

# ***Heads and Tales*** ***Barber to the Presidents***



***As told by Milton Pitts***

The Reformation Online  
proudly presents the  
memoirs of  
Milton Pitts—hairstylist  
extraordinaire—and barber  
to 4 Presidents!

---

“Then the Philistines took Samson and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza. They bound him with bronze fetters, and he became a grinder in the prison. However, the hair of his head began to grow again after it had been shaven” Judges 16:21-22).

# Chapter I

## “Once Over Lightly”

Much of the country is now familiar with the face and name of Alexander P. Butterfield. Butterfield was the man who let slip to the Senate Watergate Committee that President Richard Nixon had a taping apparatus in the White House that recorded all conversations in the Oval Office. This disclosure eventually led to the President's resignation, and Butterfield had become nationally famous. On July 13, 1970, however, he was a stranger to me. A Mr. Butterfield was listed for a 2 o'clock appointment on the calendar at the desk of my new barbershop located at 2233 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W in the Georgetown section of Washington D.C., but appointments were the concern of my receptionist/hair-stylist, Martie. There were six chairs in the shop, and that afternoon four of us were working. As owner-manager, plus operator, I was totally concerned at 1:15 p.m.; with the head I was then finishing barbering.

My eye, however, caught the flash of the long black limousine as it drew up in front of the

shop. At that time I also had barber shops at 3000 Connecticut Avenue, a shop I had owned a total of twenty-eight years, and another at the Sheraton Carlton Hotel which I had owned for seven years. The Georgetown shop was on the first floor of a fine new building, and it had large windows overlooking the street. As I watched, a smartly uniformed chauffeur got out and walked briskly around the car to the rear where he opened the door for its single occupant. I continued working on the man in my chair. Behind me I heard the door open and Martie's voice asking,

"Have you an appointment?"

A polite but authoritative voice responded.

"Yes. with Mr. Pitts. My name is Butterfield."

I glanced at the man. He was neatly dressed in a dark suit, white shirt crisply collared, and he was wearing a solid dark color tie.

"Have a Seat in the first chair. sir."

I said, and returned to the final touches on client.

"I don't want a haircut." Mr. Butterfield said. "'I want to see you privately."

I finished with my customer. We made the

usual pleasantries, and he departed. But all the while I was wondering about Mr. Butterfield. Obviously he was "official. Limousines and chauffeurs were common in Washington D.C. in 1970, but they did not drive up to barbershops at two in the afternoon with passengers who were not also clients. What kind of an FBI investigation was I in for, I wondered. Or maybe it was the IRS, though I hadn't any concern there, I had total faith in my accountant, besides, surely the IRS didn't notify one of tax errors by liveried limousine. Well, maybe the man was with Secret Service and wanted an after-hours appointment "set up for a special customer". Still, that could have been done by phone.

I turned to Mr. Butterfield.

"Could we talk somewhere privately?" he asked.

"Let's go back there," I suggested nodding towards the rear of the shop where I had a small office.

As we stood together in the office Mr. Butterfield said, "Let me introduce myself." He drew out a thin leather' case and opened it to show me an identification card with his picture. The card was quite similar to that of one of my reg-

ular clients, Charles Colson, Special Counsel to the President. It was "official." It was the "White House."

"Mr. Pitts, he said, "My name is Alexander Butterfield. I work at the White House as an assistant to President Nixon. Recently your name came up in a conversation."

My heart did a somersault. At the White House? My name? I was astounded.

"I would like to talk with you about how you would feel about becoming the barber to the President," Butterfield said.

You know, when someone presents you with an unexpected offer of such magnitude, you can find yourself coming up with some strange reactions. I began having them.

Mr. Butterfield was going on. "The job would entail coming to the White House twice a week, two afternoons a week. If you accept you will be on call to the President at all times."

I can remember standing there in my office hearing the proposition laid out to me and how unbelievable, yet real, it seemed. I felt thrilled and honored just being considered for the position. I was a great admirer of President Richard Nixon. In my estimation he was doing a good

job. I also thought I could do a good job for him too! You know, whereas dentists always take a good look at people's teeth, and opticians notice the shape of their eye glasses, I always study people's hair styling. In my private thinking when I had seen President Nixon on television, or in pictures in the papers. I had always been mentally restyling his hair. I didn't like it so curly, and I thought he wore too heavy and oily a dressing.

Yes! I would like the job of being barber to President Nixon. But I heard my voice saying some of those strange things one says when one is overwhelmed. I was telling my official caller about my three barbershops and how understaffed they were.

"Mr. Butterfield, I said, "As you see, this is a new shop. I am a little short of barbers now--about four. I am not looking for a new job. Really what I am looking for is more help."

I was talking right to Mr. Butterfield. and I saw his eyebrows raise and with them the deep line across his forehead.

"But," I said firmly. "If I can serve the President, I will be very happy to."

A smile crossed Butterfield's rather soft face. I

just bet he had been wondering how he could return to his boss and tell him a barber had turned down the President of the United States! He said, "Mr. Pitts, we have already done a preliminary check on you, but if you are selected to be the President's barber, a complete FBI check of your entire life will have to be run."

"That's fine," I said.

"This will take some time, several weeks at least. Meanwhile, I hope you won't discuss this meeting with the press or anyone. If you do, it will blow the whole thing."

"O.K." I agreed. "Don't worry on that score. I'll keep it confidential."

We shook hands.

"Nice meeting you," Butterfield said. "We'll be in touch."

I walked with him to the front door and watched him re-enter the waiting limousine.

"Barber to the President!"

Maybe I wouldn't even make it. Maybe a dozen others were being considered. But I was one of them! Somebody thought I was superior enough in my trade to cut the hair of the President of the United States! Then I felt sober. I



couldn't help wondering what else they might be judging me on. There must be some tough qualifications for such a job. But it was good to realize, I thought, taking heart, that my character must be all right or the appointment would not have proceeded this far. I must be regarded as a nice guy. Nice enough to serve the President on a very personal basis.

I had never even spoken to a President. I had seen President Nixon only once in person, and that had been in 1960 when he was Vice President just after he had had an operation on his knee. He was then running for President, against Democratic candidate Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Mr. Nixon had appeared on Meet the Press, and my wife, Izetta, and I had gone down to the studio to watch the questioning. When it was over and the Vice President came off the stage, Izetta was about the fourth in line to shake his hand, but I had not pressed through the people to greet him. I thought if I was just out of the hospital and had to answer unannounced questions on a subject as volatile as world affairs, I would be ready to get back into bed, not shake a rush of hands. But Izetta told me he had greeted her with the strongest-handshake she had ever received.

Once I had seen President Kennedy from the edge of a large crowd. All I had been able to see was his unruly, wavy hair blowing in the breeze, and a flash of his smile. Another time I had attended a banquet where President Lyndon Johnson had spoken, but this time, if I was selected, it would be vastly different. It would be on a one-to-one basis, me: Milton Pitts, barber, with Richard Milhouse Nixon, President.

I drew a deep breath and turned back towards my chair and my next waiting customer.

The barber next to me, Ray Totten, gave me a long slow look. We were always kidding each other. He studied me, ready to laugh when I did. "Who was that fellow, Milt?" he asked "The FBI?"

"Right," I replied. "They're checking out someone." I said it in just the right tone of voice so he didn't ask me anything more, but returned to his clipping.

Checking someone out? They certainly were! Me! For the position of Number One Barber in the United States. That was as high as a barber could go, and maybe I was going!

I had been living in Washington thirty-four years, since I was twenty, and had seen and

met countless politicians, office-seekers, and office-holders, businessmen, and top stars in the field of entertainment. To my shops came some of the most interesting, most photographed, most interviewed and talked-about "heads" in the world. My shop at the Sheraton-Carlton was within easy walking distance of the White House. Every day I trimmed the hair of men who were on their way there, or who had just returned from that serene, pillared building set upon its lawns behind its wide-spreading trees and wrought iron fence at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Thirty-four years and all the small talk I had heard of events therein had not dimmed my awe for it. When I passed by, just looking at it did something to me. My heartbeat at a different tempo. It seemed to me to be the center of what America really was all about. No matter who occupied it, the core of it was a family, sons and daughters and a father and mother. It was not a palace or a fortress, but a home. It seemed to me it was the heart of the country.

The first time I ever saw the White House Franklin Delano Roosevelt was about to be nominated for a second term. He was President for a total of thirteen years. I had walked by its

gates during the terms of *five* Presidents since him. Now I might walk through them. I would not pass through as a tourist on a one-shot trip, crowded between cords, moving rapidly to keep up with a guide. I would not be making a quick delivery to some underground door. I would see the President himself. I would shake his hand and talk with him, and come to know him as few other men ever had. It seemed a dream.

Why me? I wondered. How had the offer come my way? There must be four hundred barber shops in the Washington area with countless more barbers. The yellow pages of the phone company carried at least eight columns of closely printed names of barbershops. Who might have mentioned me?

The head of Charles W. "Chuck" Colson flashed through my mind. He had been coming to my Georgetown shop for over a year. A quiet, studious man, with heavy, straight, brown hair, who wore dark horn-rimmed, glasses and usually read while he was in my chair. His name had meant nothing to me when I had first begun serving *him*. I had no idea where he worked. On his first visit he told me he would like his following appointments to be at eight in the morning,

or as early as possible. He had been coming in for at least six months before I found out that he worked in the White House. The information reached me inadvertently. One morning on which Mr. Colson was to have been my first appointment, I was about twenty minutes late in my arrival at the shop. When I arrived, I found that he had come and gone. I was told "He is on President Nixon's staff and left for a meeting at the White House."

Contrary to what the general public understands there are literally hundreds of people who "work for the White House." It is a term loosely used by many persons several echelons removed from the Presidency itself which "the White House" immediately brings to mind. Many of those people have no better chance of encountering the President than the most casual visitor to Washington, but their "association" with the White House gives them a feeling of importance.

In Mr. Colson's case, he was not only inside the doors, but was a frequent visitor to the Oval Office itself. Though I had no way of knowing it on the day of Mr. Butterfield's visit, Mr. Colson's name in the future would many times be publicly linked with the President's,--as would

Alexander Butterfield's. On the morning I had stood him up, I was pleased to see that he had rescheduled to see me.

I do not know if it was he who had brought up my name at the White House when the search began for a new barber for the President but at the time of the recommendation, he rode the inner track of that circle of anyone I knew.

Chance is a frequent navigator for destiny. I had come to Washington D.C. by a mere flip of fate.

I was born in Greenville County, South Carolina in 1916 on a good, square, patriotic number, the Fourth of July.

In 1933 my father: a farmer died and I quit school to work to help support the family. My brother, Alvin, was a barber, and taught me his trade. Even with haircuts costing only 25 cents I soon saved enough money to buy my own shop in nearby Williamston. The shop did well, but I was restless, and soon turned it over to Alvin and moved to Greenville, a much larger city, where I got a job working in a busy, modern barbershop.

My best friend there was Avery Merritt, whom everyone called "**A.B.**," a clerk who worked in the shoe store next door. When it came time

for us to take our vacations, we decided to take them together. There was only one hitch. I wanted to see Florida, and A.B. hoped to go to Washington, D.C.

One day we met in a coffee shop to discuss our problem. Seated at the counter on revolving stools we argued the merits of our differing destinations. I found myself at a slight disadvantage. It was necessary for me either to get A.B. to agree with me on Florida, or I would have to go to Washington, D.C. a city which I had no inclination to visit. But overwhelming odds lay in A. B's hands. He happened to own a brand new Ford automobile. The more I thought about the padded upholstery in that car, the more luxurious it seemed it would be to ride on it. My alternative, if I could not persuade A.B. in my direction was to hitchhike south, or if I really felt like splurging to take a bus. Neither thought appealed to me. Nor was I unaware of the impact to be gained by any young man stepping out of that car on any street in any city. Its flash and dash could not help but enhance the image of any future employer or young lady whom I might wish to impress.

As I argued the merits of ocean surf and bathing beauties to A.B., the chief of police of

Greenville, Chief William Crawford was sitting nearby in a booth. He could hear everything A.B. and I were saying.

After awhile he said, "You fellows have a serious problem. If I were you, and faced with a situation of no decision I'd flip a coin."

A.B. thought that was a great idea, and I had to agree it would take the pressure off both of us. We would let the coin decide, and no hard feelings.

"O.K.," I said. "Chief Crawford, you flip it."

The chief clinked his hands through the coins in his pocket and came up with one. He balanced it on his thumbnail. "What will it be?" he asked.

"Heads--Washington. Tails--Florida," A.B. answered.

We watched the coin fly up in the air off the chief's fingers. It rose about *six* or eight feet in a good spin and then fell back down onto his palm. He caught it and slapped his other hand over it.

Watching our expressions, he slowly uncovered it.

It took years for me to realize that what I read on the face of the dime in the palm of the po-



Greenville, Chief William Crawford was sitting nearby in a booth. He could hear everything A.B. and I were saying.

After awhile he said, "You fellows have a serious problem. If I were you, and faced with a situation of no decision I'd flip a coin."

A.B. thought that was a great idea, and I had to agree it would take the pressure off both of us. We would let the coin decide, and no hard feelings.

"O.K.," I said. "Chief Crawford, you flip it."

The chief clinked his hands through the coins in his pocket and came up with one. He balanced it on his thumbnail. "What will it be?" he asked.

"Heads--Washington. Tails--Florida," A.B. answered.

We watched the coin fly up in the air off the chief's fingers. It rose about *six* or eight feet in a good spin and then fell back down onto his palm. He caught it and slapped his other hand over it.

Watching our expressions, he slowly uncovered it.

It took years for me to realize that what I read on the face of the dime in the palm of the po-

lice chief's hand was my entire future. It was "heads." I went to Washington, D.C.



## Chapter II

### “Head-Lines”

In Washington that summer of 1936 a temporary barbering job was thrust at me which became permanent. Hair cuts in Washington were bringing 35 to 50¢, and tips were larger too. In my first week I made twice what I had ever made in South Carolina. I was soon able to buy a half interest in the Cathedral Mansions barbershop at 3000 Connecticut Avenue, a fine shop in a quite elegant part of the city, with an excellent clientele. World War II brought a great influx of people to the capitol, and business clipped along at a rapid pace. I purchased a shop on Wisconsin Avenue in Georgetown, the historic, riverside section of Washington D.C. Northwest. For a short time I also operated the barbershop at the vast Shoreham Hotel at Calvert and Connecticut Avenues. In 1964 I purchased the barbershop located in the Sheraton Carlton hotel in the heart of downtown Washington at 16th and "K" Streets. In the following years, as good barbers became difficult to find, and poorly trained ones impossible to work with. I gradually cut back on my acquisitions, and now I own only the shop at the

Sheraton Carlton.

In my personal life, I married before the war and had two sons, James Milton, now a Doctor of Divinity assistant chaplain at Furman University in South Carolina, and Ronald who served four years in the Air Force, two in Vietnam, and now owns a building maintenance company in Claremont California. My first marriage failed, and in 1946 I married Izetta Stine, whom everyone calls "Ike." We have a son, Robert, who is a program director for radio station WAIR-Z93 in Winston Salem, North Carolina, and a daughter, Barbara who is a dancer.

Meanwhile I had begun to gain recognition in Washington as an innovative barber. Barbering for men entered a new phase during World War II. Until then, hair cutting had been exactly that. Men had hair growing in varying amounts on their heads, from nearly bald to flowing manes. The barber's job was to clean, shorten, and arrange it in a pattern, or in the style that the man had "always worn it."

The average customer and average barber asked few questions about style. Haircuts had a conservative similarity. Clippers were used on the neck, over the ears, and to straighten

and edge off the sideburns, which were never allowed to grow lower than the middle of the eye. Side hair and lower back hair were tapered up. Top hair was left a little longer. It was then combed "into place," "oiled" and splashed with tonic. From years of having been brushed to one side or the other it fell "naturally" into a well delineated part. "Hair-styling" thus included hair combed left, right, parted in the middle, or brushed straight back. "Next!"

During World War II the "crew cut" came into its own. This short look came from the military for obvious reasons. With thousands of inductees into the service there was not time for the G.I. barber to see where a man's part fell and to comb it straight. A standardized for the "whole crew" haircut was quicker, and more democratic! Hair was cut the same length all over the head, and given a rather rounded look. This was also found to be the most sanitary hair style. At the front, or sludging through the jungles of New Guinea, there were not always tiled showers and bottles of perfumed shampoo. With hair cut short, a man could dump helmet-full of water over his head, rub it a bit, give it a shake, and be clean and dry in seconds.

Crew cuts were adopted by civilians at home.

College men made them as much a part of their uniform as their blazers. In various sections of the country the same style took various names, "college cut", "Ivy league", and "brush" among them. After the war a rising young star, Tab Hunter, wore one, and the fad continued.

In 1950 I created the first original hairstyling which brought me attention. I invented the flat-top. The first one I ever gave was on Mike Sommer, a high school student who later went on to George Washington University where he played half-back on their football team. Mike was agreeable to try something new, and I flattened off his head. Practically within minutes, it seemed to me, all his classmates, and an interesting percentage of Washington D.C. males began demanding flat-tops. From kids barely able to toddle into my shop, to their' grandfathers (and' once, one of their mothers!) all wanted the crisp-cut, stand-up hair-do. One day I gave identical haircuts to three generations of men in one family: the Malcolm Scates Men. Malcolm Sr was a Washington furniture dealer. With him came Malcolm Jr. and Malcolm III who was only about a year old. The three of them sporting their new haircuts were photographed together and the picture appeared in

the city life section of the Washington Post.

A good flat-top in my opinion was no more than one and a half inches long in the front, and stood straight up. It tapered to less than a quarter of an inch of hair at the top of the back of the head. Frequently anyone standing over the head could see through the hair to the scalp. When I cut one I would glide a comb through the previously shortened hair, and with the electric clippers, mow it as smooth as grass on a putting green. I could actually lay a straight edge on it and every hair would be exactly even.

Soon I was having teenagers from districts outside of Washington coming into my shop asking for the new hair style. They came from Bethesda and Rockville. My Cathedral Mansion barbershop became known as the "House of Flat-tops." There were four chairs in the shop and they were always filled with boys. They would come in with their long-top hair flopping in their eyes and say "A flat top and a can of wax."

It is not the nature of human hair to stand straight up. To achieve a good flat-top it has to be trained. Hair simply does not stand up and salute the first time it is clipped off. It has to

be-stroked in the right direction. Wax helps. In spite of the fact that the new fad took about a half hour of brushing morning and night, with a daily application of wax to stiffen it, it took hold and stuck. I am sure there were a lot of surprised mothers who watched their young sons suddenly take an interest in their appearance while they worked away for long periods training their hair to stand up. But flat-tops became a status symbol for the young, and even for older men who felt young. A man in his fifties whom I knew, after twenty-five years of a trying marriage applied for a divorce. The day he signed his legal papers he got a flat-top as his personal declaration of independence!

Alongside the joy of many in developing a perfect flat-top there were also disappointments. Some boys had hair which was absolutely incapable of cooperating into the new shape. There was no way that fine, silky hair could ever be made to stand up straight no matter how much an aspiring flat-topper would wax and brush it. For the barber it required special skill and patience to cut one. Each head had a slightly different shape, some were to a degree squared off. Others tended to be pin-pointed. In order to have some hair left on the top of the latter it



was necessary to leave the hair in front longer. On “square” heads it was important to get the hair flat to the corners without allowing it to be so long that it would fall down over the sides like eaves of a roof. And yet another problem was receding hairlines, which occur more often than you think among the high school boys, and even more so among college students. A flat top simply does not do much for such a hairline.

In spite of the comparatively high cost of the new style--\$1.50, as against the fifty cent price of a normal haircut, the kids kept demanding them. There was further expense to it too. In order to be properly kept, a flat-top needed to be trimmed every two weeks. Other hair styles could stretch three or four. But there were many factors going for it. Washington D.C. is located in the mid-Atlantic states and the climate is generally equitable. Flat-tops are comfortable. Once trained in the right direction they required little care. A boy could go all day without having to carry a comb. And to make the new hair style really irresistible, the girls loved them! I heard many a discussion among my young customers on the subject. The girls loved to pat those stiffly brushed heads. The style lived

on through the fifties. I received much publicity and many people first became aware of my shops through newspaper articles and pictures published about my flat-tops. The style was finally immortalized by cartoonist Chester Gould when he drew a character in his Dick Tracy comic strip with a sawed-off hairstyle and named him "Flattop."

When I got to the White House I met a flat-top die-hard, Hero "Bob" Haldeman. Nearly everyone else had long since given up the style since I had first popularized it in the 1950's, but twenty years later Bob would have nothing else. However, everyone on the street was not sporting the meticulously mown look in the 1950s. Elvis Presley had wiggled and sung his way onto the scene, and for some, he was the style setter. The kids came to my shop bringing his photograph from movie magazines. They asked me to let their hair grow longer until their forelocks, would fall down over their eyes like the rockstar's, and they wanted their sideburns let down to their earlobes.

In 1962 I introduced the use of the straight razor into hairstyling. That lethal instrument, which had been a part of the daily household

scene until the invention of the safety razor, had all but disappeared from use in public shops, except for a few barbers who still felt it gave the closest shave. I found the straight razor would do for hair what neither scissors, clippers, nor safety razors possibly could. I began giving razor-cuts to men's hair.

With the use of the old-fashioned razor equipped with a safety guard and a comb, I was able to give an especially neat shape to the head keeping the hair fuller on the sides, but with all the ends blended smoothly. People who received the razor cut from me told their friends about it and shortly newspaper photographers began dropping into the shop to take pictures of me in the process of giving one. This increased the demand for the style.

Among the young men who came to my shop requesting it, was a college student who wanted his own picture taken while I was barbering him. He told me he was working part time as a photographer for one of the Washington papers. Years later he was destined to shake up the capitol and the nation, and-to some extent, the world, through his newspaper activities. I did not happen to remember his name at the time, but in 1974, while he was

writing a book, Carl Bernstein reminded me I had given him his-first razor cut. It was during lunch at the Statler Hotel to which he had invited me while he interviewed me on some details for his book. When I met him that day his hair was long and shaggy, and to my eyes, looked unkempt. As I answered his questions he busily jotted down notes. When his book, ***All The Presidents Men*** written with Bob Woodward, was published, I was grateful to find that he had quoted me accurately.

On parting, after lunch I spoke of his long hair. "You are due to see me again," I said. He laughed, but he never came in.

As the "Elvis cut" lost' its original impact it was replaced by a style which was thought to be of ancient Roman origin. Marlon Brando appeared in a movie about Julius Ceasar, and suddenly every little hamlet in America had its emperor. This style entailed brushing the hair away from the center of the head in a smooth circle towards the outer edges, with short bangs in front. For the first time many men found that wearing their hair without a part and forward was very comfortable. Above the proper shaped face I felt it could be quite becoming. The bang gave most men, even gray

haired ones, and a rather youthful look. To me, however, the increase of interest in a variety of styles denoted a revolution in men's thinking about themselves. They were beginning to loosen up. It was no longer necessary to conform to set patterns of hairstyling. Men, as women had discovered long before them, could indulge in change. They began to give their barbers more freedom of choice. The command was less frequently, "A little off the top, to more often, "What do you think you can do with it?" But it was the advent of the Beatles to the U.S. which made the greatest difference in how the male half of the population began to relate themselves to their hair.

The Beatles an English vocal and instrumental rock and roll quartet became a major influence on popular music, fashion and hairstyles in the '60's. Those worlds were never to be the same again. The four young men John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr (Richard Starkey) sang, strummed electric guitars and beat drums magnified to eardrum shattering amplification. They wore their hair in mop-like arrangements over their clean-shaven eager young faces. Healthy forelocks were brushed down to their eyebrows in bangs, and

their side hair hung over their ears. In the back their hair curled over their collars.

The instant reaction of many adults to the group was critical. The older generation was generally appalled by what they considered the shagginess of the quartet. But teenagers loved it! If the adults had glanced back through history they could have noted that hair for

males, no less than for women, had been going up and down over ears and necks like tides of history. Among as sedate a group as our former presidents there had been hairstyles which might equally have evoked their scorn. John Quincy Adams, scholar, lawyer, statesman, and President that he was, is frequently portrayed with hair long over his collar, as is President James Madison, though neither gentleman had a wisp in the front long enough to pull forward in bangs. President Andrew Jackson's hair flowed over his ears and down his neck like a lion's mane, and only slightly more restrained was President Andrew Johnson's. Those who complained about the Beatles' hairstyles failed to relate it to that of the central figure in, Christianity who had been worshiped for 2000 years without criticism of his shoulder length locks. What was quaint for a saint was "un-neatle" on

a Beatle.

The Beatles took the world of young music by storm at a time when the youth cult was first taking a firm hold on America. They were a refreshingly, rather irreverent group, full of enthusiasm, wit and boyish charm. They mocked the establishment, themselves, and their peers equally. I remember a remark attributed to John Lennon when the Beatles were invited to give a command performance in London. Amid a sprinkling of jests to the distinguished assemblage, which included Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, he recommended as he sought their applause. "People in the cheaper seats, clap: the rest of you just rattle your jewels."

The Beatles arrived in the United States in February 1964 where they appeared three weeks in a row on the Ed Sullivan Show, and for a smashing sell-out performance at Carnegie Hall. Their popularity with teenagers created mob unruliness amid early adolescents never before witnessed in America. Twelve and thirteen-year olds screamed, yelled and fainted from excitement. They climbed fences, made illegal entries, and were headlined day after day making wild and weird attempts to see, hear, or touch the Beatles. As a safety factor throughout the New

York visit of the group, each Beatle was driven in a separate limousine to divert and confuse their ecstatic following.

It was a natural reaction to expect that young America would want to emulate their new heroes in style and dress. The pegged trousers and velvet collared jackets, the "Edwardian look" that the Beatles favored, became "in". And American youth wanted no more neck trims.

It did not require a gift of prophecy to figure out what was just over the horizon. Before the Beatles arrived in New York I was prepared for what I was certain would be the new trend in hairstyles. Over radio station KEM, Washington, on January 22, 1964, the following news release was presented:

**WASHINGTON, D.C. BARBER M.PITTS GIVES FIRST "BEATLE" HAIRCUTS.**

Three volunteer college students from American University receive the first known "Beatle" hair cuts in the United States today from men's hair stylist Milton Pitts at his Wisconsin Avenue Shop. Mr. Pitts, known for his firsts in men's hairstyles, introduced the "flat top" in 1952 and again in 1962 introduced the European "razor-



cut" to the Washington D.C. area at his original shop at 3000 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.

The volunteer students, Heywood Becker of Washington, Irwin Horowitz of New York City and David Cohen, of Lincolnwood, Illinois will be among an expected audience of millions of Americans who will see the "Beatles" on their first U.S. TV appearance this coming Sunday night on the Ed Sullivan Show.

Mr. Pitts says he expects the "Beatle" haircuts to be in heavy demand among young men of this country.

I happened to be right. Soon the craze spread nationwide. The hairstyle became the source of many jokes. It was described as "best being done at home with a rusty knife and fork," and as a "cross between the hair-do of a Yorkshire terrier and that worn by Moe Howard." --who was one of The Three Stooges.- a popular TV trio of the time.

Like any other business in which one hopes to be successful, I had been aware that I must not only keep in step with the times, but whenever possible, be a jump ahead. My steady trade was always adults. They were my meatloaf and mashed potatoes, but I was also aware that

the young heads I trimmed would soon be the businessmen and leaders of tomorrow. I hoped to be serving them for many years to come. I went along with Beatle cuts, and every style that came along which people sincerely wanted to have. But I warned them that longer cuts required more care, frequent washing, extra brushing.

One particularly rewarding day of barbering which I will always remember was when a group of blind teenagers visited the nation's capital from California. The trip was sponsored by the Foundation for the Junior Blind of Los Angeles and the 72 Lions Clubs across the country. The visit occurred during the administration of President John F. Kennedy, who met with the twenty-four boys and girls chatting and shaking hands with each. One of them asked him, "President Kennedy, how do you get into this kind of work?" He laughed and replied, "Politics is a family tradition."

I was not with the group at the White House but heard about the tour when their bus brought them to my barbershop. I had arranged with the Lions Club to give haircuts to any of the young people who wanted one. They were exceptionally polite and neatly dressed, the boys in suits

and wearing neckties, the girls in their Sunday best. One young lady had special equipment on which she took shorthand notes in Braille to use in making a report to their Lions Club at home. Listening to the excited account of their travels, while performing my barbering services for them gave me an especially memorable day.

Morris Siegel, sportswriter for the Washington Star has been a customer of mine for many years. Sometimes he has included references to me in his columns. Shortly after the Beatle haircut had swept the country, Pat Morrison, a young Englishman studying at Stanford, was thrown off the University track team because he had refused to have his Beatles style haircut cut to the matching pattern of his fellow teammates.

While I was trimming Mo's hair he inquired as to how I felt about this hairy matter. I told him I was sorry but I did not have the figures at hand nor the proper ability with a slide-rule to be able to determine just how much a sprinter's time would be cut down by wind resistance derived from elongated hair. I had heard, however, that professional swimmers who were overly furbearing, shaved the hair off their legs, chests and backs, since they felt the more slippery

their bodies the more easily they would flow through water.

All this Mo duly printed in his column. The "Stanford controversy" drew a lot of attention. Adults were taken by surprise by the scope of the new hairstyle. In the past fads had been localized. But with the advent of television, what happened in Pittsburgh in the morning could be seen and imitated by two p.m. in Exira, Iowa. Adults found themselves unprepared with rules to deal with how long hair might be worn and where one might be seen in it. They hurriedly tried to invent regulations to cover the new non-conformity.

In a peace seeking move the Stanford coach appealed to young Morrison to compromise, to go at least part way, and get his hair trimmed so it would not hang over his ears and down his neck.

In reply, Morrison stated that in England long hair was considered a mark of distinction.

"Most important men you see there have long hair," he said. This struck me as being very funny. At the time the polls were proclaiming the most important men in England not to be the members of Parliament, but the Beatles.

Hairstyle is a very personal thing. It is one of the few areas in which, without words, a man may express how he feels about himself. For long periods of history the shape of his haircut and the color of his necktie were about all the choices he had. While women raised or dropped their hemlines, let out their waists or nipped them in, and ran a gamut of styles from their hair ornaments to the bows on their toes, men meekly widened or narrowed their lapels by a quarter of an inch.

In the natural growth of his head, man has the material for striking varieties in his appearance. A man should give consideration to the style haircut which will best suit the shape of his head and his facial features. If he cannot size this up himself, he should discuss his appearance with a barber whose opinion he trusts. He may then accept the assessment, or express his own wishes. Unless, in my experienced opinion on the subject, it is outstandingly wrong for a man to wear a certain hair style, I really don't care how he wears it. It should make him feel good. If it is so "far out" that he gets a lot of flak from his fellows and he isn't able to stand up to joking and ridicule, maybe he should conform. But that is up to him. One

passes some weird styles on the street! I can advise my customers on what shape of hair-style I feel would be most becoming to them, but I cannot insist. Hair styling is my living. My interest is necessarily financial. It is more important to me to provide a service where the customer is satisfied and will return to my shop than to force my personal preferences upon him. When Beatle cuts were in style, if someone wanted one, for which I was then charging \$10.00 and he felt that he could not be happy without it, why should I make him unhappy by giving him a short haircut for \$1.50?

The argument about long or short hair brought many headlines. It was a battle between "regimentation" which the young people felt was expressed in the edict that they must wear their hair short and a feeling held by many adults that long hair involved standards of civility, obedience and good taste. I think the issue might have resolved itself much earlier if it had not on many fronts, turned into a war between the generations. Instead, with adults attempting to impose their viewpoints on the young, and the young resisting the gap in understanding between them widened. To my way of thinking that was the beginning of the beatnik, "hippy"

movement during which long hair, often reaching to the waist on both males and females and frequently unkempt and unwashed, and ragged, soiled clothing, were used by the young to flaunt their disregard for their elders and their “establishment” rules.

Some of my earliest customers were women. Having three sisters at home, I used to practice on them. In those days there was not a beauty salon in every shopping center and midway in every other city block. When women wanted their hair “bobbed”, they went to a barber. I did not like to see girls with really short hair. I liked their ears covered and a softness about their necks and faces. In my opinion there should be an easily discernible physical difference between males and females when they are dressed and on the street. I like women to be what they are --feminine, and men to enhance their particular maleness of appearance.

When men began wearing their hair long, in flowing tresses and pigtails, I ran into some amusing situations. One winter morning one of my barbers, a former Marine, and a big fellow, came into the shop late for work.

“ I almost got into a fight this morning, ” he

said.

"How come?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "you know I live just north of DuPont Circle. When I was driving along I saw a car stuck in the snow just ahead of me. Its wheels were spinning. Obviously the driver was not used to snow, and was getting nowhere. As I drove past I could see through the frosted window into the car. A girl with long flowing blond hair was struggling with the wheel. I stopped my car ahead and went back to help her out.

"When I tapped on the window she rolled it down a bit. "Sweetie," I said, if you will just cut your wheels a little to the left I will be able to help push your car out."

"The car door opened with such violence I was nearly knocked onto the road. A huge man with long hair hopped out, and pressing his big face towards mine he said, 'What did you say?' I got out of there as fast as I could run, not even bothering to help him get his car unstuck!"





## **Chapter III**

### **Wigs and Wags**

From the very first, my shops in Washington D.C. were frequented by show people, musicians, athletes, and theatrical stars. In my early

“Everything all right?” I asked.

“Fine,” he said, adjusting his necktie and getting ready to depart. “I’m a leader now, you know,” he added and turned and left the shop.

Watching him step outside I had to remember to close my mouth which had dropped open. It was obvious to me and to most of the popular music world at that time just how big a star Vaughn Monroe was. I was surprised that he felt it necessary to tell me.

That evening Ike and I went to the Capitol Theater using the tickets he had generously left for us. They were excellent seats, front and center. After the orchestra had tuned up, the audience broke into applause, Vaughn Moore stepped forth to direct it! No wonder he had been concerned about how he looked from the back.

The first man I ever worked on who wore a hairpiece was singing star Tony Bennett. Tony was in town while he had a singing engagement at the Shoreham Hotel. As he settled into my chair and I adjusted the cape around him he said, “Milt, you’ll have to be careful. I’m wearing a hairpiece.”

That was about fifteen or twenty years ago when men were not always open about wearing

toupees. Tony's hair had started thinning when he was quite young. He had a fine, clear voice which particularly thrilled his female audience, and part of his success depended on the young romantic image he projected. He had wisely begun wearing a hairpiece before his audiences miss-guessed his age for he was still a very young man.

When he made his announcement I said, "I know all about it, Tony. I read about it in Life magazine. They ran an article about a man in New York who had gone to a barbershop which made hairpieces. Who was a great admirer of yours he had two photographs of you with him. One was "before" and the other was "after" you got your hairpiece. The article said when he showed your pictures to the barber and told him he wanted to look just like you. The barber had told him "that will be easy. I'm the guy who made Tony's hairpiece."

We talked about hairpieces and their care. When he left he paid me \$27.50 for his hair trim. I work extensively with both wigs and hairpieces now. They have come a long way. Now they can be manufactured to blend exactly with a man's hair. But most men no longer seem to

care if people know they wear hairpieces. Most accept them and the fact that a wig can vastly improve their looks.

The practice of wearing wigs, or adding hair to one's head is almost as old as Man. Legends of ancient tribes relate that warriors wove the hair of their victims in with their own thus forming thick pigtails. The thickness and length of a man's pigtail showed his braveness and prowess in killing. Other primitive people cut off ringlets of their hair, or if they were short of it, of their friends, which they fitted into tight fitting skullcaps made of animal skins, presumably with no other purpose than to change their appearance.

Fu11 wigs were an established part of a man's wardrobe in Egypt in 2500 B.C. They were made of human and animal hair attached to 1oose1y woven foundations which wou1d remain porous and coo1 when worn. Such wigs were not intended merely to cover the sca1p. They came in a variety of styles--short and square, short on the sides with a pigtail or curls in the back, or fringed all around, and were worn on ceremonial occasions the more elegant the affair, the more elaborate the wig. Special slaves were kept whose duty it was to clean

and maintain the master's wigs. A standard piece of furniture in the houses of the wealthy was a wig stand.

The wearing of a wig among the ancient Egyptians was a status symbol. They were worn by the nobility, officers of rank, and wealthy merchants. For a long time the lowly workers were not permitted to wear them, but as they prospered they too began to wear wigs though theirs were short and bobbed.

Wigs were also worn by other early civilizations. The Assyrians were known to be proficient in the use of hair tongs and curling irons. They also scented their hair. On special occasions they sprinkled gold dust on their hair to make it sparkle. Modern man has a way to go to catch up with such beautification extravagance!

Some people fall easily into the custom of wearing a wig for a while, although some are made uncomfortable by the reactions of others to the change in their appearance. It is natural to want to appear at one's best, the wearing of a wig, can make "sport" of his friends that he feels forced to give it up, rather than continue to face them. Senator George McGovern of South Dakota, while only 49, was a victim of more

visible scalp than hair. In 1972, as he hopefully prepared to run for the Democratic nomination for President, he appeared on the Senate floor in a rather full wig. Some of his peers claimed not to know him. Others thought it looked great. Apparently the Senator lacked the courage to maintain his cover up. At first he joked that he wore it because his head was cold. Apparently, he soon warmed up, as after about two weeks, the wig disappeared.

Senator Wayne Hayes of Ohio, later to be a target of headlines aroused by the sensational confessions of a call girl, Elizabeth Ray, also began wearing a curly hairpiece in my early White House years. Similarly, William Barrett, a Congressman from Pennsylvania, and a fellow House member, John Myers of Indiana took to cover a dark straight pompadour. Barrett was reported to whip his off during moments of high stress in his speech making, but Myers, I was told, would not remove his, even for his barber.

I don't know if early man was bald or if he just liked to play dress up, but wigs were such an accepted part of his costume that he even wore them into battle. When General Hannibal crossed the Alps with his Carthaginian battle elephants about 200 B.C. he carried a selection

of wigs with him in a variety of style and colors. Dyed wigs were common. The General had special wigs for different occasions. Fancy styles for when he was feted at victory banquets, and what he might have considered “every day” wigs which he wore into battle. The grooming of armies before battle was an important part of the military procedure. It may have been that in the back of the soldiers minds they thought that they might not live through the next day, so they prepared themselves to appear at their best under whatever circumstances befell them! Whatever their reason, history records that the night before important battles soldiers gave special attention to their hair.

In making some study into the history of wigs I found it interesting to note how the attitude towards them has gone into and come out of the closet. In about the eleventh century the Church made a strong stand against the wearing of wigs, using as a basis for its negativism that since a Christian could not possibly know from whose head the hairs of his wig might have been snatched, the wearing of one might place him under the hairs of an infidel even at that moment roasting in hell.

In the resplendent age of Louis XIV men and

women wore wigs to harmonize with their various costumes. Louis, himself, had special ones for particularly every hour of the day. He had morning and afternoon wigs, special ones for dinner parties, and yet another for wearing to church. Some of these were massive beehives of richly piled curled and ringlets called periwigs.

Due to his influence, wig making became an important business in France. When silk was introduced it replaced animal skins and coarse fabrics as a base. It was lightweight and could easily be shaped into all but invisible caps through which hairs could be drawn and knotted by hand.

Wigs were also powdered and scented, the powder being blown into them by bellows. Sometimes as many as three people at a time would be engaged in pumping powder into a wig while its wearer sat coughing and choking beneath a mask and a huge covering apron. First the hair was coated with grease then flour was blown onto it. Starch, and even plaster of paris, anything that was white and powdery was used.

Pictures of “the redcoats” the British Army in



their natty uniforms at the time of our revolution are familiar to every school child, each soldier sporting an identical powdered wig. It is said that a soldier of the period might use up to a pound of flour a week on his wig. In order to maintain its military standards of exactness the British Army kept a file of patterns of curls, which barbers were to use in making and maintaining the soldier's wigs. With thousands of enlisted men, barbers were in great demand to keep the army neatly combed and powdered. Sometimes there were not enough to attend to each soldier on parade day or before the onslaught of a new battle. On such occasions the men had to have their wigs greased and powdered the previous day and slept all night on their faces so as not to disturb their "who's got the Toni?" coiffeurs.

Wigs were an obvious fashion. They were not intended to look like one's own hair. People were not embarrassed to wear them. For one thing, a good wig was expensive. Wearing one not only said one's money had gone to one's head, but that a considerable amount had passed through one's pockets. Wigs were an "in" thing. They were considered in good taste. Rivalries developed as to who could come up

with a more elaborate one. Manufacturers of imaginative and fancy wigs prospered and were highly regarded for their skills.

Toupees were something else. They were invented with deception in mind. They began to gain favor about the time George Washington was born (1732), and a good thing, because when he grew up he was going to need one. Early toupees were built on wire frames or felt cushions. They were meant to blend in with natural hair and to disguise the lack of hair on the top of the head, or a receding hairline.

Toupees have been popularized by some of the most famous men in the country who have made no effort to hide the fact that they wear them. Entertainers once performed their musical comedy and dramatic acts before the sightless microphone of radio discovered. Before within the penetrating eye of television a need to take off years a balding head inaccurately bespoke. Bing Crosby was an early convert to a toupee. He would wear it or not, and the mood suited him. For public appearances, yes. For golfing, no. Some of Hollywood's most "he of men wear wigs" – Burt Reynolds, John Wayne, Charles Boyer, Jimmy Stewart, Lorne Greene, and countless others. Man had finally recog-

nized there is nothing strange or funny about wearing a hairpiece. It is how the man feels about himself that is important. The popularity of hairpieces frankly has encouraged the even more conservative element of society to turf their heads with artificial sod. Man's awakened interest in his appearance, plus the convenience and comfort of modern wigs developed a new industry.

I have several customers who wear hairpieces which are so expertly made it would require a professional to recognize that they are wearing them. Increasingly, every year, I assist my customers in the selection and wearing of such pieces. It is a quite simple process. First I cut off samples of existing hair to use for comparing texture and color. Then I make a pattern of his scalp. I measure the head with a cloth tape measure, then wrap it in cellophane, turning the clear paper until it is in the shape of a cap. Since this is transparent, I can see through to the scalp. With a marking pencil I then draw a diagram on the cellophane which indicates where the existing hair starts and stops. Then I measure two extra inches around the back and sides, and allow three fingers of width up from the eyebrow as an indication of where the natu-

ral forward hairline might start. This information, with the hair samples, is sent to a wig manufacturer who makes up the hairpiece. When it is returned to me it is always a couple inches longer and fuller than the styled hair will be. At this stage, since it is overly long, it looks rather odd. When my customer comes in I fit it onto his head with double faced adhesive tape, and then cut the new hairpiece to the style that we have chosen and in such a way that it blends in with his natural hair.

The best “hair” for this purpose, in my opinion, is synthetic rather than human. It can be made in both color and texture to correspond exactly with natural hair, and it is much easier to care for. One may even swim while wearing such a toupee. On leaving the water it can be quickly brushed out, and it dries rapidly.

I am extremely particular about the hairpieces whose manufacture I supervise for my customers. If one could be easily identified by the public as artificial, that is, because its manufacture, and not because of the change it makes in its wearer’s appearance, I would not let him buy it. I would not want any customer of mine to wear a hairpiece which looked unnatural. That is no longer necessary. Hairpieces can be made

so that they are absolutely unidentifiable from a man's natural hair.

Last year one of my customers bought four, each varying slightly from the other. One had straight hair, another had a wave, and the other two had different amounts of gray sprinkled through them. I suppose my customer may have chosen one of those on days when he had more or less worrying to do! Such hairpieces cost from \$200- \$400 each. If they are kept cleaned their life expectancy can be about three years. After that, even the best wig can begin to show wear. However, over the same period of time the man's natural hair will have changed somewhat in color if he is fastidious he may find that he wants to update the color of his toupee to match his natural hair color changes. Or, as frequently happens, he may have found that he so enjoys wearing a hairpiece with its many possible hair styles that he may be ready for the entirely different look which a new hairpiece will give him.

After a man becomes accustomed to wearing a toupee he is usually able to take care of it himself. My shops carry hair cleaners which are useful for that purpose. When a man wearing a hairpiece comes in for a haircut I first remove

his wig, then shampoo his head and natural hair, trim it, and return the wig with fresh tape. With the piece back on, I finish shaping his natural hair around it.

Several people now come to me for barbering who have had transplants, or "follicle grafting" as it is technically called. One of these has been the Democratic Senator from Wisconsin, William Proxmire whose dramatic change in appearance through the use of the process, gave transplants permanent root in the field of hair restoration. The removal of hair cells from one part of the body with replanting in another is a surgical procedure. It is sometimes undergone in a hospital, which is both painful and expensive.

First the area in which the hair cells is to be injected is shaved very closely, usually beginning, at the top of the crown, about the diameter of a .22 caliber bullet. With an electrical machine a small plug of skin is cut and removed from the scalp This is placed on a sterilized tray such as a surgeon or dentist might use. An identical sized plug containing hair follicles with growing hair is then removed, usually from the back of the neck where it will not be missed, and inserted in the previously made hole .

About thirty such transfers can be made during each visit. As you can imagine, this process entails physical suffering. A man has got to want a growing head of hair pretty seriously to endure the pain. However, such transplants, after the hair has become fully grown, can be as strong as natural hair. In some instances long lasting results be achieved. In other cases, after only a couple years. the hair starts falling out as had its predecessor. Among other well known persons who have had good success with their transplants, are Senator Strom Thurman of South Carolina, Frank Sinatra & rock singer Sir Elton John, and Congressman Charles Thone of Nebraska.

I do not particularly enjoy trimming transplanted crops. The scalp never grows back as smooth as its original state. It bears the scars of the little round plugs which can be seen through the hair when one stands over them, and they can be felt by the hand. I am not convinced that transplantation, in the current state of the art, is worth the price one pays.

One of my customers paid \$3,500 for his of hair. That would have bought him a lifetime of wigs which would have provided him with

"instant hair" from the first day, and he would not have to endure any physical torture--always with the possibility that what he happily combed today, might lie sadly at his feet on some not too distant tomorrow.

Yet another means of adding to diminishing hair can be accomplished through hair-weaving.

This cannot be attempted on a totally bald pate.

As starters, some fringe benefits are required. A

fine hairnet in a matching shade to the client's hair is placed over his freshly shampooed

scalp. Existing hair is then pulled through the holes in the net where it is tied into place. This

can be a lengthy process as the hairs are individually caught by an instrument resembling a

fine gauge crochet hook, and then knotted by hand. Blending strands of artificial hair can then

be woven into the net along with the natural

hair. This process has never become too popular. As it is expensive, and has a drawback that

as the natural hair grows out from the head the hairnet loosens, growing away from the scalp.

In two months it would move a half inch or more all around. New hair must then be found on the

head and drawn through and knotted to secure the net.

Although I have seen hair weaving done, and



occasionally run into a customer with woven hair, I have not personally attempted to do it. I do not feel the result is worth my time. When I asked about it I frankly discuss with my client the overriding benefits which I feel he will discover with a good hairpiece ..

Among Washington's better known wearers of hairpieces is Willard Scott. weatherman for NBC Channel 4. Willard is a very large man with an especially jolly approach to life. He began radio broadcasting in 1952. Three years later, with Eddie Walker, he began a light comedy radio program over WRC. The team was known as the Joy Boys, and it developed a large following. Eddie Walker now has two radio programs of his own, and is co-host of the A.M. Washington TV show. Eddie was born blind, but that had not hindered him. He was graduated from two broadcasting schools as well as from American University where he maintained a straight A average. To my ears he has one of the best sounding voices on the air, and through it he is one of the most effective people whom I know. He great personal charm and a fantastic sense of humor. Eddie is constantly sought after for speaking engagements. Needless to say before he makes one, he comes to

me for his hair styling.

The first time Willard Scott ever came into my shop he brought along a hairpiece he had ordered from Philadelphia. It was well made, however it was too full. He asked me to cut it down so it would look right on him. Since then he has been my regular customer and we have had some interesting conversations as I trim his hair.

One afternoon he suggested. "When I do the weather tonight, Milt. -what would you say if someone had taken an indelible pencil and had written across the top of my scalp 'Pitts' Barbershop' What we will do is, when you, put my wig back on, don't use any tape. Then tonight when it comes time for me to give the weather report will announce, 'Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we can expect heavy winds ●●● " At which point I will lean forward and let my hairpiece fall off, and everyone will see what I have printed on the top of my head?"

I thought that would be great. We laughed about it, and I told him if he went through with it I would give him his haircuts free of charge for the rest of the year.

You can imagine with what interest I awaited

the weather report that evening. But he failed to carry out our little plot.

Now he has moved out to Virginia where someone else does his hair. When his old side-kick, Eddie Walker, comes in. I tell him when he sees Willard, to give him a message from me, "Come back and get a city haircut."

Among my customers who wear wigs is an attorney who represents oil interests. Recently he went abroad where business required that he stay several weeks. He was in Iran when he finally decided to could not wait to get home to have his hair cut. He went to the barbershop in his hotel, but of course was unable to speak the language. I have given haircuts to many who do not speak English, and usually find negotiations can be contracted by hand signals. However, my traveling client ran into some bad luck.

Before he was able to make the Iranian barber realize that he was wearing a hairpiece the barber had cut two big chunks out of it. Two large white spots were left on the side of the man's head.

Immediately upon his return, before he was even unpacked, he dialed the barbershop.

"Milt," he said desperately, "I need to see you

first thing in the morning." Then he told me what had happened. Fortunately he had a second, very old , wig with him so he had something to wear, but he was anxious to get his newer one back into shape. When he saw me in the morning he asked if there was any way the damage could be repaired. I looked it over and saw that it was salvageable. "Yes," I said, "we can just return it to Revlon and they will add hair where it is missing." My customer was greatly relieved While they are at it." he said. "have them make me another one, and add a little more gray. My wife would like me to look a little older."

Some of the singers and stars on whom I worked in my early days Washington are probably already looked upon as "old timers" by music fans of today. Music and tastes change rapidly. When I first lived in the capital, Big Bands were the thing. Duke Ellington, Fred Waring, Tommy Dorsey, Ozzie Nelson. They all made danceable music with a sweetness to it, and their singers sang catchy tunes with romantic lyrics.

One day I had a phone call from movie actor and singer, Gordon McCrae. He was calling to make an appointment from a golf course in

Maryland. "At that time I had never met him. He was to make a personal appearance that evening and needed an appointment at six o'clock. When he came in gave him a shampoo and razor cut. He was delighted with the way I had done his hair and invited me to be his guest that evening at his show. It is hard for me to remember exactly what the price of his haircut was, as prices have fluctuated so much. I think it was \$7.50 When it came time for Gordon MacCrae to pay me, he thanked me and handed me thirty dollars, saying that's what I made playing golf this afternoon."

Jack Jones was another singer whose hair I cut in those days. The first time he ever called me he asked me to come up to his room at the Shoreham. It was not my custom to make "house calls", but he told me he had a cold and was trying to get some rest before his performance that evening. I took my tools to his room, but from what I experienced, he didn't get much rest. I hadn't even draped when the phone rang. From his end of the conversation I could tell it was a girl and that she wanted a date with him that evening. He told her he wasn't feeling well, and hung up.

I began shampooing him in the bathroom, but

scarcely had his head wet when the phone rang again. I answered it for him, and a girl asked for Jack.

"Tell her to cool it!" Jack called to me, not even asking whom it might be.

That was the way it went for the next twenty minutes. I would take two snips with the scissors and the phone would ring, and it would be another girl asking for Jack. He was very attractive, and the girls were certainly anxious to get close to him. Until then I had had no idea that girls were so forward as to call up someone they had never met, someone who was just a face on a billboard or a voice on a recording, and ask to go out with him. If Jack Jones himself had described the passion of his following to me I would

have had difficulty believing he was not exaggerating. But it was the truth. The girls were lined up like ten pins in an alley waiting to be bowled over by him. But that day, at least, he didn't have any trouble resisting them.

During the 1960's prosperity and life-style climbed together and something very interesting happened to the male half of the American population, most of whom, until then, had

considered themselves groomed if they were shaven and their hair was combed. (An elite few included a manicure.) Until then women were the market to which the cosmetics industry directed its enticements. Collectively women spent over three billion dollars a year on creams, makeup, perfumes, and other bodily beautifiers. They had their hair bleached, toned, rinsed, curled or straightened. They spent \$100

a day in beauty spas being manicured, pedicured, coiffured, and starved and thumped into shape. An elaborate, expensive spa, such then as the Golden Door in southern California was then open fifty weeks a year to slenderize, exercise, pamper and prettify its female clients. The other two weeks male customers were accepted. That was a rather accurate appraisal of how the world felt such luxuries and self-interest should be divided.

Perhaps it was the advent of young President John F. Kennedy and his glamorous wife, Jacqueline, to the White House that caused men to take a second look at themselves. The Youth Kick began in earnest. Along with it came emphasis on health and exercise. The sport of jogging began to turn men out onto the side-

considered themselves groomed if they were shaven and their hair was combed. (An elite few included a manicure.) Until then women were the market to which the cosmetics industry directed its enticements. Collectively women spent over three billion dollars a year on creams, makeup, perfumes, and other bodily beautifiers. They had their hair bleached, toned, rinsed, curled or straightened. They spent \$100

a day in beauty spas being manicured, pedicured, coiffured, and starved and thumped into shape. An elaborate, expensive spa, such then as the Golden Door in southern California was then open fifty weeks a year to slenderize, exercise, pamper and prettify its female clients. The other two weeks male customers were accepted. That was a rather accurate appraisal of how the world felt such luxuries and self-interest should be divided.

