

## SOME RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF FRANK PACE

By Steve Ailes

Frank's career was largely a public one and most of our classmates know a lot about it. So I mention the highlights of it mainly to provide some order for the matters I would like to record.

Frank grew up in Little Rock, Arkansas (believe it or not, he, of all people, was born in Yellville!). His father was a highly successful trial lawyer and was active in local and state politics. Frank Pace, the father, was greatly admired by his son, as evidenced by the fact that Frank talked about him a lot and remained Frank Pace, Jr. throughout his life, long after his father passed on.

Frank spent a lot of his youth at the country club, where his excellent coordination and burning competitive zeal made him a star golfer early on. I recall him telling about playing in the national amateur when he was 15. He would also tell about a caddy at the club named Harrison. Frank would arrive in late afternoon, tell the pro that he wanted to play a quick round and ask for caddy Harrison, later known to all golfers as E. J. "Dutch" Harrison. Dutch would dutifully pick up Frank's clubs and they would head off down the first fairway. When they were out of sight of the club house, Dutch would drop Frank's bag, pull his own out from under a bush and say, "You skinny little S O B, I'm going to beat the bejassus out of you today". They would race around the course in furious competition and then would come up the 18th with Dutch carrying Frank's bag and calling him "Sir".

Years ago, on our way back from '33's 15th, Frank and I stopped at Merion in Philadelphia for the last day of the U. S. Open. One of the players in contention was E. J. Dutch Harrison. Frank said that Dutch was a friend of his but that you don't bother someone playing in the Open. This was fine until Dutch saw Frank. He let out a warwhoop, threw his club in the air and yelled, "My God, it's Mr. Junior!" They had quite a reunion.

Frank graduated from high school in Little Rock in 1928, a few weeks before his sixteenth birthday. He went to Hill School for a year and entered Princeton with our class. He was tall but skinny, talked with a funny slow drawl, and for reasons lost in history was known as Franko.

I have no idea when I first met Frank, but I believe that he knew a high percentage of the class by Christmas. I had been persuaded to "heel" for the managership of the tennis team, lured by the promise of three used-only-once tennis balls after each match. Frank, similarly attracted, was also a candidate. The tennis team was pretty good and we had great seats for the matches, though during practise we spent a lot of time wrestling and telling jokes. To our amazement we were the two selected for the sophomore competition. But the following year Frank and I independently decided not to go through the process again. We had enough old tennis balls and he was getting too big for me to throw around.

I remember Frank as a particularly happy guy in college and, as he did through life, he packed in a great deal of activity. He played a lot of golf, serious bridge over at Asbury Park, knew everybody and had a wonderful time. I don't remember what department Frank was in, but he was obviously bright and did well enough so that after graduation headed off to Harvard Law School.

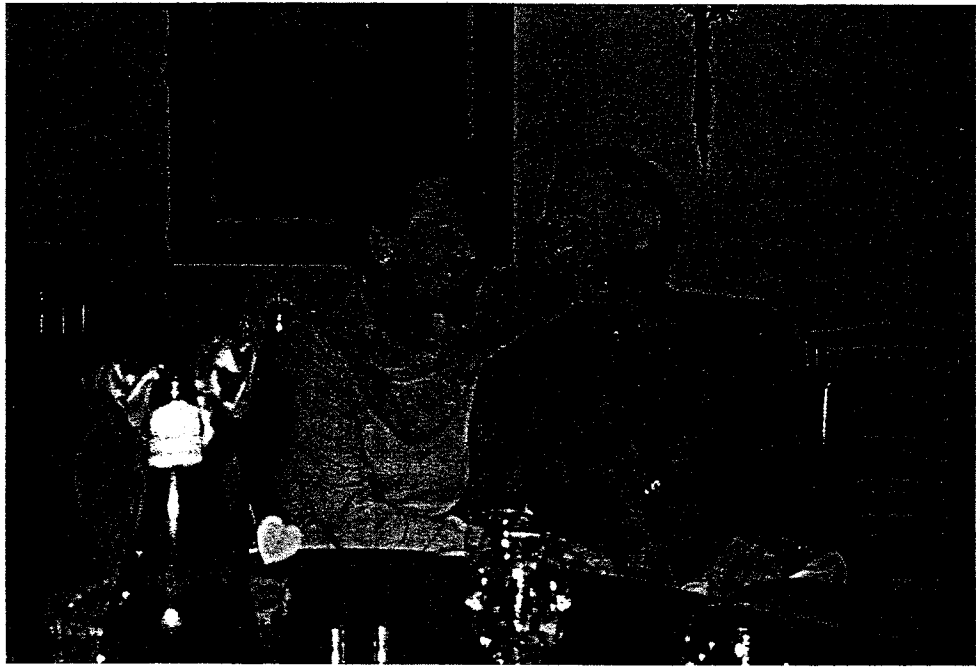
In 1946, I was practising law in Washington, having worked as a lawyer for the government during the war. A friend in the Department of Justice told me that a great guy from Arkansas who said that he knew me had just joined the Department. We got together for lunch and the guy turned out to be Frank. I learned that Frank had gone back to Arkansas after law school, had been an Assistant U. S. Attorney and tried a lot of cases and had just been transferred up to the Department of Justice.

