

## Dole

continued from page 15  
than three years and almost die twice from complications from his wounds and from infection. At one point he weighed only 120 pounds. But he survived, thanks in part to streptomycin, then an experimental antibiotic drug.

Dole he was in Percy Jones Hospital in Battle Creek, Mich. Dole heard of Kellian, an Armenian immigrant who had become a noted neurosurgeon. Kellian had a reputation as a doctor who could help vets like Dole, who had fought his way back from paralysis but still suffered from a badly damaged right shoulder and arm. His transportation and other costs paid by the people of Russell, Dole went to Chicago, where Kellian performed three operations on the shoulder and arm free of charge. "I do what I can for the country," the doctor was quoted as saying years later. "Dole epitomized America to me. He had the faith to endure."

Through it all, Dole kept the sense of humor he had inherited from his father, Doran, and sharpened as a boy working in Dawson's Drugstore, where he learned to trade insults and quips with the best of the local wisecracks. One of Dole's muses later told Elizabeth Dole, "He was completely paralyzed when he came to the hospital, but I used to roll him around to the other wards to cheer up the other patients because he had a sense of humor and he was so optimistic."

"One of the things I really admire about Bob is the way he handles adversity," his wife adds. "He really does cope very well with disappointments and any difficult situation. He doesn't dwell on things or harbor any grudges. He just moves on. I've wondered whether this ability really developed from the years in the hospital, where he had to learn to be on his own. He just deals with things and feels, 'Gosh, there are so many challenges ahead, I'm not going to dwell on something in the past.'"

Today the only outward sign of Dole's wounds is the pen or rolled-up paper that he often carries in his right hand and a habit of hitching up his still partially paralyzed right arm when he is very tired. In an interview with a New York Times reporter he explained that the pen is there "so people won't grab my hand and break it off." His left arm appears unaffected by the injuries, but the senator, who has set up the Dole Foundation to help pay for training physically and mentally disabled persons, described the difficulties he encounters in buttoning his shirt with his left hand, which has only partial feeling in the thumb and forefinger. "I can't do buttons like you do, just feel and push them in there," he said, reaching a recent day when he spent 10 minutes on one button. "I've got to be able to see the hole and sort of push the button in. So every day you get a little test."

When the reporter asked what he had learned in the hospital, Dole said, "I learned I couldn't get up. That's where it all begins. You learn you can't do things. I fussed myself as quite an athlete. I never thought about politics. I thought about football, basketball, all that stuff."

He also thought he would like to be a doctor. "He knew doctors from the drugstore," his younger brother, Kenneth, says. But after he came home from the war, Dole told his brother, "The only thing I've got left is my head, so I better use it."

Right: Sen. Charles McC. Mathias Jr. (R, Md.), at left, joins Dole as he is interviewed by a radio reporter in the Senate radio-TV gallery.



The senator's wife, Secretary of Transportation Elizabeth Dole, entertains the couple's dog, Leader, in her office.

After going to the University of Arizona and then getting a law degree at Washburn University in Topeka, Kan., Dole went home to Russell. He won a seat in the state legislature, then was elected Russell County attorney before running for Congress in 1960.

Kenny Dole, an oil-field broker in Russell, recalls the years when the brothers were growing up in the Depression. His father supplemented income earned at a creamery by trading odds and ends to farmers for food.

"On the 4th of July, Dad got up and set up a big, round washbush," he says. "Then we would go to the ice plant and get a block of ice and Nola pop. We each got to pick out six bottles. We could drink them or make them last all summer, because that's all there was."

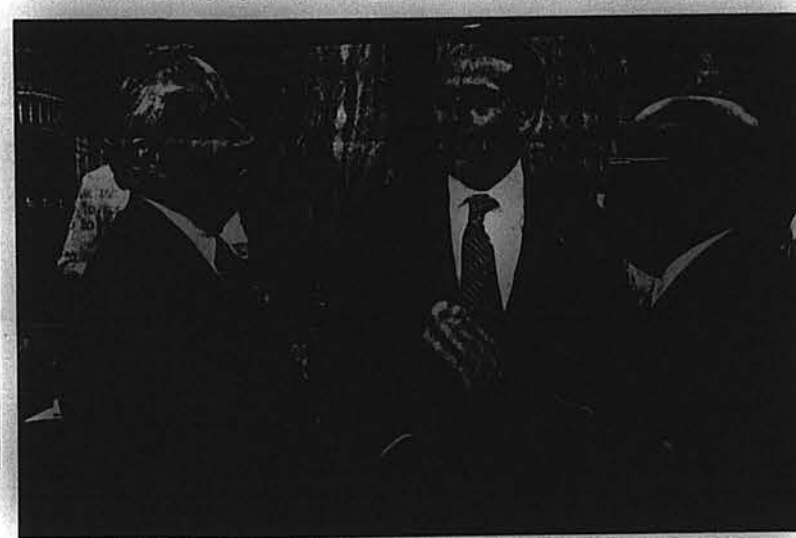
There may not have been money, but there was an abundance of wit. In addition to the story about the photograph of the Doles making the bed, there's another the senator often tells to end the stump speech he gives at fund-raising and other appearances, and it, too, illustrates his sense of humor.