Perhaps it was the advent of young President John F. Kennedy and his glamorous wife, Jacqueline, to the White House that caused men to take a second look at themselves. The Youth Kick began in earnest. Along with it came emphasis on health and exercise. The sport of jogging began to turn men out onto the side-



walks for a run at sunrise, or on their lunch hours. Senator William Proxmire was photographed jogging to work. Twice, in his lonely pursuit, he was held up! The President's brother, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy was active in encouraging hiking, biking and jogging trails. Men became actively aware that they would feel better and live longer if they took more care of themselves. They began to take to heart all those insurance statistics that pointed out how much longer women lived than men. Perhaps they began to wonder why they were working so hard just to leave it all to women who were so busy outliving them by taking care of themselves. The cosmetics industry recognized a hungry bear coming out of hibernation. It began to gear up. Though drugstores had always carried a few lotions, colognes and toilet waters for men, plus a few more exotic scents which "he-men" would tolerate, such products were usually purchased by wives and sweethearts of men for their birthdays or Christmas. All too frequently such bottles were opened for a sample splash and then left to deteriorate or evaporate in the medicine cabinet. Many men were of the opinion that only sissies smelled good. More leisure time, more money, and some

good advertising campaigns woke them up. The clincher was some dramatically presented new product lines especially created for men and packaged in square cornered shapes in dark-colored, elegant boxes which appealed to a man's sense of ruggedness. A man couldn't possibly feel effeminate slapping himself on the face in the morning with something called Brut! or Moustache. Cosmetics and perfumes for men were not new to the earth, though like wigs, they had spent time on a back shelf. Ancient man may have been slow in developing soap that floated, bubbled, or deodorized, but he was quick to invent perfumes. what he didn't scrub off. 'The ancient Greeks had different scents for various parts of their bodies. They also thought perfumes cleared the mind, cured illnesses, and had an aphrodisiac effect. The Romans used perfume on their bodies, clothing, the walls of their houses, and even on their favorite horses! In ancient Egypt the priests had cornered the perfume market, using their inventions in religious ceremonies and for embalming. The translation of some hieroglyphics from the period states the requirement that perfumed themselves once a week. It makes no mention of bathing first. Some of those ancient

perfumes had long lasting qualities. In 1920 when the tomb of King Tutankhamun was opened perfume containers were discovered within it. When their seals were broken they were found still to contain whiffs of pleasant fragrance, though they had been buried 3000 years! Although perfume was expensive it was frequently buried with the dead. The poor who could not afford it sometimes had pictures of perfume bottles painted on their coffins.

Perfumes rode the scales of history. When times were up, it was doused on liberally, and during bleak periods its use was all but forgotten. But the urge to enjoy its essence had universal primitive beginnings. When the first settlers arrived in the new world they found the wily redskin slinking through the brush his skin scented by the petals of crushed violets or the juice of fruits. Who said perfume was for sissies?

As to make-up, ancient man was into it long before his lady had time to get away from the cave fire, bundle up her tresses and start applying creams and cover-ups to her face. Man, having no clothes to bead or emblazon, decorated his skin. Plants and ground earth provided him with vivid purple, orange, red, yellow and white

pigments. He striped, stippled and stained his body. By his skin and rubbing the wounds with wood ashes he caused the skin to swell and turn purple. By such a method he created patterns on himself which lasted his life time.

By the time the great pyramids were being built in Egypt

man had highly developed his skills of physical transformation. The Egyptians painted the areas around their eyes with black kohl and stained their hands and feet with juice squeezed from henna leaves which gave them a deep orange color. They used rouge, painted their eyelids blue or green, and applied beauty patches made of bits of leather or gummed fabric. In an attempt to soften and whiten their skin they bathed in milk. They experimented with hair restorers, and invented formulas to prevent falling or of hair, and had some very odd mixtures which were touted to prevent baldness.

After the fall of the Roman empire there appears to have been little interest in cosmetics until the soldiers and pilgrims returning from the Crusades introduced eastern cosmetics practices. A period of dandy-ism resulted during which men, equally with women, powdered

and painted and overdressed their bodies with flounces and laces.

From this post-Elizabethan elegance the settlers to the new world entered utter austerity. There was not time for such frivolousness in workaday world of eking a living out of the wilderness of America but by farmers, along with King George's soldiers, upper class Americans were powdering wigs, and the father of his country was not beyond tucking a perfumed lace handkerchief into his weskit. Working men however regarded life seriously and left such indulgences to their women. Knock out punch to male was wielded by the combined forces of the harnessing electricity, the invention of the combustion engine, and the development of mass production. Any real man could see that making money was more fun than making-up. American men rolled up their sleeves and committed themselves to the machine age while their women diverted themselves in the exploration of the wondrous world of beauty products which operatic stars, actresses, dancers and a little later, movie stars, were quoted as saying attributed to their eternal youth.

In the 1960's this private world for women was

invaded. Elegant of beauty culture emporiums of beauty solely for men opened in the great cities of the world. Men could receive not only hair stylings but tintings and facials. They sat under liquid rubber masks which temporarily removed their wrinkles, had massages, salt rubs, mudpacks, pedicures, manicures, and eye-brow dyings. They allowed themselves to be steamed, creamed, and splashed with selections from a tidal wave of colognes, toilet waters and perfumes which were be developed to make them feel suave, svelte and seductive.

As an example of what had happened to the cosmetics industry

for men, in 1952 retail sales of all types of shaving creams had been \$25.000,000. In 1966. sales of aerosol cans of shaving cream. alone totaled \$79.000, 000. And as you know, shaving is only the first performance of the morning.

My shops were always well located and I was fortunate that our services continued to find favor with the public. I never had to worry about a steady influx of customers. As to the new awareness their appearance among men, I was grateful for it, not that intended to put in booths for facials, but I knew it was healthy for men to

start taking better care of themselves. Beauty was only the facade, but if they had begun to notice that the paint was, beginning to peel they might do something about strengthening the foundations and shoring up the timbers of their physical houses.

My business boomed. Usually my clients came in one at a time. A few times I cut hair for twin boys, and on several occasions I would do a father and his sons. Once I served a quartet of the Buffalo Bills, barbershop quartet, they had all come in at once.

While I was working on one of them, the other three read or kibitzed. The Buffalo Bills were widely known for the harmonies they sang and recorded, and probably best for their work in the production of "The Music Man" It was a treat for me to meet them, and as an additional bonus, they left tickets for Ike and me to see their performance that night at the Shoreham.

Among show people who dropped in for their haircuts were two

drummers, orchestra leader Buddy Rich, who not only led his band, but sang, tap-danced and played the drums, and Louie Bellson, who in my mind was the world's greatest drummer.

He was also the husband of a singer whom I highly regarded, Pearl Bailey.

One day a musician friend of mine, Lou who worked at the

Shoreham, called to tell me he was bringing over a who needed a haircut. When he arrived I recognized his companion. He was Tommy Smothers, who with his brother Dick, was appearing weekly in their top-rated comedy hour.

When they entered the shop Lou introduced me to Tommy, saying,

"This is Milt, my barber."

Tommy didn't say a word. He opened his big blue eyes wide and stared at me. Then he looked at Lou. Completely ignoring me, he said, "Oh yeah. Turn around. Not knowing what was going on, Lou. slowly turned around while Tommy studied the back of his head and neck. Then an awful look came over Tommy's face. He rolled his eyes around and said, "Forget it! If and turned and ran out the door.

Of course he came back, and we all had a good laugh.

Tommy was then wearing his hair very short. In fact, in some



places it was shorter than he wished. He was not only very blond, but his hair was thinning. I shampooed it for him and fluffed it up with a blow dryer and sent him out looking as though he had more hair than he actually had. As Tommy said, "with fatter hair."

Several world renown news correspondents and broadcasters were among my customers. Harry Reasoner, who in the 1960's was working for CBS came to my shop at the Carlton when he was in Washington. He had a heavy crop or graying hair, but like so many others, he overlaid it with oily dressings. I suggested to him that he allow it to be more soft and natural. The first reaction to this, for him, as for many other, was that without something to plaster it down, hair would blow all about their head. It took a bit of convincing to prove that light once-over with properly cut hair given just a light once over with lacquerless hairspray, would stay where it was put. On one of his return visits Mr. Reasoner told me, "You are right. I wish I had an opportunity to come to Washington more often for my haircuts." I have not seen him recently in person, but I am pleased when I see him on TV, that he is wearing his hair the way I think it should be. It is very well done.

Eric Sevareid, who had gained prominence during World War II with his broadcasts from Europe for CBS used to come to my Cathedral Mansions shop. For a time he was undergoing a series of treatments with a dentist or doctor building in a neighboring professional building. He would have his young son with him when he came in.

After I had cut Mr. Severeid's hair, he would leave his son with me to have his haircut, the boy would sit reading the shop magazines while the famous broadcaster kept his other appointment.

John Chancellor, who was for a time anchorman on the NBC nightly news, and who served as Director of The Voice of America, came to my Georgetown shop when he was in Washington. He produced a special program on President Richard Nixon called "A Day In The Life Of The President" which created nationwide attention. For the program, he and a TV crew followed the President from the time breakfast in the morning until his day was completed at 11:00 at night. Mr. Chancellor was featured in the show himself, and in preparation for his appearance, he had come to me for his haircut the night be-

fore the filming began.

Many members of the Washington Senators' baseball team and their visiting opponents would drop by my shop. I remember pitcher Whitey Ford of the Yankees coming in for a haircut. Bucky Harris, the manager for the Senators, and probably the youngest manager ever, of a winning World Series team, when the Senators won in 1924, lived at the Woodley Park Towers only a block away and came in regularly. At the time Washington, no longer had a baseball team, but when it had, the games were played in Griffith Stadium which had been named for Clark Griffith was Bucky Harris' father-in-law.

When Bucky would come in for his haircuts he sometimes left me free passes to the games. I worked all day, but I enjoyed attending on summer evenings.

Once I wrote a letter to Clark Griffith pointing out an

observation I had made. The team was having an up and down

season, but every game attended, they won.

In reply Mr. Griffith thanked me for my support for the team and suggested that I attend every game--but he did not include any free tickets.

One of the Washington players was pitcher "Bobo" Newsom. Bobo had been with the Philadelphia team, and later played with the Yankees.

One evening after work I walked to the next block up the street where a new restaurant had just opened. As I entered I saw Bobo and another player sitting at a table drinking beer. They invited to join them, and I listened to their discussion of their last game including some pithy opinions of the opponents' playing.

Bobo was a huge man with sandy, thinning hair. He was a free and outspoken spirit. At the time he held genuine star status. a fact that was not on the girls of Washington D.C. From the tables near us they frankly ogled him, and a stream of them kept interrupting to ask for his autograph. One girl was particularly persistent. She put her arms around Bobo's neck and mussed up his hair. It made him furious. When she would not go away, he made a strong motion with his shoulders, shrugging her off, and in a voice loud enough for many to hear, said "I'm going to tell you again, like I did last night 'Keep your hands to yourself.'"

She slunk off.

Bobo was in Washington the following winter and came to my shop driving a new Cadillac. He told me an incident that had happened the previous evening. There was heavy snow on the ground as he was driving his big handsome car down "F" near Fourteenth. He was alone in the car except for an unopened fifth of scotch sitting on the floor. Driving was slippery and he had difficulty controlling the car. At the intersection the traffic light turned red and he gingerly applied the brakes and brought the heavy car to a skidding halt.

A policeman knocked on his door and said, "What's , wrong with you, fellow? Are you crazy? You almost hit me."

Bobo rolled down his window and stuck his big head out. "Why don't we analyze this situation?" he said agreeably to the officer.

"Get in here with me and have a drink. Here I am driving a new Cadillac, warm and comfortable, with a bottle of whiskey at my feet. And there you are, standing out in the snow freezing.

Let's see if we can't figure out who's crazy."

The officer said, "Go ahead!" Bobo drove off.

After Bobo had been with the Yankees a while, he stopped by to see me. He told me about a bad day he had just had. Casey Stengel was the manager for the Yankees. Bobo told me, "The first three guys I pitched to got on base with hits, Stengel stopped the game and walked out to the pitcher's mound. "What's the problem?" he asked. "Can't you pitch at all today?" "Boss," I said, "I thought I was doing pretty good. I hit every stick they put out in front of me."

On the day Alex Butterfield entered my shop I was content with my life. I felt purposeful, I had found that the reward of personal service well performed me was not merely monetary. I had the things which most people considered signified happiness, but I also enjoyed a healthy relationship with a great number of people.

Barbering, though low on the totem pole of jobs in a top-heavy city like Washington, brought me many opportunities to meet men from all across the United States, and sometimes from abroad. They appreciated what was able to do for them. To me, the essence of barbering was

improvement. While I improved my customer's appearance he would frequently rid himself of some of his complaints. I would let him talk, listening sympathetically. When I whipped off the hair

gown and gave him a final whisk, he not only appeared spruced up and refreshed, he frequently had gotten a load off his chest. He felt less anxious and could face life with renewed vigor. It gave me great satisfaction to see him walk out more square of shoulder, better able to cope with his problems. I felt that a lot of people who sat in barber chair might otherwise have been lying on a psychiatrist's couch.

## **Chapter IV**

### **Presidential Pitts' Stop**

The voice over the P.A. system in the main ballroom of the

Washington Hilton Hotel was paging my name but I was almost too busy to answer it. As assistant chairman of the annual Barber and Beauty Show sponsored by the Barber's International Union, which in July 1970 was being

held in Washington D.C., was constantly being called in different directions. always participated in the shows, as a chairman, judge, or on a committee, helping in any way that could. The huge ballroom was ringed with booths from various supply companies for cosmetics, beauty, and barbering companies. There were displays of tools, shears, razors, hair-driers, beauty products, shampoos, hair conditioners, dyes, wigs, curlers, along with beauty and barber shop furniture, the wares of five hundred wholesalers. The American Hairdresser magazine estimated that at such a show, two billion dollars in hair grooming and related products were represented. A workshop training course was being given by instructors gathered from across the United States. Five thousand people were expected to attend the show. Music was playing, equipment was being moved, hundreds of people were hurrying about. There was action and confusion.

Between filling my schedules at my barber-shops and preparing for the show I had had a busy week since Mr. Alexander Butterfield had made his interesting proposal. There had not been much time to think about it, though when I did, the thought would spark through me



like an electric shock. Fortunately my wife and daughter were away visiting in New Jersey so I had not been tempted to tell them about the possibility of my being appointed to barber for the President.

"Milton Pitts, please come to booth 19" the man on the overhead insisted. Reluctantly walked to the booth and picked up the phone. All needed I thought, was one more complaint, cancellation, or outside suggestion on the running of the show.

"Yes," said into the phone. "Milton Pitts."

A secretarial voice said, "Mr. Butterfield is calling."

My heart seemed to be in the back of my throat as I waited

for him to come on the line.

With no preliminaries, Mr. Butterfield announced, "The President would like to see you at 12:15 today. Can you be here?"

My eyes swept around the room taking in all the ends that

had yet to be tied together or unknotted.

"Yes," heard myself saying. Does one refuse such an appointment? No matter what, of

course one doesn't! Nor does one say, "Do you think he could make it a little later?" The Show could go on without me, but opportunity was knocking for Milton Pitts. heard it plainly.

"Fine," Mr. Butterfield said. "You'll be met at the gate on

Pennsylvania Avenue between the Executive Office Building (EOB).

and the White House by Mr. Bob Newbrand of the Secret Service. Bring your barbering equipment with you."

"Yes sir," said. And then again to myself, after had hung up,

"Yes, sir."

There was a full length mirror across from where was standing, and as looked across, saw myself. was scarcely dressed to meet the President of the United States.

The Beauty and Barber meeting was a Show. It was custom to wear flashy clothes while working in it. Men and women donned bright colors and costumes which they would not necessarily wear on the street. Some men wore ruffled shirts in loud patterns with the jackets nipped in. had coordinated slacks with jackets

of patchwork, and wore high-heeled boots. Girls were dressed sleek fitting fabrics with plunging necklines and lots of glitter. I was wearing a gray suit, but my shirt was vibrant pink, and with it I had chosen a pink and white striped necktie. From every picture I had ever seen of President Nixon, and everything I had read or heard about him, he seemed the square base of conservatism. It was eleven o'clock but had no choice except to return to my home in Chevy Chase, Maryland, to change my clothes, I hoped the noon-time traffic wouldn't be so heavy as to make me late to the White House. I made some fast movements, told my chairman, Charles Bovello, that I would be in a couple of hours, and dashed to the hotel lobby to catch a cab north. At home I changed into a blue suit, white shirt, solid blue necktie and black shoes and hopped into my car. I raced the several miles back down Connecticut Avenue so fast I was afraid I would be picked up for speeding. And wouldn't that have been great! To miss the chance of a lifetime while a policeman leisurely wrote out a traffic ticket. I dare not be late. I wanted to give the President of the United States a first impression of a man who was punctual.

I really out did myself. I arrived at the White House gate at 12:05.

It is thing to observe that house as a taxpayer or a tourist might and quite something else to think about going inside to become a working part of it. I felt that was an important role. Perhaps many might wonder about the need for a barbershop in the White House, during these economy minded days. Why pay for the space and the lights and the equipment in such a room? Two of the answers are that the convenience of such a place, and its security are immeasurable. If you have ever been in a public place when a famous person, for instance Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Redford, or the President of the United States appeared unexpectedly, you have been made aware of what happens. Throngs seemingly arise from the pavements, hang from trees, block doorways, sidewalks, stop traffic. George Washington could pop into his club in Alexandria on his way home from Philadelphia, and, few heads turned, but people are celebrity conscious now. In Washington's time we had had no presidents assassinated. Since then we have had four. Out of 39, that is more that one in 10, and others have had attempts made on their lives. It would cost the

country far more for the President to have his hair cut "outside" than maintaining that room on the lower level of the White House. And the time factor of the President, his staff, Cabinet officers, and others who used the barbershop facility should be figured into any

equation evaluating a White House barbershop. To view it from a sly angle in which the taxpayer comes out the winner, by having a barbering facility within the White House• its members do not have to quite work at five o'clock to catch a barbershop open, or take off at two in the afternoon for a haircut and from there to a golf course. By having an inside shop these public servants can work without overtime pay until nine or ten at night.

In the current critical society wherein government officials

are ever on view, with TV cameras ready to hone in on them at the drop of a headline, and wherein any hint of shagginess can be sharpened by a pencil-point to "haggardness" appearance has become increasingly important. It is not as though a man could cut his own hair. Of course he can but there are few who would appear on nationwide television with any sense

of confidence afterwards. There is a need for barbers. They are a particular cog in the machinery of life without which the world simply could not function in the same way that it now does. In my lifetime of barbering I have dealt with many classes and types of people, and I have found my particular talent to be something they depend on. A man can be known from ocean to ocean and command an annual salary in six figures, he can have the power to sway multitudes, or even to change industrial, economic or cultural history, yet he is a slave to the perpetual regrowth of his hair. Recently, in modern times, behind every great man in public life stands his barber! In the skills and tools of men like me can rest the image of the man, both what the public sees, and how he feels about himself. To some degree a barber carries not only the responsibility for the physical appearance of his client, but also some of the sense of psychological well-being that the man holds when he knows that he looks his best.

As I drove up to the White House gates for the first time was thinking about next customer. He was the President of the most powerful nation on earth. I considered President Nixon to be a fine looking man, but he had not the most reg-

ular or most handsome physical features ever presented to man. His hairline was receding at the temples, his large, scooped nose was the delight of caricaturists, and he tended to have heavy jowls. I felt that there were some things I, alone could do to improve his appearance. And believe it or not, I, Milton Pitts, was about to get my chance!

I was met at the gate by Bob Newbrand, and with my briefcase

of tools in my hand, we walked past the guard and entered the White House. It was the first time in all thirty years in, Washington D.C. that I had ever stepped inside.

We entered the west wing, took two steps through a small vestibule, and pushed open a second door. Beyond, in a softly lit, carpeted area, there was a desk with a guard seated behind it. We checked in with him, and moved forward ten or twelve feet. Bob unlocked a door on the right, switched on a light, and said. "Well, Milt, this is it."

I was ushered into a small, windowless, neatly arranged, all-white room. The paint was clean, but not fresh. The equipment was obsolete. It did not even have a modern barbershair,

but was furnished with one that was at least ten years old. Its base was of porcelain and its arms were covered with black leather. The other equipment, the sink and the cupboards, were similar to I had used in barbershops many years before. The most glaring defect was that the mirror was placed so high on the walls that even a man as tall as President Nixon would have to raise his head to look into it. Later I was told that the mirror, had been installed for President Johnson, who was an exceptionally tall man.

Everything in the shop looked old to me. I had expected that

the president would be surrounded by the newest and the best. first reaction was that the entire shop should be up-dated and refurnished, but of course I was not being consulted as an interior decorator. I was to learn later that until I was installed as barber, the shop had only been used a few hours a week. The President was usually its only customer. Being there so infrequently, the barber before me probably had not particularly concerned himself with the barbershop's appearance or equipment.

After one quick look I said to, "Just let me find



a place

for my tools," and I began to prepare myself for work. I laid out a styling razor--that was when I was doing many razor cuts, which were very popular. Alongside the razor I placed my thinning shears, regular shears, and several combs with which I might need to work, plus my hair blower and several bottles which contained spray lotion, water, and other ingredients. I probably had six combs, two pairs of shears of each type, and two styling razors. I always carried extra tools. As most any time they might seem to dull, and it was good to have a back-up team. I had also brought along a supply of linen and a hair cloth, which was certainly lucky, as there were none provided in the shop.

I was ready to go to work when the phone rang. Bob

it. "Yes, he said, "he is." All right. I'll tell him."

When he hung up he said to me. "The President has been delayed. He will be about ten minutes late."

I didn't need another ten minutes. I was ready. Not that I was nervous. I wasn't. But I didn't want to get nervous. It doesn't do any good to allow things to become too important to you. I

didn't want to have time to concentrate on who my customer was going to be. I knew I had a lot going for me. I wasn't worried at all about my hair styling ability. I knew hair. I knew what every texture would do, how it would fall, and what I could do with it. When you thoroughly what you are doing you never have to be afraid to do it. I had had countless opportunities to serve people in public eye, and even to perform publicly, on stage, in Shows. No, I wasn't nervous. I was like the fire Dalmatian who can't wait for

the bell to ring and the action to begin.

It did.

The door was thrust open by a young man who by generalized size and regimentation of conservative clothing I recognized instinctively as Secret Service. The man stood back, holding the door, and President Nixon walked in. He was taller than I had expected. From television and newspaper pictures I had judged him to be about five foot ten, but he was five eleven and a half, and later, I was told that when he stood up straight he was a full six feet. But that day, as often, he bent forward a little.

"'Mr. President', . said, "This is Milton Pitts."

Immediately he began to put me at ease, "I'm going out to the west coast this afternoon," he said. "All I need is a little trim. I can't give you much time."

"Fine Mr. President," I said. When he had seated himself in the chair I covered him with the hair gown and the first time studied his hair. After seeing him so many times on television, it was almost exactly as I had expected. In those views his hair always shone, whether he was making a speech, or he casually playing golf. I had been sure he wore a heavy hair dressing such as Brylcreem, Vitalis or a lanolin-based cream. His hair was indeed oily, and I it was much too long all over the top, and to my way of thinking his sideburns were cut too thin, and too short.

In the back his hair was clipped, too high, and it was shiney with cream there too. Perhaps, I thought, he likes hair dressings, or someone whose opinion he respected had recommended them to him. I felt were wrong for him, and if I was going to do my job properly, I would have to tell him.

Exactly how, I wondered, does a barber tell the President of the United States that something

that he considers personally all right, is really all wrong for him?

Fortunately I was spared that moment of truth on my first day.

He told me he was in too much of a hurry even for a shampoo.

"The helicopter engines are probably already running" he said.

I was disappointed that I would not be able to give him a thorough treatment, to show him what I could do, but he gave me only eighteen minutes. Normally I would have spent thirty. I know exactly how long the President was with me as a log was kept of his whereabouts for every minute, and that was what it recorded.

Just before I held up the mirror for his inspection I said,

"Mr. President, when we have more time, I have a few changes I would like to show you about your hair."

"Okay," he said, and stood up, I helped him on with his jacket.

At the door, when he was ready to leave, he stopped suddenly

and asked, "How many children do you have'?"

"Three sons and a daughter," I answered.

"Well that's fine," he said. shaking my hand. He thanked me for my services and added, "I will see you in a week or ten days."

I really did not know what to think as the door closed, behind him I regretted his having been so rushed, and that I had not

been able to do any of the things I had had in mind for him to improve the condition of his hair, but his total appearance as well.

I began gathering up tools and was putting them away, wondering if I would really get another chance when Alex Butterfield came in.

"What do you think. Milt?" he asked.

"He seems very easy to please" I said. "He is certainly a pleasant man."

"Well," said Alex, "He likes you."

I was delighted!" I couldn't wait to tell Ike, and I knew

fourteen year old Barbara would scream with excitement when she heard that not only had I been in the, White House but that I had actually worked on the President.

Alex said. "The helicopter is about to take off. If we hurry we can watch it."

I followed him quickly through the corridors and out to the

south lawn which is directly in front of the Oval Office. A huge Air Force helicopter was standing there, with its rachety sounding engines roaring and its long blades swirling and a large crowd had gathered to see the President off.

Just as we arrived, he came out and waved to everyone. The response of the crowd and their obvious happiness to see him was some how even more exciting than having been alone with him in the barbershop. It seemed more real.

He climbed the steps to the helicopter door, where he turned and waved again and everyone clapped and called good-bye.

It was a beautiful afternoon. Alex Butterfield walked back towards the gate with me. "The President seemed very pleased with you," he said. "I will be getting in touch with you sometime next week." Then his voice took on a tone of caution. "You come to the White House on good footing. Mr. Pitts. What you hear here, keep in good confidence, and you will be here a long time. I fully understood my rresponsibility. I said as we shook hands, and I got into my car. I drove away in a bit of a shock. The whole thing

had happened rather quickly. It had only been one week since I had first been approached by Alex Butterfield, and there I was, leaving the White House, having spent eighteen minutes alone with the President. People came from around the world just to catch a glimpse of the White House building. They were thrilled to stand in line, sometimes for hours, just to go through the house. Most never expected to see the President himself. But I had. We had chatted casually. He had even taken time to ask me about my family. I was sincerely pleased. I had not been nervous as all. The President had a marvelous capacity to relax one. It is true, as I had trimmed his hair had felt a responsibility such as I had never previously encountered. I certainly hadn't wanted to nick him! But I had felt at ease with the President, and, I thought, still numb with the immensity of what had happened, I had fulfilled the goal of a lifetime. If it never happened again, I had once been barber to the President.

People in different occupations have various ambitions. I was never a serious player at the game of "Whose hair would you most like to cut?" One barber I knew always wished for an opportunity to shave Yul Brynner. Another

thought trimming John Wayne would be the greatest. He discovered his favorite actor wore a hairpiece.

Everyone had a performance, but all, I think, had at one time or another, wished they might trim the hair of a President of the United States. He was Top Man. A barber couldn't go any higher than that. I was a happy man. I had done it!

About a week later I received a call from the President's appointment's secretary, Steve Bull. "The President wants to see you this afternoon," he said. "Can you come *in* about 5:30?"

It was then four o'clock. "Sure, I said, "I'll be there." I glanced at my appointment schedule. At :30 General Center, a retired Army officer and a long standing customer was coming in. There was no way of reaching him. Now what did I do? Of course I knew the answer.

At 5:15 I was ready to leave the shop. My receptionist, who

of course had no idea where I was going, stopped me. "You can't leave now," she said. "You have an appointment with General Center, followed by Mr. Lawrence O'Brien."

"I know," I said. "Tell the General I am going out



to take

care of his boss. I'll be back in about an hour" I did not feel good about keeping the General waiting, but I could not tell him who had taken precedence over him. I had been warned not to talk about my appointment until I had been cleared, and the announcement was officially made. But the General was an old friend, and I knew when he found out where I had been, he would be happy for me.

I arrived at the White House barbershop shortly before the

President came in, and was ready for him.

On that second visit he was accompanied by Arthur Godfrey, a Secret Service man, not the entertainer. Again, and as we always were, we were left alone.

The President greeted me with what I came to recognize as his really great smile. He looked directly at the person he was greeting, his dark eyes lighting up, his mouth widening. The empty barbershop always warmed up when he arrived.

"I better have another trim," he said. "I'm leaving on another trip.

I put the gown around him and asked, "Mr.

President, shall we shampoo it this time?"

He hesitated, then decided, "No, I'm in a little hurry right now."

So again, all I was able to do was wet his hair, spraying it with warm water, comb it and blow dry it before trimming it. I was left pretty frustrated.

When I had finished I held up the mirror for his approval.

"that looks fine" he said, looking from side to side.

"Mr President" I said, deciding to take the king by his crown, "I have been considerable thought to your hair and would like you to look at something." I reached into my briefcase and brought out a magazine folded open to a picture of the President. The picture was not a good one. It was clear, but it showed how poorly his hair was shaped.

After he had looked at it for a few seconds I set it down and sketched a line on the picture, then showed it to him again. "I think if we let your hair grow here." I said. pointing to where I had drawn the line, "it would be more becoming to you." The President had rather heavy jaws. and I had decided that if he allowed his hair to be

fuller, and would drop his sideburns a little, the effect would be to detract from his jowls.

While he was looking at it I showed him another sketch I had made in which his hair was longer in the back, just touching his collar with a natural taper, and with his top hair shortened. With these changes I felt that his nose would be less accented.

He studied both sketches and told me that he liked them.

"We'll see how it goes," he said, and hurried off.

Alex Butterfield came in to the barbershop and waited with

me as I tidied up. "We will want you to start coming to the barbershop on a regular basis," he said. "How about Tuesday and Thursday? If it will fit in with your other schedules we would like you to take care not only of the President, but of his Cabinet officers and some of his top staff people."

I was really surprised. I had not thought about barbering

anyone other than the President, as I knew former barbers had done. I had had no idea I would be asked to give so much time to the

fuller, and would drop his sideburns a little, the effect would be to detract from his jowls.

While he was looking at it I showed him another sketch I had made in which his hair was longer in the back, just touching his collar with a natural taper, and with his top hair shortened. With these changes I felt that his nose would be less accented.

He studied both sketches and told me that he liked them.

"We'll see how it goes," he said, and hurried off.

Alex Butterfield came in to the barbershop and waited with

me as I tidied up. "We will want you to start coming to the barbershop on a regular basis," he said. "How about Tuesday and Thursday? If it will fit in with your other schedules we would like you to take care not only of the President, but of his Cabinet officers and some of his top staff people."

I was really surprised. I had not thought about barbering

anyone other than the President, as I knew former barbers had done. I had had no idea I would be asked to give so much time to the

fuller, and would drop his sideburns a little, the effect would be to detract from his jowls.

While he was looking at it I showed him another sketch I had made in which his hair was longer in the back, just touching his collar with a natural taper, and with his top hair shortened. With these changes I felt that his nose would be less accented.

He studied both sketches and told me that he liked them.

"We'll see how it goes," he said, and hurried off.

Alex Butterfield came in to the barbershop and waited with

me as I tidied up. "We will want you to start coming to the barbershop on a regular basis," he said. "How about Tuesday and Thursday? If it will fit in with your other schedules we would like you to take care not only of the President, but of his Cabinet officers and some of his top staff people."

I was really surprised. I had not thought about barbering

anyone other than the President, as I knew former barbers had done. I had had no idea I would be asked to give so much time to the

assignment. I suppose I hesitated as I thought of my other work.

"Every Tuesday and Thursday -" I repeated

"That is correct. What you will be doing, Milt, is you will be, working with the top people, like the Attorney General and the Secretaries. You will be doing a number of top staff people, plus others, when they come to see the President."

"Well," I said, making up my mind in a hurry.

"That will be fine. I will come in about 10:00 if that is all right with you, and I will leave when I am finished."

As I walked back towards the Carlton shop I began mentally

adjusting my life to my new schedule. Two full days a week. It was going to take a little arranging. But I was happy to do it. I felt wonderful! I had not received my final FBI clearance, but it was apparent I had found favor with the President. As a matter of fact, I realized, I had not only served him, I had advised him! That hit like a jab to the jaw. I was dazzled! I had actually told the President what I thought he should do. There he was, the leader of the greatest country in the world, a man who counseled with Mao Tse-tung and Leonid Brezhnev, and I had told

ticularly forgiving. He left a message with my receptionist, "Tell Mr. Pitts he has been my barber for over four years. He was doing me before these other people, and he will still have me if this does not happen again."

Fortunately his appointment never again collided with one for the President. It was easy to understand his viewpoint. A busy man with a rigid schedule could be annoyed by being preempted even by the President of the United States., Perhaps more so Mr. O'Brien than anyone else, since in those years he was so deeply involved in attempting to place some one from his party in power. I am happy to say he is still my customer, and a man whose friendship I value.

It became my regular habit each Tuesday and Thursday morning to arrive at the White House shortly before ten O'clock. The man at the desk would phone upstairs to the messenger service, saying, "Pitts is here. Please bring his schedule down." The White House messenger service of four men was connected with the appointments office, through which all barbershop appointments were made, except the President's. That

ticularly forgiving. He left a message with my receptionist, "Tell Mr. Pitts he has been my barber for over four years. He was doing me before these other people, and he will still have me if this does not happen again."

Fortunately his appointment never again collided with one for the President. It was easy to understand his viewpoint. A busy man with a rigid schedule could be annoyed by being preempted even by the President of the United States., Perhaps more so Mr. O'Brien than anyone else, since in those years he was so deeply involved in attempting to place some one from his party in power. I am happy to say he is still my customer, and a man whose friendship I value.

It became my regular habit each Tuesday and Thursday morning

to arrive at the White House shortly before ten O'clock. The man at the desk would phone upstairs to the messenger service, saying, "Pitts is here. Please bring his schedule down." The White House messenger service of four men was connected with the appointments office, through which all barbershop appointments were made, except the President's. That



was called directly to me by the President's appointments secretary, Stephen Bull. The understanding was that when the President wanted service, he would receive it immediately. This was known by everyone who came into the barbershop. the President wanted to come in, even if someone was in the chair, that person would automatically be "bumped", and I would have to fit them in at a later time.

This happened very early during my days at the White House. It was on neither a Tuesday nor a Thursday. Steve Bull had phoned me at the Carlton and asked me to come over for some special service for the President who would shortly be leaving for Florida. After I had laid out my tools and was waiting for the President to arrive, the phone rang. It was Steve Bull. The President had been delayed. He would come to the barbershop about forty minutes late. "If there

is someone else you want to work on," Steve told me, "go right ahead."

Donald Rumsfeld. who was then Chief of Staff to President Nixon happened to be sitting in the corridor outside. I had into him as I entered and he had told me he hoped would be able to

give him a haircut after I had finished with the President. I leaned out the door and asked him to come in.

His head was in the sink covered with lather when the barbershop door was pushed open with an authoritative shove. and in came the President with an ever-accompanying Secret Service man. I left Don with his head in the sink and walked over to greet the President and take his coat. While Don was dripping, head-down, I said, -"Mr. President, I was informed you would be forty minutes late."

"Well," he said. "I did have something to do, but I decided to do it later."

I hurried back to the sink and extricated Don, hurriedly drying his head. "I will call you," I told him with some embarrassment, "as soon as I finish with the President."

Don reached for his suit coat and slipped it on.

"Wait a minute," said the President. "Don I have been wanting to talk you." The two of them got into a discussion, and the entire time I was shampooing and trimming the President's hair, they kept talking.

When the President left I explained again to

Don that I had

been informed there would be a forty minute wait.

"Oh that's all right," he assured me. "It worked out just fine. I'm going to Florida with the President this afternoon. I actually appreciated the extra half hour I had with him."

Don Rumsfeld was an especially handsome young man. He was

pleasant to work with, though he was always businesslike and did not make small jokes as many others did. He continued to come to throughout his tenure as Chief of Staff to

President Nixon. When he left the White House he went to work for a pharmaceutical company in Chicago. On his return visits to Washington, he drops by the Sheraton Carlton to see me and get his haircut.

The matter of being turned out from one's appointment in the barbershop was one of the pet of being turned out from one's appointment provided time to have footballs kicked around by the staff. Actually, it did not happen as often as some seemed to think, but when it did, the third person involved seemed to feel an unwarranted embarrassment over it. He teased, and

in return joked about it himself.

When I would arrive at the barbershop in the morning and read list of appointments, would usually would find a full schedule. Then I might receive a call from Steve Bull that the President would need a haircut at a certain time that day. Unless the man who already held that appointment time, was a Cabinet officer, or a high ranking official at the White House, would not attempt to call him or the others immediately following him. I did not have receptionist or an assistant to help by trying to rearrange my schedule. I would have gotten far behind, instead it was understood by my customers that there might be a delay. The President had preference over everyone else. suppose was lucky that during my years in the White House bumping did not occur more frequently than it did. Each time, however, was unforgettable. I discovered that even the threat of it could be very effective. One man in particular. Jonathon Rose, who worked for Peter Flanigan, a special assistant to President Nixon, was never on time for his barbershop appointments. When he would finally arrive, he was usually accompanied by two secretaries to whom he would talk throughout my entire treatment. Frequently

he would receive phone calls while in the chair or he would dial a Senator or Congressman and start a long conversation, none of which made my job of working on and around him any easier. Since he would not appear on time for his appointment, and then would set several hurdles in my path towards completing it, he regularly upset my schedule.

Finally, whenever he was late would say, "Jon, must hurry.

have only ten minutes. Then am expecting the President to come in."

Jon would glance at the big clock on the wall, and say, "Get

me out of here as soon as possible."

No one ever wanted to be caught in the chair by the President. They hoped never to inconvenience him.

It happened once with Helmut Sonnenfeldt, and another time

with a Secretary of the Interior, and yet again with John Ehrlichman. Helmut Sonnenfeldt was an assistant to Dr. Henry Kissinger. Frequently he was late for his appointments. One day when I was only half way through his haircut,

the door opened and with his purposeful walk, the President entered. I made no attempt to finish Mr. Sonnenfeldt's haircut. One simply did not bother with professional courtesies when they would keep the President waiting. I swept the hair gown away from his neck, brushed it, and said, "Thank you Mr. Sonnenfeldt. I will see you in about a week or ten days. That was the fastest haircut I ever gave.

On another occasion Secretary of the Interior, Rogers Morton, had an eleven O'clock barber-shop appointment with me when I received on very short notice the information that the President had decided he needed a haircut. When Secretary Rogers arrived I had to tell him he would have to wait out in the hall. Shortly thereafter the President arrived. Seeing the Secretary seated in the hall, he must have guessed what had happened. They were good friends, as well as being "boss" and "employee" if one may refer to positions as elevated as theirs.

"Ask Secretary Morton to come in." the President said as soon as he was settled in the chair. I could see that the Secretary was delighted to have some unexpected time alone with the President.

"Now I have you cornered," he said, "I hope we can talk about some business I have needed to discuss with you for the past three months." He had a long repertoire of subjects to cover and the two of them never let up as I maneuvered around and between them.

One might view my position in such a circumstance as being that of an invisible man. To the President and the Secretary, I was. But I did not feel the lesser for it. I was pleased that men who wielded such vast powers trusted me so implicitly. It was a fine thing to be regarded with neither doubt or suspicion.

Another name on the list of those who received bumps at the White house barbershop was that of former counsel to President Nixon, and domestics affairs was that of John Ehrlichman, he was not at fault. President Nixon. who was never late for an appointment, arrived ten minutes early for one.

I was trimming John's hair when the President walked in. John immediately jumped out of the chair and started taking of his hair apron.

"Go, ahead and finish," the President said.

I was a little in doubt, but John settled back in the chair.

The next few minutes were a bit uncomfortable for me. It felt odd having the President of the United States standing just behind me waiting for his turn in, the barber chair, It was as about as unreal the thought of standing ahead of him at a check-out counter at the Safeway grocery store. I felt in a terrible rush to get out of the situation, and whipped John through in record time. When he had put on his coat and was straightening his tie, the President began talking to him about something he had on his mind. The two of them got into a lengthy conversation, and I realized the President had really not cared at all that he had been kept waiting.

The first time that President Nixon came into the barbershop

when he did not have an airplane waiting to whisk him away, I had a serious talk with him about his hair.

"Mr. President," I said, "let's not use any more oily hairdressing.

Your hair doesn't need it. When your hair is properly

shaped all we will have to use will be a little spray dressing, the kind without lacquer, rosin, or anything like that in it. You will find that it will



hold your hair temporarily and that it will look much better. You have good hair," I said, "but it is wavy. When you apply an oily dressing to it the ends curl out, and the curl is accented.

By that time his hair had had time to grow out a little and I

was beginning to be able to shape it. I was insistent on leaving his sideburns fuller and taking a little of the length off his top hair while trimming the nape of his neck on a lower line. I could tell when I showed him how he looked in the mirror that he liked what he saw, but still he was doubtful. "You may recall," he said, "what a stir there was when President Johnson returned from a trip during which he had had his hair styled. Everyone noticed the drastic change. There were pictures and even headlines about it."

"Mr. President," I said, "We will do this gradually. There won't be a drastic change." He took another look in the mirror, smiled his great smile, which could be rather sly at times with his dark eyes twinkling mischievously, and said,

"Fine. Let's go ahead with it."

I was pleased to have his permission to style

his hair "my" way. He was about to have an official picture taken, and I wanted him to look his best in it. But in spite of the fact that it was a gradual change in President Nixon's appearance, it was impossible not to notice. In a few weeks Time magazine sent some one to Washington to determine what was happening. People had begun to commenting that the President looked different when he appeared on the television.

Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler met the reporter and was faced with a barrage of questions. Had the President changed tailors? What had happened? What had he done to appear so different?

Ron told him that nothing dramatic had happened. The only personal change in the President's grooming was that he had a new barber. Time ran pictures of the President "before" and "after" and the word was out that, the White House had a new barber.

The Washington star ran an article commenting that President Nixon's appearance evidenced a more natural style and less of a "plastered down look."

Jack Anderson headlined his nationally

syndicated column which appeared in the Washington Post October 8, 1970, "New Nixon Look Bares Barber Firing." He reported that: I Milton Pitts had taken over the world's most exclusive hair salon--a single barber's chair in a backroom of the White House, where the President and his top aides get trimmed and pomaded. Mr. Nixon entrusted the mission (of getting a new barber) to an aide, Alexander Butterfield. who conducted a solemn, secret search for a hair stylist with acceptable tonsorial talent and an impeccable, background.

It is supposed to be a deep, dark secret, but President

Nixon has fired his (former) barber. The security has been so tight that the dismissal might never have been discovered if the President hadn't suddenly developed a suspicious new hair style. The deposed barber, Steve Martini, used to apply special tonics and preparations to the President's head. All the oils were thrown out by Pitts who reportedly washed out all the grease, combed out the curly ends, and gave the President a sculptured razor-cutting. Result: the President has lost his slicked down look and has acquired a new, more natural look.

Insiders say the President likes his hair trimmed at least

once a week. The new White House barber, of course, is

expected to drop all other customers and rush over to the White House with his razor any time the President calls.

For Cabinet officers and presidential aides in need of a

trim, Pitts is available at the White House on Tuesdays and

Thursdays.

Time magazine reported that under my guidance the President

looked "less jowly, more confident, more appealing," and that television viewers had noted that he looked "more presidential than ever before."

"The President", Time stated, had acquired a new barber, "Washington's leading hair stylist." I was referred to a little further along as "an artist who was giving Mr. Nixon a natural, sculptured look." I had "created a balanced sculptured cut which gave the President a more oval look. "As in The Oval office," I thought.

smiling as I read it.

I was pleased that all the comments I heard on President Nixon's new appearance were complimentary. Styles in hair dressing and people's thinking about it, change. The former barber had cut the hair of four presidents. including Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon. Much had happened in that interval in the history of the United States as a nation, and in the world of grooming and beauty culture. I have never felt that I could treat any two customers alike. Each had different hair. and as time and fashion changed. I tried to modify what I had to work with and what was then current. It seemed no more proper to style a man's hair in a fashion of twenty years earlier than for him to wear high button shoes or a celluloid collar. Whenever I barbered a new customer I first studied the shape of his face to see what I could do to achieve a better image by shaping the hair on his head to his individual face. That is a procedure, similar I am told, to what an artist does when he considers framing a picture. He does not recommend the same frame for every painting.

All that time (until October 1970) I had not yet had official word that I was barber to the Presi-

dent. Many people suspected it, but it was not something I could admit but was still undergoing a most rigid security examination. Before I ever went to the White House there had been a preliminary one called a "quick FBI check." That had revealed that I had never been arrested for any criminal offense, nor had I any other arrests which might show me to be a person not of a good type to have around the President. As I was told by one of Secret Servicemen, that if I had had an arrest where the fine had been more than fifty dollars, I would not have been able to work on the President personally.

Of course I understood their caution. The first few times I

was in the White House barbershop and alone with the President, before the check on me had been finalized, I was surprised with the freedom I was allowed. After all, I had all those sharp instruments. I might have been a dangerous psychopath, or something. An author or TV script writer could certainly use that for a plot! As to the search that was being run on me, I had no objection. The authorities could do all the peeking up into the branches of my family tree that they wanted to, or on the ground around it. I knew they wouldn't find anything derogatory.

As time went by I heard from several of my friends in South

Carolina, that The FBI had called on them and asked questions about me.

My son in California was visited, as were relatives in other parts of the United States. I think they checked with everyone who ever went to school with me. Thank goodness they didn't start with all those I had barbered ) They wouldn't be through yet! Particularly they rang the doorbells of every house in our neighborhood in Chevy Chase and interviewed people on both sides of the street and beyond our back door. My neighbors were told that I had applied for a very sensitive job in the government, and asked what they knew about me, and could enlighten the FBI on my character. From all that was reported back to me by those interviewed, the answers were pretty routine.

"Oh yes, Milt. He's a hard working guy."

"The only time I see him is when he is leaving for work, or

sometimes weekends mowing his lawn."

"All I can say is that he is a good neighbor."

I had no idea what the FBI thought they might

find out about me, but I did not blame them for trying, and my neighbors did not seem to mind being asked. Of course they didn't have to ask what my "very sensitive" job might be. I didn't have a barber pole holding up my mailbox, but the whole neighborhood knew what I did for a living.

After four months of waiting for an official "yes" or "no"

on my new job, I received a call from the Secret Service to come to their office in the White House. When I arrived I was told they needed to ask me a few questions and to take my fingerprints, then I would be photographed for my White House pass. I spent probably fifteen minutes being photographed from different angles, having fingerprints recorded, and answering some very simple questions about my background.

A week later a secretary phoned me and asked me to come to

the Secret Service Office. "If you will stop by," she said, "I will give you your White House pass."

When I held that treasured document-in my hands, it was a high moment in my life. I was



immeasurably proud of the trust it identified. For seven years I carried it with pride. It was an honor and a privilege to be permitted free access to the White House, and to feel that I had many friends there. was treated respectfully ,and greeted warmly by everyone I met. The Presidents, their Cabinet officers and staffs--all the people that worked in the many departments of the White House, became my acquaintances. I was invited to parties that were held in the White House, and I was recognized by the First Families as someone who was there for a special and personal service the performance of which helped the executive process to function a little more smoothly. As I first held my White House pass with its new picture of me in its Navy blue case. I knew for sure that I was the barber to the President!



## **Chapter V**

### **"NEXT!"**

Attorney General John N• Mitchell was my first customer at the White House barbershop other than President Nixon. He came to see me often,

because, as he said, his hair required frequent attention as it was so hard to find." It was receding in the front, but like many men, he had plenty in the back, and he had full, dark eyebrows. Whenever the Attorney General came into the barbershop he had either just smoked a pipe, or was about to.

Cigarette smoking was something that had always bothered me. I did not like the smell of the smoke, and had a low tolerance for it. I thought the habit was unnecessary and unhealthy, and that under certain circumstances it could be offensive. Of course I could not control smoking in the White House barbershop, although I did in my own home. Fortunately for my relationship with the Attorney General Mitchell, I was better able to tolerate pipe smoke. Frequently when I was working on him I practically had to cut a path through a thick blue haze to find his head. But he was a charming man with a great zest for life and a pleasant personality.

At that time his wife, Martha, a plump, bleached-blond lady with a cotton-lined southern accent was both the delight and despair of Washington. The Mitchells had bought a co-op at the newly built Watergate Apartments overlooking the Potomac from which Martha

held court. Washington was short on news at the time. The Nixons were not personality headliners as the Kennedys and Johnsons had been before them. Newspaper reporters had all but to invent goings in the White House. Whereas Lynda Bird Johnson had given them some lively copy by dating film star George Hamilton, and Luci by converting to Catholicism, Julie and Tricia Nixon moved quietly, not creating many newspaper waves. Martha Mitchell could, and did. She had very definite opinions on how the country should be run, and would phone President Nixon in the middle of the night to inform him of her views. Coast to coast, through her casual approach to the country's highest office, Martha rated headlines.

The first time I barbered for the Attorney General, I carefully studied his head. His sideburns were thick and white and his receding hair, which was cut close to his head, shaded from white at its highest to gray in the back. His full, rounded face looked

years younger than his hair.

"Mr. Attorney General," I said, as I dried his hair after first shampooing it. "I want your hair to be allowed to grow fuller on the sides. It will make

it looks as though you have more of it. I would like to put a rinse on your hair to darken it a bit."

I was watching his face in the mirror as I talked and I saw

him frown. Hastily I added. "There are many companies who make such colorings and they are all fine to use. The way I will apply it and it will look very natural. Your hair will still be gray, but it will be a darker shade."

"Well then," the Attorney General said agreeably, "let's do it. That will probably make my wife happy."

I spoke several times with Mrs. Mitchell over the telephone when she would phone during the time the Attorney General was in the barbershop to find out what time she might expect him home for dinner. I also met her a couple times at parties at the White House. She told me that she liked what I was doing for her husband's appearance, and that he was more attractive with his hair fuller and darker. She seemed very fond him and interested in his appearance.

In those days John Mitchell gave me the impression that he was very much in love with Martha. He spoke of her a great deal with affec-

tion and some mock awe over her calls to the President. I could see that he enjoyed her spirit. It was only after he had resigned the Attorney General position to become Chairman of the Committee to Re-elect the President in the 1972 campaign that I began to feel he was not quite happy at home. A tension began to develop throughout the White House at that time. The staff seemed to feel the absolute need for a second term for the

President so that he might complete the programs he had set into motion, and I suppose, selfishly they also wanted to be assured of keeping their own jobs which a change of President might terminate. They all worked very hard. and for long hours. I always had people coming into the barbershop at 8 or 8:30 in the evenings of the days I worked at the White House.

One evening Mr. Mitchell came in about six o'clock.

"Milt," he said, "I have had a tough day."

I believed it. He had a full face and a double chin, but he looked drawn.

"Yes," I responded.

"I can't wait to get home and have a little drink."

After a moment I asked, "What do you drink, sir?"

"Well," he said, "I like a martini. The way I fix it, I make

up a pitcher in the morning and put it in the refrigerator. When I come home in the evening, there it is, chilled and ready for me. That's how I like them."

Then he added, "But on a few occasions I have come home and the pitcher was empty. Martha had already finished it."

During my early days at the White House my morning schedule

might start with Attorney General Mitchell, and be followed by John W. Dean III, counsel to the President, John Ehrlichman, the President's Domestic-Affairs adviser, Vice President Spiro Agnew, possibly Press-Secretary Ron Zeigler, and others of either Cabinet or less rank from the many staff's. A typed schedule was handed to me upon my entrance into the West Wing, and I would plan to work within its bounds, though I was given leeway to make changes in it as hourly circumstances occurred. I fre-

quently had to make my own selection as to who was "Next!"

Sometimes a secretary to a Cabinet officer would call and tell me her boss needed an all but immediate appointment, or I would be informed an important visitor to the President required service. Such calls were given precedence over the appointments of lower level staff members. The barbershop was not for everyone in the White House, but for its more important people, people who were so burdened with responsibility that they did not have the time during working hours to go outside for haircuts. At that, I was soon servicing twenty to twenty-eight people a day. Each customer frequently would bring someone in with him with whom he was discussing business which they would continue to carry on as I went about mine. No one other than my customer, and his guest if he had one, was permitted into the shop, even, to wait, while another man was in the chair. It would have been impossible for anyone else in the shop not to have overheard what was being said, and many of the conversations were necessarily confidential. For many years I had heard of Bryce Harlow, but never saw him. He had been an adviser to several Presidents,



and was a counselor to President Nixon. Everything I had ever heard about him had been so glowing that I expected he would be at least six foot six inches tall, and I was surprised to find him to be one of the shortest men who ever came into my shop. He also had almost the least hair. But he was long on wit, brains and geniality. He once observed, "I have only one hair, but Milt makes it look three thousand miles long."