Earlier, in 1940, Frank had married Margaret Janney of Philadelphia, a sister of our classmate Walter Janney. Peggy from day one was a perfect partner for Frank - at tennis, golf, bridge, and indeed in life, and marriage had civilized Frank noticeably by 1946. When they moved to Washington, they were the happy parents of Paula and Priscilla. A third daughter Penny came soon after.

In 1946, Frank and Peggy were living in a house near us on Albemarle Street in nearby Maryland. It wasn't

*Peggy and Frank*

long before Frank and I were riding downtown together and playing golf, tennis, family bridge, (and a pin ball machine on the way home on occasion) along with various other useless activities. Frank soon moved to the Post Office Department as Special Assistant to Postmaster General Robert Hannigan (who at that time was a major political advisor to President Truman). Frank was in heaven, worrying about political problems and got to see a lot of and develop great respect for President Truman, who, in turn, developed a high regard for Frank.



When Bob Hannigan died, the President called Frank over to tell him that he was going to name a career Post Office official, Jesse Donaldson, as Postmaster General but told Frank that he wanted him to stay on as part of his administration. He offered him an appointment as a member of the Civil Aeronautics Board, with a five year term, which would take care of Frank if Truman failed to get reelected in 1948. Frank replied that he would be happy to remain a part of the President's team but would as soon be in a job whose future depended on the President being reelected.

Needless to say, President Truman was pleased with this reply and named Frank as the number two man at the Bureau of the Budget (now OMB) under Budget Director Jim Webb. Frank was pleased with this assignment, worked hard and did well at it, saw a lot of President Truman, and, indeed, in 1947 at the ripe old age of 35, was named Director of the Budget when Jim Webb became Under Secretary of State.

Different people have different explanations for Frank's remarkable development as a public man. His genes, Frank Pace, Sr. and certainly Peggy all played major roles. So indeed did Jim Webb and the outstanding staff at BOB, because Frank became a serious and deeply committed public servant with views and convictions about how the government should be run and with determination to do his level best to make a difference while he was at the Bureau.

In 1950, Frank, not yet 38, was named Secretary of the Army. As a first order of business, a quiet evening with Jim Webb on how to move from running the Bureau to a top post in a functioning government department was arranged by Peggy, and she was kind enough to add a third person to the discussion - namely me. The conference lasted until 2:30 A. M., was the equivalent of a year's study of government in graduate school and was invaluable to me 11 years later when I went over to the Pentagon in a similar job.

Frank was an excellent Secretary of the Army during a difficult time. The Korean War was in full swing. He narrowly missed having to fire General McArthur. He had visited the general in Japan, but was in Korea when the axe fell. I asked Frank what he would have done if the decision to relieve McArthur had been made while he was still in Japan. He said, "My God, it would have been like firing my father".

