



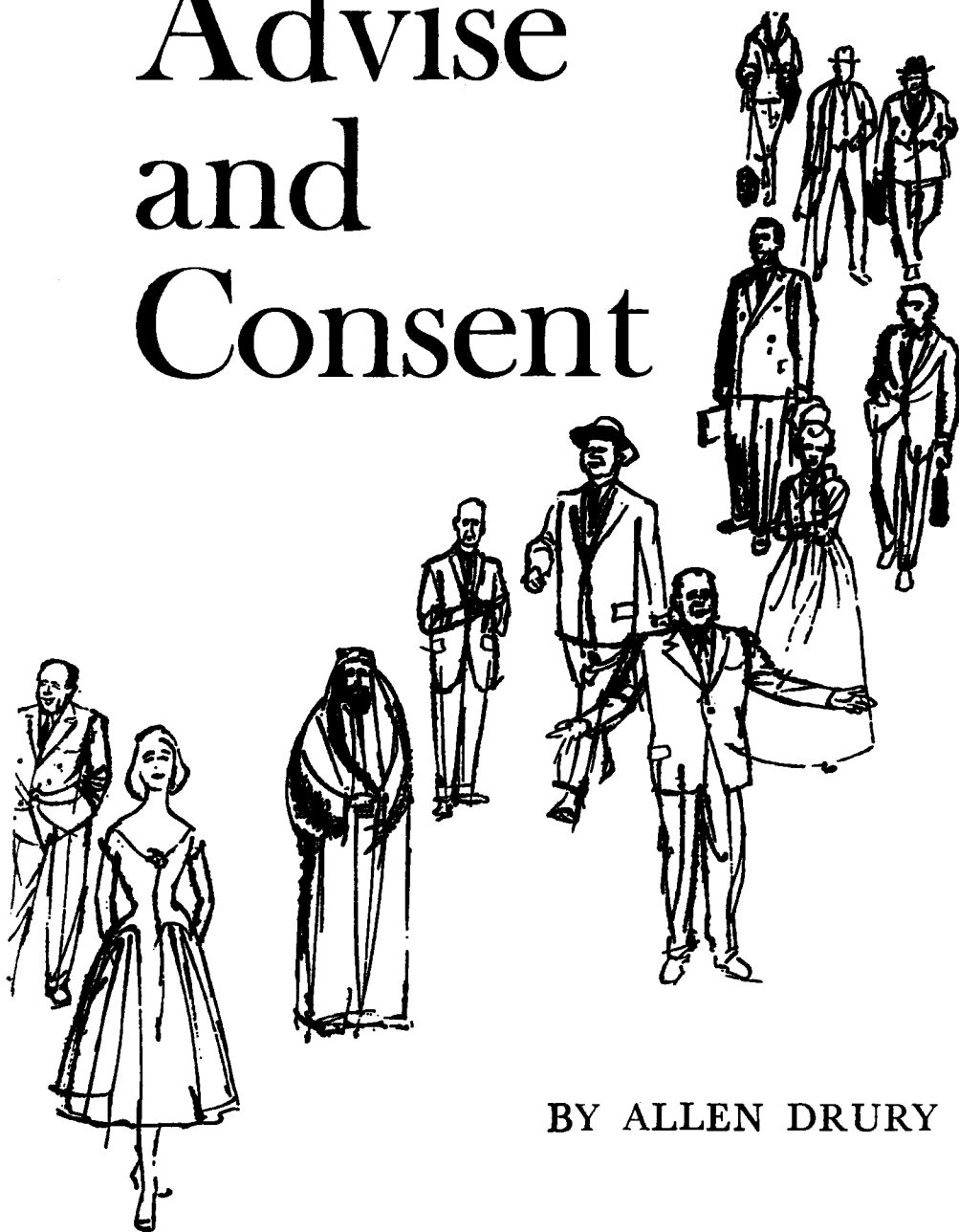
ALLEN DRURY

# ADVISE AND CONSENT

A NOVEL OF WASHINGTON POLITICS

PULITZER  
PRIZE  
WINNER

# Advise and Consent



BY ALLEN DRURY

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For  
My Parents and Anne

and dedicated to  
the distinguished and able gentlemen  
without whose existence,  
example and eccentricities  
this book could have been neither  
conceived nor written:  
The Senate of the United States



## Major Characters

### *Principal Members of the Senate*

Robert Durham Munson of Michigan, Majority Leader of the Senate  
Seabright B. Cooley of South Carolina, President Pro Tempore of the Senate