When I first came to the White House to work I asked one of the aides if there was any special way that I should dress while on the job. He felt, and I agreed that at all times I should wear a jacket. As the aide put it, "I don't think it would look proper for a waiter serving the President in the dining room not to be properly dressed." I did not know what the barber before me had worn, but I felt it would not look right for me to be barbering in a full suit, and it would be hard on my suit jackets to be sudsing and scrubbing in

them. I compromised by buying three light-weight, blue tuxedo jackets which would be comfortable to wear while working. After I had kept a few appointments at the White House and had time to become acquainted with

many of the staff, I noticed that all the security officers, and many others, wore a little shield decorated with the Presidential emblem on their jackets. It was embroidered in red, white, blue and gold the American bald eagle holding arrows and a laurel branch. I admired the emblem and wondered if it would be proper for me to wear it. When the answer to my inquiry was "yes" I got one for each jacket and my daughter, Barbara, sewed them on over the left breast for me. I enjoyed the feeling of distinction the handsome badge gave me, and wore it proudly, though of course only wore it in the White House, and never on the street or in my other barbershops.

When Gerald Ford became President no longer wore my tuxedo

jackets. He was more relaxed and informal than his predecessor. For him, I worked in shirt-sleeves with French cuffs, gold cuff-links and all!

Another pipe smoker who came to the White House barbershop was Dr. Arthur F. Burns, chairman of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System. As I had to several others, suggested to Dr. Burns that I felt he had been

having his hair cut too close to the sides of his head, and that it was too short in that area. I told him I felt he might like it better if he allowed it to grow a little fuller and to drop in the back somewhat so as to give him better total head profile. I also stated that I thought he might enjoy the variety he might find in his appearance if he permitted me to change his center part.

"No, no," he would say, pointing his pipe for emphasis, "Leave it as it is. It's *fine*."

Several times when he came in I made similar suggestions, always trying to word them differently but transporting the same message. I wasn't able to get anywhere with my verbal views, so I tried subterfuge. I would try not to cut his hair as close as he had been wearing it. But he was as alert to the hairs on the outside of his head, as he was to the working of his brain inside. He would study it and say, "No, Milt, cut it a little closer."

Of course I did, but I would try again next time, always hoping he wouldn't notice and that some day when he looked in the mirror and saw his hair when it had grown the way I wanted it, that he would realize how well it looked on him.

But he was a very observant customer.

One day when he came in he had just lit up his .

At that

stage of burning the tobacco had a pleasant fragrance, and I

commented on it. "That's a great smelling tobacco," I said, "what is it?"

"My own special blend," Dr. Burns replied. "Do you smoke a ?"

"I have a collection of several," I told him. "I have tried

smoking, but never developed the habit."

What had happened was that people, not knowing what else to give me at Christmas or a special occasion. had presented me with a pipe. I had them on a rack in or family room.

And I had lit a couple them, though not with the serious intention of smoking them.

"Next time I come in," Dr. Burns offered, "I will bring you some of this blend." Which he did. It smelled aromatic in its little pouch, but I confess, never lit any of it.

Dr. Burns had a great smile and charm rather "Old World" manners. I heard that he had been born in Austria but he, must have come

to the United States at a very young age. He received his first college degree from Columbia University. One time heard him introduced at a banquet, and the degrees and honors he had received would require a filing cabinet to keep straight!

When would be cutting Dr. Burn's hair would sometimes wonder what intricate monetary matter he might be pondering. was sure if he had attempted to explain his "job" at the Federal Reserve to me I could not have understood him beyond the first paragraph. There seemed something wise and solid about him as he would sit, thinking or reading, puffing his pipe. I always felt the country's money was in good hands when it was Dr. Burns who was holding it. Possibly his conservative hairstyle was part of the real Dr. Burns. He was certainly different from many of the younger, more brash, and sometimes self-important White House insiders whom I met. At any rate, I could never get him to modernize his haircut. I must have offered him suggestions once too often, because eventually he quit coming to me.

Another early customer to my White House barber chair was Dr. Henry A. Kissinger, who was then chief of the National Security . He,

also, had been born in Europe, and his major participation in our government over the years seemed to me a giant plus for our country. Dr. Kissinger beamed when he first came into the barbershop. He always radiated good spirits and was always with me. I was surprised to discover that a man carrying as many serious problems as he bore, could be outwardly so light-hearted. He was continually kidding and joking.

I found his hair more difficult to cut than most. It was curly and dense, the hairs growing closely together. He, too, wore an oily dressing until I recommended that we control his hair with a light spray. Because of its curl and thickness there was no other way that style it for him than the way he was wearing it except to change it by cutting it longer or shorter. At one time it was suggested to me that he would look good with a part combed somewhere on his head. but when I suggested it to him he laughed. He was firm in his stand on the subject. "You can make one if you want, but you, I won't keep it." Dr. Kissinger never seemed particularly interested in his haircuts as long as they were clipped and neat. At that time he was not married,- but frequently made headlines

dating attractive, nationally recognized women, including young movie stars. Of these, the one he seemed to see most frequently was Jill St. John.

Dr. Kissinger seemed an easy going man. He never took himself or his peers too seriously. Upon his return from a trip he and President Nixon made to Moscow--the first visit in history of a serving American President to Russia--he told me of an incident that had occurred which aptly described his debonair attitude.

The flight in Air Force One en route to Moscow first made a stop-over in Warsaw where President Nixon was to meet with Chairman Jozef Cyrankiewicz or Henry Jablonski ) They were well on their way to Europe when Dr. Kissinger handed President Nixon the speech he was to make upon arrival at the Warsaw airport.

The President looked at the typewritten sheets and said ,to Dr. Kissinger, "Henry. find this is too long. Have it shortened immediately."

Dr. Kissinger took the speech back, found a secretary, and told her, "Please retype this. Type it in single space, and make sure it all gets on one page."

When Air Force One landed in Warsaw Dr.

Kissinger handed the President the retyped speech. President Nixon looked at it, stuck it in his pocket, and spoke off the cuff.

One evening Ron Zeigler, the White House Press Secretary, whose face and voice during those years we're almost as familiar to the listening-watching public as the portico pillars which frequently stood in the background as he broadcast, showed up at my shop in a great hurry. He was a frequent customer. With him was one of his assistants, John Andrews, a slightly built, blond fellow in his twenties. As started to shampoo Ron's hair he told me must hurry, he was running far behind schedule. A black leader from Africa was arriving for a State dinner and he was to participate. While I was trimming his hair he sent Andrews to get his tuxedo, and asked me if I would mind if he changed his clothes there in the barbershop. He was my last appointment for the day, so I said it would be all right.

As I finished with his hair, John returned and began putting the tuxedo together for Ron. He inserted the shirt studs, folded the cuffs, and put in the cufflinks so it would be all ready for quick dressing. Ron got down from the chair and slid out of his shirt while John held up



the dress shirt for him to put on. In his haste lunged into the tuxedo shirt so violently, that when his hands hit the already buttoned cuffs, the shirt, which had already seen much wear, broke under the assault, and both cuffs tore completely out of each sleeve. The three of us looked in amazement at Ron's hands sticking out through the detached cuffs, the shirtsleeves lagging somewhat behind up his arms.

What could he do? It was too late to make repairs. Overhead we heard the military band starting to play "Ruffles and Flourishes." I was dying to laugh, but I could see Ron was upset.

"Don't worry about it," I said. "Your jacket sleeve will cover the tears. Just remember when you shake hands to hold your wrists up. No one will notice."

Ron changed his trousers, tied his tie, and made off in record time, but not before issuing a threat to John. "Don't ever expect to act as my valet again."

Ron lived life at full speed. He had a certain impatience about him. He was conscious of his many public appearances to represent the White House and came into the barbershop every week or two, and sometimes even more

often. When I first started attending him he was wearing his hair very short, but towards the end of his White House stay I had finally convinced him to wear it longer and fuller.

One afternoon he came into the shop unexpectedly and someone was already in the chair. He poked his head in through the doorway and then quickly backed out, but in the glance got of his face I could see that he was not happy about not being able immediately to get some attention. That was on a Tuesday. Two days later when I came in I noticed that his name topped the list for the day. As I waited for him I thought, he must have really felt he, needed a haircut!

When he came in, however, I saw immediately that he had not waited for me. He had gone to someone else. His hair had been clipped very high in the back. He had received a terrible haircut. As I surveyed the damage and pondered how to begin. "What happened on Tuesday?" I asked "I wish you had been able to come back to see me." "Oh," he said, "I was in a terrible rush. I had to do something. He really had. I didn't quite know where to repair it. I didn't quite know where to start to straighten out the butchering he had gotten. "Who cut your hair?"

I inquired. "Don't ask." he said in disgust. Scowling he picked up a magazine and began reading it.

Some willful pranks were played at the White House, and chief among the perpetrators was Steve Bull. He got a big kick out of playing a trick on someone.

One stage of the razor cut which I frequently gave my customers bothered many of them. Razor cuts as was then doing them, began. with shampoo which removed accumulated body oil which clung to the hair and any dust which had fallen upon it, plus any spray or other application which the customer might have used. When the hair was clean it would fall softly and naturally as nature had intended it to, and then could work with it. While it was still damp would comb it the way wanted it to lie, and then with my tools, whichever would find necessary, either a blending shear, a razor, or it might have been my regular shears, would trim it, sectioning off the hair to the basic length for the hair style was executing. Then would cut the hair, smoothing it with the razor. After that would turn on my hairdryer, which a simple commercial type with -1200 watts,

and blow the hair, meanwhile going under it with a good brush that had scattering teeth which allowed the air to blow freely through it.

The step which so upset my customers was just before I

started to blow their hair dry, I would slip a hair trainer over their head. "Hair-trainer" was what I called it. In reality , it was a hairnet. Not the "invisible" kind maiden aunts used to wear. but a network of rather heavy mesh which was placed carefully over the hair to hold it in place, and its long strings were tied at the nape of the neck. For some reason this procedure embarrassed some of my politically highly-placed customers. Their initial reaction to it that it was effeminate. After had completed the process they liked the net result, but they felt extremely cautious about and possibility of anyone coming into the barbershop and seeing them while they were in that stage. I frequently received protests about the process, and had to explain again and again that nearly everyone who came into the shop had their hair treated in an identical way. They really shied away from it. The clincher in my argument would be when would tell them that

used it on Sonny Jurgensen and several other members of the Washington Redskins football team. The Redskins were riding high among Pro teams, and there were few personalities dearer to the hearts of Washingtonians than Sonny their fair-haired quarterback. With such an example of masculinity to hold over their heads the White House people allowed me to apply the hair net, but they never wanted anyone else to know that they ever wore it. Of course, it was a temporary thing. After the hair was styled, it was carefully removed.

Steve Bull was one of those who least liked the hair net. Since the others had not happened to tell him that they had undergone the process, when first tried to put it on him he thought he was the first, and he had no intention of allowing me to make a guinea pig out of him. "No, thank you," he objected. It was only after some prolonged arguing that I was able to convince him that the hair net was part of the standard procedure. Still, while he was wearing it, he kept sliding down in the chair, keeping an eye on the door, as though that way he would be able to hide if anyone came in. When Steve had finally become accustomed to the idea of the net, he thought it would be a good trick to sur-

prise somebody else in it. The fellow he chose to play the trick on was Bob Taylor, who was in charge of the White House Secret Service, and was a personal body guard to the President. Bob, too, had been startled the first time had placed the net over his head, but had accepted it when properly assured him it was the only proper way to keep his hair in place after it had been cut.

Steve told me he thought it would be a great idea to pop into and snap a picture of Bob the barbershop and snap a picture while he was sitting in the chair wearing the hair trainer. He thought he could have a lot of fun showing the picture around the White House. All he would have to do was know when Bob was next scheduled to come to the barbershop, and he would be ready for him.

Knowing both men, and that Bob Taylor was more serious than

Steve, felt ought to warn him about what the Appointments Secretary had in mind to do. The next time he came into the shop I told him that Steve was looking for a victim to catch in the stage of wearing the hairnet, and that he , the selected one. Bob thought about the scheme

for a second. He was surprised that Steve thought the situation so hilarious that he would create fuss over it. Then it began to strike him as very funny.

"Tell you what" he said, "Let's go through with it. It will be o.k."

A few days later I heard rumors of the upcoming stunt. Even

some Cabinet officers had gotten wind of it and thought it very amusing. Secretary of Labor, George Schultz was in, and we had a hearty laugh over what Steve's chances of executing it. He thought that what Steve wanted to do was a funny idea, but that it would be even funnier if somehow the trick could be made to boomerang on him.

Steve set up "the incident". As Appointments Secretary he knew when everyone had his haircut, so on the day when Bob Taylor next was next signed up he arranged for me to give him a signal. When Bob was in the chair and I had begun work on him, I was to phone his and tell her that Mr. Bull should come to the barber-shop in exactly ten minutes. He would know what I was talking about.

At that point of the afternoon of Bob Taylor's

appointment, the plot thickened. What Steve Bull did not know was that President Nixon was leaving the Oval Office early to return to his residence upstairs, or that Bob Taylor was prepared for Steve's arrival. When about seven of the ten minutes had passed Bob put on a mask he had brought with him. It was an excellent reproduction of President Nixon. Sometimes, I had been told they were used by the Secret Service when it was felt necessary to decoy another person made up to look like the President, so that he might in one direction while, President could safely, or more comfortably, travel in another. Bob Taylor was just about the same size as the President, and when he put on the mask he turned into an astonishing replica of President Nixon.

Attired in the mask, Bob settled back into the barber chair

with an open copy of Sports Illustrated on his lap in an attitude similar to that which the President assumed on many of his barbershop visits. I fastened the hair net over his head and he tilted his face down as though he was reading, and we waited.

In a couple minutes the door opened and there



stood a grinning Steve Bull with his camera up to his eye.

"Smile!" he hollered.

Slowly Bob Taylor raised his face and looked right at him.

The camera snapped and its flashbulb popped before Steve could stop his finger. He turned red, all but dropped his camera, and gasped, "Oops!" then tried to back out of the doorway before anyone would notice him.

But not only was there a gathering of alerted watchers in the hall, but Bob had arranged for a photographer to be present in the washroom next door, and he had stepped out and taken a picture of Steve taking his picture.

Poor Steve! For a couple minutes he thought he had snapped a picture of the President of the United States wearing a hairnet!

Then we all started laughing and he realized what a great double ended joke he had stepped into.

There were many types of personalities at the White House. Most were happy, though fre-

quently harried souls, and then again, there were others. Peter Flanigan was a handsome man who must have been in his late forties though he appeared eight or ten years younger. He was a special assistant to the President and took his position very seriously. Sometimes I felt that his attitude was unnecessarily sarcastic. It was difficult for me to believe that he was intentionally offensive, but upon occasion he sounded that way. I heard that this attitude carried over into his dealing with Congress which did not do him any good.

Like so many others, when he started coming to me he was wearing too much oily dressing on his hair, but he refused to let me shampoo it. Once when had finished cutting his hair he looked it over and pointed to the top. It had already begun to curl out of the shape into which had combed it.

"What about that?" he asked. "Why don't you cut it off?"

"It curls because it needs a shampoo to take the oil out," told him. "There is so much oil in it and it will not lie smooth."

"I don't agree with you," he said. "Cut it off."

"That's rather a permanent solution," I said. "Don't you think it would be better if shampooed it and showed you how it would lie down?"

"Cut it off!" he demanded.

"O.K.," I said, and snipped off the offending curl while all the hair around it rolled up like a sprung window shade.

If he was as aghast as I was, he never let on.

"That's enough," he said. and got out of the chair. On subsequent visits I was never able to get him to sit still for a shampoo. I just cut as he ordered.

President Nixon was never one for inconsequential small talk or jokes. Often when I was working on him the room would remain quiet for some time with only the blades of my shears making conversation with each other. Sometimes I would think of something amusing someone had told me, and I would be tempted to share it with the President, but then I would decide against it. Mr. Nixon seemed to prefer meaningful talk or none at all. He usually sat in my chair and thought or read. He never dozed as several others regularly did.

Usually he would pick up one of the current

copies of sports magazines which I always had on hand, and he would lose himself in it. When he did talk, it was frequently of baseball, football or golf. It was evident from the way his eyes lit up and his speech quickened that he really enjoyed watching team sports or golf tournaments. I did too. At such times, when he seemed inclined to talk, I would mention a particular ball game I had seen, and if he had been watching it, he would discuss some of the plays with me, reliving bad calls and superb catches. He had an amazing memory for the details each game.

Mr. Nixon was a particular fan of the Washington Redskins. He had closely followed the team when Vince Lombardi had been its coach. After Lombardi's death the Redskins went through a low period, and like many others in Washington, the President was concerned about the future of the team.

One day I asked him who he thought they should get as their next coach.

He answered readily. "I think George Allen would be a great asset to this town and the team."

Soon after that, almost as though he had had inner knowledge, though I am sure he had not, George Allen was hired as head coach for the Redskins.

It was some time after that, when the team was in another slump, that on impulse, President Nixon ordered up his limousine. This was not a simple matter as an order for his car, as it always entailed other limousines for security and back-up. It is not easy for a President to make spur of the moment plans, but on this occasion he did. Men at the ready, lined up, the President made an unofficial but dramatic visit to the Redskins' training camp. All of a sudden, to the amazement of George Allen and the players. there he was the President enjoyed seeing all his favorite team members, and they were overwhelmed by his unexpected appearance at their field. When the initial excitement died down, he exerted his executive privilege and gave them an off-the-cuff pep talk which proved most effective. The next few games that the Redskins played, they won! Fans everywhere, anxious for a long string of victories. urged the President to make more regular visits to the team.

Having studied the game from an armchair

for many years, President Nixon sometimes fancied himself a bit of an expert on the finer science of football. He would call coach Allen and make suggestions on how the game should be played. Once he advised Coach Allen of a specific play the quarterback should make in a certain situation. It was to be used during the game on the following Sunday--the play being made from quarterback Sonny Jurgensen to receiver Charlie Taylor. When the proper moment arrived, the play was tried. Jurgensen was blitzed, and the Redskins lost eleven yards. After that George Allen did not accept any more Presidential assistance on his coaching. Nor did the President ever mention to me that he gave any more. But he did sometimes call before the games started, to wish George Allen good luck.

Sonny Jurgensen was one of my regular customers at the Carlton, as was Jerry Smith, another receiver. Sonny, who has now retired from football and is a TV sports announcer, had very fine red hair. When he would come to me to have it cut I would shampoo and blow it dry, arranging every bright red-gold hair into place before setting it with a light hair spray. All freshly shampooed, trimmed. and his hair,

fluffed out for the fuller look, Sonny would then hop on his motorcycle and roar off into the wind!

One Saturday when he was in the shop he told me that just as

he was getting on his motorcycle to come down for his haircut his wife had called after him. "Sonny, if anyone calls, where shall I tell them you are?" The big-shouldered black jawed quarterback as he told me his answer. "Tell them I have gone to get a comb-out!"

The President's barbershop appointments were not on a regular basis. Whenever he felt he needed the services of the White House barbershop, he had top priority for its use. One other barber, Jack Allen, who worked regularly in the Senate Office Building barber shop, came on call to the White House barbershop to cut H.R. (Bob) Haldeman's hair. Mr. Haldeman was the White House Chief of Staff

and the perquisite of having his own barber was one of the favors he assumed for himself. Before I had gone to work at the White House I had heard that Mr. Haldeman had been looking for someone who was skilled at cutting flat-tops, the style whe still preferred, which was

quite a trade-mark with him, however, at that time in barbering history, he had had a problem finding someone who could give that particular haircut.

Even though I "fathered" the flat-top. I had known when to close the door behind it and get on to other styles. Flat-tops in my opinion was passe. In his research for a barber who could properly render one, that Mr. Haldeman had finally met someone on the street who was wearing what he considered to be a perfect flat-top. Upon his inquiry, he discovered Jack Allen,(no relation to coach Allen) a Hill barber and asked him to come to the White House on certain occasions to give him his haircuts. Throughout his tenure at the White House, tha was how Mr. Haldeman received his haircuts.

As far as executing a flat-top went, I felt Jack Allen did a great job on Mr. Haldeman's hair. Jack was a nice fellow. Usually he did not come to the White House on days when I was there, so I rarely ran into him. If I was called to the White House for a special service to the President on a day that was not Tuesday or Thursday, if Jack happened to be there, even if he had someone scheduled, it was necessary £or him to put away his tools and leave the shop.



When

I had finished my job, Jack and his customer could return. I, alone, was assigned to barbering the President. No one else ever did while I was associated with the White House.

Once when I came in to give Mr. Nixon a haircut on an off day, Mr. Haldeman was in the chair and Jack Allen was barbering him. I respected Mr. Haldeman in many areas, but as far as his haircut was concerned, it seemed as out of date as a Stevenson-Sparkman campaign button.

I suggested to him that he might look better if he would wear his hair in what was then called a "Madison Avenue cut," which was a haircut about three inches long, which would have a part in it, and with which the sideburns were worn medium long, and the hair at the back allowed to grow fairly low. In all friendliness, and meaning to be helpful, I suggested it would not only give him a "new" look. but he might be truly surprised by how much he would like it.

Mr. Haldeman kind of laughed and said, "No way!"

To my way of thinking, flat-tops had had their day. But there were some notables who clung to them. Senator Jame Buckley of New York

is one who seems confident that the style will have a comeback and he will be in the forefront of its welcoming parade. He has been quoted as saying, "it is the most efficient haircut around."

When I first started work at the White House Alexander Butterfield. told me, "Milt we don't handle money in this shop. It is run like the White House mess. Anyone who comes in, just send them a bill at the end of the month. It will be taken care of."

That was the way I worked it. I never handled any cash while in the White House barbershop, but billed each person separately. At night when I returned home I would give copies of the day's charges to my wife Izetta, who through the years developed into an excellent book-keeper for me. She made entries in a ledger, and the end of each month, I would make out statements. As an example, the one to the President would be addressed on the outside of its envelope, "The President." Inside the sheet would read: Barber service rendered, the date, and "please make check payable to Milt Pitts, White House Barbershop." I would make out similar bills for all the others and place

them in envelopes addressed with their names. I would leave the stack at the Messenger's office in the White House, from where they were delivered to the various offices along with the mail. Frequently the bills were paid with amazing speed. Within half a day the secretaries would send checks to me. It was the same way with the bills to President Nixon and his Vice President. The ink was scarcely dry on the statements when full payment was returned.

At the White House barbershop in the first half of the 1970's, I believe I was charging seven dollars for a shampoo and haircut. For a regular haircut, that is, without styling, the price was four dollars. Prices have spiraled a bit since then. I always kept them the same at the White House as at my other shops. People were frequently curious about what type of tips I received from people whose faces they had never met, but whose frequently printed names and televised features developed a continuing curiosity within them. I suspect they wanted to know which of my clients they might categorize as being either stingy or generous. do not happen to regard tipping that way. Some people, for well founded reasons of their own, do not believe in tipping and will not indulge in the

practice. I do not encourage tips for myself. An article written about me while I was the White House barber explained this. I felt I was paid well for my services, and I did not expect tips. When some

one would ask me directly, "Mr. Pitts, what the regular gratuity?" I would reply that that was entirely up to them. There was no set rule.

I will not tell you who was the smallest tipper because I always felt that no tip was better than a grossly undersized one, which might be regarded as an insult. That only happened to me once or twice. On that, however, I am willing to allow a measure of doubt. Perhaps the tipper did not know any better. One of my most regular customers through the years, and a man whom I regard with utmost respect both for his service to the country and because he is a genuine wit and most personality, is Dr. Henry Kissinger. It is a coincidence that he also happens to be a most generous tipper. In my "private practice" in my own barbershops through the years I have received some interesting tips for various reasons. If people are celebrating something and are feeling especially happy, or if I have done something to change or noticeably improve their appearance, some-

times the customer will wish to share his good spirits with me and will do so with a more than usual tip. I have had some-surprising experiences in this regard.

One day I received a phone call from a customer who lived and worked in the mid-west. He was with a beer company. He told me he would be in Washington on the following day and asked if he could have an appointment for a shampoo and hairstyle. I told him I could schedule him and it would be a pleasure to see him. The following day at the appointed time the man arrived in my Carlton shop and I shampooed and trimmed his hair. When I was finished it looked fine,

and he was pleased with it. He walked over to the receptionist and paid the ten dollars he owed, then came back and handed me a bill. I thanked him, and without looking at it, placed the money in my pocket. "I'll see you next time, Milt," my customer said, and went off" on his way. When I removed the tip from my pocket to place it

in the drawer with others I had received, I saw that it was a fifty dollar bill! Needless to say, that has only happened once.



## Chapter VI

### **"Only His Hairdresser Knows"**

One evening towards the end of a Presidential Press Conference as President Nixon was responding to questions both malicious and

benign, veteran White House correspondent Sarah McClendon received his nod. I do not recall the date, but it was during that period of America's history of fads and freaks when running naked through college campuses or across football fields thronged with spectators--a single member gamesmanship referred to as "streaking"-- was receiving headlines.

"Mr. President." Miss McClendon said, "don't I notice your hair getting a little gray at the temples?"

The President's hair was actually getting silvery in spots, and Sarah was implying that he interfering with nature's natural shading.

The meeting was being held in the East Room, and it was jammed with reporters all trying to get the President's attention, they were tense in their vying, and they all needed a laugh. When the question was asked President Nixon, he smiled and replied rather drolly, "Why Sarah, I think they now call that streaking." which avoided an answer and broke the strain.

People frequently asked me for "inside" information on the President. They felt I was an authority on the matter of hair, and in particular, his. One of the prime questions continually

asked of me, was, "Does he dye it?" Who better to ask than, as the ads say, "Only his hair-dresser knows for sure."

President Nixon's hair was gray. In pictures it photographed

darker than it really was. This could be misleading. It has been my experience, after having seen photographs of people for many years, to discover when I finally met them that their hair was really quite fair. Black and white photography can have that effect. Also, when a person has his picture taken while his hair is wet, even if he has only run a damp comb through it, it will photograph darker than it really is.

The President's hair was a dark silver gray, and rather soft, that is, not coarse, in texture. There was also some brown mixed through it. Hair on Caucasians rarely all the same color. But as to whether or not President Nixon dyed his hair, I can assure you that he never did. Not only did I never use any color on his hair, but during the several years that I barbered him, neither did I ever wash

out any color which he or some other barber (in San Clemente or Key Biscayne ) might have put there. Photography plays strange tricks with



hair color. I have seen colored pictures of the President taken just minutes after I had cut and styled his hair, and you could see light-brown hairs amid it, though it was mostly shades of silver and gray.

An increasing number of men are dyeing hair, some to their

improvement of their appearances, and others, in my opinion, to their detriment. Among the latter I would list former governor of California, Ronald Reagan, a remarkably young man in body, mannerisms, thinking, and voice. I am a great admirer of his. Among his many assets is a fine crop of hair. I have never barbered it, but in all his pictures it looks as strong and healthy as a college kid's. Unfortunately, in my opinion, he dyes it. I think it would look more attractive in its natural state, whatever that may be. Mr. Reagan's one obvious sign of age--he is 67--is that along with his slenderness of body he has a thin face which is deeply lined. Facial lines, being minute crevices in the skin, collect shadows which make them appear deeper than they actually are. When the hair around them is darkened, the lines are accented by the neighboring color.

Perhaps that is one reason why nature frequently grays and softens hair coloring with age, so that the facial lines acquired along with graying hair will be softened.

In the spring of 1971 The Washington Star ran a long article on hair and the heads of state. My influence on the President's hair was credited with setting a new style for fuller smoother look, and focusing the attention of male Washingtonians upon their appearance. This column appeared in newspapers across the country, and served to awaken the interests of males nationwide into the many possibilities open to them for the improvement of their own looks. It was frankly admitted that many of Washington's most prominent citizens were having their hair styled, dyed it, or wearing hairpieces. Senators Barry Goldwater of Arizona. Charles Percy of Illinois and Mark Hatfield of Oregon were all noticed to be wearing their hair fuller and longer. In fact, one disgruntled constituent of the Senator from Illinois so objected to his collar-touching locks that he sent him a check for \$2.50 and asked him please to get a haircut. It was further suspected that at least twenty-five Congressmen and Senators had recently taken

to darkening their graying locks.

In my opinion hair coloring to any shade is a matter of

personal preference. If it improves one's appearance, I am all for it! If it does something to one's psyche, go ahead! There are as many psychological reasons for coloring one's hair as shades to color. It reminds me of an incident with Stan Anderson, a Washington attorney.

Stan was married to the daughter of Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower's sister. Mrs. Eisenhower being, of course, the widow of the late

President, Dwight D. Eisenhower. Stan worked at the Nixon White House in the personnel office. When he first came to me at the barber-shop he was about thirty years old. His hair was black and wavy and he had a young looking face which took at least five years off what the calendar recorded for his age.

One day Stan told me an opening had come up at the State

Department for a new undersecretary. He was being considered for the job. "Milt," said , "I wonder if you could frost my sideburns or recommend something else which would make me look older. After studying his face and hair,

I shook my head. "Stan," I said, "we could bleach your sideburns. but I don't think you would be happy with that. Your hair is a very solid color and it grows fast. Your regrowth would be too fast and marked. I couldn't recommend it. Besides, I think you look fine the way you are."

Stan did not get the job at the State Department, but continued to work at the White House with President Nixon during the strains and distress of the Watergate years. It might be surmised that Stan, who was a nephew by marriage to Mrs. Eisenhower, who was the grandmother-in-law to Julie Eisenhower through her marriage to Mrs. Eisenhower's grandson, David--Julie being the daughter of President Nixon--might have felt the burden of those years more

heavily than other White House employees who did not share even such a remote relationship to the President. At any rate, I ran into Stan shortly after he had left the White House, during which time, as had many others, he had aged. I noticed a fair amount of gray sprinkled through his dark hair and could not help kidding him, "Would you still like to have your sideburns

bleached?"

He laughed and said, "Maybe a dye job is what I need now."

Hair dyeing for both sexes was not an innovation of the twentieth century. It was probably first begun by men and later indulged in by women as they became more free of household chores and had time to begin toying with their looks. Hair dyeing was a well developed tribal custom when Captain Cook made his first explorations in the south Pacific around the time of the American Revolution. He

discovered the natives there wearing hair dyed orange or purple. In the Fiji Islands they had discovered ways to dye their hair red, white, blue and yellow. But the record of hair dyes goes back much further than that. An Egyptian manuscript from about 1200 B.C. Gives formulas to create colors to dye hair red, green and blue.

When one considers the difficulty even today of dyeing hair a lighter shade than its natural pigment, an involved process which first requires the stripping away of the natural color, bleaching it, before another color can be applied, one realizes the extent of experimentation and

development the ancients must have undergone to manufacture colors that would "take" and remain brilliant. The Egyptians were also concerned with fading hair and had developed products which they considered worked as hair color restorers. Apparently the urge to retain a youthful appearance has been a problem for man on every man on every continent, American Indians were already well advanced in the use of dyes and pigments to color their bodies and hair when the first settlers arrived.

Hair coloring wherever available in the United States has been used surreptitiously since early times. It was more openly used by certain types of women and male dandies. Since the early 1900's its use has been extensive even "nice" people. For the first half century it was generally applied in secret, at home, with amateurish results, or behind closed door or behind screened alcoves in beauty or barber shops. Then color came out of the dark room. The

necessity felt by men in competitive public life to appear unaged, along with the development of "natural" ,easy to apply, concoctions removed the final stigmas from the artifice. Hair color for men is now accepted almost as casually as lipstick on women.

Concern has been expressed of late that hair color, like everything else we eat, drink, inhale, or rub against, may cause cancer. I read recently in the Barber's Journal in David Bragwell's column, that Congress is now considering taking the exemption off permanent hair coloring. If that happened, the F.D.A. could then remove almost all the permanent hair coloring from the shelves without even issuing an order. One has only to consider the men, women and girls whom one knows who frost, or dye their hair, eyebrows, side-burns, eyelashes and beards to realize the zebra-like effect that such action would create in the United States in its first six weeks!

Mr. Bragwell goes on to say:

Environmental Defense Fund has announced "Hair Dyes cause cancer." Diamino anisol was force fed to rats. It was determined, based on the dosage level they received that 2.4-DAA caused cancer. In order for the average human to have as much 2.4-DAA in their systems as the rats had, they would have to have had to drink 25 bottles of hair dye a day for the rest of their lives.

- • • a study involving over 5000 cosmetol-

ogists, and a controlled group of the public shows the cosmetologists group had less evidence of cancer at the end of the experimental period than the control group. The group most concerned about whether cancer is, caused is NHCA(National Hair and Cosmetologists Association) representing the

practicing cosmetologist who works with this ingredient every day. Most cosmetologists use hair color themselves.

NHCA says, ( Hair color is safe when properly applied. It does not recommend that the public drink 25 bottles of color a day.

As the weeks and months progressed and I began to feel at home in the White House, and as I continually met people of rank and leadership, was struck by their high regard not only for one another, but for everyone around them. The people at the White House, from the President down, could not have been nicer to me. I had always felt good about the job I was doing. It was not governing a country or manufacturing an automobile, or creating anything of lasting value, but it was a most necessary service. All my customers. both at the White House and in the Carlton seemed to appreciate what I was



able to do for them, and they seemed to respect my ability to perform my job conscientiously and with individual concern for each customer. Barbering *is* something the average man forgets as soon

as the barbershop door closes behind him and he doesn't give another thought until a couple weeks later when he looks in the mirror and realizes, he is starting to look shaggy again. Then he thinks about it rather seriously. He has to find a barber. make an appointment, and hope the man knows what he is doing as his appearance for the next couple weeks depends on the man's ability to trim him properly.

Barbering is a world-wide trade. In cities, barbershops are almost as handy as the next corner. In towns and hamlets there is a designated spot for barbering, a small shop, a front room in a house, or a shady place under a tree. Since man has had hair, it has required attention. I would guess that before man learned to brush his teeth, he "did something" about his hair.

Man's interest in himself as a functional and basically a handsome creature which if properly treated and maintained, will remain that way most of his life. The purpose of my business is

to enhance man's image of himself without the introduction of such.

Without me and my fellows the human creatures of the world would either be hacking away at their own hair from some rather grotesque angles, or tripping over their beards and long hair. Of course they could depend on members of their family or friends to cut it for them, but if that happened, the barbering business would start all over again.

Probably Adam had not had many sons before one of them became the family hair trimmer: Barbers, in fact, were looked upon as very special people in ancient times. Among some tribes a barber's duties were considered so sacred that his hands were tabooed from all other uses. He was not even permitted to feed himself! Among the most ancient relics of Man bits of combs made from shell or wood have been found. Braiding and arranging hair away from the face, and

beards, and mustaches away from the mouth, were early forms of grooming. As tribes progressed and powerful chieftains rose, they expressed their rank and power by wearing hair styles which sometimes required hours of

parting and braiding by hands skilled to the art. two dozen such barbers might work on one such mighty head. The importance of grooming applied by another, a slave or a hired person, was recognized by early kings and pharaohs. In Chicago at the

Haskell Oriental Museum there is architrave from the tomb of -Khabauptah, the chief hair-dresser and manicurist to a pharaoh.

Wall paintings show noblemen with shaved heads having their feet pedicured by slaves mention is made of worshiping to barber gods. Egyptian noblemen frequently received daily care from their barbers while the lower classes could purchase the services of journeymen barbers who would go from village to village carrying a stool and a basketful of razors which resembled large wooden chisels. Traveling barbers still service small villages in many parts of the world.

Barbershop are referred to as "tonsoparlors" which is a derivation of the Greek word "ton-strina", and the latin "tonsur" which meant "clipping", cutting and trimming. The Greeks were the first civilization to use the barbershop as a news and gossip center. Of course it's

quarters were strictly for men. Philosophers, poets and political figures would gather to have their beards clipped and curled, their finger and toenails cleaned and shaped. One could have a massage, or be given exercises. Meanwhile one kept abreast

of social, political and sporting events by participating in the lively discussions which place. The Greeks, who held the first Marathon race and the first Olympic games, contests in

beard raising in which the highest ranking men of the community contended for the honor of developing the longest, finest beard. A barber who could invent concoctions to promote hair growth in lushness and length received both favor and fame.

The Greeks were well advanced in barbering long before the

Romans made any concerted effort to develop barbering skills.

The first barber to arrive in Rome was a Sicilian named Vicinius Mena, who made the voyage north in 296 B.C. bringing with him a group of barbers. (History does not record whether there were four or eight or they even considered farming harmonizing quartets!) These men

were skilled in trimming beards and cutting hair, and as better instruments for shaving were developed they were able to give the Romans their first experience with a close shave. Beardlessness so pleased the Romans that not only is Viciniue Mena's name recorded in their history, but a statue was erected to him. The Romans, who enjoyed many modern comforts of life also get credit for being the first to warm shaving water before applying it, and for having introduced the use of flat, straight razors. In Italy, too, the barbershop became a news center. It was a daily meeting place where information was passed along and stories swapped. Plutarch, comments in his Parallel Lives, "Caesar's barber, was a busy listening fellow." He heard much, and it is to be presumed that he told much. By the. second century .D. good grooming among the Romans was not only fashionable, but expected. Carelessness in personal attention to ones hair or beard was treated with scorn. It was not until the middle Ages that barbering entered its most colorful period. This was the era of the barber-surgeon. During the first centuries of the Christian era monks and priests were regarded as the most learned. It was from

among them that doctors began to practice, an assistant was needed. The next most skilled man in the treatment of the human body was the local barber. In this way surgeon-barber teams developed. There was little diagnosis of disease. A fever was thought to mean that there was too much blood in the body, so some must be let out, in order for the patient to recover. Most "surgery" was blood letting. Leeches and bloodsuckers were applied to various parts of the body to extract blood. In extreme cases this might be done many times with the patient eventually bleeding to death or to die from pernicious anemia, however this rationalization to be recognized. Meanwhile the clergy with their barber assistants barbers were regarded as medical professionals with great responsibility towards the health of their communities.

In 1163 at the Council of Tours it was declared sacrilegious for the clergy to further involve themselves in this bloody business. The town barber became the custodian of leeches, and began always keeping a supply on hand along with bandages necessary to stop the flow of blood, and a basin in which to collect it. When he was called to the home of a patient, he carried this equipment with him along with a length

of pole for the patient to clutch when the pain became too severe to bare. From this assortment of gear the familiar symbol of the barber pole was developed. The pole was painted red and white in spiraling stripes which described the colors of the bandages before and after the operation. A blue stripe was sometimes added. This is now interpreted by some as to have indicated venous or impure blood. Whatever its explanation, it turned out fortuitously for red, white and blue blooded American barbers to have a sign which reflects their national colors. In England, after medieval schools began producing accredited doctors, barber poles were limited to stripes of only blue and white, red being reserved for true surgeons. The ball on top a variation on the barber's blood basin which he originally placed on the top of his pole. When he stopped making house calls, and patients and customers for barbering came to his shop he permanently located his barber pole in front of establishment as an announcement of his trade. Still later, when glass became inexpensive, the translucent barber pole with its painted stripes was developed, and with the advent of electricity, a device was installed which made it turn with its fascinating appear-

ance of endless spiraling of colors.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century a political

organization, the Worshipful Company of Barbers was formed. Rules of conduct were established and an inspection system evolved with a master of barbers being selected each locale, whose duty it was to make regular rounds of inspection of barbers in his assigned territory. If they were found to be performing their trade poorly they were "rebuked". Among other things, they were disallowed any further display of basins of blood in their shop windows which formerly had been set out to advertise their trade. The first master barber was Richard le Barbour. So great was his power that disobedience to his rules could bring a jail sentence.

In 1745 all alliance between barbers and surgeons ceased. Barbers and barber shops became much as we know them today. They were cheerful places of relaxation. The customer was shampooed, clipped, combed, and sprayed with a light perfume. He was dusted off about his shoulders with a snap of a napkin, and the barber presented his hat with a courteous



bow. Along with the early colonists to America came barbers with their equipment. They had scissors, razors, curling irons, lotions, powders, perfume, and

paint. Obviously barbers performed more services than the mere cutting of hair. They employed their creativeness to develop and experiment with their own "lines" of lotions and powders along with recipes to improve hair and prevent baldness. These secret ingredients kept highly guarded. Home-made formulas were developed and patent medicines proclaiming miraculous cures for dandruff, falling hair and restoration of hair to the already bald, were widely touted. Also ointments for removing superfluous hair, to make whiskers curl, and to remove hair from the nostrils and

ears, appeared on the barber's shelves and in his display windows.

In England gentlemen spent a good part of their day with their barbers. They would go to the barbershop in the morning and pass the time away, having their hair carefully arranged. In the evening before dinner, they would then have the barber drop by at their homes for a final go-around of touching up before the nocturnal

festivities began. Young gallants spent much of their day in the busy shops amid the constant movement of people and gossip. They smoked tobacco, wrote poetry, and sometimes played their musical instruments. It became popular to have an assortment of

instruments lying about the shop for the customer's amusement. There was a definite club-like atmosphere at the sign of the striped pole.

Two great forward steps modern barbering occurred towards

the end of the nineteenth century with the invention of the safety razor, and the development of the hydraulic barber chair. This was an upholstered, cushioned chair which was adjustable in height by a mere tap of the barber's foot. It swiveled and placed the customer's head where it was most handy for the barber, and it rapidly replaced the wooden chairs, benches and makeshift arrangements of the past.

As Industry and the Machine Age developed, barbershops entered the range of big business. They were no longer one-man stands, but became emporiums with many chairs, and frequently the owner was unacquainted with the

art of barbering. He was the supervisor who sat in an elegant black coat at the back of the shop and oversaw his employees. In such a dignified establishment the operators began to appear in uniform short white jackets. A shave might then cost ten cents, and the customer began to be expected to leave three cents to the man who attended him.

Shortly after this, beauty salons for women began to appear. Many times these were in rooms upstairs over the barbershop and were reached by an outside staircase. In Paris they were announced by a large gilt ball from which hung a generous tuft of horsehair which symbolized "hairdressers for ladies.

Still more modern was the introduction of female manicurists into the all-male world of the barbershop. This profession was at first considered a bit risqué. The girls employed were usually young, very feminine, and wore the latest fashions, and a generous overlay of make-up. It was part of their assignment to listen attentively and sympathetically to their customers as they held their hands and worked on their nails. This gentle approach led inevitably to some intimacy and manicurists became the subject

of fiction and popular song. If they happened to marry their wealthy, elderly clients, headlines shrieked and the position became further misunderstood as being flirtatious. Beauty schools for women attendants began to spring up alongside barber schools for men, and beauty salons for women became quite as common as barbershops. Now, with unisex becoming vogue, one finds a cross-over of both sexes into either shop. It is obvious that men have had their own enhancement in mind ever since they were able to bend over a pond and study their potential. Though their early vanity developed more rapidly than the tools of the trade which would apply to it, beauty culture men is now a highly developed art. From a weekly haircuts to plastic and hair transplantation, complete spectrum of resources is now available. No man need appear less than the fully exploitation of his God-given, man-doctored features will allow. Help is at hand! If he is not born handsome, an illusion of Looks can be created. Skilled barbers, through the application of their knowledge and training have changed many an appearance for the better, which has had the by-product of creating a man with higher self-regard, which has caused him

not merely to put his best face forward but his best foot forward. It may sound artificial to say that careers have been changed because of a hair-cut, or the wearing of a wig, because a man has allowed a barber to carefully wash a darkening rinse through his hair, or up-date his hairstyle. But I have seen it happen. The hand that rocks the cradle may be the hand that rules the world, but likewise the hand that sculpts the razor cut may be preparing a, young legislator for a TV interview which will launch him on the to the presidency.

What does it mean to be the barber to the President? It means you are on call to the President, and that you serve him personally. It is important that the barber be someone with whom the President feels comfortable, someone pleasant to be around, whom he can trust implicitly both with his physical well being and with the inevitable conversations of history-making impact which during his frequent contacts were bound to occur.

That I qualified for the position made me feel proud. I had come a long way from that early training with Alvin in the barbershop in Fork Shoals to become the number one barber in the

country. The position never occurred to me to have any political implication. I happened to be a Republican, but at my Carlton shop I served an equal numbers of both parties. It would never have occurred to me to have played favorites. I was a barber. Barbers were known for listening and being sympathetic to everyone. Collectively, I might say, barbers not only hold the heads of the country, they take its pulse. A pre-election poll among them might be quite as accurate on the opinion of the American public as the most scientific survey. Hair not only falls at a barber chair, it is let down. The man with the shears; hears.

I was proud to be a barber and especially proud to be called to serve the top men in my country. President Nixon came to me at least every ten days for four years. He did not like to allow his hair to go any longer than that. Only twice during my years in the White House was he away from Washington for such a period of time as to require the services of another barber. Both times he was in San Clemente where he had his hair trimmed by a barber whom he had previously known. Besides his "regular" visits he would come to see me before attending a Press conference or when he was planning to address

the nation on TV. Sometimes I would give him a final combing just before the cameras started. I would hastily step aside and listen to him speak while I watched the event being filmed.

When President Nixon came into the barber-shop I did not always shampoo him. He would say, "I am in a bit of a hurry now." At such times I would wet his hair and blow it dry to take the wave out before trimming it.

Whenever I held the mirror up for his inspection and asked him to "Take a look," he would say, "That is fine." Never once did he say I had cut it too short or left it too long.

After I had gotten it to grow and lie the way I wanted it to, he some pictures made. They were taken in the garden just outside the Oval Office. When they were finished he brought the prints to me and asked me to approve the one I thought best. I one which I think is the most nearly like him of any he ever had taken other than his official portraits. It was a favorite of his also. He gave out only a few of those garden pictures, and were to his very close friends. I have three of them.



## **Chapter VII**

### **GROOM AT THE TOP**

One morning when I answered the phone at the White House barbershop a woman's voice with a soft southern accent asked if she was speaking with Mr. Pitts.

"Yes you are" I responded.

She said "I am so to have an opportunity to skeak with you.

"This is Mrs. Russell Long. I want to thank you doing such a marvelous job on my husband's hair Saturday. We attended a party that evening



and everyone noticed it and thought he looked just gorgeous!"

I thanked Mrs. Long. and said, "Well. he is such a fine looking man to start with, I didn't have much to do."

She laughed and thanked me again, and told me he would be

seeing me again in about two weeks.

When I hung up, all I could think of was the word she had used.

"Gorgeous." I did not regard the Senator from Louisiana in quite the same light his wife did, though I agreed with her that he was a nice appearing . Senator Long had an effervescent personality, strong and warm. He spoke with enthusiasm, and when he always seemed to stir up conversation. When he came to the White House barbershop,

he usually was accompanied by someone with whom he was working. The entire time I was barbering him, he would keep up a steady stream of talk. Sometimes he would include me, and sprinkled throughout his speaking there was usually a good share of laughter.

I had been able to make some changes I felt

necessary in his

"hair style. When I had started working on him his hair had had a tendency to protrude in the back. I had brought that under control, and shaped and sculptured it with my razor.

Before his next Senatorial election Senator Long came to me and asked that I do an especially careful hairstyle on him. He told me that when he left the shop he intended to go directly to a photographer and have his pictures taken for his campaign. The pictures were to appear on posters throughout his state., and he hoped they would look good to the electorate.

Upon his return from his next trip south Senator Long came

in to see me. "Milt," he said, "you certainly did a heck of a good hair style on me the last time I was in. When I got home my opponent came up to me and said, 'Senator, I don't mind you using your photographs from college in this campaign, but I think it is mighty unfair of you to use your high school pictures.'"

If there were any stated quitting hours for work at the White House, I never heard them mentioned. As long as there was work to do, there were those who stayed and did it. The more

important the job, the more hours it seemed to require.

One December evening, at about nine o' clock as I was preparing to leave the barbershop after having been there since ten in the morning.

I met Mr. Haldeman & Mr Ehrlichman coming down the short corridor coming towards me.

With a mock shiver Mr. Ehrlichman said to me, "It's really coming down out there, Milt."

The barbershop was below street level and had no windows so I had had no idea that the weather had changed. I was surprised to see that it been snowing, and been for some time.

Apparently none of the people I had worked on had the time to glance out the window either, as none of them had mentioned it to me.

I continued on to the outer door and was about to push it open when Mr. Ehrlichman called to me. "Mr. Pitts, can I give you a lift some place? Over to the Carlton, or home?"

"Why, no," I replied. "Thank you very much, but I have my car today.

I was genuinely touched. by his thoughtfulness. Mr. Ehrlichman was a formal man. I trimmed his hair about

every ten days, but, like the President, he always called me "Mr. Pitts. Actually I felt he more conservative than the President.

He wore his hair in an unimaginative style, his high, almost hairless forehead prominent forehead, his dark brown hair. If my suggestions or change slid right over the top of his head. He wouldn't even consider them. He had an ample amount on the sides and in back, and thick, crisp dark eyebrows. The bone structure of his face was strong and clean, I thought him a handsome man, but I always felt he would have been even more so if he would permit me to "do my thing."

At the time that I was arguing with him to allow me to up-date his hair style, he held great power. As chief of Domestic Affairs, he was considered by many to be #3 man in the White House. At that time, before the Watergate scandal brought him down, Mr. Nixon was a strong Chief Executive. right (Mr. Haldeman) and left hand men were truly high on the Washington heap. That snowy evening I was impressed by his concern for me. Busy as he was, with many problems on his mind, it disturbed him that I might not have transportation, or be able to get

a cab on a bad night. I been an admirer of his for some time, that thoughtful burst of generosity deepened my regard for him.

Vice President Spiro Agnew occasionally came to the White House barbershop for some of his haircuts, but since he had lived in Maryland before becoming Vice President, and it was nearby, he frequently he had his barber there attend to his needs.

I felt his barber did an excellent job with the small amount of top hair he had to work with. The Vice President seemed to me a particularly handsome man, well built, with a strong face and a rich, melodious voice. I particularly enjoyed his speeches which were pithy and partisan. When he resigned under fire I felt it was a loss to the country in many ways, not the least of which was the enjoyment of hearing him speak. So few of our national leaders are elected because of their elocution.

One Tuesday or Thursday while I was at work in the White House a call came into my shop at the Carlton from a secretary.

"The Vice President would like an appointment for a haircut," she said, "May he come right down?"

Several national companies maintained suites of offices at

the Sheraton Carlton for the convenience of their offices who frequently visited the capital.

Among them there were several

vice presidents, Bill Whyte of U.S.Steel. John Ryan of I.T.& T. and John Andrews of Owens-Illinois. It was not unusual for one of them to have his secretary phone for an appointment.

A few minutes after the call, two men entered the barbershop followed by a third. One of my barbers who was relaxing between haircuts, looked the other two, who weren't much more busily engaged, and asked, "Who's next up?"

The way the incident was told to me, all three men seemed to feel they had stood on their feet quite long enough that day. No one sprang forward. "It's your turn, " the second to the third."

At that point, one of the two men who had entered the shop first offered to help the third man off with his coat. It was not until then that my barbers realized it was the Vice President, Mr. Spiro T. Agnew. The first two men who had entered were his Secret Service escorts.

Sam, a bachelor, who for fifteen years had lived

with a Greek family in Bethesda, was the first to recover. He leapt to the side Of the Vice President and escorted him to his chair. All the while, ' he later told me, kept trying to think of what he could say to the Vice President. The first thing that occurred to him was Mr. Agnew's well politicized Greek ancestry. After all, Sam knew some Greeks, too He lived with some. As he draped and began to shampoo the Vice President, Sam chattered away. "By the way," he asked, "do you happen to know George Kononopolis?" (Who happened to be Sam's landlord) "Well, no," Vice President Agnew answered politely. "I have never happened to meet him."

"Perhaps then you may know Mr. Theodore Akropolis?" Sam

went on. And from there he raced through a file of all the Greek names he had ever heard trying to find some common ground with the Vice President. Eventually, and I'll bet to the Vice President's immense relief Sam ran out of Greek acquaintances.

As a result of the "Before" and "After pictures of President

Nixon which had appeared in Time magazine, I received a call from Dick Cavett's secretary in

New York. She told me she had seen the article and that Mr. Cavett was interested in having me come to New York to restyle his hair while he was doing his talk show.

"Would you be interested?" she asked. "We will pay your air fare and hotel bill, along with six hundred dollars for the "interview and hairstyle."

I was surprised by the phone call, and wee a bit overawed. Appearing on a nationally broadcast talk show had never occurred to me. At the moment it seemed a inconvenient. My wife Izetta had just returned from the hospital, and was still recuperating. It was a bad time to leave her.

I turned down the invitation and told the caller I would like to talk with her again in a few weeks.

About two weeks later I was again contacted by Dick Cavett's

office and told that he was still interested in having me style his hair. He would like it if I could be in New York on the following Monday.

The rate they had previously offered to style his hair on live television was doubled. Again I replied in the negative. Izetta was still recuperating, and I did not wish to leave her alone. I suggested that if they were still interested, they



should contact me later, at which time I would have a definite answer.

By coincidence both Attorney General Mitchell and Mr. Herbert Klein, the White House director of communications had appeared together on the Dick Cavett show only a short time before. When the Attorney General next came to the barbershop, I asked him if it were true, as I had heard it on the Dick Cavett Show, that he had actually told his wife to "shut up."

The Attorney General said a little stiffly, "In America I hope we never deprive anyone of freedom of speech."

Then I told him I had been invited to appear on the Show. He thought about that for a minute before saying, "That was a nice offer they made you, Milt. Go, if you like. But be careful what you say. Those Talk Show people are very clever. They box you right into a corner. Suddenly you hear your sentences being twisted so they appear you were saying things you never meant at all."

I may have missed a great opportunity, but I didn't go to New York to style Dick Cavett's hair.