Because of my own later relationship with senior officers in the Army who were mid-level officers in Frank's day, I know the way the Army people felt about Frank. Professional military people respond to and support civilian secretaries who are trying to do a good job for the country and the service. Frank qualified in spades.

As Secretary of the Army, Frank served part of his tour under General George C. Marshall, then Secretary of Defense. General Marshall thought a lot of Frank and

called on him for all sorts of assignments not usually the role or responsibility of the Secretary of the Army. In turn, Frank held General Marshall in the highest regard and often said, "I have known one public servant who merits being called "great" and that is General Marshall".

I should add that Frank was greatly aided in his role as Secretary by the first occupant of the newly created post of General Counsel of the Army - one Francis Shackelford '33.

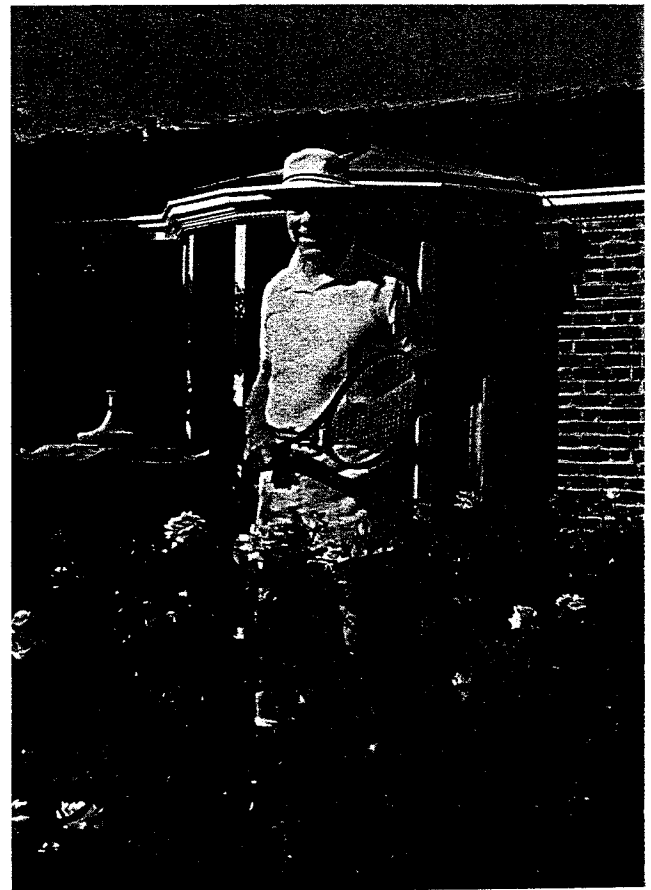
When the tour of duty in the Pentagon ended in 1952, Frank and Peggy moved to Greenwich and he headed off into the world of business with General Dynamics where he became CEO. Then, back into a form of public service, he headed the International Executive Service Corps, an organization, largely Frank's idea, which sent retired businessmen to developing countries around the world, to the great benefit of those countries and to the businessmen who went. Our own Bill Crow and Herb Cragin were among them.

Frank and I saw each other much less in those years

although Frank came to Washington on many occasions for the various tasks he performed for a series of U. S. Presidents. Around 1970 we worked together when he became the Chairman of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (created by Congress) and asked me to serve as counsel. Over the years we worked in quite a few rounds of golf at Burning Tree. ("Worked in" is the right term. Frank could and would play 18 holes in about two and a half hours, and the other guy in the cart always got a bad back from those quick starts). In due course the visits to Washington became less frequent but I usually heard from him when a new story made the rounds. He was never too busy for that.

Frank's high spirits never flagged. His interest in public service and the national welfare stayed with him undiminished to the end, Peggy was certainly the ideal wife for him. Her courage, enthusiasm, optimism and wise counsel supported Frank always.

All in all, Frank led a remarkable life. In racing terms, he showed a lot of early foot and he kept going full speed to the end, the description of a winner every time.



*Charlie Fitzmorn's rarin' to go!*