Brigham M. Anderson, senior Senator from Utah

Mabel Anderson, his wife

Pidge, his daughter

Orrin Knox, senior Senator from Illinois

Beth Knox, his wife

Hal Knox, his son

Stanley Danta of Connecticut, Majority Whip of the Senate

Crystal Danta, his daughter

Warren Strickland of Idaho, Minority Leader of the Senate

Thomas August of Minnesota, Chairman

Lafe Smith, junior Senator from Iowa

Arly Richardson, senior Senator from Arkansas

John Winthrop, senior Senator from Massachusetts

John DeWilton, senior Senator from Vermont

Harold Fry, senior Senator from West Virginia

Powell Hanson, junior Senator from North Dakota

Fred Van Ackerman, junior Senator from Wyoming

MEMBERS OF THE  
FOREIGN RELATIONS  
COMMITTEE

### *Principal Members of the Executive Branch*

The President

Harley M. Hudson of Michigan, the Vice President

Howard Sheppard, the Secretary of State

Robert A. Leffingwell, Director of the Office of Defense Mobilization,  
nominee for Secretary of State

### *Member of the Judiciary*

Mr. Justice Thomas Buckmaster Davis of the Supreme Court

### *Members of the Diplomatic Corps*

Lord Claude Maudulayne, the British Ambassador

Lady Kitty Maudulayne, his wife

Raoul Barre, the French Ambassador  
Celestine Barre, his wife  
Krishna Khaleel, the Ambassador of India  
Vasily Tashikov, the Ambassador of the U.S.S.R.

*Others*

Mrs. Phelps Harrison, "Dolly," a hostess  
The Speaker of the House  
The Rev. Carney Birch, Chaplain of the Senate  
The Chairman of the National Committee  
The President of General Motors  
The President of the United Auto Workers  
An Adviser to Presidents  
A Cardinal  
The Press

**THE VICE PRESIDENT.** A quorum is present. The pending business is the nomination of Robert A. Leffingwell to be Secretary of State. The question is, Will the Senate advise and consent to this nomination? The Yeas and Nays have been ordered, and the clerk will call the roll.

**Congressional Record**





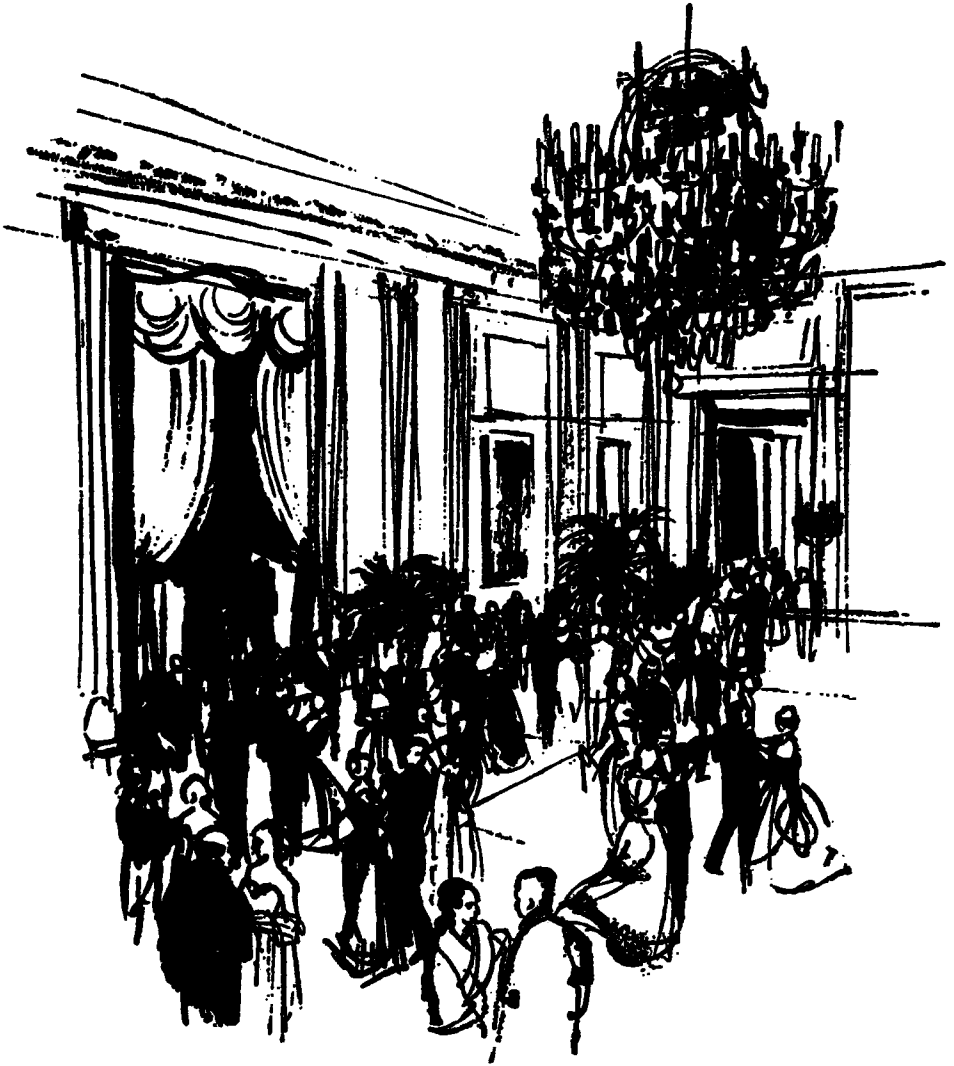
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One

