "I'm living off my salary. I don't have anything else. The savings that I had are long since absorbed on the job. That makes a difference to the kids. You can't do some things. Like many other fathers, I'll have two youngsters in college this fall. When the balance gets zero-zero, I'll have to quit. It's as simple as that."



*At 605 mph, Dean Rusk unravels a NATO problem. He criticized Dulles for traveling, but has now flown 613,000 miles himself. The jet plane permits him more time in Washington.*

After conference in Bonn,  
German Chancellor Erhard, right,  
watches as Rusk discusses  
his next move. He says,  
"An awful lot of spinning the spider  
web goes on in this business."



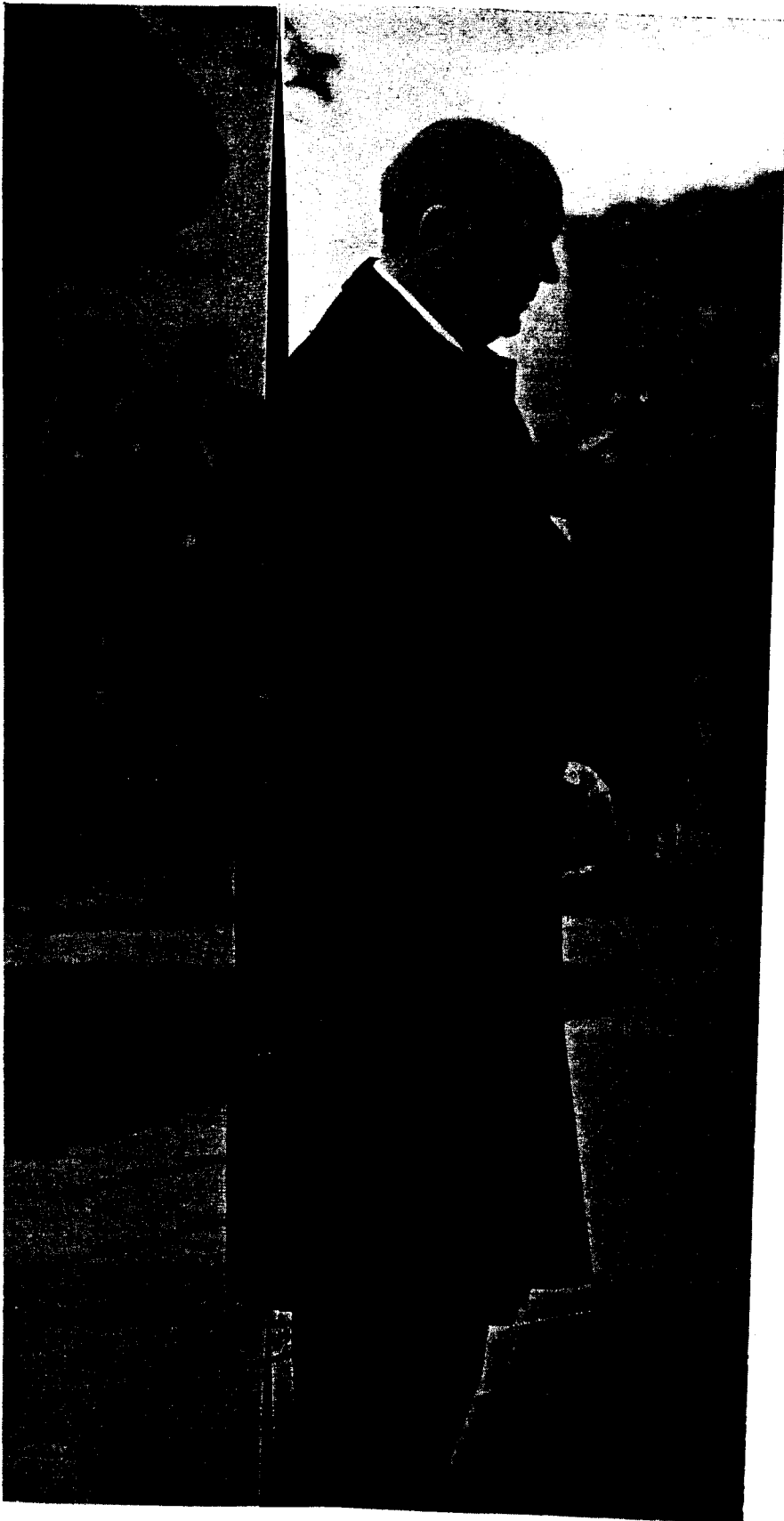
*In Helsinki, Rusk, center,  
is honored at a lavish  
banquet by President  
Kekkonen. They had a  
sauna together before  
black-tie palace dinner.*