John Dean, counsel to the President, came in

every two or three weeks for his haircuts. He had arrived at the White House only shortly before I had, but his respect as an able lawyer had grown rapidly. John was slight and blond and appeared even younger than his thirty-two years. I never doubted that he was a wise young man, though history proved otherwise. While I served him he wore his hair rather long, in a "mod" look. It hung over his collar and ears. John was always rather quiet. He would sit in the chair, reading something pertaining to his work. He was friendly and cordial, but he did not project himself.

Having seen him every two or three weeks for about two years, I was shocked when I saw him during the televised Senate Watergate Hearings. When he was called to testify, I blinked. He was wearing a pair of rather small, horn-rimmed glasses. His hair had been cut very short both at the neck and over his ears, and it appeared darker to me than I had ever seen it. In the two years I had known him I had never seen him with glasses. They gave him a studious look. He did not look like the John Dean I had known. I had a picture of John Dean which the photo office gave me while I was working at the White House. I was given a large number of

pictures of White House staff, Cabinet officers, and others whom I had barbered. After the first of the Hearing sessions on which John Dean appeared I looked at that picture again. I could see a great change in John, which told me again how important was the cut of one's hair. It can change one. It can set a mood. It can imply different types of character. Hair can be manipulated to change one's feeling for oneself and the impression one wishes to create in others.

Secretary of the Treasury, William Simon was another man who didn't know when to quit working. He put in long hours and kept his staff around until he decided to go home. On nights when they worked late he sometimes sent out for pizzas and beer. As story went around, the about the Secretary's fondness for pepperoni Pizza. Although some of his staff preferred other toppings, night after night when pizza was ordered, the selection was always the same--pepperoni.

Secretary Simon was known to be a hard man, firm in his decisions. John Dartland, one of his aides, thought, however, that on the matter of pizzas his boss might show a little flexibility. One evening as Secretary Simon was about

to "place an order for their supper, John interposed respectfully, "I like cheese pizza." Secretary Simon already had the pasta house on the other end of the line and was speaking. He ignored John. "Yes, four pizzas," he said into the telephone.

Expecting still to be able to change his boss'es mind. John ventured further, "I hope that is one cheese and three pepperoni."

"You heard me," the Secretary said, "Four pepperoni pizza and a dozen beers."

One of his assistants told me another story about Bill

Simon that had happened when he was a boy growing up in New Jersey. His father had been successful in business and Bill was driven to school every day in chauffeured limousine. As the big shiny car with the liveried man at the wheel would pass down the street with Bill riding alone in the wide back seat, the kids along the way would thumb their noses at him. One day Bill happened to see them.

"When tell you," he said to the chauffeur, " want you to stop the car. am going to jump out and beat the stuffing out of those kids. Then am going to jump back in and you are to drive away

fast before they can get back at me."

One day when the Secretary was sitting in the White House barber chair, I asked him about the story, and if it were true.

He said, "How do you think I got all those lumps on my head?"

Secretary Simon was not only hard working, he was efficient,

and a perfectionist. One thing he particularly respected was punctuality. He was always on time himself, and he expected it of those who worked for him. If an employee was a few minutes late he did not appreciate it, and he informed them of his displeasure. It was once my misfortune to be late to an appointment with him. The appointment was for eleven o'clock, and I certainly thought I had all the time in the world to keep it promptly. The previous evening before had purchased a new Buick, and in the morning had I wife drive me to the dealer to take delivery on it. I had been told the car would be ready to go, All I would have to do was sign a few more papers and drive it away.

I finished the paper transaction, drove on home in the older car and then the salesman escorted me to my beautiful new car which I would then

drive to the White House.

"You are going to love this car, Mr. Pitts," the salesman said happily. "You are going to have a ride like you have never had before." He opened the door and I got in.

I had owned Buicks for years, though never that particular model, and I had bought it without even having taken a test ride in it.

Proudly I settled my-self behind the wheel, checked out the instrument panel, adjusted the mirrors, and fastened my seat belt. I turned the ignition key, depressed the gas pedal. The car made a strange wonnnnnng-wonnnnnng sound, and then there was silence.

I looked at the salesman who was still standing beside the car waiting to wave me off. He had a strange look on his face.

"It sounds as if the battery is dead," he said.

"I'll see if I can find you another one."

He was gone quite awhile. When he came back his face was long and his hands were empty.

"No luck," he said. "We are all out of the size and type you need for this car."

I was upset. It was long after ten o'clock. "I have an appointment with Secretary Simon at

eleven O'clock," I said.

"I am sorry, Mr. Pitts," the salesman said. "We won't be able to get you a new battery until this afternoon."

Then you will have to drive me home so I can pick up my old

car," I said a little testily. I was beginning to feel the freeze I was going to get from the Secretary of the Treasury.

In the salesman's car we made a record run to Chevy Chase, and found Izetta there. I made a fast run down Connecticut Avenue to the White House. Still, I was late.

When I entered the barbershop Secretary Simon was sitting

in the barber chair, his feet up on the table, talking on the telephone. He greeted me with a frown and hung up.

"Good morning, sir," I said.

He pointed to his watch. "You are ten minutes late."

Being angry with my ear, the salesman, and myself, I let my

frustration fly at him.

"Sir, you are damned lucky I am here at all,

this morning!" I said "Would you believe that I bought a new car last night, and the thing wouldn't start this morning?"

He smiled, and said, "Yes, I'd believe that. Let's get going."

One of his aides later told me that if I had backed off and

started apologizing, the Secretary would have really let me have it. I had done the right thing. I like Bill Simon very much. He is tough. He is also honest and conscientious. He gets things done, and he expects no more of others than he expects of himself.

He was in my Carlton shop just recently, and I said to him,

-Mr. Secretary, I hear you are running for President.

He laughed and said, "Milt, I thought we were friends. Why would you try to wish that off on me?"

Every year delightful Christmas parties were held at the White House. Most of the staff and their wives or husbands were included. Izetta attended with me, and met both the President and Mrs. Nixon. The first time I met Mrs. Nixon



she told me how much she liked what I had done for the President's hair. "I always thought he looked fine," she said, "until you showed me he could look even better.'

I have never seen him look so well." I agreed with her. The President looked healthy and radiated confidence. He was very happy during his first term in office.

At one of the Christmas parties David Frost was to participate in some of the entertainment. I, was still working in the barbershop that evening when there was a tap at the door. It was Mrs. Nixon's press secretary, Connie Stewart. She introduced me to David Frost, who was with her.

"Mr. Frost was wondering if he might freshen up here before he goes upstairs for the party," Connie said

I was delighted to meet the young, British TV personality, and offered him the use of the facilities of the shop. He had his makeup kit with him, and as soon as Connie left, he got busy putting himself together. While he made himself up for a play in which he was to appear, we chatted. I found myself enjoying his precise manner of speaking with his cleanly clipped words.

Later we walked upstairs together. At that time not many people knew David Frost, nor in those pre-Watergate days, could we in the furthest reaches of our imaginations ever have projected the association which would develop between David Frost and President Nixon. Six years or so hence they would meet again. Then it would be in San Clemente to tape a controversial series of interviews between the first President ever to resign from office and a, by then, world famous TV interviewer.

On that walk through the White House, along the corridors, and around the corners towards the East Room, every security officer and every staff member we passed spoke to me. "Hello, Mr. Pitts," or, "Hi, Milt!" they said. answered each, calling them by name. Now when think about that evening am amused, for around the world, vast audiences now know David Frost. That evening he noticed the greetings and he said , "Milt, you are certainly well known around here." was proud to be able to say, "Yes. They are all my friends."

While I was the barber in the White House our country passed through some tumultuous periods of its history. The war in Viet , weakly

begun during the administration of President Eisenhower, and expanded under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, had been inherited by the Nixon Administration. It seemed an endless conflict, its original goals long since confused, with no honorable exit apparent. American youth, fed up with the senselessness of an un-winnable war half world away, refused to honor draft calls, burned their cards, protested noisily, and left the country in hordes for neutral shores. In an effort to get at the bases of enemy supplies, President Nixon ordered raids into Laos. As a protest to this seeming further expansion of the conflict, anti-war leaders across the country rallied forces for a march on Washington. Their announced purpose was to "close down the government." Bridges and highways and entrances to government buildings were to be blocked.

The date for the demonstrations was Monday, May 3, 1971.

For a week the newspapers and television announcers had exploited the arrival of thousands of marchers and their intentions. I heard the warnings, but I had my businesses to run. It was normal for me to open up my Wisconsin

Avenue shop on Monday. I proceeded in that direction.

As I drove towards Georgetown I was slowed down by a threatening group of young people clad in army fatigues, blue jeans, and the scrapings from rummage barrels. Those were the days of long hair and beards. Most of the faces and hands raised in sneers and fist were unwashed. They were not my idea of the cream of American youth, though I knew I should not judge a man by the patches on his jeans. Throngs jammed the sidewalks and milled about, spilling over into the gutters. Trashcans placed out for morning collection had been upended, and their contents were being hurled at passing motorists. I rolled my windows up tight, checked my door locks, and remembered wryly that I was within three blocks of the White House.

Such behavior as I saw seemed an obscenity to our handsome city. It appalled me that the young people had no better knowledge of how to express themselves than to mouth foul language and insults at fellow Americans whose purpose it was merely to get to work.

At the "M" Street bridge, as I later heard was

true of other

bridges in the city, my passage was challenged. I was grateful that Detroit had long since ceased adding running boards to cars. I am convinced I would never have been able to make it across the bridge if the demonstrators had been able to attach themselves to my car. They poked their placards at me and shouted. Looking neither to left nor right, I drove on, and was able to reach my shop.

Behind the safety of its windows I observed a double file of at least a half a mile long, march down Wisconsin Avenue armed with sticks and signs, sleeping bags and backpacks. Women with babies strapped to their shoulders were part of the noisy parade.

Throughout the day I heard rumors and stories of attacks on innocent people by the . Elderly people who had been unaware of the extent of the upheaval, had embarked upon their daily trips to the grocery store and been assaulted and pelted with garbage. From my years in Georgetown I enjoyed a long acquaintance with several of its police. I complained to one about the injustices I had seen.

"Milt," he said. "when we see a crime being

committed, we make arrests. But we do not want to give cause to these mobs to further incite them. We have been told to handle them with kid gloves."

Chief of Police Jerry Wilson was one of the many who was hit by a flying object and bloodied that day. That night, all around town, in hastily erected stockades and camps, ten thousand arrested marchers were detained.

The following morning at the White House barbershop one of my customers told me that on his way home from work, crossing the 14th Street bridge, demonstrators had jumped on his car and pounded on his windshield, all but blocking his view. Only by accelerating and then suddenly slamming on his brakes, had he been able to dislodge his assailants and get safely home. Other cars were rocked until they were overturned. I heard that John Dean and John Ehrlichman had made a helicopter flight over the city and that they had reported seeing burning cars and general chaos.

Many liberals criticized the law enforcement officers for making mass arrests. Later, suits were brought against the police. I felt they had done their jobs well. In this country there were legal

means for expressing and effectively realizing one's views. Brutality to innocents, destruction of property, and the stoppage of work

were not the American way, and should not be tolerated. I felt the young people got what they deserved. That day in May was a dark one for Washington and the country. Lawlessness was exalted.

One evening a young man came, into my shop at the Sheraton Carlton accompanied by two other men. While I barbered the young man, they sat waiting for him. Neither of the other men had barbershop appointments. When I had finished with my customer, all three went out together. At the time I did not think that much about it. Later I recalled that the man I had barbered was small and wore his hair very short.

After they had gone one of the other barbers said, "Hey, Milt, do you know who that fellow was?"

I shook my head and said, "No."

"That was William Calley," he said.

Lt. William Calley was very much in the news at the time. He was under house detention at an Army base in Georgia while his part in the mass

killing of some civilians in the Viet Nam village ' My Lai was being studied. His presence in Washington, D.C., where he had been brought for further psychiatric tests at Walter Reed Hospital, was supposed to be a secret. Lt. Calley, and his two guards, I was told, had rooms upstairs at the Carlton.

The following morning when I entered the hotel to go down to the barbershop on the lower floor, I found the lobby crowded with people including newsmen with cameras. People were sitting and milling about the elegantly furnished lobby drinking milkshakes and coffee and eating doughnuts. That was something new for the decorous Carlton. I was surprised to see it. The crowd was so great that I had to make a path through them toward the stairway to the lower level. I was almost there when I changed my mind.

I walked over to the desk and asked the clerk what was going on. Very quietly he said.

"William Calley is staying here. These people are waiting to

interview him when he comes downstairs on his way to a military hearing.

I suppose I had been associated with the Sher-



aton Carlton

so long that I had rather a proprietary interest in it. I felt it unseemly that people were casually eating in the lobby, leaving their cups and papers about. It did not seem fair to me that paying guests, or people who worked there must have to jostle through them. Most of all, I did not appreciate their rather arena type spirits.

I asked the clerk, "Does Mr De Rooze (the general manager) know all these people are here?"

The man blinked at me and said, "Why, no. I don't think so."

Mr. De Rooze was a long time friend of mine. I picked up the and called him. "Do you know," I asked, "that there are people all over the lobby eating and drinking and waiting to interview one of your guests? I feel this man should be given more privacy."

Mr. De Rooze said he would be right down.

I went on down the stairs to the barbershop, still thinking about Lt. Calley.

My son. Ronald had been in Viet Nam at the same time Lt. Calley had served there. Ron had enlisted in the Air Force and served four years, two of them in Viet Nam at Ben Wah Air

Base near Saigon. His job had been to attach bombs to the wings of aircraft, and knowing what distance above the earth the planes were to be flying, and the time they were to take off and the type of bombing they were planning for that particular mission, it was his job to set the timers on the warheads.

One Sunday morning about three a.m. Ron had just left air field and returned to his quarters when there was a shelling attack on the base by the North Viet Nameese. All the airplanes on the field were demolished. A portion of an exploding airplane came through the roof demolishing Ron's bunk and killing two of his buddies sleeping nearby.

When I heard on the morning news that Sunday of the attack on Ben Wah Air Base, I phoned the Pentagon and asked for confirmation of names. It was a very bleak time for me. They me they would inform me as soon as they had something definite.

Actually, Ron was all right. He was still been awake when the first shell exploded, and he had dived under a haystack near his bunk, When things had quieted down he went out onto the field where he was met by his com-

manding, "Oh," he was greeted. "I thought you were missing."

"No," Ron said. "I'm still here." He and the officer began

deactivating the warheads left on the bombs which were

unexploded. As he was helping the officer there was another explosion and all Ron could see of his friend were bits of clothes and his shoes going through the air.

As I walked down the stairs towards the lower level of the Carlton, I was thinking about Ron and about Lt. Calley and about war. God alone knew, I thought, what I would do if I had been bombarded and shot at for months at a time, people I was close to, and fond of, were blown to pieces before my eyes. I thought of son and the pressures he had been under and the unforgettable scenes that would forever be in the back of his mind. I thought of the lieutenant upstairs. Who knew what others had done? War was ugly. To single out one man... I felt very sorry for him.

In my barbershop I called Lt. Calley's room.

A man answered the phone.

"This is Milton Pitts in the barbershop downstairs," I said.

"You were here last night getting a haircut. I think you should know that the lobby is full of reporters and people with cameras waiting to interview Lt. Calley when he steps off the elevator.

"I suggest to you that when you get in the elevator you push the button for the lower level. Do not stop at the lobby. When you get here I will take you through the kitchen and out the back door of the hotel where no one will interfere with you." When they came down, I led them out the way I had planned. The following day as I was trimming President Nixon's hair, I brought up the subject of Lt. Calley. I told him about meeting him, and that I had felt sorry for him, and that I did not feel the Army was treating him justly.

The President said, "The poor devil, I feel sorry for him as well."

I always hoped President Nixon would pardon him, but he didn't.

Among the several occasions for festivities at

the White House which could include the families of the staff, was the annual Mother's Day Church service and reception held in the East Room. Izetta and Barbara who was 16, were absolutely ecstatic over being "inside the White House and having the chance to meet The President and the First lady went with me.

The church service was led by the Reverend Doctor John C.

Harpert Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church on Lafayette Square across from the White House. The music was provided by the Concert Choir of Grafton Sr. High School. Grafton, West Virginia was the site of the first celebration commemorating Mother's Day, and the Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church, in which the celebration took

place is now the National Mother's Day Shrine.

Following the church service coffee and cookies were served,

and I took Izetta and Barbara through the line to meet the President , and Mrs. Nixon. When he saw me, the President turned to the Reverend Dr. Harper and said, "This is the man who keeps us all looking so good at the White House."

When Izetta shook hands with the President he said, "And I

understand you are the one who sees to it that everyone in the family goes to church." He referring a barber chair discussion we had had on who got who up on Sunday mornings.

As we were drinking our coffee Izetta looked across the room and saw Martha Mitchell standing by a window.

I had always bragged to Izetta about what a fine fellow the

Attorney General was. To which she had one time replied, "If he is that great, why doesn't he tell his wife not to talk so much?"

I had looked at her, ready to laugh as I watched her face and replied, "Why, Izetta, you certainly should know it is difficult for a man to tell his wife to shut up."

As we approached the Mitchells in the East Room they were chatting with Secretary Rogers Morton. After a moment or two of introductions Izetta and Barbara paired off with Mrs. Mitchell, "and I talked with the men a few minutes.

Later I asked Izetta what she thought of the famed Martha now that she had met her.

"I like her!" she said with enthusiasm. "But I was surprised at how tiny she ! After all I had heard about her, I expected her to be the biggest lady in Washington! Instead, she's a doll, a southern belle doll."

Being barber to the President introduced me to many interesting people, and some odd ones. It also gave me some occasions to which any young person growing up in America, who was interested in developing his career to its fullest, and dreaming of its heights, might well aspire. I would never have believed some of the sideshow qualities of my job.

Among some of the unexpected happenings was the sudden influx of "fan mail" I began to receive after the wire services carried nationwide the story of President Nixon's new barber. Some rather radical political mailings began to be delivered to my mail box at the White House. Obviously, the accompanying letters said, I had the President's ear. While I clipped around his ear, I should whisper into it! I received hair-brained schemes on how to end the war, save the country from enemies both local and worldwide, and solve most of our economic woes.

All I was supposed to do was to become a personal ambassador to the President with the "enclosed ideas". Instead, they hit the nearest-trash basket.

Women I had never met, frequently elderly, wrote telling me they had seen my picture a newspaper or magazine. There was no similarity between my name and theirs, but they were sure I resembled some distant relative. I was requested to write by return mail giving full details of my background.

Frequently I was asked for autographed pictures of myself. If the pictures happened to include the President, and he would sign it, well, that would be a double-header!

But the most astonishing requests I began to receive were

tor mementos of the President. Perhaps he had discarded some

scraps of notepaper containing his signature or a doodle while he was in the barbershop. There were countless requests for clippings of his hair which obviously must drop to the floor on every visit. People requested that I mail them to for framing or mounting in scrapbooks.

One evening upon my return to the Carlton after



along day at

the White House I met . William H. Perkins Jr., a guest from

Chicago. We began chatting and in reply to his inquiries about my work, I told him about a letter I had received that day from a girl who had asked for a lock of President Nixon's hair. Upon his return to Illinois, Mr. Perkins sent me a clipping from a magazine which reported details of an auction held at the Charles Hamilton Galleries in New York City. Among the items sold had been a holograph letter written by former President Andrew Jackson which contained a lock of his hair. The letter; with the hair clipping still intact, sold for \$1000.

Since studying hairstyles, including those of past and present Presidents, is a hobby of mine, I knew that of all of them, President Andrew Jackson probably had the most abundant crop. We have certainly not elected our presidents on the bountifulness of their hair! All but three or four have had receding hairlines, and many have been totally bald on top. President Jackson however, had a mane a lion might envy. It had been reddish brown when he was young, but

turned iron-gray by the time he was President. However, it still grew densely, and he wore it long, with healthy mutton chops brushed back over his ears. At today's prices, I figured, at \$1000 a lock (minus the value of the letter) if Andrew Jackson had left his descendants only a sackful of hair clippings to parcel out to museums and private collectors, he would have left them a sizable inheritance. "At this time", the article from Chicago went on to say, "there is no record of any other president having donated a lock of his hair to an individual, though other clippings of

Presidential top-knots exist. One which once adorned the pate of President George Washington is on view in the museum at Mount Vernon."

I did not send out any hair-clippings, paper scraps, used towels, combs, or emptied spray cans once used by the President of the United States. I appreciated the personal interest my fellow Americans took in their President, and their longing to have something which he had once touched or been near, but I was not in the mail-order business.

Rumors had, flown throughout the winter that Tricia the Presidents's older daughter, was

engaged, or about to become engaged to be married to Edward Cox of New York. Tricia was twenty-five, but appeared much younger. She was a most reserved young lady. Her lack of visibility sometimes caused her to be referred to as "the Howard Hughes of the White House." I rarely caught a glimpse of her, but when I did, she was like a breath of spring. She was almost unbelievably slight of figure. Her angelic face and long blond hair, made her, in my daughter Barbara's words, "a fairytale princess." Tricia had an ethereal, magical beauty. Her romance with Eddie Cox, then a pre-law student, had started years before when they had both been in private school. Knowing how fond President Nixon was of his daughter Julie's husband, David Eisenhower I felt he would be delighted to have another son-in-law to watch and discuss sporting events with him.

David was as avid a baseball and football fan as was the President. Announcement of Tricia's engagement was made at a large party in the East Room, and a summer White House wedding was planned.

In the previous administration there had been two White House weddings, both Luci and Lynda Bird Johnson having married while

their father was President. As the plans for the coming event proceeded, even for me, a man who would take most weddings or avoid them, the prospect of using the elegant White House for such a happy occasion began to seem especially romantic. So many national problems came to the White House that it seemed a renewal of hope and happiness to have its historic rooms and beautiful gardens become, for one full day, a stage upon which the tradition of the

marriage service and all its accompanying festivity and joy, might be reenacted.

I was proud to know the Nixons. I felt that America never had to feel embarrassed about any member of its family. To my observation they were loyal and supportive of one another. The personal behavior of each individual reflected good feelings about themselves and their regard for the others of the family. To me they appeared physically to be exceptionally attractive. Mrs. Nixon and the girls

were feminine and gracious. Mr. Nixon was a true gentleman. Aside from its political position, the family seemed to me to be what one might call "personal" people who did not seek the

light of the Presidency to shine upon their private lives.

In this vein I thought it particularly significant that Julie, who had been in love with David Eisenhower the grandson of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower for some time before her father's campaign for President in 1968, chose to be married before her father inaugurated as President. This seemed to me to be a statement of the heartfelt desire of the young couple to be themselves an insistence, almost, of that right. As the President's daughter, Julie could have had a momentous wedding with worldwide coverage by the press and television. If she had arranged it soon after her father's inauguration it could have been the first significant social event after the inaugural balls. All the world was interested in the Nixon family, and the union of its younger daughter with the grandson of the popular former president. Their romance had bloomed since the days when Julie's father had been Vice President to President Eisenhower, when the children had first met and become friends"

Many Americans felt they had personally grown with it. They felt a part of it. Julie could have traded on that. But apparently she had different

values. Marriage was a private affair between herself and David. It had occurred to me before I ever became personally acquainted with any of the Nixons, but I appreciated her young wisdom insisting that her marriage be a family affair and not a public spectacle. If one only wanted to consider the history and economics of it, one could see the advantages to a White House wedding. In two hundred years, how many have we had? Many young women might enjoy becoming an additional part of White House history. And of course, in the area of wedding presents, a President's daughter might expect to receive some most unusual and valuable ones because of her position.

That, of course, has now come under study by a committee considering Presidential and Presidential family gifts. There certainly seems to be few areas into which our government does not snoop. If they start investigating the gifts received by Tricia and the Johnson girls, will they go back to Woodrow Wilson and the heirs of his White House bride, and to Theodore Roosevelt's daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth?

With Tricia her wedding almost had to be public, after all, her father was, the President!

I had often seen him in a happy mood, but on Tricia's wedding day, he was elated!

I had barbered David Eisenhower's and Eddie Cox's hair the

day before the wedding. On the morning of June 12, 1972, I was at the White House barbershop early to barber the President I had been to stay to see the wedding, which would be held on the lawn outside the Oval Office. It was a beautiful, warm, spring day. A wedding altar had been set up under a lacey gazebo-like structure which was entwined with fresh flowers. Tricia, as she came down the aisle was a dainty and elegant bride on the arm of a beaming father.

I had never seen him smile more broadly. On his return, with Mrs. Nixon on his arm, he grinned and waved happily to special friends he spotted standing by their chairs. I felt he was exuberant. He must have been very pleased that both of his daughters were married, and to such fine young men. Marriage of the last of one's children must give one a sense of completion, such as does a graduation. One chapter closes, and another, with new appreciation of life, lies

ahead. My chest swelled with pride and affection for the entire Nixon family, as I am sure did many others across America as the scenes were viewed on television. There was for me one especially touching moment. That was when Tricia and Eddie prepared to depart. Mr. and Mrs. Nixon saw them off, putting their arms around each other. A tear glinted in the President's eye. I thought would probably feel the same way when it was my Barbara, who is my last child.



## Chapter VIII

### CROWNING GLORY



The report that came over the barbershop television that May afternoon in seemed like a rerun of a nightmare. America had had enough assassinations. That another attempt had been made on a political candidate did not seem real. But it was. Former Governor of Alabama. George Corley Wallace, candidate for President in the Democratic primaries, had been shot down in a crowded Maryland shopping center. He was reported to be critically wounded. It was less than nine years since President John F. Kennedy had been assassinated in Dallas, and only four since the killing of Dr. Martin Luther King. That crime had been followed only two months later by the shooting of Democratic primary candidate for President,

Robert F. Kennedy, brother to the former President. The mind does strange things under the shock of hearing of yet another such tragedy. All the killings seemed to run together, and became magnified at their convergence. The enormity of another shooting gave me a sense of unreality. This was America. Free speech, freedom to move about, freedom to run for office, were America, were what set us apart from so much of the rest of the world.

Instead, candi

for office seemed to be to put oneself at the bulls-eye of a maniac's target.

I did not happen to agree with the policies of George Wallace. Some of his actions and pronouncements had infuriated me, but I could not deny his right to his beliefs and actions.

At the time of the shooting he had been campaigning vigorously, and was running strongly in the primary elections of his party. He had already won majorities or pluralities in the Florida, Tennessee, North Carolina, Maryland and Michigan contests.

The report that the governor had been shot and was critically wounded stunned the country. Even those who did not favor him, were appalled that "it could happen again" in the United States, and they clung to their radios and TV's to keep informed on the governor's condition. The evening papers brought more details and a sensational picture governor's bride of a little more than a year, the former Cornelia Ellis Snively, a beautiful, dark-haired woman,

throwing herself across her husband's prostrate body on the parking

lot pavement in an effort to shield him from further bullets.

The following few days people spoke of little else. The governor remained alive, but was the victim of terrible wounds. He was diagnosed to be that he was paralyzed from the waist down. Arthur Bremer, his would be assassin, a young man of dubious background, was quickly apprehended.

He revealed that for some time he had stalked President Nixon with the plan to shoot him. Only recently had he decided his victim would be Governor Wallace instead. While he was being driven to jail by the authorities, it was reported, he seemed more interested selling his life story to anyone who would buy it, than in the seriousness of his crime.

For many years" twenty-five or so, when friends of mine had been hospitalized for any period of time, I made arrangements with their doctors to visit them and give them haircuts. It was a for me to be able to perform this service, and frequently it turned out to be a great pick-me-up for the patient. Looking better, feeling cleaner and cared for, they would feel physical improvement. Before I would leave their

and possibly cheer him up.

That afternoon I phoned Holy Cross Hospital and asked to speak with the man in charge of Secret Service for the governor. Mr. Taylor, no relation to the Bob Taylor who was in charge of White House Secret Service) came on the line.

"This is Milton Pitts," I said. "I am the barber to President Nixon at the White House. I would like to come out to the hospital and give Governor Wallace any barbering service he needs." There was a hesitation on the other end of the phone.

"I can understand his unwillingness to see strangers at this

time." I said. "but I can assure you I have top security clearance and I would be happy to do whatever the governor requires."

Mr. Taylor answered, "That is very kind of you, Mr. Pitts.

I will speak to Governor Wallace. Can I get back to you?"

I gave him my home and shop telephone numbers. A little later I received a return call from Mr. Taylor. He thanked me for my offer and told me to come to the hospital the following morn-

ing to cut the governor's hair.

When I arrived at the Maryland hospital several men where -

standing about whom I immediately recognized as Secret Service. I identified myself to one and he told me to park in the area restricted for physician's parking.

After all the time I had spent at the White House, I had thought I was accustomed to seeing Secret Service people, but I had never seen such tight security as surrounded Governor Wallace. There seemed to be a small army of appraising-eyed, unsmiling men everywhere I looked. Within the hospital I again identified myself, and a man who had been expecting me escorted me to the elevator and we rode up together. The governor's room was located on the top floor. More Secret Service men were standing by the elevator when we stepped off. One directed me to the side where a man was seated behind a table. I was requested to open my briefcase and show its contents. There they were, my shears, clippers, combs and razors. The eyes of the security people met in a question for which I did not blame them. Some nut had just gunned down the governor. Here was

a stranger volunteering to barber the wounded man. What a set-up for a murderous plot! But of course, I had been cleared. I was given the nod and replaced my tools in my bag. Two men escorted me down the hall towards the governor's room. We must have passed another half dozen security people on the way. When we arrived at his door we were told to wait, Governor

Wallace's doctor was with him. In a few moments he came out and looked questioningly at the security people and me. They explained who I was.

"Of course," he said. "I heard you were coming. I think it will do Governor Wallace good to see you."

A nurse accompanied me into the hospital room.

Governor Wallace was sitting in a wheelchair wearing a bathrobe and slippers. He was extremely thin and pale, and I was struck by just how small he looked. He had been shaved, but his hair definitely needed trimming. I had never seen him before, but I was surprised that his hair seemed very gray. When I had observed him on television, I had always appeared

darker. As I got to him, I could see that it had been dyed and was growing out. The natural color of his hair was steely gray. It seemed to me he would have looked more handsome had allowed it to have gone untouched.

We shook hands, and as I greeted him, he asked me to speak more loudly. I found he was extremely hard of hearing. During my visit he was not wearing a hearing aid. I do not know whether or not he normally did but I found it necessary to speak directly to him and to enunciate clearly in a voice that of above my normal speaking pitch. I felt that he was reading my lips.

I had hoped that I would be able to refresh him by shampooing his hair, but immediately I saw that he was in no condition to undergo such a treatment. I was prepared for this possibility as I had brought along a commercial preparation of dry shampoo, a product which instead of lathering, dry-cleans the hair. The one I used was a clear-colored, liquid which contained a high percentage of alcohol to induce rapid drying.

As much as I might have liked to. I did not think it was any time to discuss new hairstyles

with him. I had no desire to tire the governor. I gave him basically the same hair style he had been wearing. When I had finished he looked very neat, and I could see he was pleased with his reflection in mirror.

One of his aides had come into the room as I was working on him, and he said. "Billy-Joe" (or maybe it was Georgie-Pete -- it was one of those double names so many Southerners seem to have attached to them.) "Billie-Joe," he said, "do we have any more of those colored pictures I had taken for the campaign? would like to give Milt one of my pictures."

The aide thought so, and stepped outside. He returned shortly with a handsome picture of the Governor sitting at his desk with an American flag behind him.

Governor Wallace picked up a pen and began to autograph the

picture. As he did, noticed that his hand had a little shake to it. Half way through the writing he looked up at me. His voice had no bitterness in it, just a sort of sadness. He said, "This is about all can write now. write as if were drunk." He laid the pen down and pointed to a



hole in his arm near the elbow. "That is where one of the bullets went through me." Then he finished signing the picture. He had written, "To my good friend. Milton Pitts," adding the date, and his signature. I thanked him and he said, "Billie-Joe will take-care of the bill." "Governor", I said, "You don't owe me a thing. I have been going to hospitals for many years to take care of the barbering needs of my friends and customers, and have never taken a penny yet. Today is no exception."

He smiled at me. Just then the nurse came back in and looked him over. "Don't you look good. Governor!" she said, seeming happily surprised.

"Well," he said, "I feel good too. This fella knows what he's doing. And he ought to. He's the President's barber." .

We shook hands and I told him, "If I could be of further

service, he should feel free to call me. The Secret Service had my phone numbers.

Billy-Joe escorted me back down the hall. At the elevator he said, "Milt, you won't take any money for the haircut, please let me give you a tip." He pushed a twenty dollar bill at me. I

thanked him, but refused to accept it, and left. Shortly after that Governor Wallace was discharged from the hospital and the next heard of him, he was attending the Democratic National Convention in Miami Beach.

About three months later when I picked up my mail at the Carlton, there was a package and a letter for me which required my signature. They were from Governor Wallace. The box contained a set of gold cuff links and a matching tie-bar, each embossed with the seal of the state of Alabama. The letter was personally written by Governor Wallace and he thanked me again for my courtesy to him while he been confined to Holy Cross hospital. It included an invitation to visit him when I was in Alabama.

Governor Wallace continued to be in the news even though he was a seriously afflicted man. I found myself admiring his courage for continuing to strive to meet the goals he had set for himself. He had started out life very simply as the son of a farmer, and had worked his way through the University of Alabama by waiting on tables, driving taxis, and as professional boxer. As a youngster he had won the state

bantamweight boxing championship. He a fighter

in many senses of the word, and a man of indomitable spirit. I continued to disagree with much of his philosophy, but I found it possible not to admire his spirit.

The morning after I had been at Holy Cross Hospital John

Ehrlichman was my first customer in the White House barbershop. He told me he had heard that I had been out to see Governor Wallace, and that he felt it had been a fine gesture". It always amazed me how such little bits of news infiltrated and flew about the White House. In many ways it was a place of utmost security and secrecy, and in others it was an intricate telegraphic network passing along all sorts of miscellaneous information.

When the President came in he asked me how Governor Wallace

had appeared to be. I was amazed that he already knew I had made the trip. The President was glad that I had barbered the governor. He felt extremely distressed over the conditions in our country which would allow dedicated men to be shot down because they were running for

its elective offices.

Secretary of the Interior. Rogers C.B. Morton dropped into the White House barbershop every two or three weeks. He was not a well man, though he never let that interfere with his good humor. He would always ask me if I had heard any good stories lately. Whenever I heard a good one I would try to remember it, knowing that when he came in, he would ask me. One of my main sources stories was Secretary of State, William P. Rogers, who loved to tell them, and did so with expertise. Frequently I would repeat one of his tales to Secretary Morton, crediting Secretary Rogers for it. But many times after I had labored through a rather involved one, Secretary Morton would complain, "Tell Bill I heard that one ten years ago. Have him get some new material."

Secretary Morton, a huge man, one could have said of him, he

was one of the "biggest" in the government came as frequently to the Carlton barbershop as to the one in the White House. As usual, when would finish with his haircut I would hold the mirror up for him to inspect himself. As usual when I would finish one of haircuts I

would hold up a mirror for him to inspect himself. As usual when I did that and I asked him how he liked it, he would answer, "Fine"

One day one of my hair-stylists, a young and very attractive

girl was standing near the doorway of the barbershop on the lower level of the Sheraton Carlton Hotel. She was just putting on her jacket preparatory to leaving for lunch as I finished the Secretary's haircut, He turned to her and said, "What do you think of it?"

"You look very good, Secretary Morton," she said.

The big man never missed an opportunity to kid with a pretty girl. Well, he said, "if I look that good, how about going up and getting us a suite?"

"No thank you," she replied. completely misunderstanding.

"I'm on a diet."

Secretary Morton had had many physical problems. When he was hospitalized at a clinic in Palo Alto. California, I sent him a get well.

In return I received a note addressed to both Izzetta and me

"I look a little ragged here," he wrote, "while missing the truly professional services of the nation's number one expert. I have great faith in treatments they are giving me here at Stanford, and am looking forward to being back on the job soon. My first order of business is to visit the White House barbershop."

Such notes not only made my day, but were carefully filed in the Pitts' family archives.

While Daniel Patrick Moynihan was special assistant to the

President he frequently came to the barbershop. His hair was a challenge to my skills. He would not allow me to style it the way I felt would be most attractive on him. His face was round, and he wore his hair very long in front. Frequently it hung loose over his eyes. It actually flipped down almost to his chin. After much persuasion I was finally permitted to cut it off about half way, but then he would allow me to go no further.

One day President Nixon came in for an appointment just after Mr. Moynihan had left. They must have passed in the corridor. I mentioned that I had finally been able to trim his forelock.

"Good," the President said. "I noticed that he looked better." While he was in White House Mr. Moynihan came quite often to see me. He told me about one of his diversions late in the afternoon, when he was tired, and needed a pick-up, he would remove his shoes and tiptoe into the White House mess where he would get a pitcher of ice a bottle of gin and up some martinis. One day, he had returned to his office was having a cool sip. When a friend stopped by. "Pat," the friend said, "when you finish work for today, why don't you stop by my house and have a drink with me

Pat replied, "I can't hear you." His friend repeated, "If I would like you to stop by after work and have a drink with me."

Pat said "I thought that was what you said, but still don't

understand you. If you would like to come by and drink with you, that is one thing, but to stop by and have a drink--I don't understand that kind of talk.

He was full of such light banter, relaxed, and pleasant to be around. In 1973 he was appointed, " United States ambassador to India. Campaigns for the presidency are no longer

the front-porch affairs they were during the time of such politicians as Benjamin Harrison, who, in 1888, was content to sit on his verandah and allow the electorate to come and hear his opinions cozily expressed from his homey platform. That year his opponent was Grover Cleveland, and such campaigning, or lack of it, led to a controversial election result. Harrison defeated Cleveland by 233 to 168 electoral college votes while Cleveland best his opponent by almost 5,000 popular votes.

With the technological gains in communications made since then, I have little reason to doubt that the campaign for Mr. Nixon's reelection in 1972 actually began on the night of January ,

1969 while the echoes of the inaugural parade and the dance bands from the festive balls still echoed through Washington's marble halls. There seemed no question as to President Nixon's desire to hold the office for two terms. His first four years had included diplomatic history-making visits to Peking and Moscow. In China he had prepared the way for future diplomatic exchanges, and in Moscow he had entered into a series of trade agreements. At



home

he had attempted to pare down extravagant social spending, had successfully fought inflation, and had named four conservatives to fill Supreme Court vacancies. But although the government seemed to be running smoothly, President Nixon was not a "popular" President. The war in Vietnam continued to drag on and the country had many noisy dissidents who pointed out the President's imperfections from the slope of his nose to his idiosyncrasy of beginning important sentences with the prelude, "let me make one thing perfectly clear ..," However, there seemed little doubt that he wanted to run again, he would be re-elected. That view was further aided by severe splintering within the Democratic party.

However in the Madison Avenue motivated world of the early

1970's, it was recognized that President Nixon was not genuinely liked by the public. He was said to be cold. People rarely saw him having any fun. He seemed aloof, distant. He was not "lovable." Physically I felt he was at a most handsome peak in his life. His hair had grown in the style that did the most for the shape of

his head and face. It was an attractive color. He usually managed a suntan and looked fit. President Nixon always had to with a heavy beard. It was dark, and grew rapidly. Some thought that the shadow of his beard had been one of the causes for his loss to John F. Kennedy in the 1960 election. Television then was in black and white, and even when he had shaved closely,

his jowls photographed darkly. In 1972 color was in, both in

photography and make-up. The President photographed well, but he was unable to loosen up, to get to the hearts of the people. An effort was made to "humanize" him. The public was reminded that Harry Truman not been the only piano-playing President. A photograph of the President and First Lady playing the piano and singing a duet was released. The President further attempted to soften his image by dropping in unexpectedly on a music festival in Nashville, Tennessee, where he mingled with the crowds and briefly played the piano to the delight of the crowds and the press photographers.

Efforts to humanize a President, to make him

palatable to

the voters before an election were not new to politics. Through Ollie Atkins, the personal photographer to the President, I had come to know Andrew J. "Buck" May. Buck had become a legend in Washington for his fine photography. As a child he had snapped his first picture of a President, catching William Howard Taft in an open carriage. Since then he had photographed ten other Presidents, and sometimes he had posed them in remarkable circumstances.

During the 1932 campaign it had been recognized by Republicans that staid and solemn President Herbert Hoover, whose views were as conservative as his physical appearance, was going to have an uphill fight not to lose the election to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the governor from New York. In spite of Roosevelt's severe crippling from poliomyelitis, he exuded charm from the tip of his ever-present highly elegant cigarette holder to the tips of his highly polished shoes. Charisma- was not invented by John F. Kennedy, as many came to think. FDR had used it twenty-eight years earlier.

Many tactics were tried in an attempt to spark

up President

Hoover's image to induce it to become a little bit lovable at least until election day, but President Hoover had an almost total lack of humor. He parted his hair in the middle, wore rounded collars, and found it almost impossible to smile for the camera. Buck May told me that he had been invited with a group of other photographers to Camp Rapidan, ( which President Eisenhower renamed Camp David ) some forested land in the Maryland hills. There by its

streams and wilderness, folksy, human poses were suggested to President Hoover which were meant to enhance his public image. One could not be found which the President could agree to. Finally it was decided that at least the vote of the horse-lovers of America might be swung to his column a good portrait of the President on a horse could be taken. However, Herbert Hoover had not ridden a horse in twenty-five or thirty years, and he was not overcome with joy with the idea. Reluctantly, he finally agreed. Jodpurs and

puttees to fit were found, and he climbed aboard. There was not, however, instant affir-

ity between horse and rider. The President was overcome with caution. He barely coaxed the horse to a slow walk. He was aware that it was a long distance to the ground and that he was surrounded by newsmen with cameras be displeased if he made a bit of a fool of himself. He kept his head down, and hung on. After walking the horse about fifty feet none of the footage a photographic essay, he climbed down.

At that point an innovative photographer thought of a genuinely folksy gimmick. He posed Mrs. Hoover seated in the woodland setting with her knitting. Beside her standing on his hind legs, was the family dog. The piece de resistance was the, President, seated just beyond, smiling a bit foolishly, his legs encased in puttees put on in reverse!

Buck had a repertoire of such tales. He gave me a new slant

on Calvin Coolidge whom I had always thought was the unsmiling one. He truly enjoyed a joke. Buck told me that of all the Presidents he had met, Calvin Coolidge was the one most loved by photographers. He allowed "baloney" shots. He posed in baseball caps and full

feather Indian chief tan headdresses with equal ease. If he was fishing and someone caught a large fish he would happily stand beside it with a triumphant grin on his face. On one of the hottest days in June one year, two pairs of skis were delivered

to the White House for President and Mrs. Coolidge. He phoned the photographers and told them to hurry over to the south lawn, where he and Mrs. Coolidge donned their new winter equipment, and on the grass, under the hot sun, they went through the motions of skiing while the photographers happily snapped away. In contrast to Grace Coolidge, Mrs. Hoover was reluctant to pose. She was sometimes referred to as "Leanback Lou." Lou Henry

Hoover had a pretty face until she smiled and then the rather wide space between her front teeth became noticeable, a fact of which she was overly conscious. She allowed no close-ups, but would hold her hands before her and make shoving motions towards the photographers, saying. "Back. back."

It was a good thing for me that in my time as a barber in

Washington Calvin Coolidge was no longer President, as he was perfectly willing to have his valet trim his hair. President Coolidge was probably the most thrifty president we ever had. During his term and-a-fraction Washington D.C. was far more a village than the busy metropolis it is today. The President could walk anywhere he wanted to and unless a tourist happened to be in town, few ever gave him a second glance. There were neither the crowds nor the traffic that now swarm over the sidewalks and streets. When the President would go out for a stroll he was always accompanied by Secret Service men. Buck would see him about once a week strolling down "F" street passed Harris and Ewing Photo Service where he worked. The President would stop to study displays in windows, to pop in and out of shops. Once returning from one of these walks, I was told, President Coolidge saw a handsome carriage harnessed to a pair of fine horses drawn up under the portico of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

"I wonder who that is," he remarked.

"Why that is the housekeeper, sir," a Secret

Service escort told him. "She has just been to the market."

The President commented. "Why couldn't she take one horse?"

It was during Coolidge's term of office that the White House

Correspondents and the White House Photographers each formed baseball teams and they held a series of games on the ellipse in the evenings after work. President Coolidge would saunter down at the end of the and sit on the sidelines casually watching the play. Times and personalities suffered a wide between then and the era of Richard Nixon.

When it came time to decide who from the White House would go to Miami in August 1972 to attend the Republican convention and who would stay at home to "tend the store," I was pleased to be placed" on stand-by for the trip to Miami by President Nixon. I had cut his hair two days before we were scheduled to fly south, but it was felt that if there was room, I should be included to be on hand for any services he might need.

The morning the entourage was to leave, Izetta drove me to Andrews Air Force Base from



where Air Force One and its follow-up would take off. I was to ride on the press airplane with Ron Zeigler and a number of the White House people. While waiting for the flight to be announced, I stood talking with Jack (Garnett) Horner, a reporter

for the Washington Star, who happened to have been one of Mr. Nixon's favorite newspaper reporters, if his most favorite. Jack had long been a customer and a friend of mine. We had plenty to talk about that day--how we thought the nominating would go-- would the move by the Ronald Reagan people have any impact--and other concerns.

As we stood in the waiting room I was approached by a uniformed chauffeur who tapped me politely on the arm and announced, "Mr. Pitts, your car is here." I was surprised, but walked with him to the door of the terminal where I saw a long shiny black limousine parked at the curb. "Mr. Pitts," the driver said, opening the door, "if you care to get in, will drive you to the airplane." Believe me. I began to feel pretty impressed with myself!

Just then Jack Horner and his wife came out of the building.

He took in the sight of the big empty limousine with only me to ride in, and said with more respect in his voice than I had ever happened to hear before, "Milt, do you mind if ride with you?" "No, indeed," I said, "Please do." So they hopped into the luxurious car and we were driven out onto the field to the waiting airplane.

Shortly afterwards, loaded with about ninety people, we took off. I never did find out how I happened to rate my very own limousine. I can only say, if the others traveling with me were not impressed, I certainly was!

In Miami, buses were lined up to meet and deliver us to our hotels. It seemed to me the city might well sink into the tropic seas under the influx of arriving traffic. People were coming not only from Washington and across the United States, but many had come from abroad to view the American political process. Without prior reservation, one would surely have had to sleep on the beach--and I think there were ordinances against that. As soon as I had heard that, might be able to attend the convention I had arranged through the manager of the Sheraton-Carlton to get me space

He took in the sight of the big empty limousine with only me to ride in, and said with more respect in his voice than I had ever happened to hear before, "Milt, do you mind if I ride with you?" "No, indeed," I said, "Please do." So they hopped into the luxurious car and we were driven out onto the field to the waiting airplane.

Shortly afterwards, loaded with about ninety people, we took off. I never did find out how I happened to rate my very own limousine. I can only say, if the others traveling with me were not impressed, I certainly was!

In Miami, buses were lined up to meet and deliver us to our hotels. It seemed to me the city might well sink into the tropic seas under the influx of arriving traffic. People were coming not only from Washington and across the United States, but many had come from abroad to view the American political process. Without prior reservation, one would surely have had to sleep on the beach--and I think there were ordinances against that. As soon as I had heard that, I might be able to attend the convention I had arranged through the manager of the Sheraton-Carlton to get me space

in Miami. was booked at the Royal Biscayne Hotel, which was quite close to the compound on Key Biscayne where the President and his immediate party would be staying. Many of the others from our flight were put up at the Four Ambassadors Hotel. At that time Ray Zouk planned all the trips and made reservations for the President and those who accompanied him on his travels. Ray was a good friend of mine, though not a client of either of my barbershops. He wore his hair in the "Telly Savalas" cut. He shaved his head every . Ray was my point of contact with the Convention. Headquarters were established at the Four Ambassadors where an area was set up for news people and White House staff to meet. When I needed to go from the Royal Biscayne Hotel to Miami. I would call Ray, and he would send a limousine from a chartered service to pick me up. On that matter, I had been interested to learn when I first began service at the White House, that the official cars were not chauffeured by Secret Service men. but were driven by the military personnel made up of Army, Navy and Marine men, who were stationed in Washington D.C. for the special purpose of providing drivers for the limousines

when special protection was required. I confess I enjoyed hearing Ray say into a phone, "Mr. Pitts is here and he is a guest of the President and needs transportation to his hotel. Shortly thereafter a handsome car would drive up and I would be driven off in a style that made me feel that the Buick back home in my garage had lacked something .

Nearly everywhere I went, I carried my briefcase with a full set of barbering tools so that I would be ready to serve the President at any time when he might call. When I wanted to swim in the pool, or planned to be away from a phone, all I had to do was to let Ray know where to find me. Under the same arrangement, my evenings were free. I usually spent them with Joe Carlow, a friend of many years, who operated a Beauty and Barber School in Miami. Joe has a nation-wide reputation in razor styling, and one year had been voted World Champion Barber.

One evening a couple nights before the voting in the convention hall, Joe and I went out for dinner and later dropped into a large night club. Sammy Davis Jr. was heading the entertainment. While we were sitting at a table sipping a long cool drink we heard a stirring in the

crowd and word passed around that President Nixon had dropped . Of course a President never quite "drops in" to a crowded night club. But suddenly the spotlights were turned on a special table, and there was the President, dressed in a lightweight well tailored suit, and unlike nearly everyone else in Miami, a starched white shirt and carefully knotted tie. He stood up and waved and the place all but exploded with clapping and cheering and stamping of feet. Sammy Davis invited him to come up on the stage, and I was astounded when the President agreed and made his way through the tables and up onto the platform. Sammy was so excited to see him that, small man though he was, he raced over to the President, threw his arms around him, and all but picked up all 174 pounds of him! Everyone laughed, applauded and shouted. There was a ten foot ladder standing on the stage on which some of the performers, all pretty young women, were standing and sitting. They got so excited I thought the ladder might topple over. It just happened that with the President were people with cameras, and some marvelous publicity pictures were taken. The President was sun tanned and relaxed, and already, I

suspected, feeling the coming triumph at the convention hall. It was a high moment for me to feel I had contributed somewhat to his well-being.

Beside the convention hall, indeed, almost beneath it, a trailer had been stationed through which the President could pass on his way to the stage. The trailer was both for the President's security, and to offer facilities for last minute services. I was expected to be there before the President arrived and ready to provide any last minute grooming he might require.

On the eve of the convention, Miami had been deluged not only with delegates to the convention and the guests who managed to get passes into the hall for the events, but also by thousands of dissidents who marched through the streets carrying banners and shouting. There were some small groups with personal complaints among them, but mostly there were young people with long hair, wearing blue jeans, who were organized against the war in Vietnam. They moved in frightening numbers around the outside of the convention hall. On the night of the President's first arrival there they were milling and yelling and had

overturned several cars. The police were busy making arrests, and when necessary, breaking up the mobs with the use of tear gas.

I rode by bus to the convention hall where Bob Manning, assistant for transportation to Ray Zouk, took me around to a side entrance. Although I was wearing not only my White House Pass but a Special badge for entrance, I was checked. I was asked to open my briefcase and layout all my instruments, even including my hair dryer. The Secret Service man in charge pointed with alarm at the folding razor I had laid out alongside my shears.

"It is common practice," I said. "for me to cut the President's hair with a razor. That is the only way to get a really smooth effect. It is the one tool I am most likely to need."

The man hesitated. Standing to one side was a Secret Service

man who knew me. When he saw me being questioned, he came over and asked, "Milt, have you got a problem?" Then he smiled at his co-worker. "This man is all right. He's the barber to the President. I know him well."

I was given yet another special tag. It was shaped like a football and was bright yellow.



With it, I was told, I could go any place in the convention area.

When the President arrived, even the whirling of the helicopter blades, which made a great stir in the air, could not disseminate the smell of tear gas the police had thrown. People who watched the President step out of the aircraft waved happily at him, but with tears in their eyes from the stinging gases.

I was seated about midway in the hall and had an excellent

view of the proceedings when the President and Mrs. Nixon stepped on stage. I had seen the President in many places, but I had never heard such greeting as he received that night. The applause was like continuing thunder, and mingled with it was yelling and whistling of wild enthusiasm. Everyone was smiling. I had never seen or heard such an enthusiastic crowd. President Nixon's second nomination was a most joyous event.

The following evening while waiting for the President and Mrs. Nixon, and Vice President and Mrs. Agnew to arrive to make their acceptance speeches, John Wayne and Charlton Heston came in and sat down with me. They had

been actively campaigning for the President and were participating in the convention. Since I could always recognize a hairpiece, no matter how expertly it had been made, saw that John Wayne was wearing one. I have since heard that he is most casual about informing the public that he does.

Both Hollywood actors were relaxed, and when a waitress popped in from the hall to see if we wished to order anything, they asked for scotch.

The early part of the stage program that evening was filled with patriotic messages and music. A teenager, a bright, pretty, little blond girl, gave an emotional message. Her brother had been killed in Vietnam, she said, yet she felt that President Nixon was doing right in his handling of the war, and she gave him heartfelt praise. When she left the stage she came out through the trailer where the three of us were sitting.

At that moment, Bill Brock began making a speech for the Republican party. Charlton Heston said to John Wayne, "Who is that fellow? He is very good and an excellent speaker."

"That is Senator William Brock from Tennes-

see," I told him.

Just then the waitress returned with a tray full of drinks, and asked if anyone else would like something.

"Yes.", I said, "I'd like some orange juice."