## Bob Munson's Book





When Bob Munson awoke in his apartment at the Sheraton-Park Hotel at seven thirty-one in the morning he had the feeling it would be a bad day. The impression was confirmed as soon as he got out of bed and brought in the *Washington Post and Times Herald*.

PRESIDENT NAMES LEFFINGWELL SECRETARY OF STATE, the headline said. What Bob Munson said, in a tired tone of voice, was, "Oh, God damn."

"As if I didn't have enough troubles," he added with growing vehemence to himself as he went in the bathroom and started getting dressed. "As if I didn't have enough to do, running his errands and steering his program. And he didn't even tell me." That was what hurt. "He didn't even tell me."

Thinking back to the White House conference of legislative leaders yesterday morning, Robert Durham Munson, who was senior United States Senator from the state of Michigan and Majority Leader of the United States Senate, couldn't remember so much as a single hint about Bob Leffingwell. In fact, hadn't there even been a denial that any appointment would be made just yet? Not a flat denial, of course, not an open denial, but an impression left, an idea conveyed, laced with smiles and ribboned with wisecracks. Something about, "We'll have to see about that, Bob. What's your hurry?" followed by a hearty reference to losing money at the races and a joke about Seab Cooley, who often did.

Seab Cooley. *That* old coot. The senior Senator from Michigan thought, and his thoughts were not loving, of the senior Senator from South Carolina. Seab Cooley was going to raise hell about Bob Leffingwell. Because of Seab Cooley the Administration was going to have a hard time. Because of Bob Leffingwell, the Administration was going to have a hard time. Why couldn't he have picked any one of ten thousand other outstanding Americans? Why the one most likely to cause trouble?

Pondering the mysterious ways of Presidents, with which he had had considerable contact in twenty-three years in the Senate, Bob Munson completed dressing and went to the telephone. In a moment the confident voice came over.

"He—llo, Bob! You got me out of bed, you son of a gun!"

"Mmmhmm," Bob Munson said. "That's a hell of an appointment."

"What's that?" the voice asked, losing a trace of its good cheer.

"You know what I mean. Bob Leffingwell."

"Oh, *Leffingwell*," the voice said.

"Yes," said Bob Munson, "Leffingwell. Mr. President, why in hell—"

"Now, wait," the voice said. "Now, wait, Bob. Take it easy. You don't deny he's the best administrator we've got in government, do you?"

"No, but—"

"And you don't deny his general brains, character, and ability?"

"Oh, he's perfect," Senator Munson said. "But he isn't going to get through without a fight."

The voice dismissed that. "Oh well."

"Oh well, nothing," Bob Munson said. "You don't have to worry. You won't be up there on the Hill sweating it out."

"I'll be down here sweating it out," the voice retorted with some vigor. "It's my appointment. I'll take the rap for it."

"You take your rap when you announce the appointment. You don't have to take the day-by-day rap the way I do."

"You know, Bob," the voice said, "you sound awfully sorry for yourself. You break my heart, Senator. Please stop it."

"Just the same, I think you ought to give these things more thought."

"I've been thinking about Bob Leffingwell for that job for six months," the voice said.

"Oh, have you? It might have helped me lay a little groundwork if you'd told me about it."

"What do you need groundwork for? You know your opposition. Seab Cooley. We've had that problem before, haven't we?"

"Yes," Bob Munson said, "and it's licked us oftener than we've licked it."

The voice got its happy lilt, the one that went with the toss of the head. "I'd say honors are about even."

"Not this time. A lot of people don't like Leffingwell."

The voice chuckled. "A lot of people don't like me, either, and look where I am."

In spite of himself Bob Munson laughed.

"Damn it," he said, "you could charm the rattles off a snake. But you can't charm them off Seab Cooley."

The voice became slightly rueful.

"No," it admitted. "I found that out a long time ago. But I'm not worried as long as the matter is in your competent hands."

"Yeah," Senator Munson said.

"Now look, Bob," the voice said, getting the hard-boiled tone it acquired when the talk got down to the business of practical politics, "what's the situation up there, seriously?"

