

'Everything's Made for Love'



That's the joyous slogan of Alabama's Congressman Frank Boykin. Now, in an age when more and more lawmakers act and look like ordinary citizens, he's a colorful exception—a booming and robust old-style legislator, colorful in his dress and flamboyant in manner. Boykin really lives the life he loves

By WALTER DAVENPORT

IT WAS a typical morning in the superabundant life of the Honorable Frank William Boykin, Representative in Congress from Mobile, Alabama. At five he awoke with a roar that sent Mrs. Boykin scurrying to the coffee percolator. He drank four or five cups, and, as he drank, shouted into a Dictaphone. Presently his typists in the House Office Building over on Capitol Hill would transcribe his words into letters averaging 12 pages each, single-spaced.

Each letter was mined with explosive invitations to his 17,000-acre game preserve near McIntosh, Alabama, skillfully evasive opinions on the state of the nation, ecstatic ballyhoo on behalf of the current beauties and future grandeur of Mobile, and violent regrets that the person to whom the letter was addressed was not present so that he, Frank Boykin, could shake his hand and gaze with admiration upon his handsome, stalwart, superior and patriotic self.

Boykin was then tuned up for breakfast. This early meal was wholly in keeping with the spirit of the letters—a terrific exercise in fruit, eggs, hot cakes, grits, ham, biscuits and coffee, all in noble quantities. That accomplished, Boykin dressed and sallied forth from his hotel into Washington's streets, hailing all and sundry, whether he knew them or not, with shouts of good will, good luck, good health and assurances that, come what may, Frank Boykin was their friend.

Even were he vocally as silent as a churchyard at midnight his appearance would tell you that here is an extraordinary man. Boykin is about six feet tall and weighs 250 pounds. He dresses elegantly and clamorously in expensive clothes, customarily garnished with white vest piping and an aurora necktie on a red background, horn-rimmed glasses on a wide, black ribbon and an impressive assortment of gold and gem-studded bangles and lodge insignia. On his large and handsome head, topping a fine mane of white hair, is a brown velours hat inside of which is printed in gold letters his motto and famous battle cry, "Everything's Made For Love."

Boykin says that this shibboleth is of his composition, not a quotation. He also insists that it is true, provable and all-inclusive. It is posted in inescapable prominence in his office. When he gives big dinners to hundreds of politicians and constituents he displays it on huge banners over the tables. If a constituent bawls him out by mail for what he regards as a dismal Congressional error, Boykin usually starts his reply with "Everything's Made For Love" and then proceeds to write a 20-page essay on the subject, usually laying the irate fellow low.

A few years ago he had to write a whole bagful

Congressman Boykin frequently rescues strays from Washington's pound. He's a dog lover, has hundreds for hunting

Collier's for May 20, 1950

of such missives to important financial interests in Alabama who were outraged because he had sent a haunch of venison to their pet hate, That Man Roosevelt. But such incidents don't bother Boykin for long. He says that everything's made for love even if everybody doesn't love the same thing, and he never says it in less than steamboat volume.

Boykin on this particular typical morning was off to the District of Columbia's dog pound. There, what was before his arrival a normal clamor became an uproar. Mr. Boykin is a fanatical dog lover, having more than a hundred hounds on his game preserves back home—blue-ticks, red-ticks, red-bones, black-and-tans, coon dogs, bloodhounds, and the inevitable mixtures.

Mr. Boykin surveyed the dog catchers' nightly haul. The attendants usually notify him if they have a few likely-looking dogs for which the owners have not appeared and which are, therefore, doomed to the gas chamber. Mr. Boykin immediately entered into conversation with the captives. The more he talked, the more they howled. The louder they yelled, the more stops the congressman pulled out. The attendants declare he has never yet yielded the floor to the dogs, who presently realize that in debate they have met their master and calm down.

This achieved, Boykin strode into the cage making sounds which the dogs seemed to recognize as canine for Everything's Made For Love. Far from ever having been bitten by any of the pooches, which is more than some of the attendants can say, Mr. Boykin has never been snarled at. In no time he was up to his watch chain in dogs, exchanging yelp for yelp and whine for whine, rubbing their bellies, scratching their ears, patting their heads and cooing "good boy" to one and all. There used to be an attendant who claimed that the dogs cooed back "good Boykin." He is no longer there.

