

the society carved out of a wilderness for you by your ancestors, defended by your elders and symbolized today by the Beverly Hillbillies.

Only a face-saving story in a recent issue of Time Magazine has saved your generation from complete annihilation by the press, and rare is the voice or pen in the land that dares to reshape your sorry reputation.

Naturally, speaking to an audience of acknowledged undesirables places me in an uncomfortable and embarrassing position. My appointments secretary, whom I affectionately and sometimes not so affectionately call by the name of Miserable, obviously wasn't thinking of *my* image when he accepted *your* invitation to speak, for Miserable is a smart man and Miserable knows what associating with the wrong kind of people can do to me.

As a new Governor of a State, my image is pure and unblemished, a ribbon of immaculate steel reaching to the heavens. Should I err, a tolerant world will say "give him time, he's still learning" and at my first trifling success a great humanity rises to laud my discernment. If I don't have the answer to a problem and keep quiet about it, my image is one of the "thinker" and if I should speak out and say the wrong thing I will at least receive praise for having the courage of my convictions.

I like my image. It is comfortable and flattering and tempered only by my memory of the recent past, the days when I was not Governor but a mere man of flesh. I was said to be a deplorable political specimen with a distaste for being petted and pawed, coddled and clawed by voters. My best friends told me I owned a frigid personality, that I wore the wrong clothes and seldom the right smile. I never mastered the skill of jamming a thought down the throat of an audience and had not the pace of the campaign been so brisk I would have been delivered to the local dramatic school for speech lessons.

Of course all this changed the minute the vote was in and the victory assured and I am happily now on an outpatient basis with my political physicians. It is the image of being Governor, that above all saved me and transformed infirmities into virtues and liabilities into assets.

All that is wrong with a candidate is right for a governor. A candidate's frigidity is a governor's dignified reserve. A candidate's inability to communicate is a governor's claim to official privacy. It is sinful for a candidate to reject an invitation to a big party he knows in advance is going to prove a suffering, but Dear John letters from governors are