

gon, the aerial weapons of the future, and had "sat next to God."

Late in the week, right on his own staff, Charlie Wilson found the man: Donald A. Quarles, Assistant Secretary of Defense for research and development (*see box*). In contrast to stormy Harold Talbott, Quarles is so mild-mannered that some Pentagon aides cautioned Secretary Wilson that he "might not put up a good front." Snapped Charlie Wilson: "What I need is someone who can look after his rear."

Smiling Front. Harold Talbott left Washington amid a flash of splendor, a flare of ill-temper, and no sign that he yet understood why he was going. Talbott was enraged when he read that Secretary Wilson had told a press conference: "I was very distressed about the whole [Talbott] business. I don't like any part of it . . . I feel I have gotten one year older." Talbott stalked into Wilson's office, crowded with reporters and cameramen focusing on his successor, Don Quarles.

Talbott plucked Charlie Wilson by the sleeve and rumbled: "I don't like what you said at your news conference." Frowning, Wilson began to reply in a quiet voice. Talbott interrupted brusquely: "You haven't done one thing to defend me." Then an aide called them over for pictures; smiling like wooden Indians (or Washington officials), they posed together with Quarles. Later, Talbott denied that he had made his bitter remark to Wilson, but four witnesses said that they had heard it.

Laughing Exit. Across the Potomac at Bolling Air Force Base that afternoon, the Pentagon sped Talbott's departure with one of the fanciest farewells in Washington's history. Hurricane Connie's approach cut the planned aerial fly-over from 150 planes to ten B-47 jet bombers, but three Cabinet members watched Wilson pin the Medal of Freedom on Talbott (for meritorious service), 1,800 troops paraded, and the Air Force Band played *So Long, It's Been Good to Know Yuh*.

Later, Navy Secretary Charles Thomas gave him the Navy's Distinguished Public Service Award (for promoting interservice harmony). Talbott, who got into trouble for writing business letters on official stationery, brashly gave the assembled service officials some advice. "Do right," he said, grinning, "and don't write." His audience burst out laughing, and thick-skinned Harold Talbott strode cockily away with his medals, furled flags of office, and no visible scars.

POLITICAL NOTES

Comeback

Albert Benjamin ("Happy") Chandler is back from political oblivion. When the final returns from Kentucky's Democratic gubernatorial primary (TIME, Aug. 8) were counted last week, Happy had the nomination by an 18,500-vote length over his sober young opponent, Judge Bert T. Combs.

The victory was a distinct shock to Kentucky's regular Democratic politicians, who had predicted a Combs victory

NEW AIR FORCE BOSS

Appointed Secretary of the Air Force last week: DONALD AUBREY QUARLES (rhymes with marls), 61, engineer and business executive.

Family & Early Life. During the Civil War, his Confederate grandfather died in a Union prison camp, and Union troops devastated the family plantation in Lafayette County, Miss. Quarles's father, a dentist, moved to Van Buren, Ark. As a boy, Quarles roamed the Ozarks, fished in mountain streams, applied an old country remedy when a playmate was bitten by a snake (the remedy: a raw-chicken poultice). He sang in his high-school glee club with bazooka-playing Arkansas Traveler Bob Burns, graduated at 15, then taught school for \$50 a month. In 1912-16 he worked his way through Yale, averaging 90-95. He enlisted, fought in France with the Rainbow Division, came home an artillery captain—and went to work.

Business Career. According to a friend, Don Quarles has "one bad habit: hard work." He studied theoretical physics at Columbia while working full-time at Western Electric. Later, at the Bell Telephone Laboratories, he wrote technical papers, *e.g.*, *Motion of Telephone Wires in Wind*, helped to develop the coaxial cable, pioneered other telephone and TV equipment, directed the lab's vast World War II radar program. Usually he brought a fat briefcase home from work every evening to his green-shuttered home in Englewood, N.J. In 1952 he moved to New Mexico as president of Western Electric's non-profit subsidiary, Sandia Corp. His job: building atomic bombs, designing and developing new nuclear weapons. He directed the Sandia lab's expansion from 4,500 to 5,500 workers, did an outstanding job directing new developments—"without raising his voice or even his eyebrows." Said an associate, Physicist Norris Bradbury of Los Alamos: "I never saw him mad." President Quarles walked to work at the base so early that a resident who had never met the boss snorted: "I wonder who he's trying to impress?" Two years ago, taking his \$10,000-a-year irrevocable pension from Western Electric, he quit to become Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of research and development, *i.e.*, the Pentagon's scientific boss.

Politics & Government. As an Arkansas lad, Don Quarles never knew any such animal existed as "a good Republican." In the pleasant, subur-

ban Republican community of Englewood, he switched to the G.O.P. A good citizen, he worked on endless, dreary civic jobs, refused a salary for heading a \$13 million county sewer project. He made \$300 a year as a city councilman, but when he worked up to mayor, his pay dropped down to \$100. He has so few political connections that state G.O.P. leaders were plugging two other New Jersey Republicans (Singer Manufacturing Co.'s President Milton Lightner and Investment Banker David Von Alstyne Jr.) for the Air Force job when Quarles was appointed. Last year by way of vacation, he took only a long weekend on Fire Island, where he worked building a flight of steps. He has never once reposed in his office contour lounge chair. Quarles directed all military research projects, from the details of new uniforms to nuclear-powered ships and planes, and the planned new earth satellite. To keep historical perspective, he keeps at the entrance to his office a wooden club labeled: **FIRST GUIDED MISSILE.**

Personality & Private Life. Despite his decades in the East, Quarles still has a slight Arkansas drawl. Greying, blue-eyed, slight, he never smokes, eats sparsely, almost never drinks. He likes to cook his own morning oatmeal, sometimes drinks plain hot water instead of coffee or tea. In Washington he and his second wife Rosina (his first marriage ended in divorce) live quietly in their own home near Chevy Chase; to avoid the capital rounds, they consulted a protocol expert for advice on invitations they could properly skip. He enjoys dancing, good music, golf and—"through force of habit," he says wryly—dishwashing. He plays the guitar, likes chess and a careful game of bridge. He writes weekly to his children (two daughters and one son, a senior I.B.M. mathematician), sends postcards to his six grandchildren. Scrupulous about the ethics of high office, he never lets his wife take his Government-furnished limousine for her own use. When he was vice president of Bell Laboratories, which makes most U.S. telephones, he refused to use any influence to get his son a phone out of turn, let young Quarles wait 15 months for an instrument. In short, this was a man as different as possible from his predecessor.