*Encounter with a man in Uccle. After midnight, Rusk shares final shake with Barney, five-year-old boxer of U.S. diplomat John McSweeney. Rusk had spent a long Sunday with foreign ministers in McSweeney's home in Brussels' Uccle section, hiding out to avoid demonstrations outside U.S. Embassy.*

Solemn moment in Oslo. Secretary Rusk stands  
grim and silent while military bugler plays haunting  
taps in the Akershus fortress. Rusk has just laid a  
wreath from the people of the United States on  
this spot where, during World War II, the Nazis  
shot Norwegian resistance fighters they caught.







*Early one morning, Virginia and Dean Rusk steal away to see Helsinki's waterfront market. They bought flowers during rare private moment on Rusk's first official visit to Russia's neighbor.*



*On trip to Rockefeller's Colonial Williamsburg, Va., Rusk enjoys golf with Japan's Ambassador Ryuji Takeuchi. Rusk plays golf left-handed but tennis right-handed.*

*The Rusk's are greeted by Belgium's King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola. Later, Rusk says, "It's not fitting for a boy from Cherokee County. This is a strange environment for me."*

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LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON and David Dean Rusk disagree over who was born in the smaller house. Rusk was born in Cherokee County, Ga., in a farmhouse his father built with his own hands. His father was a Presbyterian circuit-rider preacher who tried to survive by working a one-horse, one-cow, 40-acre rented farm. Cotton brought him a cash turnover of less than \$100 a year. He cut the five kids' hair and cobbled their shoes, and Dean's mother, a country schoolteacher before her marriage, made them clothes from flour sacks.

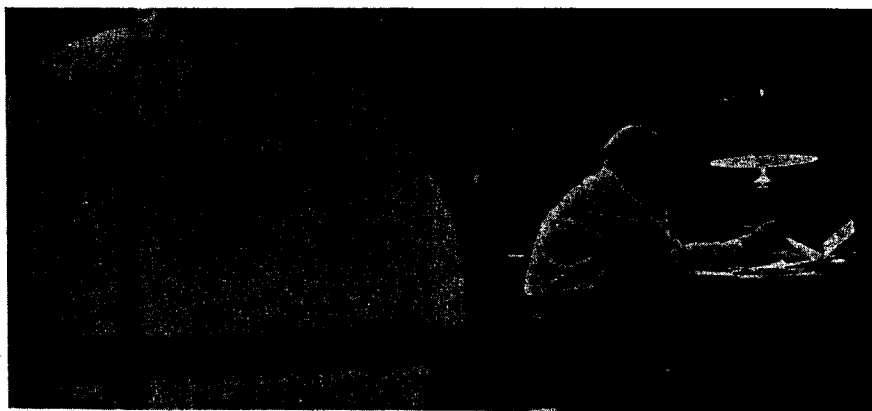
"I am myself a son of Appalachia," Secretary of State Rusk said, opening an exhibit of Appalachian handicrafts in Helsinki this summer. "I saw the first telephone come into the area; I remember the first electric light in our home. Pure drinking water was a chance. Think of the human aspect—the mother trying to find a way to get the children to school; the father building a home with his own hands. This takes me back a long way."

Grubbing poverty and a voice too soft for the wide-open style of preaching demanded in rural Georgia proved too tough. When Dean was four, the family moved to Atlanta. His father got a job as a postman and walked an eight-mile route twice a day. Says Rusk, "For years, my typical picture of him was coming home and putting his feet in a tub of water. He was a man of great faith."