"When I first went to Congress, back in 1961," he told his Chicago audience, "I learned that you are asked to speak a lot. You may not be any good, just warm and willing and not even too willing, a little like KP in the Army. I was asked to go out to Indiana one night and I was told that it was the biggest event in that area in a decade. When I got there, I learned they (the Republicans) hadn't had a meeting in 10 years."

"I remember going into the terminal, where I met the county chairman, who was in a state of near collapse. He said the advance ticket sales had only reached 10. So he rushed me over to the local radio station to try to hype the sales. He said, 'We're going to cut the tickets from \$1 to \$1. There's going to be a drawing of a color TV set, and you've got to be present to win, and we're not going to draw all Congressman Bob Dole gets through talking.'"

"And they started through my bio, which was rather lengthy since I prepared it myself. Born in Kansas, raised in Kansas, wounded in World War II and on and on and on. We left the studio and got in the car, and about the time we hit the highway, the driver flipped on the radio and the announcer came on to summarize the interview. He said, 'Congressman Bob Dole will speak tonight at Legion Hall. Tickets have been slashed to a dollar. Going to be a drawing for a color TV set. You gotta be present to win. We're not going to draw till Dole gets through talking.' He said, 'He was born in Kansas, raised in Kansas, prior to World War II, he was a per-medical student. He suffered a serious head injury in the war and then went into politics.'"

It always leaves them laughing.



## The Washington Times

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1986 / PAGE 3D

### WILLIAM RUSHER

The 99th Congress has come to its end, and whatever one thinks of its accomplishments, there is no question at all about its highly beneficial effect on the presidential prospects of Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole.

Two years ago at this time, Mr. Dole was a senior Republican figure in the Senate, chairman of its Finance Committee, and a former (1976) Republican candidate for the vice presidency—a losing race that injuriously enhanced his reputation as a highly partisan campaigner with a savage wit. He was known to aspire to the presidency, but where lay his upward path?

Though broadly conservative in his outlook, Mr. Dole had gotten into Kansas Republican politics before there even was a conservative movement, and thus was not first and foremost an ideologue. In a party as firmly in the grip of conservatives as the GOP that was at least potentially a disadvantage.

Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker had let it be known that he would retire from the Senate altogether at the end of his term in 1984, to free himself to pursue his own quest for the 1988 nomination. Mr. Baker felt, with some reason, in view of recent political history, that running for the presidency is a full-time job, and in any case certainly incompatible with the duties of a Senate majority leader.

Mr. Dole thought about the matter carefully, and came to exactly the opposite conclusion. When Mr. Baker stepped down, Mr. Dole won the contest to succeed him as majority leader—and then coolly let it be known that he would rest his own case for the 1988 nomination in large part on his performance as leader.

It was a breathtaking gamble, but it is now clear that it has paid off.

William Rusher, publisher of National Review, is a nationally syndicated columnist.

## Sen. Dole: looking good



spectacularly. While Mr. Baker has all but vanished as a presidential contender, Mr. Dole has been in the headlines and on national television practically every day. His previous image as a sarcastic wisecracker

has been replaced with that of a serious and highly effective political leader. He has played a key role in virtually every legislative triumph of the second Reagan administration.

Perhaps most important of all in straight political terms, Mr. Dole has delivered for Ronald Reagan and the conservative movement again and again. At the end of the 98th Congress in 1984, his cumulative rating by the American Conservative Union over the whole period of his 16 years' service in the Senate was 75 out of a possible 100—a reasonably conservative performance, with many of its blemishes attributable to the necessary concerns of a farm-state politician. But as majority leader during the 99th Congress, Mr. Dole has been almost totally loyal to the Reagan agenda and immensely effective on its behalf. Conservatives have every reason to be grateful to him.

Not surprisingly, Mr. Dole's ratings in the polls have risen steadily; in most of them he is now second, albeit still a rather distant second, to George Bush. But somebody has to be second, and the thing to notice is that thus far it isn't Jack Kemp, whose candidacy was supposed to command wide conservative support, but who has not yet managed to get airborne. Are conservatives, perhaps, waiting for Paul Laxalt? Are they reconciling themselves to Mr. Bush? Or are they, just possibly, on the verge of deciding that they would prefer Mr. Dole?

Mr. Dole's immediate future depends, of course, on whether the GOP retains control of the Senate next month. If it does, he presumably will continue in the high visibility post of majority leader. If not, he will be assuming his own reelection, which seems certain; he is able to pursue his presidential candidacy a good deal more vigorously and single-mindedly. Either way, Bob Dole is entitled to reflect that it has been a good two years.

### What makes Senator Bob Dole different?

## "You Have To Try A Little Harder"

NONE NOT UNUSUAL DAY, the chief executives of Eastern Airlines, AT&T and Southern Pacific all wandered into Sen. Robert Dole's office, seeking an audience for their pleadings on the new tax bill. The Secretary of Agriculture came by. Small, tight knots of Senators drifted in and installed themselves at odd points throughout the cavernous office suite that once housed the Library of Congress. The Secretary of State dropped in to talk about Angola. But Dole, the Senate majority leader, passed through it all, cosetting guests and chivying reluctant colleagues to consensus, always with eyes fixed somewhere in the middle distance, as if a part of him were held in permanent reserve.

