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I. One 2*

Page Page Page

John Foster Dulles, who has stalked the specter of international Communism from one end of the world to the other, is now engaged in a personal combat with the great killer, cancer.

As his world-wide fight has brought wise counsel to less experienced leaders and new hope and determination to people in many nations, so his personal fight against disease and for health is inspiring millions with his courage.

The two struggles will, thanks to Mr. Dulles' chief, President Eisenhower, go on together. The secretary will remain available for advice the while he rests and follows the prescribed therapy.

So well have we come to know and to respect Mr. Dulles from the millions of words that have come from his pen, and from his many goings and comings, that there is a catching at the throat, a deep sense of personal shock at the news of his illness.

The man's self-less devotion to duty in his service for the security and survival of the Republic and its allies has brought him close to the affections of many.

For almost all who think seriously of the menace to freedom from international Communism he has been a part of the life of their waking hours for years.

His peculiar mannerism of parting the lips and, as it were, forming silent words before he answers press-conference questions has long been familiar; and for as long have we marveled at his well-phrased and wise replies to the inquiring newsmen. The English was usually flawless as he parried question with answer.

If our sense of shock is so acute, we can imagine how Ike feels as his friend lies confined to his hospital bed.

Ike's is the responsibility for shaping foreign policy, and he has leaned heavily upon Mr. Dulles, for whose wisdom and grasp of foreign affairs the president has the highest regard.

As we pray for Mr. Dulles' recovery we should not forget Ike in his new hour of personal trial.

Unfortunately the prima donnas dancing and prattling about in the foreign relations field cannot be forgotten. They will be silenced perhaps for a day or two but they

will probably resume their trouble-making shortly:

Lyndon Johnson, who seems to think that he should change the Constitution by fiat and place responsibility for foreign relations upon Congress (meaning, upon the shoulders of Mr. Johnson himself, mostly).

Hubert Humphrey whose presidential ambitions bulge like a policeman's revolver beneath his coat, and whose marathon interview with Khrushchev he has tried to use as a mighty springboard to fame.

Mike Mansfield, with his lone-wolf proposals on how to have East and West Germany negotiate the U. S. and her allies out of West Berlin.

Stuart Symington, who professes to have his own intelligence service which he claims is far superior to the CIA.

The list is long, and it includes the newsmen and commentators who have shot their barbs at the secretary and coined their subtle innuendoes about his travels and his policies.

Mr. Dulles has had to bear with them all, the while he carried on a burden such as few men have ever carried.

May his illness prompt the faithful who admire his devotion and high talent to surround him with such support that his enemies cannot pierce it to annoy him or to disturb his rare leisure to think and to reason on the international crises.