The young girl speaker said she would like some too, and sat down next to John Wayne while she sipped it. After a minute she said, looking from one to another of us, "I would certainly love to have the President autograph my program. Do any of you suppose that would be possible?"

The waitress with the tray of drinks was still standing by

the doorway, one ear cocked to Bill Brock's speech, her eyes feasting on the movie stars.

"Why don't- you ask Mr. Pitts?" she said. "He will probably see the President in just a few minutes."

The young lady's eyes opened wide. "Who is Mr. Pitts?" she asked.

"Why, this gentleman right here," the waitress said, pointing to me.

"He is the President's barber."

In awed tones the teenager asked me, "Do you

cut the President's hair?"

"I certainly do." said.

She leaned across John Wayne and Charlton Heston and poked her program towards my hand "Would you please autograph this?" she asked.

I laughed. "Honey," I said, "I think you would rather have these other gentlemen sign your program."

"No," she said. "want you to autograph it."

I felt a little silly, but signed my name. As returned the program to her across the stunned bodies of two of Hollywood's greatest lights, said, "Let me give you a little advice. Write down The name "Mr. Ollie Atkins, White House Photographer, The White House. Washington, D.C." Write to Mr. Atkins and tell him you would like a picture of the President, and to have the President autograph it for you. I will remind the President, and also Ollie Atkins.

You

certainly made a great speech for the President. When he hears about it, I am sure he will appreciate what you said."

When she had finished her orange juice she

thanked us, smiled, and left without asking either Wayne or Heston for their signatures. Later I heard that she had written to Ollie and in reply she had received a photograph of the entire Nixon family including Julie and David and Tricia and Eddie. Each had personally signed the picture.

Ollie Atkins was the White House photographer during the Nixon years. He accompanied the President on his trips to China, Russia and the Middle East. His colored photographs of those events are the finest I have ever seen. He gave copies of many of them to me and I appreciated the prints he gave me. They made a background of the history of my White House years. In return for them, I never felt I could allow Ollie to pay for his haircuts. Instead I would say to him, "It doesn't take any time to cut your hair. You haven't much to cut." His hair was very thin. Ollie Atkins bore a striking physical resemblance to Senator William Fulbright of Missouri.

Every year, whatever President was in office, an official

picture would be taken of him which would be reproduced for many government uses.

President Nixon always seemed to be in a hurry on Official Picture taking day. Ollie once told me that when the President was informed he was to have his picture taken that day in the Oval Office, he just sat down, smiled, and said, "I have just six minutes. Let's get it over with."

Ollie Atkins could get a fine, character revealing photograph in that brief a time.

His assistant, Buck May, had taken some equally remarkable pictures of the presidents in more casual poses. Among his gallery he has some remarkable ones. He had snapped President Harding riding horseback for pleasure near the White House, President Hoover listening to "an. early radio with a head-set, and President Wilson, while recovering from his stroke, proving to the country that he was still capable of being its President by signing his name. favorite, I think. of a weary President Coolidge in a dark suit, high-laced patent leather shoes, and a yachting cap aboard the Presidential Yacht. It was snapped in 1927 during a joint review of the Atlantic and Pacific Fleets. After standing two and a half hours, the President had finally seated himself on a chair on the forward deck. had snapped him seated

still holding a salute.

Upon return to the White House from the convention there was

much speculation about what kind of a campaign the President would run. Would he stay home and campaign by tackling the continuing backlog of national problems, or would he take to the trail against his Democratic opponents. Senator George McGovern of South Dakota, and Ambassador Robert Sargent Shriver Jr. (formerly ambassador to France, but possibly better known as the first director of the Peace Corps after appointment by his brother-in law then President, John F. Kennedy.)

An article by Bill Anderson in the Chicago Tribune that Summer \_ commented that in spite of all the high priced counsel employed by the President, he was getting his advice from his barber.

While it maybe hard to believe that a barber, though probably as much a political expert as anyone else in politics, could really influence the campaign, that kind of advice could be straighter than some of the information Nixon receives from his own highly cluttered and disorganized committee to Re-elect the President.

That amused me almost as much as a story that was supposed to have taken place at the National Press Club. There, it was said, a group of reporters had sat about bewailing the fact that they were unable to get in to see Mr. Nixon. One remarked, "Even Milton Pitts has more opportunity to talk to the President than any of us."

At least one of the reporters present was unfamiliar with my name. "Who is Milton Pitts?" he asked.

"He is the President's barber. Every Tuesday and Thursday he

goes to the White House where he shears the heads of any number of the top echelon including the President whom he sees at least once every ten days."

"We," a reporter moaned, "are lucky is we see him once in ten months"

A suggestion followed that perhaps a news conference should be scheduled after each Presidential haircut--with me!

With or without any advice from his barber, the campaign of 1972 resulted in a landslide victory for President Nixon. There were vic-



tory parties all over Washington. Izetta and I attended one at the Shoreham Hotel. The first entertainer of the evening was Sammy Davis Jr., who was so exuberant one might have thought he had been elected President! Vice President and Mrs. Agnew appeared, and then, after a long wait, the triumphant President with Mrs. Agnew. I had never in my life been compacted into such tight quarters. The space was so full of people crammed chest to backbone facing the stage that if anyone had fainted they could not have fallen down. If one's hands were not already raised from one's sides, there was no room between elbows and those of the person next to one to get one's hands up to applaud.

No one that night was worrying about what seemed a minor incident which had occurred the previous June when two illegal entries had been attempted into the offices of the Democratic National Committee Head Quarters at a Watergate office building. I had never taken the incident seriously. Nothing had been stolen. No one had been hurt. The burglars had tried to place wire taps on two telephones, and had meant to photograph documents, but had been foiled in their attempts before any

information had been discovered. At the time, it seemed no more serious than the scouting an opposing team's game plan the week before one tackled them. Politics was frequently called a game. However illegal entry was carrying the game pretty far. But former

enthusiastic candidates had, to my mind, gone further--as would later be well documented in a book by Victor Lasky, "It Didn't Start With Watergate." No, that night, and the ensuing weeks until the inauguration, were times of happy expectation.

I had found that there were certain particular people in Washington whom most of the un-introduced public were "simply dying to meet." Number One was always the President. A person might not have liked the President, and might have noisily campaigned against him, but once he was in Washington. the magic of the office was there. How could one meet the President? It was rarely possible on a personal basis. As to other famous government officials, if one lived in the city and happened to chose the right apartment house, and rode its elevators often enough, one was bound to run into a few. Or if one bought a townhouse on the right street in the right part of town

one might be able to set one's trash barrels out alongside those of a Senator or Cabinet officer. Acquaintances made in strange ways. But for the casual visitor, the tourist on as once-in-a-life time trip to the nation's capital there were opportunities to view their leaders "live." One might attend sessions of Congress, or publicly announced hearings, or dine in certain restaurants known to be frequented by people of note. If a poll were taken, I suspect the personalities Americans would most like to meet would be Dr. Henry Kissinger, Senator Barry Goldwater, Johnny Nevada and Senator Edward Kennedy. Those three, for various reasons, were, in their own lifetimes, not merely men, but legends.

I barbered Dr. Kissinger frequently, Senator Goldwater several times, and Ted Kennedy never, though there were few men in Washington more urgently in need of a proper hairstyling than the latter.

One evening shortly before President Nixon's second inauguration, I had my first meeting with Senator Goldwater. He came to the Carlton shop. His hair was receding at the temples but what he had was strong, and was a handsome shading of dark, silver, and white which

looked great above his Arizona sun tan. But his hairstyle was too flat and he was using a type of hair dressing which I considered unsuitable. I shampooed, conditioned and blew dry his hair, meanwhile dispensing a lecture on how to make the most of his hair by not loading it with oils. He seemed attentive, but when a man is in the habit of having his hair done regularly somewhere else, and drops in for the first time to a new barbershop, one can hardly expect him to toss out everything his own barber has been telling' him for years and suddenly become a convert to her way of thinking. Some men do, but most don't.

When I finished with Senator Goldwater and he had thanked me, I said, "I hope your wife likes it. If she does. you're a winner. If not, it's back to the drawing board."

He flashed his broad. toothy grin, his face crinkling along the paths the sun had creased, and, said, "I'll let you know." I saw him the following week at one of the Inaugural Balls.

He made a point of coming through the crowd to say hello to me and me, "She likes it."

Since then he has come to the barbershop several times. I always thought he would have

made a fine President, but during his best years to have filled the office, the political timing was not right.

In December, Izetta and I began receiving handsomely engraved invitations to the inaugural activities, each bearing a gold seal showing the Capitol dome rising over eagle's wings with ribbons bearing the names "Nixon-Agnew." Festivities began on January 18th with a reception honoring the Vice President and Mrs. Agnew. That evening there were special Salutes to the States held in the Opera House and Concert Hall of the Kennedy Center with Bob Hope and

Frank Sinatra acting as co-masters of ceremonies. Miss Merry Ann Meeuwsen, Miss America of 1972, the Serendipity Singers, the Pat Boone Family, Joey Heatherton and Wayne Newton entertained. The following afternoon there was a Salute to America's Heritage, and that night a choice between three concerts. Izetta seemed to spend all her time wondering what gown to wear or did her hair need another combing out. I was happy to be committed to one hair style and one tuxedo. My choices lay between two dress shirts and a change of cummerbunds. Inauguration day was bright

and cold. The Nixon family, including Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower, were resplendent in well-tailored, warm clothes chosen in bright colors. Nobody would ask me what I wore to the Inauguration and the parade which followed, so I will tell you. Izetta had given me a new coat for Christmas. It was black and was a man-made fur. I think it simulated sheared beaver. When the day was predicted to be very cold, I wore it. As the wind swept

down the streets, I was happy to huddle into it. Our seats for the parade were in the stands on Pennsylvania Avenue right in front of the White House. As we were walking towards them I led the way. One of the Secret Service men who knew me called out, "Hi. Milt, did you leave your wife home today?"

"Why no," I replied in surprise, wondering why he didn't recognize Izetta who was right behind me. "Why do you ask?"

"Well" he replied, grinning broadly, "I see you have her coat on today."

I plunged on ahead to our seats, closely followed by Izetta

in her own fur coat. When we settled, I said, "I don't think

the others had exchanged places. Izetta was seated next to a rather staid appearing, quiet man. Thinking that he was one of the Secret Service, she attempted to make a conversation with him.

"Mrs. Cox is a lovely lady, isn't she?" Izetta said, nodding

towards the lady who was seated just beyond.

Without much emotion the man said. "I certainly think so. I

have been married to her for thirty years."

I found myself seated beside Mrs. Eisenhower, whom I had always considered a most gallant woman. I was delighted to have the opportunity to have even a brief contact with her, and began my conversation on a note on which I thought we might have some common interest. I told her what my job in the White House was, and that I also had a shop at the Carlton. Stan Anderson, the husband of her niece, was my frequent customer.

"I find him a most interesting man," I told the former First Lady with open admiration.

"Oh, is that so?" intoned Mrs. Eisenhower in an oddly cool voice. Later I discovered the

the others had exchanged places. Izetta was seated next to a rather staid appearing, quiet man. Thinking that he was one of the Secret Service, she attempted to make a conversation with him.

"Mrs. Cox is a lovely lady, isn't she?" Izetta said, nodding

towards the lady who was seated just beyond.

Without much emotion the man said. "I certainly think so. I

have been married to her for thirty years."

I found myself seated beside Mrs. Eisenhower, whom I had always considered a most gallant woman. I was delighted to have the opportunity to have even a brief contact with her, and began my conversation on a note on which I thought we might have some common interest. I told her what my job in the White House was, and that I also had a shop at the Carlton. Stan Anderson, the husband of her niece, was my frequent customer.

"I find him a most interesting man," I told the former First Lady with open admiration.

"Oh, is that so?" intoned Mrs. Eisenhower in an oddly cool voice. Later I discovered the



reason for her lack of enthusiasm. The marriage between her neice and Stan had been dissolved some time previously.

A little later, while Izetta and I were dancing, I recognized Attorney General Richard Kleindienst among the throng. I had given him many haircuts at the White House barbershop. He was a person with whom I particularly enjoyed working on. He was warm and outgoing, and always found time to express personal interest in people whom he met. When he saw me at the Ball, he grabbed my hand and pumped it.

"I would like you to meet Mrs. Pitts," I said. stepping aside, The Attorney General hugged Izetta and gave her a big kiss on the cheek. "We think the world of your old man at the White House" he said. "But when you get him home, would you kick the hell out of him? We don't want him getting a big head."

All the kissing, that went on between the notables of Washington was a shock to Izetta. It had been a surprise to me too when I had first begun working at the White House. Kisses were exchanged almost as freely as handshakes.



## **Chapter IX**

### **THE FALLING OUT**

From that high noon, the Nixon administration began its descent into midnight.

This is not a tale of the Watergate tragedy, though it was there.

I was in the White House twice every week. There was no escaping that it was happening. It influenced the lives of everyone who was then connected with the White House.

In January the seven men directly connected to the illegal entry at the Democratic headquarters pleaded guilty, and were convicted of their roles. One of the seven, a former White house aide James W. McCord. Jr., in March, wrote a letter to the U.S. District Judge, John J Sirica, who had presided at the trial of the seven, and stated that top ranking White House officials had been involved in ordering the break-ins and were making a massive cover-up of their complicity. Shortly thereafter President Nixon asserted that an internal investigation disclosed no White House involvement. But the following month, in April. he made a public announcement that "serious charges" concerning the case had been brought to his attention. The charges included allegations that John Erhlichman, Bob Haldeman and John Dean had participated in the cover-up. The President requested prime time on nation-wide television for the evening of April to make an announcement of great importance. Before he was due for his televised appearance, he had an appointment with me in the White House barbershop.

Everyone I had seen on my past several visits to the White had appeared grim, tight of

jaw, staring straight ahead, and rather low in color. The atmosphere was of an unspeakable tragedy.

It did not seem possible that such a small incident had been blown up to such size that it was now about to blow the roof off White House. All the usual banter and ease of fellowship between the staff seemed to be locked away.

By contrast, when the President entered the barbershop the evening of April 30, I was amazed to see that he seemed perfectly at ease. He did not appear at all upset. In fact, he was more pleasant than usual.

"Mr. Pitts," he asked, as I up his jacket, "do you drink anything?"

It was almost as personal a question as he had ever asked me.

"Very little, Mr. President," I replied. "Sat a cocktail party I will nurse one through the evening. In the winter I occasionally enjoy a martini."

As I was talking I felt as though I was just filling the air, trying to put something into it besides

the apprehension I felt about what the President might possibly say on television within the next hour.

But apparently the President either did not reflect my grim mood, or he was such an excellent actor that he had decided he was not going to allow what lay ahead of him to show how deeply it hurt. He went on discussing martinis as though they were a number one Pro-team. "My, martinis are good, aren't they?" he said. Then he laughed, a short, sort of half laugh. "But you never want more than two of them, or you'll get into an argument with your wife, right?"

"That's about it, sir," I said.

When I finished with his haircut he waved aside the mirror as he always did, which never ceased to make me feel good, especially when he was going directly to a public appearance. It was rewarding to feel that he knew, without looking, that I had done a perfect job. I helped him back into his suit jacket. He adjusted his tie, straightened up, smiled, and thanked me, and departed to go fire John Ehrlichman and Bob Haldeman who had worked at his elbows for

years. I don't think the word used was "fire." It was specifically stated that he "fired" John Dean, but he "accepted the resignations" of John and Bob.

I do not mean to imply that President Nixon was heartless. When he spoke on television he was genuinely sad. He announced that his two dearest friends, his most trusted lieutenants, were leaving the White House as a decision he had reached as an outgrowth of the Watergate inquiry. It was, he said, "like being obliged to cut off his right hand."

As I watched his announcement on television I felt he was just barely on top of his emotions. I began to understand why he had appeared so offhand while chatting with me. I believe he was determined to attempt to remain in control of a most ugly situation. He had come to the White House after a long and disappointing struggle. One of his great handicaps had always been a bad press. Sometimes it seemed to me certain members of the press were like Jackals waiting for a moment of weakness to strike to wound or kill their victims. Richard Nixon had much to offer both his country and history but there were certain others who were

determined to find his Achilles heel and wound him fatally.

General Alexander M. Haig Jr. became Chief of Staff after Bob Haldeman left. During my next few visits to the White House I was aware of a difference in its atmosphere. People were not tip-toeing, but it seemed more quiet. Ken Cole, who had been Ehrlichman's assistant, took the job of domestic counsel. With General Haig in charge, a different tone became apparent. To my thinking he was one of the brightest, yet most quiet, operators the White House ever had. He was able to get things done without any sign of obvious pressure. People immediately liked and respected him. He did not have the bulldozer approach that Haldeman had used.

Many times while he was in my chair General Haig would be approached by an aide seeking a decision ..Very quietly he would . "Let me think about it for a moment." Then he would say, "Before we proceed. better talk with..." He always wanted to be sure of his facts and to have made certain he had received all the necessary input. I do not mean that this delayed his decisions, but it seemed to me they were

given an extra measure of fairness.

One day while General Haig was in the barber-shop I showed him some prints Ollie Atkins had just brought-in of some pictures he taken of me in the barbershop.

"This is amazing," he said. "You look just like Governor Nelson Rockefeller."

I had never imagined such a thing. I did not remember ever having seen a close-up of the former governor of New York but if I had, I probably might not have noticed the resemblance, since a person always looks different to himself than he does to others.

"The resemblance is very marked," General Haig said. "I am

going to New York tonight to have dinner with Governor Rockefeller. If you, will let me take one of these pictures along, I will show it to him. I will say, "Well. you finally made it into the White House."

We both laughed and I gave him the picture. It was not long after that that Dr. Kissinger remarked on the similarity in appearance between Governor Rockefeller and myself. At the time I did not think too much about it. I never expected to meet the governor from New York.



Top assistant in the White House to General Haig was Major George ), a jolly man who always seemed able to make the General smile. They had been in Viet Nam together through several battles. A story went around that during one early battle, they had been sharing a foxhole while the shells flew overhead. Major Joulwan had leaned over to pick up something and in so doing, had lost his balance and fallen over on the uneven ground, knocking the General down. At that moment a shell exploded right where their heads might have been. Since then the two men had been very close friends. Of the team, General Haig was the straight man, and the major the stand-up comic. Once, when things were really rough during the latter Nixon days, Major Joulwan came into the barbershop. "Milt," he said "if things get any tougher around here, I think I will dig a big foxhole right next to the helicopter pad." I laughed at him. When the General came in for his appointment a little later. I said, "General last night I was out shopping at Sears I saw Major Joulwan buying a couple big shovels. "What do you suppose he needed them for?" During his first barbershop appointment with

me I had sized up the shape of General Haig's face and the possibilities of what I might do with his hair I suggested to him that with his permission I would like to try a change. He was quite bald on top, and I thought that by re-styling the hair that he had, I could almost cover up his baldness. After I had rearranged his hair the first time, he returned to his office in the White House. Within an hour, however, he opened the barbershop door and stepped inside, "Ye gods," I thought, "he wants me to redo him."

General Haig gave me a big smile. "I just wanted to tell you," he said happily "When I went back to the office, the girls in the office didn't even recognize me!"

He was in a jaunty mood. He was having dinner that evening, with a friend from the Pentagon, Admiral Rembrandt Robinson, who was now doing some special work at the White House. He could hardly wait to get a reaction from his old friend over his new appearance.

One day not long after that General Haig was in the chair and Admiral was standing beside him while they talked over some business. As the Admiral prepared to depart, the General asked

him , "Are you coming over for dinner tonight?"

"No," the Admiral answered. "don't think I'm coming over

to your house at all any more. Every time I do my wife just

stands and stares at your hair styling. I don't think I like

that, kind of competition."

They laughed together.

After many attempts by both General Haig and myself at trying to get Admiral Robinson to make an appointment with me, he finally consented. However, I was able to make only minor changes in his hair style. I felt he was too deeply indoctrinated with Navy routine to wear his hair in the new longer style now in fashion.

Shortly after he had lost the presidential election, Senator

George McGovern had an appointment in the Carlton shop. His hair was quite dark, artificially, and I suggested to him that I thought he would look better if he allowed it to return to its natural color, which was a pleasant silvery gray. He listened to me, but gave no comment,

on my advice. He had just returned from a mission to Cuba where he had tried to warm up relations between our countries. It was important for both of us, he felt, to develop a better understanding. I certainly agreed with him if it could be done under the right circumstances. Personally, I felt that over the years we had offered Castro many opportunities for a better relationship, none of which he seemed to consider sufficiently generous. I have no feeling that our country should ever have to buy friendship anywhere. Some time before that Izetta and I had been in New York. It had been a busy time of the year and we had had difficulty finding suitable hotel reservations. Our final choice had not been the greatest hotel, but it was clean and comfortable. The week after we had been there we saw pictures in "the newspapers of Castro's visit to New York. In the photographs the Cubans were shown hanging out of their hotel rooms waving at the crowds below. What do you know, some of the rooms they occupied were the same that Izetta and I

had shared the previous week. Which made it easy for us as we read on in the article. to picture the hotel scene. It stated, that the Cubans,

being suspicious of New York restaurants which might have evil plans for their leader, they had brought along their own food supply, and were preparing it in their rooms. Their menu included chicken, which they were keeping live until time to prepare them for dinner! In my mind I could clearly recall the room we had had with its small kitchenette. I could imagine the

chickens hopping and clucking about, scratching on the rugs and laying eggs in odd corners until it was time for the man with the hatchet. I stopped there, I had seen enough chickens killed to know what happened next. But what, I wondered, what had they done with all the feathers they had plucked?

A clever writer whom I was privileged to meet through my White House association was Phil Love, author of "Andrew W. Mellon-The Man and His Work" However, Phil was probably best known for syndicated column, Love on Life, which sometimes appeared in the Washington Star. He had a sharply honed wit and words seemed to fall together for him like pieces of a tightly fitted puzzle which made beautiful sense when they were strung together.

I met him at a White House Correspondents Dinner, and after we had chatted a bit, he asked me for an appointment at the barber-shop. "I want to sit in the chair where Henry Kissinger has sat," was the way he put it. I assured him that that could be arranged. It would have been a pleasure for me to have been able to get Mr. Love into the White House barbershop, but Dr. Kissinger had sat in my chair at the Carlton often enough for it all but to be declared an historic landmark.

Shortly thereafter Phil Love kept his appointment with me. He was then in his late sixties, but still very much in his prime. He told me he had never dreamed he would achieve the distinction of having his hair cut by the same man who barbered the President of the United States.

I started barbering him by giving him my usual treatment, shampooing, then rubbing it dry before combing it to see which way it naturally fell. He had been wearing it parted in the middle and plastered down to keep it that way, he told me, for as long as he could remember. "But look," I said, after I had combed his hair partless and allowed it to fall as it wanted to.

"Your hair parts naturally on the right side. It goes in a straight line right back to your crown."

I , pointed to his part reflected in the mirror before him.

He was surprised. "This is a fine time in my life for somebody to tell me something so basic about myself!" he said, studying the mirror thoughtfully. Still, he did not seem convinced.

While I had him still in shock over the first bit of news, I suggested that he would look better if he didn't plaster his hair down to his scalp. "The current style is to have the hair stand away, to appear loose, while remaining neatly in place."

I don't know what tipped the scales to let me have my way, but he finally allowed me to do as I pleased. Perhaps he figured since he was paying what he considered a luxury price for his hair style that he ought to get his money's worth. I parted his hair on the right and sprayed it with a lacquerless spray that would hold it until he next combed it. I thought he really looked good. I had razored the back so that it was smooth, and trimmed his sideburns, and the whole look was the sculptured

one I liked. He certainly looked different from the man with the center part who had seated himself in my chair twenty minutes earlier.

The next time I saw him he told me that when he had returned

to his office his secretary had not recognized him. "Mr. Love isn't here, just now," she had said. "but I am expecting him back very soon."

That evening at a party at Kennedy Center he had spoken to a woman whom he had previously met. At first she denied knowing him, and then suddenly she had gasped, "Of course it's you! But your hair is different. You've unglued it and moved the part."

As to the part, Phil never could decide if he liked his old place for it, or mine. He told me, "When I get up in the morning, if feel like a middle-of-the-roader, that is where part my hair. If I am feeling ultra conservative. I place it on the right."

Having read many of Phil Love's columns I never had to worry about his parting his hair on the left.

A great moment for America, the world. and his many well-wishers came when Dr. Henry A. Kissinger was sworn in as Secretary of State. It



occurred on September 22, 1973.

On the previous evening President Nixon had been in the barbershop.

While was cutting his hair said, "Mr. President, think

know something about Dr. Kissinger that you don't."

"I am sure you do," he said. "What is it?"

"I am a bit of a buff on U.S. history, its presidents and cabinet members," said. "I have discovered that Dr. Kissinger will be the first Secretary of State since World War who does not part his hair in any way."

The President thought a moment. "How about Dean Acheson?"

"He parts his hair."

"How about Mr. Dulles?"

"He also parted his hair."

We went on down the line. Suddenly the President thought he

had caught me "What about Dean Rusk?" he asked, with a bit of a gleam in his eye.

"Mr. President," I replied, "when Mr. Rusk had hair, he

parted it. What hair he has today, is parted."

The following morning, while Dr, Kissinger's mother held the Bible and bit her lip to hold back her happy tears, her son was sworn in by Chief Justice Warren Burger.

Then President Nixon spoke. First, he made reference to the

lengthy confirmation hearings which Dr. Kissinger had faced

before his nomination had been accepted. He paraphrased the trial in the words of Winston Churchill, "The most exhilarating thing in life is to be shot at without result."

He then went on to say:

... much has been written about Dr. Kissinger's background and the significance of his appointment. All of you know, and members of the press are aware of the fact that I like to refer to things which happen to be first in the Administration.. I suppose that is the right of every President...

But in Dr. Kissinger's case, we are very proud and it is very significant in these days when we think of America as part of a whole world community, it is very significant that for the first

time in our long history, a naturalized citizen is the Secretary of State of the United States. It is also significant to note that this is the first Secretary of State who, before assuming that office, had traveled on official business both to Peking and to Moscow. I was trying to think of something else that had not been written, and nothing occurred to me until yesterday, when very late in the day, thought better get a haircut before appearing on television again, and so my barber, who is also Dr. Kissinger's barber, said he had been looking at some pictures of Secretaries of State, and he said, "I bet I know something about this that you don't know i."

I said, "am sure you do. What is it? "

He said, "He is the first Secretary of State since World War II who does not part his hair."

So I began to think backward, and I said, "Secretary Acheson, yes that is right, he parted his hair, Secretary Dulles parted his hair, Secretary Rogers parted his hair."

But then to my barber, who is a very wise man and seldom wrong. I said. "But what about Secretary Rusk?" And he said, "Well, Mr. President, he didn't have much hair. but what he

had. He parted."

Dr. Kissinger always seemed to me to be the hardest working man in the White House. Every time worked on him he would enter the barbershop with a fully loaded briefcase. He would take out a stack of papers and continue working from the moment I draped him until I was finished and held up the mirror for his comments. The hair might fall on his papers, but he just dusted it off, and kept on working. People would never let him alone even when he was having his haircut. There were interruptions. The phone would ring, and frequently, when I answered it. I could scarcely understand the words spoken with strange foreign accents, I could tell from the way Dr. Kissinger addressed his callers that they were dignitaries and diplomats of great stature. He would talk with them while his eyes kept scanning the lines on the papers in his lap, his hands turning one page after another as he finished reading it. And all the while he was giving answers or asking questions into the telephone. And what was I doing? I was cutting his hair, angling around the telephone cord so I did not trip on it, or wrap it around his neck as I turned his chair about to get at various angles of his

head. I often wondered what Mr. Sadat or Mrs. Ghandi or whomever he might have been talking with would have thought if they had known the Secretary of State of the United states was not sitting behind an elegant, polished mahogany desk a fine suite of giving them his undivided attention, but was under a barber's apron his hair cut.

One day Secretary Kissinger was my chair his cat before a planned trip abroad. As usual his arms were filled with papers. I gave him his usual treatment, he stuffed his papers back into his briefcase, and was off. Moment later I noticed a sheet of paper lying on the TV stand where the magazines were kept. The paper was printed, and it was marked with a red tag. I did not know what degree of secrecy the tag indicated, but since the paper belonged to the Secretary of State, I felt it could be highly confidential. I picked it up and hurried out with it. Upstairs I

went immediately to Dr. Kissinger's office and spoke with his secretary.

"Is Secretary Kissinger here?" °I asked.

She answered pleasantly "Yes he is." but I could see she was wondering who I was in my

blue tuxedo jacket with its crest on the pocket. I said, "Would you please give this sheet of paper to Dr.

Kissinger. He was in the barbershop downstairs, and I believe he must have left it."

At that moment Secretary Kissinger stuck his head around the

corner and smiled at me.

"Hi Milt," he said. Then he got a wicked, almost wolf-like gleam in his eye, "Did you find it interesting reading? he teased.

"No, Mr. Secretary," I said, still flustered from feeling as though might have been handed a live section of a nuclear bomb., "I didn't have time to read it."

He laughed and I handed him the paper.

I cannot begin to name all the people who came to the White House barbershop, though each in his own way was interesting. It was understood that no one who was not directly associated with the White House or on important business there could use the facilities of the barbershop, so it made for a most exclusive clientele. There were my regulars, and then there were those who only came in a few times.

People who lived at a distance, but in some served the White House.

One of these was a man who always seemed a bit of a mystery, though he was friendly and always smiled and greeted me warmly. He was certainly a loyal friend to President Nixon who seemed to enjoy his company more than any other man's.

Charles Gregory Rebozo, known in the White House and to the press as "Bebe, was a man physically, culturally, and through personality, very different from the President. I heard that he controlled vast wealth, some of it through some Florida banks, of which he was president and also, I understood he was connected with real estate and at least one land and title company.. It was he who had first interested Mr. Nixon in Key Biscayne and they owned neighboring estates there.

The first time Mr. Rebozo came into the barbershop he was on his way to Camp David with the Nixons for a weekend. He was a widower and alone. I had heard that his wife had suffered a prolonged illness. So the story went that he visited her every day during the period that she had been hospitalized, always bring-

ing her a fresh bouquet of flowers.

When he had called for his appointment he asked if he could get his hair cut in ten minutes.

"Yes, sir," I had assured him. "If ten minutes is all that you have, that is all that it will take."

He was a very pleasant and extremely easy to please. His hair was much grayer than it had looked in his photographs, and it had both waves and curls. I would have liked to have able to style it for him, but he said he had thought he had heard the helicopter motors when he had started down the stairs.

The next time he came in he was on his way to California with the Nixons. I cannot say that I ever got to know him to any extent. He was always in a hurry. But no story of my days in the White, House would be complete without acknowledging the quest presence in the White House of this good friend and loyal supporter of the President.

One of President Nixon's early programs during his first

administration had been the creation of a new Office of Management and Budget which had far greater powers than the old Bureau of the



Budget. Its first director, was George Shultz. He was followed by Roy Ash, who moved from California to Washington to accept the appointment. Mr. Ash came to me every two weeks during the time he was director of OMB. I had a special fondness for h. In his field he was probably the smartest head I ever worked on.

As I would shampoo him I sometimes thought if only my fingers were a little more sensitive they would feel all the numbers tumbling around inside his skull. He was a whiz with figures. His first job in finance had been that of a bank teller at a small branch of Bank of America in Los Angeles, but he didn't stay behind that cage very long. He was co-founder of Litton Industries leapt from bank teller to member of the Board of Directors of the Bank of America. In

spite of the billions his head may have been wrestling with, he was always exceptionally appreciative of the technique I used on him. His hair was light and thin, and I would blow dry and fluff it to make every hair accountable . He would say. "You do wonders with the little bit I've got" as he thanked me for my service.

I frequently worked until nine or ten at night to accommodate the people who were too busy to come to see me during normal working hours. They would want appointments just before leaving for the night. Russ Dean, who worked for Clark MacGregor, who was Congressional liaison man, called one evening and if I had any time left that night. I said, "I wish you had called earlier. I am booked through 8:00."

"Can you do me at 8:30" he asked.

"Well," I stalled, "will you be here that late?"

I could almost hear him yawning into the telephone. "I left

here last night at 11:00. Tonight I am hoping to get home by

11:00."

Another employee of Clark MacGregor, John Russell Dean. Jr.,

son of retired General John Russell Dean, used to come into the White House barbershop After Russ heard about the hairnet episode between Steve Bull and Bob Taylor he begged me regularly to let him photograph his boss while he was sitting in the chair wearing the net. But

once, I felt. was enough!

Herbert G. Klein director of communications for the executive branch was a quiet, soft spoken man who came in regularly to have his haircut. Once he asked Izetta and me to be his guests at a White House Correspondents dinner.

We had to decline, as we had already been invited... But there was a very good feeling among the people who worked at the White House. There was protocol of the highest level, but there was also niceness and generosity. There were ranks, but not classes.

I have always been healthy and have rarely missed a day from work, but once I had a touch of something and was unable to the White House when Mr Klein had an appointment, instead of being displeased with me because I had upset his routine, I received a thoughtful note from him wishing me a speedy return to good health. "I hope the impresario of the White House men's coiffure will soon return. Please do take care of yourself and I will see you upon my return from the western White House.

Herb Stein, chairman of the President's Council of Economics

Advisers, would make appointments any time he felt he needed one, regardless if I happened to be there or if Jack Allen had come in to work. Mr. Stein was an economist with a mind that worked like tomorrow's version of a calculator. I don't think he particularly noticed who was trimming his hair, it was just a process nature forced him to undergo at certain intervals. He was a fine looking man, solidly built, with black to gray curly hair. I tried to give him the "full" look with his hair to offset his rather large nose, but I could never get his total cooperation. He obviously had more important things on his mind.

One day I was called to the White House for a special appointment with President Nixon. When I entered the barber shop Jack Allen was there with Mr. Stein in the chair. Besides being a barber, Jack was a Baptist minister, and he was not beyond attempting to proselyte his customers. What to my wondering eyes should appear as I opened the barbershop door, but my Baptist friend Jack with an open Bible in his hand pointing out certain passages in the Scriptures to a proudly Jewish Dr. Stein. I walked closer, and saw he was quoting from

the New Testament. Jack, who was most sincere about his faith, sometimes, in my opinion, got a hit carried away. He underlined passages, and he

was doing just that, vigorously. "There it is, Mr. Stein." he insisted, just as plain as the nose on your face."

The next time Mr. Stein came in for his haircut I asked him if Jack had been able to convert him.

"Oh, Jack," he said indifferently. "He is a nice boy. He means well."

Secretary of Labor, Peter Brennan, was another of my customers whose name would appear on appointments sheets at either the Carlton or the White House barbershop. He was a big, strong white haired man of Irish descent of whom I thought highly. I considered him to be a tough man and thought that he made good Secretary of Labor.

Once mentioned to him that I had attended his Senate confirmation hearings and had listened to the interrogation which all, government appointees must endure before they can be accepted into office. I told him I had been proud of the way he had stood up to what

had seemed to me to be almost harassment. "Some of the members of the committee," I said, "Senator William Proxmire in particular, really put the needle."

"Yes," Secretary Brennan said. "He was trying to belittle my

past record. I was not going to take any stuff off that little guy." Before he left office he gave me several mementos, a paperweight, a bronze medal with the seal of the Department of Labor, and some gold cuff links and a tie bar. I felt he was ,particularly proud to serve his country as a cabinet member. He was quick at fighting back when he was verbally attacked either by a committee or the press. Secretary Brennan reminded me of a fighting Irishman, which I guess he was.

One of the best liked men I met at the White House was Kenneth E. Belieu, Under Secretary to the Army. Ken had lost a leg during the fighting in Korea. I had heard that he had stepped on a land mine, but the loss of his limb did not slow him down. He walked with scarcely a limp. He was a gagster. He told me about an incident which had happened while he was mowing the grass in his yard. In order

to trim the edges, he was using a large, wicked looking knife. While he was whacking away with it he noticed his neighbor come of of her house. She stood, staring at him, not saying anything. He continued to work, and still she stood, her hands on her hips, watching every move he made. After a while her constant vigilance began to unnerve him. Ken was pretty sure the lady did not know that he had an artificial leg, so he decided to give her a thrill. Suddenly, at the top of a strong swoop with the knife he dropped it with great force, and it cut through his shoe and stuck into his plastic leg. He stared down at it in mock horror and then he yelled, "Oh my goodness!"

His startled neighbor, seeing the knife sticking into his foot, turned and ran into her house. Ken nonchalantly pulled out the blade and returned to work.

At that time there was a bootblack who worked in the Carlton shop, a very agreeable fellow who gave an excellent shine. One day Ken Belieu was in the chair while was slapping away at his shoes. After a time Ken lit a cigarette and started smoking. The obliging bootblack pulled open the ashtray on the arm of the chair and said. "There you are. sir."

Looking off into space ,Ken said. "Oh, that's all right." He

pulled up his trouser leg and casually dropped his cigarette ashes

into a hole in his artificial leg.

While all these fun and games were going on, history of another sort was making itself in the rooms over my head at the White House. The Watergate scandal simply would not dry up and blow away. It kept growing. But there was another scandal which came to a head before that one. The Watergate had in no way implicated Vice President Spiro Agnew, but he had an Annapolis-gate of his own to worry about.

The Justice Department had begun investigating corruption in

Maryland which had occurred while the Vice President had been its governor. A federal grand jury heard charges that he had received large, illegal, and unreported cash payments not only during his terms in several offices in Maryland, but that the payments had not ceased when he had become Vice President. On October 10, 1973. Mr. Agnew was the first Vice President ever to resign the office.



I had always admired and liked the Mr. Agnew and found it difficult to believe the accusations, especially that he had continued to accept payments after assuming the second highest office in the Land. At the White House many of us suffered one more disillusionment. Two days after the resignation of Vice President Agnew, President

Nixon nominated Congressman Gerald R. Ford Jr. from Michigan for the office. From then until early December Jerry Ford's life was resurrected, dissected, and inspected by the FBI, and Congress. It seemed to me that each investigation of a nomination to public office became further involved than the previous one. Becoming a public servant might soon have more against it than for it. I felt it must take a truly dedicated citizen to be willing to undergo the minute inspection of one's private and financial life which often led to a cut in salary, a position frequent public abuse.

After twenty-four years in Congress, I felt Gerald Ford had earned his service stripes, but it appeared from the length and sometimes the tone of the investigations that that was not the new American way. The contrast

between the selection of Gerald Ford for the Vice Presidency and the rather casual way that former vice presidents had been chosen, either by whim of the political party's nominee or through selection by his managers in a smoke-filled back room seemed rather sharp. Even in the most recent Presidential election of 1976 none of the candidates for President or Vice President of any political party underwent any such investigation. Any or woman from an estate on the Hudson too a man from a Georgia farm might declare himself for the first office, and if he could shake enough hands and say the right words to the right people at the right time he could get himself elected President of the United States without even a glance at his driver's license. And as its nominee he could choose anyone he wanted as his Vice President and potential successor to the office of President. But for Gerald Ford, who was appointed by the President under the provision of the 25th Amendment the procedure was more involved. After six weeks of intensive study and interrogation by his peers, he passed inspection, and on December . 1973, He was sworn in as Vice President of the United States.

Meanwhile, I had had a special moment of my own. His Excellency the President of the Council of State of the Socialist Republic of Romania. Nicolae Ceausescu, and his wife made a state visit to Washington, and festivities for their entertainment were planned. A formal state dinner was to be by President and Mrs. Nixon to honor the distinguished guests.

A few day before the event I received a phone call at the White House barbershop. It was the President's special request that Izetta and I be present a the entertainment to in the East Room following the state dinner. Later an engraved invitation was delivered.

It was a White House custom to invite guests for evening entertainment for whom there had not been room to be seated at the formal banquet. Izetta and I had attended several casual evenings and receptions at the White House but an affair to which we were singularly invited, and at the President's personal request, was very special. Izzetta was thrilled and had already begun to plan which gown she would wear when a directive was received that because of the customs of the visitors from the Socialistic country male guests would

be expected to wear business suits to dinner and the women would wear short dresses. All of which was fine except that when Mrs Ceausescu arrived and asked what was usually worn at such functions. she had been told a long dress." She had been delighted, as she had two fine gowns with her one of which she was especially anxious to wear, opportunities for such splendor being infrequent at home.

At the hour of Mrs. Ceausescu's decision, it was too late to send out word to the other two hundred invited guests. Hence the first lady of Romania appeared in a long black sheath heavily into geometric patterns gold thread, and Mrs. Nixon wore a floor length gown of pale pink trimmed at the wrists and hemline with rows of multicolored beads. The rest of the women guests arrived in short cocktail dresses. Not that it mattered, except reporters who were thus given an extra tidbit to enliven their Scripts.

Izetta and I arrived at the White House and were escorted to the East Room with its magnificent high ceiling and tall windows looking out towards Pennsylvania Avenue on one side and, down across the lawns and ellipse to the tidal basin and lighted Jefferson Memorial

beyond. The East room is a salon for entertainment. It can hold large gatherings for ballroom dancing, or with the addition of a stage, it can be transformed into a theater. That evening a raised platform had been placed across the north wall and rows of chairs filled the space before it.

When the guests had been seated President Nixon stepped forward and announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight for your entertainment we will have a scene from Rossini's "The Barber of Seville".. I would like to tell you that we have with us tonight my barber, Milton Pitts."

Perhaps you can imagine how I felt! I had had no forewarning that the President would give me recognition. I was genuinely surprised. Izetta and I looked at each other and grinned and I clasped her hand and gave it a hard squeeze.

As he spoke, President Nixon was looking at me in such a direct way that everyone turned to see who I was. When the President smiled. "But Milt," he said, "keeps telling me he is not a barber. He is a hair stylist. And I tell him, with my head, good Luck!"

The President then went on to say that a decision had had to be reached as to the language in which the opera would be sung, Italian or English. "Out of deference to our Romanian guests," the President said. "Italian was the first choice. but then, as none of us would be able to understand it, it was finally decided to present the performance in English."

The President sat down and the opera began, the first phrases clearly sung out in Italian.

President Nixon was heard to say, "If that is English, my Italian is rusty."

The act that had been chosen was "The Lesson Scene" and the players were from The Opera Society of Washington with Ian Strasfogel as general director. James Conlon conducted, with John Cox directing, and the beautiful traditional costumes had been designed by John Conklin. There were five , Bruce Brewer, David Holloway, Fredrica Von Stade, Andrew Foldi and Michael Devlin. Since I had a rather personal interest in the subject of the opera, I had heard it before, but never had I heard it sung better than on that evening. Of course I was a little excited. There was very special "music in my ears" which had been

made by President Nixon's recognition of me. When the production was finished the couple seated in front of us turned around to speak. I had already recognized them although I had not seen them in person for thirty five years, since my first day in Washington D.C. as a young man of twenty when I had viewed a stage show between a movie and a cartoon. It was Ozzie and Harriet Nelson. Ozzie grabbed my hand and said, "Congratulations! We certainly enjoyed your play, and Harriet turned around and spoke to Izetta. John Sears, (who would later run Ronald Reagan's campaign for election against then-President Ford) was seated beside me, and introduced himself, as did Leonard Garment, one of the President's advisers. Many people tapped me on the shoulder and spoke to me, and credited me for "my" show. With The President, having set the tone for the evening, everyone was in a happy and expansive mood. Several reporters were present, and they gathered around me, as did the wives of some of the officials. The women introduced themselves to me and began asking me questions about the Presi-

dent, --how he was to work for, and what was he really like? By then I had learned how to make replies to such inquiries, particularly with the press standing at my elbow with sharpened pencils and opened note books. I had only good things to say about President Nixon. But if

I had permitted myself to say what I truly felt for him, it would have sounded overstated. I had great respect for the President, but there was more to it than that. I felt we were friends, oddly paired though that might seem, in my many contacts with him, no matter what pressures he was under, President Nixon always made me feel good about myself. He appreciated particular talent and the effort took to perform my job meticulously and efficiently. When he

had introduced me before the opera, in the tone of his voice, in his gestures, and in the way he had looked at me, it had been in a most equal way.

One of the reporters standing close to me was Helen Thomas

whom I had seen many times during press conferences. She got my attention and said, "I



would like to talk with you for a few moments."

Just then the orchestra started to play, and Izzetta, whom I knew not want to talk with the reporters said, "You promised me we would dance."

I excused myself to Miss Thomas.

She laughed as we waltzed off. "No wonder," she said, "you have been married twenty five years."

Of all my several years at the White House, the evening of the two barbers was undoubtedly my happiest.



*Gerald R. Ford*

## Chapter X

### "The Parting"

When President Nixon introduced me as his personal barber I had no idea how far the ripples from that announcement would spread, and how it would effect my life. But it did. Reporters were present and they wrote up the White House evening. The story of the President's barber was released nationwide. I began to be interviewed, photographed, and quoted. Some of the columns were syndicated across the country and copies of pictures of myself in the White House, along with accompanying articles which had been printed in the Sacramento Bee. Sacramento, California, The Louisville Courier. Louisville, Kentucky. The Atlanta Journal Atlanta. Georgia. The Los Angeles Times. Los Angeles, California, The San Francisco Chronicle. San Francisco, California. The Christian Science Monitor, The Parade Section of the Sunday newspapers, and the New York Times and many other cities were sent to me.

My "Fan Mail" increased. I was pleased to

receive a note from Steve Martini. President Nixon's former barber, who sent a clipping I might have missed. At the time he was staying at the Boca Raton Hotel and Club in Boca Raton, Florida, an exclusive and expensive resort. I was happy to know he was doing so well.

There were more requests for clippings of the President's hair, and most touchingly many sent blessings to me to convey to the troubled President. Typical was, "Tell the President a little lady in Scranton, Pennsylvania wants him to know that "God will see him through."

Another writer was happy that I gave such "clean-cut" styles to the White House people. He was sick and tired of seeing young adults in shaggy hair that required most of their time just to keep pushing I out of their faces. "We need 10,000 like you to clean up those creeps," the letter ended.

And of course barbers wrote to congratulate me. One interesting letter came in a handsomely decorated envelope featuring a red, white and blue striped barber pole with the message printed on its stripes, "we need your head in our business." The ball on the top of

the pole held the face of "Tony" the owner of the "Nationally Famous Tony's Barber Shop" in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Yet another, from a man who claimed I had once cut his grandson's hair, hoped my new notoriety would not mean that my prices would go up!

William Safire, the New York Times columnist who had formerly been a special assistant to President Nixon, wrote an essay that was published in The New York Times under the heading "Faithful Figaro." It credited me by saying that before President Nixon delivered his State the Union speech that January 1974, he had first placed himself in my hands. I had never expected to be mentioned in such an auspicious newspaper. Having a two column essay written about me in the exquisite prose of Safire was exhilarating. If Attorney General Kleindienst had been concerned about my getting a big head, he should have seen me when that button-busting piece appeared! All I could think about was how great it was not to have to receive such praise.

The chairs at my shop had always been busy, my appointments book full, but after the new

rash of publicity many customers discovered it was wise to phone a week ahead for a reservation. To receive a hair cut in my shop became, for some, a status symbol. Guests at Sheraton Carlton enjoyed being able to tell the folks back home, that they had had their hair out by the same barber who trimmed the President of the United States.

Once I barbered President Nixon in the family residence. That is a most private area located on the second floor of the White House building. It is strictly off limits to the public. It is approached by stairways and elevators, but not many reach it. Normally President Nixon came down to the barbershop for his trims, or before his annual picture or a appearance I would meet him in the Oval office. On the occasion when was invited to family quarters, he was running late on his schedule and he to appear On live television in just a short time.

I was met in his residence by his valet, Manel "Manolo" Sanchez. Manolo was a former Cuban refugee who had been recommended as a driver for Mr. Nixon by Bebe Rebozo during first campaign for the Presidency. (He lost to John F. Kennedy ) Later Mr. Nixon moved to New York to practice law, Manolo with his wife,

had moved east with the family. Mr. Nixon had sponsored United States citizenship for the couple, they meant so much to him, that even though he was due to leave for Kansas City in 1968 to receive the nomination for his first term he had delayed his departure hour until he had had time to stand with Mr. and Mrs. Sanchez as they received their citizenship papers.

In the White House Manolo served the Nixon family in many ways, assisting in the household tasks on the private second floor. Shortly after I was installed in the barbershop below, he began coming to me for his haircuts. I enjoyed every minute of his visits. He had sparkling brown eyes, and his spirits were like uncorked champagne. He seemed a truly happy man. Everyone that I ever heard speak of him in the White House, love him.

When I got upstairs on that first and only time, I was a little early and there was time for Manalo to show me about. The living quarters were like those in any luxury home. The furnishings were a combination of antiques and new pieces in soft pastels. Manolo showed me the living room and the dining room and then he led me into the bedroom of the First Lady. I don't remember where she was at the time, but

Manolo knew she was out. He took me through her room to a well-lit room beyond where he told me I would probably be working. There was a sink and a table, and a comfortable looking wicker chair. I laid my briefcase with my tools on the chair and looked about. Manolo waved to the table. "Why don't you layout your things over here?" he asked.

"Well, all right," I said.

Then he laughed. He showed me what the comfortable appearing wicker chair really was. It was a handsomely disguised commode.

Very shortly the President arrived. He glanced at his watch.

"I have seven minutes," he said. "Then I will be on the air."

"We can do it," I said, wetting his hair. I combed it, dried it with a blower, checked its shape for smoothness, and got out my spray. He looked at his watch again, "We have one minute."

Whisk went the hair spray, off came the blue apron, on went his jacket, and I stood back out of his way as he made last second adjustments to his tie before going downstairs to ad-

dress the nation.

As soon as he was gone I repacked my tools and accompanied by Manolo, returned to the stairway. Minutes later I was downstairs in the barbershop watching the neatly coiffed President on the television.

There were two White Houses, the postcard one with its magnificent pillars through which tourists were permitted to walk along carefully monitored paths, and the working one just to the west which were located the executive office --the working White House. That spring of 1974 as the Watergate Investigating Committee and the Nixon staff juggled rulings over the tapes. One can well imagine the scrambling going on in the west wing, the saw, as the tourists poured through in record numbers, was one of history and dignity.

Izetta and I had many friends and relatives who came to visit Washington. Not only did we love people, but my continued recognition through the news media reminded those who might otherwise have forgotten me, that I was still around. When they visited Washington our friends enjoyed the feeling of closeness "to the action" which they seemed to find in talking



with me, through my knowledge of museum schedules and current events I was able to help them to enjoy more thoroughly their nation's capital. Also, I

was acquainted with Michael Farrell, Coordinator of the visitors who was sometimes able to include my visitors in some of the smaller groups which toured the White House. These tours were formed of visitors who had secured passes from their Congressmen or Senators, a courtesy which can be arranged for any visitor by letter or a visit to his representatives office. Such, more exclusive, tours occur

early in the morning and are less hurried and congested.

Sometimes I was able to arrange with Mike to take Izetta and me, and close relatives on personally conducted tours. Mike knew the history of every piece of artwork, every knick-knack, rug, and china plate, in the building. Every time I went through, I learned new things. On one such private viewing as just four of us walked through the historic rooms with Mike explaining their structure, ornamentation and purpose, I was walking just a little ahead, thinking my own thoughts. While Mike

was describing a grand piano and which presidents had played on it. I noticed a handsome grandfather's clock. The White House interior was of course. a "look but don't touch" place and I should have known better, but I rubbed my hand over the silky grain of the clock's case. As my palm brushed it I felt a little dust. "Mike," I said. "you should have someone look at this. It's dusty."

He pursed his lips and said I "This way please."

We passed through various rooms and came to the Cabinet Room. Mike pointed out the large comfortable, black leather upholstered chairs gathered around the table, identified on the back each with the Secretaries name engraved on a brass plaque.

Knowing the frequent turn-over of Cabinet officers I studied the backs of the chairs for multiple screw holes. "What happens when the Secretary leaves?" I asked.

Mike laughed. "He takes his chair with him."

I lifted my glance towards the ceiling and then back down to

my guide. "Mike," I said "don't know if you are aware of it or not, but there are a couple lights out in that fixture right over Secretary Kissinger's chair."

"Mr. Pitts, Mike said with mock annoyance "This concludes the tour!" Of course he was kidding. We continued on to the Oval Office where I was grateful to see there had been a clean sweep.

Some time after that my brother, ROY, and his boss visited

Washington. I approached Mike Farrell about another guided tour. "No way, Milt," he said. "I remember all your criticism last time." "But I won't be able to make it." I said. "I have to work. It will just be my visitors and Izetta."

The visit was scheduled and Izetta and our guests set off with Mike describing fireplaces mantles and cornices.

Izetta had a particular interest in rugs, and she made careful inspection of them as she walked along, stopping as she studied one to comment, "Mr. Farrell, have you noticed that this rug has begun to show wear?"

Mike stopped in his tracks. fixed her with

steely gaze and said, "You too? This ends this tour!"

But of course it didn't. Mike Farrell was a thoroughly nice

fellow. His services did not survive the change-over of the

Carter administration. He still lives in the Washington area from where he commutes weekly to his job, in Hampton, New Hampshire.

Several times Izetta and I were given seats which were reserved for the President to see performances which he was unable to attend. When the Kennedy Center for Performing Arts was built in Washington

in the late 1960's, it was designed with a special box for the President and his guests, another for the Vice President and his guests, in each of the three main theaters. These boxes are in the center of the first balcony. They are entered through a special door through which one steps into a plush, red velvet lined lounge with crystal chandeliers. There are chairs where the guests may sit and which the Secret Service use during a performance when the President or Vice President is in attendance.