By seven thirty in the morning, the Alabama statesman was off to the museum he calls his office. But before he departed he ransomed several of the impounded dogs, paying two dollars each. The promising-looking hound-dogs in the lot would be sent off to his game preserves. The rest would go to constituents and to friends or correspondents elsewhere. In all, he has thus distributed more than 200 dogs to people in more than 30 states, at an average cost to him of \$15 for expressing the animals. Before sending them off, Boykin gives each one a name, and every crate bears in large letters—Everything's Made For Love.

Plenty of Trophies and Mementos

Boykin's office can conservatively be described as a combination of the most startling features of the Smithsonian Institution's dead-storage room, grandma's attic and a wayside antique shop. The walls are solidly covered with framed photographs endearingly dedicated to Frank Boykin. Here and there he has managed to wedge in two huge rattlesnake skins, five mounted deer heads, a nine-foot wolfhide and sundry snapshots of hound-dogs, one of which is shown giving furious battle to a raccoon high in a gum tree. This particular dog is Boykin's pride and joy—the only dog, he says, that can climb a tree with the speed and agility of a cat. Boykin rescued this gifted animal from Washington's pound several years ago.

In a large cabinet in his so-called private office and on a long table are a few—about 300—of his collected curios, trophies, antiques and mementos. A fairly steady stream of tourists, sight-seers and just strollers, some of whom Boykin knows and all of whom he greets with glad cries, wander in and out as if bidden by a come-in-and-browse sign. None of his office staff pays them more than passing attention. But Boykin hails them as dear old friends whom he has been virtually dying to see, in spite of the fact that at the time he may be dictating more letters and answering all three of his recorded telephones at the same time, a feat that is hard to believe if not seen.

Boykin's long-distance phone bill frequently exceeds \$800 a month. Local calls are comparative brush-offs, seldom consuming more than 10 minutes each. Here is a pretty accurate sample of a Boykin call:

"H'ya, Joe, you best ole frien' a man ever had, bless yo' precious hide, huccum you ain't called me up fo' fo'-five days, yo' handsome brute, and how's that beautiful wife of yours (Continued on page 38)



The walls of Boykin's Washington office are covered with autographed photographs and the interior cluttered with stuffed animals, including five mounted deer heads



Shortly after he rises at 5 o'clock each morning, the congressman begins to dictate letters, averaging 12 pages each, as Mrs. Boykin pours him cup after cup of coffee

'Everything's Made for Love'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

and them lovely children livin' down there in that fine ole mansion in the finest country God ever made, and yo' lovely ole mother, God bless her, and yo' father, the finest man in the county exceptin' yo'self of course, you ole hound-dog you. Give my love to yo' sister Marylou, the sweetest gal in Dixie, and her smart husband Pitney and, say, tell that Pitney that I'm sendin' him the finest fruitcake he ever sank one of his ole teeth into . . ."

This goes on at the top of the resonant Boykin voice but doesn't interfere in the least with shouts of welcome to incoming strollers nor of farewell to the departing. Sometimes Boykin pauses for split seconds in the monologue, indicating that the party on the other end of the line has made a feeble attempt to say something. If he accepts a dinner invitation he may get his chance to talk. It is nothing at all for Mr. Boykin to have arranged by half past ten in the morning for a "nice li'l ole private dinner" with six or eight of his dear friends, and to sit down that evening with 20.

There have been times, they say, when several Alabamians he has never seen before have presented themselves at dinner, Boykin having invited them with furious enthusiasm during what they had started as a strictly impersonal telephone call. Boykin is so deeply in love with mankind as a whole that he takes it for granted that he knows you even if you've never heard of him.

Among the trophies in his office are scores of firearms, mostly relics—firelocks, matchlocks, flintlocks, percussion caps, muzzle-loading squirrel rifles six feet long, blunderbusses with bell mouths, dueling pistols, pepperbox revolvers and combined knife-and-pistols for close-up work. Nearby is an egg of the extinct great auk. Next to it is a bit of curved iron labeled as an oxshoe found on the Oregon Trail. Scattered at random is such miscellany as a bottle of sand from the Normandy beachhead, slivers and hunks of shrapnel from North Africa, Italy and the Pacific Islands, cups and saucers from long-remembered banquets, vases of fragrant memory, and metal and clay statuettes of people, horses and dogs.