The Rusks lived on Whitehall Street, along the railroad. Dean and his friends used to collect coal from the tracks and throw lumps at the trainmen to encourage them to throw coal back. The tracks divided the white and Negro neighborhoods. He remembers: "On 29 days out of the month, we played together, and the 30th, we chose up sides and fought." Of his boyhood, he says, "I've always felt my children got cheated. In Atlanta, along the railroad, there was a switching station, a firehouse, an icehouse where we could suck on ice all day. Next to the icehouse was a tiny grocery store. I had my first job there, and he paid me off in 300 pennies every Saturday night." Dean was then eight.

He grew up with a strong sense of self-reliance. "When I was a boy, there was a reluctance to interfere with each other. It helped hold the family together; you didn't get in each other's way—a little of the Calvinist view that each person is a sovereign soul, and we should not tinker with them too much." His father was "a very gentle man," but he kept a leather strap they called "Billy." When a child was bad, Rusk says, "The humiliating thing was you had to fetch Billy yourself."

Religion was central to the family. Dean went to Sunday school, to church Sunday afternoons and to midweek prayer meetings. He



Beyond lit-up globe, Rusk works late. On wall is painting of Dean Acheson.

earned his pearls for memorizing parts of the Bible and the Westminster Shorter Catechism. Sunday meant Bible reading, visiting family and long walks; cops and robbers was out.

"A passion for education" was the family's other lodestone. His father was the only one of 12 children who graduated from college—Davidson College, and Louisville (Ky.) Theological Seminary; his mother graduated from normal school. Dean was smart and could read before he went to school, which he entered in the 2nd grade. In the 4th grade at the Lee Street school, he was one of the pupils chosen to ask the board of education to continue their experimental open-air schoolhouse. He went to school barefoot in warm weather until the 6th grade; shoes were too precious.

In high school, he was cadet colonel of the ROTC and co-winner of the cup for the best all-around boy. He earned \$40 a month writing a weekly school page for the *Atlanta Journal*. As a junior, he put in for West Point, but, he says, "We had no real connections with any congressmen." Ambition showed early; at 12, he already planned to go to college and then to Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship.

The family is Scotch-Irish. Three Rusk brothers first came from Ireland in the 1700's. One settled in Georgia; a second, in the Midwest. The third worked on John Calhoun's plantation in South Carolina, and his son went out to Texas, where a county and the county seat of adjoining Cherokee County, Texas, bear the Rusk name. The family tree boasts one Rusk who became governor of Wisconsin and U.S. Secretary of Agriculture and another who led the Texans at San Jacinto and became a U.S. senator. In the family graveyard on the Georgia homestead—where Rusk still feels his roots are—he found the tombstone of his great-grandmother, who was born in Ireland in 1776.

He has a lifelong respect for the military and is proud that both his grandfathers fought in the Civil War—for the Confederacy. (Once, filling out a security form, Rusk answered "Yes" to the question whether any member of his family had ever attempted to overthrow the Government, and put down his grandfathers' names.) His boyhood heroes were Robert E. Lee and Henry Grady. He says, "I grew up in the tradition of the New South: Forget the war and get on with it."

He followed his father to Davidson College. To pay his way, he

worked in a bank, waited table, managed the student store and borrowed some. He played varsity basketball—"the last of the midget centers" (he's six feet and a half inch). He said recently, "We lost so many games they referred to our athletics as character building."

He got his Rhodes Scholarship, and then came three vital years at Oxford, where he won his "half-blue" in lacrosse and the Cecil Peace Prize. To meet the deadline for his Prize essay, in competition with students from all British universities, he holed up for four days in a room in Berlin, where he was studying at the time. The £100 Prize paid his Oxford bills. In Berlin, he saw the school in which he was enrolled taken over by Hitler.