There are closets for wraps, and lounge facilities for both men and women. These boxes are always available to the President and Vice President, and stand empty unless their privileges are officially extended to others. Such a treat was greatly appreciated. It was a thrill to use the sumptuous quarters. and undeniable fun to step through the door to the open box in the theater where when one came in to public view, the people in the audience instinctively turn to stare. One could almost hear them asking. "Who's that?" much as I myself, had done when on the outside looking in, instead of on the inside looking out.

The first time we were so privileged was when we attended the Eisenhower Theater at the Kennedy Center as the guest of President Nixon to see Robert Vaughn in "The Real Inspector Hound." In 1974, on July 4th my birthday, we again sat in the President's box. Barbara, who was then 18, and her date accompanied us to see the play, "I Do! I Do!" starring Carol Burnett and Rock Hudson. Barbara was delighted by everything she saw, and especially by handsome Rock Hudson whom she hoped she might have a chance to meet. When she asked an attendant about

that possibility, the usher, noting which box we were seated in, said, "I think if anyone can, you can." After the performance the the four of us went back stage to say "hello" to Barbara's hero! She was so overwhelmed by the event, she could do little more than smile.

While Mr. Casper Weinberger was Secretary of HEW, I was given two tickets to a Bob Hope-Frank Sinatra Special at Kennedy Center by one of his assistants, Dr. David Hoopes. The charity event was expected to be a most gala affair, and tickets were expensive.

When Dr. Hoopes asked me if I would be available to use them, he pointed out that at fifty dollars a piece they ought not to go unused. I assured him they would not and happily phoned Izetta and invited her to meet me at the White House. I told her which entrance to come to, and that I would alert the guard at the gate so that she could be escorted into the shop to meet me.

About half an hour later Dr. Hoopes returned to the barbershop. He had rather a strange, twisted expression on his face. "Milt," he said with some embarrassment, could I trouble you for those tickets? I have just discovered that

the two adjoining seats were given to a couple whose parents are in from out of town. They have invited them to the Show and all four want to sit together." I had been bumped! I didn't ask who the other couple was. but obviously it was someone with more pull than the White House barber.

I handed the tickets back to Dr. Hoopes, but I guess I didn't look as though I was overly-delighted to relinquish them.

"I'm sorry, Milt," he said. "That's' the way it goes. I will try to get you another pair of tickets. but this is such a red hot Show, I wouldn't get my hopes up."

I felt glum. I could imagine Izetta whipping around getting all prettied up, then struggling downtown through the evening traffic only to be all dolled up with no place to go. I didn't know what to do. I hated to phone and disappoint her, and there was always, I hoped, that outside chance that another pair of tickets would show up. I didn't care where they were in the theater, as long as they were inside the doors. All the seats at Kennedy Center were good.

I went on barbering my clients and tried not to

think about

how I was going to equalize Izzeta's disappointment. When the barbershop door opened next, I was expecting Izzeta but it was Dr. . In his hand he held an envelope with two tickets. "These are even better," he said. "They are \$75 seats. You will be seated with the Cabinet."

At the theater we were led to the fourth row center. On my left were seated Secretary and Mrs Casper Weinberger, and beyond them, Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Frederick Dent. Six seats on the other side was Secretary Kissinger with a tall brunette date, Nancy . That was a short time before they were married. It was always interesting to watch how people reacted to Dr. Kissnger. Before the show started, and at the intermission, ladies by the dozens crowded around his seat wanting to shake his hand, and have him autograph their programs.

I remarked to Secretary Weinberger "Isn't it too bad people won't leave Secretary Kissinger alone? He wasn't even able to stand up and stretch his legs during the intermission." Secretary Weinberger laughed. "No, Milt, it's not bad at all. Henry loves every minute of it."



Izetta and I were invited to a reception given by Secretary and Mrs. Kissinger at the State Department about a year after they were married. The party was held in the Benjamin Franklin room, which is part of the sixth floor of the State Department building, which had been furnished with fine American antiques which Clement . Conger, White House Curator, managed largely to have donated by citizens. Tours of the elegant rooms could be arranged for visitors, and people, or groups associated with the government, might reserve them for private functions. The background of American antiques made the rooms excellent places in which to entertain, and indirectly to educate, our foreign visitors to some of our culture. Izetta and were delighted to meet Mrs Nancy Kjssinger. She was quite tall and very slender and seemed a fine complement to the secretary. As we came through the receiving line he grabbed me and said, "Milt, let's get a picture taken together." A photographer was immediately at his side, and a picture was snapped of the four of us. While the camera man was still there, Secretary Kissinger noticed a woman standing to one side by a table of wine and cheese and hors d'oeuvres.

"I want you to meet my secretary," he said, and called her over to us. had spoken with her many times before, but that was the first time had ever seen her. She was an attractive woman, and was surprised when her boss asked her to have her picture taken with him, that she gave him an emphatic. "No, thank you."

I could scarcely believe my ears. "Please" I said to her

quietly, "come have your picture taken. You will hurt the Secretary's feelings if you refuse."

"No, thank you." she said again.

"Come on." I said, taking her arm. "We will both have our pictures taken with him."

I will never know why she was so reluctant. It took real coaxing to get her to walk over to Secretary Kissinger's side. Finally she agreed, and a picture of the three of us was snapped.

After the camera clicked, Secretary Kissinger looked down at her and laughed. "Now you have had your picture taken with me, you will never be able to get another job."

I could never understand that lady's fear of having her picture taken. Everywhere I ever

saw Henry Kissinger, women were anxious just to stand and gaze at him, to touch his coat sleeve, or to shake his hand. Some of them were made speechless by the occasion, while others ran on in high, fluttery nonsense like a player piano rewinding its roll.

Aside from the fact that I would have liked totally to have forgotten it, the Watergate affair continued to surprise me. It was so badly managed! The "if onl" that will forever accompany the wishful thinking over that event are endless. Like many others, in the beginning I had taken the break-in lightly. I had thought the attempted robberies were committed by someone giving orders from the Committee to Reelect the President.

The President himself told me while I was cutting his hair, "I have asked some of my top people.' Are you involved in Watergate?'" They had assured him, he told me, that they were not. I did not feel that the President could possibly be involved Knowing how "strictly business" President Nixon was and how interested he was in running the difficult job he had, particularly with the war in Viet Nam was constantly on his mind, I was convinced he was interested only in doing what he felt was

right for the country. I continued to believe that the Watergate break-in was just some young people with lack of knowledge of the seriousness of what they were doing, who had performed a job they had assigned themselves in order to impress their bosses.

I felt sad for John Ehrlichman. I believed he was a dedicated man who had done a good job. I did not know Bob Haldeman that well.

I disagreed with him in his book where he said President Nixon wanted the people in White House to act like robots. Though President Nixon was not one for small talk, I found him to be warm and kind. If there was business to discuss, he would listen, he would give his views in reply. As to Mr. Haldeman, I felt most people in the White House were a little afraid of him. He was the one who liked to operate like a Marine sergeant. I felt if anyone knew anything about Watergate, Mr. Haldeman would have been the one to know it first hand. He was on top of things in the White House. Later, when he published his book, "The Ends of Power", I disagreed with him when he accused Fred Fielding of being "Deep Throat." Fred was my customer during the White House period, and as a Washington attorney, still is. None of my

friends who were in the White House at the time of Watergate felt that Fred could possibly have been deep throat. He was a quiet, hard-working man. I had the feeling that he was sincerely loyal to the President and was doing his best to help him. It was inconceivable to me that anyone working that close to the President could be the one to betray him.

One day Alexander Butterfield was sitting in my chair at the

Carlton shop when a phone call came in for him.

I tried not to hear what he was saying. When my customers received phone calls would move away from them to give them privacy, unless they insisted I go on working. I was aware that I had been chosen and maintained my job at the White House because of my exercise of required' discretion. I carried that attitude over to my clients my own shop.

Butterfield, however, was speaking with some agitation. "am leaving for Europe four p.m." I heard him say. When he hung up the phone he seemed disturbed.

I continued barbering him, but within five minutes the phone rang and the call again was for him. He told me it was from the Ervin Committee. They were requesting that he testify that afternoon. He was to be there at one o' clock.

At that time in American history most of the country was spending its free daytime hours watching the Senate Watergate Committee carrying out its investigations of the attempted burglary and what was suspected as a White House cover-up of the attempt.

Samuel J. Ervin the seventy-six year old Senator from North Carolina was chairman of the committee, and to my mind he was having a field day. It had been decided that the proceedings would be televised and their Nielsen ratings must have been like a 10 point earthquake on a Richter scale. Senator Ervin, was too old to run for President, as some of the other apparently but in my opinion, he was enjoying his fling into fame. Frequently he referred to himself as "just a country lawyer" while it was apparent he was savoring the full extent of his rather remarkable power. His bushy eyebrows would climb up and down over his eyes like bristly caterpillars, while

his jowls mouthed redundant rhetoric that sometimes sounded to me like a salesman's pitch for patent medicine. He had the time, the gavel, and a

world-wide audience, and he enjoyed every minute of it. The television cameras had turned the investigation into a spectator sport, and Senator Sam Ervin was running with the ball.

No exception, my shop tuned into the proceedings. When the

hearings began in the morning we turned on the set and left it on until lights out at the end of the day.

When, shortly after leaving my barber chair Alexander Butterfield revealed that there was a taping system in the White House. was as surprised as anyone. had not heard even a rumor of such a thing.

As watched Mr. Butterfield give his astonishing testimony there were two reporters in the shop having their hair . We listened together as Mr.Butterfield was asked how extensive the taping system had been. "Was it in every part of the White House?" he was asked. "No, of course not," his answer came. "Not in every room. For instance, when the President would

go down to the barber shop, there was no system."

One of the reporters turned to me. "Did you hear that, Milt'?"

I had indeed heard. My head and stomach were both in a state of confusion. "No sir." said "didn't hear a thing. am going to lunch."

It has become my feeling that during the four or eight years of a President's term in office much of the nation begins to feel that the First Family is part of its own family. Through an endless flow of written words, and through frequent TV entry into their homes the personalities of the residents of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue become "known" to millions of people, and a vicarious affection for each member-develops. I have heard people tell me after they have

met a President or a First Lady, after they have spoken their initial "hello", that they had almost expected an inquiry as to the health of interests of some member of their own family, so intimately did they feel they knew them. It was difficult to realize, Knowing" the First Family as well as they felt they did that they were not also known in return. have also heard this



reaction described after a first meeting with television or movie stars.

Therefore, the political tragedy which was occurring at the White House was, to many people, a personal tragedy. Several million refused to believe late into the summer of 1974 that the President was in any way implicated in the Watergate cover-up. They held a "not my friend!" attitude.

It was difficult for someone as closely associated with President Nixon as I was for four years, to accept the implications of guilt which were beginning to tower around him. I knew the Nixon women only more casually, but I had had meetings and conversations with David Eisenhower and Edward Cox, and as July passed into August that summer, my heart ached for each one of them.

David Eisenhower was a friendly, outgoing young man. He had

been set apart from most children early in life as the then,

President's only grandson. His marriage in 1968 to the daughter of the President-elect placed him even more fully in an of public recognition. I would imagine it was most dif-

difficult to try to maintain normalcy in life, when in spite of one's most sincere attempts to do so, a "normal" life was impossible. It must be difficult under such circumstances to recognize who is one's genuine friend, and who is trading on one's connections with high places. Indeed, making friends under the spotlight of public opinion, and surrounded by Secret Service agents, be a trial for everyone involved.

In spite of these features to his life, David Eisenhower was

able to maintain a relaxed, easy going outlook. When he first started coming to me for his haircuts, his hair was long and had a tendency to wave. "Julie likes it that way," he told me.

I thought it would look better if it was styled a little closer to his head, and I told him so. But he was firm. Several times he told me as he settled into my chair, "Julie likes it full, Milt, so just trim it that way."

He never read while in the barbershop as so many others did. He talked about sporting events, being particularly fond of baseball. He was familiar with the batting averages of the major league's players, and the idiosyncrasies of many of them. The loss of the Senators team

from Washington was something about which he felt strongly about. "The city needs a team," he said. "It gave many people a lot of pleasure." One day he told me he had had quite a talk with Joseph Danzansky, the head of Giant Food Stores, whom, he said, had indicated an interest in buying a baseball team for Washington. But nothing ever came of it. His favorite of all the players seemed to be Vida Blue of the Oakland A's, whose baseball statistics he knew in precise detail.

In an attempt to keep all the people who sat in my chair both current with style and taking full advantage of their hair" with its potential, when properly arranged to improve their total appearance, it was almost always necessary for me to encourage my customers to wear their hair longer. There was one unique exception to that. Edward Cox had been coming to the White House barbershop for years.

I had finally gotten hair to where it was as long as I wanted him to wear it. The longer length seemed to please his mother, who, once, at a party had told me she wished he would wear it fuller, even though her son preferred it short. "Tricia must have approved the new length

too, as I never had any complaints from Eddie about it.

The last time I ever cut Eddie Cox's' hair he came into the shop carrying an Army fatigue cap in his hands. "Milt," he said. "I'm leaving for Georgia where I will be in military service." He held out his hat for my inspection. "This is the cap they gave me, and I want it to fit me."

He sat in the chair and I gave him a haircut trimming off more and more of the hair it had taken me so long to get him to grow. Each time that I thought it was short enough, he would try on the cap, and then tell me to give it another go 'round. At last when he placed the folded khaki colored cap on his head. he smiled and said. "That's enough. It fits."

Inexorably the Watergate Senate Committee revelations were grinding the Wte House to a halt. The relationship between the Chief Executive and the rest of the government might have been compared to a facade projected over a foundering marriage which was carried on "for the sake of the children" and because of "what the public might think", while the main participants realized without doubt that final divorce was impending.

Late in July Jack Horner of The Washington Star was sitting in my Carlton barber chair. After many such meetings with Jack I felt I knew him well. I was aware that President Nixon enjoyed Jack his company had confidence in him as a person and as a reporter. On several occasions Jack had traveled to San Clemente with the President where he had visited with him at the western White House. That July morning Jack asked, "Will you see the President today?"

Although I was going to the White House, I did not yet know if the President's name was on my appointment's sheet. "I'm not sure" I said. "When you see him, Milt" Jack said, "will you please tell him that I have the same confidence in him that I have always had. Would you tell him that?"

Later that afternoon I saw the President, and I gave him Jack's message. He smiled pleasantly at me and said. "Thanks. Tell Jack we are going to win this one."

But it would have taken more than optimism to overcome what lay ahead. Throughout the first days of August 1974 there were continuing rumors that the President must resign . I still

did not believe it. I felt that he would hang in there, that something would happen which would stem the surging tide that threatened to sweep him out of office. No President had ever resigned. It seemed to me unthinkable that one ever would, or that it could be President Nixon who, until the mishandling of the Watergate break-in, through attempts to disclaim, knowledge of it, had so admirably administered the Executive branch and its programs.

During the week of the resignation I was in the White House on Tuesday and Thursday. On Tuesday I did not see the President. It was a particularly busy day. I worked on several staff: people, all of whom seemed under great pressure. They were in a hurry, and had much on their minds. They were not talkative. No one said what the President's intentions were, but obviously, everyone was deeply concerned.

James D. St. Clair was my customer on Tuesday. He was a Boston attorney whom the President had called to help advise him when the Watergate scandal had started to point to the White House. The first time he ever sat in my chair I said to him. "I wish the President had hired you sooner. I think things might have been better around here."

Mr. St. Clair was an unpretentious appearing man with medium

height and graying hair. I had seen him several times, but not often enough. I felt he went too long between haircuts. But, I realized, it was not a matter of disinterest, but of lack of time. He was one of the busiest men in the White House.

On August when Mr. St. Clair came into the barber shop there

was something different about him. Always before he had carried a stack of legal papers, and after a single smile and a "hello," he would sit in the chair flipping pages and making notations just as though he was still in his office. That day he actually seemed relaxed. I was surprised. I had heard that he had spent the weekend at Camp David with the President and that there had been fireworks between the two of them. Rumor said he had urged, actually "pressured" was the word used, the President to "come clean" with him on how he had misused the CIA for information on Watergate. It was not until that meeting, I had heard, that Mr. St. Clair had had any idea that the President had not completely leveled with

him. As I trimmed his hair, I was mystified that he seemed so detached from the furor that seemed to be milling around him. What I did not know was that he knew it was the end of the line. He had finished serving Mr. Nixon as a lawyer. When he left that day, he never came back.

Next in the chair was J: Fred Buzhardt, who has succeeded John Dean as the President's counsel. He was from my home state, South Carolina, where his father had been a judge. Fred was just about the calmest lawyer with whom I ever talked. He and Len Garment worked with Mr. St. Clair. Fred Fielding was also a member of that group.

Fred Buzhardt had not been in the chair more than two minutes when the phone rang. It was the President asking to see him. Fred was out of the chair and had thrown off the blue barber's sheet before I could begin to assist him. After about ten minutes he returned and again started to trim his hair. Almost immediately the phone rang. The President wanted to see him. Fred leapt out of the chair, and raced over to the Oval Office which was just a few yards away from the barbershop. That time he was gone about twenty minutes. I had just begun



to think he would never get back and that I should start another customer when the door opened and he returned, apologizing for all the delays.

As I clipped away at his hair I occasionally glanced into the mirror before him. Fred's face kept falling lower and lower. He was genuinely upset. I figured he had cause to be. We all had. Not just us in the White House, but I felt everybody. When the President was in trouble, so was the nation.

Shortly after Fred left for the last time Chief of Staff General Haig came in. He greeted me pleasantly, though he seemed withdrawn. As I was cutting his hair, Ron Zeigler entered. "Al," he said to General Haig. "I need to talk to you about something."

Usually when Ron came into the barbershop he made small jokes and kidded about whatever came to the top of his active and expressive mind. But that day his face was serious. "Milt," he said, "will you excuse me? I want to talk with General Haig."

"Of course," I said, and walked out into the hall to wait until the discussion was through.

In a few minutes Fred Buzhardt came down the

stairs and into the hallway. "Hi," he said, not seeming at all surprised to see me standing outside. "They want me there," he said, and brushed by me into the barbershop.

After several minutes he came out, and shortly, Ron followed

him. "Thanks, Milt," he said. "Maybe now you can finish."

I returned to General Haig and completed his haircut. Of course I did not ask any questions, or any way indicate that I was aware something unusual was happening. But I knew that whatever had been discussed was of the utmost importance. I had worked at the White House barbershop four years. I had been within inches of the President while he had held confidential conversations with top aides, but never before had I been asked to step de. It was obvious to me that the White House was in a state of desperate crisis.

Two days later, on my usual Thursday, I received an early morning phone call at my home. It was Steve Bull. "The President wants to see you at 10:00" he said.

As I waited for the President to keep his appointment, I did not know what I might

expect. I had not seen him for a wee, a most tumultuous, difficult week for , I was sure. I expected he would appear distressed, when the barbershop door opened and when he entered he was standing tall, although he was not smiling, he looked fine. I was pleased to see that he looked physically fit and only a little tired. Since his resignation I have heard and have read reported accounts of President Nixon's last days in the White House. It has been said that he drank heavily. I can say positively that he had no signs of a hangover on that, or any other day. I would like to set that record straight from my point of view. I had seen the President on many occasions, and at all times of the day from nine a.m. until

late evening, and I never saw any signs that he had been drinking either the night before, or during the day.

"Good morning," he said, starting to remove his jacket. "How are you?"

"Fine, Mr. President'" I smiled more brightly than I felt. "How are you?"

He sat in the barber chair and I draped the hair gown around his shoulders "I .hope you are not too upset over the news this morning, " he

said.

"What is that?"

"Oh, its in the paper this morning about the tapes ( This, I

recall, was a reference to a published revelation of a discussion on the tapes between himself and Mr. Haldeman in which he had explicitly ordered Mr. Haldeman to make an effort to halt an FBI investigation.) The President tilted his head to one side and remarked, "Well that is neither here nor there now."

As worked on him he seemed in deep thought. Every now and

then he would see his face in the mirror. He was looking into it, eyes straight ahead. I felt that he looked sad, but that he was trying to keep his expression as normal as possible.

"I am going to make an announcement," he said. I was standing behind him carefully razor-ing the back of his head. I was glad he could not see my face. I felt terribly sorry for him, but I could think of nothing to say. I began arranging his hair for what I then knew was the last time.

Throughout the four years I had worked with

constitutional government under going.

I could observe no nervousness or tension in the President, only sadness, and what I felt was a dreary acceptance of what had come about. As to his regret, could only speculate, but surely it must have far exceeded mine, which at the moment was as much as I could bare.

Pray for the President? certainly would. I would pray for

all of us. He stood up and I helped him on with his jacket.

"Mr. President," I said, "It has been a pleasure working

for you. If I can ever be of service to you in the future, I

will be happy to oblige."

He took my hand and shook it with his very heavy handshake,

squeezing the palm hard, "Thanks again, and goodbye."

Before I could open the door for him he had caught the knob and was pulling it open. Then he remembered something. My wife had been ill and had been hospitalized. He had sent her

constitutional government under going.

I could observe no nervousness or tension in the President, only sadness, and what I felt was a dreary acceptance of what had come about. As to his regret, could only speculate, but surely it must have far exceeded mine, which at the moment was as much as I could bare.

Pray for the President? certainly would. I would pray for

all of us. He stood up and I helped him on with his jacket.

"Mr. President," I said, "It has been a pleasure working

for you. If I can ever be of service to you in the future, I

will be happy to oblige."

He took my hand and shook it with his very heavy handshake,

squeezing the palm hard, "Thanks again, and goodbye."

Before I could open the door for him he had caught the knob and was pulling it open. Then he remembered something. My wife had been ill and had been hospitalized. He had sent her

a note. Yet at that moment he remembered that I had my personal concerns too.

"By the way," he said, smiling comfortingly, "say goodbye to

Mrs. Pitts for me."

A few minutes after the President had left.

Secretary Kissinger came in. found was still shaken. greeted him, then

turned quickly around and ran the cold water. dashed some of it on face and gave myself time to recover as slowly toweled it off.

That evening Richard Milhouse Nixon the thirty-seventh President of the United States, announced his resignation.



*Gerald R. Ford*

## **Chapter XI**

### **Heads Up!**

On August 9, 1974 Gerald Rudolph Ford Jr. was sworn in as the 38th President of the United States and I began to wonder if I was



out of a job. As Vice President, Mr. Ford had continued to have his hair cut at the Capitol barbershop.

Shortly after his swearing in I ran into General Haig. "General," I asked, "do you think I should resign from my job here?"

I was put on by President Nixon, and have never barbered for President Ford. What do you think I should do?"

"Think about staying," he said quickly. "We'll let you know if any changes are contemplated.

Not many days later I was cutting the grass outside our Chevy Chase home when Izetta came, to the door and told me I had a call from the White House. I hurried in to answer it, feeling it was either the end, or a new beginning.

It was Nell Yates, President Ford's appointments secretary. She wished to schedule her boss for a four O'clock appointment the next afternoon. Now that he was President, I was given to understand, his security must be much tighter. In the future he would be receiving his haircuts at the White House barbershop. I had never met President Ford, I wondered what kind of a man he would be to work for, and if I would be able to please him.

The minute he entered the barbershop I knew things had turned in another direction. President Ford was a graciously informal person. He shook my hand, looked me in the eye, and said warmly, "Milt, how are you?"

Two of his staff were with him, David Kenne, his personal

photographer, and Bill Seidman, his fiscal advisor. They talked business with him all the time I was working on him so that did not have any time to give him any advice on his hair. But I was thinking about it.

Wednesday of that August week The Washington Post had run a three column picture of the new President talking with AFL-CIO President, George Meany, at the White House. The photograph of President Ford was a good close-up in profile. After I had studied it, I had marked it with a ballpoint pen, outlining the way I felt his hair should be reshaped. I felt that it was cut much too high, in the back, and he had a high line cut over his ear and down in front of it behind his sideburn. In the trade, that line was called a "white-wall." I felt it was out of date. The second time the President came in, as I began preparing him for his haircut, I said, "If

you have a moment, sir. I would like to show you a couple sketches I have done." I showed him how I would like him to allow his hair to grow fuller around his, ears and in the back. On top where it was very thin, I thought he should have the rather long strands cut. He would then have a more evenly balanced haircut.

President Ford's hair was very straight, and had not one strand of gray in it. It was reddish blond in color, which when he was outside caught the sunlight very well. But like so many others, he had been loading it down with oil.

He studied the sketches. "They look good," he said "But, Milt, I would like to point out something. First of all, you can see my hair is very light. It is thinning, and if you cut my sideburns too close, it will look as if I haven't any. usually just get it cut and have some Vitalis slapped on it."

I had the feeling that he thought he had reached a stage in life where he could just be himself and no amount of make over would create much change. But felt it could, and knew had to convince him right then. could not keep bringing the subject up. It then, or never.

Again, we were not alone. He had two of his

staff members with him. But felt could. not let their presence inhibit , "Mr. President," said, trying very hard to make my point while could. "Everything you are doing is wrong."

The men with the President laughing as though they would

never stop. Then realized what had said.

"What I will do," I said, "is to go over your hair lightly this time. Then we will need to let the hair grow. Eventually it will be able to be shaped as have sketched it. think you will like it much better."

At that point, Dave Kennerly, who was never without his camera, decided to take a picture of President Ford in the barber chair.

As Dave was photographing President Ford pointed at his

scalp and said. "Milt, you can see how thin my hair is there."

"Yes, Mr. President," I said, "but I think if we do it my way we can take the oil out of your hair, and we can comb the hair you have in a slightly different direction and we will be able to cover up a lot of the recessed area."

He laughed. "Recessed area, Milt, is that a new

word for baldness?"

"Well, Mr. President." I said "it is the baldness we want to play down. I don't like to use that word, but of course you may."

He laughed again, and said, "Fine! Let's do it."

From then on whenever President Ford came in would first remove any oil that had accumulated in his hair, when it was clean and free, there appeared to be much more hair, than he had remembered having. On his first few visits cut as little as possible, and what he had on top, I distributed where it would do the most good. As his hair lengthened in the back. I razor trimmed it. Soon there was a noticeable change in his looks. Many people commented that he had never looked so good until he had his White House barber.

President Ford had become aware of his "image" a little earlier than some men in public life. When he became Vice President he had had his teeth capped, and he had replaced his eyeglasses with contacts. For years he had been having his suits tailored in Grand Rapids where his tailor kept his measurements. He always made the out seam longer than the inseams to compensate for his famous client's

slightly bowed legs.

Quite early in his administration President Ford made a trip to Japan where he called on the Emperor. Life among government officials in that country was formal, so he took along his full dress suit. First Lady, Betty Ford, packed his clothes for him. Although the President had not worn his striped trousers for several years, Mrs. Ford apparently thought they were good enough for one more occasion. After the President's arrival in Japan, when it was far too late for any changes, it was discovered that his trousers were inches too short. His ankles showed. The American press was much less polite about the gaffe than were the more courteous Japanese. The poor picture of the President was widely circulated. After that he began buying some of his clothes on K Street in Washington. Before then he frequently wore rather bold plaids, stripes, and boldly patterned suits. I knew his haberdasher, and at one time mentioned to him that he suggest to the President more subdued ties, small poke-a-dots, or tie's with dark backgrounds, and fewer loud colors. By his second year in office President Ford's entire wardrobe had changed. By the time he left office he was a

well turned-out man.

President Ford brought some of his own people along to the White House with him. One was his press secretary Ronald Nessen. I didn't barber Ron's hair until he had been at the White House about six months. The answer I got from several people when I asked why Ron never came to the barbershop was. "His wife does his hair." One evening at a party at the Washington Hilton I met him and asked why I never saw him. He verified the fact that his wife trimmed his hair.

"But I have been meaning to stop down and see you." he said. It was probably a week later when he came . After that I cut his hair about every ten days. I used to think that Ron just came to the barbershop to relax. Of course, that was part of the charm of a haircut, thirty minutes under a barber's cape and in various stages of dishevelment did not allow much else for a man except to read or relax.

President Ford had also brought his own photographer with him. Perhaps Kennerly was a forecast of what was to happen to men's fashions during Carter Administration. I think only I saw him wear a necktie once and rarely a

jacket. He was long hair, had a full beard, and dressed blue jeans and suede . Often when I would pass Dave's office I would glance in and see him sitting at a desk with a derby hat placed flat across the top of his head.

One afternoon he came in to have his hair cut and get his beard trimmed. He told me he was going to appear on the Merv Griffin Show.

David," I said to him in my most fatherly voice. "Everyone will be watching you on tomorrow. I hope you will wear a nice suit."

When I viewed him next day on he was wearing light tan corduroy pants, a brown jacket, his brown suede shoes, and he was wearing a necktie!

Dave Kennerly was very much at ease with President Ford, whom I felt treated him almost like another son. Once while I was barbering the President, Dave came in and asked President Ford if he would like to play a game of tennis after he had finished his haircut. Reluctantly the President turned him down. "I better work on my speech for tomorrow," he said. "I don't think I'll have time to play this afternoon."

"O.K.then," David said. "If you can't play, I



think I'll cut out for the afternoon. I'll see you tomorrow." And he breezed out the door.

He was a bachelor, and He socialized a great deal with the President's son, Jack. I felt that Susan Ford, the President's only daughter, was very fond of him. He performed his job well, and the Fords were pleased with the pictures he produced of the administration. I felt he was in a particularly favorable position. His job could not possibly take up all of his time. He was invited to all the important events, saw everyone of note who visited the White House, and was with the First Family on all great occasions. With his charm and personality; he was all but included as a member of the family. A very nice spot for a young man to be in, and one which he seemed to enjoy without taking unfair advantage of it.

Dave Kennerly took many great candid shots around the White House, as well as Mr. Ford's official portraits. was always on hand in the Oval Office when that picture was taken. would stand by in case a hair got out of place, or could be of other service.

For the official portraits, which would be widely distributed in Government locations, and

which could be included in histories and other formal documents, David wanted the best he could do. He was a perfectionist, and in a way, the official portraits were his masterpieces. Before the final picture could be taken any number of Polaroid shots were snapped, developed, and studied. From just the right pose and just the right lighting angle for the final picture were chosen. The first year that David went through the process he must have kept the President sitting for forty five minutes. Finally everything was just as he wanted it.

"OK, Mr. President," David said, "smile ."  
looked at David and couldn't help laughing.  
"You are crazy!" said. "You have kept the President sitting for almost an hour and now you ask him to smile!"

President Ford looked at me and smiled.

"Buck May, who had taken so many pictures of Presidents, told me what it was like taking their pictures in "the old days". Before 1930 very few pictures were ever taken of Presidents indoors. Lighting was poor, and the danger of shooting off flash guns, plus the unpleasantness of the dust storm of smoke they evoked, simply did not work well. When a visiting

delegation or a politician wanted his picture taken with the President, they would step outside into the daylight where the cameraman would have his box set up on stilts. He would then reach under a black sheet, make a few adjustments, and shoot. The amount of light which was allowed into the lens was regulated by how large an opening was left in the sheet for the daylight to come through. Not a very sfcic method, though some remarkably clear pictures sometimes resulted. The invention of 35 film and flash bulbs revolutionized picture taking.

Some presidents were exceedingly vain, and others frankly realistic when it came to having their pictures taken. On an official portrait of Calvin Collidge, the photographic studio had carefully touched out all his many freckles. When Coolidge saw the prints he declared, "Those are fine pictures, but they aren't me! You took all my freckles off. Put them back on!"

Similarly, Franklin Delano Roosevelt had a large mole on his cheek which a photographer obliterated from an official portrait. The President was furious, and insisted that his "GOd-given mole" be properly replaced.

By contrast, President Lyndon Johnson was conceited. Whenever possible he allowed only the most favored side of his face to be photographed. His photographer was Oko Moto, a man of Japanese Heritage. Mr. Moto had vast privilege under President Johnson and could move freely about the White House. He even entered the Cabinet Room during sessions to take unposed pictures its members. Every day hundreds of pictures were shot of President Johnson and . The photographers were under orders from him to develop all films immediately and return the prints to evening for his inspection. Every night he would go through the stack, studying each one, and on the back he would write "yes" or "no", allowing only ones which favored him to be used. Recently I heard that 250,000 of those pictures would be included in the files of the Johnson Library in Austin. Texas.

Buck May, of Presidents, worked many years for Harris and Ewing Photo Service in Washington. The company employed 120 people and was the largest photo service under one roof in the United States. Their services included not only pictures of White House personnel, but also, portraits of the civic and

society leaders of Washington, Mr. Harris had some strict rules which his employees must respect. He never wanted unfavorable pictures of his clients to be printed in the newspapers. He disallowed pictures taken while people were eating. If they did not care to be photographed while drinking, or smoking, that was also taboo. Under the latter restriction, there was a White House code of honor that although Jacqueline Kennedy smoked frequently, she was never to be photographed holding a cigarette. Jackie was not only more photogenic than any first lady had been in a long time, but she was a great headliner. The photographers loved working with her. Once, just before Christmas, they had been snapping pictures around the White House all day including many of the First Lady. As she prepared to leave for the residence, one of the photographers suggested to her, "Mrs. Kennedy, why don't you send a bottle down to the boys?"

The photographers all thought was a great idea, and they eagerly awaited her delivery. Shortly it arrived, a quart of milk.

Another new face in the White House barber-shop was that of Dick Keiser, a member of

the Secret Service, and a personal bodyguard to the President. Like his boss. Dick was a former football player. In many ways they were physically similar, being rather stocky, with balding hair, reddish blond in color. Dick, who was almost constantly with the President, was sometimes mistaken for him. It was he, who, when a woman in California shot at the President in an attempt on his life, pushed President Ford into a car and lay across him, shielding him, as the limousine was thrown into gear

and driven off. With such a reputation for quick-thinking and loyalty, Dick was recommended to President Carter, whom he now serves in the same capacity.

When Mr. Ford became President the country was again without a Vice President. The XXV Amendment provided that in such a case the President should nominate a man for the office who must then face confirmation by a majority vote of both houses of Congress. President Ford quickly chose Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller. Scion of a great American family, and former governor of New York.

One day shortly after the new Vice President

had been sworn in, I was working in the barbershop when the door opened and a man with a fine head of hair, wearing dark horn-rimmed glasses, burst into the room. He was only slightly taller than I, generally of the same build, and he had a wide face, straight mouth, and other features remarkably similar to mine.

"Well, there you are!" he announced, coming over to me and grabbing my hand (which fortunately was not holding a razor at the time)

"Henry Kissinger said that you and I were look-alikes. I thought I ought to come by to see you."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Vice President," I said.

He stood back from me, frankly checking me over. "It's amazing," he said. "I should be so good looking!"

"I think you are," I said, feeling a little silly, because we were so alike that talking about him was almost like talking about myself.

Mr. Rockefeller had a photographer come in and take pictures

of us together. At that time, under the influence of the more relaxed Ford administration, I

was no longer wearing my tuxedo jacket with the presidential crest. I was in shirt sleeves. I slid into my suit jacket and the photographer snapped away. A few days later, Vice President Rockefeller came in for his first haircut with me. As I had with so many others, I said, "Mr. Vice President, I would like to change your hair a little."

"Fine," he said. "Go to it."

I thought his hair was cut much too high in the back and that he was wearing it too long on top, and his sideburns needed filling out. I did what I could for him that day and then held up the mirror. "Mr. Vice President," said, "take a look."

He smiled, and then he hesitated. He didn't particularly want to look in the mirror. Finally he took a quick glance. Then he said, "I am very grateful to you, but I won't be able to make up my mind about it until Happy sees it. If she likes it, I will let you know."

I smiled. "Then I hope she likes it."

He grinned at me. "I do too. For your sake."

I did not see him again for about three weeks, then suddenly



he was in the barbershop again. Vice President Rockefeller was a mover. He did things quickly. He always seemed brimming over with life and enthusiasm. As soon as he was through the door he spread his wide, infectious grin and said gaily, "She liked it! Here I am!"

After that I saw the Vice President every two or three weeks. He was not just a man in a suit who sauntered in and sat in my chair. He was a force. The life in him seemed almost too big for his body. It tried to get out. He was a "toucher." On our first meeting, he would give a hearty handshake with one hand and slap you on the on shoulder with the other, or give you a half-hug around the shoulders

that you really felt. Meanwhile he talked enthusiastically in his rather high, scratchy voice.

He was one of the friendliest, most kind-hearted people I ever met. Naturally the name "Rockefeller" was a show-stopper. For generations it had meant more money than most of us could ever imagine. I was surprised to discover that such a really big man, a man who had so much going for him, could be so thoroughly thoughtful.

One of his counselors was Raymond P. Shafer.  
former governor

of Pennsylvania. One day while I was trimming  
the Vice President's hair, Governor Shafer  
walked in to discuss some business with his  
boss. Kiddingly I asked the Vice President,  
"How is Governor Shafer doing, working for  
you?"

Very seriously Mr. Rockefeller answered. "Ray  
Shafer is one of my best friends. He doesn't  
work for me. He works with me. We are both  
here to help the President."

After he said that. I thought about it for a while.  
I had the feeling Mr. Rockefeller was sensitive  
to all he had received in the world just by being  
born. Not only had he wealth. but he had a  
name which opened every door in the world to  
him, except, I think, the one he wanted most--  
the upstairs residence at the White House.

He worked long hours. One day when I com-  
mented on this he said.

"I like President Ford. I would do anything to  
help him."

Looking so much like the Vice President, and  
sometimes being

in the same place where people expected to see him. I had some interesting adventures. Once at a large White House reception I found myself shoved into a receiving line by someone bent on proper protocol who had mistaken me for the Vice President. All of a sudden there was the President's barber standing in line shaking hands with dignitaries passing by. It took a bit of insistence to get out!

At another time entered a room at a party where Mr. Rockefeller was expected. Blinding TV lights had been turned on in preparation for taking his picture. As I arrived, I was silhouetted against them. Suddenly everything was focused on me. Flash! Ooops! Sorry about that! Such occurrences were always good for a laugh.

I was particularly happy when President Ford decided to keep Dr. Kissinger on as Secretary of State. Not only did I believe he was the best man for the job, but of all the human beings I had ever met, he was undoubtedly the most fascinating. I never knew where he would be next, or what words might expect from his mouth.

One evening just before he was to be inter-

viewed by Barbara Walters on a nationwide TV show, he came in to have his hair done. I shampooed and dried it to make it as smooth as possible, trying to discourage its inherent tendency to wave. I was just about through, with him and thinking how well his hair would photograph, when he said, "Now I will go take my steam bath."

I didn't want to believe my ears. "Dr. Kissinger" I all but begged, don't take a bath now. I just got your hair in place."

He was surprised. "I shouldn't take a bath?"

"Not now. The steam will curl your hair."

"But can't go out without a bath."

I didn't know how to convince him. International diplomat that he was, I felt, he would understand compromise. "Tomorrow morning," I offered.

Seeing, how serious I was, he shrugged. "Well, it's your reputation at stake, not mine." And he went off to meet Barbara.

The "Look-alike" pictures of Vice President Rockefeller and

myself began appearing in the newspapers in January 1975. As a result of the new publicity,

I received more mail and more requests for hair clippings. President Ford and Vice President Rockefeller would have been snipped bald if I had attempted to fill, all the orders!

One youthful fan described exactly how the expected hairs were to be mounted and protected, and then went on to say, "May the hairs of President, His Honor Gerald R. Ford, keep falling from your sissors..."

Also my name began to enter the "household word" category. It

came up several times on the Hollywood Squares. The first time, the question was, "Who is Milton Pitts?" He told Nelson Rockefeller "We should lower the back, have the sides fuller, and lower the top." What does Milton Pitts do?" Several contestants tried to answer. One said, "He must be the architect remodeling Mr. Rockefeller's house."

No one guessed the right answer.

My daughter, Barbara, was sick in bed watching television that day. When she heard my name mentioned she leapt out of bed and raced downstairs to tell her mother.

"Did anyone guess the answer?" Izetta asked. Barbara was overcome. She had been so excited hearing my name on the nationally broadcast game show that she had forgotten about listening for the reply. She had to get it later from a neighbor who had remained glued to her set.

In a cosmopolitan city such as the nation's capital, all races are represented. In Washington, D.C., the population; is about % black. Sometimes I have been asked I barber blacks. Of course I occasionally do but a second set of tools is required. Contrary to how it may appear, the hair of a black person is very soft. If pressed down with the palm, an "Afro" hairstyle is as soft as feathers. Hair on a black person, grows more densely than on others,. It is of very fine texture, and not coarse, as one might expect.

Barbering it requires a comb with large teeth, and an electric razors must also have wider teeth on the clippers so that the hair will feed properly into the razor. A different barbering technique is also required.

The District of Columbia is one of the few places in the United States, where, in order to

obtain a beauty and barber license, it is necessary to use two models, one Caucasian, and one black. Each model's hair must be done, in the judge's opinion, with equal skill, or the barber or beautician does not pass the test.

While the play *Sizwe Banzi is Dead*, starring John Kani and Winston Ntshona was playing at the Arena Stage, a popular Washington theater, I received a call from the theater manager. She told me that two of the actors needed haircuts. They would need haircuts at least once a week for the duration of the play. The caller went on to say, "The actors are black. I was told you are the President's barber, and that 'you would be skilled in various kinds of haircuts."

"Yes," I said. "I can do any kind of men's cutting or hair styling."

"What do you charge to go out?" the lady asked.

"I don't go out too often for that kind of work," I said.

"It would be \$50 for each trip."

"Fine," she agreed. "Could you come over to the theater at 7P.M. tomorrow night to do their hair just before they go on stage?"

I checked my calendar. The next day was a Tuesday. My final appointment for the day was with President Ford at six o'clock.

"Yes," I said. "I will be there."

"You will still need your razors" she said, "They wear their hair very short."

The following evening after I had finished with the President I stopped by the Carlton and picked up my special tools and electric razors.

At the theater I was ushered backstage where I met the two young African entertainers.

Both their heads had been clipped to about one eighth of an inch of growth all over their heads. They told me they wished to have their heads "styled". I was to trim them as close as possible. I clipped each one with the shortest clippers that I had, and then went over their heads with an electric razor. It took only about five minutes until I had them right down to the skin. Still, I had no idea what they planned to do next. But I soon found out. The young men wiped their heads with towels then each totally covered his face and head with Vaseline, and put on costumes. They were playing the parts of early African prisoners.



Every week for as long as they were in town I went to the theater and shaved their heads. They were talented young men, and I particularly enjoyed their softly accented voices.

At the Sheraton-Carlton shop one morning I noticed John Ehrlichman's name on the appointments sheet. I had not seen him since he had left the White House. After his conviction of participation in the Watergate crimes, he had gone to New Mexico, where during the interval before his prison sentence began, I believe it was under appeal, I had heard he was writing a book. When he entered the shop I did not recognize him. He was dressed in a gray-brown corduroy suit and wore a turtle-neck sweater. Ever since I had known him he had been all but bald on the front half of his head with just a few wisps of hair growing back across the scalp. That day his baldness was emphasized by a shaggy growth of beard that grew down the sides of his cheeks and hung from his chin. In the back, his hair was also long. If he had not been John Ehrlichman, would have said "unkempt." In the White House he had come to see me every ten days or so, and had always kept his hair neatly trimmed. The contrast to what I then saw put

me through a strong series of emotions.

I was working on another customer when he entered and had only time to say "hello", and then got back to my business.

When it became Jonn's turn, I asked him what he would like me to do. I was hoping he would ask me to shave off his beard.

I felt it did not do justice to him.

"I want to keep the beard," he said. "Just shape it up a bit. And leave the back long. I only want it trimmed. I suppose his appointment lasted the usual thirty minutes. I shampooed his head and beard and trimmed them according to his directions. When I was finished, he really looked better, but it was a difficult session for me. There were no "good old days" to talk about, and at that point, what lay ahead appeared so bleak, that there seemed no, "good old future" to anticipate. It was difficult for me to understand why such an attractive man as John, who had previously been so meticulous about his appearance, chose to dress and look so hippy. It was only after he departed, and I thought about how difficult it had been for me to recognize him, that I understood . his disguise, he must

have spared himself many disconcerting confrontations. Later that day Secretary Kissinger stopped by for a hair trim. I mentioned that John had been in the shop and that I had scarcely recognized him.

In his droll way, Dr. Kissinger asked. "Why? Did he look well?"

"No," I said. "He looked unpressed. His hair is long, and he has grown a very shaggy beard."

The eyes in the well known face before me in the barber chair squinted and a sly smile curled its lips. "If you think that is something," he said, just wait until I ape!"

I have never liked beards. I feel they are difficult to keep properly clean and do little or nothing to improve a man's appearance, or, as some think, make him more attractive to women. The only time I would ever recommend a beard to one of my customers would be if he had severe facial scarring or skin imperfections which he wished to hide. or he had an abnormally receding chin. Over my thirty years of barbering, many of my customers have toyed with the idea of allowing their beards to grow, but in every case. I have made it clear as how I feel about them.

The daily nuisance of a beard, and man's approach to its treatment, is a continuing saga. The ceaseless outward downward growth of male facial hair and attempts to control it have been a problem to man since Adam came of age. Hack it off, or trip over it. Wash it, or scratch it. A beard was a nuisance. It was also dangerous, and unhealthy. Early man did not require a mirror to see it. It bushed wildly before him. In battle a beard was a hazard, a hand-hold for his enemy. The man with the longer beard was generally the loser, He could be trapped by it, whether his enemy was from the cave down the trail, or his own cave-mate. Running a household without napkins or knives and forks, his beard could become a furry residence for left-overs. Without soaps, or a knowledge of hygiene it was a walking attraction for flying insects in-the daylight, and a feasting place for small crawling creatures at night. His recourse was to pull it out by hand, or scrape at it with sharp stones, or, if he lived near a beach, with shells. There are records of ancient tribes who recognized the tweezer-like effect of mussel shells for that purpose. Unable to run a Track Two over his face in the morning or give it a quick buzz with an electric

razor before dinner, more civilized man began to make attempts to turn his beard into a thing of beauty. He trained it in various patterns. Ancient Egyptian wall paintings and sculptures reveal great ingenuity in styles of beards. Shape and length of a beard became an indication power and rank. The higher the station, the longer the beard. Kings and Pharaohs were allowed the greatest length, and theirs might be cut square across the bottom. Apparently some influential's were unable to raise their own facial foliage, as there are records of false beards. They were made of tufts of hair attached to cords which were lopped over the ears. The fashion for them was to be so fetching that even women wore them, tying them on with ribbons or gold chains. The coffin of King Tutankhamun has his likeness on its lids decorated with a stylized false beard.

The time and thought early man devoted to such sel-beautification is noteworthy. It speaks leisure, patience, and vanity, as well as inventiveness. Beards were styled in intricate patterns of curls.

Perhaps after such a hairdressing the question was first raised as to whether at night the beard should be placed under or over the

covers.

Like periods of growth or recession, war or peace through out history beards have been either "in" or "out". Alexander the Great ordered his soldiers to be clean shaven. The razor of the day was an awkward, crescent-shaped scraper. Hot running water and lather-from-a-can were a long way off, and share razors so far in the future that man didn't yet need styptic pencils and Band-aids.

Midway through modern civilization beards became a subject which the clergy felt obliged control. It attempted to banish them among Christian congregations. But such edicts did not work. In spite of threats and dire predictions as to the consequences of thwarting the will of the church, man curled. straightened. dressed and sculptured his beard. Some interesting styles in beards appeared on the earliest playing cards, the Kings in three of the suits sporting beards with two points, the fourth, in profile, wearing a single, curling, pointed beard. Curling appointed beards had first been depicted on "Egyptian gods. As a result of that, Pharoahs, who upon their death were immediately given a god status, were portrayed thereafter with curved beards. With

the development of dependable razors, man could control his beard with comfort. To wear one, or not, became his choice. For some, a beard became a sex symbol. The strength of a man, it could be assumed, was indicated by the vigor of his chin outcropping. On the other hand, the wearing of one was sometimes considered a penance. Certain religious orders were required to wear them.

In Orthodox Judaism there is law which forbids shaving the "four corners of the face. Jews living in smooth-faced societies this can be a considerable problem. The tenet is often circumnavigated by removing facial hair by the use of caustic paste rather than outright defiance of the law by the use of a razor.

And in others, it was equally demanded that priests wear no facial hair as a symbol that they "did not exercise their virility."

Shortly after I began work at the White House a column by Nick Thimmesch appeared *in* the Los Angeles Times titled "Should President Nixon Grow A Beard?" Thimmesch suggested that the President grew one he might look "more loveable." He quoted several points of view, some serious, some speculative. Patrick

Buchanan, speechwriter for the President was quoted as saying, "Negative. It Would kill him politically."

Mr. Nixon's private secretary, Rosemary Woods, who was to indelibly enter American history because of an eighteen minute lapse in the controversial Watergate tapes, laughed at the idea. And one administration official, concerned about the hippy movement, said. "Great! If he grows one, maybe the kids will shave theirs off."

Only five American Presidents have worn beards: Abraham

Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, and Benjamin Harrison. All five of them were Republicans, and two of them were assassinated, though the fact that they were bearded probably had nothing to do with that. Lincoln did not wear a beard during his famous debated with Stephen A. Douglas, nor when he campaigned the presidency in 1860. In Lincoln's case, there is an undocumented story, that he was persuaded to grow one by a letter written to him by a young girl. Grace Bedell. She promised that if he grew a beard, her three brothers would vote



for him.



## Chapter XII

### "Just A Little Off The Top"

For twenty minutes on Sunday, August 31, 1975, was a Star.

My brief flash across the television heavens began with a call from Clare Crawford, a reporter for Time, and People, and other magazines. She also directed "Weekend", a ninety minute nationally viewed show which originated in Washington, D.C. Clare discussed with me the format for a television show which would feature the life of the

President's barber. Shortly thereafter we began work on it. For the next two or three weeks I had a taste of what the President himself undergoes. Everywhere I went, I was followed. In preparation for the show a crew from the TV station focused their cameras on me and made recordings of my comments. Sometimes I was requested to do "a scene" over and over until it was exactly the way they wanted it. For instance, I always entered the White House through the West Wing, Miss Crawford wanted to have a choice of entrances for me. I carried my tool kit in and out of nearly every outside door to the White House, including the handsome Pennsylvania Avenue doorway under its magnificent Doric columns.

To make the story more "lifelike," though the incident never happened to me in real life, for

the benefit of the TV audience, upon my arrival at the White House in the morning, I was asked by the guard to show what was in my tool kit. By then I had been entering the White House for five years and all the guards knew me. They never questioned what I carried in or out of the White House. But for the sake of better drama, the guards were alerted.

When I with the camera crew filming my every motion, I was

stopped at the gatehouse and asked to show my White House pass. The guard then demanded to know what I was carrying, and I opened my kit and showed him everything in it, the shears, the clippers, and the razors.

As the film rolled. I was declared o.k., and allowed to pass on about my business. I photographed for the film at the Carlton with some of my more famous customers. It was also hoped that the script could include a scene in White House barbershop with President Ford in the chair while on him. Permission for the scene had been requested weeks in advance, and a positive reply was expected. Pictures of the President receiving his haircuts had been published nationwide. Even further than

that. The front page of an Italian newspaper, showing me cutting President's hair, had been sent to me from Rome. In those days President Ford was scarcely able to exhale without the camera's recording the moment. He had been shown swimming in the new White House swimming pool, bumping his head while entering a helicopter, and stumbling down a stairway. No moment in his life seemed to menial or immemorial to record. In expecting to show the nation its President actually having his hair cut, Clare Crawford argued that this was a "human event." It showed the President as a fellow quite like all the rest of us, one with whom one could sympathize and identify. Apparently, however, the White House and President Ford was becoming too human. No TV cameras would be permitted into the White House barbershop. After all, it was right down the hall from the Situation Room, a guarded place for international communications which had 'round the clock vigilance.

The decision was a disappointment to Miss Crawford, but even

without my star customer, the show carried on. Hearing of its filming, Vice President Rockefeller dropped by the Carlton and was pho-

tographed with me.

One day when the camera crew came into the Carlton shop, Jack Anderson, the Washington Post's Syndicated columnist, was seated in the barber chair. Jack had been my friend and customer for many years.

Clare, who had also known him for some time, asked him, "Jack, may I ask you the reason. Why do you come to Milt's shop? Is it because you might want to talk with him about the White House?"

"Why don't you ask Milt?" Jack answered.

Clare turned to me. "As a matter of fact." I said. "every time I do Jack's hair, he falls asleep. I constantly have keep waking him up so that I can finish his haircut."

Jack had been waiting to hear what I would say. When I had finished, he laughed, settled his hips a little more comfortably into the chair, and closed his eyes. "Well," he said, "I might as well my thing." Within seconds. he was asleep. When "The President's Barber" was shown on prime time on the last Sunday evening in August. Lloyd Dobbins announced the show against background music which had been dubbed in after the filming. The selection

was from The Barber of Seville. The action swung to my approach to the White House with my briefcase filled with "lethal" weapons. the music changed to the theme song from the TV series, "Mission Impossible."

During the nationwide presentation of the film a one-liner

was occasionally superimposed in flash across the screen. It read, "Milton Pitts was not paid." That was a finger-shake at the network's competitor's "Sixty Minutes program, and referred to a payment made to H.R.Haldeman for his interview with Mike Wallace.

