

# SOME OF BYRD BACKERS HELD OUT FOR LONG

## But Gloom Was Heavy As Smoke At His Headquarters

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

Democratic headquarters — a plushy, smoky labyrinth of suites, rooms and hallways in the Emerson Hotel—was never a really happy place last night.

There were frequent periods of eager self-delusion as diehard party loyalists clutched at crumbling metaphors.

The amateur commentators' spiel went like this:

"On the fence . . . nip and tuck . . . up by the bootstraps . . . crucial hour . . . down to the wire."

But the consolation didn't seem very consoling.

### Byrd Remains Apart

The leader, Dr. H. C. Byrd remained incommunicado in a seventh floor suite while many of his most devout supporters milled about uneasily from room to room three floors below.

During the early evening hours of alternating determined optimism and dull despondence, Dr. Byrd resisted the overtures of all photographers and reporters.

There was much nervous cigar smoking. Radios and television sets added to the babble in the halls, while radio announcers heard separately in their various rooms, gave the impression of calm infallible prescience.

### Surplus Commodities

Plenty of campaign literature and lapel buttons were still available everywhere but already they seemed strangely obsolete. "Curley is Our's," one poster said; but in its corners the first angry "I-told-you-sos" were being heard.

Of course, there were some gains that eased the pain.

For instance, Mayor D'Alejandro, accentuating the positive, early emphasized the significance of Anselm Sodaro's victory.

"In our ward," the Mayor proudly reported, "he got all the votes."

The Sunpapers seemed to be the arch-villain of the evening, according to the predominant trend in headquarters conversations.

### Byrd Partisan Jeers

There was a time, before Democratic hopes collapsed, when a McKeldin prediction of a solid victory in the city was largely jeered at by a Byrd spokesman as "obviously based on the projected figures of a crypto-Republican newspaper."

All sorts of odd-looking free-loaders hurriedly tossed back drinks and stuffed their pockets with cigars as even by 10 P.M. it began to seem that a dark cloud of doom was settling over the hotel.

"Well, I'm glad I didn't bet on this one," a philosophical ward worker said. "Not that you're safe these days even when you don't bet."

"You heard about this guy downtown the other day? He was just paying his lunch check and they picked him up for writing numbers. You can't win no more."