Back in the States, his first job was teaching at Mills College in California—\$2,000 a year, and he says, "It was 1934, and I was glad to get it." One of his students, an all-"A" junior named Virginia Foisie, had just returned from representing the college at a conference in Japan. Brought together because they were regarded as campus experts on international affairs, Rusk hired Miss Foisie to do research. On June 19, 1937, they were married in Seattle, where she grew up.

Rusk became dean of Mills's faculty. The students enjoyed calling him "Dean Dean," and the college's president urged him to use his other given name. Rusk refused.

In 1940, two months after their first son was born, Captain Rusk was summoned to active duty in the infantry. He rose to assistant operations officer of the 3rd Division, all set to go to the Pacific, when he was ordered to Washington to start a Far Eastern subsection in the British Empire section of G-2. His Oxford tour and his long interest in the conflict in Manchuria had marked him for the job. On Pearl Harbor day, he was on duty on the War Department General Staff. He telephoned his wife, abruptly told her to turn on the radio and hung up.

Requested by Gen. Joseph Stilwell, he spent most of the war in

India, with many flights over the Hump, twice to Chungking. He was in New Delhi the day Franklin D. Roosevelt died, and Rusk remembers: "The ragged urchins and paupers would just touch my hand in sympathy. It was an overwhelming experience."

His final assignment was back in the Pentagon, where he briefed Gen. George C. Marshall on the British campaign in Malaya. By V-J Day, he was a full colonel and afterwards became a special assistant to Secretary of War Robert Patterson. He decided to stay in uniform, and the Senate had confirmed his regular Army commission a few days before Marshall asked him to come over to the State Department. In his Pentagon file is a recommendation from Patterson supporting Rusk's commission if he ever wants to return to the Army.

At State for five years, he was closely involved in the politics related to the formation of the state of Israel. He went to Japan to work out the agreement for stationing U.S. troops there. He was Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs during the Korean War and wrote the message for President Truman when he fired General MacArthur.

In the Pentagon and at State, his ability and charm won the respect of what has been called "the New York foreign-policy syndics"—John McCloy, Dean Acheson, Robert Lovett, John Foster Dulles. Rusk says he was "one of the few people in the world who was a close friend of both Dean Acheson and Foster Dulles." Dulles was chairman of the board of the Rockefeller Foundation when Rusk was elected its president in 1952. He immersed himself in the Foundation's global efforts to spend the Rockefeller millions, taking a special interest in developing nations' food production and population control, and in the arts. He flew to Hungary after the 1956 uprising to see about rebuild-

ing the medical school in Budapest: "It didn't work out."

Rusk traveled widely for the Foundation, but his wife never went along because he thought they should not fly together while their three children were small. (They have driven across the country ten times.) When he became Secretary of State, their older son was 20, and Virginia Rusk has gone with her husband to some 60 countries.

They lived in suburban Scarsdale, N.Y., and Rusk helped coach the Saturday morning sports program for boys, Mrs. Rusk started a dancing class open to all local children. Rusk has long opposed prejudice. As a young Pentagon officer, he broke the segregated mess by bringing to lunch a young civilian from the OSS named Ralph Bunche. Rusk has refused to join social clubs and country clubs that would not let him bring Jewish or Negro guests. He held to this personal rule even though, in one case, it denied his children a swimming pool five minutes from their home. As a Southerner, he says of integration: "I had different feelings about this from a young age. It came out of an elementary liberalism—not the cynical liberalism of modern days."

He participated in local politics enough to be co-chairman of the Scarsdale campaign for Kennedy and Johnson in 1960—"my first and only purely political office." He had never met John Kennedy when, in early December, he was summoned to Georgetown for a 40-minute talk. *Foreign Affairs* had published a speech of his, and he and the President-elect discussed Rusk's ideas. "We did not talk about my being Secretary of State," Rusk says. The next evening, Kennedy called again to say he wanted to appoint him to the Cabinet post. Rusk flew to Palm Beach the next morning and the announcement followed. It was a long climb from the farm in Cherokee County.

END

*Virginia and Dean Rusk celebrated their 29th anniversary this June. A close couple, they deeply regret that his job gives them so little time together.*



more eggs than any other human being in the last half-century of this country."