On many of Secretary Kissinger's international trips, he was

accompanied by Marvin Kalb. Marvin and his brother, Bernard. Were internationally recognized TV correspondents and writers. Marvin had been stationed in Moscow a correspondent for CBS for several years. On one of their trips to Israel they were accompanied by Helmut Sonnenfeldt, an assistant to the Secretary. Dr. Kissinger was accustomed to having his hair cut at least once a week--even more often if he was to appear On TV--and he had been out of the United States for about ten

days. As he later told me the story, he said he felt he was due for a haircut, and there being a barbershop in his hotel, it seemed a good idea to avail himself of its services. Mr. Kalb and Mr. Sonnenfeldt also decided they could use trims. So the three went together to the barbershop.

Outranking the others. Secretary Kissinger placed himself in the barber chair first, while his companions awaited their turns. Secretary Kissinger had difficulty making the barber understand how he wanted his hair cut, and as a result, he ended up with a very bad haircut. When he looked in the mirror, he was not very happy. He got out of the chair and intended to exit the barbershop as rapidly as possible.

"I'm going on," he said gruffly. "I will meet you back at the office."

"No," Marvin told him "We will go with you."

Dr. Kissinger was surprised. "You aren't getting your hair cut?"

Sonnenfeldt said, "Look in the mirror."

The three of them left the shop together.

On another trip. to Japan, again accompanied by Marvin Kalb and Helmut Sonnenfeldt, Dr.

Kissinger felt he could not wait until his return home to have his haircut. Not wishing to risk receiving a typical Japanese-style trim, which was very short, he decided against going to the hotel barbershop. Instead, he had Mr Sonnefeld phone the desk and ask to have a barber sent up to his room, where, he felt, he could control his hair styling. When Mr. Sonnenfeldt called downstairs he asked the manager.

"Do you have a barber who will come up to the room?"

"Oh, yes," he was told.

"Is he familiar with American-style hair cutting?"

"Yes, indeed," the manager proudly replied.

"We have the same barber who used to cut the hair of General MacArthur."

Shortly after, a barber came up to the hotel room. He was not as young as he had been when he had last serviced the American Army General, which must have been at least twenty-five years earlier, but he assured Secretary Kissinger that he was up to date on American hairstyles.

After neatly laying out his tools, he proceeded



to give the Secretary a haircut. As usual, Dr. Kissinger began reading his papers, and paid no attention to what the barber was doing. When he next looked in the mirror he saw that the barber had clipped off both his sideburns. He had given been what barbers call "a bowl cut." Dismayed, the Secretary of State surveyed himself in the mirror. Then he turned to Marvin Kalb.

"You're next," he said.

"On second thought," Marvin, who was also in dire need of a haircut, said, "I think I will wait until I get back to the states."

A couple days later, in Washington, as I was reading the morning newspaper, I saw a picture of Secretary Kissinger attending a meeting in China. His hair was a mess. The top stood up like a rooster's comb, and the sides were sheared off clean. I was still reading the paper when a call came from Dr. Kissinger's office at the State Department.

"Secretary Kissinger is air-borne, on his return to Washington, his secretary told me. "He has asked me to call you and ask you not to leave the barbershop this evening until he has been in to see you." Immediately after that, "he is

scheduled to see the President." When my fast traveling customer arrived I did what I could to salvage what "General Mac'Arthur's barber" had done to him.

"Why did you let him do this to you?" I asked.

"Don't you

remember that old saying 'have suitcase, will travel?' I would be happy to go with you on some of your trips, if only you would ask me."

A little grin crossed the Secretary's face, but I have yet to be asked.

Marvin Kalb's brother, Bernard, had been a news correspondent in Southeast Asia for many years. The brothers were a handsome pair, both about six foot three in height, slender in body, and with attractive facial features. The first I met Bernard, he came into the shop at the Carlton with Marvin. He was wearing an exceptionally wide orange necktie, a width that was new to fashion at the time. Over his suit he was wearing a long, obviously old, leather overcoat.

"Where shall I put my coat?" he asked.

His brother suggested, "Just stand it in any corner you like."

Both men were witty, and it was a treat to have them in the

barbershop. While would cut, the hair of one or the other, small jokes were batted back and forth. One time Bernard told me that after I had done his hair, his small daughter looked him over critically, and then said, "Why don't you go to Uncle Marvin's barber? He always has a nice haircut."

Whenever I think of General Douglas MacArthur, I am always reminded of his hair style. He was a proud man, and for good reason. He served his country long and well. But he was, also vain, and he had one of the worst hair styles I ever saw. He was bald on top, but allowed a few strands from the side to grow extremely long, which he then were, pulled horizontally across his scalp. Since the hairs had to be very long to cover the dome of his head, when he got out

in the wind, with his, hat off they stood straight, up in what, to me, "Seemed a must unbecoming manner, if it been anyone else but the revered general, I would have thought, ridiculous! General Mac Arthur had a strange, handsome face, and his military life had kept

his body lean, and his face Sun-tanned. At various times in his career he was a national hero, and it was only his hair style which reminded people how extremely human he was. It was out of keeping with up his appearance. It had not the frankness so clearly pronounced by his words and actions. It was a cover-up, and a most temperamental one at that.

There comes a time in a man's life when it is better to admit to being bald than to attempt whimsical subterfuge. General MacArthur did the best he could with what he had. But if he had come to me, I would have recommended a hairpiece. I vividly remember one occasion, during the early days of television, when the General was at a high peak of popularity. He had been invited to make a nominating speech at the Republican convention, which was being held in the Cow Palace in Chicago.

It was summer, and hot, and there were masses of people, and at that point, the air conditioning in the vast auditorium had broken electric down. To keep the people on the platform alive, some huge electric fans were brought in and mounted on pedestals where they could cool the speakers. In an attempt to cool a wide area, the fans blew a powerful

blast. Throughout General Mac Arthur's eloquent speech, I noted that he kept patting the top of his head as he tried to restrain his, long, horizontal hairs from standing straight up in the gale force winds. If only the fans had been placed on the other side of his head, on the side of his hair part, he would have been in good shape. The wind would have blown his hair flat, instead of straight up. The General's aversion to admitting his baldness was not a situation in which he found himself alone. Baldness has plagued man throughout recorded history. The early Egyptians had tonics and dressings which they thought strengthened hair and deterred its loss. They had secret concoctions and formulas, just as we have had

patent medicines and other promised cures for this falling out that bares a man's scalp. An early cure which you might like to try if you can find the necessary ingredients calls for a mixture of six kinds of fat--the fat of a hippopotamus, a lion, a cat, a crocodile, a snake, and an ibex." It was also recorded that the teeth of a donkey mashed in oil "worked miracles" to strengthen hair.

Among the early Hebrews baldness was considered both a defect and a curse. In con-

trast, a dense head of hair was looked upon as a special blessing. The Biblical legend of the Old Testament related that an Israelite judge, Samson's hair was the of his great strength, which was able to bring down buildings. When his mistress, Deliah, cut off his hair as he slept, his strength went with it, and his enemies were able to overcome him. A Biblical curse proclaims:

"instead of well-set hair, there shall be baldness. And shame shall be upon all faces and baldness upon all their heads.", (Isaiah)

"In Rome, the ancients considered baldness a deformity, and wore wigs to cover it.

Shakespeare had two attitudes towards it stated in the "Comedy of Errors"

"Time himself is bald and there for to the world's end will have all bald followers." And, "What he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit."

Statistics on balding are not encouraging. It has always been with us, and its incidence does not seem to be lessening. Only one male in five can expect to have a full head of hair at age sixty. One man in five begins to grow bald in their adolescence. But interestingly,

Hippocrates, in about 4000 B.C. made a striking observation--eunuchs do not grow bald. Modern research has found agreement with this theory. Males who have been emasculated either through injury or illness in their youth, neither grow bald, nor have receding hairlines. Baldness is not all bad when considered under such a dome light.

In Modern times complete baldness, even without the usual rim of hair which nature leaves as a memorial fringe to what once grew above, is a new man-made trend. Such a lack-of-hair style became a symbol of masculinity when Yul Brynner played the part of the Siamese King in *The King and I*, for which his head was totally shaved. In the musical he was portrayed as the master of a flourishing harem requiring replenishment of young virgins, and as the sire of vast numbers of offspring. More currently, Telly Savalas kept his head as bald as an ostrich egg for the characterization of a rugged male cop on a weekly TV series, called "Kojak." All of which contributes to the thought that Bald is Beautiful.

Along with the many solicitations for hair clippings from

Presidential heads I was asked for "anything the President has "touched."--combs he had used, brushes, possibly a towel on which he had dried his face. Of course I did not comply with such requests. I did make an exception in the case of ARCS (Achievement Rewards for College Scientists ) The Metropolitan Washington Chapter of ARCS which had been founded in 1968 to raise money for scholarships -for brilliant and deserving technological students, doctors, engineers and scientists in financial need. I asked to contribute to an auction to be held at their annual dance. Some rare and expensive gifts were donated, including a week in Florida for four at a west coast condominium with its own private beach, jewelry, an oil painting, along with some highly prized tickets to a Redskins football game.

Almost alone on a page of the expensive program was listed,

"A Fantastic Collector's Item." It was a razor which I had used on President Gerald Ford. On the same evening a briefcase formerly used by Secretary of state Kissinger, an old pair of Senator William Proxmire's jogging shoes and a pair of Vice President Rockefeller's horn-



rimmed glasses all created excited, bidding and brought high prices.

The "Ford-Pitts razor sold for \$250.

President Ford came about every ten days for a haircut. I found that he took being the President very seriously. The unusual conditions under which he had become President probably gave him a different attitude towards the job than any previous Chief Executive had experienced. The country had generally been pleased when he replaced President Nixon. President Gerald Ford was one of the least controversial men in Washington, but his honeymoon with the press and the public lasted only one month. On September 8, he gave former President Nixon an "unconditional" pardon for all federal crimes that he might have committed, or may have taken part in while in office. That action created another maelstrom of opinion. I happened to think that President Ford was right in pardoning the former President. On one occasion he told me that a trial for President Nixon, if it had come to one, would have continued for years. He felt that there would have been so much attention focused on that one particular thing that he wouldn't have

been able to function very well as President. Too much of his time would be taken up with that one case. did not feel that President Ford had made any commitment to President Nixon prior to a pardon. was a sincere and good man. believed him when he said he felt the pardon was best for the country.

Whenever he came into the barber shop he carried a folder full of work and sat reading it. Frequently he had speeches with him, and he would check out the opening remarks and gags. The barbershop was a where his daughter Susan always felt she could find him where he would not be surrounded by busy staff people. She popped in from time to time. She was a lovely slim, blonde girl just about the age of my daughter. Susan was greatly interested in photography.

One day she bounced in all excited. "Dad," she said "You know Dave (Kennerly) is going to China with you. He says he can get me a good buy on a camera in the orient." President Ford looked up at her and, in the voice of a father who is about to be had, asked "How much money are you talking about?"

"Oh," she answered coyly, "Dave says about

three or four

hundred."

It was obvious to me that the President did not want to turn her down, yet, even if it was a good buy, it was a lot of money. Stalling, he asked, "What do you think I am, a rich man?"

Susan walked over to him and gave him a kiss on his bald head. "O.K," he said.

Just as Susan kissed the President, Dave, who had entered the barbershop behind her, snapped a father-daughter scene with me laughing in the background.

"David," the President said, "Buy the camera, and let me know what I owe you."

A very happy picture of President Ford laughing as Susan kissed him, went around the world, reproduced on the pages of countless publications.

The two older Ford sons did not live at the White House. Only Jack and Susan had moved in their parents. Soon after

had become President, Jack started coming down to the barbershop for his haircuts. He was friendly, but quiet. I think he found life in the fishbowl of the White House hard on a

young man in his early twenties. Every move he made was subject to headlining. Once he told me, "I can't even go out and have a beer with the people my own age without three or four middle-aged Secret Service men looking over my shoulder."

He looked very much like early pictures of his father. His hair was blond and straight, and he liked to wear it long in back and short on top. I tried to style it the way I thought would make him look his best, but it took a lot of doing. Young people can be pretty rigid in what they think looks right for them. And parents, of course, hold their own idea of how things should be. President Ford was aware of youthful leanings towards a more relaxed appearance, but

I didn't feel that he liked long hair. He was a straight establishment man, and that included the requisite of a meticulous appearance. After several visits from Jack I began to see the result of my long-term planning for his hair beginning to shape up. Following one of his visits, President Ford came to the barbershop for his own trim. If I see you have finally gotten hold of Jack. If said, smiling. "I'm really happy about that. He looks much better."

Secretary Kissinger was always good for a story. He would either tell me one, or people would tell me stories about him. He lived an incredible life while he worked for the Nixon and Ford administrations, traveling to Europe with the ease and frequency with which citizens go to a grocery store. His aide Helmut Sonnenfeldt, who spoke Russian fluently, frequently traveled with him. Speaking Russian, he was able to converse directly with Mr. Brezhnev.

On one such trip, Dr. Kissinger told me, Sonnenfeldt was wearing a new watch his wife had given him for Christmas. Mr. Brezhnev admired it and asked if he might see it. Mr. Sonnenfeldt removed it and handed it to the Soviet leader who put it on and thanked him. To Sonnenfeldt's amazement he then took off his own watch, apparently a cheap one, and handed it to him saying. "We trade."

Sonnenfeldt tried to smile happily about the exchange although he was not overjoyed. His own watch had sentimental value, and he was sure it was of better quality than the Russian one. The following day when he accompanied Secretary Kissinger to a meeting with Mr. Brezhnev. The Russian leader handed yet him

yet another watch. It was a much finer watch than the first. Mr. Sonnenfeldt thought, but still not as good as his own. He wondered what he would tell his when he returned home, but felt that at least the timepiece had historic value, considering the prestige of the donor.

Upon his arrival home he asked his wife about the watch she had given him, and learned that she had purchased it as a discount house at far less value than the first watch Mr. Brezhnev had given him.

As Dr. Kissinger told me the story about his aide, he warned me, "If you ever sit beside Mr. Brezhnev, hide your wristwatch. He may give you the cheap one he is wearing."

On the Secretary's trips to Russia Mr. Brezhnev frequently arranged wild boar hunts for his entertainment. The sport was something the Russian leader thoroughly enjoyed, and he seemed to suppose that everyone else did as well. Dr. Kissinger said. "I am not a hunter. I am not even a good shot with a rifle. On the Soviet boar hunting expeditions, I struck out. I never shot any game." He would look grim as he remembered the cold and

discomfort. "But," he said, "my poor showing never daunted Mr. Brezhnev. He kept on offering me more opportunities to develop my skills at boar hunting. You have no idea how cold that countryside can get! e would add, shaking his head. "The Russians never seemed to feel it, but I was very uncomfortable."

I asked him what Mr. Brezhnev was really like. "Actually," he said, "he is a rather jolly fellow. He always seemed relaxed when I was over there. And he was very pleased to come here. When he went to Camp David with President Nixon, he thought that it was splendid. He loved the wooded countryside."

It had been well publicized that President Nixon and Mr. Brezhnev had gotten along well together. One story that circulated was that at a White House dinner, in the enthusiasm of their toasting of one another, they had tapped glasses together so enthusiastically that Mr. Brezhnev's drink had splashed all over President Nixon's jacket,

and that President Nixon had laughed hard over the accident.

On one occasion I was asked to go to Blair House, the Presidential guest house at Penn-

sylvania Avenue, just across the street from the White House. Since the latter years of the Eisenhower administration most official guests who came to Washington for meetings with the President, or to attend state dinners, they stayed at Blair House. As a matter of record, only one official guest during President Eisenhower's term stayed in the White House. Elizabeth II. Queen of the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland and Head of the Commonwealth and Prince Philip occupied the Rose and Lincoln suites. All, other guests have been hospitably received in the elegant but simple quarters of the Blair mansion.

The occasion for my visit there was the visit of Malcolm Fraser, Prime Minister of Australia.

I had never entered Blair House and was pleased to have the opportunity to broaden my knowledge about it. I was escorted to the top floor where a beauty salon had been established for the convenience of our nation's honored guests. It was under the management of representatives of Elizabeth Arden beauty salons. It was, of course, a private shop, not one to which anyone except guests of Blair House might go. It



was maintained the United States government through the State Department solely for the convenience of visitors.

When the door to the two room shop opened, two ladies were seated within, with their heads under driers. They were politely asked to move to the smaller room, as the Prime Minister had an appointment.

A tall, handsome man entered the shop. He greeted me in that shading of English which is neither British nor American, but particularly Australian. After shaking hands with Mr. Fraser, I seated him in the barber chair, and went about my business. One of the things I always do before I give a first haircut, in a shop is to check the temperature of the water. Of course, I was not familiar with the equipment at Blair House. As I stood behind the Prime Minister, with his back to me, I turned on the faucet to preheat the water before shampooing his hair. As I twisted the handle an exceedingly hot stream of water shot out at me, soaking my jacket. It burned through to my chest, I turned it off quickly, containing my "ouch!" When I glanced down to see what damage had been done, I found that the front of my jacket had two large dark wet stains. I did not want the

Prime Minister to see how bad it looked.

"Sir," I said, still standing behind his back.

"I find it is a little warm this. afternoon. If you don't mind, I believe I will work without my jacket. "He never knew how badly I sprayed myself.

When I had finished with Mr. Fraiser, I returned to the White House. My customer there was Secretary Kissinger. I told him what had happened at Blair House, laughing at my plight.

"Now I can tell you," I added. "The same thing happened here once when I worked on you.

Thank goodness the water hit me and not you.

That was one of the times you left here to go directly upstairs for a live television interview."

Since that unexpected shower, while working at the White House, I had always kept a spare jacket in the barbershop closet.

My visit to Blair House was in August 1976.

People continued to ask me what I charged for White House haircuts. By that time I had raised the price of a shampoo-haircut to \$9.00. I received a check in that amount from Blair House through Mrs. Mary Schneck for my services to the Prime Minister.

1976 was not only the year of the celebration

of the nation's 200th birthday, but it was again the quadrennial, and time for another Presidential election. President Ford appeared most anxious to be elected President, to be chosen by the electorate instead of having come to the office through the side door of the Vice office--again, a position to which he had been appointed, and not elected. It seemed to me there was much stacked against his chances of winning. The national economy was not favorable, inflation was rising, there was unemployment, and the old bugaboo of "Watergate" and his pardon of President Nixon, like specters determined to haunt him. It was generally agreed that President Ford was a good man, honest and conscientious, but he had no pizzazz. He was the incumbent, which was a considerable advantage, yet he was not able to stir up much fervor for his cause. In May 1975 he had shown a bright flare of executive ability when he recovered a United States merchant vessel, the Mayaggez from the Cambodian government which had seized it. For a couple of days President Ford had been a national hero. had acted with the immediacy and daring of an old style Commander Chief. But the press quickly turned the matter

into a "questionable" performance, a grade "C" rating on his report card. They pointed out the risks involved. Sometimes, it seemed to me, a President could no longer win good marks. He was damned if he did, and equally condemned when he did not.

Mean while, his own party was divided as to whether or not to support him. A strong contender for the office came to the fore. Ronald Reagan, former governor of California, a handsome conservative sixty-five years of age, and a former movie star, began to pickup percentages in the primaries. Although I disliked his slicked back, long-on-the-top hair-do, which I considered twenty years behind the times, had to admit he projected charisma like a Fourth of July sparkler on a moonless night. Frankly, I was worried about President Ford's chances for re-election.

When discussion of the early primaries came up in the barbershop, President Ford told me his prime reaction to Mr. Reagan's entry into the contest was one of surprise. He felt he was performing his job very well. He had expected fault-finding from the opposition party, but to be taken on by one of his own camp, was, well,

he repeated, surprising."

The Texas primaries were held in May. They were a wipe-out for President Ford. The White House staff were shaken. I felt particular concern. I was loyal to my boss, but I was also sincere in the belief that given a full term under Gerald Ford, the nation would benefit.

During the spring and summer, as President Ford campaigned for nomination to remain in office, Democrats too numerous to mention, likewise took to the trails. Some were long experienced, well recognized faces. One, was a genuine "Jimmy Who?" James Earl Carter was from Plains, Georgia, and all that anyone knew about him was that he was a fervent Baptist, and had been Governor of Georgia. One afternoon while was cutting Vice President Rockefeller's hair in the White House barbershop the television was turned on. It was angled in front of the chair so that my customer's could view it. Suddenly Mr. Rockefeller leaned forward and said, "Milt, would you please turn up the sound?"

I turned the knob and looked at the picture to see what had

caught his, interest. The news was from New

York City

where Mayor Abe Beame was about to introduce candidate Jimmy

Carter. As Mr. Beame moved through the crowds towards the podium all that could be seen of him was the occasional bounce of the top of his head as he hit the high part of his step. He was a very short man. When he reached the speaker's platform he mounted a box which was always present when he was to speak. The mayor made a brief introduction of the presidential candidate, and then stepped down. Jimmy Carter, who was not very tall either, then addressed the crowd.

The Vice President looked at the screen for only a moment, and then said, "O.K., You can turn it off if you like."

I said. "Mr. Vice President, doesn't it strike you that that fellow is too short to be President?"

"Now wait a minute," he replied. "You and I are not too tall ourselves."

I said. "But we aren't running for anything, are we?"

Which made him laugh very hard.

The action, the comings and goings, the campaign, stepped up the White House tempo. There was always something special about each day in the barbershop. In July it finally was remodeled. The first day I had entered the barbershop, in 1970, I had seen many things wrong with it. If it had been my own shop, I would have immediately called in a crew and made changes. With government property, moves were not made that fast. I had been able to have the mirrors that had been installed for President Johnson, who was a very tall man, lowered so that a man of average height could see into them without standing up on his tip toes, but no serious remodeling.

Perhaps it was the patriotic spirit that pervaded the whole country that summer. Everything should be done to improve America. Why not the White House barbershop?

When the West Wing had been designed no thought had been given to an accommodation for barbering. Space for a barbershop had first been allocated during the administration of President Eisenhower, sink, barber chair and cabinets had been installed in a little room

downstairs in the west wing. Until then, when a President wanted a haircut he had either gone to a barbershop like anyone else, or sat in a straight chair where there was good light in the White House while his valet or a visiting barber had come in for task clipped away. Buck May told me that the area in the basement which eventually became the barbershop was one in which, during the Hoover era of Prohibition the photographers, and newsmen had retired to to mix their gin drinks.

My plans for its remodeling would never have gotten underway

without the interest of Jerry Jones, a young man from Texas. Jerry was in charge of allocation of money for White House improvement. I finally convinced him that the barbershop should be next on the list.

One day he told me, "Milt, I have had enough of your complaints. Tomorrow I will do it. We are going to redecorate the shop. Paint colors and wallpaper samples will be here from which you may make your selection." The next night I took them home with me, and Izetta did the choosing. Blue was her favorite color, so she chose blue carpeting, blue paint, and white



wallpaper with a trellis design worked in blue velvet flocking. The ceiling of the twelve by fourteen foot room was raised about eight inches, new acoustical tile were installed, and new cupboards were built for linen supplies. When it was finished the barbershop was modern, clean, seemingly larger, and very bright.

A week or so before President Ford prepared to depart for the Republican convention in Kansas City I was talking with Dick Cheney, who was the White House chief of staff. All of us felt that the President must win the nomination.

"His appearance is of the utmost importance," I said to Dick.

"He will be up against a real pro. Ronald Reagan is skilled in making the most of his physical appearance, as well as in his speaking ability. It is important that the President look his best and know it."

Dick agreed with me. "Frankly," I told him, "the President makes his most favorable appearance just after have shampooed his hair and fluffed it up a bit, before it begins to lie down close to his scalp."

"That's right," Dick said a little impatiently.

"You do a great job on him, Milt."

"What I am saying is, I would be happy to attend the Convention, to be on hand to do everything within my ability to make the President look well. I will gladly pay my own air fare to Kansas City if I can be of service. I firmly believe in President Ford, and want him to win hands down."

Dick seemed to think it was a good suggestion. I expected to go to Kansas City with the staff who accompanied the President. It was not until the day before they left that I was told it would be impossible. Kansas City was overflowing. They had not been able to find space for me. I was truly disappointed. I wanted to be there. I felt I had something important to contribute.

Dick Cheyney was sorry. "But," he said. "the President will look just fine."

An appointment was made for President Ford to come down to see me on Sunday. I went into the White House especially on that day to give him a shampoo and haircut just before he took off for the Convention.

Maybe I had just wanted to take a trip. Any-

way, I took one. I had not had a vacation since I had become barber to the President more than six years earlier. I had always been on call. In a way, my job was more confining than that of a doctor. Doctors had stand-bys. But for all those years, I had barbered the Presidents in the White House. I decided to declare a holiday for myself. That afternoon I boarded an airplane and flew to California. I visited my son, Ronald and his wife in Clairemont, California and it turned into

a bus-man's holiday. Ron had told his friends about the interesting position his father held in Washington. We visited his favorite barber-shop, and the barber there temporarily shooed out all his customers while he had me sit in his barber chair while a local photographer recorded my visit.

Even though I was California, and supposedly relaxing, I did not stray far from a television set while the events of the Republican convention were being broadcast. Both the Ford and Reagan contingents gave strong showings. In many ways the contest looked like a toss-up. In the voting, President Ford squeaked through with a majority and won the nomination.

The previous November Vice President Rockefeller had announced that he would decline the nomination of Vice President if it was offered to him, and we were all wondering who President Ford would choose as his running mate. Many hoped it would be Mr. Reagan who was nationally recognized, and would bring a strong following with

him. Instead. President Ford chose little known Robert . Dole, Senator from Kansas.

I didn't see President Ford again that week, however I saw a former President. I went to San Clemente and called on Richard Nixon. Of course, I phoned first. A member of his staff spoke with me. After identifying myself, I said, "I am on the west coast for a days and would like to see President Nixon. If he would like it, I would be happy to give him a haircut."

Following the usual delay for checking, the secretary returned to the line and told me the President might see me at ten a.m. the following day. Ron and I drove down to the coast the next morning, turned into the frontage road that paralleled busy Route , and approached the entry to the Spanish style stucco and red tile roofed house. How serene that center

of controversy appeared against the distant ocean! It was surrounded by flat lawns and gardens--quite different from so many other California estates which I had seen perched on cantilevered on hills. Once through the guards and gates, we were led to the President's office.

It had been two years since had seen the President, but still looked a President, flashing of eye, with a warm smile, and his unforgettably strong handshake. He was wearing a well-cut suit and his inevitable white shirt with a crisply starched look. President Nixon may have worn drip-dries, but he always looked freshly pressed. I introduced Ron who happened to be wearing a conservative gray plaid suit that day. In his lapel he had pinned a small enameled American flag.

President Nixon shook his hand. "Ron," he said, "I like that suit. And I also like that pin. Ron smiled. "Yes, Mr. President, I know that. That's why I'm wearing the pin I know you always wear one yourself."

We sat down and President Nixon began asking Ron about his service in Viet Nam. I

was surprised that so many years after I had told the President about my three sons, he could remember that Ron was the one who had served in the war.

When he turned to me, he asked, "Well, Milt. how are things in Washington?" "Changed," I said. "Generally, fine, but it is a lot different from when you were there."

"How do you mean, 'different'?"

"Mr. Ford brought in different people. There is a different pace. Every administration has, I guess you would call it, its own personality, Mr. President."

He asked me if I had seen certain of his former staff people, and we chatted a bit about them. Then I said. "I brought along tools in case you would like me to cut your hair."

He was surprised and delighted. "Why, that was thoughtful of you. Some time would like that. But not today. have just had a haircut. have tried to keep it cut the way you convinced me should."

I had been studying his hair. It looked well kept. course,

being a barber, and having it be somebody

elses' work, there were things would have done differently. But he did look well. After he had left the White House he had been hospitalized with phlebitis and had almost died. That day he showed no signs of ever having been ill.

"Mr. President," asked. "what did you think of the Republican convention in Kansas City'?"

"I watched it with interest," he said, his voice sounding unenthusiastic.

"It was all right. What did you think of it?"

"I was a little disappointed in the number two spot, with President Ford's choice of Senator Dole."

"Mr. Dole is a fine man," the President reassured me. "Though think President Ford could have made a better choice. thought he might have chosen Ronald Reagan or John Connally. They are both strong men would have been very good choices."

He looked down at his hands. "Bob Dole is a capable man, but the public is unfamiliar with his name. President Ford really has his work cut out for him if he is going to win this one. Those debates now. He must be very careful. He must do his homework." He looked off into space and then back at Ron and me. "You

remember when I had those debates with John Kennedy? Debates sound like a great idea, but many factors enter into face-to-face encounters. Remember how mine turned out?"

We did indeed. There were many who thought Richard Nixon's debates with John F. Kennedy had cost him the election of . After a while President Nixon had a photographer come in and take pictures of the three of us. Time passed rapidly. When we went out again into the California sunshine I glanced at my watch. I was surprised to see that we had spent an hour and twenty minutes.

In a very close election, President Ford lost to Jimmy Carter. All of a sudden "Jimmy Who? just became "Jimmy How-did-he-do it?" As his running mate, he picked Senator Walter F. Mondale of Minnesota.

The Thursday following the election, when I opened the White

House barbershop door, I looked it over from corner to corner. I had waited a long time to get it in just the shape I wanted it. It was complete and tidy. Soon its customers would be an entirely new group. All the people I had enjoyed there would be gone, swept out by the



so called "new broom" of changing political parties. I wondered if I would go with them. It seemed better not to ask, but to continue to do the best job I could, and wait to see what would happen. Hoped would be able to stay. Surely the job of barber to the President should be regarded as non-political. Had friends

in both parties, though having serviced so many the White House, I had come to know more Republicans. Still, a haircut was a haircut. I intended to the best could to whomever placed himself in my care.

When President Ford came into the shop for his first haircut after he had lost the election, took special note of him. Everyone was saying he was "moody and depressed. If to me, he appeared to be his usual self.

"Well, Mi1t," he said, "we almost made it." Knowing some of my interests, he said, "You know, it's a little like football. We want to win them all, but someone has to lose."

There was much Monday morning quarter-backing about the election of . One of my customers at the Carlton, a life-long Democrat whom sincerely admired was Thomas Corco-

ran, a Washington attorney,"

I had always felt he was one of the smartest politicians alive. He had been a political brain-child of Franklin D. Roosevelt, had spent his life studying and working the political scene. We discussed the election. Tom seemed to feel that President Ford needed a more forceful campaign management. Plus he had waited too long, to make a vigorous campaign. He had not, as President Nixon had predicted to me earlier, done as well in the debates as he should have. If he had selected John Connally or Ronald Reagan, either might have supplied the lacking boost to get him over the final hurdle to win. The campaign had foundered early when it had been necessary to replace the first chosen campaign manager, Howard E. (Bo) Callaway, who at the time, was reported to be involved in a Colorado ski lodge which was then under investigation. Retired Secretary Rogers Morton replaced him. Although it was unknown to the public, the Secretary was not a well man. Mr. Corcoran felt that the job of managing President Ford's campaign had required a tougher man. For whatever ~ reasons, President Ford had lost I faced some of my own. Shortly he and his staff would be having their

hair cut somewhere outside the White House barbershop.

For the first time in political history there was planned organization in the transition from one administration to the next. Congress had appropriated \$1,000,000. to help the wind-Up and desk clearing to operate smoothly. President Ford personally recommended to his chief of staff and to each of his top assistants that they do all they could to assist the Carter people in the transition.

Hsaid to me, "If the President looks bad, so will America."

One evening in December was invited to a small private party for the transition team and some of President Ford's staff people. It was held in the White House mess, which is an attractive dining hall in the west wing on the same level as the barbershop. Its walls are beautifully paneled, there are tasteful furnishings of tables and chairs, and a full kitchen with chefs and stewards.

Among those present were Bob Barrett, who had been a spokesman for President Ford, Hamilton Jordan, Mr. Carter's political advisor, Hugh Carter, Mr. Carter's cousin, Frank Moore,

liaison man for Mr. Carter with the Congress, and Jack Watson, a Carter attorney who has since become a special assistant to President Carter.

That evening liquor was being served--it was still the Ford White House. Most of the men were drinking beer, though there was also hard liquor and orange juice. I had another customer to attend to, so was drinking orange juice. It would never do to shave a man's head with liquor under one's belt.

Knowing that President Carter was a tea-to-taller, Bob Barrett said, "Hey you fellows, drink up! This will probably be the last good stuff you will get in the hite House."

I had always thought Bob a very amusing fellow. He waved his glass at Ham Jordan in particular. eyeing the dark suit he was wearing. I might say, parts of a dark suit which were hanging on Ham Jordan. Ham did not exactly "wear" clothes. He was casual in his dress. He looked as though he might have made a pass through his closet in the morning and whatever fell on him, he walked out in.

That evening he had on a dark jacket and trousers. Bob said to him, "By the way, Ham,

don't do away with that suit. You may want to be buried in it a couple years from now." There was light-hearted banter, but underneath it would have been impossible for there not to have been some resentment. The Ford team was not happy about being turned out. The new style, or what I have come to consider as lack of style, was not to their approval.

The incoming group was almost entirely from Georgia. They knew little of national politics. I knew they were smart, or they would not have been where they were. Still, I felt was suspicion on both sides.

Bob Watson made a little speech. "Contrary to what you have read in papers," he said, "Ham Jordan and I are real close friends. Ham said, "Bob, I think you better put down your beer and tell the truth. You know we can't stand one another."

Everyone laughed.

I felt that never before in a Presidential turnover had anyone been treated more kindly than President Ford's staff treated the Carter people. They tried very hard to be helpful. I had to return to the barbershop for my next customer. As I walked in that direction Hugh Carter, the

President-elect's cousin, walked with me. When I opened the door he looked around the barbershop and said,

"Gee, Milt, this is beautiful. Jimmy will love this."

Little did I know how well he would love it!

Ike I were on the list for many of the fund-raising

dinners held in Washington. Before, and immediately after elections there was always a rash of them. We attended one for Congressman John Rhodes of Arizona, the House minority leader. Vice President and Mrs. Rockefeller entered the hall just ahead of us, greeting us warmly. We met them previously, at a banquet, where Mrs. Rockefeller had taken special note of me as she compared my physical

resemblance to her husband, which always brought a smile from the Vice President and another slap on my back.

At the Rhodes dinner there was much chatter as friends greeted one another, many of them knowing that after January 20 they would be meeting under different circumstances and titles. Jim Lynn, Director of OMB was in the

group just ahead of us. His Christmas holidays would be filled with work on the budget. Before January 20 his duties increased, rather than slacked off like most of the others. Vice President Rockefeller squeezed his arm in greeting, and I him commiserating with Jim.

"You're the guy with the difficult job now."

"Yes," Jim replied. "The Budget manager is always the abominable "No-man,"

Jim first started coming to me for when he was Secretary of HUD. He was one of the youngest appearing men for his

age of any I ever seen, and was exceptionally popular with the staffs during the Republican administrations. He was about to be replaced by Bert Lance, President-elect Carter's choice from Georgia. Jim told me he felt the new director was a bright man who would do well at the job. and he wished him the best of luck.

I began to receive notes from people in the administration whom I had served, thanking me for whatever it was they felt done for them. Among them was one from Mary Mathews, wife of HEW Secretary

David Mathews. The Secretary was a tall, slender exceptionally handsome man. Many of the

White House staff women thought he should be a movie star. I understood that he had been a dean at the University of Alabama before he was asked to fill the vacancy left by Secretary Weinberger. He did not resign his university position, but merely took a leave of absence, which seemed to me, with the vagaries of cabinet appointments, to show good planning. I date

myself when I say that "when I went to school" cabinet appointments had a pattern of permanency to them. One could even memorize the officers names with some certainty that they would remain in office for four years, and sometimes eight. Now, it seemed to me, it took almost as long to find a candidate for appointment and get him approved installed office as the duration of his tenure.

Like so many men who sat in my chair, Secretary Mathews had pounds of paper to read. I used to wonder that the secretaries had time to keep up with what was going on in the rest of the government and the world, they were always so overloaded with work in their own departments. In spite of his concentration on work, Secretary Mathews always seemed more aware of what I was doing than many others.



He always wanted his hair in impeccable layers, meticulously blown dry. On the last statement I sent him, his wife had written across it, "Thank you so much! You have done the best job of anyone in cutting Dave's hair."

Rick Yost, who had lost a dollar bet to me, sent me my winnings with the message, "It was a great experience, I wish you all the luck in the future. Do what you want, except don't write a book!"

One by one the members of President Ford's staff snapped shut their brief cases, wrapped their mufflers around their necks, buttoned on their overcoats, and tipped their hats goodbye to the White House. "The old order changeth," as the poet says... and the new disorder begins.

Secretary Kissinger came into the White House barbershop for

his last visit. As I finishing him he said, "Milt, give me your shop number. I would like to come to you at the hotel. What are your hours there?"

"9:00 until 6:00, sir," I told him.

"Fine," he said. "I like to be your last customer."

"Dr. Kissinger," said, "You have always been my last customer, always late."

The final evening that President Ford was in the White House he came down for a haircut. date was January 19, 1977.

"Milt," he said, "I already had my swim. You can go ahead

and shampoo the hair and do your usual."

It was winter, and the thermometer was reading about 8 degrees. I was shocked that he had been swimming. "Mr. President," I said, not believing my ears. "With that temperature outside, you haven't been swimming?"

"The pool is heated," he reminded me.

I knew that, but had difficulty imagining the President in

swim trunks standing in the freezing air about to dive into the pool.

"But it is out in the open. There is such a cold wind blowing."

He laughed. Then, with a touch of regret for the fine swimming pool which had been built for him, he said, "I have been told that the President-elect doesn't much like swimming. Perhaps should have the heat turned down on

the pool."

I suggested, "you should order the pool drained and covered over until you are ready to use it again."

The President laughed heartily . "Milt" he said, "that is not a bad idea."

Just before he left that last day asked him something which had been bothering me. did not know what protocol dictated for the barbershop employee when the administration change was between opposed political parties. did not feel it should make a difference, as Steve Martini, who had been the barber before me, had served through several terms of both Democratic and Republican leadership.

But felt should ask.

"Mr. President," asked I "do you think should move out when you do tomorrow?"

"Milt," President said, with that smile that lifted up one

corner of his mouth, "from what see around here, they are going to need a good barber."

More seriously, he added. "Your job is to serve the people. It is not political. would let the new President tell me if he wished for me to con-

tinue or not. It would be my thinking that they would want you to stay." He smiled again and held out his

hand. "I will be seeing you. When I am in town I will stop by the Carlton. I will always know where I can get a good haircut"

After the door had closed behind President Ford I gave further thought to my future at the White House. I loved the place. I enjoyed the people and the political excitement which they generated. For *six* and a half years a third of every working week had been spent at the White House. Serving there had become woven into the pattern of

my life. I would feel a bit threadbare without it.

The previous day I had run into Jack Watson, who was very close to the President-elect. "I hearing great things about you, Milt," he has said, and in passing, gave me a friendly slap on the arm. That pat had seemed an assurance that I might continue to run the country's most exclusive barbershop. Several of the Carter staff had already visited me at the Carlston shop. I felt I already had several friends within the new administration. I envisioned we would a big happy household. But I failed to

recognize the seeds of suspicion and resentment which were about to mushroom in the basement.



**Chapter XIII**  
**PITTS' FALL**

The first thing that struck me was how bare the barbershop seemed. I stood in the glare of the fluorescent lamps and looked at myself. The clock on the wall said 10:00 a.m. My schedule read "Tuesday, January , 1977." In the space below the long side mirror there was a yawning emptiness. The tv on its rolling stand was gone. To the side, on the wall, bare ends of twisted copper wires reached out to nothingness. My small radio was sitting on the floor. Beside it were the

components of the stereo set I had bought and had installed. It looked as though I had interrupted a robbery.

Wondering sickly how one reported theft inside the White House, I looked about to see what else was missing. How had the tv been rolled past security? It could not have been borrowed nor had I discussed its removal with me. I checked out the stereo to make sure all of its parts were present. It was mine. I had purchased it with my own money. What a way to start my first day at work in the Carter administration, I thought. I must tell them there were thieves among them!

I stepped into the hall and stopped the first

person I met. I didn't even know him.

"My tv is gone," I blurted out.

The man made an enthusiastic upward motion with his arm. "'Thats' the new ruling. No entertainment. We're here to work. not watch quiz shows."

I was astounded. Such an edict certainly could not include the barbershop. I called Hugh Carter's office. His secretary informed me that he was out. His aide came on the line.

"Hi, Milt, " he said. "I'm glad you called. I want a haircut

this afternoon, though maybe you won't want to give it to me. I'm the one who took your tv."

"That's what I am calling about," I said. "It's gone."

"That's right. That's a direct order from Mr. Hugh Carter. No office will have radios or tvs. They are too distracting."

"The barbershop tv was used almost exclusively for news," I

protested. "People who haven't time to catch up on events watch it while they aren't able to do much of anything else."

"New ruling." he said. "No exceptions. All such

equipment has been taken out of the west wing and the EOB placed in storage. It's to be auctioned off at a later date."

I was fuming as I looked about the barbershop. It had no windows. It was underground. With the windowless door always kept closed it was all but a sealed box. Usually I did not mind, but it would be very quiet between customers without stereo music playing softly in the background with news breaks on the quarter hours. I felt sorry for my customers, who in the past, had always enjoyed having the tv turned on. The President and the Secretary of State, who usually

came late in the afternoon, had kept eyes and ears on the evening news while catching up with some papers on their laps. In time of crisis, which in government seemed to be all but constant, it had seemed wise to have current contact with the outside world, especially for the caliber of people who frequented the White House barber chair. I felt regret and frustration and resignation. The old order had indeed changed.

About Several times after that I inquired about the tvs. About three hundred of them had.



been purchased by the GSA during the Nixon and Ford Administration with government funds allotted for that purposed, they were a double burden on the taxpayer. As far as I could ever discover, they are still in storage

I had never met President Carter, or even seen him. I kidded

myself by thinking that along with the outgoing members of President Ford's cabinet, I, too, had been denied an invitation to the inauguration.

Twice a week I arrived at the White House and through my assigned schedule, but no call came from the President's office. I was only able to judge his appearance by what I observed on television. Naturally, studied his hair. It appeared to be thick and healthy, and was well styled for the shape of his face. I anticipated working with him, and every day as I approached the White House I hoped to receive a call from him.

Other names of his top people began showing up on my schedules. Most or them were new to Washington. For years they had been going to different, mostly southern, barbers. While they began reshaping the government to their

image, I began reshaping their images to my liking.

One of the few people in the new administration who was a long-term resident of Washington D.C. was Vice President Walter Mondale. I was happy to have an opportunity to work on his hair which I felt was badly in need of restyling. As I had watched him campaigning, particularly when he was outdoors, his forelock had frequently fallen forward and hung down over his face. He had strong healthy hair, but the top needed shortening. and I felt the back should grow longer. I gave him what was called a "layer-cut," which was soft and easy looking. As I clipped away at his hair I preached my sermon on no heavy hair dressings.

He responded cheerfully, "Go ahead! Do your thing. You are the expert ."

Many men, when their hair was unruly, thought the ready answer to the problem was to apply Vitalis lanolin based product to weigh it down into position. I not believe in that theory. The following day the hair becomes brittle and more unruly than ever. Itsbetter to stick with light hair dressings, or, if possible, none at

all. If one must, I recommend a spray without lacquer.

Zbigniew "Steve" Brzezinski, chief of the National Security Council came to me. He was wearing his hair far too short for my liking, and I insisted that he allow it to grow fuller.

"But I swim a lot," he said. "I enjoy swimming. The less hair I have to get wet, the easier it is to keep neat."

There was nothing like a difference of opinion between the head of such an important department and his barber! But I won that one. I assured him I could create a new look for him which would not be any more difficult for him to keep no matter how many times a week he was able to manage a swim.

Another early visit from a member of the Carter administration was made by Secretary of the Treasury, Michael Blumenthal. He was one of the few who came to me who did not wear soaps and salad dressings on his hair to hold it down. I complimented him on his wisdom, but he was not quite as knowledgeable on the subject of sideburns. Over the years they go up and down, get thin or fat not unlike the rise and fall of fashion for women's hemlines.

When he came to me his sideburns were below his ears which was out of date. The sideburn should stop somewhere between the lower opening of the ear and its middle. The first time the Secretary was sitting in my chair lie sat quietly reading. Rather than start a discussion in which I might

possibly lose, I went ahead and took my chances. I shortened his sideburns.

"A little off here," I said under my breath snipping away.

"O.k.," he said, not looking up.

When I had finished he gave a look in the mirror and seemed

pleased. Better than that, he returned for another visit. That was the real test.

The new Attorney General, Griffin Bell, was immediately friendly towards me. He had a warm personality, and loved to talk. It was a pleasure to listen to his custard thick southern accent, although many times I had quickly to translate into understandable the sounds that he had uttered. Of course he was not the only newcomer to Washington who had a southern accent. I would just give him points for having one of the most tongue-wrapping

abilities among them. I had been born in South Carolina and had heard some real accents, but Attorney General Bell's was the worst, or the best, depending on which side of the Mason Dixon line you were, judging from. He always asked questions and remembered the answers so that he did not repeat the next time. After he had asked me how many children I had, he inquired into what they did, and would later ask about them. He made me feel that he had a genuine human interest in me. When I mentioned the radio station for which Robert was working at he told me he was acquainted with the owner of the station and we talked about the broadening future in that field.

The new director of the OMB, Bert Lance, was another very friendly man. He enjoyed talking, and I enjoyed listening to his easy conversation. He had a tremendous sense of humor, and loved to tell stories, invented ones, or of incidents which had really happened. He told me about an occasion that had occurred while he had been running for governor of Georgia. One of his campaign advisors had told him, "Bert, if you're going, to win in this county you are going to have to get out and mingle with some of the ordinary folks, not just the elite

crowd you are always seeing."

They studied the problem and decided he should plan on having supper out in the country on a farm with a farm family. The farmer should not be a wealthy man, but a real dirt farmer. One was chosen, and arrangements were made for Mr. Lance to have supper with the family with reporters and cameramen covering the occasion. That evening as he entered the farmhouse, Mr. Lance told me, he had smelled a most unusual odor. It was so overpowering he wondered if he would be able to stand it throughout the meal.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Turnip greens and chittlin's" the farmer proudly told him, smacking his lips. "Cooked together in the same pot." Mr. Lance told me. "I stuck my head through the kitchen doorway to say hello to my hostess who was busy managing her stove." He sighed in memory of the moment. "That was the first time in my life I ever saw flies trying to get out of the kitchen, rather than in!"

While he would tell me such tales I would keep cutting his hair. Like Judge Bells', it had been cut far too short. It was totally skinned

on both sides and was too high in the back, with almost no sideburns at all. Mr. Lance was not just a large man, he was oversize, and he had a full face. I told him that by allowing his sideburns to grow longer and fuller, and that if his hair on the sides was allowed to grow longer, while I cut it down some on the top, he would be surprised at how it would improve his appearance. He agreed with what I said, and began planning his future haircuts with that program in mind.

The new director of the CIA, Admiral Stansfield Turner, came to the White House barbershop one day accompanied by his aide. He did not have an appointment, but asked me if could do him right away, which I was able to do.

Admiral Turner had spent his life in the Navy and was used to the clean-cut look of the military. I considered the short-but-fuller cuts I was recommending to most of my customers also to be clean-cut. However, compared to what I considered clean cut. The Admiral's version of the same looked scraped. A lot of skin showed through. I suggested to him that I would try to do something a little different with his hair, and would first shampoo it.

"Fine," he said.

When I had finished, he surveyed himself in mirror from all

angles. Finally he said, "Milt, that is a good haircut. That is the way a lady in California used to cut my hair. I'll be back." He did come back, and he also came to me for his haircuts at the Carlton.

One by one all of the top men of the Carter administration

found their way to the barbershop, except The Top man. Weeks went by and I began to wonder if I was ever going to meet President Carter I had heard that he had had his hair cut when he was in Atlanta by a woman barber whose styling he liked. I liked it also. I thought she did an excellent job. When I finally got to work on him, I didn't think I would change it very much. But as time went by, I began to wonder if I would ever have an opportunity to try. After President Carter had been in office for a month, I began seriously to wonder. Even the President of the United States could not make the trip from Washington to Atlanta every time he required a neck trim, and I had heard that his favorite barber had stated that she had no



intention of moving to the capital.

One afternoon as I was cutting Attorney General Bell's hair the door opened and President Carter walked in accompanied by a man from Secret Service.

I had had no word that he was coming. and was quite surprised. "Hello, how are you ?," said, flashing his famous tooth filled smile.

"Good afternoon, Mr. President," I said. "It is good to meet you." It was indeed. I had been appointed to work at the White House at the pleasure of the President, for his benefit. The staff people whom I barbered were incidental to my real purpose for being in the White House.

I not mean that I did not enjoy , put if I had been invited to work at the White House two days a week only to do staff people, I would never have accepted. I had a business to run on the outside. It was true that the cabinet officers and the Presidents found it a great convenience in their busy lives and with their many public appearances to have a barber handy to their needs. I was happy to serve them. But a barber, in order to make his day worthwhile, must have twenty to twenty eight heads to at-

tend to. Necessarily, at the White House. many of these were of lesser rank. They were, people who did not really need me. but who came to me because I was there. After President Carter had greeted me, he proceeded over to the side of the barber chair.

"Would you like to have me leave?" I asked.

"Oh, no," the President, and began talking with the Attorney

General. He ended by saying. "When you are finished here, I'd like you to stop by my office", and we can go over what you are proposing." He turned away from the chair, said "Don't cut too much off!" and departed. That had not say anything about coming in for an appointment I dismayed, but at least met him, and he knew I was there.

As Judge Bell was preparing to depart he glanced down at his

hands, and then at me. "Do you have a manicurist in your other shop?" "Yes I have, sir."

He smiled. "The next time I'm , I'd like a manicure."

"Fine," I agreed. "That can certainly be arranged."

That first month Joseph (Jody) Powell Jr, Press Secretary to the President came in two or three times for haircuts. He was a nice person to work on. I liked him. He had been one of the first of the new administration to seek me out at the Carlton shop where I had styled his hair. Among the others in the new administration, he already seemed like an old friend.

He was very busy getting used to his new job, and always brought something to read while I layered his hair. One interesting fact I had noticed about the new administration--so many of them were young, in their early thirties, that I had more hair to work with!

Hamilton Jordan, assistant to the President, was one of the most relaxed customers I ever had. He would drop in, no tie, shirt sleeves rolled up, and a careless. "Hi," on his lips. On such an occasion it would amuse me to think what President Nixon would have thought if he had dropped in and found his assistant in such disarray. He would have been scandalized. The Carter crew was much more concerned with comfort than conformity. They had a big job to do, and I guess they thought they could tackle it better in what I came to view as

the new White House uniform-- blue jeans and open necked sports shirts.

I would ask Mr. Jordan, "May I shampoo your hair today?"

He would think a second. I could see him flicking over his

schedule in his mind. Then he would say, "No, you better just give me a quick cut today. Thin it out a little bit."

I would start to cut his hair and be only part way into it when the phone would ring. He would take the call, then start yanking off the hair gown. "That's fine, Milt," he would say. "I have to go."

On another day when he came in I felt he might get some time to relax. I said, "I hope you can give me twenty or twenty-five minutes. I want to shampoo your hair as it should be done, and layer-cut it so that it will look good."

"O.K.," he said.

I turned on the water, wet his hair, and I had just whoupped a good lather, the phone rang. It was for him, and he insisted on taking it, beckoning me to continue with his shampoo. The water ran around and over the phone,

suds splashed as he twisted in the chair. I rinsed them off and waited until he had finished speaking before cutting his hair. Finally he hung up and I was able to begin. The phone rang again. Jordan spoke into it for a minute, then said, "Milt. That's good. I will see you later." He flung off the gown, leapt out of the chair, and he was off.

I was never able to give Hamilton Jordan a full haircut.

Another time, when I had almost finished his hair and was ready to start combing it, he stopped me. He did not want me to comb it. He shook it loose and ran his fingers back through it, then brushed it down a few times with the palms of his hands. "That's fine," he said, and was up and off. Hamilton Jordan never seemed quite comfortable with me. He watched every move I made. I had the feeling that though he was physically relaxed, he was totally alert to what was going on. As for myself, I was not able totally to concentrate on his hair knowing that at any moment he might bolt out of the chair. It was never a relaxing experience for either of us.

One week after President Carter's unexpected

visit to the White House barbershop as I studied my schedule for the day, I noted that General Bell was again listed. At about noon his secretary called and asked if would please have my manicurist give him a manicure while he was in. phoned the Carlton and asked Connie, one of my girl operators to come over about five O'cl, prepared to give a manicure. Then phoned the officer at the desk in the lobby and mane arrangements for her to be cleared to enter the White House.

That was a particularly busy day. My facility in the White House basement had been discovered. As soon as the chair was empty, there was another customer to fill it. The new White House crew might be noted for informality of dress and manners, but they enjoyed the convenience of "a neighborhood" barbershop. Several staff people came

in, plus Mr. Lance, Admiral Turner, Vice President Mondale and Secretary Blumenthal. President Carter's son, Jeff, was scheduled for my last appointment of the day just after the Attorney General's. About five, Connie arrived. She was a beautiful girl. small but well formed

with large dark eye's, slender black bangs cut straight across her forehead. She had long black hair hanging down her back. She was vivacious, her eyes sparkling with good humor.