Boykin also displays a pair of spurs which he says were clamped to the heels of Jesse James when that tired outlaw was shot to death while hanging pictures in his St. Joseph, Missouri, cottage. Several unwary souls have expressed doubt that Jesse would be wearing spurs while so domestically engaged. By the time Boykin had done with them they were perfectly willing to admit that Jesse had not only been wearing spurs but had been hanging pictures on horseback.

Persistence Wins Debates

Boykin employs the same technique in his rare verbal forays on the floor of the House of Representatives. By preference a cloak-room, committee-room and dinner-table worker, he makes very few speeches in Congress. But such fellow legislators as do tangle with him see to it that the experience is not repeated. By the time Boykin is finished interrogating and answering his opponent, the latter finds that the original subject of debate has been abandoned, if not wholly forgotten, and that he is miles away from what he started talking about.

Boykin is known in the House as a conservative conservative. At heart he's a Dixiecrat, but in the back of his shrewd mind there is nothing but realism. He wants no truck with newfangled Deals—New or Fair. The Fair Employment Practices proposals are nonsense, he says, and he'll have no part of them. However, if there are any federal moneys for relief, roads, canals or schools (provided there are no federal strings attached), he'll see to it that southern Alabama gets her share.

His interest in international affairs is just

about microscopic. He says he has no desire to see either Europe or Asia, even on a Congressional junket, because there is too much of America that he hasn't yet surveyed. In his considered opinion, the Tennessee-Tombigbee waterway project connecting Birmingham and Mobile—for which the government is paying an estimated \$169,000,000—is far more important to the world than anything you'll find traveling eastward from London to Formosa. If it weren't for the tung oil, sweet-potato starch, aluminum, cotton, timber and turpentine industries of southern Alabama, he might find time to ponder on foreign problems. As it is, Boykin is just a home-folks statesman, and has been ever since he first became a congressman in 1935 as a result of a special election.

He has fathered relatively little legislation in his 14 years on the Hill. One is the Boykin Act, passed in 1946, to clear up the

tween Frank and dogs. In the presence of Miss Ruth's father, Dr. Matt Turner, the lad became lyrical about a stray mutt that had attached itself to him—the finest rabbit dog, young Boykin said, in America. Dr. Matt doubted it, offered the boy 10 cents for every rabbit he caught. The very next morning Frank appeared with 40 rabbits in which the dog manifested no interest whatever. Dr. Matt coughed several times, parted with \$4 and then and there predicted that Frank Boykin would in one way or another become a great man.

At the age of eight, Frank went to work on the Alabama, Tennessee and Northern Railroad as a construction gang water boy at 35 cents a day. He went to work at this tender age because, he says, if there had been any prize in those days for being poor, his family would have won going away. He was just a one-bucket water boy until the foreman said that they'd have to hire an-

through the piney woods, the lad not only ballyhooed the store as the best, cheapest, most accommodating and most generously stocked commissary north of Mobile, but took orders as he rolled. Orders taken by him on any given day were delivered at trackside next day.

Because he thus outsold all the other salesmen, he was made manager of the store at the ripe age of fifteen. Being manager called for some knowledge of bookkeeping. The rising Boykin knew nothing about that, but he did know something about a fellow who had been keeping the store's accounts.

He knew that this employee had had deep pockets built into his clothes and that in them he was nightly carrying off several dollars' worth of merchandise.

Teach Bookkeeping—or Else

Young Boykin asked the wretch to choose: Either he might stay on and teach his new boss bookkeeping at night, or go to jail forthwith. The fellow stayed—until the new manager had learned how to keep the books.

In his growing acquaintance with the people of Washington County, Boykin learned that there were thousands of acres of timberland that could be bought for loose change per acre. Merely to lease pine acreage was even cheaper. His unquenchable industry had made him a first-class credit risk. With the money he had saved and what he could borrow he was all set, at sixteen, to go into business on his own when the Seaboard people sold the store.