"The situation is," Bob Munson said, "that I'd never have let you make the appointment if you'd asked me first. I'd have raised hell."

The voice gave a triumphant little laugh.

"That's exactly why I didn't tell you, Bob," it said. "I knew you'd object, I knew you'd have a dozen excellent reasons why I shouldn't do it. I knew I'd better get myself committed first and ask questions afterwards. But seriously, in addition to Seab, who else have we got to worry about? What will they do on the other side of the aisle?"

A series of names and faces flashed across Bob Munson's mind—the Minority, good men and true, good friends and good enemies, and brothers in the bond.

"Well," he said, "they're split ten ways from Sunday, just like us."

"Just like us," the voice agreed with a laugh. "Then it's wide open and every man for himself, isn't it?"

"That's it," Bob Munson said. "And devil take Bob Leffingwell."

"Well, let me know what I can do from here. I want that nomination to go through."

"Oh, it will," Senator Munson said. "But it's going to take a little doing."

"I want it to go through," the voice said firmly.

"We'll see," Bob Munson said.

"Have a good time," the voice encouraged him.

"You know," Senator Munson said, "you're damned lucky to have me doing your dirty work."

"Oh, and vice versa," the voice said cheerfully. "And vice versa. Let me know how it goes."

"Right," Bob Munson said.

His next call was to Silver Spring, Maryland, just outside the District of Columbia. A maid answered. "Senator Munson to speak to Senator Strickland," he said; and after a moment, "Warren?"

The Minority Leader's voice came back with the lurking note of sardonic amusement it often held.

"Well, good morning, Bob," Warren Strickland said. "Aren't you up and about and beating the bushes a trifle early this morning?"

"You know my problem."

"Yes, I just heard it on the radio," Warren said. "How's Seab taking it?"

"I haven't talked to him yet, but it isn't hard to imagine."

"And the President is tickled pink, I suppose?"

"He seemed amused," Senator Munson said.

"You do have your burdens, Robert," said Senator Strickland. "What can I do to ease the load?"

"You can tell me how many votes there are going to be against him on your side of the aisle."

The senior Senator from Idaho thought for a moment.

"Somewhere between seventeen and twenty," he said.

Bob Munson groaned.

"That was about my estimate," he said, "but I was hoping I was wrong."

"No, I don't think so," Senator Strickland said. "That's giving him the



benefit of the doubt. There could be four or five more. It's going to be tight, pal. Tight."

"Even with a President's right to have the people he wants in his Cabinet?"

"Even with that," Warren Strickland said. "You know Leffingwell. It's not a simple case."

"No," said Bob Munson with a sigh. "No, it's not. How do you stand?"

"Oh, I'm against him," Warren Strickland said cheerfully. "I'll be doing what I can to lick him. Seab and I, we'll be right in there pitching."

"I'll have to give the papers a statement charging an unprincipled, underhanded coalition against the people's interests, you know," Bob Munson said.

"Go ahead and charge, Robert. We've all survived that one before. How long do you think it will be before it comes to a vote?"

"I don't know yet," Bob Munson said. "I'll have to check with Tom August and find out when he wants to start hearings in Foreign Relations Committee. I'd guess a week for the hearings, maybe; say three weeks for the whole thing to be washed up."

"That's my guess too," Senator Strickland said. "Anything I can do, Bobby, just let me know."

"Yeah," Bob Munson said. "Go back and finish your breakfast."

"See you on the Hill," Warren Strickland said happily, and rang off.

The phone rang twice at the Westchester Apartments and was taken promptly from the hook. A girl's voice answered, and Bob Munson smiled.

"Hi, Crys," he said. "Is your dad there?"

Crystal Danta laughed.

"He's chewing the rug, Uncle Bob. Shall I stop him?"

"If you please," Bob Munson said. "Before you do, though, how are the wedding plans coming along?"

"Swimmingly," Crystal said. "Just swimmingly. I think Hal might like to back out, but after you get a man committed in the eyes of 180 million people, what can the poor sucker do?"

"He won't do anything if he knows what's good for him," Senator Munson said. "Anyway, Orrin Knox won't let him."

"Isn't *he* terrific?" Crystal said. "The brains I'm marrying into. Am I impressed!"

"The last time you were impressed was in the third grade," Bob Munson said.

Crystal Danta laughed happily. "It wasn't quite *that* early, Uncle Bob," she said. "I believe I see the distinguished and able Senator approaching, so I'd better yield. Take care of yourself."

"Why don't you come up to the Hill and have lunch with me?"

"One-ish?"

"One-ish."

"Right. I'll meet you in the Senators' dining room. Here's Dad."