"It's almost like a barbershop in here," the Republican from Kansas said in his private office as he sealed himself off from the unending flow of dignitaries. "You take a number, and you wait your turn."

Wyness is his trademark—the quality that helped garner him a following in the press and a loyalty in his constituency. He can wound a rival with a quip ("George Bush has done such a good job as Vice President. I'm thinking of keeping him on.") or turn his humor on himself ("When I ran for Vice President in 1976, they told me to go for the jugular. I did. My own."). But that wryness also distances him from his surroundings, as surely as the charcoal-brown suits he favors in contrast to the banker's gray and pasty-blue of his colleagues. Some Senators have taken to calling him "the Lone Eagle," in growing recognition of an independence that has allowed him to abandon even that most cherished Senate tradition, the Friday-night cocktail hour in the majority leader's office.

The give-and-take, the summing up of detail and assessing of performance that his predecessors did in the conviviality of those cocktail hours, now seems to go on inside Robert Dole's mind. He explained: "I like to try to find a minute or two every day to be by myself and think. 'Am I doing it right today? Should I have done it differently? Should I have treated somebody differently?' You spend so much time doing things you think are important—we're saving the world up here—that you forget what's really important sometimes." Then his eyes wandered once more to someone that only he can see, and, almost as if speaking only to himself, he said in a tone of mild amazement mixed with regret. "My brother called me Wednesday. He had a little heart problem. I didn't even hear about it until Saturday morning."

"After the war," says Dole, "I decided I wasn't going to be able to use my hands as well as before, so I'd better use my head."



Sen. Robert Dole with his wife, Elizabeth, the U.S. Secretary of Transportation. "We're fairly independent people," she says.

Robert Dole, 63, walks the corridors of power with his right arm crooked, a pen usually clenched in his left hand. He lost most of the use of the right arm—and some feeling in the left hand—in Italy in World War II. He nearly lost his life as well. He was wounded in the shoulder. He got pneumonia, lost 70 pounds and was temporarily paralyzed by a series of complications that kept him hospitalized for 39 months. His

doctors expected an invalid's life for him. Perhaps in spite of that fact, perhaps because of it, he fought his way back, completed law school, then won a seat in the Kansas State Legislature in 1950, a seat in the U.S. House of Representatives in 1960 and finally one in the U.S. Senate in 1968.

"I was in very good health beforehand, very athletic, participated in a lot of sports and all that," he said.

BY MICHAEL RYAN

PAGE 8 • NOVEMBER 2, 1986 • PARADE MAGAZINE

"But I didn't really apply myself. I made good grades, but I didn't work hard enough at it. After the war, I decided I wasn't going to be able to use my hands as well as before, so I'd better use my head. I think it gave me a little drive."

His wife—his second—is the Secretary of Transportation. He has said that his first marriage ended not in an explosion but in a silence, a kind of drifting away by a man wedded first to his emotional independence. His wife since 1975, Elizabeth Hanford Dole, 50, is a field marshal in the Reagan revolution, presiding over the final stages of airline deregulation, getting the government out of the railroad business, slashing federal spending on highways—and working until 9 or 10 each night. She is in many ways a complement to her husband—voluble where he is acerbic, exuberant where he is of quiet good cheer. But in the one area that counts, she is his match. "We're fairly independent people," she explained one morning in her own cavernous office at the Department of Transportation. "Both of us already were that way before we married. It meshed so nicely, two careers continuing along independently."

His passions are quietly expressed; he devotes much of his time to The Dole Foundation, his own creation, which works to improve the lives of the disabled. "I don't even notice my own disability much," he said. "I notice it when I try to dress. Obviously, I couldn't hang wallpaper, but I figure other people can do that. And I think there's always that feeling that you have to try a little harder."

One thing he may try is another run at the Presidency. Former President Nixon has called him "the smartest candidate." He has known the last seven Presidents, served nearly three decades in Washington and grown in the process. He thinks now that he could handle the White House. "Dealing with Congress, I feel very much at home," he told me. "I have a lot of good friends on both sides of the aisle. I know how the government works. Obviously, there are things you have to learn, but... well, I believe I could do it—put it that way."

Lou Harris, the pollster, was walking out of Dole's office by one door when I entered by another. "We wanted to go over some polling information with Mr. Harris," the Senator said, by way of explanation. "The numbers were better." In fact, I had learned from Dole's staff, the numbers were impressive—making Dole the front-runner in the contest for the 1988 Republican nomination. Dole would not allow himself to be carried off by the general euphoria.

"In this business, you never know from one day to the next," he said, clinging tightly to reality. "I might be phuff—off the charts. I could be looking for a job in the Department of Transportation."

PARADE MAGAZINE • NOVEMBER 2, 1986 • PAGE 9