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Telling Nixon 'We Love You Dearly'

Rabbi Korff tapped the lectern, held his hand up to the crowd to quiet them, dramatically picked up the telephone and slowly put it to his ear.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States," he said solemnly. The crowd applauded. The rabbi waved his hand in the air, egging on the more than 1,500 people in the Shoreham's Regency Ballroom for more applause.

They went wild. They stood on their chairs, screamed at the tops of their voices, squealed with delight as though they were seeing the Osmond Brothers, pushed and shoved at each other to get closer to the dais, jumped up and down, and took pictures of the tele-

phone with their cameras.

Lionel Hampton's band struck up "We Need Nixon," words and lyrics by Lionel Hampton.

The rabbi waved them to be quiet.

"If I may before I proceed, Mr. President . . ." he said, and read a lengthy Robert Frost poem while the President held the telephone politely in San Clemente.

"Now, Mr. President," said the rabbi, relinquishing the spotlight, "we are ready to listen to you." The crowd tittered.

The President apologized for not being there but said to those attending the dinner for the National Citizens Committee for Fairness to the Presi-

dency, he had sent Julie Eisenhower from Indianapolis to represent him. He lauded Rabbi Korff, saying, "You have not quit when quitting might have been easier—and you are not going to quit because we are going to continue until we win."

Then he laid it on them. "Others will follow me in this office beginning in 1977 when I shall have finished . . ."

He couldn't finish. The zealous thousand or so went out of their minds, stomping and clapping, screaming and chanting, "We want Nixon" until their Nixon buttons and American flag pins shook.

See FAIRNESS, E3, Col. 2

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'We Love You Dearly'

FAIRNESS, from E1

Rabbi Korff waited with patience until the hysteria died down, cradled the telephone against his shoulder and said softly into the receiver, "We love you dearly."

As soon as the phone call, the highlight of last night's dinner, was over, the platform was rushed by autograph seekers and picture takers, wanting to get mementos from their favorites.

They had plenty to choose from. Presidential aides Patrick Buchanan, Leonard Garment and Anne Armstrong; Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, Secretary of Commerce Frederick Dent, Sen. Carl Curtis, (R-Neb.), Mrs. Herbert Stein; White House Staff members, Helen Smith, Bruce Herschensohn, James R. Holland, Dr. John McLaughlin, Richard A. Moore and David Parker, and the ambassadors of Romania and Tunisia were all there, spotlights on them, happily signing autographs, smiling at the masses of people who had paid \$10 to come to Rabbi Korff's banquet.

The turnout of White House types was nearly unprecedented and the ballroom was swarming with secret service all night, long before Julie Nixon Eisenhower made her brief appearance to rally the crowd once more shortly after her father spoke.

The people who had come were an unorthodox mix of black and white middle-class, mostly from out of town, and few old Washington dowagers. They had come, not just for the tribute to the President last night, but for a three-day second session of the "Citizen's Congress" and a three-day prayer fast afterwards.

The congress, too, was organized by Rabbi Korff, who accepted with lowered eyelids the unanimous resolution of the congress, a tribute of appreciation.

The tribute to the President looked to some to be a command performance for those from the White House who are still hanging in there. And though they did not seem unhappy, there were a few at the head of the table who appeared somewhat confused at what was going on, at the overexcitement of the crowd and at who or what this Rabbi Korff was all about.

But Rabbi Korff was not confused. When the President of the United States called him at a banquet he had organized, and talked to him in front of crowds of reporters and supporters, then his night was made. If you wanted to think of it that way, it could almost have been a tribute to Rabbi Korff.

—Sally Quinn