I thought she closely resembled Marlo Thomas. Then Judge Bell came in she was delighted to meet him, and they chatted as she manicured his nails. With his interest in people; the Attorney General asked her rather personal questions about her life. From Connie's accent it was obvious that she was from a Spanish country, and he inquired about that. She from Colombia, South America. Listening to the two of

them getting acquainted was like trying to unscramble a couple broken eggs. Connie's rather mixed-up English wrapped in the rich accents of her native tongue, and Judge Bell's Georgia dialect mushily encasing his words. They both had to repeat to make the other understand what they were saying. A lot of smiles were exchanged in the process. Judge Bell had a great capacity for putting people at ease, and he could make people feel that he liked them and appreciated what they were doing for him". He and Connie got a long fine, in spite of

their dialect difficulties.

My final appointment that afternoon was with Jeff Carter. It was his first visit to the White House barbershop, but of course I would have recognized him even if his name had not been on my schedule.

He seemed young and shy. His face was more narrow than those others in the Carter family, but he also had their famous teeth, which in a less wide face had no place to go but to protrude. I shampooed and cut his hair.

Connie had been putting away her manicuring equipment when he entered and seeing it. Jeff asked her if she would do his nails. Of course, she was pleased to accommodate him. She began working on his hands. When she started the filing. Jeff drew his hand back and said, "Don't file so hard. It gives me chill-bumps." Neither Connie nor I had ever heard that description before, and she laughed, and said she would take it easy. It was obvious to me that Jeff had not had a life time of manicures. started talking about school, and was pleasant and amusing. When he left I had the definite impression that would be seeing him regularly. Connie walked back to the Carlton with me,



bubbling with excitement over having met the Attorney General and the President's son.

She was thrilled to have been inside the White House. The following morning she was still talking about it. She was really pumped up. I think she told every customer she worked on about her experience. One man asked if she had Seen the President.

"Oh, no! But met his son. held his hand."

The man looked blank.

Connie laughed. "I gave him a manicure."

"Which Carter was it?" he asked

"Which one?" she asked him back, tilting her head on one side. I don't think she realized then that the President had three sons. "I don't remember his name, she said, "but it was the one with the teeth." She held up her fingers to demonstrate.

The customer said, "That doesn't tell me a thing. They all have teeth."

A little later that day I was trimming the hair of Philip Peters, a vice president of General Electric Company.

he said, "Milt, heard something on the radio

this morning that didn't sound right. were you at the White House yesterday?" "Yes, I was" "I thought you always went there on Thursday. The news mentioned that President Carter had had another barber cut his hair. I was mystified. I had been in the White House barbershop all day from eleven a.m. until almost seven in the evening. The President had not been near the shop. Of course there was a small salon in the First Family's private residence where the women had their hair done. But I could not imagine the President using that when he had a fully

equipped barbershop which was maintained primarily because of his needs. I was skeptical that Mr. Peters had heard correctly. "Look," he said. "I'll check it out when I get back to the office and let you know if I heard right."

Very shortly he called me back. "I'll read you the news service tape," he offered.

He read: "Tim Kraft, President Carter's appointment's secretary had his barber, a Puerto Rican, come in and give the President a haircut yesterday. The barber was very nervous and Kraft said, "Don't cut his ear off.'"

I was incredulous. I had been there. If my

schedule was filled, it could have been changed. The barber to the President worked at the convenience of the President. I found it almost impossible to believe that right then, while I was in the building, the President had had another barber come in to do his hair. He had not even given me an

opportunity to show him what I could do.

I do not like to worry about such possible misunderstandings. Immediately I wanted to find out what had happened, and if possible, rectify the situation. I called Jody Powell. I felt I knew him best of the new people in the White House. He had been coming to me for his cuts for almost two months and he was always friendly and warm. I felt we shared some friendly understanding.

I dialed his number and gave the answering secretary my name. "Mr. Powell, not in," she said.

"Will you please have him call me when he comes in?"

My call was not returned.

After an hour or so I called Hamilton Jordan's office. He, also, was "out." I left a request that my call be returned.

By late Friday afternoon I had received no message from the White House. Naturally, I was upset. By that time several people had mentioned to me that they had heard the radio announcement. It seemed strange to me that it would be on the air but that no one in the White House had told me, or would return my phone calls. I called Jack Watson, special assistant to President Carter. He had always been friendly to me, and had greeted me warmly whenever our paths crossed. I had never cut his hair. He had told me on one occasion when we were chatting that he had just had it cut in

Atlanta. I was led to believe it was by the same lady, in the same shop, where the President had had his hair cut when he was south. The way Jack wore his hair, it would not need cutting more than once a month, so I had not really expected to see him in the barbershop. Then I dialed his number, he, also, was "not in."

I had rather a bad night. I am a direct and honest person. I am not so immature as either to be unable to tell the truth or to hear it. Life is not always pleasant. It does not always go

one's way. Decisions, in spite, of one's best efforts, sometimes go against one.

It is necessary to be able to face that. But no decision,

no word, not even the courtesy of a returned phone call to tell me where I stood, was extremely discomfiting.

On Saturday I worked at the Carlton until about one p.m. When I arrived in the shop in the morning there had been no messages from the White House.

At 10:00 I again called the office of Hamilton Jordan.

"Mr. Jordan has not come in yet," I was told. "Would you like to leave a message?"

"Yes," I replied. "I would like to know about something I heard on the radio yesterday, about the President having another barber at the White House."

"I will give Mr. Jordan the message,"

I guess I waited another half hour, and then I could no longer stand not knowing. I wanted the situation cleared up, spelled out, said from a viewpoint of authority.

I called ,Mr. Jordan's secretary and asked if he

was in yet

"No," I Was told. "but if you will call the office of Mr. Tim Kraft, you will be given the information you are seeking."

By then I was angry. They were really giving me the run-around. Not one of those big earth-shakers had the courage to tell me what was happening.

I dialed Tim Kraft's number and his , Nell Yates, came

on the line. I had known Nell for some years and she had always been pleasant and helpful to me.

"I would like to speak with Mr. Kraft," I said  
"Just a minute," she said. "Let me see if I can get him "

He came on the line.

"Mr. Kraft," I said. "Several of my customers have told me that yesterday they heard over the air that you had brought your barber into the White House to give the President a haircut. Is that true?" "Yes," he said. "That is true."

"Doesn't it seem a little odd to you," I asked, "that I was allowed by this administration to continue at the White House barbershop, and

yet you bring in an outside barber to cut the President's hair? I have worked for the Vice President, the Attorney General, many members of the cabinet, and even the President's son, but I have never been given the opportunity to cut the President's hair."

"Mr. Pitts," Mr. Kraft said formally. "I never knew there was such a thing as a Presidential barber."

"I am not trying to create new titles, Mr. Kraft. I am asking for a verification, Is it true that another barber was brought in to cut the President's hair?"

"Yes, it is, I brought in my barber."

"In that case," I stated, "it is obvious to me that my service will no longer be required at the White House."

Then Mr. Kraft made a very strange statement. He said, "Well. Mr. Pitts, maybe we should have told you first. We do have some plans to change the barbershop."

The way he put it really hit me. He did not say "barber", he said "barbershop" like the place was more important than the person. Actually, the way he said it, it seemed to me no human was involved. He seemed to be speaking only

of a room. not the services provided in it, or the man who performed them.

I felt was being given extremely short shrift. had been

willing to give my time, for days, of any required length which would best work to the convenience of the White House personnel. I had been prompt and accommodating and done my utmost to perform individual service to each customer so that he appeared at his best. Now "changes were to be made at the barbershop," and had to hear about it second-hand over the radio. Up until then had been calm, but at that point found myself raging with anger. "That is fine." said. "The President certainly has every right to bring in whomever he wants to serve him, but was not aware that my job was political. The barber before me served under several Presidents, at least one Republican, and two Democrats.

I have happened to serve under two Republican, but was willing to continue with a Democratic. I don't think a haircut has anything to do with one's political beliefs, but if you think it has, will come over as soon as finish my work here. I will be over at 1:00 to pick up my tools



and the things that have at the shop." "Oh," said Mr. Kraft. "You have some things at the shop?"

Of course had! had been spending two days a week there

every week for the better part of seven years.

"Yes!" said.

"Everything in the barber shop is mine except the chair! have a radio. I have a receipt that shows I purchased it, and tools and barber equipment. All the hairsprays and lotions and shampoos and linens are mine. Everything movable is mine."

"Oh," he said. "I didn't realize that."

"I have the receipts for everything."

"Well" he said, "Could you come over Monday? We can discuss it then."

"No," I said. "Monday is a very busy day in my shop. My

appointments schedule is full. I will have no time Monday. I

will do it today. I will come over and clear up everything, and after I have picked up my things, as leave, I will turn in my pass."

It was about 2:15 when I arrived at the White

House gate that Saturday afternoon. I approached it with great heaviness in my heart. I had taken pride in my association with the White House. I had felt privileged to be familiar with its physical buildings and with the people who performed its many functions, from the guards at the gates through the ever changing and multiplying staff, up through the offices to the President himself. It seems a strange application of the phrase, "serves one's country," when one is engaged in the business of barbering. But the necessary duty is there, and I knew I did fit well. I had been pleased with the recognition I had found, and content that I fulfilled my job as well as, or better than anyone else could have. I stopped my car at the big wrought iron gates between the EOB and the west wing. An officer I had seen hundreds of times before was standing beside the gatehouse in his blue uniform. A second man was inside the little building talking on the telephone. "Good afternoon!" I greeted them. "Mr. Pitts," the outside guard said, recognizing me, "if you will hold on just a minute. He nodded his head towards the guard on the telephone.

I sat behind the wheel of my car waiting. There was no need

officially to identify me. Both men knew me by sight. I was driving the same car I drove through the gates two days each week. Instead of numbers, my license plates read "P I T T S ." And of course, if there was ever a new man on the gate, I had my White House pass. I patted my pocket to feel it. It was a symbol of an intimacy with the government of my country which always brought a surge to my heart. I knew it was in my pocket because I also knew that after I had visited the barbershop one last time, I was going to have to

surrender it. I hated to think of that moment. There was a fine feeling of being an "insider"! which I felt every time I had ever been requested to show my pass. It meant that I was trusted. I need never be searched. I was known at the White House. That was a high-flying feeling. The guard who had been on telephone stepped out of the house and came over to the side of the car. "Hi, Mr. Pitts," he said. "How are you?"

"Just fine," I said, smiling more brightly than I felt.

"I have just received a call," he said. "I am supposed to pick up your pass now."

I'll bet it took ten seconds for those words to sink into me. I felt myself staring at him, and my knees actually grew weak. I was glad I sitting down and had the steering wheel to grip.

I was to hand in my pass now! Even as what the

words said, I knew what they meant. There was no way that order could have been given except by someone on the President's staff. A White House guard could not demand of that he hand over his pass unless he had been notified by someone in authority that that person was no longer welcome at the White House and his pass was to be revoked.

The officer must have known what it meant to me. I heard his

voice saying , "Milt, I hate to be the one to tell you this. I've seen you go through this gate for years. I have no idea what this is all about. All I know is, I received a call. I can let you in, but I must escort you about the grounds. I am to accompany you to the barbershop and stay with you until you have removed all the things that are yours. When you have finished, I am to es-

cort you out through the White House gates."

"If that is the way it is," said scarcely able to talk.

The gates opened and I drove in and parked between the diagonal parking lines marked on the macadam pavement alongside the west wing. As I opened the car door and the guard walked to the entrance beside me, I almost felt hand-cuffed. It was a terrible feeling. I had always felt so happy, jaunty, as I approached that door. Now I felt almost like a criminal. Beside me the guard kept saying, "I have no idea what this is all about."

I tried to ease it for him. "Look, everyone is happy. You are doing your job. I am the one who said I wouldn't work here any longer." And that was the crux of it. It wasn't severing my connection with the White House that hurt me so badly, it was the way it was being done. What was happening seemed to me to be beneath the esteem which was my concept of the White House and its working, It was sneaky and evasive, and the final order that I must be under

official escort, was humiliating. What did they think would do, steal the fixtures?

We walked into the little entryway between the outer and inner doors and then past the desk behind which a reception guard was seated. He glanced up and I met his eyes. I had seen him two hundred times before.

"Pitts," I said. "I am going to the barbershop for a few minutes." He nodded and looked down. Only a few minutes were required to remove every sign that Milton Pitts had ever entered the little room. Methodically I piled up my belongings, not talking. What was there to say?

Under the watchful eye of the guard I removed everything that was mine, passed a towel for a final sweep over the surface of an already spotless shelf, and turned, and walked out of the White House barbershop, down the short corridor, through the double doors, and out into the sunlight.

Holding my breath. I let it out with a great sigh and inhaled deeply. Then I got in my car and drove out through the gates for the last time. As they closed behind me I thought, "What a bungled up job"

The Carter administration couldn't properly anyone. They

sounded like ministers as they preached compassion for humanity when they don't begin to recognize the dignity of individual man. I ran my mind over the men still there and found I still had great respect for the officials of the administration, Vice President Mondale, and the cabinet officers, but only dismay for its lesser lights--

the staff who took such sporting gusto in their newly assumed power but who had not the decency to return a phone call or reply frankly to a question. One of its major faults, I thought, was its suspicion of anything Washingtonian, or or anyone connected with the former administration. They seemed to feel so insecure about their own abilities that it seemed best to get rid of anyone around them who might properly know how.

Of course, they were young, they were inexperienced. But they had led the elaborate to believe they could run the government better than it had ever been run before. I wondered how many false starts they would try before they got it into gear. It was a small symbol, but the treatment I received seemed less than honest.

Over the next month, it sometimes seemed, whenever a newspaper or magazine that needed a filler, it commented on the new barber situation at the White House. People weekly magazine gave its version, "White House aide had his locks coiffed lately at a trendy Wsalon, liked the look, and promptly invited young hair stylist Ron Morales to bring his shears to the White House which cut out Milton Pitts, the *seven* regular."

"A White House spokesman" that fellow whom everyone quotes

when either they don't know, or crave anonymity, reported that I had quit because I wasn't permitted to cut the President's hair, just that of "the lesser fry." If they were trying to stir up anything between Ron and me, it wouldn't work. Ron had been in my employ for some time at my Georgetown shop. If he was a good barber. I could myself, as had trained him. Tim Kraft, I heard had been one of his customers for some time. I felt the decision must be his.

It was not one which the President would have had time to make. After all, I had never even his hair, though have liked to.



It is possible that I myself had instigated the change.

During the latter days of the Presidential campaign in 1976 an incident had occurred which later may have triggered the long and vindictive memory of someone in the Carter machine. Shortly before the election had been asked a question by a reporter, and my answer had been picked up by the national wire services. My fate may have decided then!

The question was, "Mr. Pitts do you expect to cut President Carter's hair in the future"?

To which I had replied, "No, I don't have any plans to move to Georgia "

## **Chapter XIV**

### **HIGH BROWS**

The best seat in town from which to see who runs the government is not the Senate galleries or the federal cafeteria, but Milton Pitts' barber chair ..."

The Washingtonian October 1977

Several important clients from the White House

barber shop had deserted that exclusive shop in favor of my chair at the Carlton. With "regulars" I had developed through the years, my appointment's schedule some days read like an abbreviated Who's - Who.

Soon after the change in administration, Dr. Kissinger began

coming in, as he had requested, for my "last appointment" of the day. Out of the White House, with countless opportunities open to him, none of which carried the pressure of his former job , the former Secretary of State seemed much more relaxed. For the first time had a full, uninterrupted half hour to work on him. His easier schedule seemed to agree with him, and I felt he looked better than I had ever seen him. When I offered him the mirror to inspect his haircut, I expected a word of praise.

"See what a nice haircut I can give you, "I bragged, when the phone isn't ringing every five minutes."

"Yes," he replied. Then in his slow richly accented voice, he, "But must you remind me that I am out of a job and not important any more?"

Several weeks later when his secretary phoned

to make his appointment, which he kept every ten days or so, she requested a 5 p.m. scheduling on the following day. There was an opening at that time, but as I wrote in Dr. Kissinger's name I noted that at 5:30 CIA Director, Admiral Stansfield Turner was expected. My timing would be running tight if Dr. Kissinger was late, as he sometimes was.

"Fine," I told his secretary, "but please tell Dr. Kissinger

that if possible he should arrive on time as a Cabinet member is coming in at 5:30 and I don't want to keep him waiting."

In some way The Ear, the Washington Star's hear-all, tell-all gossip columnist became aware of this conversation and wrote,:

SIC TRANSIT... Henry the K called Hilton Pitts, barber to le tout, a week or so ago for his haircut

appointment. "Please be on time, " Pitts said sweetly.

"I've got a VIP coming in 15 minutes later."

SIC TRANSITCONTINUE... So there sat Henry the K

in the barber chair, and the VIP strode in. He

turned out to be superspook Stansfield Turner. He and Hen paid no attention to one another at all. Stan got his manicure while Hen finished getting shorn. Meanwhile, he was called to the phone twice for Very Important CIA Stuff. Finally Pitts introduced them. "I'm so glad you're getting the calls and not me," said Hen. But he said it so wistfully .

Admiral Turner had been a regular customer at the White House barbershop and rarely missed getting his haircut at the Carlton after I returned to work there exclusively. He was a handsome, athletic, friendly man, and I knew him to be precisely punctual. as When I was expecting him I could look at the clock, and the hand would jump to the hour or half-hour that he was due, the door would open and he would come through it. He always came alone, being one of the few recent heads of the CIA to refuse a Secret Service escort.

Upon another occasion when Dr. Kissinger

was in the Carlton

barbershop, William Safire, the noted newspaper columnist, was seated in the next chair. Neither man spoke to the other, and after a time it occurred to me that perhaps they had not met. Mr. Safire had been coming to the shop for about seven years at that time. and it didn't seem possible to me that they were unacquainted. yet the silence between them made me wonder. Finally I said, "Excuse me, Dr. Kissinger, but you two gentlemen know each other?"

This is Mr. William Safire."

Dr. Kissinger looked up from his reading, smiled. and said wryly, "Bill. you haven't been writing much about me lately." Mr. Safire thrust back, "No, Henry. Thanks to Bert Lance, I thought I'd let you rest a while."

Along with Admiral Turner, Attorney General Griffin Bell, Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal, Burt Lance OMB Director, and close personal friend of President Carter. Bert Lance had continued coming to me for his haircuts after I left the White House. Tommy, thinking, after I had been able to style it and it had grown as I wanted it to, Mr. Lance had the best

head of hair in the Carter administration. He was a delightful person, wearing his impressive title in the administration with casual ease. The shininess of the office had not blinded his eyes to reality. Mr. Lance loved to tell amusing stories, not caring who was the butt of them. I gave him a haircut just after he had attended the Navy-Georgia Tech football game at Annapolis with the President. He told me he had told President Carter that he did not feel the trip had done him much political good. "It was fine" Mr Lance said to the President, for to sit with the Annapolis crowd, your old school, but at half-time when you crossed over to the Georgia side of the field, I didn't feel the kids were too impressed. They scarcely noticed you. I overheard a couple of them talking about selling a car. One of them said. "I think I'll sell my old car this week."

"His friend said, "It still looks pretty good to me. Why are you selling it?"

"Because I have 180,000 miles on it."

His friend said, "You will never be able to sell that car with all those miles. But I tell you what you can do. I have heard of a garage in Plains,

Georgia where they can set the speedometer back. If you did that, you might be able to sell it."

"You know, Milt," Mr. Lance went on. "I passed those two young men on the street just the other day, and they were still talking about that car. One of them said to the other, "How did you make out selling your car?"

"Why, I didn't!" he said. "Man, I will never sell that car

now. I only have 10,000 miles on it"

Mr. Lantet as everyone knows, ran into some problems which conflicted with his job at OMB, and he returned to Atlanta. He still comes to Washington on business, and drops in at the Carlton to get his hair cut.

President Ford had been out of office only about two months

when I received a call from California from his aide, Bob Barrett. The former President would be in Washington on the following Saturday and hoped he could have a ten o'clock appointment with me. The prospect of seeing President Ford again so soon pleased me and I arranged the appointments schedule so that there would be no one else in the shop at the

time. He was immensely popular, and if word got around that he was coming to the shop, any number of people would find excuses to drop in. Everything for his privacy was well planned when I received a second call from Bob Barrett. Saturday was no longer convenient. Could the former President be worked in on Friday at the same hour?

The schedule was booked solid. Eddie Walker co-host of WJAL's TV program "A.M. Washington, had that time. However, I knew Eddie well enough to call him and tell him what had happened and I asked him to come in a little later. Eddie had met President Ford a couple years earlier, and was pleased to do him the small favor. As to the other people who would be in the shop, the customers of my barbers, there was nothing I could do. I hoped not too much confusion would be created.

Promptly at ten o'clock ex-President Ford, accompanied by three Secret Service men, entered. Looked sun-tanned and rested. One of the people in another one of the other chairs was Gordon Peterson, newscaster for WTOP-TV. He was happily surprised seeing my distinguished customer, but he merely nodded, and did not infringe on the former President's



privacy.

I was most happy to see Mr. Ford, and immediately saw that he had missed me at least, his hair had. Whoever had trimmed it in California had cut it too short. I proceeded to do what I could with it, and reminded him to watch out for those western high-snippers.

Just as I finished, Eddie Walker came in behind the gentle

probing of his white cane. One of the girl operators helped him off with his coat and hung it up for him.

"Eddie," I said, "Look who's here. President Ford is back in town." "Eddie, who was familiar with the lay-out of the shop came to my chair. "Good morning, Mr. President," he said, shaking the hand that reached out to him.

The President was delighted to see him, and they exchanged as I finished my job.

President Ford has been in several times since then, and on two very special occasions went to him.

One Saturday evening late in the spring of I was watching the news on television when the phone rang. It was Bob Barrett, again calling

from California.

"We will be in New York on Monday, Milt," he said. "The President is wondering if you could find it convenient to come up and cut his hair early Monday morning before he is to appear on television with Bob Chancellor. could hear Mr. Ford's voice in the background, wait a minute, Bob, Let me speak with him. " A second later President Ford's voice came on the phone.

"Hello Milt, he said, We have to be in New York on Monday. Since I don't know any barbers there, I was wondering if you could come up and give me a haircut?"

"That will be no problem at all" I assured him. I'd be pleased to meet you there. I will meet you at the Waldorf in the towers. I will see you at 8:30.

The following afternoon Ike and I took the Metro up to New York and stayed overnight at the New York Sheraton. In the morning, with my briefcase of barbering tools in my hand. I took a cab over to the Waldorf Hotel. At the elevators to the more exclusive rooms and apartments in the Waldorf Towers. I was met by two Secret Service men who directed

me to a floor on the top of the towers. There I was met by another agent who escorted me down the corridor to the Presidential suite, an elegant apartment with sweeping views on several sides. passed through a wide foyer with hallways reaching off from it. The living room where I was seated was spacious and luxurious" It reminded me of the White House. All its furnishings were tastefully done. There was a fireplace, and beautiful draperies and pictures. His aide brought me a cup of coffee "from the kitchen.

I had barely finished it when President Ford walked in, Well-tanned, smiling, and appearing very trim. was just out of the shower, where he had shampooed his hair and it was still wet. He sat in a straight chair where I could get at him easily, draped him, and trimmed his hair. We chatted about many things, most current of which was the former First Lady's illness. She had just made public announcement that due to a pinched nerve which over the years had given her endless pain, the combination of her medication and drinking had become an addiction, and she was then receiving treatment for her problem. President Ford was most matter of fact in discussing it. Along with

most of the nation, I found the Ford family's acceptance of this not uncommon problem to be both brave and honest. Publicly facing gave heart and strength to many other families encountering similar situations.

Only a few weeks later I received another call from President Ford. That time he asked if I could come to the President's guest house at Jackson Place in downtown Washington to give him a haircut. He and the former First Lady were in town for the unveiling of their official portraits at the White House. I was familiar with Blair House, but I had never heard of this other residence. It was established for Presidential guests under direction of First Lady Bird Johnson when Lyndon Johnson had been President.

The four-story buff painted brick townhouse with milk-chocolate colored trim overlooks the green lawns, brick walkways, and statuary of Lafayette Park from its west side. It is a half a long block from the White House. As I approached the carefully restored row of abutting houses and located number 716, noted that it was only three windows wide, and that the glass panes had been coated with mirrored substance which disallowed outsiders from

looking in,

although from the inside, I was to find view to be unobscured. I pushed open a wrought iron gate and mounted a short, steep stairway to the front door, which was on the second floor, half the lower floor being beneath ground level.

A maid admitted me to a small foyer beyond which I glimpsed a living room. Gold carpeting seemed to flow in all directions, and dark furniture gleamed beneath crystal chandeliers. It surprised me to find how bright and sunny the narrow house seemed though it was shouldered tightly on two sides by other houses.

I was directed upstairs to a "living room beyond which was a dining room set with four places for luncheon. Fresh flowers centered the table, and there were other vases of them about the room, and more chandeliers with sparkling cut-glass prisms. The fireplace screen was shining brass shaped like a large fan.

President Ford entered and shook my hand, his smile dazzling. "Hello, Milt," he said heartily. "It was good of you to come over." I helped him remove his jacket and he led me down a short hallway to a bathroom where I shampooed his head in its sink. That was the

first time I ever shampooed him a professional bowl. The sink had not been designed for hair washing, and I had to lean above him as he bent and held his head under the water. Then he returned to the living room where I found a straight, chair which I placed in the light of a bright table lamp. The occasion me of how it must have been before there was a President's barber, and a man with equipment had to come in and make do with whatever conditions he found. But though the working conditions left something to be desired. I was extremely interested in being inside that most unusual government building. I wondered how many people even knew of its existence and purpose. There was yet another stairway leading up to a floor above where I presumed the bedrooms to be. All the furniture I saw, and the floors and wood paneling and moldings had been chosen with care and were meticulously maintained. Again, I was reminded of the White House.

As I cutting hair Mr. Ford's hair, Mrs. Ford walked in. She was wearing a beige, high-necked dress and matching shoes, and her hair was so perfectly arranged that I knew she had just come from her hairdressers. Knowing

that she had only recently been discharged from a, pleased to see how well she looked. always thought her a beautiful woman, fine-boned and graceful, a physical compliment to the solidly built President. She shook hands with me and said to the President, "You look good."

He appraised her and said. "You sure look pretty with your

new hairdo. Milt is about finished. Are you going to have lunch with me?"

As I been working two waiters whom often seen working

at the White House when I been there had been making last

minute preparations for luncheon in the dining room just beyond. Entering the room from a rear doorway and seated themselves at the table Betty joined them.

I Packed up my and checked around to make sure nothing I had left behind. When I looked up Ford approached and had a fifty dollar bill hand.

"Milt," he said, "have you got change for this?"

"No," I replied. "I came off without any money

at all. But don't worry about it. You can catch me next time. "

"No," he insisted. "I don't like to do that, but I'll find some."

I had heard several stories and knew from personal experience that Gerald Ford was very careful never to accept anything free. "Betty," he said, moving over towards the dining room, "have you any money in your handbag'?"

"No," she replied. He then began soliciting help from his

friends. When he returned to me he handed me some folded bills and stuffed them into my pocket.

I said. "Mr. President, keep having questions asked me in

my shop that don't have answers for. Maybe you can help me."

"Oh," he said, "What is that?"

I smiled at him. "Everyone wants to know who your running mate will be next time. I happened to glance a moment to where Mrs. Ford was sitting at the table. She waved her fingers at me. "Oh, no," she said. Not that!"

President Ford laughed. "Milt," he said, "we



have a lot of time to think about sort of thing."

I had not been away from the White House very long when Attorney General Bell stopped by to see me at the Carlton shop. He seemed as pleased to see me as was to see him.

"Nobody cuts my hair the way you do, Milt" I like the way you do it. If it all right with you, 'd like to continue with you." "Judge Bell," I said, "that will certainly be a pleasure. This shop is integrated. Everyone *is* from north, south, east or west, Democrat or Republican, and let the hairs fall where they may."

He laughed.

He not only had his hair cut, but he continued to get his manicures in the Carlton shop, though it still involved some language difficulties. Most of my girls had not been in the country long enough to speak good English. That did not seem to interfere with their work, hair and fingernails being an international commodity, but they were sometimes at a loss in making casual conversation. When Judge Bell first started coming to me I had two girls, both of whom were struggling with English. They are learning, but until the Carter administration had arrived, nearly everyone they had talked

with had had a northern accent. A thick southern accent such as the Attorney General's was almost like a third language to them. When they were giving him a manicure it usually did not matter that they could not understand his pleasantries, they just giggled and smiled. flashing their dark eyes and tossing hair about. But when they answered the telephone and it was his office calling, between the slight distortion to voice made by the wire, and the southern accent of his secretary on the other end. it became quite complicated. Judge Bell's secretary seemed to have an accent as lost in molasses as his. One day I heard one of the girls keep repeating, "Just a moment please." I glanced over at her and she was shaking her head over the telephone. She motioned to me to come over.

"This is Mr. Pitts," I said into the instrument  
"may I help  
you?"

"Yes," said a relieved southern voice. "This is  
the Attorney

General's secretary. I want to make an appointment for my boss for tomorrow, but your girls don't seem to understand me, and I really

can't understand them. Would you mind if in the future when I call I ask for you to make the appointments?"

"No, indeed," I replied. I understand both languages well, Spanish and southern."

One time I pointed out to the Attorney General that I was concerned for his safety. He did not have a bodyguard as had had Edward Levi, the prior Attorney General.

"Director Kelley insisted on that for Mr. Levi," he told me.

"When he first came to office threats were made against his life. But I don't know anyone who wants to hurt me and I certainly don't want to hurt anyone. I don't think bodyguards are necessary." Judge Bell seemed to take a while getting used to Washington.

Once I heard a rumor that he was being considered for some future opening on the Supreme Court and I asked him about it. "I hope not, Milton," he said. "I'm not looking for another government job. I really enjoyed it where I was in Atlanta, down there when you meet people on the street they will speak to you. They don't look at like they are mad at

you. At home I had time to play golf and relax a little. But," he added, "when the President asks you to do a job, you can't turn him down. "That's why I'm here."

Another time he told me that he felt Washington D.C. was a very expensive, place to live, particularly on a government salary when one had a residence to maintain at home. On top of that, it annoyed him to be followed frequently by reporters who sometimes interfered with his progress and with what he had on his mind. He was not used to that kind of life and found adjusting to it difficult. But by the second spring of the administration he seemed much more relaxed and happy.

A former House customer who comes distances to see me was former HEW Secretary, Casper Weinberger who became associated with a California company after leaving Washington. He comes every six or eight weeks. After having phoned first for an appointment. He was friendly and talkative, and also a good looking man.

He photographs better than anyone I have

ever known. The does something for him that makes him look like a movie star. He always told me he has to stop by to see me to find out what is really going on in Washington. In late spring 1978 was in Washington for a Republican fund raising dinner. The on the off-year elections were in full swing, and already there was much speculation on Republican candidates. I told him I had heard several people say they felt he would make a great choice for Vice President. He was both modest and non-committal in his reply. "That is a great honor," he said seriously, and then smiled and waved it off.

"Be sure and thank them for me."

One day while I was cutting Ron Nessen's hair who had been President Ford's press secretary I noticed an unusual tag on his brief case. Ron came in to see me every two or three weeks "Ron," I said, "You are still carrying a White House sticker. Don't you think it's time you got rid of it?"

He laughed. "No" he said. "I find that when I travel with it I get better service."

"Well," I said, a little regretfully, "I have taken the tag off my suitcase, and even the one from

my briefcase for my tools." "Why Milt!" Ron said, "You shouldn't have done that! We'll be back in there in three years from now. We could still use them and save the taxpayer's money."

George Herbert Walker Bush, former chairman of the Republican National Committee dropped by the Carlton shop frequently. I had first met him while I was in the White House. He is a tall, good looking, slender man with a big growth of heavy brown hair and he always had a broad smile. After he became Ambassador to China he told me I was the most publicized barber in that country. I had encouraged him to let his hair grow fuller, and he made certain that the oriental barbers kept it to the pattern I had developed. Once he sent me a clipping, with a picture of himself from China. He was sitting in a barber shop having his hair cut. Along side it she had written, "Milt, how does this look for thirty-five cents?"

Many of my friends feel he would make a great President. I

frequently head his name tossed about as a Republican choice for 1980. I have no preferences in the race, as yet but George Bush

certainly had an impressive background, having been a Congressman., Ambassador to the United Nations, Chairman of the Republican Party, head of the CIA and Ambassador to China, among other government positions and responsibilities.



Among the controversial people in the United States columnist Jack Anderson must certainly rank near the top, I have cut his hair for over fourteen years and have always found him a most considerate person with whom to work. All the time that I worked in the White House, though leaking secrets was a large part of his trade, he never once asked me a single question about anything I might have heard. I came to feel that he found in my barber chair a relaxing retreat from the rushing and restless world. As I have previously noted, he frequently napped as I trimmed around his ears and snipped his sideburns. But one time he told me a story. After one particular broadcast on a most debatable subject he returned home to find his front door locked. and on it a sign in his wife' sprinting, "Locked Out! The head of this household does not necessarily hold the same views as you!"

After telling me that and then reassuring me everything was still again at peace in his large household--he has nine children-- he closed his eyes and went to sleep.

Former Secretary Rogers Morton continued to



come to the Carlton One day, he arrived with a healthy suntan and told me he had spent some time in Florida. He asked me what I thought of the haircut he had gotten there. Of course it was quite grown out, but I noticed that his hair was a shade which not be merely a rinse. "That's right, " he said. "The barber gave me a haircut and then he put a blue rinse on my hair, stuck a magazine in my hands put a cap on my head and told me to sit still for twenty minutes while the rinse took effect. When got through he said, That will be twenty dollars."

"When got back to my friend's house where was staying , "

Secretary Rogers went on, "let him know that thought twenty

dollars for a haircut was robbery. 'Why did you send me to such a barber?'" demanded to know. "'He didn't half the job Milt does and he charged me twenty dollars when Milt only charges ten."

"After had complained a bit longer my friend reached down into his pocket, pulled out a twenty dollar bill, and slapped it in my hand. " 'There," he . "Keep the change." "Thanks," I said. "I think I will. And I did."

I kept cutting his hair all the time he was telling me a .

"I I wasn't charging enough," I told him. "Obviously I have

been letting you off too cheaply."

"Now, now,- he said, 't go getting any great ideas. I always go back to my barber on the island in Florida and get it cut for two dollars."

I let that pass, finished with him, and then made out my

charge ticket, "That will be twenty dollars, sir," I said.

He handed me a twenty dollar bill grinning a sheepishly.

"I'll never learn to keep my big mouth shut, will I?" We stared each other in the eye for a minute, both smiling broadly. At last he said, "But if you will give me five back out of that, I will appreciate it."

So ! him back the fiver, saying "I will see you in about a

week, Mr. Secretary." He laughed and said,

"Oh no. It will be longer than that," and walked out smiling.

Many times I have been asked to sponsor certain products,

and for many months I have had an offer from a cosmetics firm in California to make a series of television endorsements of their products. The free to get myself involved in such a direction never seems to have become available.

I have been able to participate in several talk shows, and

I have been on telephone interviews from stations in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago and West Palm Beach, Fla. In this type of interview the radio announcer tells his audience that in the next minutes they can be connected to Milton Pitts in his office at the Carlton Hotel in Washington, D.C.

"Milt has had such famous clients as Presidents and Vice

Presidents of the United States, the Secretary of State and others "too numerable to mention. Any question which you would like to ask Milt about these people, or about hair styles, or hair care, our telephone number is... " For the next five or ten minutes I would then reply to any question asked me, my answers being

broadcast throughout the area of the participating radio station. The responses to these interviews were surprisingly broad. Following each one I received phone calls and letters from many people.

When I think of some of the most visible men in the United States "invariably think of the Senator from Massachusetts, Edward (Teddy) Kennedy. A second comes immediately to mind because, in my judgment, he also falls into a unique category. He is Senator Robert C. Byrd of West Virginia. Both those men are physically attractive, but their hair needs proper directing. Changing their hair styles would be a service, both to them and to the viewing public. To my mind they have the worst hair styles of any men in

Public life. Nothing would please me more than to restyle their hair for them, which I hereby offer to do free of charge, at any time either would care to make an appointment with me at the Sheraton-Carlton.



## **Chapter XV**

### **From Hair On ●●●**

In spite of spending most of my life advocating the currently considered the best in male appearance, several times I have inadvertently been "Exhibit A" in the wrong way to look.

For the past two years I have been the consultant on hair care and styling for a program presented by the United States Chamber of Commerce in which any of it's nationwide membership may enroll. The classes average about fifteen participates, including a few women. They may include presidents or chair-

men of companies in industries such as coal, tobacco, food, wax products, utilities, pharmaceuticals or other companies. The two day course is presents under direction of Bob Adams, director of broadcasting for the national Chamber. Mrs. Virginia Sherwood, a willowy blond younger replica of Mrs. Pat Nixon. a personal friend of former First Lady, is the co-producer and instructor in the intensive workshop. Virginia was press secretary to Mrs. Nixon during her White House years. At a fee of \$375 for brief but compacted seminar, the enrollees are instructed on how to dress, speak, and appear most effectively over television, on radio, and at the speaker's dais. Given the latent actor quality in most of us, and faced several times a day via television by would-be Johnny Carsons or Dinah Shores extolling the virtues of everything from washing machines and cut-rate carpeting to used cars and political viewpoints, a wide need for such instruction is obvious. Andy Warhol, the American artist, has been quoted as saying, "Everyone should be a celebrity for fifteen minutes." In our video-conscious society that is becoming more and more possible. Whether you are running for your local city council, teaching a fifth

grade ,escorting a daughter down the aisle, or accepting the local Man of the Year award, there is the evermore frequent possibility that the roving eye of the television camera may settle on you, and suddenly you are on canned camera. Awareness of personal appearance, what to wear, how to speak, and where to rest one's eyes before the Cyclops stare of television is an asset from which many could benefit. Billions of dollars *in* and services, and the careers of countless candidates are influenced every year by the projected view of how one looks, sounds, and the manner in which one presents oneself. When the camera first scans a TV panel or speaker the most obvious thing *is* . If the clothing is patterned, a check, large plaid or oversized figure, a dizzying effect flashes across the viewing screen. A wavery "moire" pattern occurs which dazzles the eye and *is* to watch.

During one of the session Bob Adams began discussing suitable choices for wear far television screening by saying, "I don't know how many of you watched David Frost last week in his interview with President Nixon, but *if* you did, you noticed that he was wearing a pin-striped suit, blue striped shirt, and a necktie

with large polka dots. From the viewers angle that was about as bad as one could get. In such cases there is so much criss-cross and distortion of line on the screen that the human eye can only stand it for a short period before looking away." As I was to appear next on the program, I was standing in the audio room studying the facial shapes and hair styles of the workshop members. I began to laugh to myself. "'Wait', til Bob sees me" I thought. I was announced and walked out onto the blue-draped stage of the Chamber broadcasting studio into a startled silence. "Ladies and gentlemen, It I said meekly, "I hope you will excuse the way I am dressed today. I was at work in barbershop an hour ago when Bob phoned me to come over, and I did not have time to go home and change. It was not my intention to try to look like David Frost." I was wearing a pin-striped suit, blue-striped shirt with a contrasting white collar, and a necktie with very large blue polka dots. In the barber and beauty business such costumes are considered uniform. My clothes closet holds an array of bright colored jackets, color coordinated but "wild" shirts, and ties that vibrate with design which would make any peacock



cry, "Foul!" That is not preferred dressing for television appearances. A solid color suit with a color-coordinated shirt and tie, the shirt not white, which is highly reflective under the television lights. and a tie with a small design screens most effectively. On the subject of clothing, men who appear on TV should always wear solid color, dark knee socks. The sight of a man crossing his

legs while his socks fall down about his ankles or end mid-calf with bare leg above can be as distracting as when Zsa Zsa Gabor leans forward in a décolletage gown, except it has an opposite effect.

In my advice to the Chamber group on how to keep one's hair

healthy and appearing at its best, I recommend that the men shampoo at least every other day and use a good hair conditioner with every hair washing. The routine should be shampoo, rinse, massage a little hair conditioner into the scalp, leave it on approximately one minute, duck the head under the shower again, rinse, partially towel dry, and complete the hair styling by combing and blowing

dry with a hand blower. A hand blower dries

hair fast and can give it a fuller, more natural, look. With ten minutes of practice anyone can wield it like a pro.

Though others may feel differently, I prefer the straight look in over curly. For the straight look one brushes the hair' in the opposite direction from, the way it finally will lie. For instance, ' t is to be parted to the left, brush the hair to the right. That will help remove the wave. For curly hair, it should not be brushed, just blown.

As I have many times stated, I do not like to see lanolin,

brilliantine, or oils of any type used as a hair-dressing. I recommend a hair gel or a very mild hairspray made especially for men.

During the years I was associated with the White House I was continually asked what products I used on the President. At that time I felt *it* was not proper to reply, though for years I have exclusively used the products of Redkens Laboratories of Van Nuys, California in my shops as well as at the White House. Frequently customers whom I have served at the Carlton will phone me from Vermont or Michigan or wherever they make their home, and ask me where they can find a product I

have used on them the previous week.

The gel is jelly like substance, light blue in , which

adds body to the hair. It is scentless, and can be applied while the hair is still damp. When the hair is , it will stay in place" and later, when it recombed, it will still be soft and natural without an oily look. I find that most men prefer gels. Hair sprays were first used by women and many men seem to feel they are too effeminate for their use, although many lines have been developed exclusively for them. I happen to prefer sprays over gels. Hair conditioner lends moisture to the scalp and coats the hair with a protective film. It, is particularly helpful i found is

frequently in sun. In the summer, after swimming in heavily

chlorinated pools, there is a definite need to use a good conditioner after each shampoo. If scented brands are objectionable, there are many cosmetics lines which have odorless products. The hairnet which so many of my White House customers used to consider humiliating to their male images, in frequent, if quiet-voiced, demand in my shop. There we

call it a "trainer." Its use permits a professional styling at home. After the hair has been shampooed, partially blown dry and then combed into the style in which it is intended to be worn, the hair is lightly sprayed with spray, then the net draped over the head. Its presence keeps the hair from moving during the final blow-dry. When the trainer is removed the hair it is smoothly shaped. The trainer is absolutely essential in acquiring a perfect razor cut.

As with all fashion, the razor cut has had its day. The scissor cut, or "layered look" is now "in." For this styling the hair shampooed, sectioned off" and then each part is lifted with a comb and cut through the barber's fingers so that all the hair becomes basically the same length, which is never more than three and one half inches long. It should be full on the sides, slightly cover the ear, and lie long and soft at the back where it just touches the collar. Long sideburns are definitely out. Sideburns should be worn no lower than the opening of the ear.

No man should be ashamed to wear make-up or admit that he does. You would be surprised to know how many well known men carry make-up kits tucked away in their handsomely, initialed attaches cases.

Men who are frequently called upon for public appearances are aware of the benefit derived from a quick facial touch-up. "Tired" translates across television waves as "haggard." Dark circles and drawn facial lines can turn the most benevolent ambassador of good will into a Mr. Hyde. Almost every prime-time television anchor-man wears make up on camera to camouflage his weariness and fade his five o' clock shadow. A list would include Harry Reasoner, It/alter Cronkite, Howard K. Smith and David Brinkley. Make-up for men is a three-step process which can be performed before a well-lighted mirror in thirty seconds. In the Chamber course Virginia Sherwood recommends to her clients that rather than trust their facial fate to some small station floor director or stage manager, one learn to apply one's own. Many cosmetics companies market the necessary equipment. She happens to use MaxFactor which offers a Pan stick, which is an improvement over pancake make-up. This creamy based lipstick-like tube comes *in* various flesh colors and is called a Cover stick.

For most complexions she recommends "Fair." There are darker toned sticks for more deeply toned skins. Blacks, it is interesting to note,

rarely need make-up. The cover stick applied straight from the tube, under the eyes to hide circles and "bagginess", along facial lines, and to cover broken blood vessels, other imperfections, or the shadow of a beard. Over this a make-up in a slightly darker than skin-tone patted on with a throw-away rubber sponge about the

size of a quarter. These can be bought packages, are light, and squeeze into a very small space. The entire face is then brushed with a translucent powder which removes shininess but through which the undercover of make-up color *is* visible. This powder come don't faint, men! a compact and has its own powder puff with which it is applied. Excess powder is then brushed off. If one has an old toothbrush to add to this small assortment of gear, it will be found handy in brushing off any powder which may have settled

in the eyebrows, or mustache, if one is wearing one. Women who race the television camera may find this basic process well designed to stand up under the glare of lights and the unforgiving eye of the television camera. They would or course carry it further, adding eye accents and blushers.

Sometimes I make up men in my shop where I keep the necessary equipment. Since eyebrows are an expressive part of the face, if they are light. I use an eyebrow pencil to darken them. I do not believe in dyeing men's eyebrows and eyelashes. I never use make-up on the male mouth. Licking the lips will give them sufficient luster. One afternoon Virginia was giving instructions in applying make-up to the class. Her last model was a man who was partially bald, his hair growing only on the back half of his head. Following

her instruction I was to discuss hair styling.

I was introduced the freshly made-up man was still on the stage. "I would like you to keep your seat, ," I said. "I have been standing back in the audio room viewing the proceedings. and" I would like to comment on how much better you look now than you did before. I was also studying your hairstyle and devising a way that you might wear it to better enhance your appearance. You have quite a bit of shine on the top of your head," I observed, smiling.

"I

think we let your sideburns grow a little longer and fuller, and if you had more hair at your

neckline in the back, we can cover up some of the shiny top."

The man returned my smile, remarking slyly, "And what do you think 's Wax pays me for?" He was the president of the company. The next subject was a man with very long sideburns and thin, hair. Around the back and sides his hair was much too full. To him I recommended that I would first shampoo his hair, removing all the oil, or whatever it was he was using. I would then restyle it. "I think," I said, "you would appear to have twice the amount of hair you now seem to have on top if you would remove half the hair you have on the sides and back. Then, the worst thing you can do is slick it all down with whatever you have been. using Vi1talis, Brylcream or some lanolin based product."

"Milt," the man said evenly. "you are not helping me one bit.

My company manufactures Vitalis. I work for Bristol Meyers."

Strike two!

After that double-play I decided I would umpire my words more carefully on my next client. He was a distinguished looking man in his late



forties, tall, and very handsome. I could find nothing wrong with his haircut. It was beautiful. I did think, however, that he might comb it a little differently.

"If I were you," I said, "I would not comb it straight back,

but a little more to the side." With a comb I moved his hair to one side to show the others how it would look styled in that direction.

There is one other thing I would suggest to you," I said. "It is obvious to me that you are wearing some type of hair color. At your age, if hair was completely natural in color, I think it would be most becoming to your face. Gray can be quite soft and flattering." I should have stopped there, but I felt so strongly about the subject that I wanted to give him an example he would remember and which would help influence his decision to see himself as I did.

When I think of handsome men with hair dyed a dark shade,

which under strong sunlight turns orange, I cannot help but think of Governor Ronald Reagan, who would, in my opinion, appear much younger, and his wrinkles would not show nearly as much, he would allow his' hair to

grow in its natural color or gray.

The man in the chair before me nodded his head up, and down.

"You've done it again Milt." he said. Governor Reagan was at my house for dinner the night before last. He is a dear friend of mine, and I think his hair looks good.



In hair styling for men, as for women, the face shape to try to achieve is an oval look. An artist once told me that when he was painting a picture the most perfect shape he had ever found was egg-shaped. An egg, standing on its point is a perfect form from any angle. Hair-styling which can lead to such a facial shape is the

epitome of the stylist's art. Every head which confronts him is a slightly different shape growing more or less hair with which he has to work, but basically, whether he cuts hair with scissors, razor, or clippers, the most handsome face he will be able to

produce will be oval. As every picture painted by an artist is different, each requires an individual frame. So the face of man is framed by his barber, who first studies the man and then decides how best to drape, sculpt and carve his framing.

Eyeglasses can become such a part of a human face that when they are removed the wearer may seem momentarily unrecognizable even to his close associates. Spectacles become an integral part of the countenance and their selection should be given careful study as to how they widen or sharpen the face, or whether they seem to add years or appear too extreme or old-fashioned. The choice of style can say much about the wearer.

For public appearances full-sized glasses are most becoming.

The double, parallel line effect of "Ben Franklin." "half-eyes," or "granny glasses," as

the abbreviated types are called, break up the face into too many sections. Peering down the nose through such frames, or over their tops can turn the face into a caricature of itself.

Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, balances this type of reading glasses towards the bottom of his nose during speeches of international importance causing the viewer to become more concerned with the brinksmanship of the Secretary's eyewear than the precipitous situations he is describing. Full glasses are now made with bi and tri-focal lenses without any discernible demarcating lines to tattle the condition of one's eyesight or disturbingly refract light. The least unsightly solution to the need for visual' aid, if possible, to wear contact lenses. In any form of communication, dark-eyed people should take into account that their facial expressions do not come across as well as do those of light-eyed people. Depth of dark eye pigment is sometimes interpreted as staring. More than just the eyes and a well modulated, expressive voice must be used. Facial expression, body language, and meaningful gestures are all a part of conveying one's message.

Many times people are unaware of ingrained

habits until they

see themselves on television. The seminars we taught were in a studio complete with two television cameras with instant play-back. the enrollees could be stopped. in mid performance to review themselves.

Frequent raising and lowering of eyebrows, head nodding,

removing and replacing eyeglasses, a nervous laugh, throat clearing, lip biting or tongue motions, all of which, when repeated, can become annoying to the viewer, could be caught in mid-act and pointed out. Fortunate is the man who faces and overcomes such idiosyncrasies before sharing them with the public.

One of the easiest assessments I ever had to make in the seminars was that of Mr. Johnnie Walters, who had been head of the Internal Revenue Service under President Nixon. He now practices law in Washington D.C. has been coming to my shop at the Carlton every couple weeks for years. One day as I the group through the glass of the audio room I saw his familiar head and decided I would have some fun with him. When I was introduced I said. "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is fine looking

gathering of people we have here today. I have been studying your hairstyles from the viewing room and I can single out only one gentleman who really needs a

lot of help. His wife phoned me last night and begged me to try my very best to improve his image.

I nodded towards Mr. Walters. "Would you come, up, please?" I

asked. He came up rather perplexed. "How can you do this?"

he asked. You cut my hair just yesterday."

I seated him so that the audience could see him from all angles and then proceeded to point out to them the many excellent features of a really fine haircut.

Many times I am asked about manicures for men. The business is booming! Many of my barbershop clients will not accept an appointment time unless it will coincide with the schedule of a manicurist. Careful grooming of nails has been a routine with fastidious men since earliest civilizations, although female attendants to perform the service did not appear in barbershops until the 1920's. Most men prefer professional buffing of their nails. Although

many ask for clear polish. The results of buffing can be expected to last

a week to ten days. To provide a manicuring service a girl must learn the trade in a beauty , after which she must pass a test and be licensed.

Most hair stylists have had training in manicuring, but a special license may be issued to girls who are not interested in hair dressing but just want to work with hands. I have never had a pedicurist in any of my shops. It is almost impossible to find women trained in this service. North American women will not accept the job, and women who come from abroad and get into the business soon give it up as too time consuming a treatment for the amount of money they can, reasonably charge.

One day while one of my clients was having his nails filed by an attractive young manicurist in my shop happened to notice that his hand was shaking.

The manicurist began to laugh. "Mr. Pitts," she said, holding up the trembling hand, " look at this."

Having known my customer for several years, I asked him why

his hand was shaking. "I't know," he said. "but every time a pretty girl holds my hand it makes me a little nervous."

I was curious, and asked, ."When your wife held your hand, does. it shake?"

"No," he replied, "But when my secretary does, it does."

The field of barbering has changed drastically in the past ten years. After the arrival. of the Beatles with their trend-setting hair styles a long-hair movement followed among young Americans. Many small barber shops went out of business. It has been estimated that 40,000 such shops, sometimes referred to as "barber pole shops," closed as a result of the hippy movement and the semi-long or long hair which many men wore, either not. trimming it at all,

cutting it themselves, or seeing barber only once every several months.

In place of those many small shops where a trim had been

costing \$2.50, new and more grand shops with flossy fixtures and walls covered with antiqued mirrors and velvet flocked wallpapers



opened. They called themselves "hair-styling salons" and bumped the prices up to eight, ten, or more dollars a visit. At the same time' female barberstylist's, a trade which previously had been all but unknown, began to make its appearance. Many of my clients discovered that they preferred to have a woman style their hair, and female operators in my own and other shops reported that they found men customers easier to please than the women whom they had.

formerly served in beauty shops. They also discovered that male customers tipped more generously. In fact, men tipped the girl operators more than they did the male barbers, who began to feel the competition. A shortage of good male barbers developed. Many felt that there was greater opportunity in other fields and they hung up their shears and sent their combs to their sterilizing showers.

If looks back over history one will not find many barbers

who made fortunes in the business. They practiced a necessary trade in their communities, came to know most of their neighbors, and were respected for their skill, hard work,

and essential place in their local society. They were frequently one-man shops. To own appearance. A skilled barber/hair-stylist can help him find and maintain it.

Would I suggest to a grandchild of mine that he/she become a

barber? That would be up to them. can only hope that whatever service they might perform in life they could do it to the best of their ability. But as for me, my barber chair has elevated me to heady heights. have shaken hands with many of the great men of our times, and been undeniably close to some fascinating events in our country's history. Past my chair the parade continues.

The End