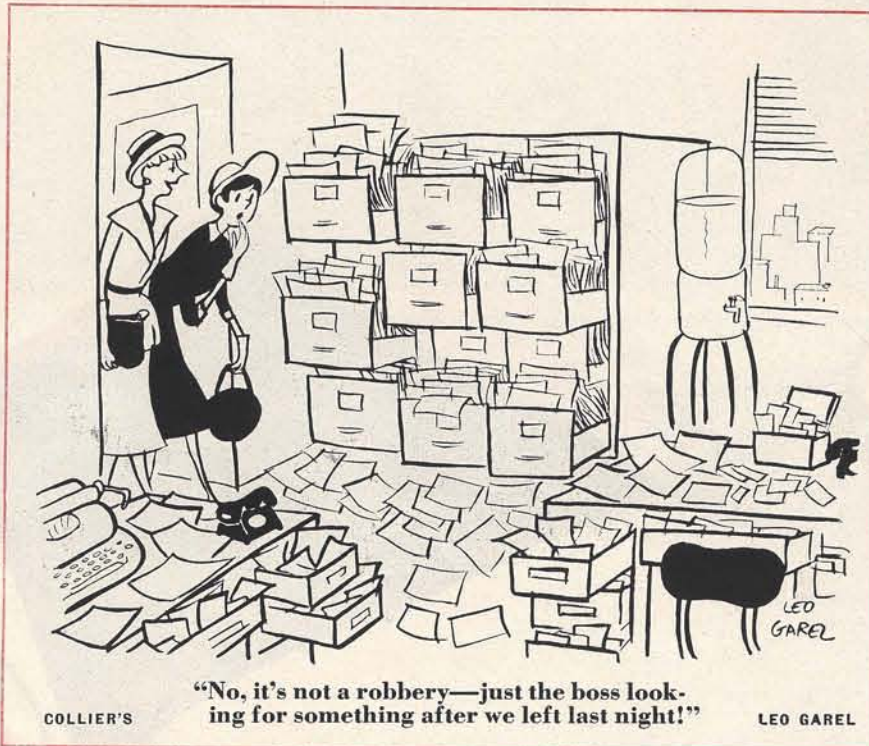
He moved a little farther south, to Calvert, Alabama. There on leased land he set up a sawmill, cut railroad ties, built the first brick building the county had ever seen (people came for miles to view this wonder) and set up a general store and laid out dormitories for railroad men. The amazing Mr. Boykin was on his way. At eighteen, 10 years after he had toted his first water bucket for 35 cents a day, he wangled a large crosstie and lumber order out of the Southern Railroad. To his sawmill, his store, dormitory and lumber company he added a naval supplies business—turpentine and resin.

It was while this piney woods phenomenon was getting this project going that he decided he'd add a wife to his increasing responsibilities.

The beautiful Miss Oclo Gunn was not at all surprised by the way he proposed to her. Miss Oclo's parents were "quality folk." While admiring the energetic young man who was rushing their daughter, they were far from warm about it. Miss Oclo, however, was quite enthusiastic.

One day Frank received a note from her saying that she would be on the A.T. and N. (which now carried regular passengers) and would pass through his turpentine camp. At the first toot of the locomotive's whistle down the line, Frank mounted his horse and galloped the length of the train until he spotted Miss Oclo. He leaped from the horse to the platform of her car, dashed in, proposed, was accepted, dashed out, leaped from the train, retrieved his horse and rode back to his turpentine shouting Everything's Made For Love—all in 25 minutes. They have lived happily ever since.

Today Boykin owns about 150,000 acres of southern Alabama's piney woods, exclusive of his 17,000-acre game preserve. His land extends for 40 miles on either side of the A.T. and N. Railroad. Whenever the opportunity presents itself, he drinks ceremoniously from the spring from which he toted water 57 years ago. He bought the game preserve from a man who was such an ardent Democrat that he posted it with signs warning Republicans not to trespass. When Boykin took over he removed the



"No, it's not a robbery—just the boss looking for something after we left last night!"

confusion growing out of the pooling of patents during the war. He was in large degree responsible for the Ship Sales Act, to dispose of surplus merchant ships after the war (but not to give them away to foreign countries).

On the whole, however, Boykin is the kind of representative who works with people rather than with legislation. He is not a deep student of committee reports, but once he has lined up what he considers his side, he takes off immediately on a person-to-person campaign. One of his colleagues, describing him as an "operator, not a law-writer," says: "He's a terrific table-to-table campaigner, a great fellow for bear hugs and haymaker slaps on the back, and a swell entertainer at dinner. He overwhelms me with words and energy, and sometimes I give in rather than resist his tremendous exuberance."

