In Washington, General Risembower, with Defense Secretary Levett at his side, makes his farewell to arms. The General retires after thirty-seven years service, waiving his mineteen thousand dellars annual pay to be free to enter politics. Then, in sivilian elethes General—or Mr.—Risembower senfers with Senators Duff and Ledge and Paul Hoffman, his shief mikis political advisors, on strategy for the campaign that lies ahead.

Meanwhile Abilene, Kansas, Ike's home town, where he's to make the opening speech of his drive, is in a flurry of preparation for the biggest day in its history. Everywhere in Abilene, the eye is greeted by one name, and one face--Ike's.

Through Mansas toward Abilene a train carries the candidate and his vife, and at stations all along the journey, they are velocated by large and enthusiastic crowds, in the hallowed tradition of travelling Presidential candidates.

In Abilene, it's raining when the General's train pulls in, and it continues most of the day. Ike and Mrs. Risenhover, nevertheless, are greeted by an immense throng. Ike's running just behind Senator Taft in the race for convention delegates, but there don't seem to be

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many faft supporters in Abilene.

X A parade is staged in his honor, and Eisenhover appears to be entertained by the seenes re-enacted from his own boyhood in Abilene. But he warms Mrs. Eisenhover not to believe everything she sees.

That night like makes his formal address, wearing a raincoat and with his trousers relied up, to a thouroughly rain-drenched growd that's been standing in the mud through an hour-long downpour. They hear him speak of the things he considers most vital to America's well-being.