STEWART UDALL, 45, made more politically embarrassing statements in his first six months as Secretary of the Interior than any other Cabinet member since Charlie Wilson. Prodded by conservation-minded Lyndon Johnson, he has since broadened his office's traditional preoccupation with Western problems into a nationwide mandate, presided over the greatest expansion in conservation activity since Theodore Roosevelt's day. As the Great Society's custodian of natural and civic beauty, Udall has taken as his active concern everything from the water needs of thirsty Eastern cities to the fate of the nearly extinct California condor.

ORVILLE FREEMAN, 47, experienced his darkest hour as Secretary of Agriculture in 1963 when U.S. farmers overwhelmingly rejected his wheat program. Since then, in one of the Cabinet's toughest jobs, Freeman has steered a four-year farm bill through Congress, reduced agricultural surpluses by nearly a third, helped to make American food production a key instrument of foreign policy. He now stands at the peak of his popularity with farmers.

"Five years ago," Freeman told a farm group in Lincoln, Neb., last month, "I was just beginning to learn what a Secretary of Agriculture does to earn the title." What does he do? "He survives." To which McNamara, Rusk and Udall would probably agree.

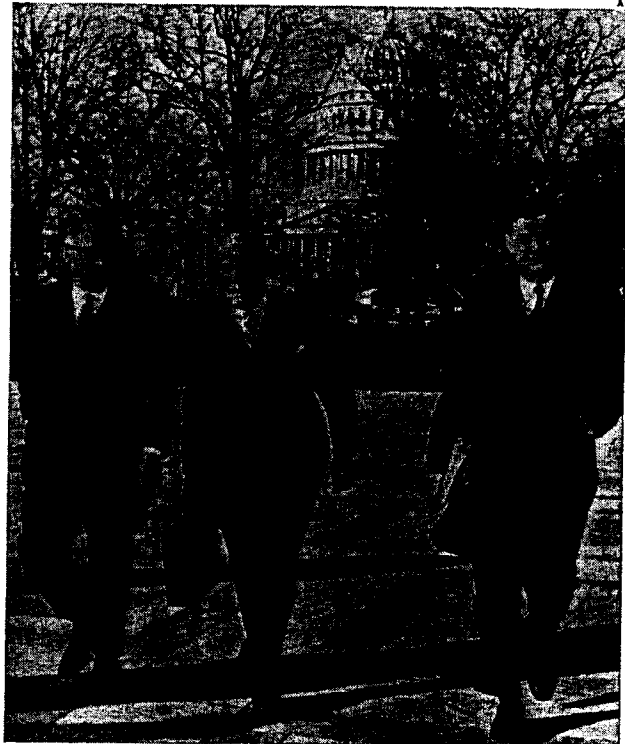
## THE CABINET

### The Durable Four

Five years, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara once remarked, is about the longest any man should serve in a top Administration job. Of the eight men who have held the Defense post since it was created in 1947, he is by all odds the ablest and most controversial (TIME, Jan. 21). Yet as he entered his sixth year on the job, McNamara, 49, showed no signs of battle fatigue. Nor, for that matter, did the three other durable men who celebrated their fifth anniversaries as Cabinet officers last week.

DEAN RUSK, 56, has, if possible, weathered even more rumors of impending resignation than McNamara. Self-effacing to the extreme, the Secretary of State has nonetheless proved a consistently prudent yet firm professional, has worked harder, traveled farther (540,945 miles by last week) and, before Congress at least, defended U.S. foreign policy more effectively than any of his recent predecessors. As Everett Dirksen puts it, "He has walked on

\* A contrary view is advanced in the January FORUM, in which Editor Max Ways argues that Johnson's "creative federalism" is a dynamic force that enhances rather than diminishes the powers of cities and states by giving them the responsibility as well as the resources for meeting their problems.



MARSHALL, KATZENBACH, DOAR ENTERING SUPREME COURT  
"Every citizen has the right to vote."