It is this incredible energy, plus his personal popularity as dispenser of good will and soother of ruffled feelings, that give Boykin his special brand of influence in Congress.

Boykin was born sixty-five years ago in Bladon Springs, Choctaw County, Alabama, a wide place in the road which has yet to get its name on a map. All the classroom education he ever got was absorbed there in a one-room school directed by a remarkable lady, still alive, Miss Ruth Turner. Miss Ruth reported that to try to keep Frank in a schoolroom was about as futile as trying to force an elephant into a cracker barrel.

Even then there was a solid affinity be-

other because one bucket was not enough at a time. Frank made himself a shoulder yoke, suspended a bucket from each end and became a two-bucket water boy at 70 cents a day. The spring was half a mile away and he had to make 10 round trips a day.

The A.T. and N. was then a narrow-gauge logging road running out of the piney woods in Washington County to Mobile—two trains a day. It was operating on a shoestring. Anyone working for it was supposed to do anything from carrying water to conducting and dispatching. Boykin must have been twelve years old when they made him dispatcher and conductor. In no time worth reckoning, he had intimate knowledge of every inch of the railroad and was on nickname familiarity with everyone living within miles. He was almost fourteen when he became a sort of roving assistant and intelligence service to the president of the line, John T. Cochrane, and the general manager, Charles Duke. The Messrs. Cochrane and Duke were overalled gentlemen who frequently could be seen doing gang duty personally on the road.

At Fairfield, Washington County, then the center of the logging, there was a commissary owned by the Seaboard Manufacturing Company of Kansas City. From the railroad young Frank was getting almost \$15 a week. To augment this sum he worked in the Seaboard store between railroad duties. He not only worked in it, he slept in it, thereby assuring 24-hour service. Already the energetic Boykin of today was emerging. While riding the leisurely logging train

ban and substituted Everything's Made For Love.

Lumber, real estate, turpentine and resin have made the A.T. and N.'s former water boy a very rich man. He still talks about a breakfast he served on his game preserve to 110 guests. The menu consisted of fruit, sausage, hot cakes, grits, bacon, toast, biscuits, ham with red gravy, honey in the comb, venison, coffee, tea and milk.

But there was no bear meat. Bear meat recently got Mr. Boykin into the newspapers. A beekeeper living on Mr. Boykin's land surprised a large bear raiding his hives. He shot the brute and presented the carcass to the congressman, who promptly reduced it to chops and steaks and tucked it away in his freezer. At once the game wardens arrested both of them, bear killing being illegal in Alabama.

Boykin promptly gave the bear meat to a Mobile hospital where, under his expert guidance as an issue-confuser, the controversy was switched to how best to cook a bear—with or without vinegar and how much. Virtually everybody in southern Alabama got into the argument, including the courts.

The judge who eventually heard the orig-

inal complaint threw all persons concerned out of court and that was that.

Last August the bountiful Boykin gave a testimonial dinner in Washington for his friend Speaker Sam Rayburn. Some 750 guests were in attendance. It started off with a buffet consisting of salmon, venison, elk, bear, turkey, antelope and "coon, possum and taters from Alabama's First District, where Everything's Made For Love," plus Scotch, bourbon and champagne.

After that they sat down to dinner. This consisted of shrimp, turtle soup, steak with mushrooms, broccoli, potatoes, carrots, salad with Roquefort dressing, ice cream and coffee, plus Scotch, bourbon, champagne and brandy. The affair cost Mr. Boykin about \$16,000, and he didn't arise from bed and begin dictating letters next morning until almost eight o'clock, and didn't even get to the Washington dog pound. He attributes this sloth to the fact that he isn't as young as he used to be.

When he was very young, before he got that water-boy job, he asked his Grandmother Boykin what his name meant.

"It means what it says," replied Granny. "It means Boy kin. Git out and do."

You see what happened.

THE END

Here Comes a Cop

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

wants every cop to know the people on his beat as though they were his own relatives; to know every alley, stoop and clump of bushes as he'd know his own back yard.

