

But after the outbursts came the work. Tired though Johnson might have been, no part of it was scanted. Had someone failed to persuade a local leader? Should he try another approach? What should it be? Should someone else try? Who would be best? What should *he* say? What could be done in the leader's box that hadn't been done already?

Midnight would pass. Who was going where tomorrow? What was each of them planning to do, and say? What themes were working in each area? What new themes should be used? The White Stars would think a point had been settled; Johnson would begin going back over it, painstakingly re-examining every angle.

Hours after midnight would pass. Henderson would produce the speeches he had written that day—not only speeches for Johnson but speeches for Johnson supporters to read over the radio. Johnson read every one, made changes; reread them, made more changes. Ray Lee would bring out the copy and mats for the new newspaper ads; Johnson would check every ad.

Then he would hurry off to bed, for the next morning he had to get a very early start. And the next morning, he would be up at the moment he had said he would be—for it wasn't an alarm bell that was jerking him out of bed.

Ed Clark had seen a lot of campaigners. "I never saw anyone campaign as hard as that," he would recall forty years later. "I never thought it was *possible* for anyone to work that hard."