"A policeman can be walking past an alley and hear a noise. Maybe it's just a cat tipping over a garbage can—or maybe it's someone jimmying a lock!" says Fallon. "Or he can be walking along his route and see a stranger poking about—and recognize in two seconds that he doesn't belong there and may be up to no good. Or, again, he knows Mr. Jones, the grocer, and he knows that Mr. Jones leaves a light over the safe at night. Why isn't it on? Maybe something's wrong. . . . That's the way a route man works. He develops a nose for trouble. He can put two and two together."

Patrolman Patrick J. Fallon (no relation to the police superintendent) put two and two together rather neatly on April 30, 1949. He was walking his beat in the Valley section of Charlestown, a route he's covered steadily for 16 years. He had been weaving in and out of some of those tightly packed blocks in the shadow of the Bunker Hill Monument when he chanced to stop outside the Massachusetts State Prison and chat with Warden John H. O'Brien. As they were talking a man ambled by and called, "Hello, Warden, remember me?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't make you," said the warden.

"I spent a little time with you," the man continued.

"Oh, yes—well, how are you getting on?" the warden replied, and they chatted for a minute and the man walked on.

The Man Turns up Again

Fallon walked on, too, and a few minutes later was working along Main Street when he saw the man again. There was nothing special to it, except that all the things a beat man sees register on his brain like market quotations on a ticker tape.

At lunchtime Fallon pulled into the Charlestown Station for roll call. Captain Maurice F. Murphy called him into the office and said, "We just got a call from a woman on your route, Pat. She's got a four-year-old daughter. She says some man abused the little girl in the front hallway of their place on Main Street just half an hour ago."

"Now wait a minute—" Pat Fallon said, thinking. "Did you get a description of the man?"

"Five foot ten, 140 pounds, medium complexion, gray hat, gray topcoat," the captain said.

"I'll have him for you," said Pat.

He went back to State Prison. "Remember that fellow who talked to you this morning?" he asked Warden O'Brien. "What did you have him in for?"

O'Brien checked the records.

"Sex offender," he replied.

"Give me his picture," said Patrolman Fallon.

He took the picture to the little girl who was molested and to an older boy who also saw the man. "That's him! That's him!" they both blurted.

Back in Warden's Custody

Through prison records the man was traced to a house in Cambridge. A plant was put on the house and he was picked up within a day or two. He promptly confessed and was returned for three to five years to the care of Warden O'Brien.

"Now how in the world would you ever break a case like that without a beat man!" remarked Captain Patrick J. O'Reilly, Acting Inspector of Divisions. "They're the eyes and ears of the force."

His aide, Sergeant Leo W. Gannon, added, "Or how many more little girls would be abused or molested before you'd ever catch up with him!"

In East Boston, I walked the beat with Patrolman Thomas F. Meagher. The people we passed on the sidewalk were not just "people"—they were *individuals*: Jimmy and Johnny and Mr. Kelly and Mrs. Rogers, each one forming a whole, rich picture in Meagher's mind. When we came to Bremen Street and Neptune Road, he looked across at the automobile agency on the corner and remarked, "I guess the salesman's not gone out today."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"That's his car on the side, there," Meagher replied.

The license plate was not visible from where we stood, but he called out the number from memory.

"What about that one?" I asked, pointing to another car out in front.

"That's the mechanic's car," Meagher explained. I found there was little chance of spotting a strange car on Meagher's beat that he hadn't spotted first. "It's all part of the game," he said. "Strange cars are just as important as strange people. We've got to know what's cooking!"

Last summer there were two house burglaries on Meagher's beat. The way they were cleared up was so simple—almost ridiculously simple in this day of "crime laboratories" and "scientific detection." Some-

Only Fire SUPER-BAL Give You Most Miles Per Against Blowouts



Exclusive Safti-Lock Gum-Dipped Cord Body

Safti-Lock construction, developed as a result of Firestone's unequalled experience in building racing car tires, binds all parts of the tire into a single inseparable unit of amazing strength. The improved Firestone process of Gum-Dipping insulates every fiber of every cord against heat created by internal friction, the principal cause of blowouts.



Unique Skid-Resistors in Safti-Grip Tread

When you step on the gas, these Skid-Resistors open up and dig into the road like the claws of a cat. When you get rolling, they close up until you need them again. Then, when you step on the brake, the Skid-Resistors open again, but this time the opposite edges dig into the road, bringing you to a smooth, safe stop without skidding or slipping on any road in any weather.

Copyright, 1950, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

YOUR SAFETY IS OUR